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Commander Byrd
The Love Life of Marie Prevost
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Whenever you buy anything especially delicate or costly—a piece of cobwebby lingerie, or a gay, fine sweater—ask the saleswoman how to wash it.

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in "NOAH'S ARK"
with George O'Brien

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IF IT'S NOT A WARNER PICTURE...IT'S NOT VITAPHONE
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DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, Western Editor
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FIFTEEN-DOLLAR LETTER
Old Favorites Best!
BLACKPOOL, ENGLAND—I hope you will allow me to express in your columns my entire endorsement of your article, "The Port of Missing Stars," in the March issue.

Cohn is the first film magnate to solve the great riddle, "What Does the Public Want?" And the answer is, such amusing, unafected films as "Sally in Our Alley," "Stranded," and "So This Is Love!" featuring old favorites. In these, I admired the charming Shirley Mason more than ever.

We fans aren't fickle! So long as we see a star, locking and acting as before, with good story, direction, and support, we continue paying to see him.

Raw actors are as indigestible as raw food; they lack technique, and their names have no drawing power. I can think of no more painful sight than callow, unprepared youths grappling with star parts. Exerci
cence and training are vital to actors, and filling a cast with people who have none is pure folly.

Cohn's scheme fills the most serious void in the film business, and it reflects sadly upon the gumption of other Hollywood cigar-chewers not to have thought of this ideal way of making pictures.

Cohn has made good his claim by producing several sound films, he has brought the fans' reputation from under a cloud, and has enabled those stars to make a comeback, who should never have qualified for that ignominious fate.

Cohn merits the gratitude of both actors and audiences, I should love to give him a medal, but, failing that, I wish him, and your splendid magazine, every sort of good luck.

Barbara Fletcher.

Ten-Dollar Letter
Talkies Satisfy a Legitimate Hunger
WATER TOWN, MASS.
What a grand and glorious feeling when dreams come true! For years I've attended the movies on an average of twice a week, seen my favorites, and returned home wishing I might hear them speak. Now my hopes are realized. Vitaphone was born and my enjoyment is twofold. Let no one say "Talkies" are a passing phase. I scarcely think so. Talkies are here to stay. Many friends of mine, myself included, are not in a position to pay high prices to visit a legitimate theater and to those like us theater-starved seekers, talkies are as mana from heaven. We see the actors and hear them. Naturally, there are many improve
ers and results have been made yet in the device, but time goes on and we shall see the lasting results of those improvements.

One hears on all sides arguments for and against "Talkies." Those agitating them say, "Give us the restfulness of the silent screen." Personally, I never go to the movies for rest, I go for stimulation. I have heard others say they now have energy for the faculties. Well, they were given us to exercise, and without it, we would develop into a race of dunces.

I guess I have heard all the "Talkies" is date and I cannot say I ever had to overstrain my mentality to see and understand what was before me and what was said. The ear and the eye were in sympathy at all times. The first attempt of audible pictures was discordant but each succeeding one has shown vast improving development, so, surely and surely the entertainment world is going to be revolutionized. Yesterday a dream and today a reality, the far sighted vision of Warner Bros., has achieved this accomplishment—"Pictures that talk like living people," which is their own slogan.

Mrs. Lucy Higgins.

Five-Dollar Letter
A Sound Booster!
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I hope my letter will be published to tell the people of the world of our talking pictures. I read Motion Picture each month and I can see the public are criticizing our talking pictures. I am thankful that I am one of the majority that prefer talking pictures. Why? My reasons are, automatic models change, style in

(Continued on page 8)
If you HAD to be BAD... could you make GOOD?

John McCormick presents

COLLEEN

MOORE in

SYNTHETIC SIN

A William A. Seiter production

Have you a talent for turpitude?
How Bad could you be — if you really tried?
Suppose someone told you you HAD to be BAD to be Famous...
Could you become a really first-class Sinner in your spare time?
Betty Lee picks Broadway as her Co-respondence School...
But right on the edge of evil — at the very crossroads of crime — a farcical fate detours her off the Easiest Way!

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Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

Good luck to "talking" pictures and my heartfelt wishes for still greater improvements.

Rose Root.

Re the Talking Nuisance!

BARRINGTON, RHODE ISLAND—In the December number of Motion PICTURES you printed an article on talking pictures by M. H. Shryock, asking why people object to others talking during a movie. I would be glad to be the one to tell M. H.

In the first place people generally go to a movie either to relax or because they expect to enjoy the picture. To a certain extent, the talking of anyone near them distracts their attention and is not often enough to keep them from following the play, but enough to annoy them.

In another instance you may not care for the player, M. H., and comment on the acting and appearance; while the person listening may consider the actor or actress very good and be irritated by your criticism.

I have had just the same feeling, and just as you would, hated having my favorite actor or actress talked about unflatteringly. Have your own opinions and don't air it in motion picture theaters or talk incessantly through a whole program; let the others listen and don't soon have to listen and would enjoy the picture better if you didn't talk quite so much.

Barbara Sessions.

Interesting, Not Realistic

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—The story in the November issue about "College Yells" by Dorothy Manners was (in plain English) the bunt. What kind of a story would it make if the talking pictures made one but audacious 25-year-old students instead of fair co-eds. There would positively be nothing amusing in a picture if the girl did not sneak in the locker-room, yell from the grandstand, etc. And if the hero was not carried away on the shoulders of the football men, well, I don't know what to make of it! The idea! I suppose the colleges object because people are getting a wrong impression of college. Well, what of it? Most modern people know that college is not as frisky as it is painted. So why not your story?

And as for the "Talkies," they're terrible! Why it's awful to go in a theater and hear noises from I know not where. Irene Rich played in a short selection, "The Bachelor," and it was very foolish and unnatural. The quiet movies for me in the future—if there are any left.

Virginia Clark.

For Quiet Blessness

MOOSUP, CT.—Please, please don't do too much with talking pictures! Why? Because everywhere I go someone is playing a radio. If I stay at home it is the same. There are two above me and we have one ourselves. It is true that it is educational and wonderful but continuous sound is wearing on the nerves. I enjoy the cool calmness of the silent drama. The music which accompanies it is subdued and I just rest and relax. The few talking pictures that I have heard are full of thin, unreal voices. I have been so disappointed! I realize that the thing is just in its infancy and will improve but don't let these people crowd out our old silent drama. We, tired housewives and mothers, will have no place to go to escape the noisiness of the world without them.

(Continued on page 130)
Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb... When You Ought to Talk?

How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up, or avoided, the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club, or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to learn that many of the most brilliant public speakers have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their "hidden knack" of powerful speech—a knack which specialists say seven men out of every ten actually possess. And the chances are that you, too, have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet the men who are doing such things know that it is all astonishingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of even addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of Effective Speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whomever they wish and name their own friends—men and women alike.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America's eminent specialists in effective speech has developed a method that has already raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home, you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

How you can use this method, how you can banish stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, quickly shaping yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, is told in an interesting book, 

*How to Work Wonders with Words*. Only not many men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book and highly praised it. You can receive a copy absolutely free by simply mailing the coupon below. Act now to discover your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

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MAYNARD D. SMITH, President
J. E. Frawley, Manager

By MARION MARTONE

Worn Angel—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunny, L.—playing in West of Zambesi—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dickford—Faribanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

G,10 Stories—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Graves, Ralph—playing in Sunset in Hawaii—M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Haines, William—recently completed The Duke Stays Out—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hale, Alan—recently completed The Spider—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)
Let Me Help YOU be a Success in the Talking Movies

"The talking movies open up many opportunities for NEW Stars!"

—Says FRED NEWMEYER, Fox Film Director

At last! Your chance is here! The talking movie has opened up undreamed of opportunities for NEW stars! "Extras" who have been struggling for years for a "break" are now becoming stars overnight! WHY? Because movie directors are now seeking—not just pretty faces and nice figures—but FINE VOICES! Present stars who lack good voices are bound to be replaced by new stars who can thrill movie audiences with their wonderful tones. Practically all the big stars are taking voice culture. Talking pictures are now planned by Emil Jannings, Gloria Swanson and scores of other film idols! If YOU want to get into the "talkies" NOW'S YOUR CHANCE! Let me show you how you can quickly and easily develop a rich, compelling voice by my New SILENT METHOD—the new scientific discovery by which I guarantee to improve your voice 100% or refund every penny of your tuition! Here's the chance of a lifetime— the chance you have been waiting for!—longing for! DON'T MISS IT! WRITE ME TODAY!

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Let Nothing Stop Your Career!

Yes! Over 30,000 men and women have enrolled in this great NEW Voice Course that is sweeping the country. Astounding results reported from all over America! Men and women who have given up hopes because of the failure of other methods have been astonished to see how quickly this remarkable new SILENT method has given them a stronger, richer voice than they had even hoped to possess. How about YOU? How about YOUR voice? Investigate this great New SILENT Method. Learn what Prof. Feuchtinger guarantees to do for YOU! Mail coupon NOW!

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[ ] Weak Voice [ ] Singing [ ] Stammering [ ] Speaking

Name

Address

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

15
In the Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 10)

Hall, James — playing in The Case of Lena Smith — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Nell — playing in What a Night — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haver, Phyllis — playing in The Office Scandal — Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.


Horn, Camilla — playing in King of the Mountain — United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila — playing in Split Marriage — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Jannings, Emil — playing in Sons of the Father — Paramount Studios, 1041 S. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.


Keaton, Buster — playing in Split Marriage — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kent, Barbara — recently completed The Shakedown — Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kent, Larry — recently completed The Spirit of Youth — Tiffany Studios, 4141 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Lake, Arthur — playing in Campus Kisses — Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

La Plante, Laura — playing in The Haunted Lady — Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold — recently completed Speedy — Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loff, Jeanette — recently completed Hannah — Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.


Lorraine, Louise — recently completed The Final Round — Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Love, Bessie — playing in Broadway Melody — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Love, Edmund — recently completed In Old Ari- zona — Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.


Luden, Jack — playing in Sons of the Father — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben — recently completed Air Legion — FBO Studio, al Gower St. Wester, Cal.

Lytel, Betty — playing in The Lane of Duffer — Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, Farrel — recently completed In Old Arizona — Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mascone, Dorothy — playing in Children of the Rita — First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

May, Kenneth — playing in The Romantic Mail — First National Studio, Burbank, Calif.


Cagney, Tim — playing in The Desert Lily — Metro- Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.


Meighan, Thomas — recently completed The Man Cave — Calandro Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe — playing in Margate preferred Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mix, Tom — playing in The Drifter — FBO Studio, 304 W. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Moore, Colleen — playing in That’s a Bad Girl — First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Moore, Owen — recently completed States Love — FBO Studio, 304 W. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Moran, Lois — playing in False Colors — Fox Studio, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Moreno, Antonio — recently completed Adoration — First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.


Mulhavil, Jack — playing in Sons of the Father — Rita — First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Murrall, George — playing in The Play Goes On — Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.


Nixon, Marian — playing in Big Time — Fox Studio, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Nolan, Mary — playing in Thrill — Metro-Gold- wyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Norton, Barry — playing in Sons of the Father — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Novarro, Ramon — playing in The Pageant — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

O’Brien, George — playing in False Colors — Fox Studio, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.


Pace, Anne — playing in Broadway Melody — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Phyllis, Mary — playing in Port of Dreams — Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.


Pickford, Mary — playing in Male and Female — Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif.


Quillan, Eddie — playing in The Office Scandal — Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Rastor, Esther — playing in The Case of Lena Smith — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Reed, Dog — recently completed Hardship — FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Rice, Deanna — playing in The Lost — FBO Studio, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Rich, Irene — recently completed Nud McCready — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Roberts, Theodore — recently completed The Tamer — Columbia Pictures Corp., Universal City, Calif.

Robey, Merry — playing in Sees the Light — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.


Sanderson, Gloria — playing in Queen Kelly — United Artists Studios, 1401 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Sallie, James — recentlv completed Kit Carson — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Sallie, Robert — recently completed Cast of Thousands — United Artists Studios, 1401 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.


Schmalke, Floor — recently completed The Demon — United Artists Studios, 1401 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Scott, Lloyd — playing in The Amazing Andy — FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Stone, Lewis — recently completed A Woman of Means — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Stuart, Nick — recently completed Castles in the Air — Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Sutton, Sierra — playing in The Saboteur — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.


Thomson, Fred — recently completed Kit Carson — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Todd, Thelma — playing in Sway — Republic Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Tores, Raquel — playing in The Pages — Metro- Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tryon, Glenn — recently completed Broadway — Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.


Vanderbilt, Martha — playing in Nasty Neighbors — Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Venable, Charles — completed Eric the Great — Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Vesper, Lupe — playing in Left-Handed — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Vivace, Florence — playing in To War — Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

White, Alice — playing in Hot Stuff — First Na- tional Studios, Burbank, Calif.


WILLIAM HAINES IN
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE
with
LIONEL BARRYMORE—KARL DANE—LEILA HYAMS

A Jack Conway Production
From the play by
Paul Armstrong
Adaptation by A. P. Younger
Continuity by
Sara Y. Mason
Titles by Joe Farnham

Slowly...silently...ominously...the great steel
doors swung shut, locking within that airless vault a
helpless little child—the sister of the girl he loved...

He had endured the third degree—could he stand
that pitiful appeal? To ‘crack’ the safe was a con-
fession—not to, was—murder! What did ‘Jimmy
Valentine’ decide?

It’s an evening you’ll remember all your life. A
smash hit on Broadway at $2 admission...acclaimed
the perfected dialogue accompaniment. You’ll
have all the same thrills when your local theatre shows
this record-breaking Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, either
silent or with dialogue.

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It’s in our safe—$50!
Have you the right combination?
Answer these simple questions
and win the prize!
Come all you safe-crackers with bright ideas!
There’s $50 and a valuable prize waiting for
you in the M-G-M safe! The best set of answers
to these five questions turns the trick. Read
the rules below and send in your safe-cracking
answers.

To the man winning the contest, William
Haines will give $50.00 and the electric flash
lamp he uses in “Alias Jimmy Valentine”. To
the woman, Leila Hyams will send $50.00 and
the beautiful handbag she carries in the same
picture. The next fifty lucky ones will receive
my favorite photograph specially autographed by
Yours cordially

Ramses Novarro

1—Name the six popular young players who appear in “Our Dancing Daughters.”
2—Which do you prefer—Sound or Silent
movies? Give your reasons within 75 words.
3—What popular murder story listed as a best
seller novel and serial story last year has
been made into a talking picture by M-G-M?
4—Name the Indian Chief in an M-G-M
western who posed for the head on the
Buffalo nickel.
5—Who is directing the first all Negro feature
planned as an epic production of the col-
ored race?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper
and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway
New York. All answers must be received by February
15th. Winners’ names will be published in a later issue
of this magazine.

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

Winners of
The William Haines Contest of October
Mr. A. Humphrey Mrs. John Maloney
Redwood City, California Racine, Wisconsin

A METRO-GOLDWYN MAYER TALKING PICTURE
It’s Great with Dialogue or Silent!
WOW! SEE YOUR MUSCLES GROW!

BEFORE
This man looks pretty helpless, doesn't he? He was so run down he could scarcely drag himself to the office. There was no strength left in his flabby, weak body. But you need not worry. Y ou see what I did for this man! Changed him almost overnight from a puny, sickly, physical wreck into a magnificent, huge-muscled, powerful MAN! I've done that for thousands. Let me do it for YOU. I don't care what your present condition may be. Or whether you're 20 or 30.

30 DAYS LATER
Here's a real man! Just look at the way those muscles have developed in 30 days of Titus Training. That's going some, isn't it? — and you can have the same in 30 days! DO YOU WANT MUSCLES? CLEs! Mail the coupon.

THE PASSION FLOWER
The chaste, lovely woman, or the stately, majestic man, are the aims of millions of women and men who are looking for their ideal. The Passion Flower is the vehicle that will help you to achieve those ideals.

UNIVERSAL has signed Joseph Schildkraut on a new starring contract. His first picture is to be "The Bargain in the Kremlin."

LOVELY...?
John Barrymore and Dolores Costello were recently married in Beverly Hills. Barrymore is forty-seven years old and Dolores Costello, who has not been married before, is twenty-three years old.

Clive Brooks and Balcanova are to be co-featured in their next picture for Paramount, which bears the working title of "The Woman Who Needed Killing." We think this title will be changed later; there are so many of that sort, how can one distinguish? It is to be an all-talkie, and will be directed by Victor Schertzinger.

Rudolph Valentino is to have the leading role in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" for M-G-M. Charles Brabin is to direct it.

JOHN BARRYMORE and Dolores Costello are taking up the megaphone for M-G-M. Barrymore is directing "Confession," a talking short feature; Sherman is directing another, called "Phipses."

Norma Shearer is to star in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," which is to be made as a talkie under the direction of Robert Z. Leonard. Conrad Nagel and Lowell Sherman are to be her leading men.

Lon Chaney will have an East India background and catch wild animals for a circus in his next picture, which will be directed by Tod Brown- ing.

There is talk of Betty Bronson's being chosen for the feminine lead in "Broadway"; Mary Nolan will play second.

Rogel Walsh has been forced to give up film direction for a time, due to an injury to one eye, incurred in an auto accident in Utah.

Richard Dix is back in the East for an indefinite stay. He will start production immediately.

Walter Pidgeon is completely recovered from a recent automobile accident, in which he had his nose broken in three places. His profile is as good as new.

T omy Beery is to star in a talkie, "The Red Sword," which Robert Vignola will direct for F. B. O.

Warner Baxter has just signed a five-year contract with Fox. He will do leads in talkie pictures.

Mary Brian or Mary McAllister is to be the choice of Harold Lloyd for leading lady in his next picture.
Many good things have been added to your screen entertainment by the talking film. This marvel of modern scientific achievement has added new punch to many dramas; thrills and chills to the spectacles and the mystery plays. But, now, best of all, the comedies talk! For Educational Pictures, always the outstanding leaders where Short Features are concerned, bring to you through the best theatres everywhere, a new laugh treat... short comedies with talking, music and all natural sound effects, from start to finish. If you have not seen and heard one of the new MACK SENNETH TALKING COMEDIES, you have a delightful surprise in store for you. If you have seen "THE LION'S ROAR" and "THE OLD BARN", you are watching now for the next one. And there will be a new one every few weeks.

Educational Film Exchanges, Inc., E. W. Banous, President
Executive Offices, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Scenes as Seen: Imagine Gilbert Roland’s embarrassment to wake up in a barber chair and find his hair cut! Wonder what Molly O’Day was doing in that candy shop, just two days after leaving the hospital and a weight-reducing operation! Kiddies will eat candies, let the doctor take his pound of flesh.

Boulevard drug stores feature a seven-course chicken dinner at the counter. How long will it be before they have a cover charge? Claire Windsor blushing as scarlet as her dress when Bert Lytell speaks to her at Ona Brown’s party. The regular movie stars sound better in the talkies than the famous stage luminaries. Maybe they don’t know any better.

Ruth Roland rooting for U. S. C. to win the football game. And her investment there is only two dollars—for a seat.

Marie Prevost sitting all alone at a huge table in the Ambassador. Deaf and dumb newsboy in front of Henry’s Grill at three o’clock in the morning, the time for the big rush for supper. He’s only deaf.

Have you heard Bebe Daniels’s new whoopee song?

Little Italy invades the Boulevard at five o’clock, selling yellow roses at fifty cents a bunch.

Conrad Nagel in a wine-colored Rolls Royce. Who says virtue is its own reward?

And did you hear? Bill Hawks is that way about Sally Eilers. Sally O’Neil’s bright green phaeton in front of the Roosevelt Hotel every day. Ain’t you got no place to go?

Scrub-women arriving at the studio just as the actresses leave. There’s a time and a place for everything.

Hollywood today looks like Chicago on a windless afternoon. But Chicago will never look like Hollywood in any kind of weather! Because Hollywood women wear ‘em silk all the way up.

Negros are the most superstitious people in the world. And next come the actors.

There’s a rabbit’s foot for every contract in Hollywood. Or at least an old coin. This childish belief in the supernatural makes all actors easy prey to such hokum artists as spiritualists, fortune-tellers and their ilk.

Pampered darlings of the screen, who wouldn’t wait five minutes in an easy-chair to see King George do a back somersault on his canotta, will stand for hours in a dingy seer’s sanctum to find what tomorrow holds for them.

Foreign actors even carry their old-country superstitions into Hollywood.

It seems that in Poland the sign that means good luck is a little pig. Or in a pinch, even the squeal of a pig is the last grunt in good fortune.

Hollywood has just lost her most famous Polish actress, but it is a matter of history that she never started a picture until a live pig had been turned loose to spread good luck all over the set.

And how those little pigs used to spread good luck is also a matter of more-or-less common knowledge.

Every time an actor dies in Hollywood, all the rest of his crowd take out more insurance.

And the funny part of it is that this superstition has invariably worked out, “When one actor dies, three die.” That’s the reason for half the worried looks on the Boulevard. Within the last month the same has come to pass again. The first died of poisoned food; the second, a more heroic soul, perished rescuing a girl from in front of a speeding automobile; the third passed away with tuberculosis in a little hut in the Arizona desert.

Several prominent actresses have as their pet aversion the furnishing of their dressing-rooms. One refuses to choose the drapes or any of the hangings at the windows. The studio must do the job for her and she takes what she gets without a whimper. Still another believes that the addition of a single piece of furniture or the hanging of so much as one extra picture spells ruin.

She really has a good reason for her actions. When she received her first dressing-room as a contract player, she proceeded to give it the finishing touches. She added pictures by the score and bric-a-brac by the ton. Four weeks later she was let out of contract. The next contract she received found her in a bare room with one table and chair. She still has the same room.

And table. And chair.

The newsboys in Hollywood could never be accused of disloyalty. Most of them have been yelling from the same corner for many years.

Old Dad has been coming in the Gotham every night since it was built, at exactly the same hour, wearing the same shabby coat. He opens the door, politely removes his hat and walks slowly around the rows of tables. They say he’s seventy years old.

Then there’s the boy at Highland Avenue. He has sold papers and written poetry on the same corner for six years.

And Glasses, the kid who makes all the late supper crowds at two-thirty, has never been seen awake without a large cigar in his mouth.

In fact, Hollywood changes in looks so often that the newsboys are about all you can recognize after a month’s vacation.

For Visiting Fireman: The Pom-Pom for a rough and ready nude reveue.

The Moderne Inn on LaBrea for flashy pie-crust and, oh boy, what filling!

Henry’s for blonde waitresses.

The Golden Club way out on Sunset to lose a few dollars in a good cause.

Barrow’s Chicken Inn for just that.

Plantation for a look at Fatty Arbuckle and a crew of two-hundred-pound waiters.

Mayfair Supper Club for class and beautiful women. And Harold’s apartment for a good fizz.

P & A

We hope when John Barrymore asked Dolores Costello to marry him she had the grace at least not to say, “This is so sudden.” Because she had this wedding gown all set long before the engagement came out.
Mellin’s Food—A Milk Modifier

Food for the Baby

Mellin’s Food and milk furnishes protein in sufficient amount to assure constant development of all tissues and cells of the body.

Mellin’s Food and milk supplies carbohydrates of a character that are readily utilized for bodily heat and energy, which is essential in sustaining digestive functions.

Mellin’s Food and milk provides natural salts which have an important part in all digestive processes and which furnish material for the growth of bones and teeth.

Mellin’s Food and milk supplies fat, an element that is made use of in the body for practically the same purpose as carbohydrates—a source of heat and energy.

*Mellin’s Food and milk thus covers completely the nutritive requirements during the first year of life and may be relied upon as a satisfactory substitute for human milk.*

Mellin’s Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
"I picked it up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of the embroidery in her frock, a symphony of all the gorgeous hues that suit her beauty. It was made up after her own design, like the highwayman's coat worn with the Reboux tri-corner of the larger portrait.

Mrs. Adrian Iselin II is the wife of the internationally distinguished yachtsman. Beauty, charm, chic, a merry wit and many brilliant talents make her one of the smartest and best-liked women in New York.

"A lovely skin is essential to Chic," says Mrs. Adrian Iselin II

Mrs. Iselin's Beauty recalls the gorgeous Renaissance. She has burnished copper hair and wonderful green eyes like precious jewels. Her perfect skin is white and smooth as ivory.

Tall, slender, graceful in every gesture, Mrs. Iselin is famous for her chic.

Color is her hobby. Color can make or mar a woman's beauty. For her own auburn type she chooses tawny browns and tans, yellows and greens.

"Nowadays to be perfectly groomed is all-important," says Mrs. Iselin. "Fastidious women follow a daily régime.

"Pond's complete Method makes this daily treatment simple and practical.

"The Cold Cream has always been my standby. Now the new Tissues are exquisite for removing cold cream. The delicious Freshener keeps your skin firm and young. The Vanishing Cream is a delightful powder base."

Thousands of chic and beautiful women follow Pond's Method thus:

AMPLE APPLY the light, pure Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, night and always after exposure. Use firm, upward strokes, letting the penetrating oils sink deep into the pores.

Wipe away the cream with the Cleansing Tissues—ample, soft, absorbent.

For a bracing effect—the tonic Freshener closes the pores, tones, invigorates.

Finish with a whisk of Vanishing Cream to make your powder cling.

Try Pond's Method for a week!

Send 10¢ for Pond’s 4 Preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
113 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.

Name. 
Street. 
City______State___

(Permission, 1929, Pond's Extract Company)
If "Just Married" were a statement of an event in the life of Ruth Taylor, in the heart of many thousands of fans a hope would cease to spring eternal. Happily, the two words are a statement simply of the title of her latest photoplay.
No young man is safe these days from the temptation to become a racketseer. Not because of the riches to be had from such a career but, and pardonably, because Mary Astor makes it glamorous by appearing in such a picture as "A Romance of the Underworld".
His naturalness of manner, his utter freedom from conceit brought to Arthur Lake an unusual but merited success in "The Girl-Dodger." And they should carry him to still greater popularity in a forthcoming series of films of film-life called "Harold of Hollywood"
The abilities of Renée Adorée far transcend the opportunities that have come to her to display them. But from all accounts of her performance in "Tide of Empire," it is of such force as to guarantee the further rise of the waters of her own popularity.
Standing on the threshold—and that of a very genuine popularity: Loretta Young. She has her chance in the assignment to her of an important role in the new Richard Barthelmess feature, "Scarlet Seas." The title is an omen, perhaps, that her ship is to come in
Those who argue for the influence of heredity will find material for their brief in the example of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. In "The Power of the Press" he gives promise of consolidating for another generation at least the artistic dynasty founded by his father.
The hue of her hair has been destined to follow a trend the reverse of the nature of her characterizations. For while Vera Reynolds has lately foregone the sunny realms of comedy for the darker earnestness of dramatic rôles, her tresses have turned golden.
The daddy of all Mammy singers, Al Jolson, has returned from a trip abroad with a new wife and—even with "The Singing Fool" as a standard—aspirations to set another new high level of performance in the new art of the talking pictures
Camera!

THERE come a number of reports that several of the most famous of foreign stars are finishing their American careers and looking up sailing dates; and this is ascribed generally to the requirements of the talkies.

These departures are, so far, hardly more than rumored. It is known, of course, that Greta Garbo has gone back to Sweden for the Christmas holidays, for her first vacation since landing in the United States. And while her leave-taking is definite, the event of her return is not. Perhaps Miss Garbo takes it for granted that everyone knows she will return. Still, in the absence of definite announcement, fans are likely to wonder.

For another instance, there is that of Emil Jannings. He has been reported as intimating time and again that he was contemplating a retirement from the screen entirely. Having plenty of money to be quite independent for the rest of his life, he easily could afford to do nothing more than amuse himself as he saw fit.

The only great star who has surely severed relations with the American screen is Pola Negri. And what with the difficulty that producers had in fitting her into roles, it is likely that even without the development of the speaking screen she might have preferred not to undergo the worry again of adjusting herself to Hollywood and to stories especially for the American taste. With the talkies here, however, and even our own actresses laboring often under the handicap of unsuitable speech, it is very close to certain that Miss Negri will not return.

NO ONE IS SAFE

These are three examples which may point to an evacuation by European stars of really high places on the American screen. Two of them are uncertain; but the very prominence of their names and the very suggestion that they may vanish from our midst indicates a trend. For if the talkies as an institution are more valuable than even such artists as Miss Garbo and Mr. Jannings, then no one is safe, no one's position is secure until he has proved it to the microphone as well as to the camera. If these stars go, then most assuredly will go a legion of lesser luminaries.

All of which means that the talkies will make in time for a complete Americanization of our screen. We shall, in no time now, have to draw for our actors and actresses from among our native film players who can talk and the stage players who will screen.

This will, for the time being, most certainly create a gap in the ranks of artists of fine ability. Or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that it will reopen a gap that was there before the induction of Continental players; for it is obvious that they never should have been imported if it had been possible to find their equal here.

But even if they do all eventually leave, they have done a service for American picturegoers. They have shown the audiences of this country a skill of a certain sort which never before had been seen in photoplays. They have educated the taste of American fans up to expecting characterization of a very fine type indeed. Wickedness of a type portrayed by Theda Bara in the old days would be considered appropriate now only to a Mack Sennett comedy; and we have learned, too, that a Czar or a King of France may be before he is a monarch, a very definite kind of man.

THE LOCAL TALENT

It is thus too bad if we must lose actors of the grade who, despite their unfamiliarity with us and ours with them, have made themselves immensely popular and admired. We shall for a while know that something is lacking.

But not forever; indeed, for less time than that. The public has seen the good things and it will not forget. And that being the case, it will insist that we ourselves develop players capable of replacing the vanished non-Americans.

Fortunately, we have already a nucleus of such quite on a par with those who, sooner or later, must and will depart. We have, first of all, the two Barrymores, John and Lionel. We have Jolson and Nagel. And we have others hardly less adaptable to the new medium of sound.

The leave-taking of the European actors will bring about a void for a time, of course. But the effort to fill that void will, as it is accomplished, lead a spur to the excellence of players from our own midst. The loss in the end will be a gain for photoplay art in America.
Commander Byrd Rules

There’s Not a Vamp in the Carload Of Films His Expedition Will Carry

T WENTY-THREE hundred miles from land.

Twenty-three hundred miles from the nearest habitation of man.

Portable houses poised perilously on great slabs of ice amid the Antarctic ocean.

For six months the drear bleakness of night. Not one peep at the sun’s rays, with their snuffling warmth and cheerful encouragement.

For six months the blank glare of day. Not one glimpse into the comforting darkness with its curtain-like oblivion of trouble and sorrow.

Unknown dangers; unchartered seas; unexplored regions of ice, air and ocean.

All this as a locale for one-hundred and fifty thousand feet of the world’s strangest motion picture.

Just what will Commander Richard E. Byrd, explorer extraordinaire and filmdom’s most unusual supervisor, bring back to the picture-going public?

I boarded his train at San Bernardino to talk with him about it.

In three days he would take ship at Los Angeles harbor for the South Pole, to make this epochal picture.

The Union Pacific officials had said I would be able to talk with him.

A reporter, representing the syndicate with which he has signed for exclusive information, said that I couldn’t.

It was a delicate situation. Commander Byrd was ill. He had contracted a severe cold in crossing the continent. His temperature was 102. One did not like to disturb a man who was starting for the edge of the world and would need every inch of his strength and resistance.

THE COMMANDER’S PROMISE

As the train neared Los Angeles, he came from his stateroom to speak a few words to newspaper reporters concerning Los Angeles and its people, his hopes and his dreams of the scientific results of his exploration.

I asked him for an interview concerning the world’s strangest motion picture.

For fully two minutes he did not answer. But his eyes kindled with interest. And during that brief period of silence I understood why Commander Richard E. Byrd has become one of the world’s most intrepid explorers.

Understood why his eighty-three men are willing to go to the ends of the universe with him. Came to believe in the ultimate success of the world’s strangest picture.

When he should speak, I knew he would give a decision which would be final. And I made up my mind that if he said “No,” I would not press him. It would do no good
Sex

By RUTH BIERY

to press him, anyhow: merely a waste of time.

"I will see you in Los Angeles before I go.
Tell Van der Vere where I can reach you."

Willard Van der Vere is the Paramount cameraman
who accompanied Byrd on his North Pole expedition;
who, with Joe T. Rucker, will make the Paramount
picture of the South Pole expedition.

That was all, but it was sufficient. Usually, when a celebrity
puts off an interviewer, that interviewer pursues him. We pester the
people we wish to see until they—ah, it is too bad to admit it—must see us to
be rid of the annoyance.

But to pester Richard E. Byrd during his last two days in the home-land of
civilization!

LOATH TO MISS SUNLIGHT

TWO days passed. The newspapers said he had completely recovered,
that he would leave on the day after the morrow. Friends laughed at
me when I said he would keep his promise. They said—

The next morning at ten-thirty I walked into his suite in a Los Angeles
hotel—at his invitation.

A man who leads eighty-three men to the edge of the world is a man who
has learned to keep his least promise.

"This is the reason I do not like to make appointments. I have been
waiting to go to the top of the hotel and enjoy this sunshine. I do not
like to miss any of it."

A simple statement of fact. Not complaining. He was frankly sorry—
this man who was so soon to have only the memory of sunshine to warm
him. I was sorry with him.

"Ah, yes, the motion picture angle." He went straight to business. "In
1925 when I was flying on explorations, I paid little attention to motion pictures.
When I went to the North Pole, I took two good men with me: Van der Vere,
who is with me this time; and Donahue, of Pathe. Do you know him?"

A look of regret when I admitted that, to me, he was unknown. Would he,
perhaps, have liked to have added Donahue to this expedition? It is well
known that he likes to have the same men with him.

"They were good men. I
didn't exactly neglect them. But I didn't give them much
time and attention. I regret it. That expedition brought
home to me the value of motion pictures as a scientific
record as well as for the in-
structive amusement for the people.
"Motion pictures are un-
doubtedly the best way to
bring back any record. We
are going to absolutely new
areas. I cannot say, no
one can say, as to the
actual contents of these
records. We will take
our mapping records
by motion pictures. You
can see in one minute
through the eye of the
camera what later might
(Continued on page 102)
Not only at locksmiths but at chemists as well, it would seem, love laughs. For here in a laboratory scene from the forthcoming production of Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island," Lloyd Hughes finds every formula he ever knew driven from his mind by the light in Jane Daly's eyes.
What They Talk About and How

The Conversational Topics of Phyllis Haver and Milton Sills Are Not the Same

By DOROTHY MANNERS

You've heard them on the Vitaphone, Movietone, Photophone and microphone. "But you ain't heard nothing yet!"

You ought to get them on the telephone.

The world has just waked to the news that Hollywood has a voice. But she's been sure of her own tongue all along.


(If that gentleman with the long whiskers in the back of the room will please speak a little louder—? Literature?

Did you say books? Certainly, we have all read a book. That is, Milton Sills has. And philosophy? And art? If the gentleman with the long whiskers will kindly leave the room, we will all be much happier. Thank you.)

In estimating just how small is Hollywood small-talk, we must bear in mind that Hollywood is notoriously disinterested in anything that happens outside of Hollywood; and that even the more introspective minds that lean toward psychology and other ten-letter words are scared of airing their opinions lest they be dubbed high-hat.

Bacon not food for thought

So Hollywood chats and gossips, patters and wise-cracks; and, while a good time is had by all, no one has yet been knocked out in a heated argument about Bacon and Shakespeare.

What Hollywood social chatter may lack in depth, it makes up in surface-wit. The studios have produced more wise-crackers de luxe than Keith and Pantages combined. National slang phrases such as "Just the type" and "Be yourself!" and any number of others were born under the spotlights.

You should hear Bill Haines, M.-G.-M.'s little boy, when he gets going good. Or maybe it's just as well you don't hear him unless you know all the fancy words they used in "What Price Glory" (and a few they didn't have the nerve to use). Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman in the small town, baby? Well, it seems that this guy blew in on a late train one stormy night and couldn't find a place to sleep. So he knocked at the door of the first little house, and who should answer but a pretty little dame whose husband was out that evening. "Listen," said the traveling salesman, "—?????" And she says, "—?????" And he says, "—?????" And then she says "—?????" And that settled it.

Bill is like that

Now, don't blush, dear, as Phyllis Haver would say. Don't pay any attention to Bill. He doesn't mean a word he says, dear. He's just a great big playful boy who (Continued on page 106)
Baclanova is, after a strenuous routine of home-wrecking, heart-breaking and double-crossing at the studio. Hence the luxury of these lounging pajamas which, however faithfully shown here, really must be sheen to be appreciated.
All The Brothers Were Valiant

Sam and Al and Jack and Harry Warner Have Never Repudiated Their Own Declaration of Independence

NOTICE: Warner Brothers Is Not For Sale.

One week not long ago all the motion picture trade papers carried this advertisement. Behind these seven terse words lies the greatest drama of Hollywood, a drama greater than any cellloid struggles and gelatine epics the Warners have ever filmed.

Two years ago it was whispered, with that pleased expression with which Hollywood passes along bad news, that the Warner Brothers were on the verge of bankruptcy. Two months ago, the same whisperers said, they refused twenty million dollars for their company. They could sell out now, retire and live like rich men, but they're not going to. They are going to make pictures. Warner Brothers Is Not For Sale.

Warner Brothers, 1923: the butt of good-natured rail- lery. The local joke of vaudeville teams ("Warner Brod- ders makes it a great success mit the movink pickens, ain't it, Abie?"). "How's that, Mawruss?" "Yell, ven dey come oud here dey got forty cents by their name, end now dey owe forty millions. Dot's success, Abie."). Warner Brothers, the poor suckers who imagined they could make independent pictures without asking the consent of the big boys. Going to make movies, eh? And what are they going to use for money? Ha, ha, ha!

Warner Brothers, 1929: a studio of white stone, built on classic lines. Two powerful radio masts broadcasting K.F.W.B. into the listening air. A great theater with long lines of fans waiting to see the new talking pictures the Warners have fathered. A huge tie-up with First National and the Stanley Company of America to open thousands of other theaters to their pictures. The biggest producers in Hollywood murmur the name enviously, bitterly— reverently almost. "Warner Brothers—the lucky guys!"

FOUR BROTHERS, ALL BROKE

TEN years ago four young men, brothers—all of them over six feet tall, broad shouldered and dark complexioned—walked down Broadway—broke. Their combined pockets yielded exactly one dollar in the smallest of small change. They bought four cigars with the dollar and smoked them luxuriously, after the manner of those more accustomed to the five-cent brands. Before the last (Continued on page 88)
Rubber Stamping

By GLADYS HALL


There is no conversation in Hollywood. There are only tags, and they are brought forth on every occasion and when there is no occasion at all and chewed long enough to make poor old Fletcher die of shame.

Which means, of course, that there is a great surfeit of cackle, and other indoor sports. But it is one-track stuff. Not conversation as it used to be in the good old days when astronomy, politics, Brigham Young, old wines, foreign relations and other topics leavened the loaf.

In Hollywood, need I repeat, there are only lines and tags. Each star is ticketed. Branded with his or her own brand, and try to wiggle from under if you can.

The famous case of Valentino will point the moral. He leaped into prominence as a sheik. A dispenser of S. A. A he-vamp. A great lover. The great lover. That ended that. No matter where he went, from Nigger Heaven to the Colony Club, he was expected to be one thing and one thing only: the Great Lover. Females of all persuasions ogled and googled and sidled and insinuated and poor Rudy was expected to ogle, google and insinuate back again.

ONCE A LOVER, ALWAYS

NO one ever dreamed that the man might have had other interests, other pursuits, other desires, as it were. It never occurred to anyone that he might and did ride horses, read books, know something about agriculture and the Italian peasantry. All of that was beside the point. Whenever two or three were gathered together in his name, not one syllable was ever uttered about him, out of the many million that were, unless those syllables somehow connected up with the great lover.

A new scandal. A new love affair. "Did you hear that so-and-so was really the great love of Rudy's life?" "Did you hear that Rudy is having an affair with so-and-so?" Never, never, never, never anything else. His line helped to kill him. His tag tagged him to death. He might have been alive today—but why go into that?

This goes for one and all.

Each one has a tag. You never hear anything about them but that tag. Take Pringle. As you know, someone dubbed her "the darling of the literati." It became noised about that she knew smart people, was "intellectual." Well, that's her tag. If she is interested in anything but the cerebral gymnastics of Mr. Mencken, then no one but a pearl diver could be the wiser.

I have sat in at innumerable sessions when the Board of Correctors has brought her case before the House, and never have I heard one peep about her that did not have to do with the aforesaid tag.

Milton Sills let it leak out that he was once a college professor. Taught Greek or something. It doesn't matter. It only matters that whenever Holly-

These stars Hollywood has classified for life; from the top down, Aileen Pringle, Greta Garbo, Lois Wilson; then below from left to right, Clara Bow, Lya de Putti and John Barrymore.
Once Hollywood Classifies
You, You Stay Classified

wood dines with Milt they await, forks suspended, to hear Socratic words of wisdom drip from the Sills's lips. They await the expounding of the nebular hypothesis; and so hypo-notized are they by the tag he wears they believe they get it—the nebular hypothesis—whether they do or not.

His little woman, Doris Kenyon, is labeled a sweet girl. She writes poetry and is refined. Let her break forth in whatever Saturnalian orgies she may, let the winds of calumny howl about the Lares and Penates, 'twill avail her nothing. She is a sweet girl and a sweet girl will be writ on her movie mausoleum.

Billie Dove is tagged with the label beautiful. Most beautiful, and other superlatives of the same adjective. She wistfully mentions that she likes psychoanalysis and house painting and other foibles not listed in the Ziegfeld Zodiac. She fancies brains and likes to see them convolute under a surgeon’s knife. Hollywood says, "Isn't that quaint?" titters behind manicured paws and the luncheon tables buzz with, "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful." When age has taken its toll of the Dove epidermis, even then the rigid raven will croak, "Nevermore." You get me? Dull, isn't it?

Florence Vidor is ticketed a lady. Neither divorce, Marco-Poloish flights to Europe, nor remarriage to a renowned fiddler, nor any other adventure, legitimate or spicily the reverse, will ever remove from Florence the stigmata of elegant society. She may as well give up unless she likes it. For give up its labels Hollywood never will. Don't be amusing. Why should Hollywood exert imagination and everything?

THE LABEL ON LYA

To cite an opposite equation from the ones above, put in her bureau drawer for you, there is Lya de Putti. Lya was wicked in "Variety." She arrived on these shores with the lascivious label. She feebly essayed the desire to be good, to be a decent, law-abiding citizen. Too late. The label was pasted on. Hollywood went "Tee, hee; tee, hee," and pasted new glue on the sticker.

Clara Bow has it. Yeah, didn't you know? Hollywood does. If Clara Bow should ever marry a one hundred per cent. American and go in for the horticulture of raising some little one hundred per cent. Americans, Hollywood would trip over them and never know the difference. For think, think of the mental effort necessary to take a new

(Continued on page 114)
HER friends were showing Lupe Velez how to operate one of the new harmonicas which play a tiny phonograph record when you blow into them. "How long can you hold your breath, Lupe?" one of them asked. Lupe considered. "Wal, about so long as sexx kisses," she responded candidly.

From Mules to Movies

CHARLEY ROGERS has a younger brother who has just returned from a trip to Europe on a mule boat. "He went over on the same boat I did," Charley told me. "He's doing everything exactly the same as I did: learning to play the saxophone, rooming in the same room I had at college. He thinks that if he follows my steps exactly he'll become a movie actor, too."

He Thought It Was Trolleywood

MAURICE CHEVALIER, the smiling French musical comedy star, made a speech at the luncheon given in his honor at the Roosevelt. "I will tell you a leetle story about my geographie," beamed Maurice. "Wen I come to New York t'ree year ago I get telegram from Doug and Mary that I know in Paris. I like Doug ver' much. I like Mary, too, ver' much—no harm in that, eh? Well, I get the telegram and I am very please. I show it to everybody. See what famous people telegraph not-so-much-me! I theenk today he is Friday. Tomorrow is Saturday wiz many things to do, but on

Phylis Haver—above—not only looks like, but is actually to play the part of a China doll, in the title rôle of "Sal of Singapore"

One of the Jeans chary of jeans is Miss Arthur, appearing conveniently at this moment on the right. Her salary, they say, like herself, represents a tidy figure.
Stars and Studios

Sunday I take the tram from New York and ride out to 'Olywood and see Doug and Mary, and come back Sunday evening.'

Truth Wilder Than Fiction

"I adore reading," said the lovely star to the interviewer. "I am happiest when I have a good book. Don't you just love 'Bridge' by Sam Lewis Rey?"

Unfeeling Kisses

And now a movie director's wife is suing a beauty specialist because after he remodeled her lips she can't feel it when she gets kissed.

I Like in Lephant

A certain producer, so they tell gleefully around the studios, decided to go hunting and called up his house. "Blease get my gun out of the den and send it down by the studio at once," he told his valet. "What did you say you wanted, sir?" asked the valet. "My gun," said the producer more forcibly than before, "Gun!" "Awfully sorry, sir," said the valet, "but I still don't know what you want me to send." "Gun!" roared the producer. "Listen yet: G, like in Jerusalem, U like in Urope and N like in Numonia. Now do you understand?"

The Girl with the Goods

It was a fan magazine writer who had invited a little movie actress to dine at the Cocoanut Grove. She came down the stairs very staidly, dressed in a sweetly girlish gown. She was shy and demure and she listened with flattering earnestness to his discourse. "At last," thought she's becoming as famous as the wheel that is her namesake, is Audrey Ferris, just below; and like it, too, she has had—if rumor may be credited—her ups and downs.

Fryer


Carney

Because arm-chairity begins at home, Richard Barthelmess—at the top—prefers remaining there, as a rule, to prospecting about Hollywood in quest of whoopie.

The only drag that Jeanette Loff—just above—has ever resorted to to win her present eminence is one from a cigarette—and that only when required for a scene.
All the Gossip of the

the fan magazine writer, "I have found a really intelligent movie star. She is wonderful—well bred, sophisticated, intellectual." And his conversation grew more and more profound. At last, as they toyed with the squab course, he interrupted a monologue on socialism to say, "What do you think, Miss So-and-so?" The star lifted rapt eyes. "You've said it, kid," she beamed.

**What Suit Shall We Wear?**

EMIL JANNINGS'S valet has been with him four years and has completely identified himself with the actor's interests, always speaking of him as "we." "When we were making 'Faust,'" he says, "we were hardly fit to speak to we were working under such a strain." On the set the other day he exclaimed, "I hate the old man w. are playing in this picture."

**Fine Feathers and Feelings**

THIS is told about an ex-musical comedy queen now playing in the movies. A wealthy boy-friend took her shopping the other day; and in their little stroll bought her four fur coats. She was telling a friend about them. "And, my dear," she confided, "he wanted to buy me an automobile, too, but I wouldn't let him. I didn't want to be under obligation to him."

**The Everlasting Whisper**

THE microphone is going to break up some lifelong friendships. The other day a friend of a certain star strolled onto a sound-proof stage to watch him work. At the end of the scene he whispered something to the director. The party adjourned to the projection-room to listen to the result. "How did you like me?" asked the star. "Marvelous, my boy. Your voice is simply wonderful," said his friend. The scene was run. At the end, enormous, sepulchral, filling the room with vast sound, came a whisper, "I think he's lousy, don't you?"

A thing of beauty is a joy forever—and vice versa. This glimpse of Alice proves it

**Fine Feathers and Feelings**

A Daniels in her own den: Bebe making sure that the laughs in her next comedy won't come from the way her hair looks
Stars and Studios

Copyrighting the Whistles

Now comes the talkie contract. At one of the bigger studios the following phrase is inserted in all the contracts nowadays: "And the producer shall have the right to the player's voice and to all other sounds emanating from his body."

De Mille's Demeanor

The William de Milles may be modern married folks, but the new Mrs. de Mille hasn't been able to keep her maiden name around the studios. "William says," she explains, "that he simply cannot go around introducing me to people: 'This is my wife, Miss Clara Berenger.'"

Driven to Extraction

At a movie party lately a concert pianist and her husband, a Hollywood dentist, were guests. After dinner, the hostess—a picture star noted for her private economies—approached the pianist. "Oh, Mrs. So-and-So," she beamed, "we do hope you are going to play for us this evening." The pianist smiled regretfully, "Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, "but I didn't bring my music. However, I don't doubt that my husband would be glad to entertain your guests by pulling a few teeth."

Three Houses Wanted

Nils Asther likes solitude—which is one thing even the richest actor can't have in Hollywood. "A man needs three houses here," said Nils despairingly the other day, "one to live in himself, one for his own friends and one for all the other peoples."

Across from Warner Brothers Studio is a cafe recently renamed the Vitaphone. "OUR FOOD IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN," says a sign, to which a passer-by

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An outstanding style in skirts, this one on the right; and while it is not novel, it has—because it encloses Clara Bow—it's full complement of charm

Lifting the lid in Hollywood leads to another sensation, a husband's strict observance of the formalities toward his wife. But it's not a surprise, for the two principals in the case are Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Beery

A devoted Nils Asther fan who has never seen him on the screen. And one who, even if he had, would never put his affection in writing. His name is Teddy
does not only an aerial plane depend but also an action-picture to be

premaded down for it in the greatest "scenic" of all.

Her death

The evening... had occurred. Cat and dog are obscure locations,

adjoining and do not obstruct the entrances or exits, but create
gullies, grooves between rocks, and no man can determine the

after the fire in a flash.

FOREVER.

LA MARR

M. E. Teror Card

by bertrams

The striking rise and fall of the

Andrava la MAr.
Madge Bellamy undertakes to personify the difference between the modern girl of this, the whoopee period, and the young woman of a generation ago, when tandems were the last word in unconventionality. And she pictures also what each thinks of the other
The Man No Woman Can Vamp

You Know Him Well, Though Not By His Real Name of Sameniegos; And There's a Reason For His Resistance

By DOROTHY DONNELL

CAZAROSSI, sung by Sameniegos.

That is the way it will read on the programme of "La Tosca" when the audience at the Berlin Opera turns to seek the name of the new singer, a slender, boyish figure in the monk's robes instead of the tubby German tenor of tradition.

Sameniegos. A sonorous, mouth-filling name for a grand opera singer, a name that will sound well after the Bravos! Hocks! and Vivas! with which the generous foreign music-lovers greet their operatic favorites.

"Sameniegos? Who is he? An American, you say! He is as handsome as a young Apollo. Now God be thanked, one need not close one's eyes in the love-passages!"

"Sameniegos? An American with that name and those eyes? And he can sing, too. Where has he been studying? He would be marvelous as Lohengrin."

At last here is a tenor to play the romantic lovers of grand opera. Even stage moonlight cannot disguise the fact that most passionate outpourings of vocal love emanate from middle-aged gentlemen with tummies which velvet cloaks and chain armor cannot hide. But here, young, dark-haired, fiery-eyed, with the body of a Greek athlete, is the virginal Pelléas, the swashbuckling Duke of "Rigoletto," Lohengrin, the white-souled; Tristan, greatest of lovers; Lieutenant Pinkerton as he must have looked when he won the alien heart of Butterfly.

Sameniegos, the new grand opera star! Why has no one heard of him before? Sameniegos—what is he to Hollywood?

IDENTIFIED IN PARIS

LAST summer a young man in an American-cut suit stood in the ticket line at the Paris Grand Opera. A Frenchman, leaning against the wall nearby, stared at him intently, and at length touched him on the sleeve. "What is your name, Monsieur?"

In French as good as his own, the young man answered courteously, "My name is Sameniegos."

The other turned back the lapel of his coat revealing a glittering badge. "You'd better come clean," said he—or the French equivalent—"I can't be fooled. I'm a detective and my business is to

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Pictorially, he is equally effective in a scowl or a cowl. Sameniegos, a screen star known by another name, as he will appear in opera as, above—Lohengrin and—at the left—as the monk in "La Tosca"
Antonio Moreno has taken it both in choosing Billie Dove as the one to make love to, and in the making love. And it may be said that rehearsals of this sort for "Adoration" are, while an armful practice, nevertheless delightful. Antonio is having a Dovely time Billieing and cooing.
The Love Life

Like Kiki, She Says You Can
Never Love The Same Man Twice

I might hang on for a moment. A chap leaned over and said, "Get in."

ADVENTURE LENDS SPICE

REALLY, that's all there was to it. That's the way it is when your soul is searching for someone on whom to center your affections.

We went back to land and Vera said, "Why, that was the boy I've been wanting you to meet."

Perhaps, if she had introduced him, it would never have happened. But meeting him myself, well, that made it really romantic. It's like Alice White picking up a man on the train. If she'd been introduced to him, perhaps he'd have meant nothing to her. But picking him out herself gave him that romantic element of the unknown.

His name was Gerke; we all called him Sunny. He was twenty-two and Catalan Spanish. He was to me as Gilbert Roland was to Clara Bow. He brought up vistas of dark castles, bull-fights and dancing Spanish ladies. He was like a dream come true. The whole thing was a dream, for that matter—the dream of a romantic girl well under twenty.

I had always lived with my mother. I had not been allowed to go out much; and when I did come home, mother was always there waiting. I thought it would be exciting to get married. Girls get an idea at this age that marriage means freedom. That it means the difference between being a girl who has to mind somebody and a woman who is her own master.

THE SECRET CEREMONY

SUNNY wanted us to be married. I thought it would be exciting. It not only meant this longed-for, imaginary freedom, but in our case it would mean sharing a big secret. Since a small child, I had loved secrets. And if I were married at this age, I couldn't tell anybody. Oh, I don't know exactly why, but those things that are different always appeal to a woman. We slipped off to Oceanside and were married. We didn't tell anyone. For three years not a soul knew we were married. Even Phyllis Haver, my best friend, was never certain. She used to
Marie Prevost calls the men she dances with casually "laugh partners" and mentions as examples James Hall, at the left; and Ben Lyon, above say, "Marie, I know you and Sunny are married." But she said it so often that she proved she didn’t know but was just trying to make me admit it.

At first, it was truly thrilling. He was a fine fellow, and with the halo I had created about him and the excitement of the secrecy of being married, I walked on clouds of happiness. It lasted eight months. I don’t know just what happened to break the illusion. Nothing specific. Just what is it that turns clouds from beautiful, fluffy billows to dark threatening storm-containers? But suddenly the dream was over. I just knew I was married and I couldn’t even tell anybody about it. Jack Gilbert says that he couldn’t realize that his first wife was his wife. He couldn’t seem to remember how she secured that position. It was the same way with me. I just couldn’t understand why I had him.

LIES AND MORE LIES

I REALIZED I had done wrong, but I didn’t know how to get out of it. I had lied about my age. I had lied to my mother. I had lied to my friends. My life was a bunch of lies entangling me like the threads of a spider web enmeshing a fly. And I had no more chance of cutting my way through my web than the fly has through his. Sunny wanted to tell everybody. He wanted, man-like, to announce it to the high heavens. I spent months of being afraid that he would tell people. A clandestine marriage is wonderful as long as it is exciting. But when the excitement is over, it is horrible because you have no way to turn to get yourself out of it. At that, it wasn’t so bad until I fell in love with someone else. It was four years later, when they called me at Universal and said I was to play in a picture with (Continued on page 116)
Norma Shearer Furnishes For Marguerite In "Faust"; Is Furnish

Scientific statements to the contrary, daisies will tell. The trouble is that what they'll tell isn't always to be believed. For see how delighted Marguerite is—in the two largest pictures—with her floral divination. And then see—in the two in the upper corners—to what a plight her credence brought her.

Portraits especially created for Motion Picture by R. H. Louise of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Tour

The Proper Poses
All You Need Do
The Song

A maiden's prayer that went unanswered: Miss Shearer, as the happy and then hapless heroine of Gounod's opera, pleads—at the right—that the bliss she has known shall forever continue. In the corner at the bottom of the opposite page, Marguerite waits in the moonlit garden for the coming of her lover.
Stars from the Lone Star State, are beginning at top, King Vidor, Jacqueline Logan, Mary Brian, Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor, Dorothy Devore and Madge Bellamy.

(Continued on page 110)
CLARA BOW SANDWICH
Jumbo sardines which have been sprinkled with vinegar first mixed with chopped hard-boiled egg on rye bread, serve with pickles

POLA NEGRI SANDWICH
Creamed chicken on toast sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese and paprika, served piping hot. Splendid for a feminine luncheon party. This is the favorite sandwich at the Montmartre lunch hour

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN SANDWICH
Sliced chicken covered with mayonnaise on toast, with slices of tomato which have stood in French dressing. Serve very cold

CHARLES CHAPLIN SANDWICH
Camembert, Roquefort and Sierra cheese mixed on well-buttered rye bread. A man's sandwich, marvelous for stag affairs

GLORIA SWANSON SANDWICH
Egg and sweet corn cooked in a sort of flat omelette and put between two slices of buttered toast. Serve very hot

THE STAR SANDWICHES OF THE MONTMARTRE—Why Not

give a party and serve sandwiches named for the movie stars? Here are the recipes, as used in the famous Cafe Montmartre in Hollywood where the picture people lunch and dine
Countenancing
Mr. Colman

Ronald Is Asked How
He Got That Way

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

acquiescence. Just a broad, appreciative grin.
"It's God-given," said Mr. Colman, hoisting
a jaunty yachting cap to the back of his head.
He wears it in "The Rescue," a Conrad sea-
faring yarn, in which Ronald plays a salty
 gallant who succumbs in the final reel to the
lush charms of his new leading lady, Mlle. Lili
Damita of that country which was once called
Gaul. But aren't we all human?
Oh, good! A religious quotation, Mr.
Colman!
Neatly, he pricked that bubble.

BORN WITHOUT A MUSTACHE

"Or you might blame it on evolution." No
brooding eyes here. Rather, a friendly
tinkle. The eyes of one who looks at the
world and finds it well. Finds it well as long as
the world stays put and doesn't come poaching
on his preserves, demanding autographs, pho-
tographs, after-dinner speeches among stran-
gers, and other pestiferous nuisances.

Ronald considered. The reverie was broken
only by Mr. Herbert Brenon's Gallic words as
he directed Mlle. Damita.
"I suppose experiences do leave their marks.
Subconsciously at first, I should say, rather
than outwardly. Eventually, the subconscious
asserts itself, in, perhaps, facial characteristics,
mannerisms."

You can't sow a field without making furrows.
"I can't think of anything that has happened in my life
to leave an indelible mark."

He was born that way, with that look, without the
mustache. Cared for in Surrey, on the south coast of
England, by a mother who had the same facial lineaments.
By a father, who was every inch a Colman. He played,
as a child, in Richmond, just out of London, with sisters
and a brother. They had the same dark eyes, dark hair.
Two of the sisters are still in England. He saw them this
year when he went back to the heath after an absence of
eight years.

A brother and a sister are in Australia, and so is Mother
Colman, now. Ronald saw his mother in England when he
returned, however.

But that soul-seared look. That Master of Ravenswood
expression.

(Continued on page 109)
Pet Whoopee

The Best Part of a Premiere
Showing Is Outside The Theater

As a premiere at which he served as master of ceremonies, D. W. Pickett retracted his statement.

"Do you know how she sleeps?" he asked.

These big premières do not attract the attention of the time. In a few cases the more established stars have been known to turn away from these openings, leaving the limelight for the newer newcomers along the starry way. When a new picture comes along the old guard still turns out, Mary, Doug, Charlie, Griffith—all of whom.

Nothing in the world just like a Hollywood premiere. Any production employing more than twenty people, the nearest thing to it is the Bailey's circus, with a parade down Main Street.

TOM'S WHITE TUXEDO

TIGHTS in the theater are held in every city of New York to San Francisco. It just takes a little effort to put on the extra trimmings. An opening night at the Metropolitan Opera House is no peanut affair. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's pearls are no larger than one of Gloria Swanson; and Cornelius Vanderbilt would be as much in awe of Tom Mix for downright sartorial splendor: to say nothing of the several-gallon sombrero. Tom has inherited his mother's good taste in clothes in other colors, too.

At sundown, on the evening of a premiere, the stars come from Eagle Rock join the Perkinses from Sawtelle, the maria to catch a glimpse of Constance Talmadge, Norma Shearer, Colleen Moore, Richard Barthelmess, Charles Rogers—stop, oh, how to go on forever.

Hours before the stars begin to arrive, the street is so jammed that they have to call out the police reserves, to say nothing of the Rotary Club, the Lions, the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls.

Motor cars must crawl through a narrow lane of people, eager faces plastered against the glass windows of limousines.

It is an orderly crowd as a rule. They may push and shove to get into the front line, but that is about the extent of the disturbance.

In other cities it is quite conceivable that remarks like these might be hurled at passing celebrities: "Hey, Gloria, where's the Marquis?"

Or: "How's the baby, Mae?"

Not in Hollywood. Never! We take our stars seriously. Don't think that it is the tourists alone that make up these non-paying guests at a premiere. In the seething, dense mob there are studio mechanics, who, like the sailor who went rowing on his day of shore leave, want to see the stars at play. There are starved extra people, too, drinking in this ostentatious display, dreaming that they may some day join this parade of luxury.

GRAUMAN THE GLORIFIER

SID GRAUMAN is the father of the premiere. He started the (Continued on page 96)
No, this is not Al Jolson playing the title rôle of "Mammy." It isn't he playing any rôle at all; but Colleen Moore who, for her appearance in "Synthetic Sin" has, in so far as hue goes, covered her face with a synthetic skin. She is registering terror, accentuating the idea by turning white around the gills.
Unmysterious
Mr. Brook
What Can Be Done With
A Man Who Won't Even
Damn The Talkies?

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

My dear fellow," apologized Clive Brook in his rich Eton-and-Oxford drawl; "my dear fellow: it's really no good at all trying to interview a chap like me. You know far too much about me to give me any chance to impress you with my exotic personality. I do all my acting on the set, you know."

Clive was eating strawberry shortcake with me (excuse me—I was eating strawberry shortcake with Clive) in a corner of the Paramount studio cafe. He was wearing a mustache of recent vintage and a frightfully dashing scarlet army uniform. As he spoke, he raised his right eyebrow slightly less than a quarter of an inch and looked at me with a sad expression.

"Now just suppose I were Pola Negri," he went on, "everything would be different. Or say I happened to be Greta Garbo. In that case I would appear from behind mysterious hangings after keeping you waiting three-quarters of an hour. You would have heard much about me, but nothing definite—only whispered rumors that I was a pretty queer sort of fish. I would be smoking a cigarette from a long jade holder. As I held out my hand to be kissed, I would keep my eyes half-closed to give the impression that my art had left me in a trance. I would give evasive answers to your questions, such as 'Who knows?' or 'It is written in the sands' or 'Yes—and no.'"

He is not Negri

He sighed. "But I am not Pola Negri. I am just Clive Brook, and some say I have only one expression. It is altogether too bad."

"You recall, of course," he went on after a pause, "that occasion a few Sundays ago when my small daughter amused herself in pouring spadefuls of sand down your neck as you were taking a siesta after lunch at my beach hut. How can I possibly expect you under the circumstances to write me up in your magazine as 'this fascinating personal-

(Continued on page 90)
The Face on the

Or What's Left Of It After
An Apache Dance
Belongs to Lina Basquettere
Miss Basquette formerly was premiere danseuse of the Ziegfeld "Follies"; and her performance of this dance of the Parisian underworld, wherein a girl must suffer if she syncopate, has all the lithe grace and savage intensity of the genuine, look-for-this-signature-on-the-label, article.
The girl with three successful careers begins another. Lila Lee first became famous, at the age of eight, as Cuddles, in Gus Edwards's vaudeville revue. She abandoned this to enter the films—and then the films to devote herself to her boy, James Kirkwood, Jr. Now, at twenty-three, she is for his sake to resume her remunerative professional activities in the new field of the talkies.
"I was born in 1905. And I can prove it!" Thus passionately speaks Lila Lee, who suffers of late from the reputation of too great an age. Not that she looks it, you understand. But somehow it has got around that Lila is—well, getting on.

She resents it. Who wouldn't? She resents it so strenuously that she wired her mother in the East the other day and asked her to make an affidavit, duly sworn before a notary, testifying that Lila was born exactly twenty-three, and no more, years ago.

And now Lila carries the affidavit about with her and produces it upon occasion to wave triumphantly in the faces of people who are such mean things as to doubt her.

Age is a spitful thing in the picture business. It is so easy to exaggerate it—if it belongs to someone else.

If an actress has been in the public eye for eight or ten years. If she has reached that stage where you take her for granted as one of the prominent players and you remember that you have been taking her for granted for a long time—and you cannot recall exactly when you began to hear of her, your tendency is to date her beginning further back than she deserves. Particularly if you are a woman. The fact that you cannot remember just when you began to hear of her leads you to believe that it was a long, a very long time ago.

HER CAREER ALONE IS OLD

Moreover, in the early days, when the picture business was very young, the makers of pictures were young, too. Boys of twenty and twenty-one directed and produced many of those early efforts. Girls in their early teens played leading women—or even vampires—in grown-up clothes. And the clothes of that period, accompanied by the styles of dressing hair, could add years and

that she was a youngster, minus her front teeth when he saw her, he is unfair.

"The thing that makes me maddest," said Lila, her dark eyes flashing, "is when some middle-aged woman with grown children of her own, babbles to me, 'Oh, Miss Lee, I have always enjoyed your work so much. Why I remember seeing you when I was just a kiddie, myself.'

"And when I murmur that I am twenty-three now—and I have almost given up murmuring it any more—they look at me with that mmm-hmm? expression. Any woman knows what I mean. They just plain don't believe me.

"Why, the thing has got around so even in picture circles that—well, this happened to me the other day: "A casting director arranged to see me about a part in

(Continued on page 113)
PAY AS YOU ENTER

I WOULDN'T if I were you. Sorry, but it really isn't worth it. Even with the inimitable Louise Fazenda as Mary Smith, the presiding spirit of a hamburger stand near a barn, Clyde Cook is the 'ero, William Demarest and Myrna Loy are the menaces. Mary gets mixed up in a trolley accident for which stunt she is awarded a thou' as damages. This is enough for William. He and Myrna concoct a dark plot. William makes love to Mary, hoping to get his hands on the thou' via the poor gal's heart. He almost succeeds. Then comes the high light of the picture. A dancing contest. William and Myrna aspire to win. They are foiled. Mary and Clyde cop the cup and decide to live happily ever after. Something like that. It really doesn't matter much by way of story or interest. A series of gags, that's all, not very good ones.

THE ONE MAN DOG

ADMIRERS of the canine photodrama can safely take themselves to see this one. Rarely is the Wonder Dog seen getting his man more artistically than in the latest vehicle for the talents of "Ranger." Although the story runs along conventional lines, many of our most plutocratic directors could learn a lot about stage-managing a camera from the work in this production of Leon d'Usseau, whose second successful adventure in the canine picture field it is. Pleasing to the eye in the extreme are the various panoramic pine-forest scenes. Another eyeful is provided by Virginia Bradford, who seems to have made herself quite at home in her first dog opera, and looks enticing enough against the wooded background even to make the frantic grimacings of the heavy more than justifiable. "Ranger" does what he is told throughout the picture, and does it well.

ADORATION

JUST another Billie Dove, my masters. Billie, the gorgeous aristocrat of pre-war Russia, is separated from her husband, Antonio Moreno, by the revolution. They all go to the dogs in the half-world of Paris, but Antonio more so than Billie because he believes she has been untrue to him. Billie sobs her way through several thousand feet of film until finally she finds the man her husband suspected and makes him own up that as far as he knows Billie is all that a good wife should be. This picture of impoverished Russian aristocracy in post-war Paris is manifestly a movie, and the attempt to horrify us with the degradations to which the formerly wealthy ones are placed simply doesn't come off. It's just a lot more gross, negligible and close-ups containing the luscious Dove. If you like her that much, go to it, brother. But don't say I didn't tell you.

SOMEONE TO LOVE

IN which little Mary Brian proves that she has as much S.A. as the next one and Charles Rogers enters the ranks of the Great Lovers of the Screen. There is one scene where Charley, as the enterprising clerk in a music store, takes Mary, the daughter of a millionaire masquerading as a poor girl on a picnic in the country and chases her playfully (and innocently) through the flowers until she trips and falls and—well, Gilbert and Garbo, those veterans of a hundred clinches, could learn something from that scene! The very inexperience of the two youngsters provides the thrill. Another close-up—which will undoubtedly be shortened before the picture is released shows the young lovers looking, not into each others' eyes but at each others' lips. This story is faintly reminiscent of "The Charm School," a Paramount picture made some time ago.
Of Critics

NAUGHTY BABY

WORTHLESS, save for a couple of creditable close-ups of Alice White, the star, this effort affords an excellent example of how human material may be wasted in the movies. The cast consists of the peppy, "itful" Alice, Jack Mulhall, Thelma Todd, Doria Dawson, Georgie Stone and other competent troupers. None of them has a blessed thing to do. Even the well-seasoned veteran, Mulhall, gawps about with a pathetic "imagine my embarrassment" expression. The story has been weighed in the balance and found to be three cents' worth of cats' meat. It purports to tell how a coat-room girl gets her millionaire. The direction is faltering and amateurish. The cutting has been done with an axe, and the titles contribute nothing to a perfect day. Alice White, one of the box-office's potential best bets, is frightfully abused.

THE SHAKEDOWN

HERE'S Carl Laemmlle's surprise package of the year. Making a modest bow without any superlatives attached to it, one of the first big productions of a former director of westerns, it packs more suspense, wallop and entertainment into seven reels than anything in recent memory from the Universal academy. William Wyler, the young Swiss who directed it, establishes himself beyond question as one who is going to be heard from in a big way. He has injected a degree of intelligence into a fight picture which would not have thought possible. Here, actually, is a new angle on the time-worn theme of the bad boy who makes good and wins his mate via the knockout-count-of-ten route. James Murray contributes a fine performance in the principal rôle, and the rest of the cast are everything that they should be. Don't miss this one, folks.

MIDNIGHT LIFE

STILL another version of "Broadway." With hoofers, bulls and bootleggers, cabaret stuff and a couple of killings. But despite a theme that more than threatens to become hackneyed before the real "Broadway" is brought to the screen, this is a very creditable picture. It possesses spark and sparkle, is thrilling, plausible, and sustains interest throughout its not too lengthy sequences. In addition, it is noteworthy in that it marks the debut of Eddie Buzzell, diminutive stage comedian, in pictures. Although hampered by either bad make-up or poor photography, Eddie shows sufficient stuff to warrant another try. The real hero of the film is Francis X. Bushman, who runs away with the show as a burly detective chief. The heavy rôle is suavely handled by Cosmo Kyrie Bellew, son of the matinee idol of other days, a recent graduate from the stage.

ISLE OF LOST MEN

ANOTHER of those South Sea Island yarns, featuring the stranded white gal, the conveniently ship-wrecked hero, the domineering bad man—but anyone who has already seen a South Sea picture can imagine the balance of the cast without any further suggestion. At that, there is some interesting, virile action, including a ship mutiny; numerous days adrift on the ocean without food or water and a harrowing escape through vicious list fighting. Tom Santchi was the only name that we recognized in the cast. The story might well be a remnant of one which he made during those early days when Tom and Hobart Bosworth were competing for space in the first pictures. It's really a waste of time to go see it but it pulls on our heart cords not to recommend it because everyone puts so much effort into trying to get the same old gags to go over.
**A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS**

Perhaps I am getting old. Or perhaps it is just that Jack Gilbert finds a full dress suit hammering to his style of love-making. At any rate, something was missing in the high-powered scenes where he and Greta Garbo show what sex can be at its best. The tempo of this picture, adapted with a weather eye on Will Hays from "The Green Hat," is decidedly slow and episodic. The locale jumps disconcertingly from England to the Continent and back. A great deal is said by all the characters about "honor," a virtue which gets everyone into trouble. Diana Parness, the heroine who has "a gentleman's honor," allows her own reputation to be tainted in order to save her brother's hero-worship for her husband who "dies for decency" instead of "for purity." In other words, he commits suicide because he is about to be arrested for embezzlement, instead of because he has a "loathsome disease" as Michael Arlen had it. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, rather carries off the masculine honors for acting. Lewis Stone, Hobart Bosworth and Dorothy Sebastian manage to look and behave like well-bred people.

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**THE CANARY MURDER CASE**

This is a rather more plausible and cleverly worked out mystery story than most of the shriekies we are called upon to shiver through these days. This is partly due to the author, S. S. Van Dyne, who writes his detective tales by mathematical formulas, partly to an exceptionally adroit cast, headed by William Powell as the society investigator, and Louise Brooks who suffers a strange fate for the heroine of a movie by being murdered in the first reel. The "Canary," a gold digging chorus girl, is discovered strangled in her luxurious apartment. There are clues—too many of them, and suspects galore. It turns out that there are at least five men who have every reason for cordially wishing the Canary dead. The denouement is a real surprise, and almost logical, which is more than any mystery play audience has a right to expect. Even in the silent version—for this will be a talking picture—it was good entertainment. William Powell with his stage training, his splendid voice and his photographic value seems to have come into his own at last. Jean Arthur shares the feminine honors with Louise Brooks.

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**THE LAST WARNING**

A MYSTERY picture without sound is like ginger ale without gin. It simply hasn't any kick. With the accompaniment of screams, dull thuds and sepulchral groans, "The Last Warning" may possibly blossom out into a thriller but as I saw it, with the spoken dialogue made into frequent and tedious titles and the only sounds an occasional bang furnished by the orchestra, it was poor entertainment, despite the fact that the star and director were the same that made "The Cat and the Canary," one of the best mystery pictures ever made. This tale is laid in a haunted theater. Trap doors yawn, panels slide, ghastly hands are thrust from the wall, two murders are committed all for the sake of persuading a stubborn old man to tear down the theater and build a skyscraper in its place. Personally, I prefer the old-fashioned kind of ghost who wears a white nightie and says "woosh-woosh." Laura La Plante has nothing to do except look terrified and beautiful, which is not by any means the limit of her accomplishments. John Boles, Montague Love, Roy D'Arcy and Flora Finch complete a good cast wasted on a poor story.

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**REDSKIN**

ENHANCED by sequences gorgeous in the colors of nature, and the presence of Richard Dix in the title role, "Redakin" emerges satisfactory, if undistinguished, screen entertainment. The difficulty lies in story deficiencies, and the apparent failure of the director to develop the few situations offered by the plot. Lacking epic quality, more, nevertheless, might have been made of the theme concerning the Indian youth seized from his tribe and forcibly educated by the white man only to find himself outcast by both races. Dix, the "Vanishing American" of another movie season, is an ideal Navajo sachem. And he makes the most of the modest histrionic opportunities which are offered. Gladys Belmont, former extra girl, does very well indeed. But it remains for Tully Marshall, possessor of the serpent's wisdom when it comes to picture stealing, to repeat former larconies by packing this one safely away. By far the most interesting element is the background: the breath-taking splendor of the desert, the enchanted mesa of the Pueblo Indians, and other scenic grandeur have been captured by the camera in color photography.
SYNTHETIC SINF

The irrepresible Colleen Moore again shows how irrepresible she is by not being repressed until around her at the end of reel seven. She is 100% more laughs than usual by this point and some relation to the story. She believes that a girl without experience should get the lead in a new play just because the author thinks she is to an evening of hearty guffaws. Colleen gets some experience of life, and she gets the cork. After a downpour of serious comes as a relief as the first to make for an inter-gang shooting, which Colleen thinks, is a little gem of farce-comedy that others can afford to miss. This is the sort of Colleen should make nothing else but. If better farce-comedies A. Siegel will make them. And when he makes them, he'll make any star more than doubly popular.

CAPTAIN LASH

ENTERTAINMENT all the way through for your mind you. But serving nicely to provide Victor McLaglen is the star, and as boss of seven, he has a habit of making his way into many only his brawny biceps extricate him. There perfumed siren in the comedy person of Claire Winton is the girl who awaits her man on the docks of Singapore. And Jane director Blystone has a successful smile of his and his own way until he's done with the picture. Clydes Cook steals the picture with a gum-pat dance that has the customers rolling in the aisles. Cook is always good, but he's never been quite as funny as his McLaglen's Cockney shipmate. His new song is "Campbells Are Coming" when a huge, shaggy hatred trudge on his pal's amours is a masterpiece of comedy.

THREE WEEK ENDS

ELINOR GLYN who started Clara Bow's career that she had. It is responsible for this story. It to be that Bow fans like a whole lot of Clara in a picture. Their money's worth in her latest vehicle—and a Bow The plot is hand-tailored to fit the star and runs the girl possibilities. There is Clara in society garb (showing her picture), Clara as (showing practically everything). The plot, as the title indicate, somewhat disconnected and deals with the adventures little tenement girl who dances at a nightclub and prays to me millionaire. Harrison Ford plays the wealthy man with weakness of itty show girls and Neil Hamilton furnishes a clean characterization as the delightful but immaculate young insurance agent who tries to sell Harrison a policy and mingles his sales talk with upper cuts to the jaw. But after all, the plot of a Bow picture is—Clara. She may be brushing her teeth or unfastening or putting on her love or shedding tears—who cares! She is worth watching.

NOISY NEIGHBORS

THE Quillan family, late of vaudeville, offer a particularly mournful exhibit as their first fling in the movies. A stupid and illogical story, shoddy direction and ungrammatical sub-titles do nothing to place the doubtless worthy Quillans very high in the screen firmament. In any event, it is difficult to see why any of them except Eddie, who has already won his celluloid spurs, should find it necessary to leave the vaudeville stage, where it is said they were doing nicely. Eddie has two moments in the picture where his personal charm is able to register; Theodore Roberts and Alberta Vaughn have one fleeting moment each. Jeannette Lof appears for about seven seconds and causes one to wonder why they didn't give her the lead. Russell Simpson seems as doubtful as is the audience whether he is supposed to be a menace or a comic. A torment to know how conspirers pull rabbits out of hats is the one that should take anyone from hearth and home to see "Noisy Neighbors" on the screen.
C. D. Kimball compared the shrines Hollywood pays to its home town, Aberdeen, South Dakota, Thinks It Is

MAYBE one of Hollywood’s leading stars on Sunday evening sent his wife’s in New York’s best newspaper a check for $300 and a note that read: "I'm going to New York to give you a true picture of Hollywood and its gayest city in the world, if you will."

But Hollywood stands alone in its claim to being the most discussed. Richard Harding Davis was the first to favor writing on it and making it so, and there is a prevalent opinion, of course, that life in this little town, which is at least the personal life of those who live here, is just one long whoopee after another. But this has been contradicted so emphatically that if you take Hollywood’s protagonists at their word, the only sound audible out there is that of churches bells, and philharmonic concerts in the Bowl.

Naturally, neither the first nor the second statement is a true one of Hollywood. The town, like a tree or anything else in nature, or anything that is a product of that product of nature, man, isn’t either sort-black or bath-white: it’s colored. And there’s more than one hue in the picture, too.

But who can give you a true picture—or who, if you are given such a picture, can you believe? Most likely, someone you know. For word of mouth reporting, like word of mouth advertising, is the best of all. You’ll believe a friend’s guess where you won’t believe a strange expert’s printed report.

For that reason, MOTION PICTURE has sought out a friend of yours, a neighbor—provided you live in one of the Dakotas, more particularly in South Dakota, and still more particularly if your home is in the town of Aberdeen. And it has asked him to give you a true picture of Hollywood, as it is. He knows what you think it is, for he’s from Aberdeen and he’s in Aberdeen a good bit of the time. And so he can tell you things that he knows you’ll want to know. He can compare what he used to think with what he thinks now of the capital of the film industry. And inasmuch as what he used to think, as a native of Aberdeen, should correspond roughly with what a native of Hollywood, should correspond roughly with what an expert’s printed report.

May we tell you now, the first in a series of articles, is only one of a series. It’s for what it is worth, but in the course of the series every state in the Union is going to be covered, so that eventually, you will have the opportunity of getting the real, home town, low-down on the most vivid community in America—from What Your Neighbor Says.

—Editor’s Note

strange-blossoms do look beautiful in town, and maybe actors do go to church some days, but Aberdeen’s got her tongue in her mouth and doesn’t believe a word of it. No, Aberdeen’s got real life. Hollywood’s a wild, wild town and girls are naughty and the movie stars aren’t for Will Hays out there pro-hollywood, the whole community would have been in somebody’s Aberdeen’s story, and she’s going to tell me all about the way his little home town.
Say

BY WALTER

broadminded and tolerant. Somewhere around middle age a firm handclasp. Personally, are O. K.—even as do the automobile people or the hair color. But a pretty little town like this thought of in other parts of the world, it's a harmless

"That's the real trouble with a town with a big town reputation. What happens here is magnified out of proportion. As a name, it is classed in the same league as New York and Paris. If a man is murdered in a big city, the world shakes its head. But let one of Hollywood's hobbies have a break from the straight and narrow road. They all suffer. They're all branded; it pays.

"HOLLYWOOD has more fame here than anywhere else. Even with its faults, it is a capital place. There are hundreds of people here who are at home in the world."

Highlights in Mr. I.A.C.'s Comment:

Hollywood's worst knockers are men. Women out there dress conditioner, but they must be noticed. Movie actors are shrewder than you would think. You can't make a small-town actor or actress a success here. Wrongdoing in Hollywood looks like a small-town affair. Hollywood doesn't want to publicize it.

Simple in design and distinctively American in its material, used in Aberdeen, where the city's official
who is winging her way high
ies of favor. "The Madonna
ue A" is Dolores Costello's
enture. This scene apparent-
aken where that thoroughfare
crosses Canal Street
The Lowe-Down on the Talkies

They Are For Everyone Concerned, According To Eddie, Very Good

By DOROTHY MANNERS

WITH the talkie panic in full swing, Hollywood is more like a psychopathic ward than anything else. The patients who aren't actually raving are having their voices cultivated. The diaphragm is becoming more important than the waist line and all the boys and girls who can't sound scorn like Ethel Barrymore or a pipe-organ are sitting around in corners staring morosely at their torn-up contracts.

In the very midst of this bedlam Mr. Edmund Lowe, alias Eddie, dropped off into a gentle snooze in one of those easy chairs at the Athletic Club. About him, be-muddled actors wandered about muttering "ah-ah" and "me-me" in good Vitaphone pronunciation. But Mr. Lowe snoozed on.

"Eddie," said his press-agent, gently tapping him on the shoulder, "we are here for lunch."

Mr. Lowe blinked. He politely stifled a yawn. Then he leaped to his feet quickly. "So sorry," he apologized, "but it always makes me sleepy to study lines." He thumped a stagy-looking blue manuscript that was his spoken part in one of Fox's new Movietone numbers. "Just like being back on the stage." Then, "What's that funny noise?"

We went on into lunch. It was only the actors churusing "ah-ah—me-me."

SOLD ON SOUND

"I'll tell you," said Eddie, "this new sound effect is the most important development that has hit the screen since Griffith took the first close up. It's tremendous. It's going to revolutionize this business. It's—"

"The bunk," I rudely interrupted. "I like my movies silent."

Eddie shook his head. If he had been the type, he would have probably said "Tut, tut," or "Don't be a donkey," or something like that. Instead he said, "Now don't be like those people twenty years ago who said the horseless-carriages would never be practical. Now that this marvelous new improvement has come along, we have to realize that the movies have just gotten out of the horse-and-buggy era. It is actually old-fashioned and limited not to welcome these various phones. At least give them a trial."

"Oh, I guess so," I admitted just in the right tone of voice to let him know I wasn't convinced at all. "But they sound so squeaky and weak."

"Naturally. But they will improve. Can't you remember when films used to be flickery and muddy. People used to say they ruined the eyes. Now look how smooth and perfect photography has become. We must allow improvements in sound as well."

"Maybe so," I replied dubiously.

"And it isn't going to stop with sound," Eddie went on, fully warmed to his part in the debate. "The next thing will be the perfection of natural colors on the screen. Before little movies reach their peak, they will be miniature theaters with color, sound and art."

SILENT STARS ARE NOT DUMB

That gave me an opening to say, "But then they will be competing with the legitimate drama."

"Pooh," said Eddie. "What of it? Personally, I think it will be just the other way around—the theater will be competing with the movies. Movies will win because they are cheaper and reach more people at popular prices."

I couldn't think of a comeback for that one. So I switched to another angle. "The talkies may be all right for you and Conrad Nagel and the Barrymores and others..."

(Continued on page 108)
THE DIPLOMATS

THE Diplomats are Clarke and McCullough in a Fox two-reel talking comedy. Aboard an ocean liner bound for foreign parts, these two funny fellers become involved in a political situation having to do with one of those mythical kingdoms. There is a beautiful Princess-in-distress played by Margaret Churchill, a new and very personable Fox find. There is the Menace played by Andre Siguerd with a hefty beard and his usual suavity. And there is a Grand Duchess capered through by Cissy Fitzgerald, who is too grand for words. Clarke twirls his agitated cigar and wisecracks his way into the secret service of the little kingdom. His curious and somewhat censorable mission is to extract a political document from the very grand bosom of the Grand Duchess. In order to achieve this scoop, Clarke makes overtures to the G. D., during which process he dances the Brooklyn Shake with her. You'll shake when you see that bit if you have any reflex action. It's a riot. He likewise induces her to shinny a chandelier and other gymnastic feats. The coy Grand Duchess thinks she is reducing. She is amorous and skittish. She does reduce, by one document. The Kingdom is saved.

INTERFERENCE

THE first of Paramount's audible photodramas, this one attains a greater degree of dramatic dignity than has been evidenced in the "talkies" thus far released. It is a faithful rendition of the stage play performed by as highly competent a cast as Hollywood can assemble. It at once epitomizes both the strength and weakness of sound films as they exist at present. To a great extent dialog replaces action. Thus to an audience schooled to visual rather than aural entertainment, the drama proceeds with the slow, stately tread of a funeral march. Voice and sound reproduction is excellent. Almost too excellent. It is doubtful, for instance, if the scratching of a pen on paper would not fill a room with clamor. In presenting the production on either coast Roy Pomeroy's development of "Movietone" sound reproduction is utilized. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the players. The consensus is that William Powell deserves first mention. He, Doris Kenyon and Clive Brook display the benefits of stage training. Evelyn Brent surprises delightfully with a voice befitting her personality. "Interference" is thoroughly adult entertainment, holding appeal for all intelligence.

GANG WAR

THERE are so many combinations these days of silence and sound that it shouldn't be surprising to learn that "Gang War" is first all-talkie and then part-talkie. In a spoken prologue, two newspaper reporters are assigned to get the lowdown on a notorious gang of racketeers; and the story that one of them uncovers is then related in regular picture-and-sound fashion, with sound accompaniment. Inasmuch as in the course of his romance Jack Pickford is a dance-hall saxophone player and Olive Borden a dancer; and machine-guns and other weapons punctuate the action regularly, there's plenty to hear as well as see. It's good entertainment, from and including the prologue. The players in the spoken introduction, Lorin Baker, Jack McKee and Mabel Albertson deserve as much praise as the principals in the later action. The sound reproduction is especially excellent. "Gang War" is worth enlisting in.

THE GHOST TALKS

THIS feature length talkie from the Fox studio introduces two new players to picture fans, a pretty but rather colorless young Chicago stage actress named Helen Twelvetrees and a juvenile from Broadway named Charles Eaton. Although these two have the leading roles and were imported from the stage on the theory that the talkies demand players trained to speak lines, Earle Foxe and Carmel Myers are featured in the billing, and prove to have even better voices than the stage recruits. The plot deals with a youthful hotel clerk who is studying detective methods by mail, and a girl who has inherited a haunted house. Two separate bands of crooks are after the "papers" hidden in the house, and these with a colored comedy team provide plenty of action. It would seem that if producers are going to all the expense and trouble of making their picture characters talk, they should provide better lines for them to say. The dialogue in "The Ghost Talks" is hardly worth the real effort it is to understand it for audiences accustomed to silent pictures. The sets seem somewhat cramped—perhaps due to the necessity to keeping the players within reach of the microphone.
Shopping with Billie Dove

FIRST of A SERIES
Revealing the Practical
Dress-Secrets
of Famous Actresses

By MARIE CONTI

I had always wanted to go shopping with a star. I had heard so many tales about their experiences with the yearning little shop-girls who wait upon them. Clara Bow once told me that she always shops incognito. She likes to try new places where she is unknown. One day, perhaps three months ago, she went into Los Angeles to buy some knickknacks. The girl who waited upon her could not refrain from staring. Soon three or four other clerks were crowding before her from behind the counter. Finally, one of them exclaimed loudly: "Do you know that you could double for Clara Bow? Your hair is a little darker and Clara is a little heavier, but you look remarkably like her." Clara thanked them courteously for the compliment, made her purchases and departed, happy that she had avoided recognition.

I should estimate that ninety per cent of the stars have the same attitude toward their shopping problems. I dropped around one morning to pay my respects to Billie Dove. She was just leaving for the downtown store district. "Come along with me. I like to have someone go with me because if people do recognize me they are not so likely to say anything."

HER VERSATILE VESTMENT

She was on a peculiar mission this particular morning.

"I so often have to go out in the morning and then go directly to luncheon and bridge or some other afternoon entertainment. I just decided I'd design a costume which could be worn in the morning, fixed up a bit and worn right on to the afternoon affairs without my having to go home and make changes. So I designed this outfit, had my dressmaker create it and now I am going out to buy the accoutrements, put them on and see how my double costume works. How do you like it?"

It looked clever enough to me to be worn as an afternoon costume without any trimmings. Fashioned of black velvet with a plain circular skirt, a cape coat and a smart tailored blouse; black gloves, a semi-tailored felt hat; flat-heeled shoes of black kid and a tailored bag to match the foot apparel.

"I always go to shop where I am well known so they don't make any fuss about me. There are four or five stores in Los Angeles which I simply will not enter because the floormen and salesgirls come rushing over and say, 'May I show you a new rug, Miss Dove? We have some lovely new hats——-.' When I go shopping I know what I want and I like to be treated just as any other woman who goes out to buy for herself or her family."

THE DRESSIEST

Billie did know what she wanted. We went first to the flower department. "A morning costume doesn't need a flower, but an afternoon outfit must have one," she remarked. "I want something in white, small and rich," she ordered. "Black and white are always a chic combination."

(Continued on page 118)
No one knows what he may meet on the highway of tomorrow, but oh, the vista down Memory Lane! Tears may have misted the landscape while he was strolling through that lane, now so dear and familiar, but it is seen in retrospect through the sunshine of smiles.

At a recent dinner in Hollywood, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton and Florence Turner, "The Vitagraph Girl," vied with one another in telling tales of the dear, dead days beyond recall. The motion picture industry may be only a matter of twenty-odd years old, but a decade or two is long enough to paint many a picture on memory's walls.

Back at the beginning of this century, Blackton and Albert E. Smith, another young adventurer, founded the Vitagraph Company and built the first real studio with a glass roof, concrete walls and a stage inside. Two years later, a stock company was formed with the pretty dark-eyed Miss Turner as the pioneer member.

"I remember how excited I was when the 'phone call came asking me to be on the lot the next morning ready to work," said Florence. "A gruff voice told me to come made up as the wife of a man who had a bad cold. 'How w-would such a w-woman dress?' I stuttered. 'Come as you are,' he growled. I had just stepped out of the bath tub.

"You know in those days actors didn't just act. There was no such animal as a cameraman. Mr. Blackton and Mr. Smith took turns grinding the camera. And all the men helped make the sets. One day the commodore came in and found me hard at it nailing away on some scenery under Ralph Ince's direction. 'Why, Florence, you're not expected to do this,' he said. 'But I love it; I'm perfectly mad about this business,' I told him, and that's the way we all felt.

"We got there at nine in the morning and had finished one picture by eleven-thirty; another was easily polished off in the afternoon. But I was ambitious. My aunt had played Francesca da Rimini on the stage and I was wild to try it on the screen. So one night I sat me down and wrote a script for it. Just like that; tossed it off, you might say, in an hour's time. Then I took it to my two producers. 'Those costume plays are out,' said Mr. Smith, in horror. 'I figured on them. Two hundred dollars they'd cost, mind you.' Still, I stuck to my guns and we ended by making it. It took two whole days to make and I got ten dollars for my work and five dollars for the story."
Days When—

Was Three Dollars A Day
Was Timid

Five dollars for an hour's work and ten dollars for two
days' might alter some girls' ambitions, but not Florence's.

EVERY GIRL NAMED MAY

SEVERAL years later, Vitagraph paid a little high
school girl forty dollars for a story. They didn't
know she was so young, as the story sounded mature
and was sent by mail. A month or so afterwards, the
little girl—who is now the well-known scenarist, Agnes
Christine Johnston—came to this studio armed with
another story and looking for a permanent job. This
time they paid her ten dollars, although the young
Agnes had a shrewd idea the usual price was twenty-
five dollars.

"Scenarists were first asked if they could type, be-
cause the producers didn't want to waste money on
secretaries," said Miss Johnston, in talking of the early
days. "We were also informed that in writing stories
for the screen, all the heroes must be named May, the
heroes Joe, the other girl and man Sue and Bill. You
can see what we were up against. One day, May had
to be a fiery, flirtatious young person; the next the
same May is a gentle, brave, suffering soul; and the day
following an embittered outcast.

"Another thing they used to do was to rush a camera-
man and two leading actors over to the scene of a big
fire or a wreck or a blizzard; let them do whatever
occurred to them on the spot and then run the resulting
film off for the writers who had to write a story about it.

Pat O'Malley bears out this statement, as he re-
ceived his first big chance through a like occurrence.

STORIES TO FIT ACCIDENTS

I WAS working for Kalem in Jacksonville, Florida,
and had never had much of
a part. On this particular day,
they were making a society pic-
ture. I wasn't even in it, but
was hanging around, dressed in
my old cowboy boots and army
trousers. Suddenly somebody
yells out there's a big fire in a
lumber yard across the river.
Everybody jumbs into a speed
boat and makes for the opposite
shore, and on the way the director
tells the leading man he'll have to
dash into the fire and come out
with 'the papers' in his hand.
You see they knew they'd have to
write the story afterwards, but
it'd be pretty safe to say there'd
be some mysterious 'papers' in it.

"When we got there, we found
there was a road from the dock
between two huge piles of lumber,
but both piles were burning and
the smoke and flames were fierce.

(Continued on page 86)
You must not think that Barry Norton has gone tango in clothes as a first step toward becoming another Valentino. He has arrayed himself thus merely to feel at home, for he comes from the Argentine
FIVE DOLLARS

\[
\begin{align*}
N \text{ oz.} & \quad . \quad $1.00 \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ oz. in Metal Case} & \quad . \quad $1.50 \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ oz.} & \quad . \quad $2.00 \\
\text{L’Aimant is created in} & \quad \text{all toilettesentials}
\end{align*}
\]

LES POUDDRES

“L’AIMANT, COTY”

Gloriously new — magically seductive, Parfum L’Aimant holds the subtle secret of magnetism, the swift power to stir all desire. COTY Face Powders, as well as other lovely toilette essentials are created in this matchless odeur.

THE CHOICE OF THIRTY MILLION WOMEN

Created in nine true shades for individuality

COTY, INC., 714 Fifth Avenue, New York
She's a Polly Good Fellow
The Best Beloved Woman In Hollywood Deserves To Be
By DOROTHY MANNERS

POLLY MORAN is everything to Hollywood that Texas Guinan is to New York—minus the cover charge.

She's a great, great girl, as they say over the radio; and next to Joseph Schenck she is probably the most popular personage in studio circles. And Polly is a personage. She sees all, knows all, goes everywhere. You'll find Polly right in among the corsages at anybody's party. Her quick tongue, her Khablaistian bon mot, her hearty laugh, are as sought after as a broad a in the talkies. Lately, Bill Haines has been beauing Polly around to the five-dollar openings and other gardenia events, and the combination of Polly and Bill in one of their impromptu skits is just too killing.

They do take-offs that make Elsie Janis look like an amateur. You ought to see them do their Elinor Glyn. Or their Cal Coolidge. Or their English nobility. Marion Davies just rolls on the floor. Even Norma Talmadge drops her mantle of dignity to chuckle.

One day a certain somebody with a lorgnette over her nose said to a big star, “Why do you have Polly Moran to your parties. She's a bit vulgar, don't you think?” The big star didn't bat an eyelash. “I never think—about people I love,” she replied with a good-sized icicle on every vowel. And that was that. If Polly is vulgar, so is the Orpheum. And the heart of humanity.

HER COARSE KINDNESS

SOMEHOW, Polly is never too vulgar, or too busy, to drop in and see people who are sick, or to appear in benefits for kids, or to remember people's birthdays. She back-slaps fellow players out of their troubles and when they need a little more encouragement than a back-slap she's the first to go down in her pocket book.

I guess Polly must be somewhere about forty-two or three years old, and she's crowded those years with more hard living, and laughs, and busts on the nose than most people crowd into their full span. She's as Irish as Paddy's famous porker. You can't talk to her for five minutes without getting that rich humor and spiked accent. She wears her hat on the back of her head and drags on cigarettes like a man. At times of any sort of campaign or a charity drive, Polly is the first to tack on a button. In the recent presidential election she was loud in the praises of her particular candidate. “I should have been a soap-box orator,” she insists. “I'm never so good as when I've got a bunch of people to yell at.”

(Continued on page 115)
MOTHER...DON'T BE QUAIN

MILLIONS of daughters are teasing mothers back to youth—slamming doors on the quaint ways of the nineties. One by one the foolish old drudgeries and discomforts pass. Living becomes easier, more pleasant—sensibly modern.

An example of this modern trend is Modess. Modess has three vital superiorities—it is really comfortable, can be disposed without danger of clogging and is an effective deodorant.

Its comfort is almost unbelievable, the first time you try it. Modess is graciously soft, yielding, conforming. The filler is not in stiff layers but is a fluffy mass like cotton—an entirely new substance invented by Johnson & Johnson, world’s leading makers of surgical dressings.

The sides are smoothly rounded and the specially softened Johnson & Johnson gauze is cushioned with a film of downy cotton.

The deodorizing efficiency of Modess has been proved by laboratory tests to be higher than that of other napkins.

We are sure that you will be delighted to have discovered in Modess a napkin without fault—ininitely more comfortable, safer, more deodorizing and truly disposable. Since it costs no more, why not try it? It may be bought at most good stores.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . Episode Number One

Modess

SO INFINITELY FINER
Filling the bill—the entire bill: above, Lupino as Professor Zoteh, who can lift anything but the eighteenth amendment; at the left, as Mlle. Millie, the human thrush; at the right, as The Man with Seven Hands; below, on the right, as the Butterfly Dancer; below, on the left, as the tenor of the Male Quartette; and directly under this, as the Countess Splitz, tight-rope walker extraordinary.

Two members of the audience—left and right—of the sort that actors have nightmares about: the hick who's likely to rush up and take the heroine's part against the villain; and Little Lord Fauntleroy, having a basket party in the opposite box.

More Than The Whole Show
Lupino Lane Impersonates The Audience, Too
3 minutes twice a day for teeth
... that is ample to protect
the beauty of your smile

Today, practically every woman knows that to preserve youthfulness and charm, it is health that must be guarded. So they pay strict attention to details of diet, of exercise and (as they believe) to mouth hygiene.

Unfortunately, the old-fashioned method of brushing the teeth with a "good cleansing dentifrice" has been proved inadequate. That is why so many people suffer from tooth decay and gum irritation in spite of faithful care. Think of it! To lose beauty and perhaps health, not through neglect, but because of erroneous, old-fashioned practices.

This is the danger

The trouble is that while ordinary brushing is fully effective as far as it goes, it does not go far enough. For no tooth-brush can reach into all the pits on the grinding surface of your teeth, or between your teeth along The Danger Line—the tiny V-shaped crevices where teeth and gums meet. As a result food particles collect there. They ferment. Acids are formed. Unless these acids are neutralized, they cause decay or dangerous gum infections such as pyorrhrea.

Since mere brushing alone cannot protect you fully, your dentifrice must by containing a trustworthy antacid.

SQUIBB’S DENTAL CREAM

The “Priceless Ingredient” of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

Your physician, your dentist and your druggist will tell you that Squibb’s Milk of Magnesia, from which Squibb’s Dental Cream is made, is the finest you can buy. It is pure and pleasant to take because it has no earthly taste. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it also truly valuable in promoting proper alimentation.
RED-HEADED

Janet Gaynor, Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap makes my skin feel so soft and smooth!"

Clara Bow, Paramount— "Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin so lovely and smooth."

Joan Crawford, M. G. M.— "Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for keeping the skin smooth."

Nancy Carroll, Paramount— "Lux Toilet Soap helps keep one's skin so very flawless."

BLONDES

Marion Davies says: "Deliciously smooth 'studio skin' is a great asset. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."

Esther Ralston, Paramount, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."

Bebe Daniels, Paramount— "Lux Toilet Soap is such a very great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

Dorothy Mackaill, First National, guards her beauty carefully. "Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin," she says.

Anna Q. Nilsson, F. B. O. star— "Lux Toilet Soap is a splendid aid in keeping the skin smooth as velvet."

Lupe Velez, United Artists star— "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin velvety."

BRUNETTES

Billie Dove, First National star, says: "I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and so very refreshing."

Louise Brooks, Paramount star— "Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin the satin smoothness a star's skin must have."

An exquisite velvety skin is any girl's greatest charm, and for the screen star it is all important, leading motion picture directors say.

"I don't know a single girl without really lovely skin who has won enough of the public to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for First National.

"Exquisite smooth skin is the all-important asset of the star who must face into the glaring lights of the close-up," Joan Crawford explains.

The next time you see any of these lovely screen stars keep their skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.
stars in a close-up, notice how smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only fine French soaps gave," Renée Adorée says.

Nine out of ten screen stars are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap, and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

The exacting screen stars can tell that Lux Toilet Soap is made by the French method. That is why it leaves your skin always so satiny smooth. You will also like the way this white, daintily fragrant soap lathers so generously even in hard water!

A few more of the lovely stars who always guard their skin with Lux Toilet Soap...

**BLONDES**

Phyllis Haver—Pathé
Jeanette Loff—Pathé
May McAvoy—Warner Brothers
Gilda Gray—Independent
Lola Moran—Fox
Mae Murray—Independent
Greta Nissen—Independent
Vera Reynolds—Independent
Ruth Taylor—Paramount
Alice White—First National
Josephine Dunn—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Gwen Lee—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Blanche Sweet—Independent
Lilyan Tashman—Independent
Thelma Todd—First National
Mary Nolan—Universal
Claire Windsor—Tiffany-Stahl
Priscilla Bonner—Independent
Rita Carere—Independent
Kathryn Carver—Independent
Mary McAllister—Independent
Mae Busch—Independent
Ivy Harris—Independent
Kathleen Key—Independent
Lucille Mender—F. B. O.
Barbara Worth—Universal

**RED HEADS**

Mary Astor—Fox
Sally Eilers—Mack Sennett—Pathé
Merna Kennedy—Universal
Jacqueline Logan—Pathé
Marjorie Beebe—Fox
Audrey Ferri—Warner Brothers
Dorothy Guiliver—Universal
Margaret Livingston—Columbia
Myrna Loy—Warner Brothers
Blanche Mehaffey—Independent
Sally Phipps—Fox
Ethylene Claire—Universal
Doris Hill—Paramount
Jocelyn Lee—Independent
Ann Rork—First National
Elinor Fair—Pathé

**BROWN HAIR**

Betty Bronson—Warner Brothers
Sue Carol—Independent
Betty Compson—Independent
Louise Fazenda—Warner Brothers
Doris Kenyon—Independent
Patry Ruth Miller—Independent
Mary Philbin—Universal
Estelle Taylor—Independent
Lois Wilson—Warner Brothers
June Collyer—Fox
Anita Stewart—Independent
Marceline Day—Independent
Bessie Love—Independent
Johyna Ralston—Independent
Evelyn Prentice—Paramount
Ayns Ayres—Independent
Ann Christy—Independent

**BROWN HAIR**

Mary Brian, Paramount, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is certainly lovely for keeping one's skin in perfect condition."

Eleanor Boardman, M. G. M. star—"Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin a screen star must have."

Lux Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50c and $1.00 the cake . . . Now

10c
The Answer Man

For eighteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information.

FRAN.—Marian Nixon was born in Superior, Wisc. Was educated in Minneapolis. She is five feet one, weighs 109 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Her latest picture is "Geraldine." Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal. Was married to Joe Benjamin, pugilist. "Gold Braid" was changed to "The Flying Fleet." Ramon Novarro and Anita Page have the leads. Monte Blue at the Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

IMOGENE GENT.—Barry Norton was born in South America, June 16, 1905. He is five feet eleven, weighs 145 pounds, has black hair and dark brown eyes. He is playing in "Sins of the Fathers." Yes, he will be glad to hear from you; address your letter, Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Thackeray once said, "To love and win is the best thing; To love and lose, the next best." Cheer up.

WYOMING QUESTION BOX.—So you're from the wild and woolly. Hold those brickbats. Nils Asther was born in Malmo, Sweden, Jan. 17, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. His latest picture is "Dream of Love." Write him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Claire Adams, at Winnipeg, Canada. She is five feet four, weighs 125 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Margaret Loomis played opposite Tom Mix in "Three Gold Coins." Gloria Hope in "The Texan." Pauline Starke, "The Untamed," also George Seigmann.

I'll answer as many letters in MOTION PICTURE as space permits and reply by mail to the others. Write your name and address and enclose stamps or addressed envelope. The Answer Man, Motion Picture Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

It may be "The Wolf Song" but it's no swan-song for Gary Cooper, considering the fan mail which puts him first

RAMONA JUNIOR.—Dolores del Rio was born in Mexico, Aug. 3, 1905. She is five feet four and a half, weighs 110 pounds, black hair and eyes. "Revenge" is her last completed picture. Send your note to her at the United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. She had interviews in Sept. 1927 MOTION PICTURE, CLASSIC, Mar. 1927-Aug. 1928.


WINNIE WINKLE.—Lloyd Hughes, Lucille Rieken, Frankie Darro and Myrtle Stedman played in "The Judgment of the Storm." Lawrence Gray in "Oh Kay." There are three kinds of people in the world—the Wills, the Wonts and the Cant. The first accomplish everything, the second oppose everything, the third fail in everything. Leslie Fenton is playing in "The Office Scandal," Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal.

STATE STREET SADIE.—Write Anita Garvin and Viola Richard at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif. Zasu Pitts is playing in "The Dummy," Paramount (Continued on page 112)

Sure is a "Dream of Love" when Nils Asther plays hero. Judging from his mail, there'll be no danger of nightmare for him.

"Adoration"—you said it! Billie Dove keeps right on increasing the quantity of fan mail and male fans and takes third place.

No popularity or beauty contest is complete without Dolores Costello. Fourth place for "The Madonna of Avenue A."

Buddy Rogers is last but not least. He's responsible for the new stamps the Post Office was hurriedly requested to get out.

80
"Light a Lucky and you'll never miss sweets that make you fat"

instead of eating between meals... instead of fattening sweets... beautiful women keep youthful slenderness these days by smoking Luckies. The smartest and loveliest women of the modern stage take this means of keeping slender... when others nibble fattening sweets, they light a Lucky!

Lucky Strike is a delightful blend of the world's finest tobaccos. These tobaccos are toasted—a costly extra process which develops and improves the flavor. That's why Luckies are a delightful alternative for fattening sweets. That's why there's real health in Lucky Strike. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

For years this has been no secret to those men who keep fit and trim. They know that Luckies do not cut their wind nor harm their physical condition. They know that Lucky Strike is the favorite cigarette of many prominent athletes, whom must keep in good shape. They respect the opinions of 20,679 physicians who maintain that Luckies are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.
A fit but hardly a fitting present were the house slippers Susan slipped to Neal. They apparently were designed for a man with two-way feet.

In sending cigars, one of which Neal is smoking above, Aunt Samanthy did a crafty bit of field work for the anti-nicotine league.

And as for the nightie which—on the right—came from Aunt Heppie, it was intended as a treat for Neal again to have one like mother used to make.

“Plaid but true,” said Neal when he came upon Sister Lucy’s tie for him; and he wondered why she didn’t send some arrows with it.

Cousin Jerry sends a little gift of wisecracks, a volume of Joe Miller’s best, transcribed from writings on the Pyramids.

An extinct surprise was the cigarette-lighter from Pop. From its performance Neal comes to the conclusion that it’s filled with liquid asbestos.

Among Those Presents
Neal Burns Spends Christmas Mourning
THE secret of a successful facial ensemble?... Make-up that is as perfect in texture as in color... lipstick that lends satin smoothness as well as luscious tone... rouge you can blend with ease... powder so gossamer it becomes one with the skin...

Such are the cosmetics of Helena Rubinstein. For they are the creation of one who is artist as well as scientist... one who for years has divided her life between laboratory and atelier... studying constantly to bless all women with the wondrous coloring of immortal beauties.

When you touch the new Cubist Lipstick to your lips, when you bring the glow of Red Raspberry Rouge to your cheeks, when you clothe your skin with the gentle fragrant radiance that is Valaze Powder, then you realize the magic that lies in make-up.

Beautiful Eyes

Accent the Beauty of Your Eyes with Valaze Persian Eye-Black (Máscara)—instantly darkens the eyelashes giving them an effect of silky, soft luxuriance. Wonderfully adherent, yet does not leave lashes stiff or brittle. 1.00, 1.50.

Valaze Eye Shadow [Compact or Cream in black, brown, green or blue] 1.00.

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener promotes luxuriant growth of lashes and brows. 1.00, 1.50.

Your Daily Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skin-food—Helena Rubinstein’s skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Brace the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skintoning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two months’ supply—with detailed instructions (3.50).

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, ridding them of all impurities. Use instead of soap.

The Basis of a Chic Make-up

Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse the skin with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—the soothing, revitalizing, protective cream. It molds the skin in beauty (1.00). Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream makes rouge and powder doubly adherent, doubly flattering. An ideal powder foundation (1.00, 2.00). Now your skin is ready for—

A Powder Masterpiece

Valaze Powder. Clinging, exquisitely textured, subtly fragrant. In a rich variety of smart and enhancing shades, Novena for dry skin. Valaze for average and oily skin. 1.50, 3.00.

Ravishing Rouges

Valaze Rouges (compact or en crème) impart a luscious bloom that actually protects the skin! For daytime you will choose gay piquant youthful Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium, the vivid, the provocative. For the conservative woman there is the subtle Crushed Rose Leaves 1.00.

The Magic Lipstick

Cubist Lipstick—Helena Rubinstein’s newest cosmetic creation. Brings to the lips a softness, lustre and beauty rivalled only by the rare loveliness of its coloring. In two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening. To be chic one must have both. Smart, enamelled cases, Golden or Black, 1.00.

Water Lily Vanities

are masterpieces of the jeweler’s craft! Enamelled in Jet Black, Chinese Red, Jade Green or Golden. Double compact 2.50, Golden 3.00, Single Compact 2.00, Golden 2.50.

Mme. Helena Rubinstein
World-Renowned Beauty Specialist

For color, for texture, for staying quality, for wholesomeness, the cosmetic creations of Helena Rubinstein are unquestionably the finest in the world.

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The leading man, being old enough to know better, refused to try it and I begged to be allowed to do it. So they gave me his coat and I dashed up the road; in a minute I was out of sight in the smothering smoke. Of course, I was young and I wanted to make it exciting, so I stayed as Reliance and a bit clutching the papers when someone hit on the bright idea of pouring gasoline on the water and setting fire to it. Luckily for me, the director still had a bit of sense.

FORTY MILES FOR FAME

LIKE Ruth Roland on her first day’s work in pictures. Ruth grew up on the stage, but her favorite actress was Mary Pickford. People used to say to her, “You look like Mary. Why don’t you go in pictures?” So when Ruth came to Los Angeles to live with her aunt, she determined to try to get in. After losing two marvelous chances, an old stage-manager friend of hers helped her find a place with Kalem as a leading woman in westerns.

“I was so determined to make good and I didn’t want them to think I was a piker, so when they said the first day’s work would be on location forty miles out, I offered to rush forty miles to get there. The rest of the company instead of driving out with the director and his wife,” said Ruth. “I was wearing heavy woolen chaps. Forty-mile ride there, riding all day in the picture and then home at night. They had to lift me from my horse: all the skin from my ankles to my waist was rubbed off. But I wouldn’t give in, I went to work the next day and every day thereafter until the sores healed.”

A few months ago, when Edward Small was making “The Gorilla” for First National, two well-known old-timers, Charlie Murray and Fred Kelsey, played their first scenes together. Charlie Murray started with the Biograph back in 1911 and Fred Kelsey’s first picture was made for the old Reliance in 1910. Both these good trouper have appeared steadily on the screen ever since, so almost every day on “The Gorilla” set was a happy trip back along Memory Lane.

GRiffith’s THREE HACKS

“DON’T you remember” and “Didn’t you use to?” they’d explain joyfully. And Charlie’d tell about the time D. W. Griffith and his associates went into conference for two hours debating whether to go to the expense of hiring three sea-going hacks, because each would hold five people and that would be fifteen actors to pay, not to mention the expense of the hacks. And Fred would point out that when the call came for lunch on “The Gorilla” set, sixty-two people responded, seven of whom were actors, the director and his assistant, the rest being technicians; as compared with the old days when the technicians consisted of one cameraman, one electrician and one property-man.

Mr. Murray’s recollections were all of the mother’s knee, suffering intense pain, when Charlie motioned Mrs. Pickford to let him take her place and keep the lady away until the little girl fell asleep.

Fred Kelsey’s remembrances of Griffith were all of the days when D. W. had left Biograph and joined him at Reliance. “I’d been wanting to go west-young-man, so when Jim Kirkwood said he was going to California to direct for Griffith, I thought I’d like to go along as his assistant. I was making fifty dollars a week as an actor, but Griffith said that was more than he could afford; and that anyway oranges were cheap out west and I ought to work for less. So we compromised on forty dollars with them paying my wife’s fare. After Griffith asked if she could act; and how about my baby who was seven months old at the time? Later on, when he was making Home Sweet Home with Mae Marsh and Bobbie Harron, he suddenly woke up to the fact that he was making a picture that was going to be her baby and no baby in it. ‘My God!’ says he, ‘Home, sweet home with Hollywood cameras of Kel- sey’s got one; run home and get it. I had a fine time per-suading my wife to let me have him because she had set ideas about letting him stay out in the sun, but she finally consented. And she was the proudest one there when the picture was released.’

NORMA IN KNICKERS

MR. KELSEY spoke of the farewell dinner given for Walthall when he left to join Essanay. All his fellow-players felt sad to see him go, yet the dinner was a gay affair of pleasant surprise and goodbyes. In the end, they were all overcome with emotion and one by one put their arms about the beloved actor in a sad farewell.

Modern fans have forgotten, if they ever knew, that Norma Talmadge wore boys’ clothes in the old Belinda series for Vitas- graph; that Wally Reid was starred in “The Valley of the Giants,” the story Milton Sills has just re-made; and that the first picture involving radio was produced in 1913.

Dale Fuller will never forget her first day on the Semmett lot. It was a Thursday in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon waiting as patiently as possible for a word with the important man. While she waited, she saw velvet-eyed Mabel Normand playing tricks on her fellow-players and a thin little stick of a girl named Marie Pre- vant timidly asking for work.

“One was girl on the lot named Dora Rogers. It wasn’t her real name, because she was either Spanish or Mexican with the most adoptive name heard,” Miss Fuller said. “She worked frightfully hard, but never got anywhere; so finally she marched herself over to Uni-versal and announced herself to La Rue, fresh from Paris. The Universal

(Continued from page 71)

There is nothing new or original in the habit of leading men of today chocking Noah Beery. He’s been famous for getting it in the neck for years. Here’s Wallie Reid cowing the bearded beast in “The Valley of the Giants” years ago.

Biograph players, Mary Pickford, Henry Walthall, Arthur Johnson, the Gish girls, Blanche Sweet, Mickey Neilan and Harry Carey. Mary and her mother and Mr. Walthall formed Charlie’s first audience; he had come from the stage and was used to playing, so he was grateful when they drifted onto the set. Mary still speaks of the day when the kind Mr. Murray cured her aching head. She had been leaning against her

Her face was the company’s fortune. Mary Fuller’s picture was the Edison trade-mark

(Continued on page 93)
Grow—Yes grow—Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By Lucille Young

The 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 eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want it. Do seems impossible, I know. Everything here-tofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women 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. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have had a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuine- ness before a notary public. Please note the first testimonial—what an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. And not a single one has reported failure. On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the brows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. And there is instant beauty, too; for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, cannot be detected.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the root of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable result just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was rare before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery have been my regular patrons.

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember—in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be $3.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without com- plaint. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will check it with my natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Young, 1522 Cadiz Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Miss Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxuriant.

Miss Phyllis J. Comer, 8 Pine Ave., Bedford, N. Y.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference already, and a few more weeks in contact will remark how silken long my eyelashes appear to be.


Lucille Young; I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is entirely wonderful.

Jean Prove, 2954 Taylor St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Miss Young: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyelashes and eyebrows have increased in length. I am sending a few of my beautiful eyebrows to all my friends and I do not need to search for any—my appearance tells the tale.


My Dear Friend: Your eye- lashes and eyebrows are simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I get my beautiful eyebrows. I give it all to "Lucille Young." Frances, 17 Duke St., No., Frankfort, S. C., Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.

Lucille Young

1512 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois

Name...

City...

St. Address...

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.
A plant which has proved harder than Hollywood ever thought and which is flourishing today even beyond the dreams of the entrepreneurs is the Warner Brothers Studios on Sunset Boulevard.
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THIS SET OF PICTURES
Read This Big Special Offer Made in Connection with "Motion Picture"

You all go to the movies. Everybody would like to know each and everyone of the movie stars personally. Here is your chance to get a fine set of pictures free. For a limited time "Motion Picture," the finest magazine of its kind, will send you absolutely free a set of 24 beautiful pictures of motion picture stars, size 5½ by 8 inches. They are sepia finished and include the outstanding stars of to-day. You will appreciate them when you get them. These pictures are just fine for your collection or den. The entire set of 24 can be yours, absolutely free in accordance with the offer described below.

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"Motion Picture" is the leading magazine of the screen. It always has the latest news and finest pictures. It tells you about the new pictures and the intimate story of all the motion picture stars. It leads in every way. We want another half million readers and so offer you, for a limited time, the next six big issues of "Motion Picture"—and with your subscription we will give you the fine big set of 24 pictures absolutely free! Rush the coupon now. Be first in your neighborhood to have these wonderful pictures. Tell your friends about this offer. Write to-day.

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Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
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Evelyn Brent
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Gilbert Roland
Alice White

Louise Brooks
Sue Carol
Fay Wray
Neil Hamilton
Lina Basquette
William Collier, Jr.
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Victor McLaglen
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Motion Picture Publications, Inc.,
Paramount Bldg., New York.

For the enclosed $1.00 please send me the set of twenty-four new pictures of motion picture stars and the next six issues of Motion Picture. (If you reside in Canada add 25 cents extra; Foreign, 50 cents extra.)

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Easy to Play—Easy to Pay

The Buescher Saxophone is the easiest of all instruments to play. You don't have to be 'talented.' Besides being easy to play, we make it easy to pay for a Buescher Saxophone. Play and earn while you pay.

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To Reduce Fat Harmlessly

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The greatest downfall of overweight is that it tends to be accompanied by ill health. You can no longer afford to let it go on. It is a fact that 70 per cent of American adults are overweight. The ability to control this condition is the secret of the late Dr. H. C. H. Halsey. His book, 'Chronic Unmysteriousness,' is now being issued free for your health and happiness.

CHRONIC UNMISTERYNESS

I SHOOK my head. He had to go through with it. After all, I reminded him, it was for art.

And yet nothing could take his mind off the melancholy fact of his unsuitability for interviewing. "Do you know," he said, "that my lack of the mystery and allure that characterize so many of my colleagues on the screen is something quite chronic? Why, I can't even raise an ounce of myste-

Unmysterious Mr. Brook

(Continued from page 55)

rousness when it's simply hurled at me by romantic married ladies. For some unknown reason I seem to be picked on by wedded females in all states of the Union and countries of the world as a target for long love-letters written in secret, unknown to their husbands. The effect of seeing my face on the screen seems to be that of sending these love-starved creatures scurrying into dark corners where, while hubbies chew the rag over at the club, they pen lengthy thoughts of an incredible mysteriousness to me.

"And do you know what I do? I take them home and read them over to my small girl and my wife around the fireside, or else fold them up into convenient tapers for lighting cigarettes from the red-hot coals. I can't raise a spark of enthusiasm, as I really should, to enter into the spirit of the game by locking myself in my room to return the well-turned compliments of my correspondents. I am hopeless.

He looked at me with a heartrending expression of longing. But I stood firm. "I must correspond," I said, just as though I were saying: "With this hot iron I must burn out both thine eyes.

NE'ER A DIVORCE

"But," he pleaded, "if only you could realize how completely, how hopelessly uninterviewable I am from every point of
view. Do you realize that never once during my Hollywood career have I struggled and prayed for the break that I knew must come? Do you know that instead of romantically hitch-hiking my way across the continent, I rode to Hollywood in most prosaic fashion in a private drawing-room, with a featured-player contract reposing in my pocket? Try to realize what an admission this is: but do you know that I have never once been divorced? Not, even once.

I'm impossible, my dear fellow."

I kept on shaking my head, and my pencil remained daintily poised over my reporter's note-book.

"But you imagine that is all," he went on, "and it is only a beginning. I haven't even a shred of decent mystery to cling to. For one thing, I always give the same city as my birthplace—the one where I was born. I never dive into the Pacific and come up in the middle of the Mojave desert. So far nobody has ever found me in mysterious circumstances lying semi-nude in a dark canyon. I don't arrive at openings with strange, ermine-muffled ladies who might be Ritzie This or Rosie That; this owing to a strange, morbid interest I retain in my own wife."

He noticed my unsatisfactory expression, and desperately played his last card.

"If you can't see the hopelessness of it by now," he said, leaning forward over the table, "this will make you.

TALKIES ARE TRUMPS

"I HAVE destroyed any vestige I may have had of pictures, allure by not turning my nose up naughtily at the talkies. I actually like the talkies, and I say so! I have not remarked that they are a bastard art. That popular Hollywood crack, 'Came the Din,' has not passed my lips; nor have I acquired a single humorous anecdote about talking pictures into my after-dinner repertoire. Not only this, but I have failed to produce out of a hat a long and enormously successful career as a stage star.

If that doesn't prove how hopelessly uninteresting I am, nothing will. Imagine not taking advantage of the talkie situation to be mysterious! Where every one else in Hollywood seems to be getting pages of publicity by stubbornly repeating, "Yes and no, don't you think? I killed any possible interest I might have for the public by bluntly saying I liked talkies. My severe English upbringing is what must have made me like this. Every chance to be mysterious passes me by. And who wants to interview a movie actor who doesn't seem to have a lot of unmentioned skeletons in his closet?"

He finished on a note of triumph, certain that at last I must be convinced.

"All right," I said, crestfallen and frustrated, and banged my reporter's note-book shut. "You win. Nobody could write an interesting interview with you—not even I. I'm going over to interview that tall, sardonic, foreign-looking chap over there. What's his name, by the way? When did they import him? I'll bet he has an interesting story."

There does come a sense of regret, every movie fan knows, when you've finished—right down to the wings and wishbone—any issue of Motion Picture. Regret that there isn't another issue to keep you right away. But then, even though there must be an interval of thirty days, you have always this satisfaction: that when the next number does come out it somehow is better than the last one. Keep that in mind while you're waiting for the 26th of next month—of January—for the March

Motion Picture

It's the Magazine of Authority

---

JOAN CRAWFORD

at her loveliest, at last finds peace and happiness in Nils Asther's romance in this scene from "Adrienne Lecour-
sre", filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Play your part as a beauty

TAKe a lesson from the stage and screen stars who must charm. Be a star in your own circle. Do what they do.

They do not depend on make-up—not on creams and powder, rouge and lipstic only. They start with natural beauty—a clear, clean, radiant skin.

So do beauty experts the world over. In over 50 countries the chief basis of beauty is Boncilla classic pack.

This is the greatest way the world knows to multiply young beauty or to gain new youth.

Apply Boncilla classic pack before any occasion where you wish to appear at your best. Cover completely with it the face and neck.

At once you will feel it act. You will feel it draw from the skin all that clogs or mars it. The dirt and grime, the dead skin and hardened oil, old make-up. You will feel that it cleans the skin to the depths.

You will also feel that it brings the blood tingling to the surface, to nourish and revive the skin.

Boncilla

CLASSMIC PACK

At the right Miss Crawford is photographed in the act of awakening her beautiful skin with Boncilla classic pack.

---

FREE BEAUTY BOX

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Ind.

Mail me a one-week treatment of Boncilla with the two creams and face powder which go with it—four samples.

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Address________________________

M.P. 5-27
The population of Hollywood is increased by seven, this rise in the canine birth-rate being creditable to Whiskers. She sits proudly displaying her statistics to her master, Fred Kohler

All the Brothers Were Valiant

(Continued from page 88)

Banks and Al St. John, persuaded his stars to help him lay a plank walk across the stretch of mud—referred to grandly as the lot.

For three years the Warner Brothers produced lurid serials, animal pictures and short comedies in these humble quarters without attracting the envious attention of the Hollywood gods.

Then they flung their first gage into the faces of the big fellows. They announced a series of seven Classics of the Screen. It was the first time that any movie producer had considered paying large sums for the picture rights of popular novels. "They'll never get their money back," sneered the Big 'Uns. "They're crazy." A huge truck, with immense books taller than a man, and labeled across the backs with the titles of the seven best sellers crossed the continent from New York to Hollywood. Warner Brothers made "The Beautiful and Damned" and "Main Street," and at last found the bigger theaters opened to their products.

They continued their innovations by buying the screen rights to Belasco's stage plays. They hired the first foreign director, Lubitsch; they signed up the idol of Broadway, John Barrymore. They built a beautiful theater in front of the little gray barn. They erected their own radio broadcasting station. And still the big boys of Hollywood pooh-poohed them.

In a thousand ways, large and petty, the brothers found themselves balked. Cans of their film were delayed at the laboratory, lost in transit. But their greatest handicap was lack of a distributing organization to release their pictures. And one morning Hollywood woke to find the headlines of the morning papers flaunting the news, "Warner Brothers Buys Vitagraph." It was the writing on the wall. But some movie executives have never learned to read.

TEACHERS' BIGGEST BEAUTY PROBLEM SOLVED!

All light hair tends to get a little drab and dull. But now blondes have discovered a special shampoo that not only prevents darkening but lightens and brightens even dark blond hair, No dyes or harsh chemicals. Fine for Scalp. Over a million users. Blondex is the name of this shampoo and it is sold at all leading drug and department stores.

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Help me; I earline you to the will end of the offer, instructions free of cost. Send no money—just the coupon. Without your name and address to the company, this offer will be invalid. A letter or a message must be sent to the company, or a representative of the company will return your receipt. You are not to give your signature automatically.

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Back in the Days When
(Continued from page 80)

heads didn't know the French from the
Icelandish lingo, so they offered her leading
parts with a big salary and began to get out
a lot of publicity on their new French actress.
All went well until a distinguished visitor
from Paris visited the studio. Naturally
they hastened to bring forth their French
acquisition. Alas, for Dor! She couldn't
understand a word of the language. They
fired her that day.

LOUISE'S LUGGAGE

BEFORE her Bennett days, Louise
Fazenda worked on the Universal lot.
"I'd usually walk all the long way out
there, for carfare was a big item to me," she
said the comedienne. "I'd have a suitecase
with me containing three changes—charac-
ter, society and ingenue—so as to be ready
for any part that turned up. Poor mother,
she always had to make my right sleeve
longer than the left, and was forever mend-
ing holes in the side of my dress where the
suitecase rubbed me.

People in Hollywood with long memories
compared De Mille's "King of Kings" un-
favorably with Sidney Olcott's "From the
Manger to the Cross," made nearly eighteen
years ago in the Holy Land itself. Gene
Gauntier as Mary, Henderson Bland as
Christ, Alice Hollister, Magdalene; and
Robert Vignola played Judas and also acted
as property man.

"It's a wonderful memory," sighed Alice
Hollister, whose husband, George, ground
the camera for the picture and whose little
boy played Christ as a child. "And excit-
ting, too. I remember in Jerusalem the
Turks objected to our taking pictures of the
gates and rushed at us with clubs. Luckily
our men were armed, so Sid Olcott stood
guard at the gate with my husband's gun
while someone rushed for the police."

Mary Fuller, whose picture was used as
the Edison trade-mark in the early days,
have only loving memories of these, her
happiest times. There was practically no
professional jealousy. The actors were one
big happy family.

"Eric von Stroheim was one of our best
extras," Ethel Wales recalled, in talking of
the old Lasky lot. Before she became known
as Ethel Wales on the screen, she was
Peggy Powell who, through a stage friend-
ship with the De Milles, was made head of
the engagement department at the Lasky
Studio in Hollywood.

"Von Stroheim was always on time and,
better still, had plenty of uniforms. We
paid him three dollars a day. I tried to get
extras for nothing whenever I could. While
Geraldine Farrar was working for us, people
were so crazy to see her that they were glad
to do it. Hers was the first big sensational
contract. I remember that we had to build a
dressing-room for her and it was stipulated
that a car—and not a Ford—was to be
put at her service."

And so they tear again the paths of
Memory Lane, finding it gay and beautiful,
as do all those who use the magic passwords,
"I remember when."

There has been talk for some time of
a plan for a new calendar which will
tack another month in the year some-
where. Because of the obvious impa-
tience of the readers of Motion
Picture for the 28th of each
month to come around we're in-
clined to believe that they have
organized and put the idea over.
The 28th, of course, is the date of
issue of Motion Picture. It's the
Magazine of Authority.

BEHOLD!
A GLORIOUS NEW BEAUTY ENSEMBLE

CREATED for those moderns who must
have their toilettries as up-to-date as the
clothes they wear!

Duska Face Powder bestows smooth love-
liness. Duska Talc insures lasting fresh-
ness. Duska Compacts bring greater
elegance to well-appointed purses. Duska
Toilet Water gives a final gracious touch
to good grooming.

All are scented with the same seductive
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sophisticated way! DuskaToilet Requisites
may be obtained only at Rexall Stores.
Sylph-Apollo

THE MECHANICAL MASSEUR

BEAUTY
THRU HEALTH

All the beauty treatments money can buy will never bring beauty to the person who has not first brought a beautiful figure—Medical science has proved that a delightfully beautiful figure is the natural attribute of perfect health. Sylph-Apollo brings beauty thru health, exercise and manipulations, like a skilled masseur.

Reduces
Superfluous Weight

Girdles excess fat. Remove toxic poison from the system by means of stimulating the entire system. Bulging waist lines are reduced. Asks and legs are slenderized. Flesh replaced fatty tissue.

Promotes Perfect Circulation

And a smooth, clear complexion. Facilitates elimination. Builds up underweight persons. Approved and recommended by physicians and health authorities. In fifteen minutes without effort you receive the benefits of hours of strenuous physical exercise. And it is needed to keep physically fit. Women find it a delightful means for keeping their waists in perfect contours of youth. Many of the world's most famous women have found the mechanical massage a wonderful and dependable massage machine which simply construction makes it the lowest priced machine on the market. Fill out the coupon to get full details.

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Upon examination of this fascinating and profitable line we are satisfied that here is a unique opportunity for expansion—daily activity for the successful operator. You can make $75 a week in a small community. Be in demand at social gatherings. Many hundreds of dollars worth of secrets and stories of your life have been developed on the same line. Thousands of people have been interested in the camera. This is a position for the man who wants to earn money in a hurry.

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MP "CALOSTRO" Box 70

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NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

On the boards now, both actually and figuratively, are Louise Fazenda—appearing in but not as "Stark Mad"—and Pauline Frederick, in "On Trial."

Meteor Called La Marr

(Continued from page 40)

and the beautiful. She found her answer to the puzzle we call life in the all-illuminating, if hromidic. Let’s live to-day for to-morrow we die!" She laughed at life, played with it; and according to her lights, enjoyed it to its fullest. And in the end I think she smiled charismatically into the face of the grim Stalker who claimed her— with a gesture of triumph. To one who knew her well, the tragic finish which wrote period to her career seemed almost of her own doing. She basked in a blazing night-club glare in place of a healthy sunshine; she chose syphonic good fellows instead of sincere friends, weakening dissipation in preference to normal pleasures. She reached eagerly for them all, mistaking them for life. Spurring her on was that vitalizing, maddening attraction which drew to her men and more men. From all walks of life they came: playboys, thinkers, wasters, doers, leaders of industry, stars of stage and screen—an amazing parade of admirers, flirters, lovers.

Barbara La Marr had a strange attraction for men—the complete power of which she was hardly conscious of. The Los Angeles jurist who pulled the now famous "too beautiful" line on her, when she was just a kid known by her right name of Rheatha Watson, was only partly right. She had more than beauty. She had the rare sex-magnetism of the handful of women who have made history at different times since the world began. I had the opportunity to observe the workings of this alluring quality many times. I saw it work its magic on the country-wide tour which the girl, already doomed by a dangerous malady of the throat, made under the auspices of the Southern Pacific lines in 1924. The train, called the La Marr Special, stopped at fifty towns in New Mexico, Arizona and the Southwest, en route to New Orleans. Among them was a little place called St. Charles, in Louisiana. The mayor of the place was at the station, waiting to greet the visiting celebrity. I presented him to Miss La Marr and then disappeared to do the customary hand-shaking with the representatives of the St. Charles Bagler, or whatever the name of the sheet was. After wrapping the press boys up in mimeographic copy, I returned just as the train was pulling out. The Jimmie Walker of St. Charles was standing on the observation platform with our star and, to my practiced eye, was about ready to leave his official duties to the janitor and proceed to New Orleans with our party. A vivid eye-picture, together with a Graflex shot, still remains of His Honor charging the train down the tracks as it sped toward the Queen City. At the time it seemed trivial, even funny.

MILLIONS FOR MARRIAGE

But this incident had its counterpart a little later in the case of the wealthy Montana rancher who saw Barbara La Marr on his home-town street and immediately wrote, offering her a cattle ranch of vast acreage and a bank account up in the millions, if she would marry him. The incident culminated in his appearance in person at the studio, where for several days he tried vainly to see Barbara and convince her he was ready to go through with his part of the offer. I saw this sex-magnetism work its magic on hard-boiled newspaper men who met Barbara La Marr, prepared to exaggerate further the notoriety she had achieved through her numerous and involved marriages, and who left her with a far-away look in their eyes and a handful of mimo- graph drivel of the kind wise press-agents always have on tap. Through some fateful twist in character this same quality made her a celluloid star overnight and then plunged her into illness and oblivion. It caused Arthur Sawyer to tag her as a potential star and the box-office to acclaim her as Hollywood’s greatest gift. And by the same token it drew to her the gang of Broadway playboys and sharpshooters who did a very neat job in wrecking her health, smashing her career and denting her bank-account. The girl was generous to a fault.
Many an extra, many a fallen star, will attest to this fact. But aside from the small army of hangers-on and down-and-outers that surrounded her, there were the Broadway clowns and sure-thing boys who showed her a good time by spending her money. The boys whose motto is "Never give a sucker an even break" spent thousands of dollars of Barbara La Marr's money. It was a common occurrence for her to turn over her check-book to her night club pals. She signed and they spent. Good fellows who acquired a big rep as heavy-money tossers on the Big Alley while she paid the bills. They broke her in health, in pocket-book, in reputation. They made a weekly salary of twenty-five hundred dollars disappear faster than snow on Hollywood Boulevard.

**THE DEADLY REMEDY**

It was this dissipation which placed the excess poundage on her that caused Naeyer-Lubin and First National many a headache; which induced her to try the deadly remedy that consisted of the head of a tape worm in pill form, to cut down the extra flesh. It cut it down and with it went her life. It marked the first step in her physical decline and eventual death.

Two weeks before she appeared on the studio floor in Fort Lee to star in "The Heart of a Siren," Barbara La Marr was eighteen pounds above the limit set for her camera work. The day Phil Rosen, her director, called "Camera!" for the opening shots, she was her own slim self. But at what a cost! A little less than a year later she lay dying, deserted by the good fellows who carried her check-book, ignored and forgotten by all except a faithful few who knew the real La Marr—who watched, wet-lidded and saddened as the fiercely burning meteor gave off its last few pitiful flashes before fading into darkness.

Barbara La Marr made a fortune during her few brilliant years on the screen. She died penniless, killed by the thing which had sent her skyrocketing into a world of headlines and Rolls-Royces, only to plunge her into debt, sickness and the obituary column.

**HER LOVE FOR SONNY**

It is not generally known that during her desperate fight for life, a well-known figure of the movie world stepped forward and paid her heavy doctors' bills; that at her death another equally famous member of the movie colony paid the expenses of her funeral, and that still another redeemed the valuable jewels which had reached the loan-sharks toward the last. At her death Barbara La Marr owed the company which controlled her services thousands of dollars. One of her finest gestures during life was the adoption of the baby known as Sonny La Marr. Despite popular rumor, the child was not hers. She took him from the Hope Foundling Asylum in Dallas, Texas, during a personal-appearance tour. Against the protest of her producers and business advisers, who feared unfavorable public reaction from those who knew her as a screen vamp, she took Sonny to her heart and reared him as her own.

This act is one in keeping with the tendency that this gorgeous woman possessed to such a degree as finally to bring about her downfall; the inclination to give, to provide, and to provide all she had upon others. It is this that makes her the anomaly she is among women outwardly of her type. Here was no calculating and cruel beauty. Here was the ultimate in charm, the ultimate in spectacular quality coupled with the ultimate in warm-heartedness.

Is there a moral to this story of meteors who burn out when their light is shining at its most brilliant? I don't know. Ask the good fellows, the playboys of Broadway and Hollywood. They know the answer—if they'll tell!

---

"Awkward to discuss—but I must tell my sales girls"—Says the buyer in a Fifth Avenue Shop about this phase of feminine hygiene

A CROSS the counter, in offices, in drawing rooms, in country clubs—wherever women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at times. The unhappy self-consciousness which used to follow the realization is now ended. Kotex scientists have found (and patented*) a way to neutralize all odor in sanitary pads. This cause for worry is entirely dismissed. Women can meet any social emergency with a new light-heartedness.

**Fear of self-consciousness gone, too**

A certain bulkiness associated with old-fashioned methods has been overcome too. Each pad is rounded and tapered in such a way as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellulocotton absorbent wadding is 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

**5 Important Features**

1—Softer gauze ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—Corners are rounded and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;

3—Deodorizes—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;

4—Adjust it to your needs; filler may be made thinner, narrower, as required; and

5—It is easily disposed of; no unpleasant launder.

**KOTEX**

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587)
Sailings twice weekly on the new 20,000 ton motorship "Bermuda" and the famous S. S. "Fort Victoria." Hotel Bermudiana, St. George Hotel.

WEST INDIES

12-DAY CRUISES—to Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, S. S. "Fort St. George." "Round Trip $120 up.


FURNES

Bermuda Line

34 Whitehall St. 565 Fifth Ave., New York or any Authorized Agent

On the screen, parts beyond the range of Alan Hale's comprehension don't exist. But those of his radio have given him a decided set-back.

Hollywood's Pet Whoopie

(Continued from page 53)

FURNES Service to BERMUDA

idea when he opened his ornate Egyptian Theater with "Robin Hood." Before that, it is quite likely that movie stars went to the theater on occasions, but nobody made any fuss about it. But with the opening of the Egyptian, all the stars who possessed an ermine coat, or a dinner jacket, went the opening night. The rest of the populace, possibly not having five dollars to spend on a ticket, just went and stood around until their feet ached.

From this far from humble beginning the premiere was embellished. The radio was brought in to introduce the stars. Great searchlights in front of the theater swept the skies. Night-lights triumphed over daylight.

Grauman stood alone for a long time. The Carthay Circle Theater is the only rival now of his new Chinese Theater. Strictly speaking, the Carthay Circle is not in Hollywood, but mid-way between Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Los Angeles. These are the only theaters to stage consistently elaborate premieres. The new Warner Brothers Theater in Hollywood and the United Artists Theater in Los Angeles both opened with grand swank but have since adhered to placid, routine openings. The Criterion, California and Million Dollar Theaters, in the heart of downtown Los Angeles, were never very successful with premieres. The traffic was too great, and spectators were less genteel. They were somewhat inclined to make ribald remarks.

JUMPING ON JACK

Imagine the embarrassment of John Barrymore, who served as master of ceremonies at the premiere of "Two Arabian Knights" at the Million Dollar Theater. All through his speech, and it wasn't a bad speech, some ruffian in the gallery kept calling, "Louder, John!"

The opening of "My Best Girl" at the United Artists Theater was made memorable by the attendance of the late Mrs. Charlotte Pickford. Even at that time she was nearing the Valley of the Shadow. Yet, against her doctor's orders, she got up out of bed and was literally carried into the theater. The indomitable spirit which had accomplished so much in furthering Mary's career was not to be thwarted on this occasion. It was the last premiere she ever attended, and perhaps it hastened her death.

One of the most brilliant of premieres was the opening of C. B. DeMille's "The King of Kings" at Grauman's Chinese Theater, which succeeded the Egyptian as Hollywood's ultra-long-run house. DeMille's pictures have usually attracted attention. "The Ten Commandments" and "The Volga Boatman" were both accorded big openings. His latest picture, "The Goddess Girl," was less exciting at the Biltmore.

Another recent and very fancy premiere was the opening of "Lilac Time" at the Carthay Circle. Colleen Moore, the star of the picture, and her party rode to the theater in a fleet of Rolls-Royces, escorted by a cordon of motor-cycle police. Hizzoner Mayor James Walker of New York was her guest of honor. As a tribute to the mayor, as he entered the theater, the orchestra struck up "The Sidewalks of New York."

THE SOAP-BOX CONCESSION

The management of the Carthay Circle estimated that twenty thousand people were outside of the theater that night. The bootblack at the theater made seventy-five dollars that evening, selling soap-boxes to stand on. Soap boxes came high for late arrivals who couldn't worm themselves into the front line.

The radio is always a much-worked feature of these openings. Stars are announced as they arrive and invited to make speeches. They all do it, as it is good training for talking pictures. The theory that silence is golden is never adopted in this case. The set and sparkly speech, rigidly adhered to, is something like this:

"Hello, everybody. It's a wonderful opening. I wish you could all be here."

Vera Gordon almost started a panic when she varied the procedure by saying, "The
Spaniels that should be Airedales: Wallace Beery's two pet dogs accompany him on all his frequent trips by plane between Hollywood and Berry Field, north of Bishop, California

In and Out of Focus
(Continued from page 39)

has added the words, "Our soup both looks and sounds good."

Teaming with Expense
In making "Hell's Angels," a number of teamsters were hired for one scene. After watching proceedings for an hour or so, one of them turned to Ben Lyon. "This picture must cost a heap of money," said he. "Yes," said Ben, "about a million and a half." "Hell!" whistled the other. "Still, I don't wonder, with teamsters getting six dollars a day."

Satisfaction Guaranteed
Ben got his pilot's license during the making of that picture. As he was about to make his initial flight, the studio prop man approached with a parachute. "I hope this is all right," said he, handing it to Ben. "Take it anyhow, and if it don't work, bring it back and I'll find you another one."

Distance Lends Pronunciation
Roland Drew was chosen to play opposite Dolores del Rio in "Evangelina" because he can speak French. Said Roland to a friend anxious to get a part in the picture, "Do you speak French?" "Well," said the friend dubiously, "I speak it better in the long shots."

Every Boy Friend a Fireman
"Is she a hot mama?" asked one extra of another. "Is she hot?" repeated his friend rapturously. "Say, boy, that baby is so hot that when you step out with her you have to take a fire-extinguisher along."

He Was Always Good
Seventeen-year-old Bennie Alexander went to see the re-issue of an old picture in which he played a child part. "How did you like yourself?" a friend asked him afterward. "Well," said Bennie hesitantly, "it was exactly like watching a strange kid playing. Anyhow," he added thoughtfully, "that kid was a darn good actor."

Den Was the Days
The debuting team from Sidney, Australia, was being entertained at a dinner given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. "Daniel was a lucky guy," one of the hosts remarked when called on for a few words, "he didn't have to make any after-dinner speeches." "If I'd been Daniel," replied one of the visitors in his turn, "do you know what I'd have done? I'd have gone around to each of the lions and whispered in his ear, 'Lion, remember you got to make an after-dinner speech,' and there wouldn't have been any dinner."

The Rush of Sound
Come into the projection-room with me," said a fellow director to Eddie Cline the other day. "I've got to hear some rushes."

Good-bye, Voice, I'm Through
This is the sad fate of a well-known star applying for a job in the talkies, as recorded by a local writer. "His voice recorded so good they wanted to take an option on his vocal cords. But before settling salary, they argued for hours and hours. Finally the actor won his point but had to turn down the job because he had lost his voice."

Pre-haps
And one more: instead of pre-views as we have now, will the first try-out of the talkies be pre-hears?

A Petty Offense
Bill Haines tells this one: "I was down at traffic court this morning to pay a fine for speeding. And there was a high school boy there, arrested for driving with one arm around his girl. Guilty of

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 R. L. Watkins Co., 1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me FREE a sample of Glostora, all charges paid.

Name

Address

In Canada address 602 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.
The renewal of a friendship of Wong standing: Anna May greets Percy Mar- mon when he arrives at a studio in England where she has for some time been acting.

Bouth Sides of It

TED COOK, local columnist, quotes Clara Bow as saying something to this effect. "I am tired of being a famous movie star at three thousand dollars a week. What I would like would be to be like other girls and have a home and husband and babies." "My dear Clara, you are all wrong. Other girls don't want these things. They want to be famous movie stars at three thousand a week."

She Did, Too

LUPE VELEZ appeared recently at the studio and dragged the woman head of the publicity department away from her desk to go down-town shopping with her. There was a bath mat, it appeared, which Lupe wanted, but it cost twenty-two dol- lars. "That's too much," Lupe explained. "Mebbe you get a great beeg discount for Lupe, eh?" Impressed with her zeal for economy, the publicity woman gave up her morning, but the bath mat was not the only one purchased. On the way out of the rug section Lupe saw a Chinese carpet for eleven hundred and eighty-five and ordered it delivered at her home. "Anyhow I save two dollar freetsy, on thas bath mat," Lupe justified her purchase.

Yes, It Suits Him

TOM MIX, talking that his wife was planning to sue him for divorce in Paris, replies that if America is good enough to be born in and married in, it's good enough to be divorced in. He is evidently American to the last decree.

Picturing the Wurst

I'M looking ahead to seeing Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a talkie love scene," says Eddie Cantor. "When Ronald says 'I love you, darling, I adore you,' and Vilma softly sighs, 'Ya, ya, wiener schnizel.'"
10 minutes ago -

How many people you know end their colts with Bayer Aspirin! How often you’ve heard of its quick relief of sore throat and tonsilritis. No wonder millions use it to conquer colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it has no effect on the heart. All drugstores.

BAYER

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

THE INEVITABLE MASTER

N"0 article about this peculiar phenomenon, the Hollywood premiere, would be complete without further mention of the master of ceremony. No matter what your personal viewpoint may be on the master of ceremony, he is a necessary evil, like a chaser after Hollywood gin. Someone has to introduce the stars and go into raptures about the beautiful leading lady, the marvelous direction, and what not.

FredNiblo has officiated in this capacity at innumerable openings. Niblo has been in pictures so long that he has rather a patriarchal manner of handling such affairs. He beams on this fraternity of filmland. He says that a Hollywood first-night audience is the most generous one in the world. Now I hate to disagree, but then I’ve heard the anvil chorus after the picture has been run. They don’t actually boo during the showing.

ConradNagel, another tried and true master of ceremony, does it in such a genteel manner. He says such nice things in such a nice way—and in such a good voice.

George Jessel, during his stay in Hollywood, attained popularity as a first-night official. George has a sense of humor, a bit brash perhaps, but still good humor. He is a good talker, speaking of his fondness for his director, Lloyd Bacon, “that I’m the only Jewish boy who likes bacon.”

I think it was George who introduced CantorJoseph Rosenblatt, sitting some place in the audience. The Cantor arose, bowed and sat down. The spotlight was trying to find him on the opposite side of the house. George asked him to stand again. He did, and the spotlight missed him again.

LOVE'S HIGH PRAISE

EDMUND LOWE, at the opening of “Sunrise,” gave one of the greatest speeches that Fox has ever had. It was the private saying that some sarcastic souls suggested that Eddie was going to ask for a raise.

AlJolson, when he is master of ceremonies, keeps his audience long after midnight. Al tells stories, as only Al can tell them, and he sings. No one ever leaves until he sings “Mammy.”

Sometimes, these stars are visibly overcome at coming to meet their public face-to-face. More than one star has been choked with tears and wasted a thousand dollars’ worth of emotion with no compensation.

Who are the most consistent first-nighters? Among those who rarely miss are Irene (Continued on page 101)

Hollywood's Pet Whoopee
(Continued from page 96)
tickets cost five dollars each. It isn’t worth it, but I never miss.”

At a very recent opening one of the studios decided to save money and photograph in scenes for a forthcoming picture. A first-nighter, after watching with disgust the cranking cameras, turned to a well-known director and remarked:

“Isn’t that just like a cheap producer?”

“Sh!” warned the director who worked for the producer. “You said that right into the radio.”

What happens inside the theater is less spectacular than what happens outside the theater. Most stars would be grateful, if, after receiving the huzzaz of the multitude, they could walk through the theater and out the back exit without bothering about the picture. Like the bewildered author in Carl Van Vechten’s “Spider Boy,” a novel about Hollywood, who went to sleep during the long prologue and missed entirely the filmmaking of his story, more than one person has slept through a premiere.

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Who are the most consistent first-nighters? Among those who rarely miss are Irene (Continued on page 101)
Chase Pain Away with Musterole

Just Rub It On

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tinges in our joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.

As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcomerelief. For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism, aches and pains in back and joints, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

To Mothers! Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Jars & Tubes
MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

How to Have Kissable Lips

Like that smile you can pour in two months. Perfectly shaped and without coat or discordant. M. Triloby's new lipstick has been especially created to correct the outlines of lips and define the coloring of women and children. You will be grateful for it.

We are as joyful about women as they are about women. We will have the truth that all those of the most famous beauties of screen and stage want for full information and copies of letters from many who have used the Triloby Lippaher. No obligation of any sort.

J. A. TRILERY
243 SP, W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

GOOD NAME, GOOD SHOW

ABERDEEN bears out her own convictions. A great friend of mine who runs the Capitol Theater on Main Street, told me that he would pay thirty-five per cent more for pictures made by Douglas Fairbanks and Harold Lloyd. Why? Because these two gentlemen lead clean, wholesome lives. They are never involved in any scandal. They employ people to tell the world of their good deeds. Aberdeen is sold on wholesome people. Even the pictures made by these two stars are of the type that Aberdeen likes. Children can be given money to see their pictures and with the assurance that they will get no bad influence or desires—other than scaling walls and the like. Having a good reputation has paid the movies in Aberdeen.

But I'll tell Aberdeen right here that the few people in Hollywood who are not connected with the picture industry are just as movie-struck as you are. They stare at a celebrity on Hollywood Boulevard just the same as we would on Lincoln Street back in our town. The crowds around the restaurants and theaters where the stars are known to be, push each other to a jambing point to get a fleeting look at their favorite as she steps into her town car to be whisked away to the studio. They love the stars in Hollywood. They imitate their clothes, their hair and their worldly sophistication. The men dress as nearly like the man of the hour as their pocket-books will allow.

But on the whole, I believe that the women in Aberdeen dress in a more dignified manner than the women in Hollywood. Aberdeen's dress is as somber and quiet as Hollywood's is bright and noisy. Women in Aberdeen dress in perfect style so that they will not be conspicuous. In Hollywood they dress to be conspicuous. At least, the people in pictures are conspicuous, and I believe that is the effect they are after.

SERVICES SANS CHAPLIN

THE ordinary people in Hollywood are much like my friends in Aberdeen. They gossip just as heartily about a rumored divorce as we do at home. I went to a benefit given by the movie stars at the Metropolitan Theater the other night. It was for a great cause and Charlie Chaplin was billed as master of ceremonies. Then, without a word of explanation from the management of the theater, Charlie Chaplin did not show up. The people of Hollywood, who sat near me were doing a lot of loud whispering. "Where is Charlie?" "Charlie is just as dependable as a dollar watch." These were some of the things I heard. Such occurrences as this do not help Hollywood, or the stars, or the studios. They hurt.

"How can you blame Aberdeen for thinking as harshly of Hollywood as she does? Hollywood seems to like the reputation it has. At least, there is no real effort to change its reputation. Even in its own town, I went out to a certain subdivision in Hollywood to look over the prospects of the business lots. I had a long talk with one of the salesmen, who said among other things, 'Aw, you can be darn sure when you buy here. Mister, that we ain't goin' to have none o' them nasty, noisy, movie parties out here, 'cause they're banned off this here property.' Now, isn't that a true Hollywood citizen for you? The movies have made Hollywood possible. They make business good. And Hollywood knocks them. What, then, can you expect of Aberdeen?"

BITING HOLLYWOOD'S HAND

WHY doesn't Hollywood get behind their movie stars and help them? Where is some nice publicity from the Chamber of Commerce? Hollywood hasn't realized that the movies are their bread and butter.

"Instead of scandal, let's preach: Summer air, roses, orange-blossoms, churches, good music, charity and a hundred and one good things that Hollywood stands for. Why should they be kept a secret? Let the people know Hollywood from a beautiful angle.

"The other day a young movie actor was killed by an automobile. He was new. Stardom was still around the corner. Some of the famous stars you've heard about, stars whose reputations are painted black for no good reason, got together and planned a benefit for the boy's mother. It seems that he was her sole support and comfort. Now he was gone and she was starving. Late the next morning after the benefit, where every person in the business had headed to have either offered, or given to a group of young girls, whose eyes were tear-dimmed with grief, went to the little mother with $30,000 in cash. She has a little bungalow in the hills back of Hollywood now.

"Why doesn't that story get printed? Why don't the people of the world get that slant on wicked Hollywood? I guess Hollywood is satisfied with her reputation. And Aberdeen is satisfied to believe."
Now You Can Reduce
2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless. Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn-out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally, but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get three full-sized packages and an interesting booklet, “Health and Open Pores,” for $2.50, plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERO'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro Baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt forever."

"I weigh 10 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chins vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I recommended Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds!"

"Thank you for Fayro, I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons names are not quoted, but many better published have been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

With luggage enough for six: Clara Bow, equipped for her forthcoming appearance in Elinor Glyn’s “Three Week-Ends”
t take a whole page to express through writing.

**PENGUINS FOR PALS**

"We will be home in 1930. For nearly two years we will sit on the edge of life and record that edge for the people.

"As I say, I do not know what that will be. No one has ever done it. We do know, however, that we will have those extraordinary birds, the penguins, as our companions. They are almost human. The way they walk; the way they listen. They cannot fly but just stalk around on the ice. They are terribly inquisitive, which makes them seem so nearly human.

"There is no life on the edge, so far as we know, aside from these birds and a few kinds of seals. The seals down there are not afraid because there are no polar bears to molest them.

"Our actors?" He smiled. "The elements and the thirty to thirty-five men on the edge. The others will go back with the boats to New Zealand. The boats, of course, cannot stay after the winter sets in. These men will be our actors. No, it is not the South Pole. The South Pole is an imaginary dot smaller than the point of a needle. Our picture will show the unknown antarctic continent as explored by man, aeroplane and camera.

"Aside from the help given to science, aside from the pleasure and knowledge it brings to the public, this picture will, I believe, do much to reduce the public apprehension of exploration. It will show them what other people have done—"

In other words, Commander Byrd feels that the world's strangest picture will encourage courage among all peoples. There is still another picture angle to this expedition. For a year and a half, maybe two years, thirty-five men will be closeted in small quarters on a huge cake of ice. Their work will consist of flying four aeroplanes into a darkness which is completely unknown. But there will be many hours when they are not flying. Hours when they will be cooped together, talking—and, yes, yearning—for home fires and familiar faces.

**HOME NEWS BY RADIO**

An especially designed radio equipment goes with them. At eleven o'clock every Saturday night their wives, their sweethearts, their friends, their children will have an opportunity to speak to them from a New York broadcasting station. It is hoped that the short wave lengths, allotted only for their use, will be a certain means of communication, between the edge of life and the heart of it. But that, like everything else connected with the exploration, is yet to be proved.

There's a library of books and enough magazines to provide an average sized city. But thirty-five men buried for two years without sight of a woman—half of them already married! It is to his motion picture library that Commander Byrd looks for most of his entertainment.

"We have taken mostly comedies, because the men can see them over and over and still get fun from them. And the other

**COMMANDER BYRD RULES OUT SEX**

(Continued from page 29)

**DANDRUFF**

**A Sure Way to End It**

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

**PREPARE FOR AN ART CAREER**

No art training? No matter! Art is not in the department of "arts and sciences," but in the department of strange and beautiful things. A pencil can turn a bit of paper into a thing of beauty.

**Meyer Both Company**

Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 66 Chicago, Ill.

**BASHEFUL?**

Your choice of popular movie stars, post card size, on stiff cards, all autographed. 6 for 25¢, 20 different — for $1.00. Complete set of 32 men and 32 women stars for only $1.75. Send today—cash, or 4¢ stamps, or money order. King Studios, 17 Park Row, New York. Dept. 11F.

**Ships as well as White Houses have their official spokesmen:** Commander Richard Byrd at the wheel of the City of New York, which preceded him into the antarctic seas
pictures I ordered were "Chang," "Grass," "Moana of the South Seas," "Nanook of the North"—all kinds of exploration pictures.

Not a love-picture was chosen. Not one depicting the problem of man's relations with women. Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Billie Dove, Lupte Velez—they will have no chance to disturb the scientific thoughts of thirty-five virile men camped twenty-three hundred miles from all women. Scarcely a picture which will show a woman in it.

A FAMINE OF SEX APPEAL

If any other pictures have crept into the group, I do not know it." Commander Byrd's voice was crisp as he said it. And although he did not actually imply it, I have a suspicion that if, by some accident, love pictures had been included, they will never be shown.

I met some of the men on the train. They represent the best type of manhood in this country. Commander Byrd has taken nearly two years to choose them. As one of the members of the group explained to me, "One bad man in this bunch would be like a rotten apple in a barrel. He'd spoil the whole two years for everybody."

One of them has a new home; another a new baby. They showed me the pictures. I wish I had had an opportunity to count the number of snapshots in the eighty-three pocketbooks of these eighty-three gentlemen. Fully seventy per cent must have been of sweet-faced, brave women and eager young children.

At least, none of these women who have sacrificed their men for Commander Byrd's great expedition picture needs fear that the women of the screen will run them any competition, since their own pictures are the only ones which the men will see during their exile from civilization.

As for equipment—books will be written on this subject. There's the player piano and a load of victrolas. I wish you could have seen the ukuleles.

DOCTORS PLAIN AND BRAIN

GENERATORS, projection machines and enough flares to light the way for the entire picture should it be taken during the time when the sun is lighting that part of the world so many thousands of miles distant. Three standard cameras and five automatics in addition to the one especially made for the scientific mapping. And the one hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of film which will take twenty-eight miles of picture. Every type of instrument, every medicinal compound, every possible entertainment which may be needed in the greatest battle man has yet had with the elements of nature.

Probably the first expedition of its kind taken, however, for the good of the general public as well as for the progress io science.

"Which is what makes the motion picture angle so important," Commander Byrd re-emphasized upon parting. "We will show you how this part of the world looked during the ice age as well as acquaint you with that section which is still ice-free."

Ah, we will await your return with real interest, Commander. We will look forward to the 1930 release of the world's strangest picture with the one universal thought—never before given to one single picture producer—"May no harm come to you!"

Feed Fat Away

Two grains of gland food daily.

That's what science now employs.

Modern science is using a food substance in the fight on excess fat. The results have been remarkable. Fat has been disappearing fast since this factor was discovered. You see that in every circle. Slender figures are the rule.

The story is this: Some years ago medical research discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in an under-active gland, which largely controls nutrition. When that gland weakens, too much food goes to fat.

Thousands of tests were made on animals by feeding this gland substance. Reports showed that almost invariably the excess fat disappeared. Then tests were made on people and with similar results. They were fed this gland substance taken from cattle and sheep.

Physicians the world over now employ this method in the treatment of obesity. They combat the cause. That is one great reason why excess fat is so much less common now.

This gland weakness often came about the age of 40. There is a well-known cause. With countless men and women it is different now. Mothers look like daughters. They have new youth, new beauty. Men have new health and vigor.

NORMAL FIGURES EVERYWHERE

Marmola prescription tablets are based on this new method. They were perfected by a large medical laboratory to offer this help to all. People have used them for 21 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Thus the use has reached enormous proportions. It has doubled in the past year alone.

NO STARVING

The use of Marmola does not require abnormal exercise or diet. That has brought harm to many. Moderation helps, and we advise it, but don't starve. Take four tablets of Marmola daily until weight comes down to normal. Watch the new vitality that comes. Then use it only as you need it —if at all— to keep the weight desired.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets—The Right Way to Reduce
New Safe Way TO END GRAY HAIR

Test it Free at Home

HERE is a way that works wonders by supplying coloring elements to gray hair. What happens is that original shade is obtained. If your hair is naturally brown, it will revert to brown. If black, black it will be.

1. You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear.

2. Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Time, 10s. Take 7 or 8 minutes.

3. Arrange hair and watch color gradually, creep back. Expectation will be perfect.

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S Hair Color Restorer

Now the secret of lovelier eyes is yours... do this

NOW let Liquid Winx glorify your eyes.

This clever lash dressing, so safe, so easy to apply and remove, will make them seemingly larger, more expressive and utterly alluring—by framing them in a soft shadowy fringe of luxuriantly curling lashes. Apply it to the lashes with absolute peace-of-mind. There's not the slightest hint of artificiality. It neither streaks nor runs, for it is waterproof. Sold at all toilet goods counters. Or write complete in black or brown.

If cake lash dressing is preferred, there's none quite so effective as Cake' Winx shades, brown, black.

GOLDMAN'S

Send 1dc for generous Liquid Winx samples.

The Man No Woman Can Vamp

(Continued from page 42)

Not only does Ramon Novarro act as producer of the plays at his own little private theater, but as orchestra as well. The mirror overhead enables him to see the stage at his back

attend the cinema, continually searching among the extras for the faces of criminals. I have seen you too often to be mistaken. You are Ramon Novarro."

Except for this one time, Novarro was not recognized during his whole trip abroad.

The new grand opera tenor, our own Novarro? So that's what Ramon has been up to all this while!

Instead of spending his time when he wasn't before the camera in going to wild Hollywood parties, getting married and divorced and remarried, and in every way living a normal movie life, he has been parcelling his scores and learning the Italian and German scores of "La Tosca" and "Lohengrin."

Instead of putting in his leisure panning the producers, gossiping about his friends and drinking highballs, Ramon has practically wasted his life as a famous screen star in studying arias from operas.

Instead of getting full value for his popularity in the pictures by being seen at premiers or making personal appearances or playing guest of honor at movie night in some local cafe where the tourists gather to worship, Novarro has thrown away these priceless opportunities for publicity for the fake fame music.

UNTRUE TO TYPE

No wonder Hollywood has never been able to understand Ramon Novarro. "He doesn't act like a movie star at all," they say, aggrieved. "The motion pictures have been a sideline with me," he admits, quite honestly. "I like them very much—but do not misunderstand me—and now all the more because they have a voice. Yet since I can first remember, I have wanted to be a singer. That has been my real life. All these years I have never given up studying, here with Louis Gravure, the great Metropolitan tenor; and on trips to Europe, everywhere I was, every moment I could spare."

A memory of an afternoon tea with Ramon in his sitting-room in an old-fashioned hotel in New York several years ago. An open fire, dust, jars of spiced roses, Ramon at the open square piano singing softly. An hour of talk and tea, excellent tea, good talk—and it was only when we went away that we realized that in all this time we had never mentioned, or even thought of motion pictures.

He sits now in batting suit and dressing-gown, waiting to go into the cold November sea for a scene. It is the privilege of a movie star to become temperamental on such provocation, but Novarro misses another opportunity. Anything that has to be done in a picture he does courteously and without complaint. It is his business. But when the scenes for the day are shot and the make-up removed, Ramon Sameniegos begins to live his real life. He goes home to the unpretentious house, which he shares with his father and mother and brothers and sisters, and closes the door behind him on Hollywood. The most important people in the movie colony would be glad to be invited to this house; this misguided young man might have the handsomest screen heroes and the loveliest leading ladies for his companions; instead he chooses as friends merely concert pianists and musicians. No wonder Hollywood shakes its head over Ramon Novarro's eccentricities.

In the little private theater he has had built in his home, Ramon and his friends
have staged and sung scenes from the great operas. This has been his only public appearance as a singer. No phonograph records, no radio broadcasting. He has never even had his picture taken having a voice test over the microphone. Since the secret of his grand opera ambitions has been revealed, Hollywood has been trying to puzzle out why these things should be.

"I didn’t want to speak of my singing," Ramon says simply, "until I was sure. You see, when I was a boy I used to read those 'Keys to Success' booklets, and a sentence in one of them has always stuck in my mind. The writer said that if you wanted to do something and talked about it to everyone, some of the desire to do it was lost in the talking. But if you penned up the desire to do something inside and never spoke of it to anyone, it grew stronger and stronger until it had to find an outlet in action. That's why I didn't tell people I was studying to sing in grand opera until I had been to Europe and had a hearing in Berlin and signed my contract.'

For six months of the year Ramon Novarro will make pictures, for the other six months he may—if he wishes—study music and sing in Berlin, in Paris, perhaps in the Metropolitan Opera in New York. He may live the life he chooses abroad, away from staring eyes and whirring cameras, in the modest pensions of the Quarter Latin, where his companions are struggling young artists: where the rooms are clean and waxed and bare as the monastery which gossip had it at one time Ramon Novarro intended to enter.

Perhaps this rumor came from the fact that three of his sisters are nuns, perhaps—and this is more likely—from the fact that Ramon refuses to fall in love with any of the beautiful and perfectly willing young ladies of Hollywood. He is woman-proof.

It is said that the most practiced sires in the movies have tried—on a wager—to win from him a single off-the-screen kiss, and failed.

And now one sees why. What movie flapper could hope to win the thoughts of one who sings his love to Melisande and Mignon and Marguerite? What vamp, no matter how seductive, could hope to rival Arial, glittering with gems; Tosca, That? What human woman could capture the heart of Isaull's lover?

For all that her contract sentences her to do slapstick comedies for five years, Marion Byron manages to muster a smile.
What They Talk About and How
(Continued from page 37)

likes to shock people for the fun of it, dear, if they are easily shocked like yourself, dear. Phyllis would rather talk about other things, anyway. She just got back from Tina Juana, dear, and she had a lovely time. She was awfully lucky, dear, and if you ever go down there, she wants you to try her system on roulette. Frances Howard, Goldwyn and Sam Goldwyn and Joseph Schenck and a whole party of them went along and she had more fun than she has had in ages. Phyllis just loves parties, anyway. Don’t you, dear? Why, when girls get together, they could just talk about parties and boy-friends and new clothes and permanent waves all night. Especially if they are girls like you and Phyllis and myself, dear.

Of course, with Aileen Pringle and Doris Kenyon, it’s a little different. Aileen is hardly a clubby conversationalist for the gals because she makes no secret of not caring particularly for her own sex, much less the things they gossip about. Virile and robust is the Pringle conversation about certain people and places of importance. Aileen’s friends are Mencken, Hergesheimer, Nathan and Arlen and other people who have written books and run door-bells. Consequently, her tongue is as smart as her gowns. Who cares about Hollywood shop talk? Not Aileen.

As for Doris Kenyon, in a warm, friendly way, she wants you to read some delightful book she has just finished. She is going to send it to you, really. Isn’t it wonderful to run across some new writer before the critics discover him, or her, and feel that he is your own particular find? It’s a great thrill. Even more so than doing a good part on the screen. The screen is so transient. Books are so permanent. Doris hopes, sweetly and graciously, that her small son will be a great writer. And, laughingly, if he just won’t be a writer, he must be a good reader. Those are the things that really matter to a woman, aren’t they? Watching the development of a loved child, making a home and reading good books. You must come over again sometime and talk about the things that really matter in life.

SAXOPHONES AND PSYCHES

JOAN CRAWFORD has two favorite topics of conversation. Good dance music and her soul. It depends on which mood you catch her in. One minute it’s “Hey! Hey! Make whooppee! Vo-dee-o-do-do-do” and the next she is sunk in melancholia contemplating the innermost thoughts and feelings of her deeper self.

With profound introspection she wonders why the things that have happened to her, have happened to her? Why has she lain awake nights crying into her pillow only on the morrow to rise and brush the tears away and jazz through the day? Why can’t people see through that jazzy exterior into the real heart of her? Ah, well, it’s life. It’s fate! It’s Joan!

If you’ve ever met any of the European nobility, you’d enjoy a shifty half-hour with Elinor Glynn. Madame has met so many great people and she’s just full of intimate little revelations of several weeks spent with the Russian royal family while they were still royal, and any number of lesser duchesses, countesses and ladies. How Madame adores the old-world etiquette! How graceful the poise of the ladies’ heads! How courteously the manners of the gentlemen! The American girl has much to learn from them. For instance, with her pep, and her small, graceful ankles, how much lovelier she would be if she softened her voice. That Yankee voice! Is there nothing to be done about it? Zowie! How it grates on Madame!

Doug Fairbanks could swap yarns of royalty with Madame if he wanted to. He’s sat next to a couple of princesses himself in the course of his European tours. But if it’s all the same to you, Doug had just as soon discuss Dempsey, and other American aristocrats. Say, it’s great about those Zep trips, isn’t it? It makes you want to go out and conquer a few worlds yourself. Keep fit! That’s the great working rule of life. Keep fit—and fly airplanes and win golf tournaments and football games and sleep eight hours a night and make movies! That’s the life. That’s the stuff, to hear Doug tell it. Say, how high a bar can you chin on?

MARY AND THE OTHER HALF

MARY laughs indulgently at Doug. Mary laughs indulgently with life. She likes best to talk about the little things like the new Paris fashions and the latest

Cold comfort, but welcome: Jack Luden and Mary Brian having iced tea for two aboard ship in the course of making a new picture
Beauty and Charm

Thousands of girls are asking themselves the same question, "How can I make myself the envy of others and the center of attraction to men?"

The answer is simple, pay just a little more attention to your health, it will add greatly to your charm and attractiveness.

Dr. Pierce's Institute, New York

Favorite Prescription, a tonic in maidenhood, womanhood or motherhood, braces the entire body, overconsuming nervousness, sleeplessness, headache and a general rundown condition, so destructive to good looks and a pleasing personality.

Dr. Pierce will give you confidential medical advice free by mail. Address your letter, Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT GRATES ON GRETA

WHAT'S all deeds mad rush about in deeds mad cattery, anyway, Greta Garbo would like to know. So much jumping around. So much excite-ment. She, Greta, went to a football game the other day and they do nothing but yall, yall, yall. Same way making pictures. Everybody yalls. Greta goes home!

Buddy Rogers talks about fan mail and his first trip to New York and new pictures he has done, just like a little boy discussing a new set of toys. His speech is quick and incredible. He's more surprised than anybody else that the New York flappers stood in the corridors of an hotel for hours just to see him come in and out. He laughs nervously and juvenility. Then he gets your advice on something. Do you think he ought to do this, or that, or the other thing? Well, he didn't either. But he just wanted to know what you thought about it. He's a mighty nice of you to be so nice to him. He sure appreciates it.

I don't want you to have the idea that we have no sentimentally conversationalists in Hollywood. For instance, there is Milton Sills who can talk about poetry without even looking self-conscious and can analyze Sandburg's meter without wishing he hadn't brought it up. Polly Moran can hold her own in a good political discussion, too. And then there is Louise Wolheim who used to be a college professor and maybe you can think of some others yourself.

But personally I like Hollywood best when she chats and gossip and wise-cracks. She's more herself.

There's an easy way to avoid those terrible sleepless nights that come the twenty-seventh of every month. To save yourself arising before daylight and standing in line outside the newsdealer's store. And it's simply this: about a week before, ask the dealer to save your copy of Motion Picture the next 28th. It's better to be sure than sleepless.

BATHASWEET

Make your Bath a Beauty Treatment

TRY IT FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a delightful softness. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an indefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; many blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime smartness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt in solution, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $5.00 at all drug and department stores.

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ous Methods; What Insurance Companies Discover—Effect of Overweight on Length of Life; Weight Charts; Can Individual Parts of the Body Be Reduced; What Proper Weight Means in Health and Happiness.

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The TRUTH about REDUCING!

Yours FREE!

The Lowe-Down on the Talkies

(Continued from page 67)

Is Clara Bow's acting getting as hot as all this: that her director, Clarence Badger, and her leading man, Neil Hamilton, have to throw her into cold water between scenes?

who have had years of stage training—but what about the actors who are genuine artists in the silent drama but whose voices are untrained and weak? Are they going into the discard?

"Not unless they want to," answered Eddie, who seems to know everything. "It is going to mean a lot of extra work in voice culture and adapting themselves to the new medium. We people who have been on the stage have a good start on Janet Gaynor and Norma Talmadge and Corinne Griffith and a few others who are typically of the movies. But just because sound has come in doesn't mean that personality is going out. There will always be a demand for a lovable presence. I don't think that sound is going to dislodge any of our stars, if they will meet it half way."

Well, that appeared to be that, but it just goes to show you how hepped up Eddie is about all this. He's just that enthusiastic, eager type. Anything new that comes along, Eddie is all for, whether it is this sound business or a new recipe for his cocktail shaker. Or a new characterization.

SPATS AND IDEALS

When Eddie first came to the movies from the stage, he was, what casting directors are pleased to call, the leading man type, with ideals, spats and everything. All he had to do was look handsome and stick around in case the heroine got in a dangerous plot development. His salary was wealthy and his fan mail was regular. Then along came "What Price Glory!" The immaculate Eddie wanted that part of the hard-boiled Quiet worse than anything else in his professional life. But nobody could see him in it. "Now, Eddie," his friends said to him, "you don't want to do that one. It's tough and profane and it won't do you any good with the fans who like their heroes diluted."

But Eddie gave them an argument. And how. The best argument he gave them was the way he played Quiet. He made him a swash-buckling, snooty son-of-a-gun with hardly a redeeming feature and the upshot of that was that he never went back to the nice-boy parts.

He's been naughty and made you like it. He's put flesh and blood and salt and pepper into his characterizations and now he can hardly wait to get started putting his voice into them.

"How do you suppose 'What Price Glory' would have gotten by the censors if it had been a talkie?" I wanted to know. "That lip movement of profanity was all right in the silent drama, but what would have happened if we actually heard some of those close-ups?"

"What happened on the stage?" Eddie came back. You can't down this boy on his favorite argument. "Women saw that show —and didn't faint. I think the talkies will not only improve the screen, artistically, but they will be the medium through which it is freed from a lot of silly censorship restrictions.

"For instance—if I play a crook I must talk like a crook. I've got to speak his lingo. That's art. That's characterization. Of course, the talkies may run into a lot of difficulties at first. They've got to fight down prejudice, and lawsuits and censorship but that's half the fun of launching any new development. Nothing good ever came into existence that didn't have to fight for its place. The movie people who believe in the sound pictures and fight for them are going to be looked back on as pioneers. They are going to be the trail-blazers."

And outside the actors chanted "ah-ah"—"me-me.

The pioneer's slogan.
Countenancing Mr. Colman
(Continued from page 30)

The war, perhaps, Mr. Colman?
"Oh, no. Not the war! You don't want to bring that up. Best to forget it."

LIVE AND YEARN

BACK into the subconscious go those blinding memories. Memories of things that have broken and made men's souls. Fourteen years since England marched into the fray and still those memories remain to gouge the tranquility of today.

"It gives men a philosophy, or drives them mad. It was a terribly harried thing to me. War declared. Marched off to the front with the First Expeditionary forces."

Forty days, veiled by shells. With the dawn, often, death.

"Trenches, second, first, Wounds. And then invalided home. It all passed in a whirl.

And what was the philosophy, Mr. Colman? What is your philosophy today, with the war far behind, a marriage gone aglittering, floating by yourself in a sea of film success?

A humorous gleam in Ronald's eyes. Those yearned-over, yearning brows.

"Well, how about 'live and let live'?" His voice is English, husky and pleasant.

One almost believed him. But, no! He couldn't permit that.

"Or 'gather ye rosebuds as ye may!'" The quizzical, ironic lips grinned.

"How can a man condense his philosophy into one sentence? I am happy with my work, my tennis, my books, my friends, the sea, the mountains, my little beach shack and, '—passing—' 'well, there's my work.'

And isn't that enough?

HE BELIEVES IN MARRIAGE

MARRIAGE, on the whole, is a necessary phase through which everyone should pass. 'Oh, suppose,' said Ronald. No misogynist, this Colman.

"It's as much a part of life as death. No life is complete without it."

Good, definite, British ideas about the things. Ideas that have survived a marriage that ended before he came to America. An unfortunate marriage in some lights, perhaps. Unfortunate in that it did not endure, as marriages presumed to be made in heaven should do.

That must have added something to the expressive physiognomy of Mr. Colman's face.

Definite British ideas about the wonders of the mechanical age, too.

"The talking picture, for instance. You will admit it is a supreme achievement of mechanics, even if you don't like it. The mechanical device is on the ascent. Interest has been centered on it for the past three or four centuries. And what has happened to art? With every step forward that mechanics has made, that much has there been retrogression in art.

"How do the Nathans, Fitzgeralds, Andersons of today's literary world compare with those of the Scotts, the Dickens of yesterday? And do they, in turn, rank with the Percy Shelleys and the Byrons of the step before them? It's the same way in music, in literature, in art. How does a futuristic painting compare with, say, a Botticelli, a Titian?

And how does it?


The Colman look is also the look of that of a comedy soul snared in the body of a man doomed to play romantic leads.

Who knows? Who cares, as long as he has it?

$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. It is open to all living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years standing.

Find 5 Objects Starting with the Letter "C"

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5, starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

$5.50 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $5.50 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $2,500.00 in Cash or the Studebaker Sedan and $5.50 in Cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

1. E. Wilferd, Mgr., Dept. 2782
   315 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

   The objects starting with the letter "C" are:

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   4. Shetland Pony.
   5. 16-Foot Hyderabad Radio.
   6. Fiber Living Room Set.
   7. Electro-Vacuum Cleaner.
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   9. Four Place Dinner Set.
   10. Lady's or Men's Eliza Wash.
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Car for Spilman fact, and
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As CIGARETTE M.
winners
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only
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Sedan.
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win
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total
and
WIN BUI CK SEDAN or $1875 CASH
$555.00 check sent you at once as an additional prize as below if you answer quickly
to win Prizes and now to advertise our hurl-
ness you can get this new Buick Sedan, or $1875 Cash.
$555.00 Extra for Promptness
Be prompt, Just find the "one" picture of John Alden that is different from all the rest. Look care-
fully. They all look alike, but "one" is different. Send me the number of the "one" that is different
with your name and address at once, then we will
tell you how to win Buick. That's all. Send no
money, All who answer can share in Cash and
Prizes. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given
those tying. If you can find the answer send it right away. Hurry! $555.00 Cash for promptness.
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Every Boy His Own Toy Maker

SERPEN T'S EGGS

JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

110 The All-Star State

(Continued from page 48)
tear of making pictures is nothing compared to
the strain of making a test of the manager's
lady.
If you can picture the orchid of the screen
bending along in a Ford on Texas roads,
you'll get a faint idea of the camaraderie
that goes between a film star and her lady
lump.
Of course, with Florence Vidor, it is a little
different. Florence, or Miss Vidor as we call
her, has gone to great pains to iron Texas
into a Neiman-Marcus it. She has even
elaborately replaced the soft Southern
crown with a broad, British one; and when she
goes on little vacations it is usually to
Europe, not to another continent. She is
once referred to Houston as a backwoods
town—which is hardly fair to either Flor-
ence or Houston. As a matter of fact, it is
true that the mansions of Mrs. Lillie
Sedan, or $1,875.00, and doors nearest
you will be
FREE

HER TAMALE TEMPERAMENT

At that, it is odd that the homiest and
tolliest state of them all should have
produced the least number of pictures of the
screen. And three of her greatest beauties
A famous actress who visited Hollywood
in three years ago said the six loveliest
women on the screen were Corinne Griffith,
Florence Vidor, Claire Windsor, Madge
Bellamy, Billie Dove and Mary Astor. Out
of that group, three hail from Texas—Madge
becomes the third.

The temperamental little Bellamy
gi-hails from San Antonio. It's a colorful
town, an odd blending of the picturesque
and the ultra-civilized. That old, odd
San Domingo Alamo on one side of town and
on the other is one of the most important
airport fields in the country. Madge's father
used to own a place there. Madge is from
San Antonio, and Madge herself brought to
Hollywood an interesting commingling of the
elements of her early background. Coupled
with a strangely precocious mind, she has
the face and form of a child and the temper-
ament of a tamale. What but San Antonio
could have produced such an individual for
Hollywood? And San Antonio, and San Antonio
West, have for all its contribution of heroes and
heroines to the world, have produced of which
it could be more rightfully proud than Madge?
Dorothy Devere comes from the prosaic Fort Worth, where the cattle
kings build marble mansions and dig oil wells
in their own back yards—almost. They would
if the city would let 'em. Maybe that's
where Dorothy developed her nice sense
of humor that has carried her so far in Christie
Comedies.

A few miles away, in Dallas, Bebe
Davies first saw the light of day. Dallas
is the metropolis of Texas. Her women are
as smart as New Yorkers. Her shops as
chic as New York's—and her younger a
fast-moving as Long Island's. When Bebe
goes back to Dallas on a visit, she has just
as many friends as she would in New York. In the first
place, Dallas is sufficiently up-to-the-minute
to appreciate Bebe and her humorous so-
phistication. And in the second place Bebe is
not entirely separated from Dallas. The last time she was down there
it was just one gay round of parties and
entertainments. Bebe said it reminded her
of Hollywood—only more so. She was going
back again—the first chance she gets.
TWO PRAIRIE MARYS

DALLAS is also the home town of Mary Brian, and of all the Texans who have made good in a big way in the movies, Mary most closely approaches the correct type. Mary is just a sweet little girl from the suburbs who is visited every year by her old school pals from down home. She even talks with a slow drawl that is more Texan than Southern. She is so fresh from home and so new to the movies that Dallas figures more prominently in her conversation than does Hollywood. When Mary isn’t busy making pictures for Paramount, she’s up in her little apartment writing long letters of gossip and news of the movies to Texas. Just a little prairie flower, growing more popular every hour.

Mary Hay, former darling of Broadway and ex-wife of Richard Barthelmess, is from Galveston. Galveston is the Texas summer-resort, which is to say that it is less hot there than any place else. An army post is stationed there. Mary’s father was an officer in command. Next to its army, Galveston is chiefly noted for delightful night bathing. At Roger’s, a cafe out the beach road, they serve the best cracked-crab in the world—and Mary.

Counting in Jacqueline Logan, that just about concludes the list of feminine charmers from the prairie state. Of course, Texas has produced some movie men, too. For instance, the already-mentioned King Vidor, also Elliott Dexter, Howard Hughes, the producer; and the late Tom Forman.

It is a funny thing that none of these people have ever been associated with the making of western or prairie pictures. I guess that is what gives so many people the idea that Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson and Will Rogers come from Texas.

But, no, Texas has gone in for the production of orchids, along with oil, cotton, cattle and exports.

It must be that cowboys in Texas are regarded as such fixtures of everyday life that neither they themselves nor anyone who sees them ever regards them as interesting characters. No cowboy is a hero on his own range, and so he never thinks of trying to be elsewhere.

He does not choose to chew; even the wiles
of Jane Novak can’t induce this little Navajo youngster to become a gum addict.

It gives

NATURAL GLEAM—the NEW nail beauty

Smart women who frown on artificial looking nails now choose Glazo!

WELL-BRED, beautifully turned out women now avoid all frankly artificial nail tints. Instead the new nail fashion is natural gleam—given in an instant by Glazo.

That is why Glazo Liquid Polish is now more sweepingly popular than ever. It instantly creates the new type of nail beauty—not too deep a hue, nor too pale—just the natural looking rosy brilliance that is so adorning to the hand, that is so smart and correct.

This flawless polish was created by Edna Albert, one of America’s most successful business women. She searched the most exclusive toilet goods shops of Paris for a truly distinguished nail polish. She tried many, tested many, then finally perfected Glazo in her own laboratories. And today Glazo is the preferred polish among all smart women.

Through a “nail sheath” thin as silk natural beauty gleams—instantly

A brush flick and Glazo gives a rosy “nail sheath,” thin as silk, and mirror-smooth, glinting with the light. The natural nail beauty then gleams through in softly rosy radiance, accenting to a more exquisite lustre and tint.

Glazo spreads evenly, without a trace of that thick, gummy look. Glazo never sheds or peels or turns an ugly brown—it lasts exquisitely for a week! At all toilet goods counters, in clever twin bottles—Glazo Polish and Glazo Remover—50c. Or send ten cents for generous triple sample set including the new cuticle oil—the coupon below!

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I enclose 50 cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish, remover and cuticle oil). Shade checked above. Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions.

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In five minutes you can make your skin five years younger—smoother, fresher, more firm and alive! A wonderful new tissue-renewing preparation has been perfected which tones and vitalizes the skin. Just pat it on the face, neck and hands before applying powder. It acts as a gentle astringent—tightens lazy muscles and closing large pores. The skin is given a soft, sunny finish, with a rose petal texture. At the same time it tightens and clarifies ruddy, discolored skin. Marvelous for armpit and shoulders with particle freckles.

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This new skin tonic is called Melanex Peroxy Lotion. Test it at our expense. Send no money—but mail the coupon. Use ten days. If not delighted return bottle and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon this instant.

Partumaren Studio, Dept. B-10, 3250 Coleman Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Parfumerie Gounon 265 Cobo Ave., Dept. B-10, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

THE ANSWER MAN

(Continued from page 80)

Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Did you see Dale Fuller in "The Wedding March"? Corinne Griffith is playing it in "The Saturday Night Kid." First National Studios in Burbank. Earl Darrow's next will be "The Younger Generation," Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.


W. G. V.—Your letter came in too late for the January issue. The Vitagraph Studio is located at Elm Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Phyllis Haver is playing in "The Office Scandal," Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. "The Love Song" was changed to "Masquerade," Lupe Velez and William Boyd have the leads. Address your letter to Doris Dawson at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

TOOTS, BOOTS AND COOTS.—What's in a name? Could you have a twenty-dollar name, yes, but no longer. You may write Billie Dove at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Clara Bow and Rudy Rodriguez at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Sue Carol, Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Send me a self-addressed envelope for the list of pictures I can supply you with.

NILLS ASTHER FAN.—Wouldn't get by unless we had one every month, lately. Nils is playing in "Dream of Love," starring Joan Crawford. Anita Page is five feet two, weighs 118 pounds. Latest picture is "Broadway Melody," write her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Joyce Coad is still growing. Malcolm MacGregor, Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4576 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.


GARY COOPER FAN.—Gary was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. Not married. He is a film producer, very successful. Your letter will reach him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. I believe the mailman's back is almost broken when he gets through delivering his fan mail. The song theme of "Fazil" was "Neapolitan Nights." Thelma Todd is playing in "Seven Footprints to Satan," First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

E. B. B.—Claire McDowell was the mother in "Ben Hur." Lili Damita is about half your age. She has blonde hair and brown eyes. Her latest picture is "The Rescue," starring Ronald Colman. Well, what if the candidates did deliver the same radio speeches every night? Jazz orchestras play the same music every night.

Renee Adoree played opposite John Gilbert in "The Show."

MARIA.—ZaSu Pitts is still playing; her latest pictures are "The Wedding March" and "The Dummy." Write her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Tamara Hall was born in Texas, Oct. 22, 1900. Latest picture is "The Case of Lena Smith." Eva Southern is playing in "The Girl Who Came Back." Warner Bros., Hollywood, Cal. Bebe Daniels has never been married. She was born Jan. 14, 1901.

SPOOKS AN ADMIRER.—Clara Bow is playing in "The Saturday Night Kid," John Mack Brown in "A Lady of Chance," write him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Arlen, "The Four Feathers." Ramon Novarro is still a bachelor. The joke reminds me of the little boy who used to wish his father owned a candy store; now he wishes it was a filling station. You may write the Tom Mix Correspondence Club at 1623 Ludow Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE SHEIK.—I believe you are referring to Thomas Meighan's "The First Degree Murder." A company of over 1000 whoops has been enlisted for a Sahara Desert scene for the Tiffany-Stahl special production "Squads Right." They were trained in the camps, sheiks, French Legion men in light, desert commissary departments—in fact, it looked like a small army on the march. Buster Collier and Alma Bennett are in the cast.

ROSEMARY F.—Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Va., thirty years ago. Five feet ten and a half, weighs 156 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Real name Richard Van Mattemore. Send your letter to him care of the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Forgot to tell you he is married to Jobyna Ralston. Norma Shearer can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Clara Bow at Paramount, address above.

BOODLES OF CHICAGO.—Yes, I can supply you with a photo of Billie Dove, it is different from the last one you received. Billie was born May 14, 1903. She is five feet three, weighs 120 pounds. Playing in "Adoration," RKO Pictures, Hollywood, Cal. Write her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Richard Dix in "Redskin." Write Richard and Ruth Elder at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

PAT.—Why should Shakespeare have been a good quarterback? Because he had so many long-run plays. I can supply you with photos of Marion Nixon, Davey Lee, the late Billie King, and Tom Tyler. When Tom Tyler was born in Port Henry, N. Y., twenty-six years old, he has light brown hair and blue eyes. Write him at the FBQ Studios, 720 (Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Janet Gaynor is five feet tall. Ken Maynard, five feet eleven.

KLEVER KITTY.—Barry Norton was loaned to Paramount to play in "Sins of the Fathers," starring Emil Jannings. Address your letter to him at the Fox Studios, 5410 Bronson Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Looking I have made this clear. The most disagreeable vanity is that of the man who thinks he is as smart as you are. John Boles has the lead in "The Desert Song."

(Continued on page 132)
She's Young And She Can Prove It
(Continued from page 59)

t a picture. When I walked into his office, he gasped at me in amazement.
"You're not—Lila Lee!" he gasped.
"I am," I told him, knowing exactly what was coming.
"Well—my dear—I hardly know what to say," he stammered. "I have done you a fearful injustice. I had the impression that you were a very mature woman. And the part I wanted to talk about is that kind of a part. I'm sorry. But you won't do at all."

This has happened a lot of times. Of course I am not mature, and not unpre-eminently—"Twenty-three is not a baby. But still I don't feel that I am ready for mother- rolkeri's work."

Looking at her across the table, I thought not. Decidedly not. In these days it is hard to tell the age of any woman by looking at her. Particularly between the twenties and thirty. But Lila, in her little round hat, her face, with its hint of dimples, almost devoid of make-up, her slim legs, and her little hand that she held on her chair, could have passed easily for eighteen.

I began to feel quite indifferent on her behalf.

"Do you see," she went on, "the trouble is, I have been around for so long, really. I started in with Gus Edwards when I was five. Remember Gus Edwards's 'Bandbox Revue'? Remember Cuddles, the little girl who sang and danced with Georgie Price? That was L. Cuddles."

Shades of my childhood! Did I remember Cuddles? She was as important as Peter Pan.

A FLAPPER OVERNIGHT

I came out here when I was twelve," Lila went on. "They expected to use me in children's parts. I was small, you see, for my age.

By the time I was fourteen they were dressing me up in particular between the piling my hair up on my head and I was playing leads opposite Wallace Reid.

I remember that I wanted to look like Gloria Swanson. She was my idea of a really elegant lady. And I asked her if I could use that shiny, patent-leather-looking head dress that she wore over her hair. She said she didn't, and maybe you think I didn't feel dressed up in that."

Mrs. Edwards, her mother, had joined us by this time; and Lila called upon her to corroborate her story of her age and beginnings.

The conversation drifted to reminisences of vaudeville days—when Lila was Cuddles—with constant interjections from the subject of my interview about, "How old was I then?"

HER MUMPS AND ROMPER DAYS

That was the year you had mumps," Mrs. Edwards would recall. "I think you were about eight."

"I lived with Mrs. Edwards, you see," Lila explained. "She looked after me all the time I traveled with Mr. Edwards's company. She knows!"

Mrs. Edwards did know. Moreover, she had proofs to offer of the fact. She repaired to her apartment and she went through her files and brought out pictures of Lila in the old days. Lila in rompers, at the beginning of her career. Lila in a klit. Lila when she had reached the lanky age.

"I won't be an old lady before my time," she declares. "My time will come soon enough. But to be--twenty-three--is my story and I'm sticking to it!"

Can you blame her?
FURRY PETS ATTENTION: J. G. Lang, Charles Vogtman, Mrs. J. E. Field and Allen and Martha Taylor. John Gillis, Jacob Bronner, each won medals in our last competition. Over 100 pets entered. $1,000.00 prize paid among 150 in October. In next few weeks medals will award between 300 and 400 prizes through our contest. Here’s the new one for you.

FIND THE "DIFFERENT" AUTO
The case in the oval all look exactly alike at first glance. They are not all alike. One is different from all the others. There is a real difference.

Opportunity is purposely left free all the other cars but this one. Opportunity may be in the sender, jumper, camphor, radiator or top. The one that may indicate is the real blue sedan. I am giving away prizes for other cars in my great friendship advertising campaign. You may be the one who will find it.

AND WIN BUICK SEDAN OR $1800.00 CASH
4 sedan and 25 other prizes totaling over $5,000.00, 25 prizes and duplication paid in prize money. If you can find the "different" auto you may be the one to get this great prize.

Certificate for $400.00 to apply on grand prize sent immediately as below if you find the "different" car.

Robert Wehrman, 942 Madison Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, stamped ""WIN $1800.00 CASH"

We furnish free 50 cents each time you write. First 1000 to enter will receive booklet ""How and How Used."" Only 50 cents each time you write.

Cincinnati Post Office Box 294.

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USED Correspondence School Courses rented, sold and exchanged. Harvard Catalog Free. (Courses bought.) Latin, French, 50 cents, Pasadena, Ala.

HELP WANTED

$100 per Month in your home finding and mailing circulars. We furnish everything. Particulars and samples 5c, Stuona X., 48 Adams Street, Irvington, N. J.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Guaranteed Hemstitching and Picturing Attachment. Eats any sewing machine. 6¢ prepaid or C. D. O. C. by payee. Larteh Hemstitching Co., Dept. 19, Sedalia, Mo.


HELP WANTED—MALE-FEMALE

Make $20 per 100, stampable names on key checks. Latter set. A space time turn of your own choosing. 25 cents for samples and instructions. Good for $2 daily, H. Kearing Co., Colons N. Y.

HELP WANTED—INSTRUCTION

Wanted Immediately, Men, Women 18-55, to qualify for Gov't. Jobs. $50-$250 Monthly, Wire, Instruction Bureau, Dept. 604, St. Louis, Mo.


RUBBER STAMPING

THE STARS

(Continued from page 35)

line on Clara. It's all so beautifully easy as it is. Gabble runs along well-oiled tracks. Who wants to go in for detours? Clara has it. It sticks.

Ronald Colman is a hermit. A woman-hater. Don't talk back, he is. Hollywood has so decreed. It is a swall tag. He is a hermit and a woman-hater, and if he should burst into the furnace of seraglio comprising a league of nations, it would avail him nothing but economic pressure and a little time. 'Twould not be like good old Walt.

Pola was proud and haughty. Temperamental. Let her slap Hollywood on its shoulder blades as she would, let her be the pal type all over the lots. No good.

Lois Wilson tried for years—well, months then, to break the bonds of vaunted virtue. I speak literally. 'No use. Lois was clean-cut, wholesome, immaculate, unembarrassed; and try to blot that escutcheon if you can! Immaculate and unembarrassed she is to remain forever and forever, world without end, and longer than that.

MARIE AND KEN'S TAG

MARIE PREVOST and Kenneth Harlan probably have some individual interests. It is likely, it is even probable, that they do not spend twenty-five hours out of twenty-four marrying, separating and marrying again. I wouldn't be stunned if I should find that they eat and build houses and read scripts and sign contracts and what-nots. But you'd never guess it if you could sit in a session where Marie and Ken are the center of attention. The cat's-paws. No one, no one, ever says anything about them but, "Have you heard that Marie and Ken have separated again?" or "Have you heard that Marie and Ken are together again?" Or—

Garbo is a vamp, So, alas, were Theda Bara, Barbara La Marr, Louise Glau and other lovely, lecherous ladies already gone the ways of all flesh. Their lines strangled them. Garbo is a home-destroyer, a batter of devastating eyelids; and let her ramp over the ladies, and be her, and wear old clothes and never notice it; let her be indifferent to all men—she may as well stay at home. She bears a swell label. It rolls the ball of talk slickly.

THE MARK OF MADNESS

BARRYMORE, JOHN, is mad. If he should work out the highest of high calculus, translate the Upanishads, cook like H. E. Marigold, lock up his cockroaches and build a house and lot, it wouldn't help a jot or tittle. The legend of the Barrymore label is affected. Rip it off who can.

Doug is athletic. He is fit. He could wheeze with the white plague and Hollywood would pause only long enough to say, "What chest expansion!" And go on from there.

We could go on, forever and forever, too. The moral of this tale is that Rudy loathed being a sheik, that Fringle breeds chows, that Marion Stanhope is just like him, be he, that Doris Kenyon can have a bud, be he, that Billie Dove does paint walls, that Florence Vidor is not always elegant, that Lyda Breslau is a wench, that Basil Rathbone acquires bedtime stories, that Clara Bow sometimes has lunch with a girl-friend and likes it, that Ronald Colman has been known to step out, that "Barzilai" is too hard. Stick back the labels; and God bless you!
She's a Polly Good Fellow
(Continued from page 74)

She was right in form when I found her in the publicity department out at M. G. M., surrounded by a riotously amused group consisting of the leading dramatic critic of Los Angeles, two feature-syndicate writers and five publicity men. Polly was all wound up talking over the radio and she was just at the point where "it didn't make any difference if her false teeth dropped down because it would sound like static anyway," when someone hauled her into a private room to meet me.

BOOSTING HER BILL
She gave one of those low-swung, honest-to-God grips that left the imprint of my ring on my hand for weeks, and said she was glad to meet me. And then the fun began, with Polly leaping boisterously over one topic and then another. She was sore at Bill Haines. He had gone off to New York without telling her good-bye. Was that any way for her boy-friend to act? But good-bye or no good-bye, she was right there to tell the world that Bill was the finest, the most wonderful, the squardest fellow God had ever put breath into. And Marion Davies! Say, don't get her started on Marion, God love her. She, Polly Moran herself, would like to stand on the street corners and tell the cock-eyed continent about the wonderful things that girl did for her friends. Just let anybody say anything about Marion to Polly! And Fannie Brice! There was a great scout for you. So was Nora Bayes. She had gone to school with Nora when they were a couple of kids in Chicago.

Those school days! Lord, how it made her chuckle to look back on them. What a hoot-owl she had been. She could just hear her teacher now, "Pauline Moran, put that bill pickle back in your lunch bag!" She spent more time after school than she did in her classes.

Ah, I didn't have my mind on it anyway," she scoffs. "I wanted to get on the stage. None of my folks had ever been on the boards, but I got it into my head at an early age that I was destined to be something great. My mother, God love her, was just as crazy about going to the theater as I was, and on account of my father being in the billboard business we got a lot of passes when I'd come back to town. My mind would be so full of the show I'd seen the night before that I didn't know when they changed from rhythm to spelling. Sometimes my conversation of the plot would be so vivid I'd yell right out in that quiet classroom, 'Unhand me you low-lived scoundrel!' Then I'd have to stay after school for it."

POLLY'S FLAMING START
Polly nursed her theatrical ambitions unrealized until she was about ten years old. Then an advertisement came into her life. At that time the stage wasn't what it is today; instead of pretty girls barnstorming the stage doors there was often such a shortage of material that even the best companies had to run an ad in the Help-Wanted columns. It was one of these that caught Polly's eye and she hounded her mother to the verge of a nervous break-down to let her answer the plea.

Finally she consented," Polly went on, "and we stayed up all night getting my hair curled. Believe me, it was curled when we got through with it. When I went down to the theater, it was standing out so far from my head that I looked like a Bottontot. But I got the job. I was supposed to be a torch girl and that night as I came on the stage I made a flaming debut into the theater.

DRAWING OFFERS PLEASURE WITH PROFIT

What would you give to be this artist—earning a big income—enjoying studio life? He has learned the secret of forming simple lines into finished illustrations.

It was only a short time ago that this young artist filled out a coupon like the one below and mailed it to the Federal School of Illustrating. Now he is not only trained in modern art on which magazines are spending millions every year, but he has also had thorough instruction in all branches of illustration. Careful training by Federal Instructors has taught him to turn simple lines into dollars.

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(Continued on page 116)
The Love Life Story of Marie Prevost

(Continued from page 45)

Kenneth Harlan, I said I wouldn't. I said I hated him. "Of course, you can make me work with him but I won't do good work. I just can't stand him!"

But they made me. I went onto that picture more ritzy than at any other time of my life. He came the same way. He had the same feelings about me that I had about him. We hated each other without knowing one another.

The third day of the production he asked me to marry him. Love is like that. You can never tell when it lurks around the corner. That's when it hurt—being already married. I knew I loved Kenneth Harlan. I've said at the beginning that we take the word love too cheaply. We use it as we would use the expression, "Have you had your iron today?" But when real love comes, a woman knows that this word is not to be treated like an ordinary term, an ordinary question.

THE TEST OF KEN

I TOLD Kenneth that I would marry him but that he would have to wait until my divorce and then a year before we could be married. I think the way he took my secret is the reason that I loved him as I perhaps will love no one else in my life. He was so wonderful. So understanding, so sympathetic. The fact that I was already married seemed to make no difference. What better test could be given by any woman?

My divorce was granted on a holiday; the next day was Saturday; we were working and couldn't get to the license bureau before noon; then there was Sunday. They were the longest three days of my existence. Monday we were married. I always had to be married in a church and have a minister and all the trimmings which my child imagination had created for a ceremony so solemn. When Kenneth and I arrived at the church, there was a camera standing on the altar. I asked who had put it there. They pointed out Harrison Carroll. I went up to him and asked, "Are you married?"

"Yes." was the answer.

"Are you happily married?"

"I guess so."

"I work all day long, sometimes all night long in pictures. Won't you please let me just get married without doing it before a camera?"

He was the sweetest man I ever knew and went out and let Kenneth and me be married as a man and woman should be married with only love and God between them.

Perhaps this doesn't sound like Marie Prevost, as you know her. But I have never talked before on love, the kind of love that really matters. Kenneth and I were...
happy at first. We adored one another. But the old saying that when respect goes love goes with it is a truth that can never be altered. It took seven months, finally
after two years together, for love to go. In my mind I knew it was going, but I kept going to him. My heart, my soul, wouldn't admit that my second dream had been blasted. We separated. Later, we went back together again. But you cannot build new fires on old coals. I think that every separated couple should go back together for a period just to prove to themselves that it is useless. When the bubble bursts, it's all for naught.

During our first separation, I did not run around a great deal. I didn't want to. I did meet Ward Crane and see a great deal of him. He was the most of the most well men whom God has ever created. He was an older person; he understood me and my problems. I understood him and sympathised with him. We were like two brothers, two friends. I think he wanted me as one of his real friends. For six or seven months before anything he tried, Ward was dying. When I met him, his supposed-to-be friends seemed to have forgotten this. They all seemed to have forgotten he was a hero. He was completely alone; disillusioned. He felt his friends who had once sought and sought had forgotten, now that he was ill and dying. He was the only man I knew who seemed to realize how sick he was. I like to think I helped him to forget the unkindness of others. His death was a calamity.

MEN ARE ALL THE SAME

NOW Kenneth and I have separated again and we are not going back together. At first, after this second separation, I started playing around, going from place to place with other fellows. It gave me something to do. I believe the first instinct of a woman who separates from her husband is to go places and see things. It keeps her from being lonely and restless and losing the companionship which any marriage offers. But I found that men are all the same. The boys who take me out one night and say, "Oh, you're the most wonderful creature I have ever seen," take Phyllis Haver out the next night and say the same things to her.

So now I call the men whom I go places with, "lots of laughs." They are fun; they are good playmates, they are the kind that make you feel nice because they say pretty things to you. I like them but I never think of loving them.

Really, I am the wrong person to write my love life. For irrespective of what people think about actresses and their affairs, I do hold love sacred. I've always been married. Have you ever seen a canary let out of a cage? It flits around the room for a few moments and then dashes back to the perch from which it has been released. It doesn't appreciate its freedom. A woman is like that. My first husband was a dream; the best friend I ever had; I loved and adored, and died; my second husband was a disappointment. Ben Lyon, Jimmy Hall, Matty Kemp, and the other boys who are my laugh partners and old ashes, I think of as good fellows. Contrary to the verdict of the world, I have found plenty of men in Hollywood who are content to be just pals and don't want to be the friend of a woman.

Perhaps my love life is not complete. I hope not. I'd hate to think that I could never fall in love again. However, I sometimes wonder if there is any. I feel as if every really completed except in the film of her romantic imagination.

Being in love seems to confuse you... but what love is; it leaves you wondering whether, indeed, you've ever known it— or would know it if you came upon it.

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Actual photographs of all motion picture stars, size 8x10 inches. Carefully selected poses and new ones constantly being added to our stock. Order the photograph of your favorite today. Send for a set of them. Fine as gifts, for your collection or den. Just send me your list and the price, and I will rush the pictures to you by first class mail, carefully wrapped. Twenty-five cents each. Five for one dollar. Twelve for two dollars. Write to me today.

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Astonishing new way teaches you to play song hits perfectly. If you can hum a tune, the Nagasars method teach you to play by ear. No tedious or previous instruction necessary. Use flexible finger tips—just 20 brief entertaining lessons easy to master.

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You can always find people to tell you that the country is going to the dogs because we're doing so much playing. "When did your grandmother find any time to play? There was a woman for you!"

No doubt. Just the same, we'd like to have given her a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine, electric lights, running hot water, a telephone, but a bread, delicious canned foods, an automobile and a set of golf clubs.

Can you picture grandfather's face? "Gone to the country club. Look in the ice-box."

Through advertising, science is giving us more and more time to play. Advertising is knocking minutes off every phase of household work from cooking to shopping, to give us leisure time.

Now we do the usual things as grandmother would have if she'd had the chance.

Read the advertising in MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

It will bring you more time to play

Plain white gloves came next. "No cuffs, please," to the clerk; "fine white kid is always the dressiest," to me.

The bags were not so simple. "I suppose that I have a lot of bags which would have harmonized with this costume. But I like to have every outfit complete in itself. If I were only able to afford two changes of costume, I'd have no trouble in matching for those two and never interchange them. It is one of the really important secrets of a well-dressed woman." It took us fully an hour at this counter. A dainty beaded bag was the result. There was no question but that the bright colors livened the slight somberness of the black velvet. A blue of supple silk, simple in lines but elaborate enough in texture for the most formal afternoon occasion, was the next purchase. She slipped it on in the dressing-room and came out with her coat fastened tightly about it. "You see, when I am going, as I am today, to a really elaborate function, I can wear it under this coat in the morning and none will know whether it is simple or elaborate.

FOR NOSE PURPOSES

I AM so glad that the large handkerchiefs have come into style. They are so much more dressy and so convenient when you are making one costume do for two purposes. I carry a plain linen one in the morning; and now we will get a large one with a bit of lace to hang from my bag. Of course, —her eyes twinkled—"I'll still carry the little white one for the nose purposes. The big ones are simply to make me look a little more showy.

For shoes, we left the department store and went to a shop where Miss Dove was not so well known. The clerks had been well trained in the first place, but here they hovered over her, I, fussy, over-delerential in their attention. As a result, Billie hurried with her purchase, choosing a neat pair of black suèdes with semi-French heels and dainty bows of moire ribbon.

"I must charge them to——"

"Oh, yes, Miss Dove."

The clerk hurried to show that it was not necessary for her to tell him who was making the purchase.

"That's what I hate," she said as we left. "He called everyone's attention to me. Isn't it funny that a motion picture star can't be taken for just a plain woman and allowed to do her shopping without feeling that she is forever before the camera? You just have to act in this business whether you are working or not working.

EVER DRESSY

"NOW we'll go to the dressmaker's and pick up my hat. It wasn't quite finished this morning. Then I'll put on these fixings right in the car and show you how quickly I can change from being semi-tailored to really dressy."

I was surprised to find a plain little black velvet tam-o'-shanter. I had expected a big hat with at least black velvet and I believe hats should fit the personality of the person who wears them. Some people would have to have a really fancy chapeau for afternoon wear, but I think the dress as much as dressed in them as I would in a picture hat. Personality is the secret of charm in dressing just as it is in acting.

"Now watch me do a little settled back. We settled ourselves back in the car, she drew down the shades, pulled a big box from the floor, took out a pair of fox furs, a pearl necklace, a pair of pearl drop earrings, the boxes from the store for her. With lightning rapidity she screwed on the earrings, fastened the pearls around her neck, pinned the flowers on her left shoulder, fastened the handkerchief in her bag, slipped out of the flat heels and into the high ones, tied the furs around her shoulders, snuggled the tam well down on her forehead, whisked out her compact, touched up her lips and powdered her nose, worked on the white kids, threw back the cape and said triumphantly. "Now, look me over!"

HOW MUCH COST

I was the first time I had noticed the lining of her jacket. It was of delicate beige satin to match the color of her furs. "Don't you think this lining makes it look snappy? I wear the coat closed in the morning, thrown back in the afternoon or I can take it off entirely and just wear the furs with the blouse and skirt."

I really makes three dresses because I can go to tea in different linen in it if I don't have time for changing.

When it warms up in the afternoon, I take off the coat. When it goes cold, I put it on. And just think of all the money it saves me."

We did think, the kind that has to think of money. We made some rapid mental calculations. The dress and hat, counting the dressmaking, hadn't cost over fifty dollars. I didn't have the furs and couldn't afford them, but the dress would look mighty chic with a flower and without the furs hanging about it. If I had to work in the morning I could wear a plain blouse, carry the other in a little box under my arm, slip into some dressing-room to change it—not having a limousine to turn into a dressing-room when ever I needed it. Billie hadn't changed her stockings, so that needed bother me. Yes, shopping with Billie was not only interesting and amusing but it had given me a practical lesson. I was going home and make me a suit which would do for business, luncheons and dinners. Billie Dove could wear the same for all three occasions and feel dressed up in it, I could wear one and feel decidedly ritzy.

Clara Bow hasn't a leg to stand on in this pose. But so long as she has a leg to sit on, she doesn't seem to mind

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5654 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
Please enter me artistically the enclosed photo, at least 3x4 size, 8x10-16x20. If you are not satisfied send it back at once and you are to send postage paid.

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Shopping with Billie Dove

(continued from page 69)

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Amazing new discovery—REVA—restores hair to a beautiful, natural color. No need to worry with many dyes. REVA is a colorless liquid, same bottle used for all colors. No samples of hair are needed. Applied to scalp—restores to color. You can apply easily at home without skill or outside aid. Restores to natural your friends cannot believe change. Do not streak or crack hair. Will not wash off or fade. Hair kept that way for months. REVA also acts as hair tonic. Overcome dandruff. These hair-care results really guaranteed. Test FREE a full sized bottle in your home for 10 days.

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My latest Improved Model 25 corrects nose complaints and makes nose more quickly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only non-abrasive appliance of precise adjustments, and a charger is safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose! Be sure to get the model that will suit you. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

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Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washing," but regular use of a shampoo that really beautifies—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair beautifully lustrous—just one golden Chile Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely clean. It gives your hair a "spring"—a well-cared-for, soft, lustrous, beautiful head, highly-perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance—that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admired! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. At your dealer's, 25c, or send for free sample.


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Special combination offer: 5 handsome flowers—of red, blue, yellow and red—andaI for only 25c. Send your order today—Mail order coupon below.

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Free This ascending shell flower. Resembles wild orchis. Some have one bloom—one, two, three. Drop shell in glass with water and flowers unfold at once, just like Japanese Water Roses. See extra special offer in coupon.

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Enclosed find the check for $1.00, 10.00 or check for $100.00 in order to mail special combination offer: 3 Japanese Water Roses: Blue, Yellow, and Red. Money back if not satisfied.

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Darker your eyebrows and lines with colors, just as stage and screen stars have theirs. The urge demands that they be darker than your hair. One application lasts permanently. Unsullied by water, perspiration, tears, cream, etc. Easy to apply, dependable. Will not run, and is drug and department store approved. Box with instructions (black or brown) $1.25 postpaid.

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 8)

sedative there is, and the pleasantest. Maria P. Champagne.

On "The Wedding March"

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Allow me to pay tribute to von Stroheim and his "Wedding March."

This picture is a marvel, no less. It leaves one stunned by its beauty and by the breadth of its implications of its completeness. What must it have been before cutting?

To have directed such a film, and also to have done it with such a wonderful cast acting, would have been an impossibility for any but a genius; and von Stroheim is that. And (be it said that, with every opportunity to do so, von Stroheim never hogs the camera).

The others of the cast are excellent. Fay Wray as Mimi with her innocent face and charming ways is a perfect foil for the polished and heartless (?) Nicki.

Cesar Gravina—bless him—in his part is perfection. The Cupri Christi scenes are marvels of color and grandeur; the seduction scene is breath-taking in its sinister beauty. Hail to von Stroheim!

Pearl Kately.

Stars at Home

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Having lived in Los Angeles for many years, I have had the opportunity of seeing quite a few actors in person—some I liked and some I did not. Nevertheless, I think they are a brilliant, fascinating people whom I always enjoy seeing. They are different—the atmosphere in which they live and work is different.

But they are real human beings and the majority are congenial and lovable people whom you can't help but admire tremendously. I have watched them just like any motion-picture "fan" and have been thrilled in the same way that I am an ardent fan myself—and so I judge them accordingly.

Among those I have met, Mary Pickford was an awe-inspiring woman. But Rogers seemed just a nice young fellow—the kind you'd like for a "beau," Gloria Swanson—to me—was very nice and Mary Brian is adorable. Some were snobbish—and some were aloof and distant. But I find most of them willing to autograph a leaf, give a smile or do some little trifle which means a great deal to a "fan." I hope the stars may realize their pictures! Long may they prosper!

Betty Hillman.

Get Your Noise Elsewhere!

SURREY, ENGLAND—The death of the silent drama would be a tragedy indeed to many who go to the pictures for a rest and change from the noises and turmoil that infest the day.

If, for instance, all the racket and gun firing is going to be heard, it will cause people to stay away rather than come out with bad headaches—hence—box office returns will drop and the popularity motion picture entertainments have hitherto enjoyed will fall off.

I am a regular reader of Motion Picture and a keen picture goer and to be deprived of either of these—which is my only pleasures—would be a great loss to me and I am only one of many; therefore I say emphatically—on with the silent drama and let those who want noise seek their pleasures elsewhere.
Half a Million People have learned music this easy way

You, Too, Can Learn To Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher.

Easy as A-B-C

Yes, half a million delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Half a million—500,000—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the new, modern method perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do! Many of this half million didn’t know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—but in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music amazingly easy. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing real tunes perfectly by note. You simply can’t go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are told how to do a thing, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That’s why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead twice as fast—three times as fast as those who study old-fashioned, plodding methods.

You don’t need any special “talent.” Many of the half million who have already become accomplished players, never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

Don’t miss any more good times! Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the musician’s pleasure and profit! Start now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a “big hit” at any party—if you really do want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 602 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Please send me your free book, “Music Lessons in Your Own Home,” with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Sincerely yours,

J. S.—Tom Mix and Billie Dove played in "The Lucky Horseshoe." Kathleen Meyers was the girl in "Dick Tracy." Mary Pickford played in "Less than the Dust." Your stationery is O. K. Why apologize? Philippe De Lacey's latest picture is "The New Barbarian." "John Loder, Jack Holt and Nora Lane have the leads in "The Sunset Pass." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

D. J. F.—Don't think I will buy any of that flannel money—it does shrink. Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 6, 1912. She is five feet two, 48 pounds, dark hair and eyes. She danced on the stage before entering pictures. First picture was "Naughty But Nice" as second lead. This was released in 1927. John Gilbert and Mary Nolan have the leads in "Thirst."

BROWNEE.—You may write Baplana and Fay Wray at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Haqted Torres, Anita Page and William Harrang was in the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Monte Blue, Audrey Ferris, Warner Bros. Studios, 5482 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Mary Phibin, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Why give me the merry Ha Ha? Also, "Coral Bow was born in Brooklyn." She is five feet two and a half, weighs 109 pounds, red hair and brown eyes. Her latest picture is "The Saturday Night Kid," Neil Hamilton is her leading man. She sent you her note to you at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Don't feel bad because vacation's over. Pity the poor fishes; they must walk in a school twenty feet, "You're wild with the world, Walter Ford." Write Harold Lloyd at 1040 No. Las Palmas Ave, Hollywood, Cal.

M. D. — There are lots of people who walk a mile for a movie. Yes, I liked "Our Dancing Daughters." Joan's next picture will be "Dream of Love." She receives her mail at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. I quite agree with you about Conrad Nagel. Gary Cooper is just as good looking off the screen as on. His latest picture is "The Wolf Song." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Thanks for the bouquet.

ANOTHER HOBO.—Have you joined the outfit? Loretta Young was born Jan. 6, 1912. She is five feet two, weighs 98 pounds, has dark hair and eyes. She plays opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Scarlet Seas." Sue Carol is twenty years old. Sweet Sue, as you call her, receives her mail at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave. Colleen Moore was born Aug. 1903.


THE DESERT BLOOM.—Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy had the leads in "Ben Hur." Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, Lewis Stone and George Seligmman in "Scaramouche." Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. Buddy Rogers, Olahe, Kansas, Aug. 13, 1904. Vilma (Continued on page 124)
ARE you sincerely anxious to be done with dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair and baldness? Do you really want to grow new hair?

Perhaps you’ve already tried hard to overcome these afflictions. Perhaps you’ve put faith in barbershop “tips,” and used all kinds of salves, massages, tonics, all with the same results... lots of trouble and expense but no relief!

Now, consider what I offer you. And figure out for yourself what a handsome proposition it is. I GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—on the top, front or temples—IN 30 DAYS... or not one red penny of cost to you.

Isn’t that a different story from those you’ve heard before? I don’t say, “try my wonderful remedy—it grows hair!” I say, and I put it in writing, “I GUARANTEE to grow hair... or no cost!”

My Method Is Unique!

Naturally, you say to yourself, “How can anyone make such a guarantee? It’s hard to grow hair. I know, for I’ve tried a lot of things and failed.”

Ah, that’s exactly the reason thousands who formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the day they heard of me. For my treatment is based on science, on years of research. I studied scalps, not how to sell treatments. And I found, as did leading dermatologists, that ordinary surface treatments of the scalp are futile. Baldness begins at the ROOTS. If roots are dead, nothing can grow new hair. But in most cases, roots are only sleeping, waiting for the right treatment to bring them back to healthy, normal life.

I Reach the Roots

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary treatments penetrate to the roots of your hair? How can ordinary tonics or salves remove the real cause of baldness?

My treatment goes below the scalp, right down to the hair roots, awakening them to new action. My treatment works surely and quickly, all the while stimulating the tiny blood vessels around the roots to new life and action. And with just the mere investment of a few minutes a day, thousands get these results from my treatment... or they never pay a cent!

FRONT

Here thinning hair does greatest damage to your appearance. Don’t wait till it’s too late! ACT NOW to forestall baldness!

TOP

Most baldness begins here. Is this YOUR thickest spot? Decide today to get that hair back and MORE!

TEMPLES

Thinning and thinner on each side until they spread and forelock too goes. Dandruff and itchy scalp are common to these cases. Why suffer a lifetime of regret? MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

I Welcome Investigation

Do you want absolute proof of the true causes and proper treatment of baldness? Consult your family physician. Or look up medical reference books.

Do you want positive proof that I can and do apply these accepted scientific principles? I offer you the best proof of all... my personal guarantee, backed up by the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Square Deal Guaranteed!

Others may make rosy but flimsy promises. I could do that too! But I don’t. I couldn’t afford to, for every statement I make is guaranteed by the Merke Institute. This scalp research bureau, established 13 years, is known to thousands from Coast to Coast. It has a reputation to keep up. It wouldn’t dare to back me if I didn’t tell the truth. So when I guarantee to grow hair or no penny of cost, you’re absolutely sure of a square deal.

Why Suffer Years of Regret?

Before you turn this page take a look in the mirror at those thin spots on your head! Think how you’ll look when all your hair is gone! Consider how much prestige and attractiveness you’ll lose. Then decide to act at once! Right now, tear out the coupon shown below and mail it in for the FREE booklet giving my complete story. In it you’ll find, not mere theories, but scientific FACTS, and the details of my “hair grows or no pay” offer. My treatment can be used in any home where there is electricity. Send the coupon NOW! And by return mail the booklet is yours without the slightest obligation. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 562, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MAIL IT TODAY!

Aided Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 562, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.


Name:______________________________

Address:____________________________

City:________________State:___________

(My age is__________.)

123
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 122)

Banky, Budapest, Hungary, Jan. 9, 1902. Ramon Novarro played the part of Rupert of Hentzaun in The Prisoner of Zenda." His latest is "The Pagani." Send me a self-addressed envelope for a complete list of Ramon’s pictures.

VICK AND MIL.—Glad to hear from you. Mary Philbin was born in Chicago, Ill., on July 16, 1904. She is five feet two, weighs 100 pounds, and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. June Collyer is twenty years old. Real name Dorothea Heerman, she entered pictures in 1927. She is playing in "Red Wine," write her at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Dolores Costello is playing in "The Madonna of Avenue A," Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

JUST CURIOUS.—Don’t be like that. Bclanova was born in Moscow, Russia. She was educated in the Moscow Institute. She had ten years of brilliant success on the legitimate stage before she made her screen debut. Her latest picture is "Wool of Wall Street." Your letter will reach her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Neil Hamilton was born Sept. 9, 1899. Bebe Daniels is playing in "What A Night," Neil Hamilton plays opposite her. George Bancroft was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 30, 1882.

CURIOS KATHLEEN.—Donald Keith was the chap who played the violin in "The Way of All Flesh." Jobyna Ralston was Sylvia in "Wings. You know she’s the wife of Richard Arlen. Richard served in the Royal Flying Corps in the war. His first Paramount picture was "In the Name of Love." Jack Mulhall and Eugene O’Brien are not related. Richard Arlen is playing in "The Four Feathers." Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.


INQUISITIVE.—Alice White is not married. Her latest picture is "Naughty Baby," write her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Don Alvarado was born Nov. 4, 1904; he is five feet eleven, weighs 160 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Real name is Joe Page. sorry he’s married. Gilbert Roland is twenty-five years old. Write him at the United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

LORITA.—William Bakewell is playing in Douglas Fairbanks’ next picture, "The Iron Mask," your letter will reach him, care of the United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Yes, I can supply you with a photo of either Barbara La Marr or Al Jolson, these are sold for twenty-five cents each. Write me direct.


CLAIRE.—Would suggest you write direct to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., in regard to the "stills" of Bebe Daniels. Bebe has had interviews in the following magazines: April, 1922; Feb., 1926; May and Oct., 1926. Motion Picture. Does a fish know anything about love? You bet, Pikes Peak, you know. Daniel Haynes and Honey Brown have the leads in King Vidor’s color picture, "Hallelujah." (Continued on page 120)
Elidor Glyn, famous author of “Three Weeks” has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. “The Philosophy of Love” is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

**The Most Daring Book Ever Written!**

**ELIDOR GLYN**

“The Oracle of Love”

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get? If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the man, the woman, or the “other woman”?

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate? Should a bride tell her husband what she has read in another man’s book—or will you marry end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

I F you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman’s heart or holding a man’s affections—you don’t need “The Philosophy of Love.” But if you are in doubt—if you don’t know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can’t afford to take chances with your happiness.

**What Do YOU Know About Love?**

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become cruel and unfaithful to them? Can you turn men away from other women? Do you know how to handle a woman’s affection? What do you do to hold a woman’s love?

—a man who turns men against you.

—for a penniless woman.

—to keep a husband healthy and happy.

—if you wish to make your husband love you.

—if you love a man who is always lavish, regardless of age.

—if you wish to make love keep your young.

—if all men are either dull or devilish.

—if you desire to increase your desirability in a man’s eyes.

—if you wish to tell someone else how to love you.

—if you wish to make a man more humble or more dignified.

—if you wish to make people do the things you want them to.

-headstrong man, or are you the victim of men’s whims? Do you know how to retain a man’s affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you young and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a “wall flower” or “old maid”? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do “wonderful lovers” often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to marry a perpetual honeymoon?

“In ‘The Philosophy of Love,’”—Elidor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she explains fully. We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacrilegiously that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read “The Philosophy of Love”;

For, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: “I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl; it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering.”

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn “The Philosophy of Love.” Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

**What Every Man and Woman Should Know**

—how to win the man you love;

—how to win the girl you love;

—how to hold your husband’s love;

—how to make people smile at you;

—how to make them love you;

—how to get them to despair;

—how to hold a woman’s affection;

—how to keep a husband happy;

—how to keep a woman’s love;

—why some women don’t know how to love;

—how to get them to love you;

—how to get them against you;

—how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon;

—how to get a “fancy year” of married life.

**SEND NO MONEY**

YOU need not advance a single penny for “The Philosophy of Love.” Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the book is returned, it delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart’s content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elidor Glyn’s stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. “The Philosophy of Love” is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Franklin Publishing Co., 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois, before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

**WARNING!**

The publishers do not care to send “The Philosophy of Love” to anyone under eighteen years of age. So unless, you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

**Franklin Publishing Co.**

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Please send me on approval Elidor Glyn’s masterpiece, “The Philosophy of Love.” When the pos
delivers the book to your door, I will pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage; it is under
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**IMPORTANT:** If you reside outside the U. S. A., send $2.12 cash with order. Bargain Book Catalogue Free with each order.
ADVICE to the Love-Life-Lorn

Since the beginning of the Love-Life Story Series in Motion Picture we have received innumerable protests from readers about the difficulties of obtaining copies of the magazine.

It seems the newsdealer is sold out almost before he has time to get behind his counter on the morning of the 28th of the month.

Motion Picture has been petitioned, indeed, to have Congress enact a law forbidding the beginning of sales of the magazine before 6 o'clock in the morning, so that the average alert reader can have a fighting chance to get a copy.

This Motion Picture has been loath to do. The granting of its request, of course, would come quite as a matter of form. But it feels that the responsibility rests with the reader rather than with the dealer. The merchant of magazines has to observe the policy of first come, first served. He cannot discriminate.

But he can do this: he can reserve a copy for you. And he will. Tell him before the 28th that you want a Motion Picture held for you on the 28th. And he'll have it. And you'll have it.

It's the one way to insure your getting the next—the March—issue, in which there's another sensational Love-Life Story and a host of other features of equal interest.

Motion Picture
It's the Magazine of Authority

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 124)

ANNE WHITE.—How's Baltimore these days? Billie Dove was born in New York City, May 14, 1903. She is five feet five, weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. She is married to Irvin Willat, the director. Write Billie at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada; her real name is Gladys Smith. Marion Davies, New York City, Jan. 3, 1900. She is five feet five, weighs 120 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes.

SANDY.—Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque are not related, although they resemble one another. Adrienne Le Courteur is the girl's name in the picture, "Dream of Love." the title was changed to the latter. Joan Crawford and Nils Asther have the leads in this picture. Bessie Love is playing in "Broadway Melody." Esther Ralston, "The Case of Lena Smith," Anita Page, "Broadway Melody," Anna was born in Long Island, she is eighteen years old, five feet two, weighs 118 pounds, has blue-gray eyes, and blonde hair. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

DOUGLAS SHIGEO.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City; he is about twenty-two years old, five feet ten, weighs 145 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. No man is ever too busy to hear you tell him what a wonder he is. "Lights of New York" was the first Warner all-talkie, and their latest one is "On Trial." Pauline Frederick has the lead.

A DOVE AND DIX FAN.—Thanks for the compliment about Motion Picture. Billie Dove was born in New York City, May 14, 1903, five feet five, weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes, is married to Irving Willat, the director. Send me 25¢ for her photo. Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894, is six feet tall. Marion Davies, Jan. 3, 1900, she is five feet five, Joan Crawford, March 23, 1906, five feet four, Sue Carol, Oct. 30, 1907, five feet five. Jean Arthur plays opposite Emil Jannings in "Sins of the Fathers."


BUDGAR.—Renee Adoree is married to William Sherman Gill. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, his mother is French and his father is Argentine, his real name is Alfredo de Bireh; he came to New York a little over four years ago, left for Hollywood, where he started out as an "extra." Irving Cummings saw him on the Fox lot and gave him a special screen test. He first won the public's attention as the "Mother's Boy" in "What Price Glory."

BUTTERFLY.—Hedene Chadwick was Joan. Antonio Moreno was Cleo, Gibson Gowland was Golden, Rockcliffe Fellows, Kelly, in "The Border Legion." Yes "Butterfly" was filmed, and Laura La Plante, Ruth Clifford, Kenneth Harlan and Norman Kerry had the leads. This was filmed in August, 1924.

JUST RENA.—You refer to Conrad Nagel, who played in "Three Weeks." (Continued on page 125)
This Singular Book Wields a Strange Power Over Its Readers

Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!

Will You Read It 5 Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book!—read a few pages—and then sent for a copy!

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then ordered copies for themselves!

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality instantly! It explains how to gain overnight the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—instantaneously!

Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Scientists were astonished! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into entirely new beings!

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury's fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay $15 to $50 each for instruction books. But now through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price within the reach of all! And furthermore, Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

Strange Effect on Readers

Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play upon people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, bright, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—melodious as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

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What priceless benefits! So profound! So far-reaching! Is it any wonder that thousands of men and women say that they are overjoyed with the results they have received? One enthusiastic said of this volume, "I have read this book, and it was as if the Author had read it, too!" Another wrote, "Certainly wonderful! Like walking up a stairway to a higher life." Another said, "I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for $100,000!"

In your everyday life—in social life—and especially in business, you will find what these people say to be true. You will find this book of immense value. You will quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract new friends—to gain the speedy promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed that most wonderful of all qualities—A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!

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All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my name. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only $3.00 in full payment, or return it without cost or obligation.

Name

Address

City State
She Thinks Too Much
Such Women Are Dangerous . . . .

No doubt had Shakespeare been born into this, the Hollywood era, he would have amended his lines to read:

"You Pringle hath Aileen and hungry look;
She thinks too much. Such women are dangerous."

For Aileen Pringle does think too much—far too much for the ease of mind of most men; and certainly quite as far too much for the ease of heart of most women.

She is one of the distinctive figures on the screen today and, as well, one of the distinctive figures among the women of America.

An actress of ability. A beauty. A wit. A strategist in affairs of the heart.

Chosen by Elinor Glyn to portray the unquenchable queen in "Three Weeks." Sought out by many of America's foremost literary lights: Mencken, Hergesheimer and other verbal heavyweights.

To say she is remarkable is saying only part of it.

Likewise to say that of the article she has contributed in the next, the February, issue of CLASSIC.

The Confessions of Aileen Pringle by Gladys Hall

And they're confessions, the facts she lets be known in this story. What Miss Pringle says is the truth. How and why she happened to become an actress. How and why she got married. And why she will not re-marry. And why she will not, for all their lives lie apart, consider divorce from her husband. A few instances of her tactics in love. An estimate of herself—and not an insincere estimate.

Don't miss this article. Find out some of the things that go on and that have been going on in the mind of the stately and brilliant person whom other women regard as the most dangerous of their number in Hollywood.

The February Classic will appear January 10 on every newsstand. Be there yourself—and early—to get your copy of next month's

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
It's the Magazine With the Personality

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 126)

Janet Gaynor is five feet tall. Janet is not engaged to Charles Farrell. Write them both at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Oliver Borden and George O'Brien are not engaged. Write George O'Brien also at the Fox Studios.

WANTA NO.—The six aviators that played in "Lilac Time" were: Dick Grace, Stuart Knox, Harlan Hilton, Richard Jarvis, Jack Ponder, and Dan Dowling. You refer to Kathryn McGuire, who was Iris in this picture. Yes, Cleve Moore who was Major Russell is really Colleen Moore's brother. Buddy Rogers is not engaged. His latest picture is "Someone to Love." You may write to me any time you wish, always glad to hear from you.

DICK.—You refer to Kenneth Thomson who played with Vera Reynolds in "Almost Human." Mary Brian is not married, her real name is Louise Dantzler. She is playing in "Someone to Love," Richard Dix in "Redskin." write to him at the Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. He will be glad to hear from you.

MISS EMILY AYERS.—In regard to "The Patsy," I would suggest you write the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Milton Sills's picture "Stranded in Paradise" was changed to "His Captive Woman." Renee Adoree will oppose Ramon Novarro in "The Pagan."

PATCE.—You can write Shirley Mason at Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., where she is playing in "Runaway Girls." Madge Bellamy is not married; her latest picture is "Exiles," Don Terry is her leading man. Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny, her latest picture is "Adoration." Your letter will reach her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

DI.—The man who says, "I run things in my house," usually refers to the lawn mower, washing machine, vacuum sweeper, baby carriage, or the errand. I believe you refer to Francis MacDonald, who played in "The Name of the Condemned." Buddy Rogers is playing in "Someone to Love." Nils Asther was born Jan. 17, 1901, not married, playing in "The Wolf Song," Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. You refer to Leila Hyams, who plays in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."


B. D.—Barry Norton hails from Buenos Aires. He is five feet eleven, weighs 145 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Real name Aldredo de Biraben. His latest picture is "Sins of the Father." Send your letter to the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Nils Asther was the son, in "Sorrell and Son." Write him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. He is playing in "Dream of Love." Most of the players have secretaries.
At Last!
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Tales from THE GREAT DECAMERON...

YOU'LL never know life until you've
read this greatest of all forbidden
books! You'll never know how utterly
stark and vivid a picture of human passions
can be painted in words until you've feasted
on the most fascinating tales from the greatest
of all true-to-life books—
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very eyes is unfolded the
glittering pageantry of a
golden age now vanished—
an age when passion, intrigue
and high-riding romance held
full sway. Past you, in a
breath-taking parade, sweep
some of the most beautiful,
yet unprincipled, women of
time—women whose in-
tense fascination fired men's
blood and even altered the
fates of empires... Here
you will find tales of scarlet
days, when a robust world
drank of life and love to its
very dregs!

Few writers have ever
dared to write so intimately
of the frailties to which the
flesh is heir. But the flam-
ing pen of Giovanni Boccaccio
knew no restraint. Sophisticated and fearless to the
ultimate degree, his stories are not only
brilliant fiction of the most gripping variety—but also the most illuminating record of
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Hardly a detail of these stirring times es-
caped his ever-watchful eye—and what he
saw, he wrote, without hesitation nor fear!

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Perhaps no other book ever written has
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storm center of fierce con-
troversy and even perpe-
cution. Critics and the
haute-monde have ac-
claimed it with unstinted
praise for its sparkling vivi-
dness and subject matter—
while prudish zealots and
tyrannical reformers, aghast
at the utter frankness with
which Boccaccio exposed
human life and love in the
raw, resorted to every pos-
sible means to keep this mas-
terpiece from general cir-
ulation. At one time they
actually went so far as to
gather all the available copies
and have them publicly
burned!

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Actually filmed and recorded on location, *In Old Arizona* represents a distinct forward step in the art of the talking picture. For the first time, William Fox brings to the screen not only the realistic settings but also the natural sounds of the great outdoors! The voices you hear are voices as they really sound out in the open! Until you've seen and heard *In Old Arizona* you can't appreciate to what heights the technique of the talking motion picture has been advanced by Fox Movietone! Keep abreast of developments in this newest field of expression—make up your mind to see *In Old Arizona* when it comes to your favorite local theater.

Every part is a speaking part—featured in the leading roles are two brilliant screen stars and a fascinating stage favorite—Edmund Lowe as Sgt. Dunn, the heartbreaking cavalryman; Warner Baxter as the Cisco Kid, outlawed Don Juan of the desert; and, in her first screen appearance, Dorothy Burgess as Tonia, the fiery, fickle, light-o-love who pays the price of infidelity in one of the most startling denouements ever filmed! In the supporting roles are nearly a score of well-known players of the stage and screen. With such a cast under the masterful direction of Raoul Walsh and Irving Cummings it is no wonder audiences everywhere have acclaimed *In Old Arizona* as one of the great pictures of the year!
Back-Stage Secrets

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Appearing several times daily on the theatrical stage takes the skin to the utmost. The make-up meant for footlights is not the gently compounded range of tints used in the boudoir. Between acts make-up must be removed... in the most protective, delicate manner possible. And, in my case, quickly—because my numerous interests leave little spare time. In fact, my forty-odd years on the stage have taught me split-second efficiency in caring for my body.

You can follow my program at a cost of—

Ten minutes and —a day!

Less than 8c

With the cosmetics I use you need only devote ten minutes a day to your own hair, skin, teeth and hands. The methods I recommend to you have preserved the petal-like fineness of my skin. In my sixties I appear to be a girl of twenty. European scientists each year ask that I submit to physical tests during my summer vacation abroad. My reactions are those of a young girl.

But it never has been my ambition to figure as a beauty culturist. Prolonging beauty is a pleasure to me—and a necessity, because my fame and fortune were won by beauty and upon it my career depends.

My Personal Invitation

So that you may try my program I have prepared a Beauty Set of the most important cosmetics I use daily. In addition I have added samples of Wave and Sheen, my hair dressing, and White Youth Clay. The Art Panel box is a happy achievement. You will be glad to have it for your dressing table or traveling case. Full sizes of the 7 beauty aids you will receive in this box would cost over $4. Send the coupon today with 50c to partially cover cost. I will include a free Certificate for a 50-cent tube of Quindent, the milk of magnesia toothpaste. So the cosmetics really cost you nothing.

Clip Here—And Mail Today

Gorgeously Colored Art Panel Box of Seven Beauty Aids

I urge you to mail this special offer coupon at once to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago—enclosing 50c (stamps accepted) for enough of my seven beauty aids to prove their value to you. Also Free Certificate good for 50c tube of Quindent toothpaste.

NAME...........................................
STREET...........................................
CITY...........................................
STATE...........................................

This is the Beauty Set — 1/4 actual size
Washing the Face...Your most important beauty treatment

OLIVE OIL, in this facial soap, removes dirt and make-up an utterly different way. And this, beauty specialists agree, is the most important step in combating sallow, oily skin and blemishes.

Many of the dangers that threaten complexion beauty today come through abuse of naturally lovely skin. Rouge, powder, face creams, added to create beauty, remain to destroy it. How? By clogging the pores! By imprisoning dirt, dust and oil secretions that must be removed thoroughly every single day, to retain the fresh color and firm, smooth texture of a youthful skin. Many of the women who think "this cannot apply to me" are even now abusing their complexions, inviting skin troubles dermatologists will have to correct tomorrow.

The effect of olive oil on the skin

Modern beauty science has an answer to this problem! Wash the face thoroughly, twice every day, with this olive oil soap treatment! The facial oil in this remarkable soap softens and gently eliminates tiny masses which form in the pores, thus banishing blackheads and similar irregularities. Olive oil softens tender skin, keeping it supple, smooth, delicate to touch. The rich, balmy lather penetrates every pore, stimulating a wealth of hidden color, bringing out radiant freshness.

Start this treatment now

To discover your own possibilities of beauty, begin this very day to follow a treatment thousands of women find most effective. These two short rules are an unfailing way to enduring loveliness:

At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil, secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.
Motion Picture

MARCH

25 Cents

Hoover On Censorship

Jaime Del Rio
-Innocent
Bystander

Lina Basquette

Virginia Bradford's
Love-Life
Do this Every Night
To safeguard skin from dirt and make-up

Unless the pores are thoroughly cleansed every day
in this way, blackheads, pimples, sallowness result

How olive oil, in this facial
soap, goes beneath the surface
to reveal natural beauty

**Olive oil and your skin**

is what olive oil does, when you follow the
as Palmolive treatment given below: it soothes
and stimulates, it cleans as it beautifies. Gently, the
oil softens those tiny, stubbornly hard masses
who form in your pores. Gradually, they are freed
and the skin is able to "breathe" once more. Lovely,
softness rushes to the surface. Blotches, sallowness disappear. You touch your face and it
breathes with its cool softness. You look at it and
feel delighted with its fresh loveliness!

Millions use Palmolive for the bath as well, because
it is inexpensive. To discover your own
abilities of beauty, you should begin
treatments tonight!

**At night**—Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and
warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat,
massaging gently in an upward and outward motion,
to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm
water, gradually to cold until you actually feel all
impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then
dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

**In the morning**—Repeat this treatment and add a touch
of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder.
That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed
twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful.
At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty for-
ula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-

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—over WEAf and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

Price 10c
Now you can hear the pulse-beat of the world 4 times every week

NOW Fox Movietone News, pioneer talking newsreel, brings you the sights and sounds of the entire world in four separate and complete issues weekly.

If it isn’t Fox, it isn’t MOVIE TONE NEWS!

If it isn’t Fox, it isn’t the talking newsreel whose amazing record of achievements includes bringing to America the royal voices of King George of England and King Alfonso of Spain.

If it isn’t Fox, it isn’t the talking newsreel with efficient newsreel crews gathering the latest and most important news events of North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

Look for the name, FOX, and you’re sure to see and hear MOVIE TONE NEWS!

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!

MOVIE TONE NEWS 4 Issues Every Week
Only Paramount can surpass Paramount

Just as millions of motion picture fans know that Paramount was responsible for the great advances made in the "silent" drama, so do they now know that in the new field of talking pictures only Paramount can surpass Paramount! Following "Interference," the first QUALITY All-Talking Picture, came even greater Paramount Talking Pictures such as "The Doctor's Secret", "The Wolf of Wall Street." Now another great all-talking picture places Paramount supremacy farther beyond reach than ever!

Jeanne Eagels in "The Letter"


"The Letter" is also presented in a "silent" version so if the theatre you patronize is not equipped for sound, you can still enjoy this great Paramount Picture. Silent or with Sound "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.
Features in This Issue

Cover Portrait of Lina Basquette by Marland Stone, especially created by Russell Ball

Mr. Hoover Censures Censorship
His Past Views and Present Conduct Show Him in Favor of the Freedom of the Screen

Jaime Del Rio: Innocent Bystander
He Died Not of what the Doctors Said

Home, Swede Home
The Back-Stepping of Henry Hollywood Gifts Niki Aster Acute Nostalgia

Don't Give It All to Broadway
Let the Present Screen Players Have Some of the Opportunity in the Tabloids

Jane Comes Clean
Miss Winston Reveals Not Only Where She Came From but Where She Wants to Go

Plugging for Fatty
Everybody Who's Anybody in Pictures Has Helped Rescue Arbuckle Put the Plantation on the Map

The Love-Life Story of Virginia Bradford
At Twenty-three She Feels She Has Had All the Experience a Woman Can Have

Her Regrets to Royalty
Among Other Things, Lili Damita Might Have Been Crown Princess of Germany

Duty Unadorned
Trapped, Estelle Taylor is Forced to Name Her Favorite Animal Cracker

Hollywood Wetiquette
The Importance of Being Mammied; How to Treat Guests, Invited and Otherwise

For Crying Out Loud
How the Grim Weepers of the Screen Keep Emotionally Fit

Those Marytal Reports
The Little Girl Who Played Wendy Is Growing Up, And Wist

Your Neighbor Says
Miss Ruth Kane Has Rung Doorbells in Hollywood, and She Reveals What's Behind the Portals

Modernized Menaces
To Be Seated in a Submarine is Too Old-Fashioned for Gladys McConnell

A Little Lauder—And Funnier
Off the Screen, Eddie Quillan Displays About as Much Humor as a Scotch Joke

Shopping With Lilyan Tashman
Second of a Series: Revealing This Time the Practical Secrets of a Star's Dinner Party

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, Western Editor

Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
FIFTEEN-DOLLAR LETTER
Well-Deserved Praise

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA—I often wonder if many people ever realize the number of valuable things they owe to motion pictures. I have an academic education, and have no desire to cast any aspersions on our excellent colleges and universities, yet I have received a more liberal and varied education from motion pictures than I ever acquired in a classroom.

Never having been able to shake off the shackles of a circumspect and circumscribed existence in a hidebound and provincial Mid-Western state, yet have I been permitted to visit the four corners of the earth, through the movies. Plays of the first class and stars of the first magnitude seldom make this city, yet have I seen the most superb drama and supreme portrayal of character, in the movies. I have seen the soul-searing passion of "Flesh and the Devil"; the magnificence of sacrifice for one's country in "The Big Parade" and "Wings"; the wonder of brotherly love that transcends even death in "Beau Geste"; the exquisite and pathetic revelation of the mad king car, Paul, in "The Patriot"; I have felt the full significance of true love as shown in "Seventh Heaven"—and I have heard Al Jolson's inimitable voice in "The Singing Fool"—what higher transcriptions of human emotions are there on which to feed my soul?

There are those who derive a particular pleasure from destructive criticism. I do not. I am too grateful for the beauty I have witnessed and the satisfaction that remains with me for cynical comments and scathing remarks. Better movies will be made; are in process of evolution even now. But only a cad would sneer at the tone of one's "Whoo," when he is striving to harness Pegasus.

Opal L. Paap.

TEN-DOLLAR LETTER
The Movies Help in Many Ways

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—I think you should receive a little well-earned praise for your splendid magazine. It is difficult for me to express in words just what it has meant to me.

I am a sort of semi-invalid, and much of my time is spent in bed, here in a gloomy little room with no sunshine, no beauty, no flowers to cheer long, painful days, so here your magazine comes like a veritable Fairy book filled with beauty, happiness, success, a book of dreams-true-to-me, I devour it, I say of some actress. "She is the one that once I meant to be." Once I dreamed of having a youth like that, filled with dancing, playing, sunshine; I am still young, though sometimes the heart grows weary, as I read deeper about her life I learn that years of discouragement preceded her attainment, then hope whispers to me to keep faith that some day, I, too, shall find my bluebird of happiness and health. From my tiny window I glimpse a patch of blue, I smile . . . yes, "She is the one that still I mean to be." Dreams do come true! Thanks for showing us, reminding us . . .

Christie Lund.

FIVE-DOLLAR LETTER
Let's Censor the Audience

SPOKANE, WASH.—People are crying their eyes out, because "CRIME" is being put before their children, in the MOVIES, but why do they allow their children to go to every show, regardless, not knowing what may involve their youth.

Thanks to our movie people, we are provided with pictures that are especially adapted to the entertainment of children, and it seems a shame that something can't be done to regulate them, like having an inspector in each city, to limit the age that is admitted. Because we need the shows of worldliness and crime to bring us face to face with facts, and the realization that we know very little of the world we live in.

It makes me shudder when I realize, we can't have Norma Talmadge forever, and for days after, I saw "Camille," I couldn't believe that I would see her again, the beautiful, inspiring active idea of womanhood that she is. How I love her, and though I appreciate the new stars and their struggle to
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13 Piece Rose Glow Glass Water Set

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Service for 12 People

Down brings this Complete Outfit On
Free Trial

An astounding price-smashing bargain:—
think of it, 173 pieces of china, silver and glassware—a complete service for 12
people. Just $1.00 with coupon below brings the outfit
to your home on 30 days free trial. The 13 piece glass-
ware set is included free—but only if you send at once.

Examine the value, the quality, the beauty of each piece. Then
go to your local dealer and compare prices—yes, even spot cash
prices. See how much you save on this amazing offer. After
30 days trial and use, if you're not delighted with this sensational
bargain send it back at our expense and we'll refund your dollar
plus all transportation charges you paid.

$270 a Month
But if you decide to keep the
outfit start paying only $2.70
a month until you've paid
our special sale price—only $29.95—for the entire outfit with the
13-piece glassware set FREE. Think of it, almost a year to pay.
Where else can you find such a bargain and on such easy terms?

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See the coupon

Hurry—don't delay! Remember the 13-piece glassware set is
free if you order at once. 30 days free trial. Send coupon now while
this special offer lasts.

Straus & Schram, CHICAGO, ILL.
Chester
MILD enough for anybody
What a cigarette meant there

It took a lot of courage, for he was no "ladies' man," and she was the belle of the town.

That awkward, stammering proposal... interrupted...And now...would she never come back? The zero hour, for a fact... the longest minutes of a lifetime.

Like most men, he lived through it, sustained by that little friend in need... his cigarette... the most important cigarette he ever smoked.

What a cigarette means here

It took a lot of courage, likewise, to propose and go through with the idea behind Chesterfield.

It took courage, for it meant less profit per package than is made on most other cigarettes. Into Chesterfield we blended the finest qualities of tobacco ever offered in a cigarette at popular prices—tobacco selected regardless of cost, from all the leaf markets of the world.

And when Chesterfield jumped to big volume and continued steadily to grow... we knew that this cigarette which so surely bespeaks tobacco quality to us had come equally to mean it to you.

[Map of tobacco regions]

Xanthi and Caos and Smyrna and Samos from here come the fragrant, rich Turkish tobaccos for Chesterfield's famous blend.

...and from Virginia and Carolina come the famous "bright" or "yellow" tobaccos from Kentucky the rich mellow Burley which completes this mild yet satisfying blend.

field

.... and yet THEY SATISFY
New York's Newest Hotel

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Adjacent to Every Activity. 600 Bright Studio Rooms, Bath with Hot or Cold Water, Phone, Single Room & Bath $3.00 Double Room & Bath $4.50 Exceptional Restaurant and Luncheonette

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Arrives in America

From Europe comes the most amazing fat reducing preparation ever offered on public. For a year, COSMO has searched for the secret at Toulouse, Berlin, Vienna, and other centers; has watched the French and Old World. Positively reduced the size of dress, diet, exercise, or anything else. Glimpsed agency, offers three pounds in ten days. 


Barcroft, George—playing in The Wolf of Wall St.—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Banks, Vivla—playing in Child's Fifth Avenue—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.


Barrymore, Lionel—recently completed The Man from the Mountains—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Calver City, Cal.


Bancroft, George—playing in The Wolf of Wall St.—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Banks, Vivia—playing in Child's Fifth Avenue—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.


Beery, Wallace—recently completed Long Way—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bellamy, Madge—playing in Fugitives—Fox Studio, 1405 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Helen—playing in Repose—Tiffany Stahl Studio, 4150 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.


Boardman, Eleanor—playing in She Goes to War—United Artists Studio, 1412 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.


Boyd, William—playing in Leatherheads—Pathé Studio, Calver City, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—recently completed Interference—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bronson, Betty—recently completed She Knew Nothing—Ward Bros. Studio, 1350 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.


Brooks, Louise—recently completed The Canary Murder Case—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.


Byron, Walter—playing in Queen Kelly—United Artists Studio, 1202 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Noah—playing in The Four Feathers—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

By MARION MARTONE


Arten, Louis—playing in The Four Feathers—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in Leatherheads—Pathé Studio, Culver City, Cal.


Arthur, Jean—recently completed The Canary Murder Case—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

 Aster, Nils—playing in Wild Orchids—MetroGoldsmy-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Myra—playing in New Year's Eve—Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

In the

Grave of the Week

Red Sow—FBO Studio, 750 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jollyer, June—recently completed Red Wine—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cohn, Ronald—playing in Bulldog Drummond—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—playing in Warly Rider—First National Studio, Burbank, Cal.

Coofer, Gary—playing in The Wolf Song—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.


Dumita, Lili—recently completed The rescue—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.


Dana, Bebe—playing in What a Night—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Darwin, Sam—playing in The Five O'clock Girl—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

Dawson, Doris—playing in Children of the Rain—First National Studio, Burbank, Cal.

Day, Marceline—playing in Jazz Age—FBO Studio, 1405 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.


Denny, Reginald—playing in His Lucky Day—Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal.

Dietz, Richard—recently completed Redskin—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.


Duncan, Mary—playing in Two Different Eyes—Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunn, Josephine—playing in White Fury—Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.


Frazzanks, Douglaas—playing in Jazz Age—FBO Studio, 1405 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in Rio—Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.


Fore, Earle—playing in Fugitives—Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in Blue Sky—Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in The Blue Angel—MetroGoldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.


Graves, Ralph—recently completed Sidehearts—Colombia Pictures Corp., 1401 N. Western St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gray, Lawrence—playing in White Fury—Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in Prisoners—First National Studio, Burbank, Cal.


Hale, Alan—playing in Leatherheads—Pathé Studio, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—recently completed The Case of Leon Wilde—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)
He MARRIED she woman he
Must Doom to Death!

The Law had made her his Captive—
Now Love had made him hers!

He had wanted a Murderess, and found—
a Wife!

She had pursued painted pleasure, and found—the first real Love her fevered young life had known!

Shipswrecked—half-crazed, alone in the starlit, reckless intimacy of a tropic paradise, a whole lifetime of love is theirs for the taking on this desert island far beyond the law... But—

THEIR DELIVERANCE WILL BE HER DOOM!

When a resuming sail rises over the horizon, will his stern duty defeat their love?—Will he light the beacon fire that will signal the cask of happiness?

You must see "His Captive Woman" to find out the astounding climax. You'd never GUESS it in a thousand years!

Now You Can HEAR First National's Famous Stars TALK via VITAPHONE

See and Hear the Famous Stars of "The Barker"—Broadway's $2.00 sensation—
MILTON SILLS and DOROTHY MACKAILL
Together again in HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN
"His Captive Woman" Production
A GEORGE FITZMAURICE Production
Scenario by CAREY WILSON

First National VITAPHONE

If your theatre is equipped for sound, you will hear "His Captive Woman" in Vitaphone and for the first time in colour. This new invention made famous by "The Barker" now presents the first talking feature. The latest in sound, the latest in story, the latest in colour. "His Captive Woman," directed by John G. Blystone, is one of the most popular and successful pictures of the year.
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enlargements are worth the whole price charged for the color-
ful, vividly-hued, really Amazing Picture and will
be returned to you unharmed.

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A Perfect Looking Nose
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will actually give you a
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the Short Story of the Month Free. Write today.

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An enchanting scented perfume of irresistible charm, containing
the essence of roses and violets. Place a few drops on a handkerchief.
Full size bottle 8" 50c.
C. G. D. Secrets free.

In the Starry Kingdom
(Continued from page 10)

Hamillton, Nell—playing in West A Night—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—playing in Saturday's Child—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jennings, Emil—playing in The Battle of the Alpines—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jolson, Al—recently completed The Singing Fool—Warner Brothers, 525 S. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Kenton, Barbara—recently completed The Saint's Progress—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kenton, Barbara—recently completed The Shaketime—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Kenton, Barbara—recently completed The Spirit of Youth—Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Kraton, Buster—playing in Split Marriage—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lake, Arthur—playing in Campus Kiss—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in The Haunted Lady—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Laff, John—recently completed Angels and Sinners—Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Logan, Jacqueline—recently completed The Faker—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lorraine, Louise—recently completed The Final Reckoning—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Beatrice—recently completed Broadway Mystery—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Love, Edmund—playing in The Tribal's Secret—Fox Studios, 525 S. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Myrna, recently completed Hard Boiled Rose—Warner Bros. Studios, 842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Ludens, Jack—recently completed Sin of the Fishers—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyons, Ben—recently completed Air Legion—FBO Studios, 760 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lytel, Bert—recently completed The Lone Wolf's Daughter—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, Farrell—playing in Strong Boy—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackall, Dorothy—playing in Children of the Night—First National Studios, Cal. Burbank, Cal.
McCoy, Tour—playing in How to Be Good—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
McDonough, J—playing in The Devil's Advocate—First National Studios, Cal. Burbank, Cal.
McCullough, Vilma—playing in The Man froma Boy—FBO Studios, 1407 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
McGrew, Howard—playing in The Three Little Pigs—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Miles, Tom—recently completed The Drifter—FBO Studios, 760 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Morgan, Leo—playing in True Heirs—FBO Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moreo, Antonio—recently completed Adoration—First National Studios, Cal. Burbank, Cal.
Morgan, Charley—playing in New Year's Eve—FOX Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in Children of the Night—First National Studios, Cal. Burbank, Cal.
Murray, James—recently completed The Shadow—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Nagle, Conrad—recently completed Red Wine—FOX Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Nose—playing in West A Night—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nilsson, Anna Q.—recently completed Blockade—FBO Studios, 760 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nixon, Marjorie—playing in The Red Sword—FBO Studios, 760 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nolan, Mary—playing in Third—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in The Pagan—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Here are 19 keys pictured here. To be sure, they all look alike, but, examine them closely. 18 of them are exactly alike but "ONE," and only one is DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHERS. It is the key to OPEN THE PADLOCK on this $3,000.00 FREE "Bag of Gold." See if you can find it.

CLUES

The difference may be in the size, the shape, or even in the notches. So, STUDY EACH KEY CAREFULLY and if you can find the "ONE" KEY that is different from all the others SEND THE NUMBER OF IT TO ME AT ONCE. You may become the winner of a Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash money—without one cent of cost to you. I will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE—5 new six-cylinder 4-door Sedans and the winners can have CASH MONEY INSTEAD of the automobiles if they prefer it. 25 BIG PRIZES TO BE GIVEN FREE—totaling $7,300.00 cash.

Or Win a CHRYSLER "75" Sedan

Choice of this beautiful Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash. We pay all the freight and tax in full on all the prizes and deliver them anywhere in the U. S. A. This is an AMAZING OPPORTUNITY. ACT QUICK, and here is why—$1,000.00 CASH—EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

I will pay $1,000.00 cash money extra JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. Duplicate prizes will be paid in full in case of ties. YOU CAN WIN the Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or—$3,000.00 cash. ANSWER QUICK.

You Cannot Lose

"ONE" key that is different from all the others and RUSH THE NUMBER OF IT and your name and address to me TODAY on a postal card or in a letter. And, just say—"I've found the number . . . . is different from all the others. Please tell me how I can get this magnificent Chrysler '75' Royal Sedan—or—$3,000.00 CASH MONEY without obligation or one penny of cost to me."

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MAIL: Anna Willott, 1933 Grand Ave., Chicago, III. Phone 13626. Wires: "New Age," Chicago, Ill.:

SPEAKING OF REPORTS, RIFLE AND OTHERWISE, THERE'S THAT OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF GARY COOPER AND LUPE VELAS. BUT SO FAR IT SEEMS TO CONCERN ONLY THE ONE FOR THEM TO PLAY TOGETHER IN "THE WOLF'S SONG"!

FRED THOMSON, the popular cowboy star, passed away rather unexpectedly just after Christmas. Thomson had been ill with the influenza for several weeks, and had just been operated on for gallstones but was believed to be doing well. He was forty-two years old, and was the husband of Frances Marion, the scenarist.

Thomson had a very colorful career. He was one of the most noted athletes on the West Coast, an international champion in all-around track and field sports. He had served with distinction in the World War. And was a Presbyterian minister. He entered pictures first as a double for minor athletic stars, and then played opposite Mary Pickford in the "Love Light." Then he started making Western pictures, riding his great white horse, Silver King.

EVELYN TAYLOR has just been signed to play opposite Lon Chaney in a picture to be called "Where East Is East." The Malay Peninsula is the locale of the story. There is a rumor that Chaney may win the girl this time.

WHEN Greta Garbo visited New York recently, she preserved her incognito under the name de plume of Anna Smith, the name she registered under at her hotel. The name they disguise was complete.

FANS who want to hear Jannings had better see the "Sins of the Fathers." There will be no dialogue, but Emil is to sing a song. This may be their only opportunity to hear Jannings if Paramount sticks to its decision to keep him in silent pictures.

CORINNE GRIFFITH has just signed a new contract with First National, and will make some of the most elaborate productions on their year's program. This is owing largely to the very successful vocal tests made by this star for them.

M. T. GILBERT will be the highest paid star on the screen under his new contract for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He is to have a salary of $10,000 a week. Under his contract he will make six pictures, at the rate of two a year, receiving $350,000 for each one.

Mitchell Lewis, former star in outdoor pictures of the Northwest, returns to the screen after a long absence, in the "Bridge of San Luis Rey."

MAGDA BELLAMY's contract with Fox expired recently, and their option on her services was not renewed. Miss Bellamy will probably free lance.

PRODUCTION is being speeded up on the all-talkie version of "Bulldog Drummond," Ronald Colman's next picture for Samuel Goldwyn.

H. B. Warner is to make five talking pictures for Warners during the year. The first one will be "The Gamblers."

FOX is re-editing four Tom Mix Westerns that were made several years ago. They are to be reissued soon. Wish more old pictures would be shown.

Cecil DeMille will rehearse the cast of "Dynamite" until it is letter perfect before he starts on filming it. This is the first time DeMille has directed dialogue rehearsals since he left musical productions for vaudeville some years ago.

Owing to the success of "Blindfolded" and "False Colors," Fox will continue featuring George O'Brien and Lois Moran as leads opposite each other.

M-G-M is going to produce an original musical comedy with sound, starring William Haines. It is still uncast and untitled.

A. L. CROSSLAND is to direct David Lee, who made such a hit in "The Singing Fool," in another picture for Warners to be called "Sonny Boy." Al Jolson will supervise the film career of his little protégé.
Fannie Brice

Steps from the screen to sing and talk to You!

A famous star of the Stage rises to greater stardom and imperishable fame through VITAPHONE! Fannie Brice—in the new Vitaphone production "MY MAN"—She makes you laugh! Makes you cry! Lifts you to soul-stirring emotional climaxes, as she triumphs over lost love and gains the love of millions! See and hear Fannie Brice in—"MY MAN."

Warner Bros. Present this marvelous entertainer in "My Man"

ANOTHER notable achievement of Vitaphone—bringing to the world the marvelous art of Fannie Brice—her subtle humor—her sympathy—her deep understanding of Life, its loves, hopes, tragedies, triumphs. In "MY MAN," the real Fannie Brice steps from the Screen to sing and talk to you. More astonishing, more fascinating—you will say—than the living presence of the artist!

You will hear her sing the songs that have made her the idol of millions—"My Man"—"I'd rather be Blue over You"—"I'm an Indian"—"Second-Hand Rose"—"If you want the Rainbow, You must have the Rain."

See and hear "MY MAN." Then you will know that a glorious new chapter of Progress has been written. You will be utterly amazed at the realism of Vitaphone. You will acknowledge its stupendous accomplishment in bringing to the people everywhere the best entertainment the world can offer.
Thoughts while strolling: Anna May Wong. Just a little gesture from Shanghai.

Joseph Schenck starting out in white knickers from the Roosevelt Hotel at nine a.m.

Billie Dove in a haberdasher's. I can almost imagine her husband in that green tie she is buying.

Just finished my press agent mail from the studios.

A few notes in praise of practically nothing. Wonder how Sid Grauman likes "Spider Boy"?

Lina Basquette waving her arms from a boarding house.

It's only for a picture. Jean Hersholt standing in line to see Jannings' latest masterpiece. One good actor getting a look at another for fifty cents.

Wonder what the husband of a star thinks about?

Somebody tickling Jobyna Ralph. I'm going around.

Somebody being slapped. It's the way of all fresh.

A woman must have invented the talkies.

Maybe Mrs. Willebrandt. The door-man at the Montmartre who remembers everybody's name.

Prop boy imitating the horses for a noisy.

Ah! a bright new popcorn stand on the boulevard.

That's too now. Murderous price-cutting competition will soon commence.

Preferred stock in Gin-High Balls A has hit a new low for the year. Twenty people died last week from poisoning.

Edward Everett Horton—a boy from the stage who made good in the talkies.

There seem to be more legitimate stage actors getting in pictures every day. And more tried and true troupers of the illegitimate drama going out on their respective Annie Fays.

It's more or less of a mystery why Al Jolson has refused to comment on "Mother Knows Best."

As somebody or other once said: "Imitation is the dumbest form of originality."

Hollywood probably has more plastic surgeons than any other town in the world! It has more advertisers who claim to cure facial disorders than it has speakeasies. "From mother röles to ing'ne parts in four operations," is their motto. They guarantee to change your nationality from Greek to Roman in twenty minutes and twelve seconds. "From wall-flower to Swanson or your money back! Why spoil your chance in the talkies because your ears flop? Just because your father buys meat in a delicatessen, why advertise the fact?" For thirty-nine-dollars (special sale) we will give you the best nose, the cutest mouth and the quaintest chin in town.

And Hollywood falls for it. Partly through necessity but mostly because it falls for everything. Many a cute little blonde gal has returned from a "two weeks' rest in Palm Springs" with everything but the size of her feet changed. "For better or for worse" is a phrase that has been applied, now to marriage, then to death and at last to plastic operations. There have actually been cases when they got the nose off and couldn't get it back.

These plastic artists can well be called the history-making profession. They wage war against the sins and blenishments of our forefathers and change the maps of the present generation.

Wilshire Boulevard is dotted with rejuvenation joints. For the price of a suite at the Ambassador the ladies enjoy all the advantages of a rest cure while having their chins hoisted. One place promises to make them look like the nymph on the billboard outside. The artist must have forgotten it was an advertisement—the nymph has flat feet.

Beauty is expensive in Hollywood. And highly cultivated like pampered orchids in a hot-house. I mean really cultivated. Eyebrows pruned for fifty-cents; rouges, I mean roses, planted for a dollar a box; crow's-feet hoed for two bucks; grafting, à la Burbank, from a lemon to a peach; henna spray for that blonde blight. Result: another American beauty.

Short story with moral attached: It all happened on a sound-proof stage. The whole stuff on an M.G.M. talkie was stumped. What was that swishing noise coming over the sound track? Finally Jim Gleeson hit upon the solution that it was two pieces of silk hitting together. Cherches la knob-kneed femme. But there was only one girl in the set and she wasn't wearing stockings. Jim called down from the director's box, high in the air, to little Anita Page asking what she had on. She told him. He told her to take 'em off. Now her mother comes every day.

A visitor to our little city was overheard to comment: "Hollywood is a queer town; its famous citizens are possessed of the most advanced stages of inferiority-complex which they attempt to conceal with money." True or not, it is a quaint observation.

Sign on the Hollywood American Boxing Stadium: "Where the stars see the fights. And after witnessing the slaughter in the main event, they might add: 'Where the fighters see the stars.'"

Pity the poor extra who misses the bus to Culver City. Although the two studio centers are only separated by about ten Rolls-Royce miles, the Culver City bus is the only direct way of getting from one to the other. If he misses it in the morning, he means a taxi cab. And the fare is almost as much as he can make for the day. Street cars would be all right except for two reasons: first, he has to be on time if he wants to work at all. Second, there aren't any direct street cars from Hollywood to Culver City. It has been found by experience that it requires three transfers, three waits and probably a tardy excuse to cover the distance.

Young fellow out at Universal recently invented the popular razzberry horn (memories of the buck private in "What Price Glory") that is now adorning the cars of actors out of jobs, actors looking for jobs and collegians who have flunked their exams,
"What? Learn Music by Mail?" they laughed

"Yes," I cried, "and I'll bet money I can do it!"

It all started one day after lunch. The office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe?" some one called to me.

"Just reading an ad," I replied, "all about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy, the way they tell it about.

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was hard?"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet.

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then?

Finally Fred Lawrence sneered: "Why, it's absurd. The poor fellow really believes he can learn music by mail!"

To this day I don't know what made me come back at him. Perhaps it was because I really was ambitious to learn to play the piano. Anyhow, before I knew it I'd cried, "Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it." But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

Suppose I Was Wrong—

As I walked upstairs to my desk I began to regret my haste. Suppose that music course wasn't what the ad said. Suppose it was too difficult for me. And how did I know I had even the least bit of talent to help me out. If I fell down, the boys in the office would have the laugh on me for life. But just as I was beginning to weaken, my lifelong ambition to play and my real love of music came to the rescue. And I decided to go through with the whole thing.

During the few months, that followed, Fred Lawrence never raised a chance to give me a sly dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the last laugh myself.

My Chance Arrives

Things began coming my way during the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it raised, and we all sat around inside looking at each other. Suddenly some one spied a piano in the corner. "Who can play?" every one began asking. Naturally, Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense, and he got right up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. And some of them got on either side of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano. I could hear a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone; can't you see he's mortified to death?"

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This certainly was a wonderful setting for my little flavor party. Assuming a scared look, I stumbled over to the piano while the crowd tittered. "Play The Varsity Drag," shouted Fred, thinking to embarrass me further.

I began fumbling the keys, and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence . . . I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk. But in a few minutes I heard a fellow jump to his feet and shout, "Believe me, the boy is there. Let's dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was shuffling around having a whale of a time. Nobody would hear of me stopping, least of all the four fellow who were singing in harmony right at my elbow. So I played one peppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhymth" and the crowd stopped dancing and singing to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a topic right under my nose.

"Folks," he said, addressing the crowd again, "I want to apologize publicly to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play by mail?" exclaimed a dozen people. "That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!"

I was only too glad to tell them how I'd always wanted to play but couldn't afford a teacher, and couldn't think of spending years in practice. I described how I had read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how Fred bet me I couldn't learn to play by mail.

"Folks," I continued, "it was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson. It was fun right from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or tiresome exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, classical pieces, and, in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred."

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You, too, can now teach yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown over half a million people how to play their favorite instruments by mail. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special talent. Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And be in mind to matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—averaging just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(below) Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. Use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!
The requirements of Lupe Velez's forthcoming screen story had driven her to tiers—upon her skirt, at least. For the narrative of "Wolf Song" is set in the period before girls, even girls like Lupe, had ankles; when hems, and not vacuum cleaners, swept the floor.
Dorothy Mackaill maintains that sex-appeal doesn't depend upon what you wear or don't wear, but upon what you think. We trust that in "Children of the Ritz" she will put the last word in it in the last word of the title.
The talkies take second place nowadays in Hollywood as an incentive to young women to cultivate their voices. The greatest urge has come with the news that Buddy Rogers is to have the lead in “Close Harmony,” and the girls are rounding into shape to vamp till ready.
It seems almost inconceivable, that so soon after her marriage to John Barrymore it should happen. It's enough to make anyone cynical. But it's actually a fact: Dolores Costello is going to appear in the title rôle of a picture named, by some pessimist, no doubt, "Alimony Annie"
With a star like Lois Moran in it, "True Heaven"—the film she's going to do after "Blindfold"—should be all that the name implies. Miss Moran is unique among the younger players: she has matured a bit and yet held her every whit of freshness
Johnny Mack Brown plays Greta Garbo's husband in "A Woman of Affairs." And although Jack Gilbert's in the picture, and more or less foreordained by box-office rules to win the girl eventually, Johnny seems to think it was a great wife while it lasted.
When you talk about silken tresses in relation to Carmel Myers, it's no mere figure of speech. You just know she wears 'em. The occasion is a job of work as a skilled vampire in "Dream of Love," and she has already rolled down her sleeves.
Norman Kerry is a screen actor who hasn't the idea of making a big, quick killing and then rushing into a hectic retirement. Which no doubt explains why he, where many others have come and gone up in smoke, continues to be very much in the picture.
Camera!

W
ith the passing of Theodore Roberts passed a part of something that seems seldom to grow in the hothouse garden of the screen. Actors call it troup ing. And it means, for one thing, that the performance of a scene is the most important thing in an actor's life. It means that no matter how a man may feel, whether he has a headache or a heart ache or a toothache; no matter whether he's tired from an all-night ride in a stone-cold railroad car; no matter whether he likes the rest of the people in the cast or not—when he steps out before his audience, he must and does give everything he has. The laugh-clown-laugh stuff, if you will. But it's magnificent stuff. And in these days when full-grown men are so dainty-souled that they must be wakened in the morning by their wife's passing a cut orange under their nostrils. When art and temperament and other such self-conscious words are so frequent in the conversation of those who lack both—it makes you feel a little empty to see one of the grant old genius trouper, such as Theodore Roberts was from first to gallant last, no longer with us.

A Beacon to Beginners

The present generation of machine-made players would do well to remember Roberts as his fans always will. His cigar has gone out, but for the boys and girls of today the light of his manliness and his abilities should be cherished as a beacon.

And speaking of Roberts, one cannot but think of the unkindness of those from whom he might have expected so much of the opposite, which befell him when his health failed. Perhaps not because his health failed, but because his earning capacity did.

It is another indication of the hardness of the grain of people one finds so often in Hollywood. One would almost come to believe that the most ordinary of human sympathies and decencies were entirely lacking in this place where success is a thing fought for with brass knuckles and blackjacks. Roberts, the soul of generosity and upstanding, is one example. Jaime Del Rio, come to die alone in a foreign city whose language he could not understand, is another.

Gene and Others Not Genial

While we're on the subject of foreign lands, we can't help commenting upon the recent action of Mr. Gene Tunney, who traveled all the way from Italy to make a speech, not so long ago, to a body of British Marines. Mr. Tunney is not a screen personage, but his case is relevant to that of some who are. And the relation is this: while he was in London, after his defeat of Mr. Heeney, Mr. Tunney expressed an annoyance at the attention of the press toward him. He said he wished nothing printed about him. And the British newspaper men, irritantly enough, took him at his word and used their other and more genial personalities. We wonder if this sudden and unexpected void in publicity was not back of Mr. Tunney's long train journey to England later, to participate in an event which the papers could not quite ignore. At any rate, we wonder what some of our present-day film celebrities, who must scan every comma of a story about them, who swoon at the slightest suspicion of adverse criticism—we wonder how sincere they are in their expressions of apathy toward publicity. Also we wonder what would be the reaction of their press-agents if their employers got what Mr. Tunney did.

That is, in a way we wonder. We really believe that we know about what would happen. We believe that both the stars and their paid satellites would come to know very quickly what is behind the screen of ego they have combined to erect around the vision of celebrity. They would find out, as did Mr. Tunney, that the world seldom has to be urged to forget anybody. The difficulty usually is just the other way around.
FOCK-COATED reformers who seek to get their blue-boned hands on the laws of the nation which govern the motion picture business will not receive any support from Herbert Hoover, the President-elect of the United States.

The next occupant of the White House is exceedingly friendly toward the film industry and will seek to help rather than hamper its expansion.

That was made plain to a writer for Motion Picture Magazine when Mr. Hoover passed through Los Angeles, the capital of cinematland, to board ship for the now historic goodwill tour of South America.

And Mr. Hoover’s belief in the value of the motion picture as a diplomatic and commercial minister of America was strengthened by that trip.

He found that American films are helping to sell American hats and shoes and radios and motor cars to the lands below the Rio Grande as well as to the rest of the world.

He found that American movies are spreading abroad the signs and the spirit of the civilization that is America’s.

Above all, he found that the movies of all lands are helping immeasurably to bring about a better understanding between the peoples of the earth, by bringing to each country an intimate picture of the life and loves and laughter of the others.

Herbert Hoover was a firm believer in the motion picture as a great factor in bringing about international goodwill when, as Secretary of Commerce, he built up the motion picture section of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

That faith in America’s film industry was made even firmer by his trip to South America and will be carried to the Chief Executive’s desk in the White House, across which may some day pass proposals of legislation which would restrict the motion picture business.

There is good reason to suppose that several of the restrictive measures dealing with the motion picture and theater business, which were defeated or side-tracked in the last session of Congress, will be urged upon the new Administration by their long-nosed advocates.

Among these were bills

EDITOR’S NOTE: The author of this, the first story on Herbert Hoover’s attitude toward the films, is peculiarly well equipped to analyze pictures in politics. He was a Washington correspondent for the Philadelphia Public Ledger for several years and was the reporter who gained from President Coolidge his statement attacking a proposed federal film censorship. Mr. Morse is now a publicity director for several of the stars in Hollywood.

The biggest fish in the political Waters of today goes after his prototype in a Western mountain brook. And it may be added that his interest in reels is not confined solely to those piscatory
HERBERT HOOVER BELIEVES—

That "the lowest levels of morals and inspiration in the films are higher than the current stage itself."

That "every picture of North American life shown to the South American peoples should carry those ideals which build for respect and confidence."

That "the industry should be its own censor."

seeking to establish a federal film censorship and to effect the closing of all theaters in the District of Columbia on Sunday; also the Brookhart bill which aimed at a so-called regulation of the entire film industry, by the government.

Mr. Hoover has repeatedly gone on record as opposed to government regulation in industry.

A federal film censorship, which would throttle the picture business as tightly as a noose, will not find favor with him and, despite his Quaker training, it is felt that he will not aid the Sunday closings in Washington, which would serve as an example for the reformer element to point to in seeking Sunday closings throughout the entire country.

HIS STUDY OF THE SCREEN

WHEN such measures come before him, Mr. Hoover will view them more in the light of a business leader than a politician.

And thoroughly to understand Mr. Hoover's attitude of friendliness to the motion picture business, it is best to return for a moment to his old office in the Department of Commerce, where for eight years he proved such a strong supporter of all progressive industry.

The motion picture section of the Department of Commerce, developed under Mr. Hoover's guidance, had become a virtual clearing house of statistics and surveys on what a vital factor the movies were becoming in international trade.

Commercial attaches in the various corners of the world were instructed to study motion pictures as they affected the trade, and were reflected in the opinions, of the various countries where they were stationed.

Reports which centered in Mr. Hoover's office showed that with the spread of American films abroad, American trade in furniture, wearing apparel, and other products grew proportionately. The visual acquaintance with our products, made possible by the movies, had stimulated foreign buying. Particularly was this true in South America and Asia.

(Continued on page 86)
A Flounce of Prevention

Such was the hoop-skirt of the days when men, to keep their proper distance, had to be more than told to do so. It is worn in this instance and charmingly by Evelyn Brent, gowned after the fashion of that most famous of femmes, Camille.
Jaime Del Rio: 
Innocent Bystander

He Died Not of What
The Doctors Said . . .

By DOROTHY DONNELL

In a sanitarium in Berlin a young Spaniard died recently using his last difficult breath to whisper a woman's name.

The doctor's report put the cause of his death in dry medical terms which, translated, mean blood poisoning following a minor operation. But in the Book of the Recording Angel it is written differently: "Jaime Del Rio: died of a broken heart."

It takes time for a heart to break. In Jaime Del Rio's case it took four years, four years of grinding cameras, and purplish lights, four years of struggle to hold the love of his young wife, Dolores; four years when his Castilian pride was trampled under small, high-heeled slippers, dancing their way to fame.

In the beginning she had teased for the chance to come to Hollywood and the movies, as she might have teased for a bright necklace or a new dress for a ball. And he had humored her whim, as he had always humored her since he had married the lovely child of fifteen and made her mistress of the great gloomy stone palace in Mexico City. She was only nineteen now, restless, loving change and excitement. She would soon, he thought, be tired of this new diversion. Then they planned to go to Paris, and live joyously in the Latin Quarter while he wrote plays and she studied voice.

ALWAYS OF HER JAIME

So the Del Rios moved to Hollywood and Dolores painted her small, heart-shaped face and made a picture, flitting about the bare, dingy studio like a child playing a new game. When the picture made a small success and interviewers began to come, Dolores talked in her quaint broken English ceaselessly of her Jaime, of her home and her happy marriage, and again of Jaime —Jaime who was of a great family in Mexico, Jaime who was so good to her, Jaime who wrote such marvelous plays.

She was still—that first year in Hollywood—the Mexican wife, whose husband was the head of the family; it was not until "Resurrection" brought her name into electric lights that Dolores began to mention her career.

Below is Jaime Del Rio, at the left, with his former wife and Edwin Carewe, upon a vacation. At the left, the Del Rios together; and above, Jaime, as he was at the last, alone.

They were together always. In order to be with her every day, and not die of ennui, Jaime Del Rio actually took the job of script clerk on her pictures. One would have to be a Spanish gentleman, with centuries of dignity behind one, to realize just what a sacrifice of pride that meant. Even Hollywood, which has no subtleties or sentiment, spoke of their affection, and sob sisters from the newspapers shed inky tears over "this one happy movie marriage."

But Jaime Del Rio must have known that their happiness was in danger long before his young wife realized it. He had only his love with which to fight Hollywood and the flattery of new friends, the bright lights and praise of critics and the swift (Continued on page 97)
For Renée Adorée, of course, for she is not one to have neglected patting the rabbit’s hind foot. But even more so, to our mind, for the bunny himself—or is it hareself?
Home, Swede Home

The Back-Slapping of Hearty Hollywood Gives Nils Asther Acute Nostalgia

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

"MIGHT one interview the admirable and handsome Nils Asther?" one inquired of the Metro-Goldwyn press gang, just to show that one didn't want to do anything behind its back, clandestinely.

"One might not," came the stinging reply down the telephone. "Absolutely not."

So that it was with a thrilling little hope of hearing some unprintable comments on Hollywood in general, and the studio in particular, that one lifted the receiver again and said: "Drexel 7000. Mr. Asther's apartment, please."

Mr. Asther was just moving from the Ambassador into a furnished house in the quiet hills just above Hollywood Boulevard. Press gang or no press gang, he would be delighted to receive one as soon as he had moved in.

One dropped in at the green-shuttered, cottagey house two afternoons later to find that the press gang's fears for Mr. Asther's tact were greatly exaggerated. The entirely admirable and handsome Nils said nothing that even a child could not hear without blushing. He was deferential toward Hollywood. No doubt the place was all right in its way. It meant terribly well. Its ladies were of a charmingness! Everyone had been extremely kind. Only one thing spoilt the perfect picture.

He'd Rather Be Elsewhere

He didn't feel at home in Hollywood. In fact, to be frank, he didn't like the place. He'd rather be back in Europe. Perhaps he was just being perverse about it; but there it was.

"And when are you planning to return home?" one ventured.

"I don't know. It depends on so much." Yes, he speaks English as well as that; and five other languages, including two of the Scandinavian. "I talk with Mr. Schenck about it and he promise me at least a holiday at home after I finish with Greta Garbo in 'Heat.' Shall I return to Hollywood?" He shrugged his shoulders as if to ask forgiveness for his uncertainty. "I know not. I receive offers from the British International and from Germany. Yes, I would like to take them."

"But would you give up all the dollars that are Hollywood's without a qualm?"

"What are these dollars?" he said, indicating with a wave of the hand the (Continued on page 106)
Don't Give It

Let the Present Screen Players Have Some of the Opportunity in the Talkies

By DOROTHY DONNELL

arriving with contracts in their suit-cases, signed often by the producers, sight unseen. The talkies have overthrown the picture industry. They have brought in new technical methods, new studio equipment, a new type of scenario; and now they are threatening to bring in a new corps of players.

ONE STAR IN THREE THROUGH

VARIETY, in a recent statement, claims that thirty-three per cent of the film favorites are out already or on their way out because they cannot qualify for the new development of the screen. Jesse Lasky has announced that hereafter all of his talking pictures will be made by casts of stage-trained actors. This would exclude many of the players on his own lot, such as Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow, Florence Vidor, Gary Cooper and Fay Wray. Samuel Goldwyn prophesies in these words of doom, "Two years from now fifty per cent of the players now appearing in pictures will be off the screen. The talkies will bring this about. They will sweep away a large proportion of players who would have stayed had the screen remained silent."

FOR more than eighteen years this magazine has been the loyal friend of the screen players. We are proud to claim a share in the making of many great screen careers. Like an indulgent parent we have watched over the stars' first faltering steps to fame, praised their baby efforts, advised them as wisely as we knew how, scolded their faults now and then, affectionately, loved them and been proud of them.

Why, we have seen Mary Pickford and Bebe Daniels and the Talmadge girls and Jack Gilbert and Dick Barthelmess grow up through measles and grammar school and lost front teeth. We have held Dolores Costello on our editorial knees; we knew Gloria Swanson when she was a fat little bathing girl, and Valentino when he was a forlorn extra boy instead of the greatest lover of the world. We were among the first to welcome Pola Negri in our pages; and Vilma Banky and Colman and Novarro and all the other boys and girls from foreign shores.

But now, in behalf of our protégés, the motion picture players, we protest. Our friends are in trouble. Powder and make-up cannot hide the traces of tears on famous cheeks these days; and mascara does not veil the worry in famous eyes. One moment they thought themselves secure, happy in their success, beloved by fans; the next moment they find themselves in danger of losing their livelihood.

Hollywood is filled with new faces. By every trans-continental train the stage players from Broadway are
We protest.

We protest for the sake of the picture business as well as for the sake of our friends, the players. We protest in the name of the ten million movie fans who go to the pictures every day because they love the different personalities of the screen.

Must the talkies drive out the old favorites, the stars who have made the great picture industry out of a catchpenny amusement device? Have the present players in Hollywood no voices?

Paul Bern, a director, says that stage voices are not adapted to the microphone without training. The stage actor has learned to throw his voice so that it will be audible to the farthest seat in the topmost balcony. When he tries to do the same thing in front of the sensitive sound-recording device in a studio, it is ruinous. More than once, already, the delicate mechanism used in making talking pictures has been shivered to bits by the vibrant tones of Broadway players. And if stage voices must be remade for talkie use, why not train the voices of the movie stars instead?

But that is not the only difficulty of using stage actors in the movies. Frank Tuttle, another director, tells of trying out a veteran stage character man for one of the parts. The actor stalked out onto the first set with all the tricks and gestures which had made his reputation on the stage and spoiled the scene. Stage technique is a very different thing from picture technique. The timing, the camera angles, the movements suited for camera reproduction must all be learned from the beginning by a player coming from the theater. The Broadway horde pouring into Hollywood will have to be trained in the ways of screen registration which Hollywood players already know. It has cost millions in time wasted and film ruined to teach them camera requirements. Must this costly training be thrown away?

We protest.

We protest because we believe that a screen personality is more valuable even in sound pictures than a stage voice. Many Broadway favorites have already tried the movies and proved that they have not this screen personality. Eddie Cantor was a flop in "Kid Boots." He did not have a photographic face. With the addition of the voice he is more like the Eddie Cantor that Broadway loves, but our own Lupino Lane, a veteran of a hundred slapstick comedies, is here on the ground waiting this very opportunity. Many of the present movie stars came to the screen from the speaking stage. Most stage stars would have come into the movies long ago if they had screened well enough. Now they are coming willy-nilly. And they are taking parts in pictures which might be filled just as well by our own Hollywood players.

WE protest. We believe that we know the fans who make up the movie audiences. We have been writing a magazine for them for eighteen years. We know that they go to the movies to see the Tom Mixes and the Harold (Continued on page 124)
In and Out

Gossip of the

THE Los Angeles reporters put in a busy week trying to interview Jack Barrymore on the subject of his marriage to Dolores Costello, and Jack put in an equally busy week not being interviewed. Finally the press agent on the United Artists lot came to him on the set and drew him aside. "Honestly, Jack," he said in agitation, "you'll have to tell me something to say to them." Barrymore reflected. "Say to the gentlemen of the press," said he, "that Mr. Barrymore turned his profile to the breeze and remarked, 'Blah.'" And he strolled away.

Ah, There's the Tub

WHICH reminds me of another Barrymore anecdote.

Like many geniuses, Jack is notoriously untidy. His brother Lionel was asked whether he had seen "The Royal Family," based upon the Barrymore clan. "Yes. Very interesting," said Lionel, "quite lifelike. I could recognize most of the characters. But one thing puzzled me. Remember the scene where the woman who is supposed to be Ethel says to the man who is supposed to be Jack, 'Hurry upstairs and get your bath before dinner?' Well, what I don't quite understand is where the author of the play got the idea that Jack ever takes a bath."

Anything but Candy, Though

BUSTER COLLIER and Buster Keaton came out of a movie show the other night and immediately acquired a cohort of worshipful small boys who watched their film idols breathlessly. Buster Keaton stopped under an arc lamp to light a cigarette. "Oh, gee," wailed one boy. "Lookit. He's quit smoking the kind of cigarettes the ad says he smokes."

If it brings anguish to Jack Warner—in the straw hat—to pay Al Jolson one of the largest salaries in filmdom, at least you'll never get him to admit it before a camera.

Separated from Kenneth Harlan—and now Marie Prevost has gone Mormon. But only for the sake of art, in "The Exodus," in which she becomes a member of the Brigham Younger generation.
of Focus

Stars and Studios

Speaking of Pat Replies

"WHAT is your parrot’s name?" we asked Louise Dresser.
"Pat," replied Louise; and then, blushing, "We didn’t know whether it was Patrick or Patricia, you see."

It’s Not Mr. Taylor

At a recent party given in honor of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor there was a dear little old lady of seventy-six, grandmother of the hostess. At the close of the party, as she was saying good-night, she beamed up at Jack. "I’m so sorry," she confessed "but I didn’t catch your name."

Shall We Enjoin the Ladies?

"WHAT she needs," said the wise-cracker, discussing the domestic difficulties of the wife of a handsome leading man, "is not a divorce but an injunction."

Interlocksmiths Laugh at Love

It was a very emotional scene. The lovers were preparing to embrace, the microphones were quivering overhead to catch the beating of their hearts. "Interlock," shouted the director. John Loder took Ruth Chatterton in his arms and held her in a tight embrace. "Just a minute, please," called William de Mille, the director. "We aren’t ready yet." "But," protested John, "I thought you said—" The director grinned. "Interlock doesn’t mean what you think. It’s the signal to the cameramen to synchronize with the recording apparatus."

Do you wonder why Charles Morton—above—breaks out in this violent rash of delight? It’s simply because, after playing opposite Janet Gaynor in “The Four Devils,” he’s just found out that he will again appear in her newest picture, “Christina.”

Even yachting in this country has gone dry. Above, Eddie Nugent and Raquel Torres are taking a trial ride in the new land-cruiser which Jack Young recently built. It has a kitchen and four other compartments.

Dorothy Gulliver doesn’t agree with W. C. Fields’ policy of never giving a sucker an even break. And Sheba, Shetland and two weeks old, appears, between swallows, to be grateful.
All the Gossip of the Great Caeser’s Host

ARTHUR CAESER, Fox scenarist, author of “Napoleon’s Barber,” relates how he went to see George Bernard Shaw in England to get an interview. The famous author regarded him curiously, looked at him from all angles and then pointed to his rose garden. “Would you mind walking around the garden for a little while,” he asked, “just till I get used to your face?”

Maybe They Mean Accent

FROM “The Film Weekly,” a British publication: “I hear,” says Temple Bar, “that the American public is demanding the English accent in talking films. I think the joke lies in what they mean by accent.”

Deformity by Proxy

THE handsome leading man was in a pet. “What’s the matter?” a friend asked. “That wretched director!” fretted the leading man. “He called my double knock-kneed.”

So Does Walter Winchell

CECIL DE MILLE refuses to refer to the talkies as the cinema. It’s the chinema, he says.

Flu, Common

THE recent epidemic of flu in the movie colony has brought in its crop of cracks. Lane Chandler, who essays an occasional flyer in the market, was having his temperature taken. “Your fever is a hundred and two,” said the nurse. Lane opened his eyes wildly. “When it gets to a hundred and three, sell,” he gasped.

Felina

LINA BASQUETTE was introduced to Norma Talmadge several times, and each time Norma acknowledged the...
Stars and Studios

introduction as if she had never seen Lina before. Finally Lina got annoyed. The next time someone said to her “Oh, Lina, I want you to meet Miss Talmadge,” she gazed at Norma blankly. “Oh, how do you do?” she said. “I’ve heard about you. You have a sister Constance, haven’t you?”

Ballymore in a Seal Role

JOHN BARRYMORE was showing someone a scene in his latest photoplay. “This is me and the trained seals,” said he, pointing. “The one nearest is me.”

Not White-Hot

AND speaking of the flu, the First National director of the latest Alice White picture was astonished to see the young man who had just finished a scene with Alice take out a pocket thermometer and take his temperature as soon as the camera had stopped grinding. But it wasn’t what you think. He was only worrying for fear he had the flu.

Scenting Mischief

HOLLYWOOD is grinding its teeth ever since the visit of the soft-spoken perfume salesman who took the stars aside and whispered that he had some remarkable French perfumes which had been—well—er—you know—smuggled in; and he could let them have it very cheaply; a thousand dollars’ worth for only five hundred. Reginald Denny planned to make this a scented Christmas for all his friends, until his valet dropped a bottle of the priceless stuff and a strong odor of barber shop bay-rum filled the room. Rushing to the telephone, Reggie called up the Hollywood police station and told his hard story—without much hope of help until he heard a muffled groan at the other end of the line, “We’ll do all we can to find the fellow for you, Mr. Denny,” said the chief of police feelingly. “He deserves to be punished. We’ll put every

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Jane Comes Clean

Miss Winton Reveals Not Only Where She Came From But Where She Wants To Go

"Jane," said I, "why not confess all. Make a clean—er—bosom of it. You'll feel so much better when your conscience is not haunted day and night by the terrible fear that one day the awful truth will out. The public, your public, has the right to know the worst. I'm sure the loyal fans, the Lions, and the Elks, will forgive. Even love you more for your courage in unburdening your heart of its burning secret. Come, my poor misguided girl, confession is good for the soul. The world is waiting.

"But Reverend—Reverend Davidson, I can't, I can't. There's nothing—truly nothing." And Jane Winton, Hollywood's girl-with-the-green-eyes, laid her almond-white hand on mine. Oh, yes, we fan magazine guys get a break like that every once in a while. You don't think we interview the stars just for money, do you? No, no. Art first, always.

"Now, Jane," I soothed. "Come, come, this is Uncle Geebee speaking. You wouldn't fool your old uncle, would you? Why everyone knows that movie stars have confessions to make. How do you expect the confession-magazines to stay in business? You may as well tell all before Hildy Johnson gets you on the front page."

I saw the terrific struggle which was taking place in the soul of this wonderful woman. Her eyes, shadowed now by their fringe of smoky lashes, were pools of emeralds in a mystic setting of ivory shot through with roses. An under lip which might well cause dynasties to totter, was itself exquisitely tremulous under stress of her emotion.

In dashing away from the office, as we journalists call the office, I had forgotten my reporter's note book, specially designed for gentlemen of the press. And also my pencil and bib. So with the presence of mind peculiar to newspapermen and O. O. McIntyre, I borrowed a pencil from the waiter and held it ready, poised over the tablecloth to dash down the—er—in a manner of speaking—meaty words which should tumble from Jane's adorable lips. I knew she would tell all. And by the way, that reference to the waiter needs an editor's note, as we boys in the profession call an editor's note. You see, Jane and I were in the Montmartre, 6757 Hollywood Boulevard, tearing a herring together. I mean tearing a herring apart together, or together apart, or—oh, anyway, we were having luncheon.

The Woman Prepares to Pay

"I NEVER thought it would come to this," Jane murmured, in a voice like summer zephyrs sighing through Southern palms. "I thought the past was forgotten. Must I suffer always for that one innocent error? Does the world never forget?" She rang—wring—her hands in a frenzy of regret. Then suddenly brushing the diamond tears from the emerald eyes, she made her decision. "Very well, then, you shall have it. Tell the world. I shall count upon the Heart of Humanity. I know the public will hold me blameless."

And then they came. The portentous syllables that were to blazon forth the hidden secret of

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Good-Night Life
In Hollywood

As exemplified by Sue Carol. She put off as long as possible the ordeal of retiring—until the ordeal of not doing so became too much for her. Which proves, of course, the soundness of that thing about bedder late than never.
FATTY
Everybody Who’s Anybody In Pictures Has Helped Roscoe Arbuckle Put The Plantation On The Map

Four months ago Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle crawled into Hollywood, sick and discouraged. There was a hurt-dog expression in the small blue eyes which only seven years before had made all of the eyes of the world crinkle with laughter.

He had his car and one thousand dollars.

Today he is sleek, prosperous and happy. Four months have metamorphosed him from a trouble-haunted failure to a successful cabaret owner.

All because the motion picture colony of which he has been a member since 1909 has put its cooperative shoulder to the task of “Plugging for Fatty.”

Not that he expected it of them. He didn’t expect anything of anybody, this discouraged, heart-worn Fatty. For seven years he had been trying to get away from his trouble. To make enough money to pay the debts incurred by this trouble. To remember that life does offer compensations even to those who get into trouble. (Of course, nobody ever speaks of that seven-year-ago San Francisco incident as anything but “Fatty’s trouble.”)

He’d been on a vaudeville tour; been trying this way and that way to accumulate the one hundred twenty thousand dollars Joe Schenck had loaned him during and after his trouble. But in some towns—oh, it had been a pitiful seven years for Fatty.

A real estate agent came to see him.

“You are going to open the Plantation,” he stated.

Arbuckle smiled. The smile of a man to whom life has become merely a matter of vacuous smiling.

CAME THE PAWN.

“BUT I mean it. You’ll need three thousand dollars.”

Three thousand dollars! He had one; he pawned his car for the missing two thousand.

And right here—from the very day he grabbed at the only life-saver which anyone offered—the motion picture people burst into the picture. Word went around, as word does go around when anyone in Hollywood side-steps in any (Continued on page 90)
Good Queen Belle

It's beginning to look hopeless, trying to get Belle Bennett to cheer up. Here Mr. Fairbanks has gone and made her the queen in "The Iron Mask." And after all the poverty and heartbreak in "Mother Machree," you'd think she'd smile just once for the gentleman. But she won't. We declare, we just don't know what to do. She's going from sad to worse.
The Love-

At Twenty-Three She Feels She Has Had All the Experience a Woman Can Have

EVERY woman has a love-life. It is as much a part of her soul-education as the three R's are a part of her mental preparation and I don't see why it shouldn't be discussed just as frankly. If the experiences of the screen people can help other women to understand and analyze their heart-joys and their heart-sorrows, help them to diagnose the men who cross their educational and mental horizons, I believe it is their duty to do it.

I wish this love-life of mine would prove so startling that producers would realize I have a soul and give me roles to portray women with depth and fire and courage. I am an ingenue on the screen. My baby face, my seeming innocence, appear to pigeonhole me as a type. Yet my experiences in life, my heart experiences, should, I believe, enable me to play any type of woman.

Men! Every man who comes into the heart of a woman answers some direct need in that woman. They are the stepping-stones upon which she metamorphoses from girlhood to adolescence; from adolescence to the first bloom of womanhood; from early womanhood to sophistication. And every woman who really lives must take all of those steps, with their inevitable joys, their inevitable sufferings, if she is to be a well-rounded, wide-awake, capable person.

THE MAN IN MEMPHIS

I WAS engaged at sixteen. My first lover, a middle-aged Irish lawyer-politician, was the answer to a young girl who had nothing to do but get married. In Memphis that's all there is for a girl unless she wishes to take some maudlin, unimaginative, from-early-morn-until-late-at-night position. How many girls there are in this country who marry because a man seems to be the only protection which life offers!

I had been engaged only a short time in Memphis when I began to feel strangled. It seemed as though a vise com-
Life Story
of
Virginia Bradford

As told by Virginia Bradford
TO RUTH BIERY

MY AGE OF INNOCENCE

WHEN I arrived, I was so innocent that I didn't know that cabaret audiences ever included nice people; I hadn't even been to a theater since I was a small youngster. I was insatiably curious; almost incurably romantic. I thought all men, outside of Memphis, were Sir Galahads or Sir Walter Raleighs; all women, Jane Addamses or Florence Nightingales. Since this is a love-life rather than a life-story, I skip over the professional disillusionments—the women who helped or betrayed me—and take up only the men who influenced me. After all, it is the men who are really the turning points for a woman.

James Cruze gave me a test. Alice Day and I both took our first test the same morning. I went into Mr. Cruze's office to ask him how it developed.

"Lovely," he answered.
"Then I get the part?"
"No." And there were tears in his eyes when he explained that many things entered into securing a part besides the success of the test you have taken. He was so kind, so helpful, so encouraging.

"Don't worry!" he told me. "You have something. You will succeed." He went out of his office with me, slipped his arm around me, asked me if I needed to borrow money.

MISLED BY KINDNESS

I WORKED as an extra on that picture. He used to watch me. He was the first person in Hollywood to be really kind to me. I—well, I fell in love with him. There was no reason for it. He never asked me to go anywhere, never paid any definite attention to me except watch me and watch me. He had just been kind, and kindness to me at that time meant I must love the person who gave it. Then I learned he was getting a divorce from Margaret Snow. I thought maybe that meant— I wrote to my Memphis man and told him I loved someone else and asked him to release me. He did—and I discovered that James Cruze was to marry Betty Compson.

For the first time in my life my heart was really broken. If it hadn't been Jimmy Cruze, it would have been somebody else. Anyone who was kind and different and understanding. I know that now, but I did not know it then.

My work was going badly; I was in a black mood. I thought that perhaps death was the only sensible solution. Then I met a man on a set who looked enough like Jimmy Cruze to be his own brother. He drove me home one evening. In two weeks we were engaged.

How foolish! How youthful! How typical of an untutored, romantic woman! He looked like the man I

(Continued on page 100)
There is historical basis for Kipling’s claim that the female of the species is more deadly than the male; at least, there is if, in the days Pauline Starke—as a daughter of the vikings—recalls, daughters of the vikings were as charming as Pauline Starke.
Apparently, the girls of today are not the only ones on the record who were quite able to look out for themselves. For, from Pauline's technique with the dagger, it would seem that if any boy-friend got too forward with her, it was simply good-night.
EUROPE ees so small. And there are so many peoples wit' titles. One cannot help knowing zem. Zey are eferywhere. Eet ees nossing — zat I have been — w'at you say? — engage — to preen ces and dukes; zat I know ze keen's and queens.

"You see, I am a star in ze theater and ze pectures. We are well received. We go to parties and meet all kin's of peoples. I wear ze beeg, ze gorgeous, dresses.

"Eet ees ze 'ot cakes! Non?" Lili Damita was deprecating, almost apologizing, for the length of her list of royal and near-royal ex-fiances and 'goot frien's."

"Oui! I have been engage to many preen ces, dukes and voe nots all ofer Europe," she smiled and giggled. "An' here I am in zees Hollywood, a — w'at you say? — a lady bachelor. Whooppee!"

"Whooppee" is apparently Lili's favorite Americanism. She punctuates all her sentences with it, finding it the perfect expression for her overwhelming zest for life.

And she finds life both interesting and amusing. Hollywood is funny. Pictures are funny. She laughs at the people about her, pausing to laugh just as heartily at herself.

Meanwhile every man within range is taking one look at her and going all dither. No wonder preen ces, dukes and voe nots swarmed in her train abroad. If royalty is actually as jaded as we have been led to believe, she must have been quite a treat to it.

Her verve is spontaneous. So many of these ebullient gals appear to turn their fire on and off as is expedient.

Among Other Things

Lili Damita Might Have Been Crown Princess of Germany

A POTENTIAL CROWN-PRINCESS

MOTHERS of wealthy sons had better keep an eye on them. For Lili remarked that an American "meellionaire" was "twice so goot" as a European "preence!"

Her last engagement to royalty — dukes don't count — was with Louis Ferdinand, son of the Crown Prince of Germany. At least he was the Crown Prince before the late outburst. I don't know what they call him now.

Anyway, it was like this: "I have meet Louis Fer dinand in Berlin," relates Lili, "when I am there to make a pecture. I meet heem at a beeg dinner at the Spanish Embassy.

"He ees yong — about eighteen. An' he haf nevaire kno' any girls, only hees mother an' seers ters. An' he ees not very strong; he haf a weak heart. So, you see it ees no wonder — what happened.

"Well, we haf luch together next day. We see each other very much. He ees a nice boy. Good looking and sweet. I am fond off heem.

"Zen I go back to Paris. I live in Paris. My house ees there. I go to Germany only to make pectures.

"When I go away, the Preence, he go to bed. He ees seek two, t'ree, mont's. I tol' you — he haf a weak heart. Hees family ees warried, opset.

"I come back to Berlin to make another pecture. The Preence get well. Once more we are together very much. Luch. Dinner. Dance..."

(Continued on page 101)
Carol Lombard doesn't furnish it; she feels it, because now, after dwelling for some little time in the slapsticks, she has been transferred to dramatic roles. And after the ability she displayed in "Power," "Show Folks" and "Ned McCobb's Daughter," she can well afford to relax, with never another pie to dodge.
WHETHER you like undressed facts or not you’re going to get them this time. Bare facts. ‘Nude facts. Tut, tut! You’ve all heard the expression, “No Foolin’,” You’ve read it in interviews. You may have taken it literally. Bunk. It’s been a figure of speech, a smart-Aleckism compared to what it means in this stripped story. This is no foolin’, denuded and debunked. This is the goods with the frills and furbelows ripped off and left lay.

I mean, I got fed up with this lit’ry stuff. Talking to some star or near-star and doing fancy writing about it. Taking the victim’s opinions of love and It and Al Smith and literature and motherhood and fame and weaving in fifty-cent adjectives and Woolworth adverbs—and all for what? I made up what mind I have that the next time an assign-
That's what Janet Gaynor is getting from Charles Morton. And apparently she's not at all reconciled to the idea, in crossing bridges, of ladies last. They argue the matter out in their coming picture, "Christina"
ETIQUETTE—in Hollywood? You needn’t act so surprised. We have a lot of it. And it is very involved, too. You have heard, no doubt, about the complications of life in diplomatic circles. About how important it is who sits at the right of whom at dinner parties and all that sort of thing. And military etiquette is involved, too, they tell me. How many guns you should shoot, how often and how many times, when an admiral or foreign dignitary or something arrives. Or maybe that’s the navy.

Anyhow, there is etiquette and wetiquette, but I do believe that the Hollywood kind must be the very most difficult of all.

So I have been studying up on it and I think I should write down the results of my investigations for all our puzzled readers. So in case one of them should arrive on a set unexpectedly or stray into a party—and I may as well say right here that it is better form to arrive in just that manner than in any other—he will know exactly how to proceed without embarrassment.

NOT MAMMIED ONCE

For instance, Blair Niles, the novelist, has been in Hollywood for five weeks, working on the scenario of her book, “Condemned to Devil’s Island,” for Sam Goldwyn. And Mrs. Niles was really puzzled and distressed about things. So she came right to me.

“I am upset, my dear,” she said, plaintively, “because you know I feel that I have not really been taken in to Hollywood at all. I feel that I have not been allowed to belong. And the reason I feel that way—the actual proof of my suspicions—is that no one, during my entire stay, has greeted me with wide-spread arms, crying ‘Mammy!’ and then given me a great big kiss.

“From my observations, that greeting is a sort of password—like a lodge grip. It means that you are one of them. I did hope someone would do it to me before I left.”

I explained to Mrs. Niles that she was a Visiting Novelist and, as such, was considered a Personage. Particularly since her stay was to be so short.

We always, I added, put on our company manners for Visiting Novelists. Partly because we are impressed by them. But more because we harbor a suspicion that they may return to New York and indite their impressions of us. It has been done so often. And in so uncomplimentary a vein.

So we are inclined to be self-conscious and get out the best linen and silver and polish up our most educated-sounding remarks when we entertain them.

THE CEREMONIAL FOR NOVELISTS

And we make great haste to buy some of their better-known books and, if we haven’t time to read them, at least peruse the blurbs on the covers.

These things are recommended as etiquette for Meeting Visiting Novelists.

Of course, if they remain in our midst for a year or more and take to writing for the movies with contracts and enthusiasm, eventually we begin to feel acquainted with them and they may even be greeted from time to time in the manner described by Mrs. Niles.

There is rather a fine line drawn between Meeting Visiting Novelists and Meeting Other Kinds of Celebrities—mayors and channel-swimmers and cardinals and foreign princelings.

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Wetiquette
Being Mammied; Invited and Otherwise

For, after all, a novelist is probably going to write a story or two for the movies and make some money out of them, so there is a possibility that he may one day be one of us. Whereas, Other Kinds of Celebrities are merely that and therefore must be entertained in a large way.

So we take them to studios and show them how motion pictures are made.

That is, we don't actually take them round sets and let them view the actual process of making pictures. Our purpose is to entertain these people. And what with the arrangement and re-arrangement of this and that and two hours' waiting for a half-minute's shooting, a movie in the making is probably the least entertaining spectacle in the world.

THE FILMLESS SCENE

WHAT we really do is to assemble all the actors who are not working at the moment and have them put on make-up and some

and the guests stand by with patience and inquire politely what the name of the picture is so they can be sure to go to see it when they get home.

There is where the etiquette comes in. You must know what to say.

This, my dears, is the answer: "The working title is 'Love's Golden Flame'." And you add, hastily, "Of course, the title will probably be changed before the picture is released!"

Which smooths everything over for everybody. Which is the purpose of all etiquette!

If your party isn't as good as the next promises to be, they leave. If they're disappointed by the transfer, they come back for breakfast.

Now that you understand the intricacies of Meeting Celebrities, I think I had better go on to explain about Parties.

The chief difficulty with Hollywood parties is knowing when they start and prophesying when they will end.

Often the hostess does not even know she is going to have a party until it has started and is well under way. Sometimes she is not even at home when it happens.

The proper thing to do if you come home, tired from a day on the set or shopping or having a permanent wave, and find that a party has somehow assembled and gained momentum in your absence, is to 'phone the bootlegger and the caterer at once and then go on about your business. You can't be expected to break appointments just because a party has happened to you. They happen to anybody and you may just as well be philosophical about it.

CONCERNING INTENTIONAL PARTIES

BUT if you actually plan to have a party and invite people to it, then there are a lot of things to be considered.

For instance, you must be careful not to invite both members of a newly divorced couple to the same party. After one of them has remarried, then it is all right to invite them, provided you do not place them side by side at dinner. After both of them have remarried, then you can forget it. They probably have.

But if both members of a newly divorced couple are bosom friends of yours—you must either have two parties or else you must send a handsome present to the one you do not invite. The one you don't invite will be mad at you anyway, but that is my recipe for procedure and I shall stick to it.

If you have invited your guests for seven, don't expect them until nine. Do not even start to dress until eight. If you do, your make-up will get all

(Continued on page 99)
Snow Foolin'

This is the way Anita Page dresses when she goes in for tobogganing or other arctic frivolities. An ermine-trimmed toque and a muff, but no wrap about her shoulders. And she wears a skirt that is fur and above both the knee and the average in chic.
For Crying, But Not Out Loud

How The Grim Weepers Of The Screen Keep Emotionally Fit

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

How much training every day is necessary to keep Gentleman Gene in a condition to knock out all comers at any given moment?

No more, let me tell you, than Pola Negri needs to keep her flaming passion constantly simmering and ready to flare up any time the director asks for it.

Pola has to knock out all comers—with kisses and 'burning glances—just as surely as Gene to keep the dollars rolling into her account at the little bank around the corner.

Greta Garbo has to keep her straight left to the heart constantly on tap, or she is out on the draughty Washington Boulevard with a big bruise where the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer boot hit her.

Dolores Del Rio must keep that Mexican fire always burning in her eyes, ready to consume such young heroes as the director may designate, or Uncle Edwin Carewe will want to know the reason why.

Gene does it with shadow boxing, gym workouts, skipping, road hikes and sprints. How do Pola and Greta and Dolores do it?

How do they keep their emotions and passions alive, supple, ready for action? Do they swallow sixty raw eggs a day, or what?

Well, gentle readers, that's just about the size of it. And then, as the girl said to the soldier, some. Ah, Hollywood, Hollywood! Oh, art! How many sins are committed there in thy name! Or shall we call them sacrifices—sacrifices on art's altar?

A DIVAN IS THEIR GYM

For instance, many's the time you will find the stars prone on their Beverly Hills chints sofas while the distressingly sad notes of "Ramona" or "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" percolate toward them from the radio. Clutching at the hand of an equally affected, but less demonstrative young man, you will see the big mood and mazda woman of the shadow stage letting her emotions well up inside her. A half-hour of this every day is said by leading practitioners of it to keep the lachrymal glands in fine fettle. "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" is especially valuable here because it exercises to an unusual extent the very necessary Pagliacci reactions.

Another wonderful work-out for the tear-ducts, also keeping the risibilities titillated, is the reading of magazine and newspaper articles about the movies.
Masked as Doris Dawson is—above—no one but her dentist could be certain of identifying her. And by the same token, by the diamonds on her Pierrette costume, her jeweler would instantly recognize Leila Hyams, at the right.

DOMINO
For Mardi Gras, Partially Efface

Frankly, we don't believe we can conceal from you long the fact that the lady on the left is Mary Brian. But how about the one at the top of the page? Would you—be honest, now—have known without a guide book that she's Fay Wray?

Well, well, and who can this man just a little higher up be? Can it be young Lord Beavertopper? It could except for two things: that there is no such person and that it happens actually to be Buddy Rogers.
Surrounded by girls like these, the fellow at the top of the page deserves at least credit for recklessness, exposing his heart as he does. But then Neil Hamilton always was ready to take a chance. As for the young woman at the right, disguised as part of the Spanish quota—let's end the suspense: Loretta Young.

It's about time, that's all we have to say. For when a girl is as pretty as Dorothy Sebastian—just above—is, it's only the part of kindness not to wear a domino after the first few minutes of the party.
Two hearts with but a single thought. And it's very literally a burning question among the gentlemen of collegiate age in Hollywood upon whom Mary Brian will bestow them, in token of her receptiveness to an engagement ring. Some people claim to know, but there's always rumor for one more
Those Marytal Reports

The Little Girl Who Played Wendy Is Stepping Out. And Wow!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

MARY doing little-girl things, Mary thinking little-girl thoughts, Mary acting little-girl roles: that’s the way it used to be.

But things are different now, as the air mail pilot says. Lately you hear about men and Mary—and Mary and men. All sorts of fascinating men, from Pasadena blue-bloods to California football stars, and on down to Hollywood movie actors.

Paramount’s baby Brian is being turned out of her nursery into a raft of rumors and romances that would do credit to the girls who have had sex-appeal all along. Wendy is not only growing up—she’s stepping out.

During the last year Mary has had six rumored engagements, and I think that is two more than Patsy Ruth Miller and a shade the better of Constance Talmadge.

As a last year’s kid, Mary is developing into a this year’s wo! With the advent of her nineteenth birthday, she has evolved a new coifure that’s twice as slick as the old one, and a complex that’s equally devastating. Not that Mary isn’t the same sweet girl she always was. That is the secret of the whole thing. She is just as ingenuous as she was the day Jesse Lasky signed her fresh out of Texas for Peter Pan. But now, she is an ingenue in Paris models. A sweet little girl with a Sennett

At the top is Mary Brian with Buddy Rogers; and intruding upon their tête-à-tête is Biff Hoffman, Stanford football star. Below, at the left, is George O’Brien; and beside him, Richard Dix

The studio people must have awakened to Mary’s new pattern themselves, for the day I saw her she was up in the wardrobe getting ready to make a test in a low, backless and almost frontless gown with a rope of pearls strung around her throat like Goudal or somebody. A couple of seductive earrings dangled against her cheeks that are full and childish. She looked like a baby Swanson all girded for action. She looked altogether as a much-rumored young lady should look, for that very morning the newspapers had carried a yarn of her engagement to a famous football player.

“Oh, dear!” said Mary and patted an unruly curl at the nape of her neck that just wouldn’t lie like a sinuous knot. I had asked her about this strange new power over men that was her answer. I guess it is pretty hard to snap out of being a little girl all of a sudden, even if the newspapers insist on your being marriageable material. She wiggled a little uncomfortably in the slinky black dress.

She said she rather hated to see that reported engagement in the paper.

“Biff Hoffman and I are awfully good friends and I like him a lot—but we aren’t engaged,” she quoth, in the exact words of all the other girls who have denied engagements.

“Sometimes these newspaper engagements come between the friendship of two people. That is why I hate to see them. After people start looking on you as a romantic couple it (Continued on page 108)
MARQUIS PREFERRED

An impoverished marquis places himself in the hands of his chef, tailor and valet, incorporated, who arrange a match with a blonde heiress to vulgar American wealth, frankly in search of a title. But the Frenchman is in love with Nora Lane, a poor but pretty relation of his prospective marquis. Nora denounces him as a fortune-hunter, whereupon he leaves his wife, title and chateau immediately after the ceremony and ships himself to the Land of Opportunity. One year later, the lowly position of a book clerk having made him a better man, he meets again the girl he loves; and as there has been a divorce in the meantime, what is going to stop Frank Tuttle from giving us a happy ending? Adolphe Menjou is as you like him: suave, sophisticated, but not so world-weary as usual. Chester Conklin, as Adolphe’s father-in-law, is a delight.

THE FLOATING COLLEGE

Just for a change, the movies here take us to school on the bounding main, on one of those round-the-world liners where students learn as they travel. There are plenty of slightly shop-soiled gags well done, including the nasty young gentleman who blows spittle at the professors. The story consists of a duel between Sally O’Neil and her sister, Georgia Hale, for the affections of Buster Collier, who is programmed as one of the instructors on the ship but does remarkably little instructing. Sally is the star of the picture, so there is no need to disclose who gets Buster. She performs in a sprightly manner, looking youthful as to face, but otherwise suggesting that she should follow Molly O’Day to the operating table. Georgia Hale does her best with one of those parts that almost strangle themselves trying to be unsympathetic.

WHAT A NIGHT!

Just as too many cooks spoil the broth, so may too many gags spoil a picture. This is proved by this latest Bebe Daniels production. It’s too bad. Bebe and Neil Hamilton—in fact, the whole cast—are excellent; but who ever heard of a girl getting her finger caught in a fire hose and dragging it out of the windows, under doors, and what have you? What is supposed to be funny becomes merely ludicrous. Bebe’s a daughter of the rich who turns newspaper reporter to catch her man. Her pet dog does as much newspaper reporting as she. Bebe’s contract with Paramount is over and we can’t blame her when we see them wasting her talents in this kind of over-done, supposed-to-be-comedy type of thing. However, you might get a kick out of seeing just how far they can go with their over-gagging. Eddie Sutherland directed it.

THE OVERLAND TELEGRAPH

Once again bold Tim McCoy rides forth for Metro. In the name of his art the fearless colonel puts the Indian sign on the villain and the Indian sign-language on the Cheyenne braves—incidentally making the world safe for the Western Union, or perhaps it was the Postal and Irving Berlin. The locale of the film is the wild, wild West, and the time long before Mr. Gillette made the world safe for shavers. To be more explicit, the action takes place during the Civil War. Tim, his heroine, and the Indians are the only ones in the picture whose faces are minus sundry forms of hirsute adornment. If you still get a kick out of groups of noble redmen responding like automatons to the commands of a movie director, perhaps you won’t be more than slightly sleepy. If not, the picture may still be recommended as a sure cure for insomnia. It has the merit of being silent.
THE highly satirical attitude of this film toward those things which the average man takes seriously will not find favor except, perhaps, in the larger cities. William Haines appears as a dreadfully ordinary young man whose highest ambitions are to acquire personalty by mail and to get into the Elks. His wife, played by Josephine Dunn, is movie-struck to the extent of giving herself to an assistant director who swears she is better-looking than Greta Garbo. Sam Hardy appears as the assistant director who takes everything the young couple possess, and he delivers a powerful performance. Josephine Dunn does well under the skilful direction of James Cruze, who has put some of his best work into the big emotional scene. The fans as a whole will probably not like Bill Haines in a characterization which will be labeled uninteresting.

A MAN'S MAN

THE LITTLE COLONEL

A SAD attempt to repeat Henry B. Walthall's success in "The Birth of a Nation." Percy Knighten is no Griffith and stories of the blue and the gray have been laid to a well-earned rest these many years. The story centers around Richard Nelson, beloved little colonel in the Confederate Army. His son, in the service of the Union, is arrested as a spy when caught in the home of his Southern sweetheart. Lee surrenders to Grant just as young Nelson is brought before the firing squad; and The Little Colonel, rushing out to save his son, receives the fatal shot instead. A sob death scene and love's young dream, illustrated by George MacIntyre and Ethel Stone, conclude the picture. Such inconsistencies as the scene where young Nelson is so badly wounded that he faints from loss of blood, only to show up with no sign of a wound the next day, weaken the plot.

THE CASE OF LENA SMITH

PRESUMING that director Josef von Sternberg essayed the production of mass entertainment in this photodrama, he has missed the mark. Yet in every audience there will be those who acclaim the picture's excellence. It offers a certain virility which is rapidly becoming the earmark of a Sternberg film. It is distinguished by the utterly excellent characterization offered by von Seifertitz, who steals all histrionic honors. There is, too, Esther Ralph; she evidences a depth of dramatic feeling which comes as a surprise after the bread-and-butter misses she has been portraying. The deficiencies of the effort include an irritating lethargy in tempo, the forced introduction of impressionistic camera shots—long since passe—and the terrifically bad casting of Jimmy Hall. The title is misleading. The tale is one of mother love; it is not a murder-trial thriller.

CLEAR THE DECK

REGINALD DENNY in a recent interview was quoted as talking baby-talk. You can well believe it after seeing the juvenile manner in which Reggie skips and grimaces through his latest comedy, which is really an old-fashioned farce. Mistaken identity, a chase in a nightshirt, a perfectly healthy person masquerading as an invalid, a perfectly sane person taken for a lunatic—you know the plot if you've ever been to high school. And unless you're still in high school, it's a bit difficult to laugh in some of the places where you're obviously expected to. Lucien Littlefield, as the male nurse hired by a rich aunt to accompany her nephew on a sea voyage for his health, is funny—in spots. Olive Hashbrook, as the girl for whose sake Denny exchanges identities with his friend, has nothing to do and does it very prettily. The titles vary from silly to sillier.
SINNERS IN LOVE

HERE is a quaint little museum piece which may prove interesting to lovers of the antique. Olive Borden, the passion-flower growing in rural mud, is sick and tired of it all and heads for the great big city, where she falls in with schemers who start using her as a tool. She hasn’t had time to wear more than two or three of the most incredibly revealing evening gowns when she discovers that Huntley Gordon has just been playing with her. She gives him the air, but there is the most unexpected development—Huntley has learned to love her! He comes and finds her, and at her feet declares he’ll give up the whole racket if she’ll be his. Olive, the poor thing, also has a love-light in her eyes. Just to round it off, a dope fiend tries to bring about her downfall by luring her to his apartment; but the pitched battle ensuing ends in victory for Olive and purity. Huntley comes to bear her off to a sunlit garden where she may pass her time in resting and writing up her adventures for a soul-stuff magazine. Daphne Pollard is the only intentionally funny thing in the picture.

MASQUERADE

THE silent version of this D. W. Griffith adaptation of "La Paiva" is satisfactory, if undistinguished, entertainment. Its Movietone synchronization will include three songs by Lupe Velez, and should add to its interest. The plot is number nine from the filing cabinet, and deals with the woman scorned who hires an expert to vamp and humiliate the lover she has lost. The villainess is foiled in the last reel, when her employee and the hero do a papa-love-mama for the final fadeout. Jetta Goudal, one of filmdom’s few fine players, is an easy winner of first honors as the revengeful lady. Lupe Velez, in the sympathetic rôle, displays bouncing, bounding vitality and a flair for boisterous farce which will delight the gallery. Henry Armetta enacts a bit so exquisitely that a few more feet of film devoted to his portrayal might have given him the picture. William Boyd is shorn of opportunity. Albert Conti and George Fawcett always merit mention. D. W. has told his story in a forthright manner. It is disconcerting to learn that in the days of Napoleon III, Montmartre cabarets were advertised by mechanical signs.

THE FLYING FLEET

THE generous co-operation of the Navy Department has endowed this romance of our sea-fliers with authentic background which materially enhances the entertainment value of the picture. It is not, however, a mere glorification of the naval aviator, but has independent story-strength which enables it to stand firmly upon its own merits. There is an excellent admixture of drama, romance and comedy, skilled direction; and an exceptionally competent cast. The hypercritical may find a soupcon of improbability in two or three of the situations. And a watchful eye will discern the ever-present newreel shots intercut with those of director George Hill. But there is no glaring defect to mar enjoyment. Ramon Novarro, in one of the most masculine roles he has thus far attained, is sincere and convincing. But Ralph Graves cuts another notch in his comeback gun by stealing this photoplay as he has pilfered others. Anita Page maintains her high standard and Eddie Nugent makes his bit stand out like the proverbial good deed in a naughty—or should we say in a nautical?—world.

THE DREAM OF LOVE

WHEN—brushing away the tears of joyful sentiment—I try to write of this latest picture of Fred Niblo’s in sterner, critical vein, I discover that after all I am only a movie fan. When I would find fault with it for being sheerest melodrama—illlogical and old fashioned as a novel by the Duchess—all I can remember is Joan Crawford, more gorgeous than ever in her gypsy garb; Carmel Meyers seductive in her Parisian gowns, Aileen Pringle regal as the premier’s wife. My critical judgment is warped by watching the ornamental Nils Asther in a dozen different uniforms that fit as if he had been poured into them. My realization of the picture’s impossibilities is lost in gloatting over the chance to wander for two hours with a crown prince through a gypsy love affair. The plot, said to have been drawn originally from the story of Adrienne Lecouvreur, is Graustarkian, with an ending that proves that movie audiences are growing up. A few years ago the two ill-matched lovers would have renounced each other, but now the girl calmly announces that she will become the king’s mistress since she cannot be his queen.
In Review

THE LADY OF CHANCE

The moral of this is that a girl may be a crook, but love will make her pure in the last reel—if she is as beautiful as Norma Shearer. And also, no matter how poor a young man may be he will become rich before the final fadeout—if he is as handsome as Johnny Mack Brown. Norma, the invincibly ladylike, has achieved the ultimate ambition of all lovely picture ladies and become, for picture purposes, tough. Overhearing a blackmailing scheme, she outwits the two crooks—Lowell Sherman and Gwen Lee—and blithely walks off with their roll, after a crying duel with Gwen which is as funny as anything you have seen for a long while. Over the shoulder of a good looking young man she reads a telegram speaking of millions. She then captivates him in short order, only to find when she has married him that he lives in a humble cottage. Her love for this guileless youth—played appealingly by Johnny Mack Brown—awakens the better nature which we had been expecting right along. Norma makes an arch and dainty comedienne, but no amount of tough sub-titles can make her seem anything but respectable.

THE OFFICE SCANDAL

See this excellent picture of newspaper life. It's the most realistic and most entertaining story in a newspaper office setting that has yet come to the screen. Directed in superbly restrained fashion by Paul Stein, it's also a ten-strike for Phyllis Haver, and makes her secure in the high position in which "Chicago" placed her. Ranking right up with her with corking performances are Raymond Hatton, Leslie Fenton and Margaret Livingston. The sparkling Phyllis appears as a hard-boiled newspaper woman, Hatton as her chief, Fenton as a reporter with a yen for liquids, and Miss Livingston as the mystery element. All are finely conceived and finely executed characterizations. We advise taking a look at this opus partly because Phyllis Haver is in it, partly because it marks Hatton's return to drama—his real forte—partly because it actually has good sub-titles, but principally because it creates a precedent in the movies by showing a newspaper office as it really is. Taken as a whole, it is one of those unexpectedly good pieces of entertainment that one really should make a point of seeing.

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET

If you can believe that Wall Street financiers do their financing in shirt sleeves and take off their shoes during crises on the "Change to air their corns, you will have no difficulty in believing the rest of the picture. Bancroft's burly appeal is lost in the gross caricature of the first half, though he becomes more convincing later. The onlooker is shown how absurdly simple it is to make a huge fortune in Rocky Mountain Copper by a transaction which must have been thought up by a scenario writer whose experience in stocks is confined to Liberty Bonds. By glancing twice at the ticker tape, bullying a multimillionaire and barking an order to buy to his broker, the wolf makes millions. But when he discovers that the wife whom he adores is carrying on an affair with his polished business partner, he barks another order to sell and locks himself, his wife and partner into a bedroom while the market crashes and ruins them. Bacelanova plays the hungry-eyed wife of the uncouth financier. Paul Lucas gives a tailor-made performance as the false partner. Nancy Carroll and Arthur Rankin have bits.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

A tale of the Maoris of New Zealand. It is of the genus "White Shadows" and "Moana" in that it deals with natives in their own habitat, shows them dancing, fighting, marrying, living in tapu houses, wood-carving and other outdoor sports. It differs from its predecessors in that it boasts an all-native cast with nary a Hollywood sheik or sheila to leaven the load. Being a woman first and a reviewer afterward, I must insist that it does very well without a sheik Hollywoodianus. For if Patiti, the Maorian hero, came this way, the John Giberts would have to look to their laurels. He is vivid, dramatic, daintly magnificent and possesses Maorian it. The entire cast is excellent, each one a remarkable type, the only objection being that we see too little of them. For the rest, there is the usual somewhat moderate plot of these pictures having to do with warring tribes, the hand and heart of the heroine and the happy ending. This time in a grotto. There is a murder, too, which takes place on the rim of a volcano; and there is some gorgeous scenery. Lew Collins directed ably.
WE have published some half-dozen articles on what home-towners away from the home town think of Hollywood.
These were presented in order to convey, from an absolutely unbiased standpoint, what Hollywood really is like.
For we felt that if our readers had the opinions of people who not only had no interest in the matter of gain and moreover the opinions of people they either knew or knew about from personal experience, they would be getting the honestest view possible.
We've had stories from Pennsylvanians and Texans, from West Virginians and Nebraskans.
But this month, we have a particular prize: we have the views of someone from Florida. You know how this state and California regard each other. And you can bet, if Miss Kane, of Miami, doesn't like what she sees in Hollywood, she'll say so. For Florida says of California, in speaking of the earning of praise: "If you want it, you've got to earn it, 'cause we ain't givin' nothin' away."
This month's "Your Neighbor Says" is, of course, especially of interest to Floridians. But even more than any other unit in the same series published before, it should hold a reading-appeal of unique piquancy.

—Editor's Note

WHAT the army thinks of the navy, what the navy thinks of the army, what the marines think of both of 'em—that is what Florida thinks of California. Ever since Ponce de Leon discovered the fountain of youth and Sennett uncovered the figures of youth, it's been hot and heavy between the two states for beauty, climate and real estate honors.
That's why this little lady is something new, something different: she's the only living human of her kind, a California booster from Florida.
This little sweetheart of Miami has gone sweet on Hollywood.

Miss Ruth Kane, of 331 East 31st Street, Miami, Florida, Has Rung Doorbells In Hollywood; And She Reveals What's Behind The Portals

They mouth, they nose, they eyes of blue; they feet, they hair, they five foot two, is just one big blaze of "Howdy" for Hollywood.
She's from down in the Everglades—or is it the Bahamas?—where they drink everything Cuba can spare. Down where they boom and crash without noise or black magic. Down where the wind blows and no foolin'. That's Ruth Kane.
When somebody finally introduced us, she was just fresh off the train—oh, about thirty days, and living at the Ambassador. But for a little stranger all alone in a big city, she's covered considerable territory. She would. She's just the type.

SHE HAS RUNG DOORBELLS

"HAVE I met any Hollywood folks? Have I seen the town? Have I rung any doorbells? Why,
Honey, I’ve seen all there is, there isn’t any more!”
So I asked, real high-minded, “What do you think of Hollywood Boulevard?”
“The Boulevard?” she echoed rather blankly. “Where’s that?” I told her. But she only shook her head. “I didn’t come out here to see boulevards. We’ve got drives in Florida that are every bit as pretty.
“Why should they toot about Hollywood’s twelve-story buildings? We’ve got one that is thirty-two stories in Miami, and we don’t crow about it. O’ course, there aren’t any windows in it yet, but it’s sure standin’ there anyhow. And why should I go into ecstasies about the Pacific? The Atlantic is just as blue. As for palm trees, I was brought up in the shadow of them, and they hadn’t been transplanted either.”

I looked to see if that was a dirty crack; but no—the gal was smiling.
“No, it isn’t the beauty of the state that I’m looking at; it’s the people that get me enthusiastic. I never saw a town with so much personality as Hollywood. All the Bayfront Park—below—in Miami cost a million and looks like it

High-lights in Miss Kane’s Comment:
Are the girls pretty? It’s a convention of queens.
Dancing with Dick Arlen is like dreams come true.
Lew Cody doesn’t waylay unwary maidens; he acts like the master mind.
Florida has more beautiful women, but California has the most beautiful.
In Hollywood they cry when they aren’t working; in Florida they cry when they are.
California has the better climate; Florida has the better fruit.

One evidence of Miami’s prosperity is the Olympia Theater, at the right. In size and luxury it is ranked with the foremost playhouses of the South.

A CONVENTION OF QUEENS
“Down home one pretty girl can run her own particular set. She’s catered to and rushed weeks in advance. But out here the girls all have plenty of competition. It’s a convention of queens. Judge M. C. Kane is my father, and almost everybody knows my sister and me in Miami. But I guess it would be quite hard for a girl to work up a following here. First because there are too many beautiful girls already and second because there doesn’t seem to be any out-of-picture society in Hollywood.

The movie people seem to be all the élite there is. But don’t think I’m complaining. That’s all right with me. I’ve never had so much fun as I had on a couple of Hollywood parties. There’s an informality and gaiety about them that just isn’t to be found at a débutante dance. People meet you and, without making a big fuss, just accept you as though you had belonged all along.

“The big stars that I’ve met are all very democratic. Money and a famous name seem to have left their personalities and hearty handshakes unaffected. They are real people. Sympathy and charity are their two out-

(Continued on page 102)
THE HOME-TOWNERS

WELL, well, well! If it isn’t Georgie Cohan’s old stage comedy doctored up by Warner Brothers into a one-hundred-percent Vitaphone talking picture. It’s as good entertainment now as it was when it saw the limelight of the theater. And is distinguished, moreover, by unusually fine vocal reproduction. It is bound to please everyone except perhaps a couple of soreheads in South Bend. The Indiana city comes in for a bit of a roast. But the chances are that by this time all the Main Streeters referred to have migrated to Hollywood. The cast contains some names that are new to the film fan. For one, Richard Bennett has been abducted from the beloved boards of Booth to grace the cinema. Then there is Robert McWade, whose success is assured right now. The plot concerns a pin-headed hick with an inborn distrust of all city slickers. How he gets over it is a tale good for a lot of laughs. When the tale is told by Mr. Cohan.

THE DOCTOR’S SECRET

A PICTURE which more than any other I have seen displays both the possibilities and the limitations of the talkies. Barrie’s delicious lines are here— with extremely un-Barrysh interpolations, if I am not mistaken. The cast is all stage-trained, and yet the result is not quite satisfactory either to a Barrie lover or a movie fan. After all, movie audiences expect motion, action. And in “The Doctor’s Secret” they get long photographic discussions between characters and a plot which is rather too mental for the movie-trained fan. Ruth Chatterton, as the runaway wife whose lover is killed a few moments before they are to leave England together, is the first of the invading stage players to appear on the talkie screen. And—to me—she proves that Hollywood does not need to send to Broadway for its talent. H. B. Warner as the husband and Robert Edeson as the Doctor are more easily heard than John Lauder, the English actor who plays the lover.

SOUND YOUR “A”

ONE of these three-reeler talkies meant for a prologue, orchestra substitute or whatever they intend to do with such fillers. Henry Lehman directed and he’s done a good job in showing the possibilities of sound conglomeration. It’s the old rooming-house gag and takes you back ten years to when the silent movie was being perfected. Just as plotless but just as interesting because of the number of voices and musical instruments you hear competing with one another. There’s the borrowing tenant who manages to wheedle everything from onions to a pet rabbit from his long-suffering neighbors; the old boy who secures his relaxation from saxophones, trombones, flutes and everything else he can find to perfect lung expansion. Of course, there’s the dog—in fact, all the sounds which can be gathered into three reels. Worth seeing and hearing because of its variety of sound-reproduction and flashes of humor.

MY MAN

THIS presents in a full-length talkie for the first time one of the best known musical show comedians in the American theater. She is Fannie Brice, about the alteration of whose nose there was quite as much ballyhoo as about Jack Dempsey’s. She appears in this sound-and-dialogue-and-song movie which comprises the most successful numbers of her long and lustrous career, together with a few renditions of new melodies quite on a par in entertainment value with the old. From which you may judge that there isn’t much of a story. There isn’t. The plot is no more than a pretext or series of pretexts for giving Miss Brice a chance to do the stuff that so consistently has delighted “Follies” audiences. But inasmuch as she does them all characteristically well, it should interest anyone to see the picture. In the film with the star are other players better known on the screen, prominent among them being Edna Murphy and Richard Tucker.
Celluloid Drama

ALTHOUGH the Schenck boys—Nick of Metro, and Joe of United Artists—continue to regard dat ole devil talkie with suspicion and distrust, the rest of the industry has rushed in where these angels fear to tread.

Paramount, on both coasts, boasts tremendous activity in the production of audibles. The Lasky organization plans twenty-two all-dialogue features. And seventeen more to contain some talking and singing plus a synchronized music score. There will be four poor little dumb features without a word to say for themselves. But this there seems to be a bit of a trick in it. For twenty-four of the thirty-nine sound films will also have silent versions.

The Paramount line-up of stars from the stage is appalling. The Four Marx Brothers, Eddie Cantor, Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Jeanne Eagels, Claudette Colbert—a dozen others have been enlisted to storm the citadels of the cinema. Not only is the realm of the movie actor threatened by the cohorts of the stage, but movie directors, too, have been given something to think about. Producers of Broadway shows are now competing with them. The famous Frohman organization, for instance, under the leadership of Gilbert Miller. Then there is Robert Milton, and Joseph Santley, George Abbott, John Cromwell and Edwin Knopf. Paramount has also plunged into the making of talking short subjects. Theaters will give a complete Paramount show. Just as “Interference” is accompanied by Eddie Cantor’s skit, “That Party in Person,” and the one-reeler of songs by Ruth Etting, so the feature films to come will have their complements of spice. The second unit has as its full-length attraction, “The Doctor’s Secret,” starring Ruth Chatterton; a bit by Borah Minnevitch and a comedy by Santley—all audible. “The Letter,” starring Jeanne Eagels, is the pièce de résistance of the third Paramount offering. And it is accompanied by a short-reeler of Eddie Peabody, a banjo strummer; and songs by the Giersdorff sisters. Fannie Brice, the Rooney’s, and Bobbe Arnst are featured in “Night Club,” fourth of the whole-show programs, not to mention Ann Pennington’s knees. A comedy with Estelle Taylor, Raymond Hitchcock and Lester Allen; and in addition a classic fragment from the works of Victor Hugo, “The Bishop’s Candlesticks,” round out this bill.

FIFTY-FIFTY COSTS

NOTICE the stage stars heading movie casts. Ruth Chatterton, with a cast fifty per cent stage principals will also make “The Dummy.” Claudette Colbert, with a group from the theater, is scheduled for “The Hole in the Wall.”

Meantime a sickening rumor comes from a far corner of Hollywood. It is that the talkies have finished Emil Jannings. The great German doesn’t speak English. He has three pictures to make before his contract expires in October. All are silent. But it doesn’t seem possible that the death knell of pantomime can be so quickly sounded by the noisy drama.

Accents may be assets after all. Paramount is starring the Russian, Baclanova, in a talkie. Upon its success may rest the future of the foreign contingent. On the other hand, dialogue is to be omitted from D. W. Griffith’s “Lady of the Pavements,” which boasts the presence of Lupe Velez in a prominent role.

Metro has one talker finished. It is “Broadway Melody.” Another is on its way—“The Trial of Mary Dugan.” Marion Davies’s new one, “The Five O’Clock Girl,” will be made in both sound and silence. Louis B. Mayer and Nick Schenck won’t be left out of the sound parade. But it is no secret that Metro is going very slowly. It seems a time for watchful waiting at the Culver City studio. The wise men at its head sense the instability of the entire situation and are watching to see which way the talkie cat will jump.

Of course, the Warner Brothers, valiant pioneers in (Continued on page 120)
Modernized
To Be Sealed In A Too Old Fashioned A Peril

What better place to talk to the star of a motion picture serial than aboard a silver Maddux air-liner, winging its way over Hollywood toward San Francisco? At two thousand feet of elevation the most famous movie sheik is invisible and the studios look like a child’s building blocks carelessly flung down. If I had my way (I think, peering down on an absurd dab of green that is some screen star’s Beverly Hills estate). I would insist that all picture people take a daily ride in an aeroplane to keep their sense of proportion.

She sits in the wicker lounging chair across the aisle, looking in her smart sports suit like the high school girl that she was until a few years ago. Through the gossamer silk of her stockings dark bruises show. “Covered with them,” she shrieks, to be heard above the drone of the giant motors. “Ruined sixteen pairs of stockings. Ten weeks.”

She is the new queen of the serials, heiress to the lurid “Perils of Pauline,” successor to the amazing “Adventures of Kathleens.” She is that durable heroine who lives through ten reels of murder, mayhem, dynamiting, kidnaping and torture, to emerge in the final scene in which she is rescued from the Hell-Hole of the Rum-Ship (see Episode Seven) smiling, without a hair of her perfect marcel harmed, attired in a dainty white chiffon evening gown.

She is Gladys McConnell, star of “The Tiger’s Shadow” (shown at Your Neighborhood Theatre Next Week).

SERIALS ARE EVER SERIALS

The children of the child-fans who screamed and hissed when the gang of counterfeiters bound Pearl White to the railroad tracks and flung Kathryn Williams into the mill hopper a generation ago, will yell just as loudly when they see the rum-runners throw Gladys into the hold of their Floating Hell in company with the Tiger.

The movie serial of today is the same as that of yesterday, except that the perils have been modernized, and the criminals brought up to date.

The heroine is still the beautiful and innocent victim of mysterious plots always being captured by conspirators and rescued just in time by the hard-working hero.

Where in the old days the criminals were spies of foreign governments after the diplomatic secrets, or rival claimants to oil lands after the secret map, now the dirty work of the serials is done by rum-runners, hi-jackers, gunmen and gangsters who employ the most modern inventions in executing their villainy.

“They discussed kidnaping me in a submarine,” Gladys screams in my ear. “Gave up the idea finally. Said that submarines were too old-fashioned.”

The first serial ever made was “What Happened to Mary,” with Mary Fuller as the girl to whom it happened. Since then Ruth Roland, Grace Cunard, Doris Kenyon, Kathryn Williams, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pearl White and Juanita Hansen have successively struggled in the clutches of Masked Menaces, Iron Claws and Clutching Hands. They have been left week after week in dens of rattlesnakes, tied hand and foot with burning fuses creeping toward gunpowder barrels, stranded on rocks in mid-ocean with a man-eating gorilla for companion, bound on logs approaching the buzz-saw with fatal swiftness, swung by the hair from cliffs, abandoned at the moment of peril with the curt legend, “See the Next Episode in this Thrilling Serial a Week from Today at This Theatre.”

CONSIDERATION FOR KIDS

Perhaps no movie heroines were ever so sincerely loved by their fans as these serial queens. And the serials are still going strong. They appeal to a class of fans which never changes: the children.

“Never realized that till this picture,” Gladys’ voice comes faintly over the motors’ hum. “One scene, taken in a wind, blew my skirts up. Director said we’d have to take it over. Had bloomers on. Couldn’t see that was necessary, but he said ‘Making them for the kids and got to be awfully careful.’”

We are passing over the San Fernando Valley with its
new studios like salt-boxes far below. The Ridge Route lies beneath us, dotted with the sharp scarlet of brush fires, fought by men as insignificant as insects. Lesser aeroplanes dart low over the mountains, directing the work of fire-fighting, their shadows floating across the gulfs.

G l a d y s McConnell

is as much at home in the air as on the ground, having begun eight years ago to train unwittingly for a future career of being bound hand and foot and set adrift in a pilotless aeroplane in Episode Nine.

"There was an airfield on our way to school," she explains as we slide down to the Bakersfield airport and come to a stop with hardly a jar. "Some of the girls used to stop, going home and beg for rides. Our parents would have died if they could have seen us joy-riding in those rickety old army planes. But I've never been afraid in the air for one moment since. I'm going to learn to pilot a plane myself this winter and if I ever save up enough money I'll buy one of those cute little twoseaters and run down to Agua

Caliente after dinner in the evenings."

The propellers begin to whirl. An auto drives up with a great slamming of brakes and the chauffeur runs over to the plane to thrust a package through the pilot's window. "Tell 'em to send the next size larger," he shouts. Shopping by aeroplane. There is no crowd to watch us make our take-off; it is as matter-of-fact and casual as the departure of a railroad train.

In "The Tiger's Shadow" the aeroplane is the ordinary method of travel from one hiding place of the gang to another. Gone are the dear dead days when serial stars hurtled chasms on motor-cycles or crossed bottomless valleys on cables or log-flumes.

The serial queens of other years have had their experiences with the air. As long ago as "The Red Circle" we watched breathlessly while Ruth Roland crawled out on the wings of a biplane, pursued by a gentleman in a mask.

(Continued on page 113)
It's a sign of exceptional good fortune. And in this case, not only for Florence Lake—who's to make her screen debut in the Clark and McCullough talkie, "The Big Bout"—but for fans who have in store for themselves the pleasure of seeing—and hearing—her smile.
“Flatters with its dashing gleam,”
says LADY HEATH
England’s foremost woman aviator

Lady Heath keeps her capable hands lovely with the new Cutex Liquid Polish

Lady Heath, now touring America to recount for us some experiences of her very enthralling life, is that delightful English combination of sportswoman and society woman everywhere admired—fearless, charming, beautiful.

As Lady Heath takes entire care of her own De Haviland Moth plane, we asked her whether she did not find the strenuous life she led very hard on her hands.

“Oh, yes, indeed,” she answered. “But a little dirt does not annoy me!

“I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle, and the Cutex Cuticle Oil to feed it, and once a week I apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish—which doesn’t stain, you know.”

Do these three things
First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle.
Second—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

Special Introductory Offer—12¢

Miss Bond says, “my hands are wet. My fingers are constantly digging in the soil. No occupation could be harder on the hands, for so much moisture makes the nails dry up, and the fertilizer eats them and hardens the cuticle. So I have to be sure to give my hands regular attention. Each evening I spend a few minutes with my Cutex Set—the Cuticle Remover to restore the smoothness of the cuticle, the Nail White to bring back the whiteness to the tips, and the Cuticle Oil to soften the cuticle and prevent the nail from riding and cracking.

“And I never fail once a week to apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish. It protects my nails amazingly and gives the delicate lustre that flatters the tiredest hands.”

‘Tending Flowers . . . Potting Plants
Cutex protects my nails . . .”
says prominent woman florist

At the corner of Madison Avenue and 65th Street is Miss Mary Bond’s charming florist shop.

Miss Bond loves flowers and caring for them. “All day,” she says, “my hands are wet. My fingers are constantly digging in the soil. No occupation could be harder on the hands, for so much moisture makes the nails dry up, and the fertilizer eats them and hardens the cuticle. So I have to be sure to give my hands regular attention. Each evening I spend a few minutes with my Cutex Set—the Cuticle Remover to restore the smoothness of the cuticle, the Nail White to bring back the whiteness to the tips, and the Cuticle Oil to soften the cuticle and prevent the nail from riding and cracking.

“And I never fail once a week to apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish. It protects my nails amazingly and gives the delicate lustre that flatters the tiredest hands.”
Madge Bellamy, Fox star, in the quaintly charming bathroom—one of the finest built in Hollywood—which so effectively combines richly veined marble with natural grained paneling.

"The 'studio skin' a star must have demands a soap that leaves the skin smooth as a rose-petal—and Lux Toilet Soap does!"

Madge Bellamy

The very next time you see tiny Olive Borden in a close-up, notice how exquisite Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It's so important for my skin to have the smoothness we mean by 'studio skin,' and Lux Toilet Soap is so splendid for it that I am delighted with this daintily fragrant soap," she says.

Mary Nolan, Universal star, gives such intelligent care to her beautiful skin, both at home and in her dressing room on location. "I am utterly enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap," she says.

Lux Toilet
Both at home
and in their dressing rooms

9 out of 10 screen stars
use Lux Toilet Soap

Every girl knows how attractive she is when her skin is really lovely.

Experience has taught movie directors that an exquisite skin gets an immediate response from people.

"Smooth skin is the first essential of charm," says Paul Leni, director for Universal. "To become — and remain — a popular screen star, a girl must have a skin so flawlessly smooth that even in the glare of the close-up it is perfect."

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps the skin so smooth and soft. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for all dressing rooms. You, too, will be delighted with it.

Soap
Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps
at 50c and $1.00 the cake — Now

10¢
A Little Lauder—and Funnier

Off The Screen, Eddie Quillan Displays About As Much Humor As A Scotch Joke

By DOROTHY MANNERS

ONE of the funniest little guys that ever got himself into comedy situation is Eddie Quillan. Hoot, mon! He’s a Scotch boy and he hasn’t been long in the movies. A couple of years would about cover his entire photographic career. But from his first close-up at Sennett’s on through to feature billing in “The Godless Girl,” he has made his mark in a more boisterous type of fun than Keaton’s, less technical than Lloyd’s, and equal to Langdon’s in pathos.

On the screen the kid is there.

Off the screen Eddie is as lacking in humor as most comedians off duty. I didn’t talk to him long enough to find out whether or not he had a Hamlet complex like Chaplin. The director kept calling him for various and assorted scenes of “Geraldine.” But I have a vague hunch he would have revealed a yen for the bigger and better expressionism, if he had been permitted to get a couple of sentences together without interruption.

He’s younger than a Baby Star’s newspaper age. If he isn’t careful, the Thalians will get him. Twenty years would be giving old Father Time a slight edge on Eddie. In addition to his youth, he is totally unsophisticated, as Hollywood rates sophistication. Before he speaks he clears his throat in prelude as though he half-feared his vocal chords would do him dirt if he spoke right up. So far he hasn’t quite grown to his hands and feet, and under pressure of too rigid scrutiny he wiggles slightly.

HIS SMALL-TALK FUND SMALL

It isn’t exactly nervousness. No, I wouldn’t call it a lack of ease. As a matter of fact, Eddie is rather indifferent to the leads of small talk.

Yes, he liked doing “Geraldine.” “Geraldine” was a good story by a famous author, Booth Tarkington. No, he didn’t exactly know how he was going to play the love-smitten youth. The script was not finished yet and the part was liable to change without notice. He, himself, wasn’t worrying about it, however. He wasn’t worrying much about anything since he had separated himself from the tempestuous Sennett emporium and gone to Pathé, the former DeMille outfit.

Just then the director called him and he excused himself to “see what he wanted.”

During the lull in the interview a young fellow from the publicity department volunteered the information that Eddie was destined for the movies from the start. It seems that he was born on Hollywood Street somewhere in Philadelphia. His arrival increased an already generously membered Scotch-Irish family by one—and his Dad’s theatrical act by a darn good little hoofer.

Eddie danced himself onto the stage before he had quite mastered the rudiments of walking. With his two brothers, a sister and his father he toured the vaudeville circuits for years. He did a juvenile impersonation of Harry Lauder that almost headlined the act and would probably have brought the Big Time if the whole family to the law hadn’t interfered, with compulsory schooling. The folks returned to Philadelphia, entered Eddie at Saint Gabriel’s School and saw him through a finishing course at Mount Carmel.

BESIEGING SENNETT

With the schooling completed and the law satisfied, Eddie joined his father’s act again. They were scheduled for a trip to the Coast and from the very start (Continued on page 118)
Marie Prevost

With all the Soft—Smooth—Colorful Loveliness of Youth

"The camera, they say, never lies. The motion picture camera doesn’t even tell a polite little fib, so a screen actress simply has to have a good complexion. That’s why she finds Sempray Jovenay such a help—it keeps the skin always young and lovely."

SEMPRAY does give that youthful appearance. It gives that velvety loveliness. It gives that delightful cleanly color. It gives a joyous feeling of freshness. Sem-pray keeps young faces young—with that healthy glow which causes people to turn for a second look. It makes older faces youthful; it removes lines and wrinkles, bringing back the fresh bloom and firm smoothness.

The purity of imported oils, blended and compressed into a dainty cleansing cream, gives to Sem-pray the power of keeping your skin glowingly youthful and fresh. Sem-pray can be obtained in an oval container or in the original cake form, and is applied direct to the skin, melting into the pores—cleansing, softening, bleaching and invigorating.

The Purse Size Demonstration Package FREE
A week’s use of Sem-pray will demonstrate to you, as it has to millions of other women, that your skin can be kept youthful and lovely. The Demonstration Package not only contains a week’s supply of Sem-pray, but also samples of Sem-pray Face Powder and Sem-pray Rouge.

Send the Coupon.

Send your Demonstration Package. Enclosed is a dime for postage and packing.

Name
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At the court of one of the reigning queens of the screen. Above and at the right, Gloria Swanson in action during a tennis match; and at the left, taking the measure of the net just before taking that of Herman Richardson.
THE secret of a successful facial ensemble?... Make-up that is as perfect in texture as in color... lipstick that lends satin smoothness as well as luscious tone... rouge you can blend with ease... powder so gossamer it becomes one with the skin...

Such are the cosmetics of Helena Rubinstein. For they are the creation of one who is artist as well as scientist... one who for years has divided her life between laboratory and atelier... studying constantly to bless all women with the wondrous coloring of immortal beauties.

When you touch the new Cubist Lipstick to your lips, when you bring the glow of Red Raspberry Rouge to your cheeks, when you clothe your skin with the gentle fragrant radiance that is Valaze Powder, then you realize the magic that lies in make-up.

Beautiful Eyes

Accent the Beauty of Your Eyes with Valaze Persian Eye-Black (Mascara)—instantly darkens the eyelashes giving them an effect of silky, soft luxuriance. Wonderfully adherent, yet does not leave lashes stiff or brittle. 1.00, 1.50.

Valaze Eye Shadow [Compact or Cream in black, brown, green or blue] 1.00.

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener promotes luxuriant growth of lashes and brows. 1.00, 1.50.

Your Daily Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skin Food—Helena Rubinstein’s skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Breathe the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two months’ supply—with detailed instructions (3.50).

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, ridding them of all impurities. Use instead of soap.

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Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons.
Shopping with Lilyan Tashman
Second Of A Series: Revealing This Time
The Practical Secrets Of A Star's Dinner Party

By MARIE CONTI

Dropped in to pay my respects to Lilyan Tashman at ten o'clock the other morning. Found her dressed in a natty morning costume, one of those combination silk-and-wool affairs, which can be worn for practically any purpose from shopping to golfing.

"Won't you go with me? I'm going to buy food for dinner."

"What! Buy your own food? Lilyan, I didn't know you were domestic."

"Oh, yes, I always choose my own meats and vegetables when possible, especially when there are to be guests for dinner. It saves the cook and gives me a chance to know for certain that everything is fresh and just as I want it. It is just a small affair tonight. Greta and Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry King are coming to spend the evening."

"Will it be formal?"

"Both formal and informal. Naturally, I'll drag out my best for the table and we'll be in conventional dinner clothes. But after dinner we'll just sit around the grate fire and be com-

The few minutes turned into a couple of hours. But Lilyan proved she did know a great deal about domesticity, as she set her own table and chatted about why she did this and did that in her own fashion. She even slipped upstairs, shed the shopping outfit, and put on the gown she would wear that evening.

I am going to describe to you exactly what Lilyan was using to honor Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, although, as she herself explained, it wouldn't be necessary to have a tablecloth imported from Germany, glassware from France, Belgium and Italy, dinner plates from Dresden, and so on. In fact, I decided when it was over that I

(Continued on page 110)
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Everybody would like to know each one of the movie stars personally. Here is your chance to get a fine set of pictures free. For a limited time "Motion Picture" will send you absolutely free a set of 24 beautiful pictures of motion picture stars, size 5½ by 8 inches. They are sepia finished and include the outstanding stars of to-day. You will appreciate them when you get them. These pictures are just fine for your collection or den. The entire set of 24 can be yours, absolutely free in accordance with the offer described below.

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For the enclosed $1.00 please send me the set of twenty-four new pictures of motion picture stars and the six issues of Motion Picture Classic. (If you reside in Canada add 25 cents extra; Foreign, 50 cents extra.)

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The Answer Man

For eighteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information.

I'll answer as many letters in MOTION PICTURE as space permits and reply by mail to the others. Write your name and address and enclose stamps or addressed envelope. The Answer Man, Motion Picture, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

WINNING.—Don't be like that. Come down to earth. Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1905. He is six feet two, weighs 175 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. His latest picture is “Blue Sky.” Janet Gaynor, Philadelphia, Pa., about twenty-three years ago. She is five feet tall, weighs 108 pounds, red gold hair and brown eyes. Playing in “Blue Sky,” and your letters will reach them at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Write Arthur Lake at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. You refer to Le Roy Mason who played in “The Viking” and “Revenge.” Send me twenty-five cents for photo.

WALNUT.—I prefer pecans. Gary Cooper was Cadet White in “Wings.” Jack Stone was the infat in “Lilac Time.” Write him at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Barry Norton, the drunkard, in “Legion of the Condemned.” William Haines and Joan Crawford are playing in “The Duke Steps Out,” Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MIKE M.—Percy Marmont and not Clive Brook played in “The Street of Forgotten Men.” Perhaps your friend is referring to “Forgotten Faces,” starring Clive Brook. Clive was in New York for a short visit and to do some shopping. His latest picture is “The Four Feathers.” Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. It is estimated that two per cent of those who love football would attend a game played by stars no longer connected with any college.

INA, SWEDÉ.—Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman’s first picture together was “The Dark Angel.” Mary Brian had the feminine lead in “Beau Geste.” Ronald Colman in “The White Sister.” Nils Asther and Greta Garbo receive their fan mail at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Gary Cooper’s first picture was “The Winning of Barbara Worth,” starring Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman.

BILLY AND BOBBY.—How are the girls? I like your pictures, who’s the gifted person? You may write Sue Carol and Nick Stuart at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Their first picture together will be “Girl’s Gone Wild.” Marguerite de La Motte will play in “The Iron Mask.” These are the good old days we will be longing for a few years from now. Let’s hear from you again.

LONESOME BILLIE.—You should be in the moonlight. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. He is five feet eight, weighs 155 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. He is playing in “The Pagan.” Renée Adorée and Dorothy Janis play opposite him. Send your letter to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

V.C.R.—Greta Garbo’s next picture will be “Wild Orchids.” Nils Asther is her leading man. Louise Brooks went to Germany to make pictures. Alice Joyce is now appearing on the stage in California. The song you have reference to is “That’s My Weakness Now.” James Ford, the newcomer who has attracted so much attention with the female fans, was born in Lawrence, Mass., on March 21, 1905, and went through grammar and high school there. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has

(Continued on page 87)

It will be Broadway and a Melody all right when Anita Page appears in her next, which wears that title. Anita is coming on into second place this time

Clara Bow puts on a “Wild Party” for the benefit of the fans who require a hot time. Clara can be depended upon to jazz up anyone, no matter how jaded

Nils Asther always will burn them up—whether it’s with the flowery “Wild Orchids” or the frozen love-stuff of the Northern lover. He always gets the girls

No wonder “the Duke Steps Out” when Joan Crawford appears—with such a queen, even a few kings ought to come round. Joan would make anyone step out

80
6 Months to Pay

You can now have your choice of stylish up-to-date clothing without sacrifice to yourself or family by taking advantage of Elmer Richards liberal six-months-to-pay plan. Don't wait until you can spare the money all at once. Get now the things you or your family needs and pay only a little each month. You'll never miss the money that way, as the few cents you can save out of the household expenses will do it. Try our easy and convenient plan and let us prove it to you. Remember, Elmer Richards Company, established over 20 years, guarantees satisfaction.

Send for Free Style Book.

This new style book is just off the press. The surprising values it contains in women's, men's and children's fashion clothing will amaze you. We have only a limited number of these books on hand for public distribution other than to our old customers. Send for your free copy now before it is too late. Mail the coupon today! Now! Book will be sent with typical Elmer Richards' prompt service, the same day coupon is received.

Elmer Richards Co.,
Established over 20 years
W. 35th Street, Dept. 2783 Chicago, Illinois

Send me your new Style Book showing the latest styles in women's, men's and children's clothing, absolutely free.

Name

Address

City

State
Lois Moran has never had to bend backward to please audiences. But she can if she wishes; and when she does, she does.

Better than a rainbow 'round his shoulder, to George O'Brien's mind, is a partner as agile and easily balanced as Lois.

We've heard a lot of the sort of men who're supposed to be capable of sweeping girls completely off their feet. But—and you have only to see his effect upon Lois Moran at the left and right—George O'Brien is the kind that actually can do it.

Alley Oop!
HERE'S a wonderful new ventilated girdle that makes you appear inches thinner the very moment you put it on—that gives you straight, slender, youthful lines, instantly!

The bulky, unsightly fat on waist and hips seems to vanish before your very eyes—your waistline lengthens—your figure becomes erect and graceful—and you look and feel years younger!

Nothing like this ventilated reducing girdle has ever been known before! Just slip into a Perfolastic and you can wear modish, becoming, straight-line clothes at once!

Reduces by Massage

Perfolastic reduces through massage—automatic massage.

It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs. The live rubber holds the flesh firm in a sort of suction, massaging away the disfiguring, useless fat with every breath, every step, every little motion.

By its gentle pressure, exerted unconsciously as you breathe and move, the tiny fat cells—which are 85 per cent water—are broken up and naturally carried off by the circulation.

No Dieting—No Exercises

Think what that means! No dieting, no self-denial, no strenuous exercises or dangerous drugs. Yet with every breath you draw, with every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that takes off fat.

Perfolastic does not bind or constrict the figure in any way. Bend, twist, turn, exercise as vigorously as you choose, you will find that this ventilated girdle “gives” with every movement of your body.

Made of the finest quality pure plantation rubber, it combines wonderful elasticity with extraordinary strength.

Cool—Comfortable—Slenderizing

Don’t confuse Perfolastic with the old style, heavy rubber garments that were so uncomfortable. It is a featherweight, ventilated girdle that comes in models that weigh as little as nine and a half ounces (garters included), and is full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function as they should.

Perfolastic is so cool, so comfortable, that you hardly know you have it on!

No matter how much overweight you are, no matter what other methods of reducing you have tried, no matter what other girdles you have worn without result—give Perfolastic a trial! Many women have found, to their astonishment and delight, that waist and hips reduced two to four inches in ten days.

This ventilated reducing girdle is made of the finest quality pure plantation rubber, live and fresh, by the famous Goodrich Rubber Company.

Send for FREE Book

You simply cannot realize what this wonderful girdle can mean to you until you try it! Write today for the interesting FREE BOOK telling more about Perfolastic, picturing many delightful models, and giving full details about the special five-day trial offer and money-back guarantee. No obligation. Don’t delay. Mail coupon below, now. Address Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 163, 79 Madison Avenue, New York City.

PERFOLASTIC

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

DEPT. 163, 79 MADISON AVE.

NEW YORK CITY
Flower of Spain, the wonderful kid from Madrid. Not herself, but himself, for we warned you just in time not to kill that mantilla; it is for a fact Lon Chaney.

A far from melancholy Dane is Karl, here for the first time pictured as the hero in a Greta Garbo love-scene. He seems to regard it as a wonderful pastime.

Speaking of campusite pictures, here's one of Ramon Novarro, apparently transformed into a collegiate stepper.

Cody was ever a name synonymous with the glory of the wild West; and here the tradition of Buffalo Bill is carried on recklessly by Lew.

Whether the cap fits or not, Buster Keaton wears it in a sentimental moment with Renée Adorée.

Has John Gilbert gone slapstick? Or just plain crazy because he's to have more new leading women?

Unseen Scenes
Composite Pictures of Things That Never Happened
BRAND NEW INVENTION
BRINGS FORTUNES TO AGENTS

Here's Something Brand New! An Amazing Simple Invention—Yet, Absolutely Revolutionary! For Now, at One Sweep, Millions of Old Style Can Openers are Doomed to the Scrap Heap! Think of it, Men! A Tremendous New Opportunity for Quick Profits in Every Home in America! No Wonder Agents are Making Astonishing, Almost Incredible Sums—$75, $100, $150 a Week Easily Right Along. So Mail the Coupon for All the Facts and Full Details of My Remarkable FREE TEST OFFER!

ABOUT once in a "Blue Moon" some genius pops up with a new invention that everyone has been waiting for. Then, presto! Almost like magic, agents' profits go soaring overnight to tremendous heights! And now the cold, hard-boiled facts about this amazing new can opener bear convincing proof!

More Than a Can Opener

This queer new device doesn't cut a ragged hole around the edge of the can. It lifts the entire top completely out, clean as a whistle! The machine holds the can—opens it—dips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any jagged edges to back your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! You just put the can in the machine—turn the handle—and almost instantly the job is done! Built to do the job better than anything ever devised! Will last a lifetime! It's far more than just a can opener, it's a real can opening machine!

The Secret of Big Money

Women hate the old style can opener—and with good reason, too. It's the last relic of barbarism in the modern kitchen. Yet every day millions of women have to open cans the dangerous, laborious old-fashioned way. Food is spoiled and wasted. Fingers are cut and torn—often caused by infection and blood poisoning that result in expensive doctor bills. Opening cans the old way is a job nasty enough to make most any man swear—this amazing new way—it's so easy a ten-year-old child can do it with perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it!

FULL TIME
$265 IN A WEEK


SPARE TIME
$9 First Half Day

"The first afternoon I received my Speedo order I made $9."—Mrs. R. Spies, Kan.

PART TIME
$20 in 3 Hours

"I worked about three hours and took 25 orders. This is certainly a money-maker."—O. C. Gresk, Wyo.

A Spectacular New Sales Plan

I want you to see this surprising new invention with your own eyes. I want you to know why everyone, man or woman, falls for it the instant they see it. Whether you are an experienced salesman, or never sold a penny's worth of anything in your life—I want to tell you about a remarkable new sales plan that wins you a profit on every call you make. This plan is made possible by another spectacular money-maker in the Speedo line and guarantees you a steady income of up to $150 a week!

Free Trial—Act Quickly

If you are ambitious—if a new, but tested and proved opportunity to make $75 to $150 a week interests you—not at once before some other live wire beats you to this lifetime opportunity. Without obligation, learn about these amazing new patented inventions, and get my FREE TRIAL OFFER. Just mail the coupon today—NOW!

No Jagged Edges

Speedo cuts the top out, smooth, slick, and clean. Ends forever the danger of infection from fingers cut on jagged tin edges.

Food Pours Right Out

No fuss or muss. All food pours right out of can without scraping or "spooning." Even foods frozen in the can slip out easily.
Mr. Hoover was then, as now, a staunch believer in the theory that the movies, left to themselves, would work out by their own actions the objections that were being voiced against them in several quarters.

A bill, one of several similar ones, to establish a federal censorship was before the House of Representatives. President Coolidge was asked to state his views on the fairness and practicability of the measure.

**His Counsel to Coolidge**

*Based on the advice of his Secretary of Commerce, in the best position to judge the worth of such legislation, President Coolidge came out flatly against the bill and, paying particular compliment to the organization of the picture producers themselves in keeping their industry on a sound basis, he declared his belief in the movies as emissaries of good-will abroad.

Quite soon afterwards, Mr. Hoover was a guest of honor at a banquet given by the advertising men of the motion picture business. Among the other guests were several ambassadors and ministers from Latin-American countries.

The censorship bill was a topic of interest in embassies in Washington as well as to the picture people, and Mr. Hoover reiterated the stand made against it by President Coolidge. He said:

"If we had a defined censor of so inspired and so lofty a soul as to be able to say what from South America could truly represent to us their fine progress and their great aspirations, and who could cut from our films those things which are our own humiliation, the picture would become the greatest vehicle of friendship yet devised by man.

"But the industry must be its own censor. I have a growing confidence in it.

"The proof of it is that the lowest levels of morals and inspiration in the films are higher than the current stage itself.

**Faith in the Industry**

"I trust in the good faith of this great body of men who dominate the industry in the United States to carry out this profound obligation; that every picture of South American life shown to our people and every picture of North American life shown to the South American peoples should carry also the message which build for that respect and confidence which is the real guarantee of peace and progress."

Such was Mr. Hoover's attitude toward the movies when he was Secretary of Commerce. As President, his friendship will continue to be of inspiring aid to the industry.

There is too, a more personal element in Mr. Hoover's friendly feeling toward the motion picture business, than merely his being in Palo Alto to await the returns, they were entertained by a showing of all the new reels made during the campaign.

**A Fan Himself**

Which prompts another point of contact Mr. Hoover has with the films. He is a fan personally.

When the U. S. S. *Maryland* steamed out of the port of Los Angeles, bound to South America, Mr. Hoover had aboard several of them not yet released to the general public, to aid in the entertainment of the party which was accompanying him on his goodwill tour.

The films had been secured through Louis B. Mayer, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who is one of Mr. Hoover's warmest supporters and personal friends in the picture industry.

Billed on the decks of the *Maryland*, as she plied through the Pacific, movie shows were held nightly under the stars.

Doris Kenyon, Emil Jannings, Clara Bow and Richard Arlen were the particular favorites of the President-elect's party, it was reported.

As for Mr. Hoover's personal preferences, it was said that he had especially asked that a print of "Ben Hur" be included among the films kept to his party for the trip.

Thus the figures of filmland will again serve as entertainers at the White House—from the silver screen.

President Coolidge, since his occupancy of the White House, has had two or more movie shows each week in the 12,000 seat motion picture for his family and friends.

There is indication that this custom will be followed by Mr. Hoover when he is President and his home is the big white house on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Thus it may be said that the screen has done in regard to our next president what he himself has done in respect to the Latin-American countries comprised within the scope of his pre-inauguration tour of them. It has carried to him, by its content of wholesome and entertaining material, a message of good-will. When added to that are the several hearty personal relationships toward Mr. Hoover that the film industry holds. It is a palpable appreciation of the value of the movies as a medium for mass-message, those who follow the current of affairs in Washington are inclined to the belief that President-elect will return to the industry friendliness that it has manifested toward him.
Ruth St. Denis discusses off-stage make-up

"Your make-up should enhance your personality, but never over-dramatize it. Your rouge, creams and powder must be perfect in color, in blending and lasting qualities. I prefer Tangee preparations myself. They are particularly effective, and I am glad to recommend Tangee lipstick particularly. It is really more than a lipstick! Tangee protects your lips from chapping and is so natural in effect."

Ruth St. Denis, the world's greatest exponent of Classical and Oriental Dancing...

"who has brought more realization of Beauty into the world than any one being of her time."

If the name Tangee does not appear on the earthen and gun-metal case it is not Tangee.

Ruth St. Denis and Denishawn Dancers at class, in Denishawn House, N. Y.


Beauty... for 20 Cents!


Name
Address

Ruth St. Denis and Denishawn Dancers at class, in Denishawn House, N. Y.

"Your make-up should enhance your personality, but never over-dramatize it. Your rouge, creams and powder must be perfect in color, in blending and lasting qualities. I prefer Tangee preparations myself. They are particularly effective, and I am glad to recommend Tangee lipstick particularly. It is really more than a lipstick! Tangee protects your lips from chapping and is so natural in effect."

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Maria Corda’s back. After her first American film appearance, in “The Private Life of Helen of Troy,” this Continental star returned to Europe for a period of activity there. Recently, however, she came to sojourney’s end; and she is again in Hollywood, to enact a principal’s rôle in “Love and the Devil.”
M.A.H.—Johyina Ralston was the other girl in "Vings." Norma Shearer, Raymond Hackett and H. B. Warner will play in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ruth Elder and Hoot Gibson will make a series of six aviation pictures that will be produced by Hoot, as well as being the star for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Theodore Roberts, the grand old man of the screen, died Dec. 11, 1923. He was sixty-seven years old. His last picture was "Noisy Neighbors."

NO-NAME.—You may write Maria Alba and Sally Phipps at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Sally was born in San Francisco, Cal., May 25, 1909. She is five feet two, has red gold hair and brown eyes. Real name is Byrnee Beutter. Maria, Barcelona, Spain, does not tell her age. Dolores Costello, Ralph Graves, Audrey Ferris and Claude Gillingwater have important roles in "Alimony Annie," Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

FAULTLESS DEE.—Never saw John Gilbert wear glasses. Where did you get that idea? John's real name is Pringle, not related to Aileen Pringle. He is five feet ten inches tall and his next picture will be "Thirst." Renée Adorée has been doing some free-lance work, her latest is "The Pagan." However, your letter will reach her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

JOAN CRAWFORD FAN.—Joan was born in Texas, March 23, 1906. She is five feet four, weighs 120 pounds, and right now has blonde hair, which is very becoming. Her real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Loretta Young, Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 6, 1912. She is five feet two, weighs 98 pounds, dark hair and eyes. She danced on the stage before entering pictures.

JUST WONDERING. — Halt, right where you are. Betty Compson played in "The Rambawke House," Robert Dowling her leading man. Her latest production is "Weary River," starring Richard Barthelmess. Write Hoot Gibson at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. After having several different birthdates for Clara Bow, I find her correct one is July 29, 1905. Let's hope this is final. Warner Baxter played in "In Old San Francisco."

NOVENA C.—Charles 'Buddy' Rogers attended the University of Kansas. Clara Bow has recovered nicely, thank you. Her latest picture will be "The Wild Party." Frederic March will be her leading man. Write them both at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Betty Bronson in "She Knows Men," Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

ERLING BERG.—Allene Ray was born in San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 2, 1902. She is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs 117 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Married to Larry Wheeler. Here are some of her most recent pictures: "The House Without a Key," "Hawk of the Hills" and "The Terrible People." Lilian Gish, Robert Harron and Dorothy Gish had the leads in "Hearts of the World," which was released in April 1918.

PEG.—John Bowers played opposite Dorothy Mackaill in "Chicki," Neil Hamil-

(Continued on page 116)
Who else wants
ANETTE KELLERMANN'S
Secret of Slenderness

Now reduced
29 pounds
m.3.

Lose last
11 pounds
in two weeks.
Total now
30 pounds
off.

Mail This Coupon

ANETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 383
235 West 39th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann—As I have been trying for nearly a year to lose 10 pounds. Please send me, without cost, a copy of your book, “The Body Beautiful.”

Name...
Address...
City...
State...

BEAUTY
that won't fade
LASTING BEAUTY is yours when you use Katherine Mac Donald's Lash Cosmetic. It's absolutely waterproof. Will not run or bud, leaves them soft and natural.

Have sparkling, fascinating eyes. Get Katherine Mac Donald's Lash Cosmetic at most leading stores. Do not exceed counters or 211 direct to Katherine Mac Donald at Hollywood.

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S
LASH COSMETIC

Lew Cody jumped to the radio and innovated a new kind of broadcasting—announcements with his spontaneous eulogies of Fatty. Tom Mix hied his cowboy regalia to the orchestra stand and footed the horns in honor of Fatty. Buster Keaton did an act; Norma and Connie and Natalie, Bebe Daniels, Buster Collier, Marie and Kenneth Harlan, Ruth Roland, Ben Bard, Marshall Neilan, Charles Chaplin—oh, name any favorite and you'll have the full list of both guests and entertainers for that history-making first evening. They simply rivaled each other in 'Plugging For Fatty.' James Cruze hadn't been in a dress suit since 1925 when he attended Roscoe's marriage with Doris, August second, 1928, he repeated again in honor of Fatty. "One of the highest compliments paid me, because Jimmy does hate a dress suit," Arbuckle told me.

POSIES AND PRaises

THE flowers—well, it's too bad the Chicago gangsters. There aren't any pictures for their next funeral. Mabel Normand, who helped to make the Arbuckle comedies famous, sent a reproduction of the old screen-Fatty. The same baggy pants, the big shoes, even the pudgy shoulders—all done in posies.

Learce Joy sent a plaque. It read, We owe Mr. Arbuckle a debt of gratitude. He has shown the miracle of patience without bitterness in a world of injustice." It now hangs, copied in bronze, in the entrance.

(Continued on page 92)

(Continued from page 42)

plugging for fatty

Fatty was going to open thePlantation

Cedric Gibbons, art director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, rushed over with his drawing pencil. "Where shall I begin?" he inquired.

A contractor had wanted three hundred and eighty dollars to design and build a grape arbor for a canopy of the dance pavilion. Gibbons drew the plans for nothing and recommended the labor. Fatty grabbed a hammer and carried his bulky self to the top of a ladder where he pounded nails and directed the others. The arbor cost him eighty dollars.

At this time Fatty owned seventy-five per cent of the stock in The Plantation. But there was not enough money for rugs and new benches. When he was ready to open, he owned fifty per cent. Friends bought the balance to complete the equipment.

There comes a zero hour for every man manipulating a new undertaking. Fatty's zero hour was when the preparations were completed. Everyone had helped. But would they come to his ten-dollar-a-night opening? His success did not depend upon free help, but upon paid support from the public. If the motion picture folk came to his place, the public would follow.

THEY CAME

DID they come? The salaries of that opening night crowd would run into millions. They not only came, they literally ran The Plantation.

90
so Colorful
so Smart...
yet these delightful compacts cost only $1

It speaks volumes for the style and smartness of Tre-Jur's new "Oblong Double" to find it chosen by so many women who generally pay far more than a dollar for their compacts. But who can resist the charm of its brilliant color—its chic modernistic design—its delightfully exclusive, expensive air?

And you'll adore the contents, too. Soft, clinging powder, exquisitely scented—perfect blending rouge—unbreakable mirror—two puffs. And refills always obtainable in your favorite shade. Look for this new Tre-Jur compact in any drug or department store today.

If your dealer cannot supply you, mail $1 direct (specifying color of case and shade of powder) to HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, Inc., 19 West 18th Street, New York City.
“THE TRAIL OF '98” is the current film sensation of America. With beautiful DOLORES DEL RIO, Ralph Forbes, Karl Dane, Tully Marshall. A Clarence Brown production. The Giant picture of the year. Direct from its long run on Broadway at $2 admission. Tell your theatre Manager it is the one picture you don't want to miss!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
Plugging for Fatty

(Continued from page 90)

Yet, perhaps, the most startling sight on that opening night was the face of Fatty Arbuckle. No words can describe it. He shed tears, but he shed something so much movingly and factually, that no one among "those present" will ever forget it. A spirit, a gratitude, a bewildered, I-don't-know-why-this-is-happening attitude which will always bring tears to those who remember.

And there was the same look on his face exactly two and a half months later when he talked to me about it. I waited two and a half months, on purpose, for this story. I wanted to know whether this opening night was merely a grand gesture on the part of the motion picture people or the first of an established series.

"I—I can scarcely believe it yet," he told me. "Not once, but again and again they have come down and put on a show for me. At Jolson gave an entire evening. We charged ten dollars again and the dancing floor wasn't any bigger than that fountain—there were so many to be seated."

THIRTY SONGS FOR NOTHING

WHERE else would Jolson sing thirty songs for nothing?

Now, there is scarcely a night that some world-famous person isn't here. Ah, it's a strange place, that Plantation. It's a world of its own, and I've lived there over half a century.

When Jack was here, there was a little song called "Plugging for Fatty" that was always sung. Fatty listened to it and it was a great hit. And he walked up to me and said, "I love that song, it's perfect for me."

But it's not just about Fatty. The entire cast and crew of Plantation are involved. They work hard to keep the place running smoothly.

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But it's not just about Fatty. The entire cast and crew of Plantation are involved. They work hard to keep the place running smoothly.
Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you. Use it today free! See how easy it is to run and the splendid typed letters it turns out. For the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in your handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms.

Carrying Case Included—If You Act Now

Leatheroid carrying case, offer, Instructions free on the offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send me only $5—then $39.90 in three monthly installments of $13.30 each. Net cost price of $59.90 is saved. Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

MONEY SAVED
By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
(Corona Division)
449 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. 23

Clip out the coupon. Fill in all parts carefully. Send with coupon and $5. Deposit in cash or by express money order. Do not mail stamps. We will send you the machine, freight prepaid. Value is $69.90, net cost price $59.90, balance $9.00 plus 60c postage. The offer may never be repeated. Money saved by this offer is $10.00. This is a big saving. Mail coupon at once.

Name
Address
Occupation

Pretty Ankles $3.75 per pair

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

Dr. Walter's Special Ankletstrap

Dr. Walter's Special Ankletstraps in opulent colors. Try one on trial. Very little cost to you. With the ankle strap, the foot is lifted and the ankle and calf muscles and joints are exercised. Write for details and price.

Saline Springs, Nevada

The cleanest indoor sport in the world, as practiced by an enthusiastic addict, Jane Winton. This picture was taken just before she stepped onto the scales, at the right.

Jane Comes Clean
(Continued from page 40)

...and says the keep-up is tremendous.

Fashioned for the "Follies"

Now when Jane got to New York, do you think she jumped into it? My dear, you'll never guess! No, not Jimmy Walker. J. P. Mor. No, no you're cold. I'll have to tell you. Flo Ziegfeld. Yes, Flo of the Follies, himself, and not a "Show Boat." Not only that, but Ziggy sent one of the Shuberts or somebody chasing down the Main Stem after her. What the "Follies" need Jane has. If she had stayed in them a little longer, it's six to five that some philanthropist, doing his daily dozen for art and beauty, would have bought the "Follies" and presented them to Jane, neatly wrapped and tied with blue baby ribbon. But she checked out with a clear conscience and a collection of mash notes on gilt-edge stationery that would still sound funny if read by a lawyer to twelve strangers. She quit Broadway for Beverly, the "Follies" for films, Ziegfeld for Zukor.

Since then there have been parts aplenty. And pay envelopes to match. Under Jane's keen management, skinny, unimpressive one-dollars have added strings of fat and opulent noughts to her bank balance. Her skill in the alchemy of finance has turned real estate and oil into gold. Which is all very well in its way. But vaulting ambition is impatient. And Jane strains for the day that will bring her that one big rôle which

...this frail girl's life. The burning, shameful words that, once on the printed page, would bring me fame and many rich offers from publishers of confession-magazines, as writers call the confession-magazines.

"I was born in Philadelphia," said Jane. And sure enough she was. The fact marks the one indiscretion in Jane's few crowded years of life, Romance and Adventure. It really wasn't her fault, as any intelligent, fair-minded person will agree. But you can imagine how she feels about it. Take yourself, for instance, in similar circumstances. Yet the Winton loyalty to the Somnambulant City is such that even now she makes pilgrimages to the girlhood shrines in her frequent aerial journeys from Broadway to the Boardwalk. Weather permitting, of course.

As soon as she was old enough fully to realize that she was living, as its natives call it in the burg of bed-time stories, she woke a ticket-seller in Broad Street station and made him take over three dollars for a one-way to New York. And ever since she has been trying to forget. Get the subtext when I say, "She made the ticket-seller." What I mean is, that phrase, "She made the ticket-seller take the three dollars." Even then Jane was that way. She can't drop into the jeweler's to buy some simple bauble, but that one of the firm, after one glance at her, goes absolutely ga-ga and tries to load her down with a show-case full of diamonds. During her trip to Europe last summer, the captain tried to give her the boat. Now I ask you, what would Jane do with a boat?
The little busy bee hasn’t a thing on Jane when it comes to improving each shining hour. Take the talkies, for instance. They have brought great changes to the movies. But the great majority of players continue to ignore the handwriting on the screen. When they awaken to the fact that there is a new regime, it will be to find themselves working the front ends of trucks, or the rear ends of cafeterias. Mlle. Winton, however, is the exception to this rule as she is to many others. Before the cops cleared the sidewalks of the mob besieging the box-office of the first talkie show, Jane had engaged a skilled vocal teacher. She spent, and is spending, arduous hours in the development of a naturally lyrical voice. The result being that she surprised all Hollywood by reading the first picture play in which she appeared. Which, incidentally, was the first to be made by Universal.

As if these activities were insufficient, Jane has rustled with her accustomed enthusiasm into the deep waters of authorship. Ten chapters of her first novel are completed. Publishers promise a best-seller if the next ten are as good as these. And if there is nothing else to do, Jane, just to rest herself, keeps up to date on dancing. She’s lifte and supple as an athlete. Then, of course, there are the social duties which devolve on every mistress of a Hollywood menage. Off screen, you know, Jane is Mrs. Charles Kenyon. And Charles Kenyon, playwright and littérateur, has made his home the center of a circle of kindred and congenial spirits, men and women of mental brilliance whose abilities have brought accomplishment. Over this salon Jane presides as to the manner born. So to her other talents she adds the distinction of being a good wife and—but let’s not get ahead of the story.

There’ll be lots more to tell about Jane Winton. Like the book she is writing, only a few chapters of her life’s volume now stand completed. The lady of the emerald eyes seems something of a child of destiny. And hidden in the soft fragrance of her loveliness is a strength of will that must mold this destiny to her desire. What she wants, she’ll get. Always has. Always will.

What Paris is to fashions, MOTION PICTURE is to screen magazines. It is the source of new ideas and new viewpoints—and new news. And it has the knack moreover of knowing not only what to say and saying it first, but of saying it best. All of which goes to make the 28th of every month the brightest spot in every month for those who follow pictures and the people who people them.

MOTION PICTURE
The Screen Magazine of Authority

On the Newsstands the 28th

Beautiful Betty Compson

Find that out—tonight

How Lovely Are You?

MANY girls and women do not know how beautiful they can be. They never look their best. But stars of the stage and screen make a study of the factors—so they shine. Do that in your own career—it pays.

The foundation of beauty is a clear, clean, radiant skin. After that, use any art you wish. But start with natural beauty at its utmost. There is only one way to do that. Beauty expert the world over now employ it as their greatest aid.

Apply Boncilla clasmic pack. Rest while it dries. At once you will feel it draw from the skin all that clogs and mars it. All the dirt and grime, dead skin, hardened oil. The causes of blackheads and blemishes, excess oil. You will feel it draw the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. There is no illusion—you can feel it act.

Then you will see in your mirror
A radiant glow
An animated look
A clear, clean skin
A soft, smooth skin
Little lines, if they appear, are eradicated. Wrinkles are combated. Sagging muscles are made firmer. Enlarged pores are reduced. Girls gain multiplied beauty, many older women seem to drop ten years.

Such things can’t be done by mere cosmetics. They depend on natural methods. And the world, in all its searching, has found nothing to compare with Boncilla clasmic pack.

Try Boncilla. It has brought a new era to millions. All about you people appear who glow because they use it. Don’t envy them—simply follow their example. Learn how you, in your every contact, can appear at your very best.

All toilet counters sell Boncilla clasmic pack. In jars at $1.50 and $1.50— in tubes at $1 and 50c. The coupon will bring you one-week test of clasmic pack—no charge. If you enclose 10c. to partly pay postage and packing, we will send our “Box of Beauty,” that means four Boncilla samples—the treatment complete.

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The perfected Buescher Saxophone is a marvel- ous instrument. It is one of the most beautiful of all musical instruments. By the range and wealth of its tones it may take the place of almost any other instrument. Yet it is so perfected and simplified that it is the easiest of all instruments to play.

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Be admired for your slim graceful limbs
REDUX Anklet Reducers quickly and perfectly shape both ankles and calf by a new scientific, comfortable and natural method—amazingly simple—just slip them on like a sock and note instant results. Nothing else to do. May be worn day or night and under sheer stockings without showing. Be-leave Varicose Veins andswelling ankles promptly.

And the best of all, while Readucing Slim Satisfaction Guaranteed good skin of ankles and legs part of calf can be told, readuction done so quickly and easily, that it is hard to believe any pay postage upon delivery of anklets in plain wrapper.

MADAME CLAIRE
53 Fifth Ave. New York

Duty Unadorned
(Continued from page 50)

A few simple exercises, practiced quietly
for an hour or so each evening, and before
you know it you’re playing popular tunes
on your easy fingering.

BUESCHER
True Tone Saxophone

Color? Flower? Animal? Actor?” The
victim filled in the blanks according to his
or her mental palatability—and there you
were. The result was up to the printer, which
was as it should be—now.

NO FOOLIN’, INDEED

I SAID, “I’m for a revival of this quaint
and goodly old custom. I’ll spout the
questions and you can spout back
the blanks. We’ll give this one interview to
the great American public as it is—and no
foolin’.”

The following is the result, so ‘elp us!
And if you think it’s the last word in
efficiency, it’s because you’ve been papa-fed
and spoiled with elaborate eulogies.

Let’s go!
Q. Your favorite flower? Come on, now, think fast.
A. You wouldn’t know how to spell it if
I gave you a hard one. Oh, well, white
oranges, then. If anyone sends me lavender
ones, I put ’em in the sink.
Q. Favorite book, if you’ve ever read one?
A. Bank book, you zany. Well, if I
must: Elbert Hubbard’s “Little Journeys.”
They contain everything and—
Q. Poem?
A. Swinburne’s “Dolores.” That man
gave birth to it.
Q. Song?
A. That Scotch song, “I Can’t Give You
Anything But Love, Baby.”
Q. Actor?
A. I’ll take one old enough to be harm-
less. I’m not being facetious, I mean it.
Oh, well, E. John Barrymore.
Q. Actress?
A. Louise Fazenda. She—

NUTTY ABOUT FILBERTS

Q. Candy?
A. Oh, Gawd, how I hate chocolates!
Er—sugar-coated almonds called filbertys by
the intelligentsia.
Q. Food?
A. (with sympathetic gaze at me) No
food I don’t love. Stewed apricots go to the
head of the class.
Q. Drink?
A. Don’t be funny—oh, pineapple ice
cream sodas.
Q. Entertainment?
A. Whoops! I’m not being ribald. I
mean, I can’t do anything. I mean I can’t
do anything out of doors. What I really
mean is that I don’t know which end of the
tennis racket you hold.
Q. Game?
A. Wh—oh, parchesi and Black Jack.
(Not Dempsey.)
Q. Chief ambition?
A. To write (of course) short stories.
Q. Favorite city?
A. Hollywood—and this is not propa-
ganda. Hollywood has everything, the
sofistication of Paris, the climate of
Southern France, houses that seem to smile
at you, clothes if you have the money to
pay for them—
Q. Favorite vices?
A. Lying awake nights thinking of the
parts I shall have had and how I should
have played the parts I did have. Shopping.
Asking for second helpings.
Q. Favorite animal?
A. Cat.

COME, COME, ESTELLE
Q. Favorite picture?
A. I’m the best fan in the world. I love
all pictures. I’m easily—
Q. (Repeated firmly) Favorite Picture?
We are not interested in digressions.

A. “Seventh Heaven” and you can go
— I mean, “Seventh Heaven”
was volcanic without benefit of It or
any dirt war.
Q. Worst enemy?
A. My own self-consciousness. I detest
meeting new people. ‘Fraid to. Even with
women I can only go so far and then I get
all stiff and rigid and—
Q. Severeest critic?
A. Like to say Jack, but he isn’t be-
cause he can’t be induced to so much as
look at one of my pictures. I guess I’m
my own worst and severest critic becaus—
Q. Is your hobby? Kindly do not
step on the gas every time you reply to
queries, Estelle?
A. Collecting elephants and how do you
like it? Some day I’ll have so many of them
they’ll melt into one and it’ll be a white
elephant and I won’t know what to do with it
and—

A HOST OF PET HATES
Q. “Favorite hates? You can talk to
the white elephant, Estelle, I’m sure.
A. Trips to Europe, or Sea travel.
Ap-pointments made a week ahead of time.
They weigh me down thinking about them.
All dates before noon. Looking through
telephone directories. Some day on the
phone, who can’t dance, knows nothing about
pictures and everything about some subject
that is Greek syntax to me. Talking out
salary. I get the argument, but I can’t talk
all, look as disbelieving as you please. Orchid
dish. Tiring on clothes in shops. Figuring
out income tax. Tax experts in general. I’ve
got a mate at the whole species because they
will not allow me to take off for massages
without which I couldn’t take off at all and
therefore could not be myself. Smokes
cigarettes. Killings. No one has a right to
kill any animal that cannot defend itself
or is not necessary for food purposes.
It’s a kind of murder. An animal is as
important in its kingdom as a human is in
his or hers. Throwing away flowers that are
dead. I believe flowers have a kind of
life of their own, important to them, vital
to them. True.
Q. Favorite loves, habits, etc?
A. Changing my personality from time to
time is one of my favorite occupations or
perversions. If that doesn’t suit you, or
maybe it’s a vice, who knows? I do upon
being the vamp type one day, with dark
fringes of hair and sulen, imperious mouth,
and the dissembling ingenuity the next day
in rompers and things. Whenever I fail to get
a part I’ve hoped to get, I cut off some hair
and feel better. Fortune tellers. I adore
them and never believe a word they tell me.
Costume jewelry—especially when given to
me. Epsom salts baths. Hate cold showers,
which item I neglected to mention in the
hates but must here because it’s my belief
that people who crave them are frightfully
abnormal.
I put down pencil, knife, fork and
spoon. All well utilized.
We both heaved enormous sighs of relief
and groaned, “Thank God, that’s over for
the present.”
Estelle cast the dark fires of her eyes upon
my written woes. She said, “If a psycholog-
should get a hold of this, he’d know all
there is to know about me.”
If there is much as an amateur
psychologist among you, you’ll have the
pleasure of knowing Estelle better than—
q. Jack Dempsey.
Estelle said “Let’s go do some shopping
or take an Epsom salts bath.”
We went. Never mind where. Don’t get fresh.
Journeys end, for Nick Stuart, in meeting Sue Carol. When he got back to Los Angeles from doing just what the title "Chasing Through Europe" says, there was Sue at the station.

Jaime Del Rio: Innocent Bystander
(Continued from page 31)

and silly thing that goes by the name of fame in the movie world.

HER FRIENDS HIS FRIENDS

He made a brave fight of it, though. He tried to enter into all the activities of her new life. He made her friends his. He wrote scenarios, hoping to earn a success equal to hers and make her proud of him. When the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences held their first dinner, he sat in the lobby of the Biltmore Hotel and waited patiently for her, overhearing the words of passersby, "That's the husband of Dolores Del Rio, the movie star."

Two years after the Del Rios came to Hollywood they took a vacation trip to Honolulu with a party of picture people. "I think," Jaime wrote a friend, "that things are going to be all right. This is like a second honeymoon." He and Dolores had their pictures taken on the deck of the ship. There was a third figure in the picture, the man who discovered the little Mexican beauty and made her a star, Edwin Carewe. It is the innocent bystander who gets hurt, Jaime Del Rio was an innocent bystander in Hollywood; and the forces that ferment under the kleigs, ambition and envy and discontent and pride, made him their victim. There were false friends to counsel, "Go away a while. She will miss you. She will find out how much she needs you."

Jaime Del Rio left Hollywood. He told reporters with a tinge of bitterness that he could not stand it to be merely Mr. Dolores Del Rio and later apologized humbly to her for his words. A play on which he was collaborating, "From Hell Came a Lady," served as an excuse to go to New York and there wait for the miracle to happen, for a beloved voice to call him on the long dis-

ONE sentence ... just 12 words ... to be copied in your own handwriting.

Four impartial judges—a Graphologist, an Art Director, an Author, and a Corporation President—to select the most distinguished handwriting.

Twenty-five Interesting Prizes

1st Prize—$1000 Cash.
2nd Prize—$500 Cash.
3rd Prize—$250 Cash.
4th to 10th Prizes—Your choice of $5 Cash or Graphologist's scientific analysis of ability, traits, hidden characteristics, etc., which are revealed by your handwriting.

11th to 25th Prizes—Special library gift carton of one hundred Marlboro Cigarettes.

Here is the first prize winner of the 1928 contest. Is your handwriting more distinguished?

Marlboro—A Cigarette For Those Who Can Afford 20¢ For The Best

ALL you have to do is to copy the above sentence (Marlboro—A Cigarette For Those Who Can Afford 20¢ For The Best) in ink in your own handwriting and send it to address below. Don't put it off! It costs nothing to enter this contest.

This month's Marlboro contest closes March 31st. In case of tie-duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges will be: Mme. Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist; K. M. Goode, Writer and Psychologist; George Bueher, Art Director; R. M. Ellis, President, Philip Morris & Co. Reproductions of especially distinguished handwritings will be shown in leading society magazines.

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ALWAYS FRESH
WRAPPED IN HEAVY FOIL
Absorb Cold Cream this way don’t rub it in

DIRT, germs, powder, rouge cling to cold cream. Harsh towels, old pieces of unsanitary cloth send these beauty-destroying accumulations down into the pores. There they cause blackheads, enlarged pores—all sorts of troubles that you can avoid by removing cold cream the right way . . . with Kleenex Cleansing Tissues.

Kleenex comes in fine, thin sheets of white tissue. It is especially absorbent. It lifts all the dirt from the pores along with cold cream. You discard it after using once—yet, using three sheets for a treatment, it costs only a few cents a day.

If you haven’t yet used Kleenex let this free coupon bring you a sample package by return mail. Fill it out now and mail it.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

The days of reel sport: Richard Arlen angling for fish and Jobyna Ralson—in this case very much Mrs. Arlen—wondering if she can find a frying-pan small enough to make them look impressive

MESSAGE TOO LATE

“He was all broken up,” he nods, “but after he knew she really wanted the divorce he stepped out of the way. He was a little Castilian gentleman.”

How quickly one falls into the past tense. Jaime Del Rio had died only the night before. The newspaper on the desk before us was filled with the hysterical cablegrams which Dolores had sent to her ex-husband while he was dying. “Fight, Jaime, fight!” “Wish I were with you, baby; because I love you.” “Keep up courage, darling.” “Jaime Del Rio Dies Whispering ‘Dolores,’” the headlines proclaimed.

“And that’s not just newspaper bunk.” The press agent rapped the two-inch letters. “He thought of her all the time, before the divorce and since. He used to write me because I’d been their friend and his letters were full of her. I’ve got some of ‘em here.” He brought them out of his file, the outpourings of a man’s soul, methodically entered under the letter “J.”

“God knows I always did my best for her,” one letter ran. “I’m happier now, thank the Lord,” began another. “I went through Hell in New York. But I am slowly recovering my balance. Of course, there are wounds that nothing, not even time, can heal.”

Jaime had a tough winter of it in New York,” the press agent said. “You see, in spite of his palaces and lands, there was never much real money from his Mexican properties; and after Dolores got the divorce he wouldn’t take help from her any more. I know for a fact that he lived in very humble quarters in New York, and one time even tried to get work as a clerk in a department store, under an assumed name so that the papers wouldn’t get hold of it and embarrass her.

POVERTY AND PLAY-WRITING

“He was writing a novel about the underworld and the only friends he made that year were gangsters who took him about to their hangouts for atmosphere. Once in a while he would take some tough and his girl to dinner in a swanky hotel. They worshipped him. He began a play about Hollywood, showing what really happened to human beings there: his own experience and Dolores’. The American Play Company thought so well of it that they sent one of their men, Mr. Stein, to Europe with Jaime to study German technique and finish the play.”

“We shall go to Paris in maybe one, two year,” Dolores Del Rio told me joyously when I interviewed her several years ago. “We shall live very simply—like students—in the Latin Quarter. I shall keep the house and sing, and Jaime shall write. It will be the—how you say?—adventure.”

And now the two were in Paris, but how different from their plans. Dolores Del Rio, the famous movie star, traveling with her mother and her producer, was staying in one of the gilded hotels near the Place de la Concorde. The man whose name she had kept when she dropped him from her life—he saw it in staring electric lights everywhere—lived across the Seine in a humble pension.

They met. He could not be there in the same city and not see her; and perhaps with all the new, thrilling life of a picture celebrity, in that new romance she had not been able to forget “her Jaime.” At any rate they met, secretly, so that the newspapers should not get hold of it, in a shaded foothpath down by the Seine and walked there every morning among the bourgeois lovers. And now for the first time Jaime Del Rio gave up his secret hope that some day she would come back to him. Hollywood had got Dolores. It was Hollywood that was his rival.

Yet he wrote to her when she came back to America—love letters. She received one from him calling her by her old, old love name only five days before he died.

The doctors spoke learnedly in Latin terms of his sickness. Doctors don’t recognize the symptoms of a broken heart.
A pile of popularity: one week’s accumulation of fan letters to Jack Luden, who has not been on the screen many times longer then that

Hollywood Wetiquette

(Continued from page 53)

disarranged before they arrive and look at the fix you will be in then.
The more important ones will come in at any time from ten-thirty on. If they are very important, don’t expect them until eleven-thirty.

And here is a little tip for you: take a note book and mark down carefully the relative lateness of each after-ten-thirty guest.

When you get through, you will have an accurate gage of the importance of every one of them. The last one to arrive will be the most important one there. The most important one of all won’t come.

THOSE DEPARTING GUESTS

D ON’T be annoyed or upset if groups of your guests leave abruptly in the middle of things to go to other parties. It is quite au fait for them to do that and the chances are that if the party they leave to attend isn’t as good as yours, they will all come troup ing back and you will have them on your hands at breakfast time.

Anyway, people will be leaving other parties to come to yours, so the thing even itself is the big news.

Oh, yes. And this is important: be sure to provide for at least twice as many—if not three times as many—people as you invite. Because if you are at all popular, a great many people will come to your party whom you do not expect. In fact, the most humiliating thing that can happen to a Hollywood hostess is to give a party to which only the people she has invited come. Everyone knows from that where she stands.

Another thing you must be sure to remember if you are giving a party, is to make an entrance.

The hostess must not be on hand to greet her guests as they come in. Good gracious! That would never do.

She waits until they are all assembled and then she comes down the staircase, holding a fan behind her head—like the ladies on insurance calendars—swaying gently and with one white hand resting lightly on the stair rail.

The hostess at one party recently came out onto a balcony, built into the living-room for that express purpose, waved her large ostrich fan, took her pose and held it for a few moments and then trailed gracefully down the stairs in the most fetching manner.

HER DELAYED TRIUMPH

U NFOR TUNATELY all the guests had gone to the kitchen—they will do that if you don’t keep an eye on them—and there was only one somewhat surprised male who had gone in to look for a cigarette, to witness this ravishing performance.

The poor hostess was extremely upset about it and repaired to the kitchen to complain of the matter. Her evening was practically ruined.

Later on, however, she was repaid in part when she went upstairs at one o’clock and returned in a suit of Chinese pajamas. This time she slid down the banister and was a great success.

That is another thing to remember. If you are a guest at a party, it really does not matter much how you behave. You can do almost anything that occurs to you and the chances are that no one will pay the slightest attention.

If you are not pleased with the arrangements, just say so. Maybe something will be done about it. If not, you can go home.

WRITERS GET HUNGRY

A CERTAIN prominent novelist arrived at a dinner party only an hour late. The lady was very hungry. The hostess had not come down and none of the other guests had arrived. The novelist sat down and, tapping an annoyed foot and contemplating her hunger. Then she left. An hour or two later the hostess received a telegram from her. “I wanted my dinner,” it read. “So I came down town and had it. I may be back.”

You see the rules for the behavior of guests are very elastic.

"In Rags or Riches!

W HETHER she’s cast as a poor orphan of the storm or the wealthy Lady Gwendolynne Vere de Vere there’s one thing the screen star insists on—comfortable shoes. For how can she successfully portray her role when her feet throb and ache.

That’s why she wears Robyn Health-Mode Shoes. She knows that their special in-built features guard her from arch troubles and that the famous Health-Mood Cushion relieves pressure and pinching. Her foot is gently yet firmly supported. She forgets her feet entirely.

With Robyn Health Mode Shoes, you too can be free from foot consciousness. One pair will give you an entirely new conception of foot comfort.

“My Metatarsal Arch Gets a New Deal” is a sprightly booklet telling how Health-Modes helped one woman to foot ease. Write for it today and send us the name of your favorite dealer.

ROBINSON-BYNON SHOE CO.
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Best Foot Gear for the Gents

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Please send me a Special Copy of “My Metatarsal Arch Gets a New Deal.”

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99
thought I loved; he, too, seemed a protection against the cruel world around me. But none of those things is ever a logical excuse for marriage.

I was as bored with him in two months as I had been with the man in Memphis.

A BETTER FELLER THAN SPELLER

I MET Raymond Griffith working in "Night Club." I had a close-up with him. He asked where he could call me. I was restless, unhappy. Here was a big star—a man who could help me—showing interest. I gave him my telephone number.

He was the first social caller for man in my experience. He was the first one to tell me there is no good and no bad in this world—just good taste and poor taste. He used to talk about things for you, little girl. You are deserving. All you need is the right handling; the right inspiration and I'm not going to make love to you, either."

For nearly two years he undertook to help me; he did help me. But he forgot that he was not going to make love to me. I thought my salvation lay in his help; his inspiration. I fell in love with him. I suppose every girl meets this kind of man, too. The kind that would mold her, inspire her—inure her with the idea of what he does for you, if only for gratitude at his interest in her.

He went to New York; I signed with De Mille. I learned that Max had found some-one else in New York who needed the proper inspiration, the proper handling. It may have been true or not true, but I heard it. I started running around with Frank Marlin. We were playing the juvenile leads in "The Country Doctor." Frank was the first man of my own age with whom I had gone places. The first kid-romance of my experience. Just two youngsters crying for the moon of fame together. Ambition brought us together, but opposition lengthened our mutual interest. The studio didn't think it was wise to mix romance with business. We were to be teamed on the screen, but they didn't want us together. Then Max Marlin returned from New York. He was furious. "What! I've nurtured you along for two years and you expect me to see you waste your talent on a mere boy!"

FRANK IS FORBIDDEN

W HAT is there in a woman which defies interference and opposition? A mother says, "You can't go with that boy;" and he's sure to be the one you slip off with and marry. A studio says, "No." A friend, who you feel has more or less foresaken you, returns to say, "No." And you fall in love to defy them. Besides, Frank and I were having such good times just talking and talking and talking about what life meant to young people.

We went together for seven months—until I went over to play the ingenuous bit in "Two Lovers" with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. Now, there were just two men in Hollywood, whom I, more or less, thought it was my duty, as a young girl, to fall in love with. One was John Gilbert and the other, Ronald Colman. I never worked with John, but I met him one night at a dinner. He took my hand, looked into my eyes for a moment and then said, "Colossal." I was so busy trying to figure out what he meant by such a statement that I forgot I was supposed to fall in love with him; I lost all of my interest. But I didn't lose interest and I thought it was my duty to fall in love with him. Raymond Griffith was that man to Virginia Bradford.

There were months and months when I didn't see Raymond, but I cut out all the clipping for him. He was never out of my mental horizon.

IN LOVE AGAIN

O NE night, I met Max Marlin, the playwright, at a dinner. I had my hair down my back like a little girl. I had been taking dramatic lessons; I recited some pieces. He said, "Oh, what marvelous talent! I am going to do things for you, little girl. You are deserving. All you need is the right handling; the right inspiration and I'm not going to make love to you, either." For nearly two years he undertook to help me; he did help me. But he forgot that he was not going to make love to me. I thought my salvation lay in his help; his inspiration. I fell in love with him. I suppose every girl meets this kind of man, too. The kind that would mold her, inspire her—inure her with the idea of what he does for you, if only for gratitude at his interest in her.

He went to New York; I signed with De Mille. I learned that Max had found some-one else in New York who needed the proper inspiration, the proper handling. It may have been true or not true, but I heard it. I started running around with Frank Marlin. We were playing the juvenile leads in "The Country Doctor." Frank was the first man of my own age with whom I had gone places. The first kid-romance of my experience. Just two youngsters crying for the moon of fame together. Ambition brought us together, but opposition lengthened our mutual interest. The studio didn't think it was wise to mix romance with business. We were to be teamed on the screen, but they didn't want us together. Then Max Marlin returned from New York. He was furious. "What! I've nurtured you along for two years and you expect me to see you waste your talent on a mere boy!"

FRANK IS FORBIDDEN

W HAT is there in a woman which defies interference and opposition? A mo-
Her Regrets to Royalty

(Continued from page 48)

ing. Efery'ting. He ees well again.
"I go back to Paris and he ees once more
seek.

POOR LITTLE LIL

H e has my pecture by hees bed and
every morning hees little westers they
come and bring fresh flowers for the
two little vases by that pecture. Eet ees
sweet—no!
"Zee I come back once more to Berlin to
make a pecture. Ferdinand's father—ze
Crown Presence—send for me. I am afighrt.
"I think, 'Oh! He ees very beeg, im-
portant man. Maybe he ees displeased at hees
son ees sick because off me. He ees ees I
can come no more into Germany. An' if he
says it, I cannot.'
"You understand—he ees so beeg a man
that when von Hindenburg, the presen-
test, writes to heem, he signs the letter, 'Your
servant.' Yes. He ees that beeg.
"Oh! I am afighrt. I feel very little.
"But I go. I go to the beeg castle where
the Crown Presence ees living. I go inside
and I walk down a great hall where all the
ancestors hang upon ze wall. Wit' whiskers,
you understand, on their chins. Zey look at
me stern as if zey say, 'Lili! Wat you do
here—hohn?' I wonder, myself.
"I go into ze beeg salon—long, long.
I walk down ze great room and at ze end ze
Crown Presence sits, behind a beeg desk.
He say, 'My child.'

Here Lili paused, wrinkled her brows in a
ponderous frown and spoke in a deep voice
in imitation of the stern bass of royalty.

"I say, 'You want to see me, Your High-
ness?' she continued.

"He say, 'Yes.'

"I wait. He look at me. I feel littler,
still. At last he say, 'My child, do you like
ze way you live?'

"'Oh, yes!' I reply. 'I like my work. I
am happy.'

SHE THEENK IT OVER

H e say, 'But eet ees a gipsy life you
lead. Eet eet not sometimes tiring?
Ees eet not hard for little girl like you?'

"I say, 'No! I am happy. I like my
work. I mus' live this an' I do not
mind.'

"He say, 'Some day you mus' get mar-
rried. Yes.'

"I theenk that offer. 'Some day, maybe,'
I reply. 'Not for long, long time!'

"He say, 'Suppose—' he
say. 'Suppose—a nice boy, he love you very
much. He has a beeg name. He can gif you
a titles. He want to marry wit' you. Wat
you think then?'

"I do not know w'at to say to that. I wait.

"He say, 'Will you theenk it over?'
I reply, 'I know w'at you mean, Your
Highness. I am honored, I will go back to
Paris and I will theenk!'

"He say, 'Very well. That will do.' He
get up and come around the desk and he
kees me here—on my forehead. He kees
my hand. He say, 'Goot-by! my daugh-
ther.'

"An' I go away—back to Paris to theenk
about it.

"My publicity man, he say, 'You mus'
marry wit' ze Presence. Eet ees goot
publicity.' I say I will theenk.

"Then—I do not know jus' w'at happen!
Sam Goldwyn, he ees in Paris. He sen'
for me and nex' theen I know I am on boat
for America wit' contract.

"One morning I look at that contract and
eet has options in eet. I do not know w'at
options are. I try to fin' out. I sit down
and write to Ferdinand and say I am on boat
for America—going to Hollywood—w'at?
options! I cannot know w'en I come back.

(Continued on page 102)"
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 them—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 from you. Why? Because it is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

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, slinky lines. Read what a few of them say, I have made oaths before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Miss M. Hefflefinger, 240 W. 8th St., Carlisle, Pa.: “I certainly am delighted...I notice the greatest difference...I come in contact with remarkable how long and silky my eyelashes appear.” From Miss Naomi Oots, 1517 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: “I am greatly pleased. My eyelashes and lashes are beautiful now.” From Frances Raveler, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.: “Your eyelashes and eyebrows have simply thrilled me.” From Pearl Prove, 294 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: “I have been using your eyelash and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful!” From Miss Flora J. Carneville, 8 Finette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: “I am more than pleased with your method. My 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 and marvellous. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any 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 must insist that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

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Grower will be sent C. O. D., or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage is prepaid.

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Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows, absolutely sent free. I want to test it. Please enter my name on list. I am absolutely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days if absolutely unsatisfactory.

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If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D.

Name ___________________________

St. Address ________________________

City ___________________________ State ______

In Miami he who sets out to see America first is in for difficulty, for parts of Venice have been duplicated with exacting care. Strangers in the city frequently wonder whether the cops on the corners are going to ask them for passports.

Your Neighbor Says...

Your Neighbor Says...

(Continued from page 65)

standing characteristics. If an actor tries to put on airs and develops the high-hat, he is dropped like a hot potato. He is shunned into being regular.

"Why, I wasn't in town any time at all until I had been introduced to some of the biggest people in the business. The first party I attended was at the Cocoanut Grove. It was given by Carl Laemmle, Jr., and ever so many people came over to our table and chatted for a while. I met Jack Pickford, Roland Drew, Buster Collier, George Melford, Richard Arlen, Sally O'Neill, Claire Windsor and Marion Davies.

DREAMS COME TRUE

"GEE! That first night in a Hollywood atmosphere was just like heaven. Everybody was so nice to me. Why, I even danced with Buddy Rogers and Dick Arlen. There sure aren't many girls who can say that. And they are both just as wonderful as we all think they are. I guess even better than we think they could be. Especially Dick—he's so tall and handsome. Such a gentleman. And when he dances with you, you feel as though you've got exactly what you've been dreaming about and hoping for."

Did she say she was a California booster? I meant it. Now, I'll see how observing she really has been. "Who," I asked, putting my glass down, "is the least like you thought he would be?"

"Oh! Mr. Cody—Lew Cody. He isn't at all like I thought he'd be. I kinda figured I'd find him standing in a sheltered doorway trying to entice girls away from their mothers. He sure is a lot different from that, I'll say. I met him at a huge party in Beverly Hills. I watched him for a whole hour before I actually met him. And all that time he sat alone in a big chair by the fireplace and smoked. And as he smoked, he watched. Just like the master mind observing the crowd."

And this is what she told me when she asked her what was the most exciting thing she had done.

THE THRILL OF THRILLS

"My biggest thrill?" she asked, with laughter in her voice. "Oh, I worked in pictures two days—that's the largest moment I've ever had. You can't even dream what that means to a girl.

Really worked in pictures; that's goin' to be my big bragging point when I return home. And what's more, I've done something that a lot of stars haven't done yet: I worked in a talkie. Hollywood has gone talkie crazy.

"My first day in pictures was spent at the Christie Studio. I put on make-up and a bathing suit just like the rest of the girls. All we did was have fun all day long. The sound-stages at the Christie Studio are enormous. Room after room stacked with machinery and recording devices. Large wax records one inch thick are used to record the sounds. But even more enjoyable than the talkie apparatus were the girls we worked with. They all seemed to realize that I was a newcomer, and every kindness and consideration was shown me."

"And Mack Sennett?" I suggested.

"Just as different as day and night," Ruth exploded. "It is a business proposition. More attention is paid to details. It is really harder work than the first studio. The sound-device here is Mr. Sennett's own. It is entirely different from the other. Instead of rooms and rooms filled with machinery, he has only a little box—oh, about two feet square—in which all the sound is recorded. Instead of huge records, Mr. Sennett uses light-rays that are reflected right on the film. Instead of working in three or four scenes a day, as they used to, they have a hard time getting one scene done in the talkies."

WHEN BOOST MEETS BOOST


"Folks in Miami think Hollywood is all right. They think Florida has the finest fruit and the better climate. But Hollywood makes a similar claim. As a matter of fact, Hollywood has the better climate; but Florida has the better fruit. Now that's settled. But there are a lot of differences that are just as important to me. Hollywood has mountains—Florida hasn't so many. Florida has more beautiful women—that is, in winter. But I suppose Hollywood has the most beautiful.

"Really, the reason I like Hollywood so much is because there is activity. A lot to do. Everybody is busy. In Hollywood they cry when they aren't working. In Florida they cry when they have to."
AND MANUEL AND CARLOS

THAT ees all. Zees morning I have postal from Louis Ferdinand, saying, "Haf you forgot all your ol' friens?"
She scoured and found the postal. Sam Goldwyn had saved her from theekening about the royal marriage. Lili appears to have been hugely relieved about it.
"Who was the other one?" I wanted to know. These reminiscences about royalty and vot-nots were proving most entertaining.
"Ze other—you mean Manuel? Oh, no!"
She caught herself up, sharply.
"Manuel?" I queried. I had not heard of him.
"Manuel of Portugal," she admitted with—almost—a blush. "I did not mean to speak of him. We were not engage'. Not really. We were jus' goot frien's."
"Carlos of Bourbon," I thence you mean. Yes. That ees another long story. I meet heem in Vienna. He has a divorce before I know heem. My publicity man say, "You must marry thee Carlos. Let ees ver' goot for you."
"I say, 'I do not want. I do not face heem.'" She paused, looking quite East Lynee-ish for the moment, at the memory of this trying situation. I thought that publicity man must have been a nuisance.
"He say, 'Fish! You can divorce heem very soon. But eet ees goot for you that you haif been marry to heem. Old family, ancient name.' That sound' better to me. I say, 'Well.'

Then I thence som more. You see, in Europe, men wit' titles are somtimes—what you say?—gold deegers. Carlos haf old name, yes. But no money. I mus' support heem when we are marry. I know that. And over there eet happen sometimes like thee w'en you wish to divorce such a husband. He can say, 'Very well. I weel gif you divorce—for so much money.' I can haf to support heem maybe forever an' forever—all my life.

DUKES AND OTHER MINNOWS

AFTER I thence like thee, I say, 'Non! I change my min.' I write to heem. "We are no more engage'."

She made an emphatic gesture to illustrate the finality of that. It occurred to me that these engagements to titles took a vast amount of theekening. But it hasn't put any wrinkles in Lili's brow.

There were several dukes and an earl or two on the list. These were minor affairs and hardly worth contending. And there were numbers of goot frien's among Europe's crowned and titled sets.

The Prince of Wales and his brother, George, were among the latter. "I met them in Paris," said Lili. And dismissed them with a laconic "They are nice boys."

The King and Queen of Spain had a niche to themselves. "They are quite a dum-o-nize to me," she recalled. "They came to my prem-iere in Madrid and they entertaine me. Sweet peoples.

And I know that she is in Hollywood and still a bachelor, as she calls it, Lili wonders whether she will ever find it possible to love. Really love, you know."

I ask I am too wise," she mourns. "I have known too much—had too much eggs-perience. I sink eet ees not goot to know so much. Non! I am afeer I am eee-nee-cal. Do you sink one can loe w'en one has known so much?"

Well—really! I wouldn't know about that. But I hardly thine that Lili's case is hopeless. There was a very dreamy look in her eye when she mentioned a certain duke who visited California recently. But there! I promised not to tell.

Two—anyhow, I fancy that Lili will not be a bachelor forever.

The nurse tells you to take Bayer Aspirin because she knows it's safe. Doctors have told her so. It has no effect on the heart, so take it to stop a headache or check a cold. For almost instant relief of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism; even lumbago. But be sure it's Bayer—the genuine Bayer. All druggists.
Mothers-Try Mild

Children's Musterole

Just Rub Away Pain

Of course, you know good old Musteroles how quickly, how easily relieve colic, colds, sore throat, rheumatic and neuritic pains, sores and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We also want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE—Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Keep a jar handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Women men admire
.. pretty rounded face and neck
Abolish ugly hollows
forever

Miss Gertrude A. Bume, Nevada, writes: "I have used Tiffany Thermo Builder only two weeks and already it has filled out my empty cheeks and removed wrinkled, worry-out lines that woman threads. I used to look so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance. You, too, can abolish forever wanna-holes, thin cheeks, hollow shoulders, fat bosses. No dictating to inferior in your face! Tiffany Thermo Builder enables you to develop more health where you want it. Results remarkable. It will give you a healthy dray and you will be delighted after four weeks use." Send today. Send check, money order or post card for free booklets, "If You Love Yourself." Tiffany Laboratories, Inc., 1127 W. Hanus Blvd., Cleveland, O.

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35 Bridge St., New Cumberland, Pa.

For Crying, But Not Out Loud

(Continued from page 55)

to be seventeen, has been discovered by some interviewer frisking with her five kiddies, ages ranging from thirteen down.

A GOOD BOWL AT THE BOWL

HOLLYWOOD has a Bowl, an enormous outdoor amphitheater where concerts of classical music are given in the summer-time, and the most spectacular of the stars go on the boy-friend's evening out, and wallow emotionally in the hectic strains of 'Tristan und Isolde' or, maybe, some inspirational speech about the supreme aspects of listening to music under the stars. But it is doubtful if more than a few of the screen's elite get as much emotional tug from Wagner as they do from being a few hours in a new and wonderful cuddle with their lover in the candescent color-schemes connected with the bedtime of the sun are sufficient to bring sentiment gurgling to the surface. When this is followed by the magnificent searchlights in the city below, the view presenting on one side the crimson and greens of the departing sun, on the other the star-like twinkling of thousands of lamps in the deepening twilight, the stars of the movies turn their thoughts to such sentimental matters as home and mother, and prepare themselves for the renewal of effort in Art's cause on the morrow.

ARTIFICIAL SOUL-SYRUPS

AND never let it be thought that the stars do not freely enshrine in the manner expected when viewing the pictures made by their rivals, or confreres. Probably more time is spent by the average star at pictures than anything else. Great interest is taken in all the new pictures as they come out, as well as in the clothing of those present at the grand opening. Hollywoodians are a whole screamed with ecstatic melancholy at the unfortunate adventures of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven." Everywhere you went the week after the opening famous personalities of the screen confided to you how they had used up all their handkerchiefs as the story of Chioti and Diane was unfolded. Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer" brought gulps; and in "The Singing Fool" he had the population coursing from more distinguished eyes than had ever been known before. All these screen dramas are taken by the stars like soul-medicine, to keep them emotionally fit. The week "The Patriot" opened in Los Angeles was, so they say, the biggest in the entire history of the "Daily Hills Laundry."

There is thus in Hollywood, for the proper lachrymal exercise every apparatus, natural and artificial. Statues, pamphlets, mealy, and lawsuits and cinemas all are provided to keep the emotions of those who live by stimulating emotion in this world and the best customers for emotion are the makers of it.
In and Out of Focus

(Continued from page 39)

resource of our department on the search for him. Reggie felt flattered at the interest he had aroused until the chief of police added gloomily, "I bought two hundred dollars' worth from him myself."

A Jolt From the Blue

MAMA, it's going to thunder," shrievred Lila Lee's little boy looking out at the beginning of California's rainy season. "But of course you're not afraid," Lila soothed him. "No, o'course not," agreed the youngster. "I'll just say, "Isn't it the foolestest thunder!"

She Should Live in Babylon

THEY named a town in Long Island after that girl," said Eddie Cline, as he watched a peppy little extra making love on the set. "But her name is Tompkins," said Lorayne Duvalu seriously. "Yeah, and the town's name is Great Neck," said Cline.

She'll Have to Wash Her Step

AFTER superhuman effort and weeks of research an energetic chatterer for a film news weekly has unearthed the fact that the newest flapper star's contract has a clause requiring her to take a bath every day.

Keep 'Em Low

DONT send us another picture like Soando," wrote an exhibitor to one of the big companies recently. "Nobody likes highbrow pictures except the critics, and they come in on passes."

Special Extra

THE talks have raised another interesting question: what will the extras say on a big costume set? I remember being present while the Nativity scene of "Ben-Hur" was shot and hearing the little extra girl in ancient Hebraic costume on the edge of the crowd shout vigorously, "Goody, Goody! Christ is born."

A One-Minute Egg

A NEW screen shtik was being primed for his interview by a hard-boiled newspaper reporter. "Now remember," the press agent urged, "he thinks you're too good-looking. You've got to act like a he-man, make him think you're tough." The hard-boiled reporter was brought to the star's dressing-room and greeted with a re-sounding slap on the shoulder that made him stagger. "What the hell?" leaped the star. "Let's you and I go out and get drunk and raise some whoopie!"

It's a Wise Car--

AT the opening of a new film one of the impressive features is the voice of the announcer bawling at the close of the picture, "No. 92: Mr. Jack Gilbert's car," "Miss Billie Dove's car," "No. 777: Mr. Clarence Brown's car," "H'm," said Billy Haines sceptically at "Noah's Ark" opening. "These cars are swell all right, but do you notice how the chauffeurs of some of them have to keep going around and around the block because the owner of the car doesn't recognize it?"

Just a Shareholder

AND Eddie Cline, the director, strolling out in full evening glory, directed the carriages announcer to broadcast a call for "The car belonging to Eddie Cline and the Pacific Finance Corporation."

A Mortar Insult

PASSING a cement grinder on the First National lot the other day, Dorothy Mackall stopped to listen to the noise.

(Continued on page 109)

"Embarrassing—but women must face this fact"

Says a woman doctor, authority on feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending others. Scientific deodorization is a new feature of this modern sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WOMEN who have had the advantage of medical advice already realize the importance of this latest discovery of Kotex Laboratories. Many others—unconscious offenders—should be told of this danger and how to avert it. There is no doubt that they are at all times offensive to others, in the world of business, in society—wherever they meet people. This knowledge, which once brought miserable self-consciousness, is now accepted easily, because the difficulty is entirely overcome. Each Kotex pad is now treated, by patented process, to banish all odor.

No evidence of sanitary protection

All conspicuous bulkiness has been eliminated, by a new method of rounding and tapering corners of the pad. It fits snugly and securely, providing greater mental as well as physical comfort.

All the former superlatives

Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. It is, as always, amazingly absorbent. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier than you thought possible.

Try The Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. 45c for twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always used plus the greater protection which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way, Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,387.)
Gray Hair
FREE—Test Safe Way to End

Through away messy, old-time, ‘crude dyes.' They are dangerous and noticeable. Call back natural shade by clear colorless liquid combed through hair. Does not wash off. Leaves hair live-looking and lustrous. Keeps easy to curl. May apply only to gray parts.

Make amazing test. 1. Test on single lock. 2. Comb through gray parts. 3. Color returns. Few cents’ worth gives complete restoration. Get full-size bottle from druggist. He will return every penny if not delighted.

Or write for free test supply (give color of hair) to Mary T. Goldman Co., 361C-Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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Card Writing

—and MONEY BACK if not delighted after trying Course for one

week.

Home, Swede Home

(Continued from page 33)

Throwing things over may become a habit with Nils Asther. In this instance, it’s only his own leg over the arm of a chair. But next it may be Hollywood and all it can offer him—which is less, in his esteem, than the benefits to be derived from life in

his native land

LESS MONEY, MORE LIFE

IN Europe, I can make half the money and live twice as well and save twice as much. In Berlin, where I was working for the UFA for so long, I really lived. Not only was the money worth more, you understand, but life was worth more. I was tired of Berlin—all right! I would take the train, and next day I would be in Paris, in Budapest, in Vienna. The people knew me. I liked them. They were more my people. Here, everyone is so kind, everyone treat me so nice, but I do not like the openings, the parties; always the noise and the shouting about everything. I like to be with my friends, to talk a little and drink a little—to relax, you understand. In Hollywood I just have my little circle of friends from Europe: Jannings and Murnau and Lubitsch and Connie Veitch, and some other that we understand each other.

"Specially, you know," he went on, making a wry face and then laughing, "specially am I tired of everybody feeling so fine. Everywhere you go they say: ‘Hello, old chap, how are you?' and you are supposed to say: ‘Fine, old fellow, just fine!' when perhaps you have no job to do and the rheumatism is on you. Everybody slap you on the back as if the world was so lovely and nothing ever went wrong with anything. But I will not tell them I am fine if I am not fine. I say: ‘Thank you, I am sad today' or ‘I have a bad cold and I feel rotten.' And often they look at me as if it was some insult I make. But it is not necessary to ask me how I am. If I am not well I stay at home and go to bed. If I am forced to get up when I feel bad to work in my picture, I don’t want to talk about it. It is my business.

“But why should I say such things about them? I suppose it is of their kindness that they ask me how I am."
THE EUROPEAN GILBERT

I must have been a change difficult to make when Nils left Europe for Holly-
wood. In Europe he was one of the front-
line stars; he was the idol of the females,
especially in Germany, to an extent quite
comparable with Jack Gilbert in America.
In Hollywood he was put into leading
parts—yes; but in pictures where the juve-
siles were only secondary, such as "Topy and Eva" and "Sorrow and Son." He
found that his name was not known to the
majority of the studio people, when pre-
viously, in Germany, it had been a house-
hold word. His remarkable acting ability
soon put him near to the top in Hollywood,
and he played in more pictures after his ar-
rival here than, perhaps, any of the
American leading men. All the time, how-
ever, he remained a suspicious character as
far as Hearty Hollywood was concerned.
He was too learned, too intelligent and too
frank to become the idol of the studio per-
sonel. And they laughed when he spoke to
the waiter in French.

"As to the American girls," went on Nils,
"there is something about them that the
women do not have in Europe. Their open-
ness and frankness about everything charm
me. In Europe the women seem sort of
shift and formal, in comparison. I have
been very fond of all the women in my pictures
here. Joan Crawford—what an extraordinary
woman!

The plural slipped out unintentionally.
"I like her very much. When I was acting with her, all the time her
Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, stand watching.
He, too, is charming. Marion Davies is
simple and kind. She invite me once to her
ranch near San Francisco and I spend
wonderful hours there talking with the great
genius of Hollywood, Charlie Chaplin, Jutta
goudal and I—we get on just fine, as
you say. Vivian Duncan and I—we were
engaged. We were a just great, great friends,
you understand. One day, we are sitting in
her apartment having lunch, when a repor-
ter walks in and says: 'Have you seen
the paper this morning? I see, you are
engaged and will you give a story?' I say to
Vivian: "The paper say we are engaged?
All right—we are engaged! So it happen
that way. If you are seen twice with a
woman in Hollywood, you are engaged. If
they say so, very well—I accept it.

SIDE STEPPING THE PARTY

"TODAY I just receive a long telegram
from Marion Davies inviting me to a
big party, at the Coconut Grove. I like
her, you know; I am very kind. But a big
party tonight—no. I have a headache.
Everybody will ask me how I am—and I
should say: 'I am rotten.' No, it is better
I do not go to the party."

It was a few days later that Nils spoke
to me on the telephone.
"How are you?" I said chattily, quite
forgetting myself.
He appeared to ruminate a moment, as
on the general futility of impressing any-
thing on anyone in Hollywood. Then:
"Almost good," he answered. "Today, it
is true, I am almost good."

If you want to keep step with the movies and its
people, then read MOTION
PICTURE. It's the Screen
Magazine of Authority.

LOSE UNSEENLY FAT

in Easy Pleasant Way

PEOPLE used to think
that excess fat all came
from over-eating or
under-exercise. So some
people starved, but with
slight effect. Some became
very active, still the fat
remained.

THEN medical research
began the study of obesity.
It was found that the thy-
or gland largely con-
trolled nutrition. One of
its purposes is to turn food
into fuel and energy.

FAT people, it was found,
generally suffered from an
under-active thyroid.

THEN experiments were
made on animals—on thou-
sands of them. Over-fat
animals were fed thyroid
in small amounts. Count-
less reports showed that
excess fat quite promptly
disappeared.

THEN thyroid, taken from
cattle and sheep, was fed
to human beings with like
results. Science then real-
ized that a way had been
found to combat a great
cause of obesity. Since
then, this method has been
employed by doctors, the
world over, in a very ex-
tensive way.

Next came Marmola

MARMOLA was perfected
21 years ago. Since then it
has been used in an enor-
mous way—millions of
boxes of it. Users told
others about it. They told
how it not only banished
fat but increased health
and vigor.

THAT is one great reason
—perhaps a major reason—
why excess fat is nowhere
near as common as it was.

No Secrecy

MARMOLA is not a secret
prescription. The complete
formula appears in every
box. Also an explanation
of the results which so
delight its users.

No abnormal exercise or
diet is required, but mod-
eration helps. One simply
takes four tablets daily unti-
weight comes down to
ormal. Correct the cause.
with lessened weight comes
new vitality and many other
benefits.

Do the
Right Thing

THIS is to people whose
excess fat rob them of
beauty, youth, health and
vitality. Reduce that fat—
combat the cause—in this
scientific way. Do what
so many people, for 21
years, have found amaz-
ingly effective.

TRY a couple of boxes
and be convinced. Watch
the results. Then, if you like
the results, complete them.
Get a box of Marmola today.

Marmola prescription
tables are sold by all
pharmacists at $1.00 per
box. Any druggist
who is out will get
them from his jobber.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS — THE PLEASANT WAY TO REDUCE

107
is hard not to be self-conscious together. I haven’t seen Biff since his last football game down here and I probably won’t see him until his next one. In the meantime this story has broken and I’m sure I’ll be awfully self-conscious when I do see him again.”

THOSE AMUSING RUMORS

MARY observed herself in the mirror with the childish Brian post.

“The first time I was rumored engaged—and they have all been rumors”—Mary insisted, as the wardrobe woman took off the two more inches on the already skin-tight gown, “was to George O’Brien and we have never met. I had never even laid eyes on him, so you can imagine how I felt one morning when I woke up to read of our engagement. At first I thought someone must be playing a joke on me. Or on Mr. O’Brien. And then it dawned on me how it had probably happened. I had been up in San Francisco on location and I met George’s father, who is the chief of police there and a perfectly wonderful man. We became awfully good friends and he said I was just the sort of girl he would like George to know. I suppose a newspaper reporter must have heard him say it and thought he would scoop the romance before we ever met. We have never run across each other to this day.”

“The Richard Dix engagement was almost as far-fetched as that one,” she went on, “except that I had worked with Richard and we went around together a little in New York.”

Mary was awfully new and inexperienced in the movies when she first met Dix and probably her hero-worship of the popular matinée idol was mistaken for something more serious.

ACTORS ARE TABOO

“I THINK every girl goes through times when she thinks herself very much in love. I have thought myself in love a couple of times.” She shook her newly slicked head. “But it was just hero-worship or infatuation, I guess, because I don’t think you forget a real love.” I got the idea that Mary might have forgotten a few of hers.

“I don’t think I would really want to fall in love with an actor,” she mused. “I mean if I had any choice in the matter. I think I would be a little jealous of the other girls he had to work with and things like that.”

“If he were as nice an actor as Buddy Rogers?” I inquired. Even the now skin-tight-black-gown could not keep Mary from looking a little fussed.

“I like to work with Buddy more than anyone else,” she admitted. “He’s such a nice boy and so enthusiastic and sweet about everything. We became rumored engaged in a rather funny way. We were making publicity stills for our last picture and the director suggested that I slip on Buddy’s fraternity ring for one of them. We took several more pictures that day and I forgot to return the ring when we were finished. I wore it until the next day because I was afraid if I took it off I would forget about it. Before I got a chance to return it to Buddy I met a man on one of the newspapers and he recognized the ring immediately and kidded me about it. I explained the whole thing to him, but he insisted on announcing our engagement anyway. It was just an accident,” Mary added, “but Buddy is an awfully sweet boy.”

Mary sighed a very imperceptible sort of little sigh.

“Since then I have been announced as engaged to Matty Kemp, too. Matty and I had lunch together one day and that is how that started. I don’t think we had ever gone out together before that. And the funniest engagement of all was when a girl named Mary O’Brien married Benny Rubin, the jazz leader in the Grauman prologues, and my home-town papers carried the news that Mary Brian had married Mr. Rubin.” Mary laughed. “So you see they are all fakes. It really isn’t any strange power over men at all.”

Maybe so. But her recent romantic rumors have lent Mary a new dash and charm with just enough sophistication that you may see the dawn of a new close-up for the Brian child. A close-up of long slyke ears against a baby face.
Find the Answer
Here is a picture of a ship sailing toward the South Pole
will take careful to find out the letters (AGG) give approximately
the number of days it will take the Expedition to work the
South Pole. Can you work it out? The letters in the alphabet are
in the order they appear and you will have the approximate number of
It will take exactly to sail South Pole. If you need your answer soon
enough you may win First Prize. No cost to you now, later, or ever. Be

And Win Buick Sedan or $1875 Cash
As a reward for good answers, you will receive $187.00 to add to
the First Prize if you win, and directions for getting new 1929 four-door Buick
Mansions. No tricks or rhymes. Hundreds have already won prizes. Little Bobbie won $1200, Fred Schneeberger won
$1600, Alice EMHAN won $3600, Robert F. Redman won $1000, and many others. You must be totally
taking active part rewarded. You get your choice of Buick Sedan or $1875 in Cash.

$500.00 for Promotions!
Be prompt, be inventive, and win a specimen for your answer
rewards. Put these directions in your answer. Mail us your
answer with your name and address as one, then we will tell you how you have won...and by whom. All who answer can win Cash and Prizes. In case of
Two different answers that are exactly alike we will give you the
first answer the send it receipt. Hurry! 1 $500.00 Cash for promotion.

L. M. STONE, 844 West Adams Street
Department 372

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

How Long Will BYRD Take to Sail to the South Pole?

In and Out of Focus
(Continued from page 105)

“My, my,” she shook her head. “How badly Jack Warner’s voice comes over.”

She Had Lived With It
At Famous it is said that when the contract of a star dies, the player is called into the front office, kept waiting to lower his morale, and told with much coldness that his pictures haven’t done what was expected of them, that the studios don’t particularly care about taking up the option. However, if the star will accept the same salary, it may possibly be arranged.

Evelyn Brent was the latest to be subjected to the ordeal. She listened to the executives’ remarks in silence. She smiled a long, slow smile. “You forget that Bernice Fireman is an executive,” she remarked softly, “and that I was married to Bernie for a good many years. It may work with some, but not with me.”

She Shuns Shes
DOROTHY PARKER, magazine writer, once went to Hollywood to do dialogue. She took a good look about her the first day in the studio. “What would you like put on your office door?” the studio executive asked her. “For Men Only,” replied Dorothy promptly.

Lupe’s Love-Life
THE Paramount lunch room has been enlivened by the presence of Lupe Velez. She lunches with Gary Cooper, and her voice may be heard at intervals above the clatter of dishes and the sounds of eating triumphant proclaiming, “He loses me, Gary loses me.”

The Silent Mama
LILYAN TASCHERMAN must be vivacious at times but at others, when she is interested in a conversation, for instance, she says she can sit longer than any living human being. “The other day at a party,” she said, “I was talking over some fascinating people, and forgot all about time till Eddie up to ask me if I was painted on my chair.”

Directing the Director
EDDIE CLINE, the director, was passing through Santa Monica at the rate of sixty miles an hour when he heard a motorcycle cop’s siren. His brain worked swiftly. Santa Monica—who had he heard came from Santa Monica? “Officer,” said he pressively, “I am Eddie Cline, motion picture

director. And at the present moment I am directing Fay Webb, the daughter of your chief of police.” “Brother,” said the cop virtuously, “that don’t mean a thing to me. Not a thing!” He leaned toward his victim as if to hand him the summons. “Blow!” he whispered. Eddie blew.

A Death Wasted
THE press agent was discussing Jaime Del Rio’s death. “It’s terrible—terrible,” he said with emotion on his voice. “Dolores ought to have flown to New York by airplane and taken a five-day boat from there as soon as she heard he was sick. What makes a story that would have made.”

Deaf to His Career
“IT’s tough luck” said the deaf-and-dumb sheik in sign language. “No sooner do I get a break in pictures than they start making’em talk.”

(Continued on page 112)
Although pleasantly harmless I believe in products that you always enjoy. That discovery called TAKOFF, the creation of a well-known physician, is now put up in convenient form so that everything you can expect from a scientist, live, can be proved. TAKOFF is not a dangerous drug. On the other hand it is a very special compound that speedily corrects and adjusts digestive disorders and assures the London everyday digestion fluids to uniform activity. No matter if you are five to fifty pounds overweight—whether the fat is on your arms, legs, or stomach, whether you are man or woman, TAKOFF accomplishes the reduction pleasantly and safely. From your very first day's treatment you will notice a feeling of better health, more ambition and energy, because you will begin to lose from the very start.

The Irities—Contains No Dangerous Thyroid

Unlike many thyroid products, TAKOFF is remarkably harmless. As it does not contain any dangerous thyroid withdrawal, it cannot contain any other harmful substance. It is truly nature's own aid for the obese—it can't harm you—it will help on your money back.

How to Order

While TAKOFF has been recommended for use by many doctors the usual way to get it has been through mail order. However, if you like a few pieces of advice before you buy, TAKOFF is available at your local pharmacist. He now carries it in a convenient form, which makes it easy for you. TAKOFF is sold in doses that are just right for the individual. It is only necessary to order a single dose to get a complete treatment for a week, and you will receive enough for your complete treatment in two weeks by return mail. The treatment is easy to use and you will not be disturbed by taking it.

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GUARANTEED FREE TO ANYONE. TRY IT TODAY, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION OR RISK. ONE GIVE-ALWAYS SINGLE DOSE—MONEY BACK.

Dear Sirs:

Please send me 100 sample bottles of your NATURE'S PRODUCTS, Inc. 303 Lancaster Ave., Swarthmore, Pa. For personal use or for my friends. I understand that the sample bottle is free.

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Skin Troubles

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Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the Face or Body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin,

"Cured" cable—has been tried and tested in over 200,000 cases. Used like toilet water. Is simply magical in prompt results. At All Drugstores—with Proven Directions.

Ask Your Druggist—You Can Rely on Clear-Tone TRADE MARK SEC

FOR SKIN AND COMPLEXION

Phantom Red

IN "RED LIP" (Universal Film Matta Marcus demonstrates the power of appealing lips with the color of youth-tire and rare color of that city Phantom Red Lipstick and "Make-up Guide." Another fea-

The "red" of the Scarlet Rouge. Dept. 161, CARLYLE LABORATORIES, Inc., 541 Boy St. New York

While to duplicate exactly the articles which Miss Tashman uses in this instance to deck her table would run into a staggering sum, the effect can be paralleled by any-

Shopping with Lilyan Tashman

(Continued from page 78)

one with an art shop and a few dollars accessible.
me. I’m like a child, and I’m afraid I take just as much, and can enjoy this public interest to the fullest. Eddie and I (Edmund Lowe, as you know, is Miss Tashman’s husband) get a lot of fun out of doing our Christmas shopping together and I think half of it comes from watching people watch us while we are making our purchases.”

By this time we were looking at chickens. There had been only two other people interested in owls until we started looking the birds over. In two moments there were ten women who had intended to have chicken that night for dinner.

“Not over twenty-four hours dead, and hand-plucked; around five pounds each; either Rhode Island Reds or Plymouths” were what she demanded. I wondered as we left the counter how many extra hand-plucked, newly killed, Rhode Island Reds or Plymouths were consumed that night at Los Angeles dinners.

BOOMING THE CAULIFLOWER

THE cauliflowers she chose were firm and medium-sized. We had a new group of women behind us at the vegetable stand and both walked away highly amused — cauliflowers seemed to be the popular choice for vegetables, as chicken was for meat, in this city.

From Young’s we went to the Women’s Exchange for our candies. The clerk there took occasion to tell me that most of the Hollywood stars patronize this charitable institution for their sweets and their favors. From there to the American Legion store, where we picked out some more candied and the nuts for dinner — another way of helping other people in the purchase of her necessities. At the floral shop she selected huge chrysanthemums. She explained: “Although I don’t use flowers on the table, I always choose my own bouquets to scatter through the living-room. They give it a homey, intimate touch for our after-dinner conversation.”

Back home, where I went into a huddle with the cook. I was going to entertain a few evenings later and since my china and linen were to be chosen to imitate Miss Tashman’s in Thursday Los Angeles fashion, I didn’t see why I shouldn’t serve exactly the same meat prepared by my own hands, just as her French cook would instruct me. Here are the recipes which she gave me; and since my dinner is now over I can guarantee that they are well worth any woman’s time to cook them:

**RECIPES**

**Cheese Soufflé**

½ pound of butter
4 tablespoons of flour (seasoned with salt and pepper)
1 egg
1 cup of grated cheese

Make a thick cream sauce of the flour, butter and just enough milk added to make it thick. Let it stand for a few minutes, then add yolk of the egg, grated cheese and stiffly beaten white of the egg. Bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes.

**Tashman Salad**

Lettuce leaves
Hard boiled eggs
Tomatoes
Wilt the lettuce leaves and cut in pieces, cut the tomatoes, eggs and chives into good-sized pieces, mix them all up together and cover with French dressing. The amount should be judged by the number of guests to serve. Use equal parts of all vegetables.

**French Pancakes**

1 cup flour
1/2 cup milk
1 egg
1 teaspoon sugar
1 pinch of salt

Stir all together until smooth. Fry one large spoonful at a time in a small frying pan.

---

FIND 5 Objects Starting with the Letter “C”

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 starting with the letter “C,” fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

**$550.00 Given for Promptness**

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes — besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash — I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $2,800.00 in Cash on the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 in Cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter “C,” fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

L. E. Wilford, Mgr. Dept. 2722
315 No. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

The objects starting with the letter “C” are:

**LIST OF PRIZES**

2. Four-door Chevrolet Sedan.
5. Seven Tube Console Radio.
6. Five Light Room Set.
7. Electric Vacuum Cleaner.
8. All-Steel Modern Bicycle.
9. 100-Piece Dinner Set.
10. 300-Piece Silverware Set.
11. 25-Piece Silverware Set.
14. Wright Aeronautics.
15. Pedestal Bridge Lamp.
16. Ladies’ Overnight Bag.

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Our scientific method promptly accomplish

**LA BEAUTE CREME**

for improvement of bust, neck, face, arms and legs

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**STORIES SUITABLE FOR THE SCREEN**

CASH YOUR $ bring many times as much as for magazines. “We know Studio demands and make personal submission of Miss.” Full particulars without obligation.

**FREE BOOKLET FOR THE ASKING**

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505 Western and Santa Monica Bldgs. Hollywood, California
Win $3,500.00

Here's new for puzzle fans! Atrin Smith, C. F. Welting, C. W. Frankel A. F. Holt, won from $1,500.00 to $3,500.00 each in our last puzzles. Over 8,000 cash prizes awarded last year. In October, alone, we paid over $11,000.00 in prizes, and in the next few months will award between $90 and 400 cash prizes. You can be next.

Find the Twin Chaplins

Here are eighteen pictures of Charlie Chaplin, the world famous United Artists star. No, they're not all alike. Only two of these Chaplins are alike in every way. Some are different in the color of hair, clothes and coat, some have different hats, hands and shirts. Each one is different from the rest, except two—find them. Just send the numbers of the Twin Chaplins on a postcard or letter—today.

Certificate for $1,000.00 to apply on grand prize sent at once as below if you find the twin.

$90 prizes and duplicate prizes in case of ties. If you find the twin Charlie Chaplin, we will send, as soon as correct answer is received, certificates for $1,000.00 to add to the first prize of $2,000.00. If you win, and directions for getting largest prizes. We spend over $150.00 a week in advertising our products locally. No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy, now or later on. Everybody who takes active part positively rewarded. Just send the numbers of the Twin Chaplins in a letter or on a postcard. That's all. Send no money.

F. A. Harre, Dept. 429, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

In and Out of Focus

Continued from page 109

Column

WHICH reminds us of Marian Nixon's remark when someone said at a party that Mrs. Coolidge was interested in raising two million dollars for the dumb asylum in Northampton because she once taught there. "Maybe," said Marian innocently, "that was where she met Mr. Coolidge."

Lift and Learn

A MOVIE extra, no longer young, stood on the sidewalk waiting for a lift to Culver City. Beautiful cars passed her; imported sports models, limousines; and she made no signal to them. At last a shabby car of three-year-old make came along and she put up her hand. The car stopped and picked her up and went on. Pitiful barometer of fading attractions. She had learned by cruel experience that she was no longer able to beg a ride from Rolls-Royces and Hispano-Suizas.

The Gay Undeceiver

I' was Marion Davies' surprise party. Camilla Horn, dressed in her very best, entered the Biltmore and discovered Marson and two gentlemen in the lobby. Glowing, Camilla hurried up to Marion, "I had come to your party," she beamed. "It was so good of you to invite me." "Party!" said Marion, puzzled, "What party?" Headless of the black looks of Marion's escorts, Camilla hurried on until she felt her foot stepped on and heard a masculine growl in her ear. "Shut up, can't you? It's a surprise." However Marion is a good actress and registered charming amazement and delight when she was led into the glittering ballroom a little later.

A Big Compliment

WHEN Virginia Bradford was first introduced to Jack Gilbert, he looked into her eyes for several moments in silence, then murmured "Colossal!" Virginia is still trying to figure it out.

Cocky

"SHALL I give you a sing, sir?" the Fox studio barber asked Eddie Lowe the other day, "Sing, eh?" said Eddie disgustedly, "Say, what do you think I'm growing—pin feathers?"

Sail "a million miles" in only 2 days—

BERMUDA

And what a delightful two days—
on the luxurious cruising liner

S. S. "AVON"

Sailing Every Thursday

So pleasant is your ship—there's so much to do—the transition to a new
realm of lovely mid-ocean islands
comes almost too quickly. And it's
such an easy trip—no passports
required.

WEST INDIES CRUISES

14 Days as low as $140.

4 new popular-priced winter vacations by the popular cruising liner "ARAGUMAYA."

For reservations or illustrated
description bookslet apply to

THE ROYAL MAIL
STEAM PACKET CO.

26 BROADWAY, NEW YORK Or Local Agents

Reflected glory, indeed. But Dorothy Gulliver need have no qualms about sitting in it, so much as it's that of her own beauty.
Modernized Menaces
(Continued from page 69)
and with the most evil intentions possible. Even in the pre-historic period when "A Diamond from the Sky" was thrilling its audiences, we shrieked when the harassed heroine was left till Next Week, hanging by her hands from the struts of a plane in which she was being abducted while the hero tore along the road below in a racing car.
"We made a hundred scenes in the air," Gladys tells us in competition with the roaring wind outside, "but not freak-stuff. They used planes in the picture the way they do in real life today to go places. Oh, my perils were absolutely the latest thing in perils: no rattlesnakes or cactus clumps or guns that would go off when someone opened a door. Our crooks communicated by radio and got news of each other's movements by television. Instead of fastening Hugh and me—Hugh Allen was my rescuer in the picture—by our necks to a tree branch with wet rawhide that would shrink in the sun and hang us, they shut us into the most scientific kind of a lethal cell. Of course—her voice was drowned by the rising wail of the motors, 'Bobbied head. Can't drag the heroine around like they used to, by her braids.'
Below us a new oil well on the desert spouts millions with the inconsequential trickle of a child's squirt-gun. The traces of man's occupancy of the earth look from this height like drifts and blots upon unconquered mountains and plain. The great ship of the air rides the invisible roads with a smoothness that makes the speed of a hundred miles an hour seem incredible.
The new Queen of the Serials leans toward me. "Chapter plays may not . . .
great art. But awful lot of fun."
And in complete understanding. Once I wrote poetry. Once I thought I was destined to become a great novelist, now—I write interviews with pretty movie heroines and handsome movie sharks.
I look out of the window of the air-liner. A city lies below us, a toy on the immense flat surface of the world. You have to go up in an aeroplane to see things in their true proportion.
Movie interviews may not be great art. But they are an awful lot of fun.

Do not take chances. With Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (or cold cream, as you may call it), you have assurance that in regard to pore film you are safe. Princess Pat Skin Cleanser is a product of the modern laboratory. It is suited to the real needs of the skin, is efficient.
And Princess Pat is delightful—free from stickiness of old fashioned creams. Pleasantly, quickly, surely it melts away all the day's dust and grime, clears away grow hair, and is especially kind to sensitive skins.
Princess Pat is now the fastest growing in popularity of all cleansings, or cold creams. All will delight you too.

Get This Week-End-Set—
The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (cod). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Poudre and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated box. Post to you promptly.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.
Name (print).
Street.
City and State.

113
achieve, please let us have more from the lives of our accomplished favorites.

Mrs. J. F. Hartnett.

Want to See Them Again?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—How wonderful it would be to have a series of revivals of some of the famous pictures of yesterday! Think of having Mary Pickford Week in your town, or hamlet, with the glorious pleasure of laughing or crying with her in the early “Eagle’s Mate,” “Cinderella” or “Hulda from Holland,” the later “Millie” and “Rebecca,” “Our Old Farm,” and the almost immortal “Daddy Long-Legs,” “Little Lord Fauntleroy” and “Pollyanna.”

For those who have never had the unforgettable joy of seeing Mary in her earlier pictures, this would be a rare treat. And how fascinating to see unfolded before the eyes of all the almost forgotten “School Teacher and the Wolf,” “Willa and the Geeze,” “The New York Hat” and various other short-reelers of the memorable old Biograph days, when Mary worked side by side with Griffith and numerous others making film history.

The movies have improved rapidly and advanced far since then, yet we who have watched Mary can never forget either, especially the pictures she made, nor can time erase them from the crowded, dim yet vivid, halls of memory, for her beauty of face and heart shines through them as a beacon light glowing across a dark sea, shedding warmth and joy, and happiness wherever they may be shown.

John Landers Poole.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—How wonderful it would be to have a series of revivals of some of the famous pictures of yesterday! Think of having Mary Pickford Week in your town, or hamlet, with the glorious pleasure of laughing or crying with her in the early “Eagle’s Mate,” “Cinderella” or “Hulda from Holland,” the later “Millie” and “Rebecca,” “Our Old Farm,” and the almost immortal “Daddy Long-Legs,” “Little Lord Fauntleroy” and “Pollyanna.”

For those who have never had the unforgettable joy of seeing Mary in her earlier pictures, this would be a rare treat. And how fascinating to see unfolded before the eyes of all the almost forgotten “School Teacher and the Wolf,” “Willa and the Geeze,” “The New York Hat” and various other short-reelers of the memorable old Biograph days, when Mary worked side by side with Griffith and numerous others making film history.

The movies have improved rapidly and advanced far since then, yet we who have watched Mary can never forget either, especially the pictures she made, nor can time erase them from the crowded, dim yet vivid, halls of memory, for her beauty of face and heart shines through them as a beacon light glowing across a dark sea, shedding warmth and joy, and happiness wherever they may be shown.

John Landers Poole.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

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Mrs. J. F. Hartnett.
And that's all there was to it until New Year's Eve. I went up to his dressing-room to wish him a happy New Year. I asked for his picture. "What shall I put on it?" he queried. "Oh, just put 'Love and kisses to Virginia,'" I answered nonchalantly. "No," he answered. "Well, if you won't put what I want, I can't help you." He wrote, "To Virginia, with every best wish for your success."

Then—well, it was my fault, but I was determined to break the reserve of this man. It infuriated me. All women know that experience—the experience of being infuriated by indiffidence. I put my hand on his shoulder and then he took me into his arms and kissed me. I let him. I wanted to be kissed by Ronald Colman.

And that was the end of that matter. Perhaps, four years before I should have fallen in love with him. But I knew it was no use—and besides, that night I met Cedric Belfrage, the English fan writer. I haven't been interested in Cedric, but that New Year's Eve I really met him. We started to talk. He was English, like Ronald. He had something of the same reserve, the same hard-steel exterior. Yet he was different—he was more of a pal, more friendly. You could talk to him about anything. He accepted me not only as a woman but as an intelligent woman, that I told him all about my life; he told me all about his. There was a peculiar bond of friendship between us. Yet he seemed to be a man I could never entirely possess. One who would carry you to a thirty-story building and then drop you. I like that. I think that a woman who never entirely possesses a man has a bigger chance of holding his interest.

We went together for months with the usual inevitable interruptions. One time we quarreled and stopped seeing one another. Paul Kohner had just quarreled with Mary Philbin, so Paul and I went around together. Two disappointed people seeking consolation from one another. Many women have gone married for just such a reason. Oh, of course, Paul and I didn't talk about Mary and Cedric at first. We played the game as a man and a woman play it. But we did when we got better acquainted, giving away our heart-secrets.

Then one night I met Charlie Chaplin at a party. "Now, I don't expect people to believe what I am about to say about him. But why shouldn't they? I've been perfectly frank about my love-life, I can see no real reason for anything but frankness. Naturally, like all girls in Hollywood, I was thrilled at knowing Charlie. He is as necessary to imaginary Hollywood experiences as John Gilbert or Ronald Colman. We sat in Henry's and talked and played games until midnight or after.

But for all his cleverness and personality I could not fall in love with Charlie. I could not forget Cedric, I saw him again. And he said, "Hadn't we better end this, Virginia?" And he took me to his home and played "Thank Heaven" for love that knew Cedric was the one person in this world I really wanted to marry.

I dashed home and slipped my toothbrush and locket under my coat and we drove off to Tia Juana. We had no idea that it cost twenty-six dollars to get married in Mexico so we had hot dogs for our wedding supper.

Somehow, I felt all the unrest, the searching, the falling in love and being awakened to disillusionment were finished. I had passed through all the stages—adolescence, sophistication—even though I am only twenty-three.
ANN SURME.—Charles Rogers is five feet eleven and is not married. His latest picture is "Close Harmony," Paramount Studios, 3451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Regina Denny was married recently to Isabel Stiedel, known in pictures as Betsy Lee. Write him at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Mary Brian is a single. Mary was born Feb. 17, 1908. Marion Davies' next picture will be "The Five O'Clock Girl." [continued on page 120]

JO.—Sue Carol is five feet five, weighs 120 pounds. You refer to Thelma Todd who played in "The Noose." Address your letter to the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. I'll suggest you write William Boyd again. His next production will be "Leather-necks," Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal. James Murray had the male lead in "The Play Goes On." Janet Gaynor had a birthday on day Oct. 6th. Playing in "Christina," Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANCES.—Here are a few new Clubs that have been organized. Lina Basquette Film Club, Frances Saxon, 3658 Douglas Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Anita Page Club, Key Witter, 39 So. Summit St., Harrisburg, Penna. Billie Dove Fan Club, Ona Wilson, 1515 Brewster St., Milwaukee. William "Buddy" Rogers, Dorothy L. Berry, 1421 No. Jefferson Ave, Mason City, Iowa. Paramount Stars Fan Club, Barbara Dayne, 2601 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GLEN TRYON FAN.—Glen was born in Butte, Montana, Sept. 14, 1899. He is five feet ten and a half, weighs 165 pounds, his head brown hair and green eyes. Yes, he's married to Lillian Hall. Write him at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Johnny Mack Brown at Dothan, Ala. twenty-four years old, six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. His first picture was "The Bugle Call." Motion-Goldwyn-Mayer, Hollywood. Clara Bow is playing in "Wild Party," Paramount Studios, 3451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

GOOFIE.—Matty Kemp hails from New York City. He was born Sept. 10, 1907. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 166 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. His favorite recreations are golf and tennis. At Southside High School, Long Island, Matty was a member of the football and basketball teams, besides being one of the school's dramatic company. Matty is free-lancing right now.

TERESA MARIE.—Clara Bow had the lead in "Kid Boots" and "Children of Divorce." 'Buddy' Rogers' next picture will be "Close Harmony." Send your letter to him at the Paramount Studios, 3451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Esther Ralston was born Sept. 17, 1902. She is married to George Webb. Esther can also be reached at the Paramount Studios, address above. Mary Pickford is playing in "Coquette" and Johnny Mack Brown plays opposite her. The picture I can supply of Mary is one showing her new bob.

A MOVIE FAN.—Still they come. James Murray was born in New York City, Feb. 9. He is five feet eight and a half, weighs 178 pounds, has light hair and green eyes. James was married recently to Lucille.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MOVIE-LAND

Listing the names of more than 500 Actors, Actresses, Wampus Stars, Divers, etc., whether they are married or single, where and when they were born, their height, weight, color of hair and eyes, the plays they have been in, their addresses and dozens of intimate THINGS about them that the public does not know.

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Does She Love You Enough?
Give a Thought to Your Physical Self
If your wife or sweetheart acts cool and dissatisfied with you, give a thought to your physical self. A woman looks at more than a man's face. She's thinking of his ability to protect her. Provide for her of her pride in his appearance in a bathing suit, on the athletic field, on the dance floor. As a wife is a woman, "Oh, what a handsome man!" she's not looking at his face alone. She's sized him up from top to toe. Those broad shoulders, that unsmiling athlete smile, the well-shaped neck and head, those strong muscular arms, and legs. They're your woman. Every wife and every girl wants her man to be like that. *Are you?

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I Build Strong, Handsome, Healthy Bodies
People call me the Muscle-Builder. I make men's bodies strong and healthy. My list of over 100,000 wonderful success stories includes doctors and lawyers, bookkeepers and chefs, grandfathers and grandsons, fat men and skinny men, weekend and nervous workers. By a method of scientific body-building I go to work and build up your man's body, strengthening your system, hardening your shoulders, cutting off fat, and generally turning you into a healthy, hardy, lightweight human specimen you will be proud of.

In just 30 days I add one whole foot of live, flexible sturdy muscle to each of your arms and two full inches of rippling, muscle-stretch across your chest. Your face will become straight and strong, your head may back erect, and little lumps of red-blooded muscles will begin to stand out on your hardening shoulders. What a thrill you are going to meet with that girl of your choice. How grand and happy she will be.

90 Days and You Have One
But I'm not through with you. We have only 60 days to go. Give me just 60 more days and then look yourself over. Now you must be really good, and then, if you are, it's easy.

People will ask to meet you. Successful handsome men will really love that here is another man to accept as one of their own group. Your lady friends will speak to you differently, and that girl of yours will have that look of love and affection in her eyes that no one else has ever given her.

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Just think that at the end of 90 days what a difference there will be in you. What picture would you look in? What a sight you would make in a gymnasium. You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect outside of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commanding attention.

Well, that's the story in a nutshell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just sit down and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny, and you can see for yourself; why thousands of men have had such good luck in Earlie Lederman, The Muscle Builder.

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(Please write or print plainly.)
the young Quillans hounded him to pave the way for movie tests in Los Angeles. The genial old Scotchman had no idea there would be any difficulty. The first day the troupe was in town he went out to Sennett's and told the comedy king he had some kids who wanted to work in the movies. Sennett said he wasn't interested. He said more than that. "Look here," thundered Quillian "père, "I'm a good Scotch-Irishman and you're a good Scotch-Irishman and I think you ought to give the kids a chance."

The appeal to his patriotism must have licked Sennett and he consented to test the Quillans. According to the P. A., who was still carrying on the story during Eddie's absence, the test was terrible. Both Eddie and the old man had told him how terrible it was. There was a close-up of Eddie that was a little worse than anything else in the film. Somebody said, "He looks like Charlie Ray." The Quillans thought they were being kidded, so they sneaked out the back way. And it took a Nick Harris detective to locate Eddie for Sennett after that.

Eddie's comedy appeal in Sennett two reelers hit home almost from the start. He got so good that they decided to feature him. He was starred in a half-dozen or so featurettes, but he never reached the screen as a Sennett star, due to a little altercation between Mack and Papa Quillian. Eddie's dad loudly and forcibly objected to some of the slightly shady stuff that the gag men were writing into Eddie's scripts. He is a religious man, is the senior Quillian. For years he had kept faith with his public in good, clean entertainment and he wasn't going to sit by and watch the pride of his clan smear the family name with smutty comedy antics.

GETTING THE FAMILY IN

The family was just about all set to hit out on the road again where fun is clean when Eddie got a call to make a test for "The Godless Girl." One glance at Eddie's particular brand of antics and De Mille signed him without even considering another player. They will tell you out at the studio that it was Eddie, the baby Lauder, who kept Mons. Cecil in good humor throughout the picture with his quaint laughable acting. After that came a contract with "Show Folks," and now "Geraldine," to get things off to a good start for Eddie.

"My next picture" said Eddie in a brief respite from the director, "is going to be called "Noisy Neighbors" and my whole family is going to work in it." He crossed and uncrossed his legs a couple of times for no particular reason.

"I guess your folks are pretty excited about working in the movies?" I inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, casually, "They don't know much about pictures; they've got the idea that any one who would get excited about pictures was a little screwy anyway.

"It's a pretty good story, though," he granted. "It's all about a bunch of vaudevillians, like we used to be, who inherit an old Southern mansion and think they are going to settle down to a nice quiet life, only to find out they're located between two families in a feud. It's a pretty good idea," he repeated, "but I guess they'll change it before we start."

I took a quick look at Eddie to see if there was a tinge of sarcastic humor underlying that last crack, but he was indifferently regarding the tip of his shoe; so I guess there wasn't.

In the meantime there was "Geraldine" to be finished and the director was calling for him again.

"I guess I've got to work" he apologized. I surmised as much myself. He shuffled his feet a couple of times and then shook hands. He said he was glad to have met me.

I was glad to have met him too.

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**A Little Lauder—and Funnier**

*Continued from page 74*

Rub in Absorbine, Jr. as quickly as you can. It will relieve the pain and reduce any inflammation which may have set in, and materially shorten the time of recovery. Its prompt use will prevent the stiffness and lameness usually following a sprain or bruise. If the skin has been broken, Absorbine, Jr. will reduce to a minimum any danger of infection. Use it full strength. It is cooling, soothing and reliable antiseptic. There are many uses for Absorbine, Jr. in the home and when traveling. Read "Timely Suggestions." Send for free Trial Bottle and "Timely Suggestions."

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Two peddlers who are not barred from the precincts of Hollywood studios: Herbert, the simian speed demon; and Alice White who, on a velocipede at least, is not so slow herself.
Here's my prize winner for 1925 $1,000.00 in cash and solid gold medal awarded to Danny Gully for the greatest improvement in physical development. Nationalwide contest proves another amazing demonstration of Miracles in Muscle!

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W hat would you give to be this artist—earning a big income—enjoying studio life? Only a short time ago he filled out a coupon like the one below and mailed it to the Federal School of Illustrating. Now he is trained in Modern Art on which magazines are spending millions every year, and he has also had thorough instruction in all branches of Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing and Window Card Illustrating. Careful training by Federal Instructors has taught him to turn simple lines into dollars.

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THE ANSWER MAN

(Continued from page 117)

McNames. Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1895. The next thing to worry about is the turn-in value on a used cigarette lighter, late 1927 model with extra flint. Helen Foster, Cornellius Keeffe, Ray Hallor and Alphonso W. "Interdependency of Evidence," Chesterfield Prod., Metropolitan Studios, 1404 No. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

A FLORIDA BLOSSOM.—Glady you like our magazine and this department. Don't stay away so long next time. Your letter will reach Olive Borden in care of the PBO Studios, 730 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Mary Nolan, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Ivy Harris was the leading lady in "Fascinating Youth."


W. J. GRIFFITH.—Thelma Todd is about twenty-two years old, five feet four, weighs 122 pounds, blonde hair and blue grey eyes. Has been playing in pictures about three years. Send your letter to the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Corinne Griffith and Grant Whithers have the leads in "Saratoga Children," Charles Delaney and Jacqueline Logan in "The Faker." Write them at the Columbia Studios, 1208 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

J. E. R.—Doris Dawson was born in Goldfield, Nevada, nineteen years ago. She is five feet one, weighs 106 pounds, has chestnut color hair, and blue eyes. Playing in "Children of the Ritz" starring Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall. Write her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. She'll be glad to hear from you. Joan Crawford and Nils Asther had the leads in "Dream of Love."

I.C.Y.D.K.I.—I'll take the house and garage. You can reach George Meeker at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. No, his hair wasn't really on fire in the picture. That was a wig. You pronounce Nils Asther's first name 'Neds.' His latest picture is "Wild Orchids" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

MOSTLY MARY.—What's the rest? Eddie Dunn was born Al Pearce, Jack Oakie was Sausagehead Doyle, Jean Laverty, Betty, and Dan Wolheim, "Double Duty Dug" in "The Fleet's In." Clara Bow is five feet two and a half. James Hall, five feet eleven. Charles Farrell six feet two. Buddy Rogers and Ramon Novarro are not engaged.

A SUBSCRIBER,—I believe we always give the men a break. Gilbert Roland was born in Spain. He's twenty-four and his most recent production is "The Woman Disputed," starring Norma Talmadge. Don Alvarado, Nov. 4, 1904, playing in "The Apache," Send your note to the Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4216 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Charles Rogers, "Close Harmony" will be his next and Nancy Carroll plays opposite him. John Barrymore's latest picture is "King of the Mountains." Dolores Costello was born in 1906. Write her at the Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

(Finished on page 125)
If You Know That Chef D'Oeuvres Doesn't Mean Head Cook

For those who like French dressing, both sartorial and prandial.

For those who know that a chef d'oeuvres isn't a head cook.

For those who sometimes have a small cup of coffee even in their own homes.

For those, more generally, who like a trifle more piquant seasoning in things. Who think a step further than the obvious and the everyday. Who like an idea for itself.

And who also like the movies.

We recommend attention to Motion Picture Classic.

Classic is a motion picture magazine with all the informative material that must characterize a periodical of its ambitions.

But it is a trifle more than that. It is a magazine that serves its information with a bit more dash, a bit more sparkle, a bit more sophistication than is commonly encountered.

For those who believe that fame in Hollywood is not gained by Civil Service rules, we should not advise it.

But for all who do not, we should. In fact, as Ed Wynn used to declare, we come out boldly and say we do recommend it.

We even go so far, semi-finally, as to suggest that the 12th of every month you keep an all-seeing and alert eye upon the newsstand for it. And, finally, that you buy a copy. You'll like it.

Motion Picture Classic
It's the Magazine with the Personality

The Celluloid Drama

(Continued from page 69)

the field, are as bullish as ever on the talkie market. With a year's jump on the competition, their Vitaphone attractions are still leading. Besides any quantity of short subjects, the Warners seem to be resurrecting old stage successes considered suitable for the singing screen. Such vehicles as "The Honeymoon," "Willie Collier's racing fame," and the musical comedy, "The Time, the Place and the Girl," are scheduled for early production. "The Desert Song," the first Vitaphone operetta is completed. Warners now control First National, too. But nobody seems to know just what is planned for production at the Burbank lot. Perhaps the brothers will produce a few silent ones there. Although the huge sound stages which have been erected make the lot thoroughly equipped for the recording of hundred-percent Vitaphone pictures.

Movie "Follies"

FOX has several in the bag. Most interesting, perhaps, is the first edition of "The Fox Follies." This is to be an annual event, and will fill the place in the movies occupied by the Ziegfeld "Follies" on the stage. It will be similar to a revue in form. All the talent on the lot will be called upon for a turn. Sue Carol and Lois Moran are prominent in the initial production which is colorful with the presence of various teams and personalities from the theater. The Fox Movietone newsreel has attained a popular permanency with patrons of wired theaters. This item, at least, has surely come to stay. So have the Movietone short subjects. So far as drama is concerned, Fox and Movietone are holding their places in the sound sun.

Perhaps the biggest news of the day is the acquisition by FBO to the screen and sound rights of "Rio Rita." The Radio Corporation of America now controls this organization, and the plans, not yet announced in full, are reported to be the most ambitious the organization has ever experienced. In filming "Rio Rita," the services of the principal actors in the stage version have been secured.

Out at Pathe, "The Missing Man," Pathe's first talkie, has been finished; and "Listen Baby," featuring Eddie Quillan, and having a lot more Quillans in the cast, is well under way. There seems to be something doing at Pathe. Tests by the score are being taken by Paul Bern and Eddie Goulding. And they are not being taken for fun. It looks very much as though a lot of big names will be on Pathe contracts before long.

Universal is another company that isn't going the whole hog on talkies. At Universal City they believe the picture is the thing. And that a good silent film will do better business than a so-so sounder. But just the same, they are bowing to the clamor to the extent of a series of Movietone shorts; and plans for dialogue in the productions of Reginald Denny, Jean Hersholt, Laura La Plante and others. In fact, Universal insists that all its players are prepared to step into talkies at a moment's notice. "Broadway," of course, will be an all-audible.

It is not likely that the lesser, independent companies will go in extensively for sound. At present it is too expensive. For instance, one sound-device concern asks a sum of $50,000 as a license fee for the use of its apparatus. This is for either one or twenty pictures. Twenty thousand of the amount must be put up in advance. Then there is a rental of $2500 per day on top of that. In addition to the lights and other technical equipment.
STAGE STARS DISAPPEAR

AFTER a few of the present crop of in-work pictures are released, there is little to be a cessation in the panic to pick up stage names for the talkies. Frankly—but whisper it—the stage people aren't proving so hot. It seems that the fact they come from the theater doesn't necessarily endow them with voices that reproduce, or with acting abilities desirable in pictures. Ruth Chatterton, for instance, has been rather a keen disappointment historically and vocally as well. The talkies will eliminate some of our movie players. But producers are going to find that the qualities they seek are to be found right in their own back yards. The boys and girls already on the lots can do as well in the sound pictures as any of the theatrical imports. It will be good business to give them the opportunity.

It is not difficult to forecast that the forte of sound pictures is going to lie in the production of two-reelers and one-reel novelties. In these forms there is no question regarding the entertainment offered. The newsreels are included, of course. For feature-length productions, the best bets will be musical shows, either originals or translations from stage comedies. Rollicking, hokum farces along the lines of "The Terror" should become a fixture. Providing, of course, that there are enough Louise Fazendas to go around. Thus far, straight drama introduced from the theater has proved something akin to a flop. Picture fans cannot be interested in drawing-room, society dramas, where the characters group themselves about a tea-wagon, or follow one another hither and yon about the premises indulging in dialogue, monologue or absides. Pictures are pantomime in their very souls. There must be action. The classic precept of the Sennett lot still holds true: "Ya gotta have a chase." Disguise it as you will. Doll it up with production value. Put Gish and Swanson and Gilbert and the rest of 'em in it. But one way or another, "Ya gotta have a chase."

It would seem to the innocent bystander as though Westerns provided ideal material for the introduction of sound. The galumphing of horses, horses, horses; the bang-bang, Indian whoops and cowboy whoop-e-e-e even the villain forestalling the audience by hissing himself. But strange to say, Westerners have passed with the advent of the talkies. Tom Mix is through at FBO after one more. Tim McCoy is out at Metro. No more shoot-'em-ups from Paramount. And Hoot Gibson is riding aeroplanes in his "opry." Ken Maynard has a few more scheduled at First National. But it won't be long now. Unless something alters the handwriting on the wall. It may be that a few like Fox's "Old Arizona" will keep the great open spaces with us under another name. Let's hope so. We'll promise to recognize the old standbys. Like old pal Jack Dalton himself we'll say, "Take off them gogans, we know you." Even in the talkies.
Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 114)

Will the “Talkies” eventually predomi-

nate over the “Silent Drama”? There has always been a distinc-

ion between the stage and the cinema, and that is the force-

ful element in every motion picture. I have always disliked the stage, but have al-

ways been an enthusiastic movie fan. The objection was the dialogue; too much re-

dality, for everything is before us, not enough for the imagination, and we humans thrive on imagination.

Our voices belong to our individual selves; although an actor is able to change his makeup, his dress and mannerisms, he is never able to change his voice for various roles. Many of our greatest stars are for-

eigners. The effect of an actor with a Ger-

man accent playing the role of an Italian or a Frenchman would be rather misplaced.

Lon Chaney may be “The Man of a

Thousand Faces” at the present time, but with the movietone he is merely the voice of one man.

However, I see no objection in the news-

reels, for in that, the true facts of everyday life are expressed. Also the musical score can be used to advantage. For instance, in “Warming Up” it enabled the on-looker to enter into the spirit of the game with perhaps more enthusiasm, but the dialogue remained silent throughout.

Action, not sound, constitutes the soul of “Drama,” and the two can never success-

fully co-exist without taking from the screen that imagination which embodies the heart with shadowy dreams.

Allow the stage to continue with its spoken dialogue and reality, but preserve that eloquent significance, which the screen possesses—SILENCE. J. N.

She Knows What She Wants!

ELIZABETH, N. J.—I resent what a certain fan said in a letter published in the December issue. I believe that anyone is crazy is that he fan himself. I dislike the Vitaphone, and some of my reasons follow. First, it is entirely too loud, and its shrill-

ness gives me a headache. The Vitaphone short subjects are worse than boring and this canned vaudeville which is being forced upon us is a big mistake. The talking de-

vices are far from perfect, and often the voices appear to be coming from any-

where but the player’s mouths. It also dis-

torts the voices and spoils an otherwise good picture. If the producers gave us a chance to get used to these talkies, by having only a few dialogue scenes, the invention might prove a success, but they rush blindly into producing too per cent talking pictures, which are boring and monotonous. I can-

not understand how anyone can like the sound as illustrated in “Our Dancing Daughters.” This was an extremely good picture, excellently acted, but the voice of someone invisible, starting to sing, was very distracting and disturbed my concentration.

There is already a lot of unnecessary noise in the world, and talkies do not improve this condition.

The girl who wants to know why talking among the audience is not liked is really too silly to answer. Can’t she understand how annoying it is to have someone jabbering while you are trying to concentrate on the pictures? It is a matter of personal taste to my friend, because I do not, but for a con-

ference. Just the other day I moved as far away as I could get when two women came in and did nothing but talk.

Also, I enjoy pictures of the underworld, and see no reason to make us suffer with
goody-goody pictures, just because children might be influenced by seeing crooks. The crooks never win in the end, do they? And as for life, I think it would be a better place to learn than in the movies. The movies have a hundred good points to blot out all their bad ones.

Marion L. Hesse.

Honor for the Extra

NEW YORK CITY—Why don’t we hear more about the doubles and at least one extra in the extras? To me, they work just as hard or even harder than most of the stars do. Of course there are exceptions, such as Bebe Daniels, if I have heard right, but she has no chance to become an acting extra, in one sense, for her acting is real. It is not a double that gets her concessions and fragments. She takes her own medicine as if it were a sugar-coated pill and I’ll bet she gets a kick out of it.

What became of those fellows in “Wings” who faced death, so that people could get a thrill for two seconds and then forget them, by planning next little smashups?

What has become of that young girl who played the part of Miss Costello’s right hand man in “When a Man Loved,” who could act, and yet she was never mentioned in reviews.

Buddy Rogers in “Wings” and Dick Barthelmess in “The Patent Leather Kid” needed piles of extras to make those pictures successes; and to give you the thrill that they were intended to give you, don’t misunderstand me by think-

ing that I don’t like Dick, Buddy, Dolores and Bebe, for I do and they are all my favorites. All that I am afraid is that for you to give a hand to some of those who helped make our big pictures big.

Dorothy Mc.Mahan.

More Suggestions

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Please have more movies like “Glorious Betsy,” “Quality Street,” and “Two Lovers.” They are so complete, so picturesque, no matter evil, as well as educational. When I see such movies, I forget that I am living in the Twentieth Century, and carry myself back to the charming way in which we used to be and the romance. These attract the better class of people more than the so-called “sex pictures.” The public gets tired of unclean movies and better class people are really getting tired of them.

Oh, how I would like to see Marion Davies in the rôle of Emma, in Jane Austen’s novel, “Emma.” She would be the ideal person for that lovable match-

maker, as Emma Woodhouse was, I would give much to see such sweet, clean stories as Jane Austen’s, made into movies.

Ramona Kaiser.

And Still More

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Along about last spring, speaking dialogue un UNSIGNED the whole picture. It was loud and coarse, just TERRIBLE!! But what a change! During the last five months it has become the very source of amusement. The only talking pictures I have seen so far, are, “The Lion and the Mouse,” “The Spider and the Fly,” “422,” “The Odd Man,” “Caged,” “Katie the Cat,” who was cut out of the picture, “Miss Lily,” “The Smiling Lady,” “The Gay Fiddle” and “Little Women.” If the people could make one picture so that someone could put “Little Women,” into a talkie. It is a story that will never grow old, and it would create a fine entertainment.

Cecil B. DeMille and Ramon Novarro would be just ideal for “Laurie,” and Norma Shearer as “Joe.” C. B. D.

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Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb...

When You Ought to Talk?

How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up, or avoided, the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to hear that many of the most brilliant public speakers we have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their “hidden knack” of powerful speech—a knack which authorities say seven men out of every ten actually possess. And the chances are that you, too, have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet the men who are doing such things know that it is all astonishingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of even addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of Effective Speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whomever they wish and name their own friends—men and women alike.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America’s eminent specialists in effective speech has developed a method that has already raised thousands from mediocrity, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home, you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

How you can use this method, how you can banish stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, quickly shaping yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, is told in an interesting book, How to Work Wonders with Words. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book and highly praise it. You can receive a copy absolutely free by simply mailing the coupon below. Act now to discover your priceless “hidden knack”—the natural gift within you. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

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Solids or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 7c at all Toilet Goods Counters.

Maybelline

Continue reading 'Don't Give It All to Broadway' from page 35

Don't Give It All to Broadway

Lloyds and the Clara Bows and all the other picture people whom they have learned to know and love. If the producers thrust the movie players aside and try to substitute new faces, they will have to find new fans as well.

Carl Laemmle, that veteran of the industry, recognizes this and announces that he for one is going to move slowly in making radical changes in his casts. "Box office means something," he says. "The fans won't take anything or anyone they don't want. You can't make box office attractions overnight. And what is more, a good mixer—the man at the voice controls—can regulate his levers in such a way that almost any voice can be made pleasing to listen to."

Every stage player has had to learn how to talk. But every screen aspirant cannot learn how to photograph well. Millions are being spent in a frantic building of soundproof stages in Hollywood at this moment. It would cost comparatively little to give the present players a few lessons in voice handling, infection and tone control. Will they be willing to learn these things? They must, or fall by the wayside. Very few of the younger screen favorites have had stage experience: Anita Page, Alice White, Buddy Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell, Dolores Costello, Sue Carol. They have come to the screen from college classrooms and debutante parties. Their success is very precious to them. They will work, study, practise scales, do anything to keep their places in the Kleigs. Give them a chance and see.

The Trek from Broadway

WF protest. This morning we received notice that Vilma Banky has as her new leading man, Robert Montgomery, chosen from fifty New York stage stars instead of from a hundred Hollywood possibilities. Elinor Griffith, Broadway favorite, arrives to play the leading feminine rôle in United Artist's "Nightstick." Opposite her is Chester Morris, another importation from the footlights. Two more stage newcomers are in the cast, Regis Toomy and Harry Stubbs. From Metro we learn that Raymond Hackett, hero of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," will play the same rôle in the talkie version. Mary Dolan, a New York actress, is being taught screen acting at the same studio, a studio which already has such promising material as Gwen Lee, Dorothy Janis, Raquel Torres, Dorothy Sebastian, Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Josephine Dunn to choose from when there is a pretty girl rôle.

Famous Players has annexed Ruth Chatterton, John Cromwell, Maurice Chevalier, all stage stars. In their Long Island studio they have Cantor, Ann Forrest, the Marx Brothers and many other Broadway players working on three talkie features. Fox has brought out Margaret Churchill of the Theatre Guild, Helen Twelvetrees and Charles Eaton. In a recent picture, "The Ghost Talks," the two latter players could not be heard as clearly as Carmel Myers, a screen star who has never been on the stage. Helen Twelvetrees looks very much like Fox's own Nancy Drexel; while young Eaton, a juvenile of seventeen, resembles our own Bennie Alexander who has grown up in the movies and has an excellent voice. Universal has signed Paul Whiteman. And the end is not yet.

We protest. Not because we wish to seem inhospitable to these visitors from the footlights, but because we are afraid that they might not succeed on the screen; but because we feel that we have enough talent within the industry now to fill all the needs of the talkies, because we know that the fans do not want to lose their film friends, who are our friends, too.

These newcomers are probably nice boys and girls, but they're not home folks. We don't know their fine qualities and their failings; we haven't watched them grow from gawky youngsters into famous stars, we don't know any interesting gossip about them; they haven't confided their private joys and griefs to us, shown us their new cars and Italian villas and babies, clasped our hands and wept on our shoulder.

They're not our own. And we should be a poor friend if we wouldn't stand up for our own.
We Wonder How Wise An Apple He Was

Maybe the boy who first came forward with the idea of letting well enough alone was a wise apple.

But we wonder about it seriously.

We wonder what might have happened if everyone who ever heard that advice had taken it.

For if people had been willing always to let well enough alone, we'd still be sending letters across the continent by pony express.

We'd still be depending for our thrills upon looking at pictures of Vesuvius through the hand stereopticon.

We'd still be getting our music from the old prickly-pear music-box roll.

For those things, in their way, were well enough.

But if everybody had been content to let things rest that way, we'd have no air mail, no movies, no victrolas, no radios.

In short, we'd have a lot less things to make life as pleasant as it is.

And in particular, we wouldn't have a fan magazine of the sort that MOTION PICTURE is.

For MOTION PICTURE is built upon the premise that well enough isn't enough.

Its idea is that if every issue isn't better than the preceding, then the quality of the magazine isn't up to the proper standard.

Every successive number has got to have more news, newer news, newer viewpoints, newer ideas, fresher and more interesting illustrations than the one before.

Not easy, of course. That is, not easy on those who publish it. But easy on those who read it. Which is the important thing. And which is why, we believe, MOTION PICTURE is the fastest-growing and most lastingly liked periodical of its sort in the world.

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RETER, PETER.—What is a college student's favorite book? I believe it's a checkbook. Billie Dove has brown hair and eyes. Married to Irvin Willat. Her real name is Lilian Bohny. Malcolm MacGregor, black hair and brown eyes. Married and has one daughter. Janet Gaynor, red gold hair, she is still single. Joan Crawford, blonde hair, single, real name Lucille Le Sueur. Your letter was too late for the January or February issues.

PAULYNE.—The Paramount Studios here in the East are located at 6th and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I., but visitors are not welcome. This, if permitted, would naturally disturb the players. John Gilbert and Mary Nolan have the leads in "Thirst," Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

BOBBIE N.—Your letter will reach Marion Davies and Norma Shearer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lois Moran was born March 1, 1907. Claire Windsor, April 14, 1897. Richard Dix, July 18, 1894. Rod LaRocque, Nov. 30, 1896. Leatrice Joy is not married. Corinne Griffith's husband is Walter Morosco. Write Corinne at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

V. AND R.—Charles Ray has been playing on the stage. He was born May 15, 1891, and is married to Clara Grant. Write the Wallace Reid Memorial Club, Ray E.

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The WOMEN who fascinate men

what is their dangerous power?

The alien type—the woman who fascinates men at will. One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is reviled, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery, and she and her admirers are amazed, bewildered. For you can truthfully say, "I don't understand what you mean when you talk about her," and yet you want to know the secret—with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is not for you to desire. But that you desire. You want that you desire. You want that you desire. You want that you desire. You want that you desire.

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled

All your unavailing study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by like methods is easily explained. Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for limited numbers. She has said: "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry, and mate. But to a few women she has said: "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination."

You know that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Instead you have been puzzled. You have seen fascinating women possess it to no more than average—some of you would have considered her. You have been women with poor figure although you possess it to no more than average. Of course, you have seen women of refinement who use the shadow by no other women. You have heard of "sex appeal," yet you know that thousands of women have re- turned to physical charms as the main reason— with inevitable failure.

Surely of all, you may have known some danger— you know.自然的woman as a friend—known that she was willing to give you her secrets. But she could not. For Nature, too, has taught her natural sisters blind to their own methods.

One Woman in All the World Can Tell You Amazing, perhaps, but—so far as it is known— Lucille Young is the woman in all the world who knows the complete secret of fascination. A certain amount of beauty is indispensable. This beauty Lucille Young gives you through her method is admittedly the most effective in the world—used by scores of thousands of women. But more than beauty is absolutely necessary. Countless beautiful women are not fascinating—hardly attractive—as every woman knows.

So Lucille Young gives you also the very instinct of Nature's secrets of fascination. These secrets have been disclosed by nearly twenty years of study, by gleaning from countless puzzles the hidden ways of fascination, by analyzing and putting together the revelations that startle, the mysteries, strange—things you would never discover yourself.

Women are thrilled as persons are thrilled. And you will certainly recognize all the secrets they have longed to know are revealed—that an amazing new jewel will be opened up to them. No woman who reads will again fear the others. She will meet her on her own terms—be as irresistible as any woman.

And remember, whatever your present appearance, Lucille Young's method will give the secret.

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Kathryn Crawford, in the act of removing an apple from the place where it had been so comfortable, is quite a picker. But not nearly so good a one as the studio that discovered her playing in "Son of Anak," Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

PINKY.—Charles Delaney was born Aug. 9, 1900. He is five feet ten and a half, weighs 162 pounds, and has black hair and dark brown eyes. His latest picture is "The Fakir," write him at the Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Josephine Dunn is not married. At least not right now. Camilla Horn and Robert Armstrong are playing in "The Lady from Hell."

MARY BUD.—Irene Rich is the young lady you are referring to in "The Perfect Crime."

Read Motion Picture and Keep Up-to-Date with the Stars and Their Activities. It's the Screen Magazine of Authority

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Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 122)

Lauding the Movies!

SToughton, Wis.—I have read with interest the letters sent in lauding and criticizing the movies. As a reader ofMotion PictureI wish to express my opinions. To begin with, I want to back up the letter sent in by a reader stating that she thinks the movies the least harmful of all amusements. I certainly agree with her. I have been a movie fan ever since I could read, and in not one instance have my opinions of it been changed. I have spent a large share of my earnings at the local movie house and I have never regretted it. Why? Because I have always found that the pictures are educational and carry events that are true to life. And now that I have grown into the age where I must shift for myself I find that the movies are inspirational. Time and again discouragement has met me face to face and I have found that the movie is the best medicine obtainable.

And I'll wager that more than one person has learned his history from the movies. I'll wager that scores of people have found the beautiful things of life because of the movies. And I'll wager that many a foreigner has become accustomed to the American ways of living mainly through the movies. I, like thousands of other Americans, have made up my mind to be an asset to my country. Ask me, "How'd you get that way?" and I'll answer, "By spending my money for worthwhile movies instead of health-wrecking chocolates."

I cannot bring this letter to a close without expressing my sincere thanks for the contents of the Motion Picture magazine. Its comment on the pictures released is worth its weight in gold and the interviews presented cannot be beat. Keep it up.

R. J.

Praise from the Young

Augusta, Ga.—I have always had faith in moving pictures anyway, and since the other day a friend of mine told me of a very interesting story. She said that one of her friends was disheartened over her daughter because she never took any interest in her appearance at all, and of course she had very few friends.

Her daughter had never liked the movies until so many good pictures were advertised. After she had gone several times her mother noticed that she began taking interest in her appearance and girls were not ashamed of her appearance and they began coming in numbers to see her.

That was the beginning of that girl's life. I told my friend that every picture I had ever seen had a good moral and taught everyone a "lesson." A good many people go to the movies as a "pass time" but when I go, I go with the feeling of learning something that someone else has experienced.

I do hope that the vitaphone and movietone will not go so far as to break up the silent, restful, romantic drama entirely.

Of course the movietone and vitaphone are of great advantage to singers, speakers, etc., but you find so few people who like them.

Our Imperial Theatre gets much more trade than the Modjeska Theatre because people cannot get used to this unromantic, noisy drama.

Of course this letter is childish because it is only written by a child but sometimes a child can bring out "points" as well as grown-ups.—Mattie Lammkin.

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See Page 79

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Timing the Talk!
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—Now at last that we’ve got the movies talking (woops!) and they’re doing it (success), I would like to see them admit a possible way of making the infant talkies even more attractive than they are.

These talking sequences are fine; let’s hope that every picture will be crowded with them before long. Yes, they are fine, but there are less desirable things in the talkies which I should think could be improved.

For instance, those who saw Richard Dix’s “Warming Up” knew all the way through that all the “noise”—for in Dix’s picture it was merely noise—was made in the studio and that at the same time the picture was being filmed.

There’s the keynote of the whole thing. In the movies the producers key us up to believe that it’s all real and in the talking sequences it is real but in many instances the words, presumably spoken by the actor, will drift through the amplifiers long after the picture of the speaking person is flashed off. It is to this that I object.

Surely our fine movies and our promising talkies aren’t to be ruined by this false synchronizing? Let’s have the big fellows give a look at this.

Robert Downum.

Bravo, Norma
PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.—Allow me to send to your much admired magazine the following little article. I beg of you to print it in the “Motion Picture.”

In a recent small magazine small articles concerning Norma Talmadge, which not only astonish, but also grieve me. I would be glad to think that they reflect not your respect for this individual opinion, but not the “Motion Picture” point of view. The sympathetic American people who have created the unique Hollywood know, unconditionally how to appreciate their artists, the more so such a splendid artist as N. Talmadge, who judging by her latest production (with Paul Cram, Kiki) has excessively developed during these last two years. At the present moment Hollywood is invaded by new cinco-stars, stars whose artistic career is different from the Russian, who has a high artistic standard and we require not only a handsome appearance, but also a real artist gift. N. Talmadge, who is an exceptionally gifted dramatic artist holds us in suspense and persues us by her deeply passionate, by the variety of expressions upon her nerves, refined face, the nobleness of her demeanour, the gracefulness of her slim figure. And not only does she excell in dramatic parts, but she is also charming in comedies, for example in her role of Miss Rosario, which shows us an artistic comic. The most insignificant films, become beautiful and exceptional with N. Talmadge. Remember "The Dove." What she has been about her! And the old Chap "Camille." N. Talmadge has made a masterpiece of it. I believe that no other cinco-star could obtain such brilliant results. If I may, I will say that to the best of my knowledge, we are in wood’s and Mr. Niblo’s best production. It is to be hoped, that the "United Artists" headed by the honoured Mr. Schenck truly appreciate such noble art, such unique artist and that she will often appear at the screen in the best parts and the best films. This is the opinion of my comparatively not-so-good French society who are deeply impressed by N. Talmadge’s play.

Hoping, dear sirs, that you will have the amibality to insert my letter in your "Motion Picture," believe me.—E. Hofeld.

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forget all about matching your skin' and select shades to match your costume . . .

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You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is another requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain color value. You recognize this when you match dress, stockings, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select rouge shades.

The great mistake with rouge has been this; you had just one shade—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. But the shade remained the same. You couldn't use other shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel shades, was less than incorrect with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Now, Wondrous New Beauty With the Rouge of Which All Shades Match the Skin

Remember, skin tone is no longer a limitation. Now you can live up to the most glowing red gown, and yourself scintillate, sparkle because the all-important color harmony of complexion with dress has been achieved. For all shades of red, use Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Sow. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Sow to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue use Sow, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are a golden flame with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade; since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

Perhaps you'll find the greatest fascination lies in blending one or more shades of Princess Pat Rouge upon your skin... Vivid, for instance, with a little touch of Nite to give marvelous, pearly iridescence under artificial light. Or Sow, with a touch of English Tint to produce an original personal hue. Or Sow with a touch of Nite—violet-shaded, mysterious, compelling. Here is individuality plus; for whatever your requirements to bring out utmost beauty, Princess Pat rouge shades are adequate. But be sure your next rouge purchase gives you Princess Pat. For only then can you forget skin matching limitations and select shades for beauty alone. You'll find Princess Pat everywhere.

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FIFTEEN DOLLAR LETTER

Fans, To the Rescue

MONTREAL, CANADA— I sincerely think that it is my duty, as a movie fan, also in the interest of the "movie stars," to come to their rescue, concerning the state of affairs that's taking place, as regards the actors and actresses who are leaving Broadway or the legitimate stage and flocking to the "Film Colony," Hollywood, to enter the "movies." This, I am sure, will be threatening most of our "movie stars," also those who are on the way to stardom, and crowding out the thousands of extras who are patiently waiting for a break that will prevent them from starving to death. I think that it is about time something should be done in this matter. I really can't understand why there aren't more fans writing on this subject and coming forward in their defence. For years the "movie stars" have given the utmost devotion in presenting the public with the best of entertainment, and I fail to comprehend why the public are hesitating in sending their views in their defence. The producers should also take notice. It is only through co-operation with the public that they will ever achieve the greatest of success, also think of the effect it will have on them financially. And now it's up to the public to awake to the fact and do their share by coming forward to support our "beloved stars" in recompense for what they have contributed to our life's enjoyment—the greatest of all entertainments, "the movies."

Arthur E. Rivers.

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER

Voices of the World!

NEW YORK CITY. There has been, during the past six months, much discussion, both for and against the talking films.

While I do not wish to enter here into the various points of discussion, I wish to say that I have been able to hear King George of England and King Alphonso of Spain in interesting addresses, as well as many other important personages.

This is something that the silent drama, which I have intensely followed since the very beginning, has been unable to give.

The wonderful treats which are in store for movie lovers of the future cannot be foretold, especially if progress is made during the next five years as has been done during the past year.

In preserving the voice of the leaders of the world in all lines of development, the talking films have made their place in the history of the world.

Jean E. Renard.

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month Motion Picture will award cash prizes for the best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's see what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested.

Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, Morton Pictures, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

TEN DOLLAR LETTER

Five Wise Words!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The cinema progresses with such rapidity that one grows dizzy watching its flight toward the movie millennium. The beauty of the settings, the perfection of modern photography are joys to be held, especially when viewed from a luxurious seat within a present-day picture palace. I think, though, that sound pictures need generous experiment before they can give true satisfaction. Voices and music, the other noises jar. Soothing, indeed, is the silent drama running in harmonious accord with the clear strains of a real symphony orchestra. May such entertainment never be abandoned!

Nevertheless, speaking pictures have a wondrous future. Considering the fact that a little over two years ago they were practically unknown to the public, their swift advance has been remarkable.

What a pity they did not arrive sooner! It would have been a great privilege to have heard—and still hear—the voices of the beloved Valentino, or the charming Wallace Reid, or other favorites of old.

Yes, the movies keep pace with science and invention. Perfection will be ever out of reach, of course, but good times, and surprises always will await us who love the cinema.

Marion Vickers.

BASHFUL?

"There are so many gay girls nowadays, dressed to the nines, with the most gay hair and the most gay makeup, and they have such a great time of it, that you can't help but get along with it and be gay, too."

RICHARD BLACKSTONE. 8-25 FLATIRON BUILDING. NEW YORK.

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Supervised by Sidney Brennecke

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E. W. HAMMONS, President
uteness to see your issue for this month, and I feel like your reader, "H. March Dempsey, of Johnstown, Pa." There is also an "urge" within me to write what I think of Bill Hart. It seems to me that this party has expressed the views of thousands of Bill Hart's friends and fans. I, too, feel lost since I have not seen Mr. Hart in so long a time, and I hope that soon we shall have the pleasure of looking upon his face in some good pictures. Pictures worthy of him—for there is surely a vital need for his good, clean pictures. Long may his pictures be always filled with rugged strength and beauty. 

M. E. Russell.

Pass Up the Pie!

NEWARK, OHIO—A few years ago we were told that the screen was getting away from slap-stick. Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Douglas MacLean, and a few others were making an earnest effort to rid the world of custard pies. The motion picture audience no longer cared for slap-stick.

Now we seem to be getting back in the same old mire again. To be sure, the longer comedies, Keaton, Hines, MacLean, and the rest need not resort to slap-stick methods at any time. But—how often do these comedians appear? Lloyd, once a year, perhaps less; Keaton, about three times a year; Hines, perhaps more often than the rest, but even he has lost his contract. MacLean I have not seen for more than two months.

However, as I have said, it is not in the longer productions that we find slap-stick. It is in the short two-reel pictures that we find the mud-throwing, pie-hurling, pant-propping demons.

Certainly there was enough mud-throwing in the presidential campaign of 1912 without having to watch it in the movies. Just yesterday I saw those two superb clowns, Laurel and Hardy, in another of their uproariously funny comedies. The mere sight of Laurel's dumb face is enough to throw one into convulsions. He is so ridiculously stupid. Thru the first reel and half of the second the laughs were frequent. Then came the dirty work. Mud splattered the face of one actor. More mud followed. Always it is the same. The first reel or so of the comedianity, the rest is disgustingly slap-stick. Another of the funniest comedies I have ever seen was "Do Detectives Think?" featuring Laurel and Hardy. It did not resort to slap-stick. Another, the name of which, I do not recall, showed Laurel in kilts. The situations were old, but with Laurel they were extremely funny. Laurel's dumb expressions will make any situation inescapably funny—except slap-stick.

Let's ban slap-stick. Really it is quite unnecessary. The children laugh at the antics of Lloyd, Keaton, and the rest. The actors have proved that slap-stick is unnecessary. Laurel and Hardy have shown that they do not need it.

Robert Schreffer.

Give Him a Hand!

VISA LA, KY.—It was like old times to read an interview with Sessee Hayakawa as the subject. Interviews with Hayakawa used to be so inspiring and instructive. He always had something interesting to say.

When I was a very young girl, I used to ponder and dream over his deep and mystic reflections on life. I am sorry he found readers in America and hope he finds compense for it all.

Come on fans! give this son of flowery old Japan a hearty welcome. Since he was homesick for America and is dreaming of the old days, let's tell him we still remember.

E. G. C.

They're Like Sheep!

SCRANTON, PENNA.—Cashing in on the public's taste seems to be prime factor with movie producers. From my observations gleaned in seeing photoplays and reading press releases, it seems that only those producers cared for was to cash in on the public's taste. If the public liked a certain film, then every movie producer starts concocting films with the very same plot. In different clothing. Vising with each other they work fast. Result: a badly made picture. Why some of the "quickies" are better than some "lavish productions."

I'd praise the company that tried to be original. Really, the public doesn't like to get a flock of pictures on one subject, then again a different bunch. We want variety. "Wings" started the rush on airplane stories; "Underworld," the crook stories, and ad infinitum. If only the producers would get wise and get out of the Monthly.

Adele Carter.

Stop, Where You Are!

Information has been asked by Helen Malech and Annita Arcadia on how to enter the movies, and by Betty Wysong on how to become a successful department; for their benefit and that of others who may have the same desires, we reply that we cannot give any advice other than to try everything. Hollywood is at present filled with more trained extras than can possibly find work. Opportunities for critical movie work are also very few and far between, and this work requires much editorial training.

Latin Uplift

CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO—Always I have wished for the opportunity to tell the moving picture industry of the good it has accomplished in two respects, in Latin America, and your department provides the open forum.

I have lived in the Latin country nearly all of my life, and I know that the peoples' attitude toward us as a nation is that we are a race of hard-boiled money grabbers, sans all delicacy of perception, sans chivalry, sans high ideals, and—even can you beat it—sans the power to love passionately?

But the American movies have changed, or at least, modified the unreasonable standards. They see we, too, have our ideas, and that they are of the highest order, even if we don't wear our hearts on our sleeves for the world to gape at. And where could a better example of the way to love be found than on the screen?

The other good office the movies do are that of kindness and consideration to our dumb four-footed friends which they always teach. Latinos as a whole are utterly indifferent to the Wants and sufferings of their animals. The movies cannot alter this through the screen, and so the influence of the movies in this respect, is very great.

So please, Mr. Paramount, for the good name of our country abroad, hold the torch high!
"MY STARS!"

They are the bright lights of the screen, these merry Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. Be sure that your favorite theatre has booked M-G-M pictures. Then you will know that you have happy days ahead with the Biggest Stars in the Biggest Pictures—

Lon Chaney, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton in M-G-M Pictures.

See It Now!
THE TRAIL OF '98 with
DOLORES DEL RIO
RALPH PORBE——KARL DANE TULLY MARSHALL HARRY CAREY
from Robert W. Service's Novel Directed by CLARENCE BROWN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
Today it is assumed that you speak French!

And Why Not—When You Can Learn So Easily?

No one asks you if you speak French any more. It is understood that everyone who really matters has mastered this graceful accomplishment. French phrases are used in conversations here just as they are abroad. You hear them daily—and if you cannot answer them in French you lose countenance—perhaps with the people who mean the most to you, in your social or in business.

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Within seven days I will either return the course or send you $1.85 at that time and $2.00 each month thereafter for four months. I am also to receive a 25,000-word imported dictionary without additional cost.

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City: __________________, State: ______

[Options for language: Spanish, Italian, German]
THERE are 19 keys pictured here. To be sure, they all look alike, but, examine them closely. 18 of them are exactly alike but "ONE," and only one is DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHERS. It is the key to OPEN THE PADLOCK on this $3,000.00 FREE "Bag of Gold."

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND IT.

CLUES

The difference may be in the size, the shape, or even in the notches. So, STUDY EACH KEY CAREFULLY and if you can find the "ONE" KEY that is different from all the others SEND THE NUMBER OF IT TO ME AT ONCE. You may become the winner of a Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash money—without one cent of cost to you. I will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE—5 new six-cylinder 4-door Sedans and the winners can have CASH MONEY INSTEAD of the automobiles if they prefer it. 25 BIG PRIZES TO BE GIVEN FREE—totaling $7,300.00 cash.

Or Win a CHRYSLER "75" Sedan

Choice of this beautiful Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash. We pay all the freight and tax in full on all the prizes and deliver them anywhere in the U. S. A. This is an AMAZING OPPORTUNITY. ACT QUICK, and here is why—

$1,000.00 CASH—EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

I will pay $1,000.00 cash money extra JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. Duplicate prizes will be paid in full in case of ties. YOU CAN WIN the Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash. ANSWER QUICK.

You Cannot Lose

Absolutely everyone who takes full advantage of this opportunity will be rewarded. But, hurry—find the "ONE" key that is different from all the others and RUSH THE NUMBER OF IT and your name and address to me TODAY on a postal card or in a letter. And, just say:—"Key number ... is different from all the others. Please tell me how I can get this magnificent Chrysler '75' Royal Sedan—or $3,000.00 CASH MONEY without obligation or one penny of cost to me."

E. COLLINS, 537 South Dearborn St.
Dept. 639 CHICAGO, ILL.
The Man She Dreams Of

Her ideal—that ghostly figure that is in the back of every girl's mind—the prince charming who will come some day, bringing romance and happiness into her life. She wonders what she can do to make herself more attractive in his eyes. But little does she guess the thing above all others that he will love in—her glow of perfect health. A rosybud complexion; a clear skin; steady nerves—are these the things a man wants in the woman he chooses for his wife.

If girls but realized this they would take that splendid herbal tonic and nerve Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Dr. Pierce invites you to write to his clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

GIVEN TO GIRLS

Dainty Wrist Watch


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A new book, "Safe Counsel," will tell you how to know online is the secret to health. Give away as a wedding present. A beautiful keepsake that your new son-in-law or daughter-in-law will treasure as a wedding souvenir. At all news dealers.

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Send 10c for Illustrated Catalogue of over 400 tricks. A. D. Rose, inventor and supplier.

WHISPERING WAVES

"The Cold Rush" started a rush in the direction of the very young and very attractive Georgie Hale, comes a rumor from over the hills and far away. And the Hollywood rumor suggests that a new Mrs. Charles Nazin is about to dine at the Montmartre.

H A R K ! hark! the dogs do bark—that is, Rin-Tin-Tin does now that sound pictures have invaded his happy kennels. He will be heard as well as seen in his pictures hereafter.

SHAKING just naturally got to be a habit with Gilda Gray. Now she has forgotten the name of Mrs. Gil Boag and has brand-new divorce papers to prove it.

J U A N I T A HANSON is reversing the general order of things by leaving New York for the West. Hollywood is due to hear Miss Hanson in talking pictures since she has recovered from the accident which kept her East so long.

W I L L I A M POWELL, after a too brief stay in New York, set off for what appears to be the Grand Tour, visiting Palm Beach, Havana, Mexico City, Vera Cruz and then Hollywood to begin work on "Darkened Rooms."

E V E R Y once in a while some one cele-
brates a birthday. Carl Laemmle out at Beverly Hills, saw ole man Time mark sixty-three down opposite his name.

P A R I S may advance the styles, but Greta Garbo sets the pace in salaries according to French news reports. The fair Greta demanded one thousand a day to show Parisiennes how love is loved on the screen.

"T F A W Down, Go Boom" is the title of another screen romance. Helen Gibson and Hoot Gibson have reached a parting of the ways and have detoured via the divorce court.

S H E knocked and she knocked and then she went in—that's the story of Jean, the youngest of Richard Bennett's Daughters. Little Miss Joan had previously spent several reasons trying to crash the door of Opportunity out in Hollywood studios, before being offered the leading feminine role opposite Ronald Colman in "Bull Dog Drummond."

I T'S tea to-day and matinée to-morrow, with an extra matinée to-morrow afternoons. The Great Big Hat with the Great Big Brim will once again seek the limelight when Tom Mix sails for Europe after a tour of this country making personal appearances at picture theaters.

"T H E Way of a Sailor" is the name of the new John Gilbert film.
New Personal Belt

Dainty—Secure—Adjustable—In Colors!

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft, silk 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, tight-fitting, wide elastic 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 for emergencies.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A splendid women's bridge club prize—a charming and acceptable "little gift." Price, $1.00, three for $2.00. Write today.

Glen Marianne Shea

Beltx

I am interested in securing dealers for a few more cities. Write for particulars.

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Please send me .......... BELTX personal belts for which I enclose $ ................. It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. ($1.00 for one; 5 for $2.00).

Check Colors Desired □ Orchid □ Peach □ Flesh

Name ............................................. Address ........................................
Thoughts while strolling: I wonder how Gloria Swanson likes Marion Davies now?—after seeing “Show People.” Lili Damita—midnight and alone in the Gotham having a sandwich and beer; has she learned her lesson for tomorrow’s English class? They say Ben Lyon is that way about Bebe Daniels—but don’t let on. Joseph Schildkraut looking in the mirror. Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper in Henry’s at three—Lupe, a living and breathing example of a baby just past the teething age—and proud of the fact—gazing into Gary’s physiq—the deadliest pan in all Hollywood. Say, who buys all the dresses in the Stylish Stout Shoppe?—since Lina Basquette became so sylph-like. And speaking of pencil shapes—one of the newer sharpened ladies is Mary Ford, the Madonna Lady. Charlie Chaplin and Joe Schenck winning a dancing contest together. Since Hooverism has been assured, a wave of economy has hit Hollywood—they now use two-faced women to sing the duets in talkies. Nick Stuart leaving the Athletic Club—who does he know that’s so rich? It’s getting to the point now that you can dial the set and not get “Sonny Boy”—which, if you ask me, is mighty decent after four months of it. After all this time I’ve at last found out what actress did not spend twenty thousand simoleons on Yuletide gitties. Red Conroy, he of the grabby element, a young fellow from Manhattan, Kansas, who is making good in the city. I’ve changed favorites again—Eddie Lowe has the seat of honor this time—and my chameleon taste breaks the heart of Rin-Tin-Tin. Hollywood is getting more and more Hollywood as time goes on—meeting called to order in the public library. Sue Carol has a fan in a Middle-Western home for the mentally detained—guess I’ll go nuts and have her for my lucid interval.

There seems to be a growing tendency in Hollywood to have famous milkmen—and barbers—and waiters and whatnots. Not only does this town cater to sams in their embryonic stages, but it allows names of the more advanced type to cater to it. We, as you might say, patronize personages. “Used to be ain’t is,” is a phrase that could never be found in our dictionary of apt terms. I mean: if you’re a world-famous violinist with neuritis—just open up a bootblack stand out here. There will be plenty shoes to shine.

Down on Vine Street, between the Boulevards, is an unpretentious little shack. In front of the place is a huge sign: Jess Willard—Real Estate. Just why his name is a bigger attraction in our town than it would be in Oshkosh is a guessing game. The fact remains that Jess makes lots of deals and money while the university-trained experts are starvins in the same business.

It’s quite a coincidence that the greater number of these former headlines are in the hit-and-run racket. Take our hero: Jack the Dempsey. He’s running a large hotel on Seventh Street, and the reports have it a gold mine. I don’t suppose that over half the guests, who make it their regular home, would linger a minute if Jack didn’t own the place. And there’s Leach Cross, he of the that nose and tin ear. A year or so ago he was the proud owner of a prosperous restaurant bearing his name. Being famous as a former lightweight boxer brought the crowds to his door. It seems to have made no difference that his ability had died a decade before. The fact that he failed could never be laid to any lack of enthusiasm on the part of fame-admiring Hollywood. Now he’s a dentist.

Some of the old boys even try the movies. Jim Jeffries has appeared in quite a number of pictures. The last I saw his name at the bottom of the cast, I was surprised to hear more comment around me concerning Jim than was to be heard about one of the greatest loves of the screen whose name headed the list. Jack Dempsey, too, has cleaned up a few iron men with the grease paint. And right here we may as well mention Ruth Elder. She flew once or twice—and she’ll probably make pictures ‘til everything freezes over.

Welker Cochrane was the world’s champion billiard player, now he’s an affluent broker. The fact that Bud Houser was the best shot-putter in the last Olympic Games, stamps him as an extraordinary bicuspid jerker in this, the city of rampant gullibleness. And his classmate, Keith Lloyd, one of the greatest runners the Pacific slopes have ever seen—runs a gas station now. He sells more gasoline than anyone on the Boulevard. Keith Lloyd on a sign means more to Hollywood than Stan. Oil.

Let the chips fall: Molly O’Day hasn’t really got much thinner. A certain corner in the Montmartre seems to have been unconsciously reserved for women over forty. No, I won’t tell you who told me. I still can’t get the hang of that Lottie Pickford hold-up, too. What handsome male star do you suppose it was who fell, temporarily, for the very light leading lady of an all-colored feature?

New mode of greeting, to a star of the once quiet drama: “Hello—cheerio and other expressions of how-de-do. How does your voice register, you liar?”

The other day a famous producer entered the Montmartre with a toothpick in his mouth. Being the only time we ever saw anyone come into a restaurant equipped thus.

The Voice of VITAPHONE brings to you the living pulse-beat of Paris~

See and Hear DOLORES COSTELLO in "The Redeeming Sin" with CONRAD NAGEL

Vitaphone does it again! Brings to you adorable Dolores Costello—in the crowning achievement of her career—"The Redeeming Sin."

A swift unforgettable drama that wells up out of the haunts of the Parisian underworld—with Love at last emerging—redeemed—triumphant—in the flowery fields of France.

Through Vitaphone, you see and hear with the thrilled senses of a spectator in the Montmartre. Here is science with voice—action—heart-throb!

See and hear Warner Bros. Vitaphone Talking Picture—"The Redeeming Sin." And remember—you can hear the real Vitaphone ONLY in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures.

You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures.
Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with upward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove the cold cream. Such an economy of laundry and towels! Thistlesown soft, safe for sensitive skin — Pond's second step.

Pond's Skin Freshener should always follow your cold cream cleansing. It closes pores; banishes oiliness; firms your skin, leaves it fresh as a rose.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch of Pond's Method. Apply before you powder. It protects your skin, gives smoothness, makes your powder cling.

Among the beautiful women who use Pond's products are:

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4 delicious Aids
to Swift clean Beauty of Skin

Swift, clean-cut, runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts yet must achieve upon the wing.

No time? No matter!

Pond's four simple steps are swift, yet scientific in the precision of their effect. Pond's 4 delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer in exquisite fineness, in amazing efficacy.

Follow Pond's Method: One! Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream... Two! Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues... Three! Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing oiliness... Four! Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Now you are fresh and lovely!

Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues. Try this simple, swift, sure Method.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company
When Edna Murphy played in “The Greyhound Limited” with Monte Blue, she must, in her manner of impersonation, have been very much on the right track, for immediately thereafter the studio took steps to monopolize her abilities by proffering a long-term contract.
Another bobbed-haired bandit? Well, she does have a way of making the boys surrender and hand over their hearts. But when a girl has eyes like Sue Carol's, she needs no gun. You'll see her soon, with Nick Stuart, in "Girls Gone Wild"
Squaring the circle is an easy problem as compared to the difficulties Edmund Lowe encounters in "In Old Arizona." He can't play an army sergeant convincingly and use a Sunday-school superintendent vocabulary.

And yet the picture's an all-talkie
It has been pointed out time and again that Gilbert Roland bears, in many of his portraits, a singular resemblance to John Gilbert. But here the situation is reversed, for John looks astonishingly like Gilbert in this, his characterization in "Thirst."
Grandpa may be forgiven for harking back to the good old days, if the girls of the '80's were half as charming as Fay Wray here represents one of them to be. The occasion for her costume is her part in "The Four Feathers"
They must call him Hoot Gibson because he's such a wise owl. For when westerns began to fade, he simply turned to a newer-fangled form of adventure story—airplane stuff. He's the man higher up in "Birds of a Feather."
Something unusual in beauty, indeed: a strawberry brunette. She is Virginia Bradford, and her performances in "Two Lovers" and "Craig's Wife" have won her an opportunity of greater scope in "Marked Money," wherein she is entrusted with playing the leading feminine rôle.
Now Lelong puts into watches that same chie you find in a frock that bears his noted label. The same flair for style, the same air of worldly charm. And the vast efficient ELGIN factory makes a stylist's dream a reality to gleam upon your wrist.

And such versatile watches, these Lelong models. Harmoniously in the picture whether the golf course or the tea table is your background. Then, too ... it's so simple to have extra ribbons to match the colors of your evening gowns and your Parisienne watch will give a true Parisian flair to your formal hours. Parisienne are plain, three are inlaid Through lustrous hard enamel. And all will be brilliantly smart. Ask any aristrocrat to show you his sparkling jay of ELGIN Parisiennes. And not to only Lucien Lelong, but Agnes, Jenny, Premet, and a group of equally prominent leaders of the Paris Grand Couture are represented.

A Parisienne costs but $35, there is no duty on designs. Style genius pays no fees at the customs house. Parisienne watch ... at a truly American price!
Camera!

By the way, did you ever hear of Marion Aye? No? Then how about Margaret Leahy? You're not sure? Well, let's see: surely you recall Kathleen Key and Dereyls Perdue and Ethel Shannon; Gloria Grey, Hazel Keener, Violet Avon and Natalie Joyce; and Joan Meredyth and Joyce Compton and Rita Carewe and Tris Stuart and Flora Bramley. Some of them vaguely, you say? Or aren't you quite certain? Well—let it go. No use worrying about it. No use making it out of one of those maddening things like wondering, four days out on your vacation, whether or not you remembered to turn out the bathroom light. We merely asked the questions out of curiosity.

There's a Reason

You mustn't think from this, however, that the inquiry was made quite wantonly. It wasn't intended to be in the same category as, "Do you know the Smiths in Chicago—well, neither do we, so we both have something in common."

We asked, because all of the names mentioned are those of Wampas Baby Stars, chosen at random from the list of nominations since the inauguration of the custom of picking Baby Stars every year, in 1922.

Some are the names of girls in that year, others are in between; and one, as obscure as even the earliest, is from last year's roll of honor.

The occasion which suggested a selection of a few of the names of girls once so favored and now so forgotten by the moviegoing public at large is the recent publication of the nominees for this year, for 1929. The lucky thirteen have just been elected.

How many will survive of this number? And who will they be?

The Surviving Fraction

The first question one may guess at answering by using insurance company methods, by looking over the entire roster of selections since 1922, counting the names still prominent and computing what fraction of the entire number is likely to make good the promise of the present.

Not counting the recent lists, there have been made up, since 1922, seven lists of thirteen names each. A total, if we can believe our mathematics, of ninety-one. And of those there are now about thirty-three still acting. Of these names the following still are well known: Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love, Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Eleanor Boardman, Evelyn Brent, Laura LaPlant, Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Marian Nixon, Alberta Vaughn, Olive Borden, Dorothy Revier, Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Dolores and Helene Costello, Joan Crawford, Marceline Day, Dolores Del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Sally O'Neill, Vera Reynolds, Fay Wray, Barbara Kent and Gladys McConnell.

Thirty-three in all. Thirty-three out of ninety-one. About one out of three.

Lean Years and Fat

Some years were leaner in the fulfillment of promise than others. Eleven out of the thirteen chosen in 1926 made good and still are making good. But of 1925 there are only two still going. And they not among the strongest.

But one out of three is a rough average.

Here are this year's selections: Anita Page, Josephine Dunn, Jean Arthur, Doris Hill, Loretta Young, Doris Dawson, Helen Foster, Caryl Lincoln, Helen Twelvetrees, Betty Boyd, Sally Blane, Ethlyn Clair and Mona Riche.

Who among these will still be stars next year—and the year after—and the year after that? Three of them; maybe four. But which three or four? Well, we'll make a guess at the most likely four among the thirteen:

Anita Page, Loretta Young, Helen Twelvetrees and Sally Blane.
Of course, if Aimee Semple McPherson were really an actress, I would be writing her love-life. Of that I am certain since I have interviewed her. But since she is a minister and about to become a motion picture producer—well, who ever heard of writing the love-life of a minister or a producer?

Not just a plain, every-day producer, either, but one who will rank side by side with Commander Richard E. Byrd if her after-the-first-of-the-year plans carry. Commander Byrd has gone to the South Pole, that bleak, uninhabited, world’s-end circle, to make the strangest motion picture ever contemplated. Aimee Semple McPherson will stay right at home on her great stage-pulpit to do her picture pioneering. Only she will portray sermons, which will be done as talkies, to carry the messages of Matthew and Mark and Peter and Paul to the peoples of all countries.

You know her Temple is already something of a motion picture studio. There’s the big stage—or pulpit, I suppose—where she is accustomed to dramatize her sermons for her larger-than-the-average theater audiences. The installation of motion picture equipment will not necessitate any great change in her settings. I suggested this to her. “You already have a regular studio, Mrs. McPherson. This new undertaking won’t require any great change.”

AN ADVANTAGE IN DIRECTORS

She hesitated a moment and then said, “Yes, I suppose I have. Only, of course, God is my Director.” Which should certainly give her the edge on the other motion picture producers—but I am getting ahead of myself in this story. I want you to visit Aimee with me, just as I visited her, go with me from the first step I took to get this interview until the last bow she made as, with relief, she opened the door with her own hands to precipitate my exit. For seeing Aimee Semple McPherson is something like seeing a prince or a king or a maharaja or someone who doesn’t give a darn about all the motion picture publicity of all the studios added together.

First we will go to the Temple, that mammoth, semi-circular building which edges Echo Park on Glendale
In For Talkies; Tell Her Love-Life?

Boyle, Los Angeles. Being a church, we enter the front door in an obsequious, nay, worshipful manner, and ask in the simplicity of our faith to see the woman who has on faith erected this imposing plant in the heart of one of our busiest city-sections.

Now, of course, being a writer, we are accustomed to having the studio doors open at once without even the formality of knocking. But not the doors of Aimee's Angelus Studio-Temple. That is, not the inner doors which secrete Aimee Semple McPherson. There is a switchboard and a portly, get-by-me-if-you-dare type of woman who tells us that no one is at home, not even the publicity director. Oh, yes, today big churches are as well equipped as motion picture studios, although we doubt if this man has O.K.'d all the publicity printed about Aimee.

When we find that we cannot get to first base in this manner, we turn away, not insulted, but a bit baffled and with all of our newspaper instincts raring to overcome the obstacles which religion has imposed upon us.

An Appointment With a Priestess

Our secretary is the next resource of our thwarted ambition.

"Get Miss McPherson's secretary and her publicity director and make an appointment for us tomorrow. Go to any lengths necessary, but get the appointment," we tell her.

Secretaries. The next time I see Aimee—and I'll probably see her at her command rather than my demand when this story is printed—I'm going to ask her to bless my secretary for me. I don't know how she did it. I didn't listen, but she tells me she used all the secretaries of the Temple to arrange it. All I know is that in thirty minutes she had us all dated up for twelve-thirty on the day appointed.

Which, with a picture actress, would have been all there was to it—but not with producer Aimee.

And when Aimee will have finished blessing Miss Haynes—the secretary deserves her name in this story—I am going to ask her to offer a prayer for the withered old man who sells ice cream cones on her Temple corner. For, of course, the watch-dog switchboard operator told us that Sister McPherson—or did she say Mrs.?—was at lunch and couldn't be disturbed no matter how many appointments were listed. But the ice cream man—well, he pointed out an alley and said there was a little door somewhere in the wall down there which might lead us to Aimee.

The Alley to Aimee

There was a doorbell and the savory smells of good food at this sanctum-sanctorum entrance. A colored maid asked our name and then padded away to make certain that we were not burglars or heathens or whatever it is that are never admitted. We had expected a barren

(Continued on page 96)
But a thrilling one, Joan Crawford finds the matter of determining which is the best of the hats she's considering wearing on Easter to church, provided young Doug wears his new topper.
Just One Big Family

Who's Whose Relative In Hollywood; And If So, How Often?

As a word of casual advice to young screen aspirants, I would recommend relationship—blood, preferably—to any one of the large and flourishing families of Hollywood. For instance, if one could arrange to be the only child of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg one would be but a couple of steps removed from stardom. Even giving birth to Joseph Schenck—if it weren’t a bit too late—would help. Failing in this, I would advise sticking to the traveling salesman business, the plumbing racket, coats and suits or what-do-you-peddle?

For the movies are just one big family. Everybody’s related to everybody else, including Uncle Carl Laemmle. Sometimes it’s by birth. Sometimes, marriage. Sometimes, accident.

Sometimes a mere rumor—but counting in everything including in-laws, ex-laws, divorces, former marriages, engagements and business partnerships, I feel it is no exaggeration to say that practically everyone in the movies has some connection, no matter how remote, with practically everybody else.

Starting with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, the F. F.of H. (First Family of Hollywood) and working backward and forward, we find that Mary is the wife of Doug. However, before this was accomplished, Doug was married to Beth Sully, and a child of that union was Doug, Jr., who is probably married, by this time, to Joan Crawford. All of which makes Doug Fairbanks, Sr., the father-in-law of Joan and still the husband of Mary.

Relatively Clear

Mary was formerly the wife of Owen Moore, who is now married to Kathryn Perry, ex-Follies girl, who used to work in the Ziegfeld shows with Marilyn Miller, divorced wife of Jack Pickford, Mary’s brother. Following the divorce, Marilyn was reported engaged to Ben Lyon, who is now rumored engaged to Bebe Daniels, Jack Pickford’s ex-fiancée. Is that clear? I thought not.

Both Jack and Mary are related, quite closely, one might say, to Lottie Pickford—having had the same mother and father. Lottie was formerly married to Allan Forrest whose former wife was Ann Little. (Wonder what relation that makes Ann to Doug, Jr.?) Anyway, Lottie is now reported engaged to Jack Daugherty, who is the former husband of the late Barbara La Marr and Virginia Brown Faire—at different times, of course. Virginia Brown Faire is now engaged to Duke Worne, who was formerly engaged to Edna Murphy, the little blonde gal now married to Mervyn Le Roy, who was formerly engaged to Duane Thompson, now married to Buddy Wattles. And he used to take Edna Murphy out.

(Continued on page 117)
And coming true, in this instance, for Vilma Banky. In her next film she appears in the guise of an immigrant girl destined not long after landing to change it for the uniform of "Childs, Fifth Avenue"
This Heartbreak Business

The Case of Eva von Berne Is A Sad But Not A Solitary Instance Of Useless Cruelty

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

EVA VON PLENTZNER has gone home. With her is a souvenir of Hollywood. It is a broken heart. Just where home may be for Eva, nobody knows; and to complete the song title, nobody seems to care. As Eva von Berne, sensational cinema discovery of Norma Thalberg, née Shearer, and her wonder-boy-of-the-movies bridegroom, Irving, she was hailed as from Vienna. But then, aren't they all? There is presumed to be something about Vienna. Something besides schnitzels. Something romantic. It is supposed to endow its femininity with that certain charm which is its reputed splendor. Thus Eva was Viennese. Maybe really. Maybe just for the public. The dear, old public, dot-dope, which thrives best upon bunk for its mental pabulum. Bunk, 99.99 percent pure.

Fanfare and flourish announced Eva's arrival in the Land of Opportunity. From Hell Gate to the Golden Gate her praises echoed. As did encomiums lauding the perspicacity of her sponsors. The newspaper columns devoted to this discovery of Thalberg's and his bride's cost gold sufficient to have bribed the entire prohibition personnel laid end to end from Tijuana to Toronto. She sailed into Hollywood on a flood-tide of printer's ink. When the tide subsided, she was left high—and presumably—dry. During the interim she learned some unpleasant truths about the picture business. And earned all of fifty dollars during each of her few weeks of fame.

Irving Thalberg is admittedly one of filmdom's genuine geniuses. If ever he has erred in judgment, it has never been admitted. His wife could qualify in any court as an expert in enumerating requisites for American cinema success. Their European tour combined pleasure with no small measure of business. The business of seeking and signing new talent for the screen. Skilled scrutiny of the field resulted in the selection of Eva as the best available bet for our movies. Her heart beat high. Why not? Picked as protégée by such all-powerful people, surely success was assured. Fate smiled. In fact, it laughed out loud. But she didn't know that until later.

BACK TO CINDERELLA

Herself, Eva seemed a sweet kid. A model of maidenly modesty. Of which there is no plethora in pictures. Trusting eyes looked from an appealing face. Naturally, she didn't quite know what it was all about. And she admitted it. She wasn't very sure she could act. But she would do her best to live up to the high esteem in which her sponsors held her. So on the crest of the printer's ink wave her career was launched. She was Jack Gilbert's heroine in "Masks of the Devil."

(Continued on page 106)
The FLESH and

Vanity Drives Hollywood
Of The

By DOROTHY MANNERS

PrACTICALLY none of these youth-blooming establishments go so far as to operate on their patients; and when a face-lifting job comes along, or a double chin presents itself, Madame merely registers the case as her own and turns it over to a reputable plastic surgeon, if the patient is lucky; or a disreputable one, if she is in cahoots with him.

The flesh and blood racket. What a gory, and yet somehow exalted, mission it is, primarily intended for the benefit of mankind and yet often resulting in the direst misery and heartbreak.

With the motion picture industry to draw from, coupled with the social clientele of a prosperous and wealthy state, the flesh and blood racket opens a wide field to the plastic surgeon of Los Angeles. To a few of them it’s an exalted work that means uplift to the individual and a new life to start with. To others it merely means an opportunity to feather their nests with exorbitant fees as they slash and mutilate their way through the beauty cure.

THERE is no abyss of anxiety, no chasm of fear too deep that women will not cross for beauty.

Pain is the pass-word.

Admiration is the temporary reward.

Permanent disfigurement is the grisly risk.

But there is no hell women will not countenance in the name of Venus.

This is a part of the philosophy, and a few of the facts I gathered after days of investigation into the beauty farms, rejuvenation palaces and plastic surgery emporiums that have sprung up around the movie center like mushrooms in a shady glen.

Los Angeles and its boundaries are overrun with these institutions. They vary in type from the almost secrecy-guarded clinic-farms in the outlying suburbs, where doors are closed in the face of the inquisitive reporter, to the elaborate mansions along Wilshire Boulevard that advertise youth of face and form with electric-lighted billboards of semi-nude women.

A visit to the latter luxurious sanitariums reveals nothing more alarming than a gracious and well-preserved hostess who is referred to as Madame, high priestess of double chins, vibrator treatments, baths, massages, and violet-ray cures. Madame very graciously explains her miraculous treatment. It is her own secret formula discovered in Russia, France, Spain, China, or whichever background she has chosen; and it is guaranteed to put the bloom of youth on ladies slightly wilted by time. Amounting to nothing more or less than comfortable rest-cure hospitals where one may board while undergoing the advantages of the treatments, they are probably worth their time and effort to the wives of The Tired Business Men.
BLOOD Racket

To Suffer The Horrors
Surgeon’s Knife

Under treatment of these charlatans and fakirs, women are crippled for life in an attempt to reduce their ankles, are mutilated with face-liftings, and are fatally poisoned by freak operations.

The wife of a famous comedian in Hollywood will go through the rest of her days with a veil-covered face because of the butchery resulting from an operation on her slightly imperfect nose.

A little flapper of the studios underwent a painful and dangerous operation for weight reduction—and all in vain.

The bride of a comedy lot director is suing a surgeon for slicing her lips until she has lost all sensation of the mouth.

NOT ALL ARE FALES

NOT pretty stories, these, and yet is the highly humane art of plastic surgery to be condemned by the failures of the charlatans? There are men, practising in this field, who look on their work as a great boon to mankind, an opportunity to correct the deficiencies of nature and give back happiness to those mutilated by accidents and freak events.

Among this latter group, standing head and shoulders above his confreres, is Dr. W. E. Balsinger, lately of the A. E. F., who spent the years of the war reconstructing the

Barbara LaMarr—above—was a victim of too drastic reducing measures. More fortunate were Adamae Vaughn—at the left—and Ruth Taylor—below her—prior to and following her facial mutation

battle-torn faces of our war veterans.

Dr. Balsinger spurns the title of beauty doctor. A visit to his establishment reveals no velour hung parlor. In a tall business building across from Westlake Park, Dr. Balsinger has a modest suite of three offices, one for consultation and the other two for operation. His only assistants are a trained nurse and a reception clerk.

It is to this man, slightly beyond middle age, with his jovial and robust sense of humor, that many of the lights of the movie world come for correction of their

facial and bodily deficiencies.

About the walls of his room I noticed autographed pictures of Jack Dempsey, Ruth Taylor, Virginia Bradford, Helen Ferguson, Duane Thompson, Marian Douglass, Lola Todd, Harlan Tucker, Joe Benjamin, Mrs. Harry Langdon, Adamae Vaughn and others from the Hollywood world—all bearing inscriptions of gratitude and admiration of his work.

"The movie people are my best patients," began Dr. Balsinger, moving gently back and forth in a swivel-chair.

"Among them are found some of my most successful operations. Oddly enough, most of the operations I have performed on screen people have been nose corrections.

(Continued on page 118)
THE love-life series running in Motion Picture is creating a stir not only with the public in general but in Hollywood itself. After Marie Prevost's story was published her ex-husband, Kenneth Harlan, wired her from New York, where he is appearing in a Broadway play:

"Could you have gone to the Central Casting Agency, and got a few more men's names to mention in your story?"

Only a Casualty

BEN LYON, who has been mentioned in every love-life so far, says that he doesn't mind being in all of them. "But I am only casually named as among those present," sighs Ben.

"I do wish I were featured in at least one."

We Wonder Why

NORMA TALMADGE, her mother and sister arrived from Europe and immediately began denying things. Norma denied that she was going to be divorced from Joe Schenck, and Connie denied that she was going to marry Townsend Netcher, who met her at the dock.

"It's always that way," said Peg, their mother. "Whenever a man becomes a stray, someone is always linking his name up with Connie's."

Out of Order

SIDNEY HOWARD, now working on the script of "Devil's Island" for Ronald Colman's next picture, admits that he has made a terrible mistake. "The supervisors always have to turn down two scripts before they O.K. one," he says, "and I wrote my third script first."

Arthur's Memory Is Good

WHEN television comes:

"Daughter, you're
of Focus

Stars and Studios

wanted on the 'phone." "Oh, dear; and I haven't a thing to wear." Being Arthur Silberblatt's wise-crack.

The Security of Art

"The only man who is sure of a permanent job at First National these days," says the Wise Guy, "is the fellow who goes around painting out the names on the office doors and changing them to different names."

Desert Aisles

"Avoid crowds," is another current Montmartre jest. "Go to the United Artists Theater."

And Man Enough to Say So

At the Rose Bowl game on January first an immense crowd, with many movie stars among it, watched a rattled University of California player run toward the enemy's goal with the ball. That evening the poor player was introduced to Edmund Lowe at a party. "I beg your pardon," said Lowe, "but I didn't catch your name." The college boy was quite white, but he managed to smile gallantly. "My name doesn't matter hereafter," he said grimly. "I'm just the fellow who ran the wrong way."

The Brass to Wear Gold

A motion picture producer of note recently decided that he was rich enough to afford that hallmark of success, a yacht. He purchased one and arrived for his first cruise wearing a complete naval uniform with glittering buttons, gilt braid and other insignia belonging to the rank of an admiral. "But you shouldn't dress like that," a friend protested. "A private individual isn't allowed to wear brass buttons!" "Brass!" said the producer indignantly. "Where do you get

Believe it or not, Maurice Chevalier—at top of page and in the depths of despair—is regarded as the best-dressed man in Paris. With him is young David Durand, What with her red tresses and white-and-blue dresses, there's no wonder that Mary Astor—above—should be a national favorite.

Another bathing beauty to take up acting in a serious way is Carol Lombard—at the left—who recently stopped being aquatic and became dramatic.
All the Gossip of the that brass, eh? These buttons are solid gold, I'd like to have you know.”

Gracious Miss Compson

Two guests turned up at the Cruzes' on New Year's Day and were greeted cordially by the host and hostess. “Glad to see you,” said Betty Compson. “If I'd known you were coming, I'd have invited you.”

Who's to Blame?

William Locke, the veteran novelist from England, has been widely feted and dined since he came to Hollywood and has had the opportunity of meeting most of our movie celebrities. Which makes this anecdote a bit tough on the movie colony.

The other day Locke was lunching with Roland Bottomley, the English actor. After the first course was over, he sat back in his chair and gazed at Bottomley with ironic amazement. “My God!” he cried. “He's a gentleman.”

You Rogue!

Hergesheimer is back again. All genius has its peculiarities. It is said that his is to snap the garter of the ladies he meets.

A Girl He Can't Forget

Gil Boag, ex-husband of Gilda Gray, was met—so the story goes—on the street by two burly strangers in front of his club recently. The shades of night were drawing down. “Here is a Christmas present Gilda sent you,” said one of the strangers and forthwith hauled off and hit Mr. Boag in the eye. But Gil did not go after beefsteak for a poultice. Instead he gave a party and invited his friends to see what Gilda had given him for Christmas.

A Parting Shot

“The reason why there are so many more divorces in Hollywood than anywhere else,” said the intellectual star profoundly, “is simply this: there are so many more marriages here, don't you see?”

Rinty's Rival

Darryl Zanuck, scenario writer and executive of Warner Brothers, has been nicknamed Zanuck of the North since "Noah's Ark” opened.
Stars and Studios

And Carbon Paper’s Cheap

The scenario head of one of the big studios was explaining his success in his chosen art. "Why shouldn’t I be able to turn off twenty pictures a year?" he demanded. "I got a good plot."

Helping the Help

Mauritz Stiller, the director and friend of Greta Garbo, recently died in Sweden. He was a sick man when he came to this country. He was searching for a house to rent on his arrival and was shown one with four bedrooms. "Oh, no; that would never do," said Stiller. "I like the house, but there are too many bedrooms." "You don’t have to use them all," suggested the real estate man, puzzled. "It’s like this," said Mauritz. "I don’t sleep nights and I go from one bed to another to try to find rest. If there were four beds, it would make too much work for the servants."

She Feels Po’ly

Belle Bennett has a plaintive way with her. "Whenever you go onto the set and say, ‘Hello’ to Belle,” said a fellow player the other day, “she always gives you a patient smile and answers, ‘I’m a little better today, thank you.’"

Why So Soon?

Dorothy Parker, recently imported from New York to write for Metro, admits that she is in disgrace at the studio because she went away from her office one day and left a note on the door. The note read, “Leaving to wait for a supervisor. Will be back in a month.”

Lucille’s Lessons

Lucille Gleason has made out a list of Suggestions to Young People Wanting to Go on the Stage:

"Expect ten years to reach Broadway—if you’re lucky. And you must still be the same age when you arrive as when you start.

"Expect to receive about one-fourth the salary you hear an actress gets. Most of this goes to press agents for saying that she gets it.

"Prepare yourself to go into some other kind of work.”

(Continued on page 114)
Four-Footed Millionaires

The Movies Have Made Enormous Fortunes For Quadrupeddlers

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Be kind to animals; it pays. That's what Lee Duncan says and Lee ought to know. Eleven years ago, a young lieutenant stumbling through the deserted German trenches in pursuit of the retreating Boche discovered a dead police dog with a newborn litter of pups. One of these small wriggling scraps of life he picked up and carried on with him in his pocket. And so made a fortune for himself.

"I'm driving the seventh Cadillac that Rin-Tin-Tin has bought me," says Lee, waving an expensively tailored arm toward the dog star. "I've had it pretty easy these last ten years, thanks to Rinty. Cara, a fine home, stables of blooded horses—he's bought me everything I own. A salesman for sporting goods, such as I was before the war, could never hope to have things like that. And then there's my mother too—she's had it pretty nice, and all because she used to tell me when I was a kid to be kind to animals. If she hadn't, I might have gone on and left that poor squealing little pup lying there to die in the mud." The horror of the thought caused him to pale perceptibly.

The only dog now starred in the movies lifts a hind paw and scratches in a bored manner at a flea somewhere behind his right ear. His colored valet, Jerry, who never leaves his side, stands at attention. When Rin-Tin-Tin travels, he lives at the best hotels, with a private room and bath to himself. And Jerry has a room and bath, and Lee Duncan can afford two rooms and two baths for himself if he wants them.

**THE VERY GOLDEN RULE**

But Mr. Duncan is still worried for fear you may have missed the moral of this tale. He speaks in the solemn tone of one stating the Golden Rule. "And this teaches us," he says earnestly "to be kind to animals; it pays!"

It was a Golden Rule indeed in his case. To date, his kindness to Rin-Tin-Tin has paid almost a million dollars! This police dog is insured for more than a hundred thousand despite the tremendously high premium rate on animals' lives of thirteen dollars a hundred. He has his own production unit and several hundred people make a living from working in his pictures.

Though Rin-Tin-Tin has earned more than any other animal has ever made in the movies, there are a number of other owners of talented dogs, cats, monkeys and horses (Continued on page 104)

As money-makers, they're all animal crackers, jackes. They are, from the top down: Pete, Rin-Tin-Tin, Pal, Strongheart and — on his right — Flash, Bom Bom, the cat; and below, from left to right, Rex, Silver King and Tony.
In which Bebe Daniels and Richard Arlen display unconcealed pride. Each has a collection of unusual swords and knives, Bebe's being antique and Dick's being barbaric, the gift of those who made the African scenes for "The Four Feathers"
The Man Who Played CHRIST
H. B. Warner Knows Too Much To Be Cynical

By GLADYS HALL

"M"y child, I'm too old to be cynical. I've seen too much. I do know that the milk of human kindness runs exceeding thin, as thin as acid, in most human breasts. Now and then you meet the Good Samaritan but they are few and far between.

"Christ was not a Man of Sorrows." If He should come to Hollywood to-night, He would be the most popular man out here. The most popular man anywhere, in any group.

"I hope I'm too much of a gentleman to resist temptation. That wouldn't be very gallant, now would it? Very courteous, I'd have to say 'Excuse me just a minute, God.'"

"I am covered with scars."

You can see, from the foregoing excerpts of an evening's talk with H. B. Warner how difficult a matter it is to write a mere impressionistic tale of him.

It is a comparatively simple matter to write such stories of lads like Buddy Rogers or Charlie Parrell, or Barry Norton. They are just beginning. They are standing on straight thresholds. They haven't got into the maze called life. You can etch in a dream, a desire, an ideal, a Maytime sprig of love. And there you have 'em.

His Children, His Life

When you come to a man like H. B. Warner, you are up against something, someone quite different. More than forty winters and summers have passed over his head. Each season has brought its burdens, its problems, its rewards. There is the criss-cross of complication in the telling. The extracts and essences of experience and philosophy, sustaining faiths and damnable disillusionments. Life has hurt him so that, in his own words, he is "covered with scars." The weave of the man is intricate. The theater is ingrained in him. The love of home. Earlier and other aims and ambitions. His chief happiness rests in his children. "They are my life," he says. "The meaning of it all. All I live for."

He needs a book, H. B. Warner. The casual scribener pauses before a task so delicately, deliberately intricate. Biographing. You would have to go back to his young days in London. His home, founded on five generations of theater people. The talk of the theater around the dinner table. The hereditary atmosphere of grease-paint and footlights, wings and roles and criticisms.

It would be important to note that the young Harry Warner tried to break away from that heredity, from the thespian pull of five generations. He wanted to be a doctor, a surgeon, an obstetrical surgeon. He started training. More than just started, he spent two years in the maternity ward of a hospital. Clever analysts may find the connecting link between that young desire to help human life into the world and the mature desire that has found its dominant satisfaction in the fathering of children. We won't go into that. At any rate, in that ward, he learned something of life at its source, at its very beginning. He saw women suffer abominably, and smoking a pipe and reading a book meanwhile, he saw women labor and bring forth. At any rate, he must have emerged with a knowledge of the fundamental values. He has, today, no sort of use for the type of woman who is not maternal. Women who will not bear children, who have no desire to do so, are abnormal and not to be considered in his estimates.

Back to the Theater

The theater got him, eventually. His father broke down and cried when the young medical student told him that the clinic was not for him. He had hoped, too, it seems, that the boy would do more—or is it less?—than provide painted amusement for wise men and fools.

Really to understand H. B. Warner, it would also be important to follow his footsteps through those earlier theater years. To know something more of his dreams and desires.

(Continued on page 102)
She's up to her aviatrix again, is Ruth Elder, taking another flyer in pictures. The first was her appearance opposite Richard Dix. This time she's playing the leading feminine rôle in Hoot Gibson's forthcoming airplane thriller, "Birds of a Feather."
I was fourteen when I first met Frank Tinney. A runaway from St. Joseph’s convent, I had come to New York, worked as an artist’s model, put my money into dancing lessons, and finally secured work in the chorus of “Daffodils” through the aid of James Montgomery Flagg.

I wasn’t so innocent as I was ignorant. Convent girls are never innocent. They have a desire to learn to know all about the life from which they have been so protectingly shielded. But they are babes in the woods when it comes to a knowledge of men and the dangers they can hold for a woman.

It was one rainy night six weeks after I joined the show. I was taking the street car to and from work. Frank Tinney came along just as I was leaving. “Come on, I’ll drive you home,” he told me.

Can you picture the thrill that invitation gave me? Here was the star offering to help a green girl in his chorus. Beautiful vistas opened before me. If he should take an interest! A short road to success is always in the mind of every girl on the stage or in the movies. Besides, the romance of it. You know how the little girls who attend the movies pick out John Gilbert or Nils Asther or Donald Colman as their hero? Well, Frank Tinney was mine and I was as thrilled as Mary Aitken of Podunk, Iow, would be if John Gilbert offered to give her a ride just at the time she had made up her mind to enter pictures.

RAIN AND ROMANCE

I SHALL never forget that night. The rain—do you know that rain can be more romantic than moonlight or roses? There’s something about the pelt, pelt, pelt of raindrops on blank windows which inspire one with dreams and ambitions and, yes, love, as perhaps no other device of old Mother Nature. And here I was driving home with Frank Tinney and his secretary. Only we didn’t drive home. I begged them to take me, and when I found that we were going farther and farther away, out into the country—I didn’t understand why, but I just knew I was frightened, horribly frightened.

And that ride was life’s Waterloo for Imogene Wilson. Is there any need to go into the years which followed? Of course, I was infatuated with Frank. In spite of what had happened I was still just a child worshiping at the feet of a man who had reached the zenith of my own profession. I have never told the whole story. Why should I? It is not a pretty story and, besides, no one would believe me. But whether the world believes me or not, I know that it was a long time before I knew Frank Tinney was married.

The newspapers! My God, the newspapers. They made the name Imogene Wilson a byword in practically every country. Mothers grabbed the morning papers and hid them away to keep their young daughters from reading about me. Daughters no older than I was when I took my first ride with Frank Tinney. One night became my limit in any hotel in New York City. I moved, by request, from one to another. I think I stayed in them all— one-night stands—during that period.

Finally I did secure a chance on vaudeville up in New...
Life Story
of Mary Nolan

Who Was Imogene Wilson
As Told By Mary Nolan
to RUTH BIERY

England. I was to receive one hundred dollars a night. I did for the first week. But the second—well, surely there was no need to pay me. Was not my name Imogene Wilson?

Then I got on a boat bound for Europe. I had exactly one dollar. I don't know how I thought I was going to get along. I didn't think. Youth doesn't, you know. That is one of the penalties you pay for being youthful. You just do things without thinking about them.

The newspaper men who met the train practically fed me. They helped me in London. The newspapers may have helped wreck my childhood and girlhood, but they certainly gave me my start over again in London.

**BUYING HER LOVE**

My love-life? (Mary Nolan leaned back against the pillow of her bed in her suite in the Ambassador Hotel and smiled; a smile so beautiful, yet so ringed with sadness that my eyes filled with tears as I watched her.)

Why do you want my love-life? It is so colorless compared to the love-lives of other people. For three years I thought all the men of life had been buried with one man. I thought I would never be able to know the normal joys, the normal sorrows, which are the birthright of any woman. The German people—they are wonderful. I was a star in their pictures. They took me into their hearts, made me one of them. But I could not forget. I never cried; I never talked about it. But here, in my heart, it was all buried.

A woman can keep a broken heart, a broken soul, buried just so long, then something snaps within her. At the end of three years I snapped—and was confined to a sanitarium with a nervous breakdown. Now, I am glad that it happened. I had to have that breakdown before I could mend my heart and my soul and my body and wake up and realize that because a girl deals herself one terrible blow doesn't mean she cannot go on living and enjoying and loving.

There was one man who seemed to understand, to appreciate, my condition. He was my physician. He sympathized with me. Women frequently fall in love with their doctors, and sympathy is always the cause of such infatuations. I lay there in bed ill, morose. He comforted me, consoled me.

(Continued on page 92)
Not a girl to respond to the Sir Walter Raleigh kind of treatment, was Katherine. You not only had to treat her rough, but keep on treating her rough. If Mrs. Dempsey in real life were like her characterization, Jack would have little trouble keeping in training. Provided, of course, he could stand the punishment. The husband in the play had to work always on the principle that the only way to handle a woman like his Kate was first to lock her up and then to sock her down.
The ladies of the Elizabethan era wore very stately dresses. But their manners were at times less dignified. Here Estelle shows Katherine, the heroine of Shakespeare's play, first asking her husband where he got the idea that he was the big lord and master man, and finally—in the corner—slinging a bottle at him. No harm done, of course, for the aim was characteristically feminine. The moral of which is, of course, brawl's well that ends well.

Estelle Taylor Depicts Several Stages In "The Taming of the Shrew"
Has He Really Suffered?
The Ladies Say Gary Cooper Has But He Himself Can’t Quite Tell

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

It is constantly happening—on the studio lot—at openings—in restaurants—on Hollywood Boulevard. Suddenly all the women in sight will get dewy-eyed and will clasp their hands and yawn and languish in the most astonishing manner.

It is a sign that Gary Cooper has just crossed the horizon or entered the room or driven past. If he only passes by, he leaves behind him a trail of women in a sort of melted condition, if you know what I mean. Completely devastated. And I assure you it is not only flappers and congenital fans and frustrated middle-aged women who react in this surprising way. No, indeed!

Hard-boiled newspaper women and script girls and even lady press-agents melt down in exactly the same mushy manner.

For a long time I couldn’t see why they did it. Not that I’m really hard to subjugate, you know. But I never cared especially for cadaverous young men; I seemed to prefer them round and cheery. Gary always looked to me as if he had rather bad dreams.

So I inquired about the matter from one or two of my acquaintances. That is, I asked them as soon as I could contrive to arouse them from the trance into which they inevitably fell at sight of him.

WHAT’S THE BOY GOT?

SHAKING their shoulders and applying smelling salts, I urged, “What is it? What is there about this man that does this to you?”

The result of questioning was to throw them right back into languishing again. Clasping their hands, and heaving great sighs, they gasped ecstatically that: “Oh! He looks as if he had suffered so.”

Well, I looked and looked at him. He does have rather sad eyes and a morose expression. And he is undoubtedly thin. But, try as I would, I could not see anything but a young man who looked as if he really should be taking yeast.

It was all very puzzling. But the more I looked and the more I heard about him, the more curious I became. So the other day I decided that I would just go and ask him if he had really suffered.

He was on location at the Lasky ranch and when I arrived, after a forty-mile drive, we had some trouble finding him on the adobe village set where the company was working. In fact, we passed him several times, thinking he was a prop. Dressed in torn and ragged leather garments, his face and arms and chest smeared with sticky brown grease paint, he was sleeping on top of a covered well.

A press agent roused him as politely as he could and murmured in his ear that a girl wanted to interview him. He looked rather depressed about that, I thought. But he sat up and rubbed his eyes and shook his head, trying to wakeen. And then we found seats in the shade.

SLEEPY AND GLOOPY

SITTING hunched over, his hands clasped between his knees and smeared with all that brown stuff, he was a rather sad spectacle, I decided. And yet—yet—under all the gloopy paint—there was—something—charm—

“Have you—really suffered?” I asked him. He blinked at me. Not that I blame him.

“People keep on saying that you look as if you had,” I explained. “And I just wondered.”

I thought he might be annoyed, and I was prepared to

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No one in the world can object to Lois Moran's going Chicago—as she appears to be above—so long as the effect she achieves when she wears her loot—as she does at the right—is so captivating.

Give the little girl a big handout! Who wouldn't, when it's Lois Moran. And if all working girls were like her—at the right—business would become pleasure.

Rich Girl, Poor Girl, Beggar Girl, Thief

Especially posed by E. H. Esser
"Jim Haver's girl is back."

The word flashed around the one thousand inhabitants of Douglas, Kansas, in less time than it takes for news of the latest divorce to make its way amongst Hollywood's Montmartre Cafe gossips at the Wednesday lunch hour.

"Jim Haver's girl" had phoned in from Hutchinson, twelve miles away, where she had stopped off on a flying trip east between pictures, to tell her family she was coming back to see them. Of course, the Douglas operator hadn't been able to help hearing what she said. At any rate, Phyllis arrived next morning to find that every woman's son and daughter in town knew about what she thought would be a surprise visit, and were out to give her a vociferous welcome.

All day long phone calls came in from the neighbors. "Hellow, Jim," they said. "I hear your girl's back. We'd like very much to drop in tonight and see her." That evening the countryside was completely deserted for miles in every direction from Jim Haver's place. Outside the house where Phyllis Haver spent her childhood there was a row of cars as far as you could have seen. Many of them were Rolls-Royces—for everyone in and around Douglas is rich since they struck oil there more than ten years ago.

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**Life and Times of a Honey**

*When She Was Five Jim Haver's Girl Tried To Be An Adventuress*

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

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**Jim's Girl, Not Phyllis**

Jim Haver's girl was back, and what would you suppose they wanted to talk to her about? Hollywood? Did they seek a Guide to Hell, by One Who Has Been There? Did they want to know about Sin, and How the Best People Commit It? They did not.

The girl they came all that way to see wasn't Phyllis Haver, the movie star. It was Jim Haver's Phyllis.

She had been somewhere called Hollywood all these years, but that wasn't so important. The thing was that she was back.

The big event in Douglas's social life was suitably celebrated with a great bowl of grape-fruit punch and a profusion of nabiscos. There were Phyllis's grandmother and a handful of her aunts and uncles to look after the arrangements. And Jim Haver, who looks like Tommy Meighan and has a blarney about him that the ladies love, stood by his Phyllis and introduced the long line of guests to her.

"Let me see," said a sweet old lady, keeping tight hold of Phyllis's hand and wrinkling her forehead. "How old are you? You must have known so-and-so, I should think. Poor man, he died last month."

"Do you remember so-and-so?" said another.

"Well, no—perhaps he was a bit before your time, but there was so-and-so, whom he married—you must have known her. They just had the prettiest baby. You didn't know her, either? Well, that makes you how old?"

A very serious looking little girl was brought up and presented. After she had made her best courtesy, she stared the guest of honor in the face and said: "Do you know Len Wise?"

"No, I don't think I do," said Phyllis.

"Well, he knows you," returned the little girl. "He went to school with you."

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**Sadder But Not Wiser**

At this point her mother intervened. "She means he went to the same school as you," she explained sweetly. "Len Wise is my father—he went to that school.

*Continued on page 95*
The Bride Of His Life

Reginald Denny persuades Betsy Lee to alter her existence to coincide with his. You can't scare Reggy with any such proverb as When a Man Marries His Bubbles Begin, for when he wed Bubbles, alias Betsy Lee, alias Isobel Stiefel, he could not muster a single regret.
EVEN a goldfish, who has nothing to do all day except swim about in a nicely furnished glass bowl, waving his little fins and showing off his pretty scales for the admiration of the beholders, must sometimes become a trifle bored with life. That is, if he is a sensitive goldfish.

You see, he has to maintain the dignity and live up to the traditions of a really high-bred goldfish—else the people who are supporting him won’t come across with the ant eggs every morning.

Life is quite a lot like that for an actor.

For it is not enough that an actor be a good one in his line. It is not enough that he be made a star. After that eminence is achieved, the poor soul finds that he must spend the rest of his professional days proving the fact. He pays for ease, fame and the privilege of working fourteen hours a day by becoming a public figure with moral—and other—responsibilities toward nearly everybody in the world.

Not the least of these responsibilities is the one of embodying ideals.

EMBOYING FOR EVERYBODY

HE must embody the ideals not only of the girl behind the counter in Mr. Woolworth’s dime emporium in Keokuk, but also those of the president of the Woman’s Club in Cleveland. And it is not enough that he do this in the roles he plays upon the screen. He must also do all this embodying in his private life. It becomes something of a chore.

This is one reason why, to a stranger in our midst, the people of Hollywood never seem like real people. It is the thing which gives the onlooker a sense of unreality, the feeling that he is walking around in a story book or, mayhap, a scenario. A sense of being surrounded by characters who are not alive but who came, fully grown, out of somebody’s mind.

Everyone is trying so hard to be the thing that the public expects of him. He is conscious of living in the public eye and he fears to disappoint the people who believe in him—and who support him. Who supply, as it were, the ant eggs.

First, you understand, he must act like an actor. It is an old legend, the one about actors, handed down from the days long before motion pictures were ever heard of. They have been supposed to be mercurial, unaccountable beings, living extraordinary and colorful existences, given to bursts of temperament and temper. Hard-living, hot-loving nomads, with never a drab, normal impulse.

“The thing has its compensations,” John Barrymore told me once. “No one expects an actor to be a sane individual. The phrase, ‘He’s an actor!’ will excuse almost any idiosyncrasy of conduct.

“I remember one time during the war—when the fuel conservation measure was in effect and one could not drive an automobile in New York on Sunday. I had been out on Long Island on Saturday and had a break-down coming back. It was six o’clock and broad daylight when I drove into the city. A cop promptly nabbed me.

ALL IS FORGIVEN

“HE looked me over with excusable surprise. I had on old clothes and my roadster was loaded with several trees which I planned to set out in my garden—and three dogs.

“‘Been drinking?’ he inquired. I hadn’t.

“‘Here,’ I thought, ‘is where I spend a lot of weeks in jail.’

“‘What’s your name?’ asked the Law. I told him. A light dawned over his face. ‘John Barrymore—the actor?’

“he inquired. ‘The same.’

“‘Oh—that explains it. Drive on!’ He said it gently, as one would tell an imbecile to return to his nice, warm cell. It amounted to the same thing. An actor was just a strange bird whom it was not surprising to find taking several trees and dogs riding at six o’clock on Sunday morning. One treated him kindly, patted him on the head and sent him on his way.
Eggs

Hollywood's Human Goldfish Must Either Swim Pretty Or Go Hungry

“As a matter of fact,” Mr. Barrymore concluded sententiously, “actors, as a class, are just as mundane as any other class of people. They have the same hopes and ambitions. They marry and rue it, just like anybody else. But it would be too bad if the public ever found it out.”

In that last remark, Mr. Barrymore made a loyal effort to sustain an illusion which screen actors and their press agents are trying most assiduously to establish.

It is the illusion demanded by the clubwomen, the wowsers and the presidents of purity leagues. It has to do with dignity, the chastity of youth, the sanctity of the home and the preservation of public morals. Its paradoxical basis is the avid interest the public takes in any scandal concerning its glamorous idols of the stage and screen.

DRABNESS DEMANDED

T is the illusion that actors, sentimental, sentimental beings who spend their days making vicarious shadow love under hot lights to the sound of sobbing music and grinding cameras, lead the same drab, domestic lives that Mr. and Mrs. Ahner Skoggs lead in Sauk Center.

Absurd and fantastic, of course. But the exigencies of being public figures demand it.

There are, for instance, Doug and Mary. They are happily married. One might think that, after so long a time, the fact might be taken for granted. But such is not the case. Dear me, no! One gathers that the more moral portions of our commonwealth view such a phenomenon with deep suspicion and skepticism.

So Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, who lead the most uneventful existences imaginable, are driven to extravagant lengths to prove their domestic felicity to a doubting public. One never appears at any public gathering without the other. They always sit side by side, even at dinner parties. Mary never dances with any man except her husband. And if you think that one of them would lunch alone with any member of the opposite sex except his spouse—that just shows how little you know about it!

Different actors embody different ideals, according to their types. But they must be consistent about the thing. Valentino, having built a reputation as a great lover began to slip as soon as he married and rumors of domestic rifts began to drift about. The public would have preferred him to remain single. But, failing that, the ideal lover must not have trouble with his wife. He hadn’t lived up to it!

However, as soon as his separation from Natacha Rambova was accomplished and he was again the free and untrammeled sheik, things looked up for Rudy. Public memory, fortunately, is short.

THE GARBO-GILBERT CASE

The romantic actor must sustain the illusion of romance at all costs.

Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert occupy a rather strange position just now. As potential lovers they are interesting and every time a rumor of their engagement crops up, public curiosity seethes and froths.

But it is true that, while all the world may love a lover, no one takes much interest in a married pair. Perhaps Miss Garbo realizes this. I cannot believe that it would make the slightest difference to Jack if he wanted to marry. It would be too bad—for their careers—if these two became man and wife.

A wedding is the end of a story. Anything afterward is an anticlimax and of little interest to anyone except the principals. The tremendous amount of publicity given the Vilma Banky-Rod La Rocque marriage proved that fact. Public interest in the pair waned afterward and has never revived.

The romantic leading men and women must not only lead romantic lives—in the public prints—but they must be upright, moral and good to their mothers as well as to any other stray relations who may turn up—and nearly always do—as soon as the news of their enormous salaries is published.

In addition to this, they must live like stars. This is (Continued on page 127)
Puff Stuff

What Clara Bow Wears In The Boudoir Zone

Clara's ideas in dressing gowns may be sheer, but they're not nonsense—not if your reaction is what ours is. We're all for her continuing to live up to her motto for informal raiment—which is, of course, loose and translucent.
For The First Time, Dorothy And Lillian And Their Mother Go In Different Paths

By BEATRICE WILSON

THE famous Gish combination no longer exists. The family motto, "Three for one and one for three," for these good many years has refused to break under the attacks of producers, directors and movie magnates, has been shattered at last. For the first time in the history of the Gish family, each member is on her own.

Quite recently, Dorothy Gish startled the film world and the people in general by declaring that she was going on the stage. Not since she had been a very little girl, about ten, when her stage career ended by her being sent to school, had she shown the faintest symptom of being stage-struck. Notwithstanding a highly successful and ludicrously profitable engagement with an English film concern, she all at once decided that she'd like to go behind the footlights. Perhaps being happily married to James Rennie, one of the very few talented young males on the stage, had something to do with it. Whatever it was, Dorothy read some two or three hundred plays, worked hard on getting her voice fit for theatrical acoustics, and finally appeared before the New York public.

Better Than Her Play

For all a somewhat indifferent play, she gave an unusually fine performance, and showed not a single trace of her long and faithful screen career. Not one of the dramatic critics the morning after her opening referred to her "movie technique." That in itself showed the uncommon talent Dorothy possesses as a dramatic actress, because, according to her own statement, her motion picture knowledge helped her infinitely. Her gestures were more easily and eloquently made, she could rely on her film experience to make every bit of stage business count and, whenever necessary, long training provided a sure method of putting over any facial expression required by her part.

She's done something that few, if any, screen stars have succeeded in doing. There has been more than one famous Hollywood name flash across the legitimate theater. But only momentarily and nearly always accompanied by the advice of the press to go back to the films.

Lillian, Number Two of the Gish combine, has returned to California to make a new picture for United Artists; and the

(Continued on page 04)
Gowned as she is on the right, it seems unnecessary that Raquel Torres should have to shake her finger at a rabbit or anyone else to make him sit up and take notice. Raquel's costumes for Easter are various this year; on the left she displays a new idea in hairdressing.

The Bunniest

In The Matter Of

Bessie Love And Raquel

Maybe Anita Page, at the right, does put all her eggs in one basket. But at least, as you see above, she does go to church on Easter morning. She's not like that Bessie Love girl, on the right, who spends her time playing the shell game.
Discouragement is no word for the feelings of the rabbit on the left when he comes upon the prowess of the ostrich in laying eggs. When Anita Page and Eddie Nugent—above—give the old bird all their attention, the bunny feels that there's nothing left for him to do but sneak off and commit hareykari.

Girls in Hollywood
Easter Festivities, Anita Page, Torres Are Rabbit Enthusiasts
Turning on the It isn't a matter of what you wear, Dorothy Mackaill says. Nor a matter of what you don't wear. It's a matter of the pattern of thought that you project upon the background of your mind.
Brings Big Returns Easily Mastered—Let Dorothy Mackaill Tell You How

I was interested, and a little amused, not long ago when visiting First National Studios in the interests of my, ahem! art, to be told that they were rebuilding, as it were, Dorothy Mackaill’s sex appeal. “How did she—er—mislay it?” I wanted to know. Anybody could understand that for a young lady to lose her sex appeal was serious. What with the Alice Whites and the Lupe Velezés coming on with such indubitably compelling brands of that commodity, any studio with a pretty girl like Dorothy under contract would take great pains to see that she should not suffer a slump in that direction.

“Well, you see, we had had her playing roles where she wore boys’ clothes and slicked her hair back and all that sort of thing,” I was told. “And presently we awoke to the fact that that wasn’t doing her any good. So we took steps.”

“What did you do?” I was getting more and more curious. A recipe like that might prove to be a handy thing for any woman to possess some time.

“We undressed her.”

Dear me! Now wouldn’t that be a man’s idea of how to do it? I could have thought of that, myself.

In further proof, an optimistic press agent produced a still picture of Dorothy in “The Changeling,” showing her dancing, clad in a silk hat, one or two widely scattered beads and several dozen bananas. Well, of course, he had me at a disadvantage. Being a woman, I wouldn’t know whether the desired object had been achieved or not. There was certainly plenty of Dorothy showing. And I wondered whether sex appeal increased proportionately with the number of square inches of—ah—skin exposed.

Further consideration convinced me that that could not be. If it were true, the fat girls would have all the luck, because of the advantage they have of area. And any modern flapper will tell you that the half-pints get all the breaks.

I paused to consider the other sexy gals who have had and are having their day in pictures—to say nothing of the men.

There were, of course, Theda Bara and Nita Naldi. Buxom lassies, they were, with plenty of acreage, should the first theory prove true. But, try as I would, I could not remember that I ever saw either of them clad only in a pineapple or a few plums. My impression was that they had worn yards and yards of black velvet. Yet, somehow, those two did contrive to look distinctly undressed on the screen.

So, for that matter, does our Greta Garbo. Slooey, (Continued on page 120)
THE JAZZ AGE

SILENT  In which Marceline Day shows Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer just the sort of picture they ought to have had her in all these years. Marceline steps out as an entirely shameless, but altogether attractive red-hot mamma, who makes much whooppee with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but is not above rallying around to help him through a tough situation at the end of the picture. Doug Fairbanks, the second, is better than ever in a Modern Youth characterization which rings entirely true. Henry B. Walthall is suitably pathetic as Doug's father. For once, here is a note of genuineness in a Flaming Youth picture. Neither the point of view of youth nor that of age is exaggerated; Lynn Shores has directed it with sympathy toward the whole Jazz Age shooting-match between parent and their gin-absorbing progeny.

SILENT  If you don't think that titles can make a picture, just go and see this Karl Dane-George K. Arthur rib-ticker. There's not a dull moment in a carload, principally because of the pen pushers who aided the actors. The title puns may not be the highest form of wit but they are good for many chuckles. "I'm going to walk the calves of your legs into contented cows"—"Love is like a photograph; it takes a dark room to develop it," are mere samples. The two boys, gobs in our illustrious navy, do their best to live up to the titles. They are a bit slap-sticky in places, but funny enough to be forgiven for it. Josephine Dunn is pretty enough to upset the whole navy. George K. turns female impersonator in a few scenes and does some upsetting himself. All in all—a pretty good picture.

SQUARE SHOULDERS

SILENT  This is an unpretentious honest little picture of the classification "Wholesome," which is not—as some people seem to think—a dirty dig. Most of the United States likes wholesomeness. Junior Coghlan, as the sturdy, freckled son of an Unknown Soldier, longs to go to Military School. A dirty tramp (Louis Wolheim) plays benefactor, steals his tuition money and gets himself hired as stableman at the academy to watch over the boy who is, as any well-trained movie fan will have guessed, his own son. Wolheim's face covers a heart of gold—and it is no shame to anyone to be a little gulp over that final scene when Junior plays Taps over his "bum." There are three other talented kids in the picture besides Junior, golden-haired Anita Louise,Phillipe De Lacey and Eric von Stroheim, Junior, a blasé re-issue of his papa.

ALL AT SEA

SILENT  Anna Q. Nilsson as a mysterious hi-jacker of the sea comes back to the screen with an excellent performance, under the expert direction of George B. Seitz, who knows his mizzis, his poops and his halyards right down to the last topsail. The picture might have been a lot better than it is had they not cast two men distinctly resembling each other as the hero and villain. Walter McGrail and Wallace McDonald both carry a small mustache, both have dark, thick curly hair and are of the same height and build. The net result is that half way through the picture you are beginning to wonder who's who and what of it. When you finally discover that Walter is a tough egg and Wallace a good-hearted bozo, you have to think back all over the picture to remember who did what.
LOOPING THE LOOP

SILENT This is Ufa’s contribution to the “Laugh, Clown, Laugh” literature of the screen. “Dat ol’ devil,” the quota, must somehow have forced Paramount to lose the German effort upon America’s innocent movie-fan bystanders. It is inconceivable that the deed should have been done voluntarily. Apparently, there was some hazy idea of producing another “Variety.” The atmosphere is that of the circus. And the villain makes a looping “slide for life” in which he eventually crashes to the sawdust. Only three of the cast receive screen credit. Of these but two can mean anything to our audiences, although by far the best acting is contributed by players of bits. Werner Krauss betrays the Jannings influence in his characterization of Bette, the woman-ruined clown. Jennie Jugo is the heroine who seems a trifle nit-wit.

THIRST

A good idea gone wrong. Up to the moment when the titled English visitors to the South African diamond mine turn out to be crooks masquerading in their place, it looked as though we were going to have that rarest gift of cinema gods, an original plot... though John Gilbert’s knees pitilessly exposed by shorts are not his greatest beauty. After that, however, we have a curiously mixed mixture of comedy and tragedy, of unexplained caddishness on the part of Brand, the hero, and harrowing, hideous close-ups of the physical tortures of thirst which somehow fail to carry conviction. Perhaps because the desert over which they stagger looks so awfully civilized. Mary Nolan, looking perfectly beautiful, changes from a crook to a girl with a soul in one subtitle. Ernest Torrence is always interesting to watch.

STRANGE CARGO

TAHKIE The acid test of a murder mystery picture is plausibility. It is unfair to the audience to offer a solution which could not possibly have been foreseen, and an unknown murderer brought in at the last moment for the purpose of taking the blame. Moreover, the explanation of the disappearance of the yacht’s owner, a dissolute English lord, is straining credulity to the breaking point. The locale of a boat on a moonless ocean is a novel one for a mystery picture, and there are plenty of thrills. The dialogue suffers from too much tonsil English accent which is very hard to understand on the microphone. An unfamiliar cast of imported New York stage players seems to offer very little real screen material except for Russell Gleason, son of Lucille and Jim, who has a winning camera personality and a really fine voice.

SUNSET PASS

It was with sentimental regret for a passing era of motion pictures that I watched Paramount’s final Western, with Jack Holt and his trusty six-shooter. The last of the well beloved sombreroed heroes who numbered Broncho Billy and Bill Hart and a dozen other grim-jawed, hard-ridin’, straight-shootin’, clean-livin’ cowboys among them, Jack Holt is faithful to all the traditions of Westerns in this picture. Oddly enough this typically American type of film introduces a young English actor, John Loder, whose good looks and something boyish and charming about his personality promise popularity. The period of “Sunset Pass” seems to have been placed thirty years ago in order to give Nora Lane a chance to wear picturesque gowns. If the talkies have driven out the Westerns, it is not the least crime they must answer for.
THE RESCUE

SILENT The first Ronald Colman starring picture is one of those Yes-and-No operas. A refreshingly new type of story and setting are much in its favor to begin with; but failure to predigest the complicated Joseph Conrad novel sufficiently makes the picture difficult to follow. A large number of characters with curious Eastern names float in and out on various obscure missions, with an effect that is bewildering. Conrad's novel should have been simplified a great deal more to make a really forceful, telling movie. However, with the scenario given him, Herbert Brenon has done his usual competent piece of directorial work. He has let well enough alone so far as Ronald Colman is concerned, making no attempt to vary this actor's quizzically inscrutable performance, and we get once again a Colman who always looks as though he were going to do something but never does. Lili Damita, whom the picture introduces to the American audience, has an entirely fascinating personality and appearance. The chief importance of this production is that it marks the Damita début.

MY MAN

TALKIE Were Fannie Brice another person, she might be described as the "feminine Al Jolson." But Fannie is Fannie and she needs no other designation. The same qualities are apparent in both artists. Because of Fannie, "My Man" is heartily recommended to you for an evening of unique entertainment. You see and hear all the famous numbers: "Mrs. Cohen at the Beach," "Second-Hand Rose," "I'm an Indian," and of course, "My Man." The star's film voice retains all its vibrance. The story is utter hokum. The virtuous ugly duckling gets her man and all the other things which her beautiful, villainous and not so virtuous sister endeavors to steal from her. It is a compliment to Edna Murphy, who plays the hard-boiled ingrate, to say that the audience gets much satisfaction when the long-suffering Fannie finally lands a haymaker on her chin. Guinn Williams climbs another rung on the ladder of fame in a part which only his warm, lovable personality renders at all sympathetic. Guinn is the same boy who stole the picture in "Noah's Ark."

THE SHOPWORN ANGEL

TALKIE In spite of the fact that one has a suspicion that this picture was built around sound effects, it has plenty of action and a good, though slight, plot. Martial music, the shouts of newsboys screaming of bloody battles, and chorus girls rehearsing a banal song of love provide excuses for synchronization, and Nancy Carroll's singing voice has been praised in these columns before. As the tough little Broadway chorine kept by a wealthy producer whom the war swept off her small, high heeled feet into a real love, Nancy gives a consistent performance throughout. Gary Cooper, as the incredibly innocent doughboy who invites a musical comedy star to have a raspberry soda, and takes her to see the Statue of Liberty and Brooklyn Bridge, is not quite so creditable. Do they come that innocent nowadays? The two of them have the picture to themselves with the Statue of Liberty as an extra girl and the United States Army as atmosphere. Paul Lucas who provides the silk cushions and taffeta drapes for the chorus girl is more or less of a lay figure.

RESTLESS YOUTH

SILENT And still they come! These flirtatious, but virginal heroines who give their boy friends the 'come and get me' look—until they do. Then they give 'em the icy 'Sir, how dare you?' look. You know the type. The, herefore, demure Marceline Day plays one of these gals. She is expelled from college and becomes secretary to a promising lawyer, Ralph Forbes. You just know they fall for each other. Ralph's dad, the District Attorney, says he will 'break' the lad if he weds this immoral woman. To disillusion Ralph, Marceline stages a gay scene with an amorous gentleman, and is forced to sock him with a bronze statue because he forgot they were only fooling. This is an excuse for a well-staged courtroom scene, with the hero defending the girl and his father prosecuting her for murder. You know the rest, so I won't bore you. Christie Cabanne knows his megaphone and did well with a much abused plot. Marceline is attractive and competent and Robert Ellis sneers in the right places. If Ralph Forbes weren't so consciously noble, he'd be tolerable.
His Captive Woman

Silent

Dorothy Mackaill leaps at her first chance in years to portray a real person, and walks away from under Milton Sills's sturdy nose with the honors of the picture in her pocket. As the gold-diggin', gun-totin' night club girl of the first part of the story, Dorothy not only shows the fans plenty for their money but contributes one of the screen's most noteworthy characterizations. An entirely new angle on the familiar desert island romance is presented, but unfortunately Dorothy discovers along about reel six that she has a soul, which sort of puts a damper on things. Despite this, the picture is very much one not to be missed; it is fresh in treatment and has genuine suspense. George Fitzmaurice did a fine job of the direction. It was not his fault that during his location trip to the South Seas the sun was an absentee and the pictures of the Island Paradise look a good deal like London on a foggy day. The titles by Paul Perez are more than excellent, and outstanding comedy support comes from a talented lady of color.

The Drifter

Silent

Well, boys, Tom Mix is certainly getting a trifle settled these days, but he still puts up a good show of being less, in years, than the dust. In this, his last horse opera but one before going into circuses and European tours, he introduces an airplane and has considerable fun several thousand feet up playing tag with the heavy. Apart from the air stuff, which is well done, this is a distinctly novel Western story with definite suspense to it, and merits the attention of any open-space fan. Dorothy Dwan looks perfectly nice as the heroine. Tom puts up a good, breezy performance, impeded only by the fact that he is now rather heavy about the chassis. Admirers of him and of the Western as a form of entertainment had better get a load of this one, which is near the end of the road so far as both are concerned. Perhaps a few have already heard about the "talkies," which have thrown open-space dramas on the junk-heap for the time being. Go see Thomas Mix while yet there is time. He is standing on the last line of the frontier.

In Old Arizona

Talkie

Fox Films, with the able directorships of Raoul Walsh and Irving Cummings and the A-I performances of their all-star cast have certainly delivered the goods in "In Old Arizona." I don't know when I've seen a better picture. I know I've never seen a better talkie. In every way. The dialogue, praise be, is intelligent. When it is necessary to speak Mexican lingo or Spanish or whatever it is, it is spoken. The characters talk like people, people of their time and ilk. And not like the silly stilted pens of the new art form. The story, adapted from O. Henry's "The Caballero's Way" is adapted from O. Henry and not from the pens of meddlesome middlemen. With the result that story, plot and most of the characterizations are preserved intact. Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe and Dorothy Burgess give star performances and no doubt about it. The best test being that you never once think of them as Warner Baxter, Ed Lowe and Dorothy Burgess but only as the people they are playing. The rest of the cast is of equal excellence.

Wolf Song

Talkie

Were it not a fait accompli that Western pictures are dead, this one would be classified as a great-open-space drama. Perhaps this is a South-Western, for the town of Taos, in those days a suburb of Santa Fe, is the central location. There are trappers and redskins, bowie-knives and guns. And Lupe Velez. All of which makes the screen story as wild and woolly as any of the out-of-doors operas.

The thrills begin as the main title is flashed upon the screen. For as the various "by-lines" appear, the sound device roars the stirring chorus of the "Wolf Song" rendered by the most masculine of choruses. In the opening sequences there are a few, a very few, spoken words. And aside from these the film's claim to be a talker is based upon several songs by Lupe, Gary Cooper and others. The most prominent of these, oft repeated, is in the way of being a "hit." It is a haunting Spanish melody peculiarly suited to Lupe's voice, which, incidentally is pleasantly surprising. The little Mexican is cast in character and Gary Cooper is romantic in buckskins of the early frontier.
Your Neighbor

Dale Owen, Of Kalamazoo, Michigan, Was Astonished To Find Street Cars In Hollywood. He Was Astonished At Several Other Sights, Too

in the heart of Michigan. And incidentally, my home town.

"Since leaving Michigan on this trip, I have heard the place referred to in various ways. Principally as the home of the Katzenjammer Kids; and next in a sense of being the farthest point from any given point. Whenever a long distance is being computed, it is said, 'As far as from here to Kalamazoo.' Then there are those folks who know Kalamazoo to be the home of the best celery grown in the world. These last mentioned few include the entire sixty thousand population of Kalamazoo." As an ambassador to Hollywood, Dale Owen is rather young. His entire little family is young, the youngest being exactly one. Even his pretty wife has a hard time convincing folks that she is the mother of the one-year-old member of the trio. Their trip to the Coast had a two-fold purpose; a vacation for a hard-working young fellow and a belated honeymoon for the bride. Not to mention the first cross-country trek for Number One. They are living in a cozy bungalow on Vista Del Mar, a location that overlooks the entire panorama of Hollywood. But the bride and groom aren't overlooking anything. Not a single de-

WHEN H. G. Wells came over to this country a few years ago, one of the things he mentioned as being astonishing and interesting was the number of men wearing fur coats.

Americans would never have thought that in the least exceptional. They are too used to it to notice it.

Which is one example of how familiarity is sometimes a hindrance to information, of how an outsider and unexpert viewpoint occasionally will tell us more than a specialized.

That's why we have instituted this article in our magazine —this article which is one of a series of articles under the same general title, "Your Neighbor Says."

We have experts, a large staff of them, covering the news and views of that most fascinating of American communities, Hollywood. But they are so constantly on the outlook for things that they haven't seen before that they naturally forget that there are lots of things other people haven't seen before—or heard about.

But with newcomers to Hollywood and visitors, it's different. It's all new to them. And in what strikes them as unusual, there's quite as much news and as fresh news as there is in what impresses the experienced reporter.

That's why we think you'll find this series—and particularly this number of it—unusually entertaining. It's a first-impression interview with a young man whose impressions are vivid. He's from Michigan— from that much-jested-of town of Kalamazoo. If you're from there, too, or from the State it's in, you'll particularly want to know what a fellow-townsmen or fellow-native of the State thinks of the place. But even if you're not, you'll find it worth while to read what a fellow-newcomer or one who, perhaps like yourself, has never seen Hollywood before expected to find there—and what he actually did find. It's the next-best thing to seeing for yourself—indeed, it's practically the same thing. —Editor's Note.

HOLLYWOOD and Kalamazoo have a great deal in common. They are both towns of which much is said and little is known. Take Kalamazoo— practically everyone in the country has some pet phrase in which Kalamazoo figures as a wise-crack. Most of them haven't the faintest conception whether it is in the East Indies or just north of the Straits of Gibraltar. Less than half of them know that it is a town. A prosperous town

From the city of celery to the city of celluloid journeyed Mr. and Mrs. Dale Owen, pictured in the upper corner. Just above is a glimpse of East Main Street, in Kalamazoo

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Says!--

By WALTER RAMSEY

tail. After I had known them a few days, I could tell they were out to give Hollywood the enthusiastic up-and-down.

STREET CARS, ACTUALLY

I f everyone in Kalamazoo," continued Dale, "has the same foregone impression of Hollywood that I had, it would probably shock them as much as it did me. Why, it isn't any more like I thought it would be than Kalamazoo is like the Sunday paper cartoons. In my imagined caricature of Hollywood there were no street cars. I never had any idea that there were any large stores. Or theaters. Or banks. Or, in fact, anything that wasn't directly connected with the moving picture industry. And I think a lot of them believe that way.

"I visioned the studios door-to-door with one another all on one long street. I had expected to find nothing but Actors and directors. I would see long lines of them standing at the studio gates, waiting for a chance to work. They would always be dressed for their parts. I never had them pictured in regular street clothes. The men would all be handsome and the women all beautiful and charming. Money would flow like water. No job would pay any less than a few hundred a week.

"Instead of arriving at this imagined three-ring-carnival I had pictured, I found Hollywood to be a typical-looking small town. On second thought, it isn't a small town at all; it is a big city within a small boundary. It is a cosmopolitan center. There are men and women here making fortunes in businesses that have no more bearing on the movies than those in Kalamazoo. And yet I still think that the pivot point of Hollywood's prosperity is the picture business.

"Motion picture names and personalities crop up in the most everyday affairs of Hollywood. For instance, a few days after we arrived, my wife and I were looking at newly completed bungalows. Imagine our surprise to find that the whole tract of property was owned by Ruth Roland whom we had seen so often on the screen. And that her real-estate offices were scattered all over the town doing business with Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen. Even the most casual transactions are colored with the excitement of celebrated names. My wife dropped into a beauty shop on the Boulevard and was waited upon personally by the sister of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. This is the particular personal kick that only Hollywood can give to business. Nowhere else in the world could you find a situation of anything like the same sort. It is unique.

(Continued on page 123)
This costume of Gloria Swanson’s—for "Queen Kelly"—is that, both from the standpoint of art and actuality. According to the latest edicts of style from Paris, Gloria’s dress may not be the glass of fashion. But none can deny it’s the mold of form.
She has a head on her shoulders, has Baclanova. But in this case William Powell's and not her own. That's on Bill who, in this article on women, lays his cards on the table.

If I Were--

A Man--Baclanova Would Be Burly, Early And Appreciative Of Women's Clothes

"WHAT would you do if you were a man?"

The blonde, Russian Baclanova sat opposite me, smiling at my query.

"You mean—about love?" she wanted to know, superfluously—what else do we ever mean?

"Of course."

"Oh!" She pondered, cupping her chin in a slant hand.

"You mean—if I could be a man—and could choose—Yes?"

"Well—" slowly, "I should be strong. Very strong. I do not like weak men. Strong physically and mentally. And—I should never show a woman that I loved her too much. That is silly. What a woman fears—a little—to lose—she values the more. Always."

"I should not talk too much about myself. Men who do that give themselves away so. Even if a man is very clever, he should not do that. But then, if he is clever, he won't.

"I should live very hard. I should always be busy. Work hard—play hard—I should try to have a great deal to do. I should keep myself in good condition—exercise and all that. I should be very, very active. And I should get up early.

SNOOZERS TABOO

"I CAN'T bear a man who sleeps later than nine o'clock—no matter how late he has been out the night before. For a man to go on sleeping in the morning—ugh! No! (Continued on page 108)

A Woman--Bill Powell Would Go Easy On Baby Talk And Heavy On Home-Making

"IF I were a woman—If I were a woman? Gosh!"

Thus Bill Powell approached the other side of this question. The sophisticated William, who plays the rôúé so often and so knowingly in pictures. He should know, I thought.

"There are a lot of small, trite things that I might say," he remarked. "Such as—as—that if I were a woman, I should try never to let the seams of my stockings be crooked. And that I should take a good look at my knees before I appeared in public in a very short frock. That I should read the halitosis ads and take them seriously. That I should never use that wet kind of lip rouge. You know— it smears. That, if I had my hair hennaded or peroxided, I should try to have it done clear to the roots. That I shouldn't coo or talk baby talk unless I looked that way. That I should try to have my make-up unobtrusive."

"There are an infinite number of such things which might be said. But they mean so little."

"From a man's point of view—so often—those things matter so little—except, perhaps, subconsciously."

"But if I were a woman, I should try to play the game. I should try to learn—to familiarize myself with the basic facts of sex and life. I should study men a little and try to understand what makes them do the things they do. I should try to comprehend the difference in what the relations between the sexes mean to men and to women."

(Continued on page 109)
“Mamma, may I give an Easter party?”

How many children are asking that question? Just about as many as there are in each city.

Little Gloria Lloyd asked it and Mildred Davis Lloyd and Harold gave their permission. So little Gloria planned her own party from the very beginning.

“An Easter hunt,” was her first thought. “I had one last year and I loved it. We like to hunt for surprises. We don’t like to have things given to us.”

Now Gloria is only four and a half years old but she has very definite ideas upon things, like all four-and-a-half-year-old children. She wanted to make her own selections and make her own nests and plan her own food and—well, do everything for her own party.

I went shopping with her. Or rather, she took me shopping. Now usually it is I who take my young son shopping, but the next

time I’m going to let him take me, because I learned from Gloria that even small children may have very definite opinions as to what really constitutes a party.

**THE SALES TALK FAILS**

We went to a candy shop first. The lady who waited upon us offered chocolate bunnies, chocolate ducks, chocolate—oh, everything in chocolate which comes for Easter. But young lady Gloria shook her head in a most decided manner. The saleslady argued and told of the advantages of roosters which could be eaten. “I don’t care for them.” At each new candy trinket offered, my shopping companion made the same affirmation. Oh, to have the disregard-of-necessity buying of the children! No inhibitions here that one should buy because someone else is a good talker.

But I was bewildered. Finally she took me by the hand and led me aside. “Candy is not good for children. I don’t want it in my nests. We will have a little on the table to eat after our dinner. But I want things which they can keep when they find them.”

I wish I could imitate the slight baby lisp which fell from the lips of this otherwise very grown up person.

So we went to the toy rooms of a department store several blocks distant. We walked and Miss

*When Gloria goes shopping for bunnies, she wears, as you see, in the upper corner, a squirrel coat. Above is her mother, Mildred Davis Lloyd, with some of the guests at her daughter’s ice-cream orgy; at the left is the hostess herself, holding a basket of Easter eggs before she hides them.*
Lloyd spoke nary a word. I wondered why she was so quiet and when I asked her, she answered: “But I am thinking about things which would be different for my party.” What one of us has not walked crowded streets hunting for innovations for our next bridge party? Yet, we feel we must needs talk on and on to our children.

“I want a big prize for the one who finds the first nest. I can’t take it myself even though I am first, can I? But I want something which I would want if I did find it.”

THE BLUE BUNNY

WE had no more than entered the store when she spied a huge blue bunny. “That is the prize.” Nor did she look farther. She had seen what she wanted and that ended the matter.

My mind played with the thousands of other little children who wanted to give Easter parties. How many of them would be able to afford such gorgeous big bunnies? Very few. But why should that bar them from making their own selections? Surely their mothers could steer them to the stores which have made Uncle Sam’s nickels and dimes famous and give them the joy of selections within the range of their purses.

Each article she chose was essentially lasting and substantial. Another bunny, smaller, so it would not compete with the size of the prize-offering; a duck; two eggs—the kind which open up and have space for candies. “We can put real eggs which are colored in these if Mother does not wish me to have candy,” she explained as she ordered. A rooster on wheels. When she had six, she stopped, “How many have I?” she inquired. “Six,” I answered.

“That is enough. I will have six. When you have more, things might happen. Many children are not so much fun. Do you think so? And my mother says big parties cost too much money.”

I smiled. Perhaps it would be wise if children with less were taught to think of this angle; it’s wise training for every child.

PRESENTS FOR THE ABSENT

“I WANT things like that for the table. I want big things so when the party is over I can take them and send them to the hospital for the poor children. Then some children who were not invited can have bunnies.”

Again the ten cent store flashed through my mind. What difference whether these things cost five dollars or five cents? How many children, in lesser circumstances, would have insisted upon two-of-a-kind gifts to remember the little outsiders rather than the guests? One present for each child, the one found in the nest, and that was all she would give them. The things on the table were for those less fortunate of whom she has evidently been trained to think since she was in the cradle.

And since the variety was not great in the big bunnies and duckies, she just decided to take two of everything she had already chosen. I tried to suggest that this would make a repetition and the table decorations would be the same as the nest prizes. But she shook her head. She wanted two, so those other children would have exactly what they were having.

“Gloria, will you give a party for me now and use these things before Easter so I can put it in the paper?”

She looked at me a moment, then burst into smiles. “That will give me a chance to have two”

(Continued on page 126)
## Bringing Out

By

GRACE KINGSLEY

"BUT where is papa?" I demanded, looking at the blank space next to mamma.

We were looking at the star's family album.

Mamma was there in the full splendor of huge sleeves, a purse on a chain at the belt, and a pompadour.

But papa was among those absent.

Mother's Day, you have probably realized, was a great institution in Hollywood, but Father's Day was a complete wash-out.

But all this is changing. Because now a professional aristocracy is growing up in filmland. And a father is a necessary ornament to hang on a family tree.

Family trees are being planted right and left these days in what it is hoped will prove to be ancestral estates. And how can you have an ancestry without an ancestor? Therefore daddies of all kinds, whiskered and clean shaven, light and dark, grave and gay, are being trotted out and dusted off, often bewildered and blinking in the sudden white light of publicity.

And when I say daddies, I mean, of course, fathers. "Follies" girls may have daddies, but a picture girl has a father. And the way things look now, Hollywood will soon be as full of papa as it is of mas.

### HIGH-PRICED PAPAS

With what eagerness indeed fathers are now being rescued from oblivion. Take the case of a recent papa, who died after living an entirely obscure life—some say as gate-man in the very studio where his haughty daughter worked—who was given a perfectly grand funeral just in the nick of time to preserve him to posterity.

Why, so great is the run on papa that I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see professional papa being adopted instead of mas.

Can't you imagine the man who cooks flapjacks in the window of the little café at the corner putting on his best suit, preening himself at the mirror, and imagining that he looks like Billie Dove?

Just fancy one of these professional papa sitting humbly, twirling his hat, while he waits in the ante-room of the home where he is to become a father? But the pains will be all his. Daughter is sure to be quite haughty in front of the old man. Of course, it is quite inevitable that in time the professional papa will become snooty and choosy. He won't be a papa for less than so-and-so. Or he will want to live abroad. So daughter will sigh and let him have his way. After all, she'll reflect, a papa emeritus is better than no papa at all.

I suppose that the reason papa have been neglected so long is because mas are so much more adaptable. Mamma can put on a Paris gown right over her fifty-cent undies and at once look to the manner born. While papa have an irritating way— as in case of one star's father, who used to be a street car conductor—of clinging to the shirt sleeves, and of continuing at the table the time-honored custom of exalting the knife above the fork.

It is rather surprising, too, how fathers can sometimes resurrect themselves, after years, once daughter is successful.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now," is changing to "Daughter, dear daughter, come home with the dough!"

### WHEN PARENTS BLOOM

Such fond papa usually bloom out suddenly as their daughter's business managers—when mamma will let them.

It used to be in the old days that if you heard that a picture star's father was in Hollywood, you'd scout around to get a look at him. But, alas...
seldom did you find him. You’d hope to sort of sneak up on him somewhere, but when you arrived, he would have vanished.

Once in those old days I did meet a film papa face to face. He was a nice-looking man with good manners. But when I asked him about his famous daughter, he merely gave me a dark look and fled.

And what awful slip-ups were made in those old days. For instance, one film mamma I knew divorced her husband after daughter became famous—and then what did the old man do but go and inherit a fortune!

Ah, yes, how the poor pa used to be neglected. To be sure.

No wonder the kidders razzed him unmercifully—told how, while Trotty Van Socks was riding around in her Rolls-Royce and cultivating an English accent, her poor old dad was still down in Texas, gee-hawing the mules over the family farm. Or how, while Mary Monkeysheen, the famous comedienne, was telling the first butler to tell the second butler to lay off speaking to her when she met her on the street, her papa was somewhere inquiring solicitously, “Close shave, sir?” Of how, while daughter was having her dainty toenails manicured, pa was still dirtying himself all up, heaving coal down on the Rio Grande.

But as I was saying, pa are now de rigeur, and one may as well let you in on them.

Remember, rich.

Rich man. Some of them are, to be sure.

—like Sue Carol’s pa, who is a financier in Chicago.

Poor man.

Well, of course. Then daughter sets him up in business, these days, like Clara Bow, who has given her dad a dry-cleaning establishment and a cafe or two to play with.

Beggar man, thief.

There may be some of these, but honestly I haven’t heard of any.

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.

Ah, despite the great indoor sport of razzing the pas, there are a good many of these.

Let’s see.

Bebe Daniels’ father is a physician. He lives in Michigan. He and Bebe’s mother have long been separated, and when Bebe’s parents decided to live apart, Bebe’s mother went back on the stage, and Bebe’s first role was played as an infant in long clothes, when she was carried onto the stage.

If you have come in contact with Vilma Banky, you have probably learned that she is a great diplomat. That faculty she inherited from her father, who was a government official in Budapest, Hungary, for many years.

Esther Ralston comes honestly by her acting talent, for her father is an actor and stage director. The whole family—brothers, sisters and parents—appeared on the stage together. Her father has retired.

Just enter into an argument with Louise Brooks and you’ll see what you’ll get. Her dad is a lawyer in Wichita, Kansas; and Louise inherits his cleverness at arguing.

AN ASBESTOS BARON

Colleen Moore’s father is interested in mines nowadays, owning some asbestos holdings in Arizona. Baclanova’s father died during the first hectic days of Soviet Russia, and she has inherited his banking interests, what there is left of them. Ruth Taylor’s father manages a string of shoe stores in Los Angeles. Lois Wilson’s father was an insurance agent when Lois went into pictures. Patsy Ruth Miller’s father is her business manager, and is also manager of large business interests of his own.

Betty Bronson’s father was a traveling salesman, selling pianos, but evidently was more artist than salesman, for while he was an excellent musician, he died leaving his family little to live on.

The father of Louise Fazenda was a grain broker, and just at present he is traveling around the world, the journey being the gift of his daughter.

(Continued on page 122)
They've just moved to Hollywood from the variety stage, have Skeets Gallagher, on the left, and Jack Oakie. The talkies are responsible, and the boys are making gay where the sun shines. These poses show them rendering Grieg's biggest wow: "Strolling through the park one day, In the merry, merry month of May"

Two Vaudevillagers
ROUGES
IN FIVE ARTISTICALLY PERFECT SHADES
$1.00
Retail 50c

'COLCREME,
Cleansing, Nourishing, Beautifying, in
One Cream
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FACE POWDER
IN FINE TRUE SHADES
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BEAUTY ENSEMBLE
Five sure steps to beauty—from smooth, satin
skin made lovely by 'Colcreme, COTY
and COTY Vanishing Cream to the
radiant magic of texture and colour
in COTY Face Powders, Rouge
and Lipstick, in shades to
glorify the individuality of your charm.

COTY inc., 714 Fifth Avenue, New York
Joan Crawford, fascinating Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, finds Lux Toilet Soap delightful both in this lovely bathroom and in her special dressing room on location.

"I HAVE tried innumerable French soaps, but never have I found anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth. And 'studio skin' is the all-important asset for the star who must face into the glaring lights of the close-up."

Velvety skin is the most precious charm a girl can have. All Hollywood agrees on this.

"People open their hearts instantly to the loveliness of exquisite skin. Every star knows how essential beautiful smooth skin is," says Edward Sedgwick, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, voicing the opinion of leading directors.

Lux Toilet

Photo by C. S. Bell, Hollywood
Facing the cruelest test a skin can meet

How well they know that the skin must be kept rarely smooth—the lovely girls whose beauty stirs a million hearts every time they appear on the screen!

For there is something about lovely skin that sends a ripple of emotion through every heart. And for the screen star, skin as smooth as a flower-petal is a prime necessity.

The huge new incandescent “sun-spot” lights pour down on a star’s face and shoulders and arms when a close-up is being taken, and film more highly sensitized than ever would inevitably register every tiniest flaw in the skin texture.

Consequently, of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 depend on Lux Toilet Soap to guard their skin. The next time you see your favorite screen star in a close-up, remember that 9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin captivatingly smooth with this delightful soap. It is made by the famous French method.

And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for all dressing rooms.

If you haven’t discovered for yourself how wonderfully smooth this white, daintily fragrant soap keeps your skin, try it today. Use it for the bath and the shampoo. It lathers so generously, even in hard water!

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

Louise Fazenda, Warner Brothers’ star, in the Hollywood bathroom which sets off her charm so well. “I used to use the fine French soaps but now I find that Lux Toilet Soap gives the same beautiful smoothness to my skin. I am devoted to it.”

Evelyn Brent, popular Paramount star, says: “A star must have a smooth skin. Lux Toilet Soap is so very pleasing and soothing.”
It's A Greet Game

The Stars Send Christmas Cards
Chiefly To Those They Don't Know

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

THE true, beautiful spirit of Hollywood comes out at Christmas time, when those superlatively good-hearted folk, the stars, send elaborate, expensive and enormous greeting cards out to all and sundry, including all sorts of people that they have never met and hope they never will.

Anybody happening to be in the position of writing about the movie colony in magazines or newspapers is fairly snowed under by the most gushing good wishes for Happy Christmas and Jolly New Year from all the screen celebrities. The unfortunate gentleman who delivers mail to the office of MOTION PICTURE literally staggers under the terrific load of distinguished Christmas cards. A survey of the cards received at the office, made last year shortly after that Jovial Yuletide which the stars so heartily insisted on our having, revealed that slightly over forty per cent of them were from people whom the recipients had never met. This shows that our Hollywood residents who clap hands for the beneficence of the place are entirely justified in so doing. There isn't another community in the world where people send engraved Christmas greetings to perfect strangers.

Robert Sherwood, a cynical-minded chap away off in New York City, came out this year with the suggestion that the stars' Christmas cards were not even sent by the stars themselves, but by their press-agents. In other words, that the noble citizenry of Hollywood was actually using the anniversary of Christ's birth for purposes of publicity. He based this amazing and, of course, utterly unwarranted, accusation on the fact that he had received from one star, whom he had consistently panned in his reviews, a card with the inscription:

“The Age-Old Yuletide Spirit
Inspires me to send
My wishes for your Happiness
And Health and Wealth, Old Friend.”

Of course, the trouble with Mr. Sherwood, and a lot of those other hard, soulless city guys who review pictures, is that they have never been to Lovely Hollywood and just don't know to what heights of good-heartedness (Continued on page 112)
THIS IS THE SECRET OF POPULAR GIRLS

There are certain girls, who on casual analysis do not appear unusually gifted, yet who cannot find enough hours in the day to meet their engagements.

What is their secret?

Health! For the world today pays tribute above all things to the ability to take part without stint in moments of gayety and enjoyment! To that vitality and aliveness which are just expressions of radiant health.

Your health! Protect it! It is your most precious possession. Particularly, guard it at The Danger Line. Your own dentist will tell you that diseases of the teeth and gums often cause serious illness. And he will tell you, also, that the most serious dental troubles result from acids that form at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet.

Squibb’s Dental Cream will protect the beauty of your smile because it contains more than 50% Squibb’s Milk of Magnesia. It reaches all the spots that are beyond the reach of your tooth-brush and neutralizes the acids there.

Squibb’s Dental Cream is mild and safe. It cannot injure the most delicate gum tissues. It contains no grit. It cleans beautifully. Use it regularly. At druggists—only 40 cents a large tube.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons
He was the fiery, romantic Cellini in "The Firebrand." And he was living the part of Judas, two thousand years ago, in "The King of Kings." But put him in a regulation social drama, in a setting of everyday clothes, Main Street situations, Babbit emotions, and he is like Samson with his locks shorn. He doesn’t belong.

The picture that brought him to the screen is the story of Joseph Schildkraut. In "The Road to Yesterday" he was the spirit of those medieaval days. He played a part in the modern sequences, but he seemed always to have belonged to the days that told the story in the past.

He was that handsome young Count. The pagan knight of drawn dagger and adventure!

In real life, his castle is a gray stucco house at the end of a Hollywood street. One side looks out on tapestry hills. The other, down on a rainbow garden of pansy beds splashed with California poppies; and across the rooftops of Los Angeles, stretching like miniature movie sets to the blue horizon.

ME AND MY HOBBIES

Instead of blazoned armor and lance, he wears flannel
(Continued on page 121)
Starring Ann Pennington and Frances Williams of George White's Scandals

Ann is brunette, and Frances is blonde—but see how perfectly Tangee does for both! In an amazing way, Tangee changes as you put it on, from its original color to blush-rose—Nature's own shade—and blends with each individual type of beauty. Truly a marvelous lipstick and rouge.

Demand Tangee today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75c. Tangee Crème Rouge $1. Also, Tangee Face Powder, clinging, temptingly perfumed, $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada. If the name TANGEE does not appear on the package, it is not TANGEE.

Beauty . . . . . for 20 Cents!


Name
Address
Gary Cooper seems to be giving his fans a look of gratitude for their efforts in securing for him second place this month. The girls sure are for Gary

ELSIE—Is it wrong to bet on horses? Yes, the way some people do it! Alice White is about nineteen years old. She is not married. I can supply you with their photos. Laura La Plante was born Nov. 1, 1903. She receives her fan mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Eddie Quillan was born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 31, 1907. Received his education at Saint Gabriel’s School in South Philadelphia, later finishing at Mount Carmel. He has four brothers and five sisters. Write him Fathe Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A VIKING—Greta Nissen was born in Oslo, Norway. She is five feet two, weighs 120 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. She is playing on the stage right now, Jeanette Loff in Idaho. She is five feet two, weighs 105 pounds, golden hair and blue eyes. Thanks for the greetings.

MARDI—The picture you are referring to is Vera Reynolds. Donald Keith was born in Boston, Mass., twenty-six years ago. He is five feet eleven, weighs 155 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Real name Francis Feeley, married to Kathryn Stickuzza. Donald Reed, Mexico City, July 23, 1902. Six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, dark hair and eyes. Real name Ernest Guilleon, married, and has a son. Write Richard Arlen at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

COLLEEN—Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich., Aug. 8, 1902. David Lee is about four years old. His brother Frankie Lee, no doubt you remember him, played as the child in Lon Chaney’s “Miracle Man” a few years ago. You will see Davey next in his first starring role in “Sonny Boy”; receives his fan mail at the Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Yes, I believe in the short time he has played, the mail man has quite a time bringing in his fan letters.

A YORKVILLE BLONDE—Blondes are as bad as redheads, they’re scattered all over the universe. Matty Kemp was born in New York City, Sept. 16, 1907, and was educated in the public

ABOUT PICTURES AND THE PEOPLE IN THEM

The Answer Man will tell any one who wants to know anything, everything there is to know. In his more than eighteen years of fights question marking he’s never been marred.

Would you say this was “The Awakening” of Vilma Banky’s fans? They have at last learned what to do if they want their favorite to adorn this page

“Modern Maiden”—what more becoming title could be given to a picture starring Joan Crawford? Her mail has increased in leaps and bounds and she wins highest honors this month schools of New York and Long Island City, and in the American Academy at Poughkeepsie. He made his first appearance in one of Art Accord’s western productions filmed at Universal City. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Joan Crawford hails from San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1906, blonde hair right now and blue eyes. Real name Lucille Le Sueur. Send me a self-addressed envelope for the other biographies.

SEENARF—Sounds strange. Fred Thomson died Christmas Eve. Theodore Roberts, Arnold Kent, Larry Semon and Ted McNamara died last year. Ralph was born Jan. 23, 1900. Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Gilbert Roland, who played in “Ramona,” will play opposite Dolores Del Río in “Evangeline.” This picture was made a few years ago, with Miriam Cooper and Albert Roscoe as Gabriel and Gertie. Paul Weigel was Father Felician.

KITTY—Send your note to Rex Bell at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. He was born in Chicago, Ill., twenty-two years ago. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, blond curly hair and blue eyes. Real name George Belden. Anna May Wong is in Germany. Nora Lane is playing in “Son of Anak,” starring George O’Brien. Ernest Torrence, Lill Damita, Henry B. Walthall, Raquel Torres and Jane Winton have been added to “The Bridge of San Luis Rey,” Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

GERT—Richard Dix’s real name is Ernest Brimmer. He is playing in “Nothing but the Truth,” which is a talkie. He is not married or engaged. William Boyd in “The Flying Pool,” Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal. Yes, I think he would send you his wife’s photo. The only way of catching a train I ever discovered is to miss the train before. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are appearing again together in “Blue Skies.”

ELEANOR GORDON—Buddy Rogers had interviews in the May 1926 Motion Picture, Aug. 1928-Nov. 1928 Classic. Write our circulation department in regard to these back issues, Glenwood, Myrna Kennedy and (Continued on page 124)

“Man and the Moment” and what a moment for any man when the woman is Billie Dove. Miss Dove’s admirers insist she merits a place on this page and we agree

“Close Harmony” with Nancy Carroll seems to have earned a permanent place on this page. Yes, he’s our “Buddy” Rogers

This smiling youth who is working in “Close Harmony” with Nancy Carroll seems to have earned a permanent place on this page. Yes, he’s our “Buddy” Rogers

Because he’s tall, dark and handsome and because Nils Asther is dangerously fascinating, that’s why his pictures are so popular. He’s the answer to why girls go to the movies
As told to
Princess Pat
by
10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"

The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So is it with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the most natural rouge in the world. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable care. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipstick.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. 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 and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

Get This Week End Set—SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for 25c (cost) and 25c [send]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. A-514 Chicago

Enclose find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print]..............................
Street....................................
City and State..........................

81
Junior Coghlán Has Broken Up Many Homes

By
DONALD CALHOUN

JUNIOR COGHLAN was quite gloomy at the thought of being interviewed. I had to tell him about my going to New York and North Africa and those places to get him out of his sad state of mind. I also showed him how I could wiggle my ears which made him want to show off his talents so he illustrated how he could spit through his teeth which he can do pretty good because they are quite wide apart.

He had along with him four boy friends from the East who were full of questions like this, "Say, Junior, was that real tobacco juice you spit in the 'Yankee Clipper'?

Junior said, "No, but it could have been."

They also asked him if he had had to eat real castor oil in "The Country Doctor." Junior said it had been. He said an actor had to suffer for his art, and that one of his most painful sufferings was his long hair. He gets razzed about it in school many a time. Even the kids at the athaletic club made fun of his hair. They called him a pretty movie star and asked him if he was going to get a boyish bob soon.

Junior declared that he was quite tough and boasted that "he had broken up more homes than any of them had." Did he use a hatchet, or what?

After that there was a big towel fight. We were in the locker room getting ready to go into the pool. The kids made so much noise the negro valet came hurrying up demanding to know "what was coming off in here."

JUNIOR TELLS HIM

JUNIOR yelled out, "My B. V. D.'s. I'm not responsible for that wise crack.

Junior is a member of the athaletic club himself and he pretty near uses it to death. He got the membership as a Christmas present from his dad. He's such a strenuous athalete that he goes through about every athaletic suit he has. When we were swimming some men from the studio wanted to take some pictures of us, and Junior had to borrow a suit to be photographed in because his had holes in the wrong places.

He didn't want to be photographed because he wasn't supposed to be working today and he said that was work. But finally they got him to stay still for his picture on the promise that he could have an extra swim that afternoon.

I found out that he and his four friends had already had three swims that morning. They must have been pretty near water-logged.

When he isn't working in pictures Junior goes to Le Conte Junior High School where I go.

At school he is not a movie star. He is only a scrub. All the seniors snub him like any other scrub. When he first came to school they made him get on his knees and

(Continued on page 110)
The Newest Touch of Smartness

HELENA RUBINSTEIN’S

Cosmetic Masterpieces

Paris-inspired, created by one who is artist as well as scientist, the cosmetic masterpieces of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are unquestionably the finest in all the world—and the most flattering!

Helena Rubinstein has perfected the one indelible lipstick that gives the lips satiny-smoothness and suppleness, as well as lasting color. Helena Rubinstein originated the rouges that not only enhance the skin, but actually protect and benefit it. And back of the marvelous powders that bear her name, is Helena Rubinstein’s genius for the blending of colors and textures. On sheer merit the powder creations of Helena Rubinstein maintain absolute supremacy.

Know the witchery of make-up, realize the full flower of your loveliness through these world-famed finishing touches. Build your beauty with Helena Rubinstein’s Specialized Preparations—enhance your beauty with her inimitable finishing touches. Her creations proclaim her the artist as well as the scientist!

The Perfect Foundation
Water Lily Foundation. Makes powder and rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 2.00, 3.50.

A Powder Masterpiece!
Valaze Poudre Enchanté—the most exquisite powder in the world! In the smart silver box, 3.00.—In the luxurious Chinese Temple Box, 10.00. Other Valaze Powders, 1.50 to 7.50.

Irresistible Rouges
Valaze Rouges flatter and protect the skin. Red Raspberry for day time. Red Geranium for evening. Crushed Rose Leaves, the conservative tone. 1.00 to 5.00.

The Last Word in Indelible Lipsticks
Cubist Lipstick in two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening, 1.00. Water Lily Lipstick in Red Cardinal and Red Ruby. 1.25.

The Smartest Vanities
Water Lily Compacts in modishly colorful cases. Double, 2.50, 3.00. Single, 2.00, 2.50.

Heighten the Beauty of Your Eyes
with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener, 1.00. Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara); adherent, yet does not make the lashes brittle, 1.00, 1.50. Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream), Brown, Black, Blue or Green, 1.00.

Your Daily Beauty Treatment
Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—Helena Rubinstein’s skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Brace the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two-months’ supply—with detailed instructions (3.25).

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, ridding them of all impurities. Use this preparation instead of soap.

Write to Helena Rubinstein, describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for “Personality Make-up”—the booklet that tells you how to express your most beautiful you!
Four Verses

By

Carmel Myers

She Has, Like Doris Kenyon
And Joan Crawford, Taken
Out A Poetic License

THE DEBT UNPAID
I can't believe that all there's to life
Is the short span of things here below.
There's so much to be done, and life's hardly begun
When the trumpet sounds and we go.
For time is so short, and it flies on swift wings,
And before we quite make up our minds
To what it's about, the candle's blown out
And God draws the curtain and blinds.

So when we pass on to the next stopping place,
(And who can say where it will be?)
The debt's left unpaid and love left unmade
Will be dealt out to you and to me.

AS YOU GO ON YOUR WAY A-SMILING
When you hear what you think is the
throb of the train,
It's the beats of my heart that's crying with pain,
As you go on your way a-smiling!
When you hear what you think is a bird's
cry in fright,
It's my voice that I've sent to call
you at night,
As you go on your way a-smiling!
When you see what you see, what you
think is rain in the sky,
It's tears hanging heavy, unshed in
my eye,
As you go on your way a-smiling!

BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME, DEAR
What is that moaning—moaning
That's ringing in my ears?
Why, that's my soul that's groaning
For all these empty years.

What is that sighing—sighing
That wells within my breast?
Why, that's my heart that's crying
For you—and peace—and rest.

What is that burning—burning
That sets my cheeks aflame?
Why, that's my soul that's yearning
To hold you close again.

What is that ringing—ringing
That I hear both far and near?
Why, that's my heart that's singing
Because you love me, dear.

SHE HAS NOT GONE
Her smile and radiance is not here to see
Nor is she here to help us physically;
But her spirit, her indomitable will,
Is with us still.

In trying moments when uncertain,
Pondering what to do, a voice—her voice—
Her "mamma voice"
Says, "Come, my children, see it through."
She has not gone.
True, true, we cannot touch her hair
Or feel her good-night kiss warm on our
Lips as we fall deep
In sleep
But still, somehow, I feel she tucks me in
And says her prayers as I say mine.
She has not gone,
This Mother of Mine.

Carmel woos the muse with all modern improvements: a special writing-shelf has been affixed to her set-chair. And, as these pictures prove, she can compose with or without a hat on
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.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, "The
New Art of Make-Up" and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to
cover cost of postage and handling.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________

Complication  Color of Eyes  Lips  
Light   Pale  Most  
Fair  Color of Lashes  Dry  
Medium  Skin  
Ruddy  Color of Hair  Only  
Dark  Dry  
Sallow  Answer in Age  
Olive  Blemishes with check mark

Hollywood, Calif.—Max Factor showing
Irene Rich how to correctly use
the eyebrow pencil.

NEVER BE CONSCIOUS
OF YOUR MAKE-UP

If your make-up is "off-color" or too glaring, it overshadows your personality. It becomes a worry, destroying that self-assurance which is an attribute of every charming woman. Permit Max Factor to analyze your complexion, as he has done for hundreds of screen stars, and recommend a make-up which will be just a part of your own natural beauty. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

Imagine Make-Up so Faultless that even Under the Blazing Glare of the Motion Picture Lights it Photographs Perfectly. With Max Factor Society Make-Up, You, too, Will Learn the Secret of the Stars.
Transplantation from the New York stage to the Hollywood studios has already, and happily, had its effect upon Helen Twelvetrees. She has taken on a new and typical film foliage in the form of negligees extravagant in cost yet sparing in extent. This, of course, is only the spring verdure. We can hardly wait for fall to come.

Twelvetrees Without Trunks
Helen Prefers Feathers and Furs

Especially created for Motion Picture by Edwin Bower Hesser
"Where 'faces are fortunes' it behooves us to give them the care that holds youth and loveliness through the days of hard work in front of the camera. Sem-pray Cleansing Creme cleans thoroughly, it gives the delicate texture and color and keeps away the wrinkles. Sem-pray keeps the look of youth on the faces of women."

Youth! We turn and watch it pass by. Wherever we go we see youth with its freshness, its color, its vigor. A clean, beautiful face makes us turn for another look. Youth calls to us always. Sem-pray, that dainty compressed cleansing creme, in the oval container or in the original cake form, is making millions of faces youthfully lovely. It is keeping away the wrinkles. It is preserving the delicate texture, it is giving to the skin that glow of health that makes one glad to look in the mirror.

There is a demonstration package of Sem-pray waiting here for you—a package that will give you a week of cleanly skin glow; it will show you what constant use will do for you; it will show you that you can continue to have that soft, smooth, colorful loveliness of youth.

The Purse Size Demonstration Package FREE
A week's use of Sem-pray will demonstrate to you, as it has to millions of other women, that your skin can be kept youthfully lovely. The Demonstration Package not only contains a week's supply of Sem-pray, but also samples of Sem-pray Face Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge.

Send the Coupon.

Grand Rapids, Michigan:
Send your Demonstration Package. Enclosed is a dime for postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State
Authorities attribute the enormous increase in cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

“IT'S TOASTED”
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

Harry Manning, Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, "S. S. America"
Harry Manning says:

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

WHEN I climbed aboard the 'America' after those cold, strenuous hours getting the men off the freighter 'Florida,' there was nothing I wanted so much as a Lucky — 'By George,' it tasted wonderful! A Lucky is always refreshing. My tense nerves relaxed, my aching throat was soothed and the whole thrilling adventure just seemed a part of the day's work. As time goes by, and I look back to that memorable night, I'll always remember the wonderful taste of that welcome Lucky. As I went around to visit the men we'd rescued, I found many of them enjoying Luckies, too. We really couldn't wait to get back to our ship and 'Luckies.' As an actual fact in returning to the 'America' I noticed one of our men* rowing with one hand and lighting a 'Lucky' with the other. There's no flavor to equal toasted tobaccos, and I always prefer Lucky Strikes. There's wisdom in the saying: 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' It helps a man to keep physically fit and we who follow the sea must always be prepared for any emergency."

*The man mentioned by Chief Officer Manning was Boatswain's Mate Aloys A. Wilson.

Harry Manning, Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, "S. S. America" © 1923, The American Tobacco Co. Manufacturers
Skin Clears Right Up!

In any case of pimples, blackheads, sore or itching skin, you must do TWO things! You must clear the skin of the pimples, blackheads, scales and blotches and also heal the sore and broken tissue. That's what Rowles Mentho Sulphur does—the sulphur clears the skin while the menthol heals. That's why this great combination is putting an end to skin troubles. One night sees a great change in the skin. In two or three days the skin is of a new, clear healthy whiteness. All druggists carry Rowles Mentho Sulphur. Be sure it's Rowles.

Thoroughly hearth-hearted, Ronald Colman is. And likewise his very close friend, Charles Lane. Both show a strong predilection for pipes and pups

Has He Really Suffered?

(Continued from page 48)

withdraw in great haste in case he glared. But he didn't. He looked rather patient and resigned. He even smiled a little. Not much. But a flicker.

"Suffered?" he repeated, shaking his head. "I hardly think so. Not real suffering. I am only twenty-seven, you see.

"Youth doesn't suffer. Not really. It thinks it does. But it isn't capable of real suffering." He leaped into silence again.

After some moments he lifted his head.

"Youth sometimes thinks it suffers when it falls in love," he remarked.

There was another silence. The conversation proceeded like that. A brief remark or two and then a long silence between the next one. You get used to it.

After this silence he admitted, "I have been in love." A long pause and then I murmured, "Did you suffer?"

He nodded. "Sometimes. But not for long. Not more than a month or two."

HE WONDERS IF HE HAS

THERE was a nice breeze and a warm sun and I was getting a little sleepy. So I jumped when he finally said, "I wonder now whether I have ever been in love—really."

I might as well sit still and wait, I concluded. The conversation couldn't exactly be called animated, but what there was of it seemed to be approaching some sort of answer to my question. I nearly missed the next one—his voice was so low.

"I'm not going to fall in love," he was muttering. "It—hurts. That's why I'm—fickle—now."

"Then you have suffered!" I was quite triumphant.

"Mmmm." He nodded again, slowly. "I'm so self-conscious!" he added, irrelevantly. I could see that.

"There was a time," he went on, "the time when I was going to play in 'Children of Divorce.' I had had only two real parts before that. The one in 'The Winning of Barbara Worth' and a bit in 'Wings.' I was scared. All the cast were experienced troupers. I worked two days and then they called me in and told me they guessed I wasn't quite ready to handle that part. "That hurt. I went away—into the hills—alone. Meanwhile they had seen the rushes of the third day and they decided I could do it. They couldn't find me. I came into town and went into Henri's to get something to eat. I was starving. Frank Lloyd saw me and rushed over. "'Gary?' he cried. 'We've been hunting everywhere for you! We're holding up the picture. We're going to use you.'"

HIS LONGEST STRETCH

"I HAD the funniest feeling—something inside of me changed. I didn't know until that moment how much that thing had hurt!"

He smoked a while in silence and then he said, looking straight ahead of him, "But it is love—really—that makes you suffer." In a surprising little burst of confidence, he went on, "I did suffer once—for five months. You know—that business of doubt—of knowing something is wrong and not being able to put your finger on it. That awful business of going to bed and not being able to sleep—of getting up in the morning and wishing you need never wake to face another day—that. I would go to see her and try to find out what it was—between us. There would be explanations and protests. My mind would be set at ease. Then two or three days later—something would happen. It would begin all over again. Not to be able to trust the one you love—it's hell!"

"Then one day I found I couldn't suffer any more. It was over—done with. So I went and said so."

"What I want from love is—security. I want to be sure. People say men are naturally polygamists. I think that is not true. It isn't true of me. If I am in love, I want just one woman. But I want her wholly."

"I don't know whether I shall ever be
“My hands too must dance…”
says charming

**Anna Pavlowa**

The New Cutex Liquid Polish

“gives them sparkle and vivacity”

**Anna Pavlowa**, world-famous artist of the dance—who began her career in the brilliant Imperial Ballet of Old Russia.

THE great Pavlowa is most fastidious about her own person. Of her graceful hands she takes the most exquisite care. Sparkling, vivacious fingertips attest her keen interest in perfection of detail.

Of the new Cutex Liquid Polish she says, “It helps to give my hands sparkle and vivacity. I always use it to ‘make-up’ my hands, to keep each fingernail shining, looking truly svelte. Indeed it is used a great deal in Paris—French women know how it flatters the fingertips. All the Cutex Preparations are needed, however, to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the oval smoothly rounded and the under nails tips immaculately clean.”


**Special Introductory Offer—12c**

I enclose 12c for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set. (If you live in Canada add 15c)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9 M-4
114 West 17th Street, New York

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A costume for every occasion, Lois Moran has. Even for so incidental a pastime as ladder-climbing, she has a dress with stripes to harmonize with the rungs, and a hat to match

able to marry in Hollywood. Life isn’t normal. People do not have a normal chance to be honest and—and sincere. You know. You can be regular. But it takes a lot of trying. Sometimes I think it might be easier—and the happier way—to be just a hard-boiled bachelor—taking things as they come and not caring. It’s all right unless you fall in love. When you’re in love, you’re so helpless.

YOU’VE GOT TO BE STRONG

I’d like to think that I could marry and have a home and live just like Mr. and Mrs. Jones in South Bend, Indiana. Have your little bit of fame and adulation. But not let it make any difference in your life. I wonder if it could be done.

“It’s what I want. But you have to be so strong to do it.”

He rose and paced slowly up and down.

“Suffered?” he mused. “Maybe. I think perhaps that because I don’t talk much, people get the idea that I am sensitive and that I suffer in silence. That isn’t it. I’m Anglo-Saxon. They don’t make much noise about their hurts. Not often. I am not super-sensitive. I am not hurt more easily than any other man. Please don’t get that idea. I have been hurt—yes. Maybe it photographs. I don’t know.”

Gary tries to be honest, I think. Honest most of all with himself. He is making a definite effort not to be caught by the tinsel which entangles young stars. Not to be mislead nor to lose his solid sense of values. He seems to weigh every word and to try to say what he feels.

He has tremendous charm. His slow, whimsical smile is one of the most attractive I have ever seen. And he has one of the rarest attributes in the profession, a sense of humor. That will help him, I think, in his struggle.

The girls are right. He has suffered and he will suffer more. Looking for sincerity and trust—in Hollywood.

Dear me! Here I am languishing, too. And yearning. I’m just a weak woman, after all.
DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

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Just use Katherine Mac Donald's Lash Cosmetic. It makes lashes appear long and luxuriant yet you don't look made up, Absolutely gorgeous.

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RICHARD BLACKSTON, N-824 FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK

The Love-Life Story of Mary Nolan

(Continued from page 45)

And that comfort eventually turned into something which I thought was much deeper. Just where this would have ended—what woman can tell where her interest in man would have ended if fate had not intervened and ended it for her?—I do not know. Only Joe Schenck saw "My Viennese Lover" and signed me to make American pictures. At the same time he signed Nils Asther.

NILS LIKE A BROTHER

Nils had been my leading man in Germany. We were pals. We crossed the ocean on the same ship. What a break for poor Nils! He didn't know anything about me. But he soon learned when we landed in New York City. IMogene Wilson ARRIVES FROM EUROPE AS A PICTURE STAR. SHE BRINGS BACK NILS ASTHER. THEY ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED—but you read the newspapers.

Poor Nils. He didn't know quite what to think of it. Do you know, it is possible for a woman to love a man who is not her brother just like a brother? Of course, the world won't grant that of Imogene Wilson or any other well-publicized woman. If I tell them that Nils is the kind of a boy whom I'd call up in the night and say, 'Nils, I have a tummy-ache. Please go and get me some pepsin,' who would believe it? But sometimes in her life every woman finds a man whom she loves in that manner, and Nils Asther was that man to Mary Nolan.

What a time I had in Hollywood! They weren't even going to let me play in pictures. Oh, the penalty a woman pays for a name which has once screamed across the newspapers! But Joseph Schenck told them to give me my chance, instructed them to let me have one real opportunity. Everyone said, 'Now be good, Mary. Just lie low and be quiet.'

But how can a girl with my name really lie low and be quiet? When I was in Europe, I never appeared in public with a man but that the American newspapers reported it in their scandals. In Hollywood—

THE DANGER OF LONELINESS

I WAS lonesome. Bewildered and lonesome. I don't care much about going out, but a woman must have a little natural relaxation. I have been to the Mayfair once, the Cocoanut Grove once and two openings. But every one of them has been properly noted. When I was first at Universal I was desperately lonesome. And I find that when a woman is lonesome when she is most likely to get into mischief. When she is most susceptible to the influence of a man who is kind to her. Norman Kerry was at Universal. He began being kind to me. I appreciated it, liked him for it. But his kindness, as things turned out, was merely cruelty. It is cruel for a man to be kind to a woman when she must spend every moment thinking how she can keep her name out of the newspapers. I thought much of Norman. Every woman finds a time in her life when she lets her thoughts dwell on the man who is her antidote for that gnawing, desperate illness of lonesomeness and, yes, self-pity.

But I had to stop seeing Norman. Hollywood started talking about it.

And now they're talking about Jack Gilbert. (She laughed. The first normal, natural laugh since she had begun talking. I laughed with her. Only that morning someone had told me that Mary Nolan had stolen Jack Gilbert from Greta Garbo.)

Why I just finished making "Thirst" with Jack. No woman could help but love him. He is more helpful than the average Hollywood director. He has an almost perfect story-mind. He knows the technique of the screen as few people know it. We have spent hours and hours together talking, talking, talking. I think your little Alice White struck it right about in her love-life story. Jack is the kind of a man that any woman loves as a friend. He doesn't need to be her lover. Jack would make a great director. He is wonderful about helping girls who play opposite him. I owe him a great deal. Of course, I love him. But not as a woman loves a man, not from the standpoint of the emotions. You can love one man as a brother; you can love another as a friend; or you can love with that all-consuming desire—

WHOM DOES SHE LOVE?

I AM in love at this moment. Yes, he's in the motion picture profession, only I can't tell you his name. Why? Because he
dramatic beauty of arms outstretched. Mary Nolan, the beautiful woman, looked at me and exclaimed, "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. You are like an angel. Who are you?"

The same type of ethereal beauty which had carried Barbara La Marr to the zenith of her profession; had carried her into the arms of five husbands; had carried her to a premature death which was so ugly, so unnecessary, so sad that even today Hollywood does not like to talk about it. Who could blame any woman with such startling beauty as these two—Barbara La Marr and Mary Nolan—for their love-life stories?

There'll Be Another In Next Month's Issue

The only thing that fills readers of MOTION PICTURES love-life series with dread is that it will come to an end. So we hasten to allay apprehension, to preclude thirty nights of tossing and worry, by announcing now that next month there will be another.

The love-life story of a star born abroad but arrived at fame only after her coming to the United States. Watch for it, another fascinating and fearless exposition of the heart-secrets of a beauty of the screen. In MOTION PICTURES—"It's the Magazine of Authority!"

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It has answered questions I couldn't ask my friends

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93
Sh-h-h---------!
(a secret)

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful luster—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist’s secret! But you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers’, 25c, or send for free sample!

*(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a “tiny-tine”—a bit little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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men admire
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Abbotish ugly hollows forever

Miss Gonzalez of Reno, Nevada, writer: ‘I have used Tiffany Twoop Builder only two weeks and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed hollows, worn-out lines that women’s faces. I used to look so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance. You, too, can have a forever young, beautiful, health, beauty—beauty—beauty.

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mother of the girls—the most important member of all three, is in Germany rapidly recuperating from a very serious illness.

DOROTHY GROWS UP

"I LEFT America about six months ago," said Lillian, as the three of us sat and chatted in her suite at the hotel. "I left Dorothy, feeling about her as I've always felt. My little sister, needing my help, leaning on her mother and myself, never doing anything in her work without consulting us, without being guided by us, looking to us to support her in every undertaking. I came back and found her an independent young woman, standing on her own, grown up all at once, sure of herself and her actions. I'm amazed. I saw her in the play, and I'm very proud of her."

The subject of this eulogy blew her cigarette smoke toward the ceiling with a gesture of careful indifference to the praise. I could see that Dorothy has always felt a little humble, somewhat subservient to Lillian. There was a touch of shy satisfaction in the twinkle of her eye, in the queer little smile on her mouth.

This was the first time I had ever seen the two sisters together. The contrast is marked. Dorothy, the gay. The witty. The radiantly happy, eager, frank and practical one. Modern in her viewpoint. Discarding traditions when she came to believe in their obsolescence. Hard-working and full of a vital interest in change—change of ideas, the times, work—and anxious to try her wings on something new. Unafraid of anything except the opinion of those she loves.

THE FRAIL WARRIOR

LILLIAN. The quiet one. Shadowy. Acquiescent to avoid argument. Slow in speech, in action. Living in a world of illusion. An illusion herself, with her Peter Panish appearance. She makes you think of Maude Adams the minute you see her. The elusive, child-like quality of her expression. With a turn of the head her face looks like that of a little girl of ten. With another turn, the tragic appeal of her eyes makes her look thirty. Clinging alike to her belief in beauty and faith in the movies. Firmly convinced that as a medium to express art, the screen is second to none. Not that she thinks it does take advantage of its power to do so—far from it. But she feels that if the millennium were to happen and the big producers decided to use the screen celluloid as a conveyance for bringing art to the world, it would serve better than any other known manner.

Lillian Gish is a fighter. To look at the frail, slim delicacy of her body, one wonders at the endurance she must possess in order to have battled as long and as hard as she has had to, to make the kind of pictures she does. She stands alone in her conception of what should make a good picture. She has continually striven to keep her work as close to her ideals as possible.

She is unique in her work and in her hold on the public. Years ago D. W. Griffith unearthed in her a rich vein of pure gold. Here was a young girl who could with scarcely any effort arouse the sympathy of anyone who looked at her on the screen. Immediately he placed upon her brow the indelible stamp of tragedy; and all through her long career she has never been allowed to depart from this rôle.

UNHAPPY LIL

YOU will remember the famous story of several years ago when some newspaper critic, after having wept bitterly over Lillian in several succeeding pictures, firmly declared his intention of starting a “Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Lillian Gish.” She has been betrayed, seduced, shipwrecked, snow-bound, tortured to the

A Broken Set of Gishes (Continued from page 55)
more than thirty years ago." And the small girl was led home to bed, staring uncomprehendingly at this strange lady whom Len Wise knew but who didn't know Len Wise. As the evening wore on, the punch bowl was refilled from a pump out in the yard until it changed from deep purple into a faint lavender. And guest after guest cross-examined Phyllis so as to get her fixed in their minds in relation to her contemporaries. The punch was a delicate mauve in the bowl by the time the last guests had gone home, satisfied that they had seen Jim Haver's girl, even though it was a little hard to find out just how old she was.

"They were all honeys," said Phyllis as she told the story of her visit home in Hollywood a short time after her return. "I just loved every one of them. The simplicity and sweetness of the way they welcomed me back was adorable.

"Next day, the only full day I had in Douglas, wave upon wave of memories came to me of the terrible way I used to behave when I was a kid. I think my sheer naughtiness must have been such that I made little impression on the good people of Douglas at the time. That's why they found it so hard to place me historically when I went back.

"Of course, the first thing that brought it all back to me was my grandfather's cement sidewalk. When oil was found in Douglas and everybody became rich overnight, what do you think the old precious did? Everyone else was buying up expensive cars, but he wouldn't have anything to do with the things, so he had a private sidewalk built from our house into town, about a mile away! Wasn't that darling? All the way along he hung up signs, "Private. No Trespassing."

Phyllis laughed her incredible high-pitched tittering laugh, at the thought of it. "He was a honey!" she said. That's the highest compliment Phyllis ever pays.

(Continued on page 97)

THE MODERN DAUGHTER—graceful as a greyhound, a star at tennis, golf, riding or swimming; with not a nerve or ache in her vital body—how she has shattered hidebound traditions! In a less enlightened age, "girls didn't do such things"; it was unladylike to be too healthy.

Millions of mothers whose girlhood was repressed are being trained by daughters to be young again—to know freedom—to grasp the idea that drudgery and useless labor are a sinful waste of life.

Modess is one of the many recent inventions which do away with drudgery and discomfort—the drudgery of the old, senseless way. Young women everywhere have found Modess to be convincingly better than older methods.

The gracious ease and softness of Modess are certain to please you. There are no square edges to chafe—the sides are smoothly rounded. The filler is a remarkable new substance invented by Johnson & Johnson, world-famous makers of surgical dressings and adhesive tape. It is as soft and yielding as cotton, amazingly absorbent and instantly disposable. The gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton for greater comfort.

Modess is deodorizing. Laboratory tests prove it to be more efficient in this respect.

You are sure to prefer Modess—every woman does. Since it costs no more—why not try it?

She's getting so rich, Jean Arthur is, that even her dog wears a fur coat. His name is Jack, and believe us, one look at his pedigree shows that he cost plenty.
Nary a traffic cop!

You've watched soft, fleecy clouds in a blue Sky, and wished you could drift upon a cloud bank. Floating over cool quiet waters in an Old Town canoe is almost as near as you can come to realizing that delightful day-dream. No bit of errant thimble-down could rest more lightly on the stream.

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Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Padding, sailing, and square stern canoes, old-time Spanish models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for race courses racing steps and hydroplanes. Old Town canoe Co., 964 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

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You can learn the modern dance, the charleston, and other Broadway dances in the comfort of your own home. Our easy-to-follow book will guide you step by step. No partner required. Learn anywhere, any time. With instruction, a fully illustrated course of lessons would cost you $2.50. Here's the book for forty cents. Full money back if not satisfied. Send your name now.

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ENTER Aimee. Only, do you know, we couldn't be sure for a moment that this was Aimee? We'd only seen her in the stiff-collared garb of her profession. But this woman—a soft tan suit, a hat which we'd swear she'd brought back from Paris. You know she just returned from Europe. Just like our best stars, always galloping across the water. And shoes which still had the breath of London upon them. Why she was really a beauty. No wonder all of our high-end-paying picture companies have offered practically any price to get this woman's contract-signature. It wasn't only the publicity they were seeking.

"Won't you sit over here, beside me?" What a voice! Low, sweet, perfectly pitched for either the pulpit or the talkie. We settled ourselves on a divan, my feet curled beneath me, hers on the floor like a lady—or a minister—just as you wish.

"I hear you are going into the production of pictures. Won't you tell me about it?" A flash of fire from those eyes, so brown, with eyelashes so softy curling. And it dawned upon me; my secretary hadn't said a word about this being a motion picture story. Clever little secretary. I blessed her, but I'll wager you five dollars that for this one moment Aimee wasn't blessing.

"I hope so. We were the first church to utilize the radio. The Bible says, "Go into all countries"; and like the radio, the talking pictures can help us to carry out the command of our Master.

"When they were first trying out the talkies in a little barn down here on Glendale Boulevard near the Mack Sennett Studio, I went out to investigate them. I saw a way then to carry our message across the desert.

(Continued from page 20)
Life and Times of a Honey
(Continued from page 95)

A NIGHT IN THE COOP

"I HAD the most terrible wanderlust even as far back as I can remember," she went on, "I remembered it all so clearly when I saw all the familiar places and things in Douglas again. I couldn't have been more than five when I first tried to become an 'adventurer.' There used to be tramps coming by the house who would chop wood in the yard before breakfast to pay for a meal. I used to think they were awfully romantic sort of figures, and one day I thought I'd start out to be a tramp. I walked out of town down the railroad track till it began to get dark. Then I began to get scared and turned back. But I didn't go home: I found an old chicken coop that I could get into, and spent the night there, because I suppose it would have been rather in anti-climax to have gone straight home. I was discovered in it at three o'clock next morning. I don't know if I should ever get out of it if they hadn't found me.

"I tried it again soon afterward. Somehow I'd always had a tremendous yen to go to Winfield. I'd heard so much about it and it sounded just grand. So one day I managed to get on a train and rode all the way there in the wash-room. I got off and wandered about a bit, when suddenly I ran full tilt into my Uncle Bert, who was just a boy then and was celebrating something or other with a lot of other college kids. I never forgot what he said. Instead of remarking on the fact of my being there at all, he said: 'My God, where did you get that hat?' He was sore at me for having interrupted his festivities. I think, but he took me to a hotel for the night and what a lot they sent for me from home.

SALT FOR SAFETY

"FINALLY, after I'd tried escaping a few more times, they used to tether me to a cherry tree in the yard when I went out to play, so that they would be sure to find me still there when they wanted me.

"I used to day-dream half the time about wilder adventures, but I never had a chance, and I was always prepared for an immediate start if the opportunity presented itself. I always carried salt in my pocket to put on the birds' tails if I ever escaped somewhere and wanted food.

"My last escape was for good. I came to Hollywood with my grandmother, after having been here several times before on short visits during the winter. My grandmother went back, but I stayed on with mother, who came out later.

"Since then I've had a few adventures. I've been a Sennett girl. I've been a failure. I've been a success. But none of it seemed to be especially important when I got back to Douglas and found that there were there that I should have known and didn't. Why, I didn't even know Len Wise.

"What do they think of my picture work at home? Well, just after I had been up for the part of Sadie Thompson and didn't get it, my grandmother wrote and said how thankful she was I had been spared the task of portraying such a bad woman. I wrote back a little later and said I had been spared for a worse fate, as I was to play Roxie Hart in 'Chicago.' So I'm afraid she doesn't think much of the sort of characters I'm playing now, the dear thing. It's too bad; she's such a honey!"

There are two things that make it interesting to know what's going on in Hollywood and why. One is to find out what they're doing, to know while the knowing is good. And another is to know when they've found out that what you thought was true. That's why MOTION PICTURE is read so universally: it's always wise to follow the news and the news is always accurate.

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THE STARS OF HOLLYWOOD

NOW WEAR NEW HOSIERY

which they have found enhances Shapeliness of ankle and leg to a marked degree

Betty Compson's

favorite is this Allen-A chiffon, with Picot Top and Panel Heel

$1.95 the pair

SCREEN Stars have now found what they consider the perfect hosiery. It seems to make the ankle slender. The leg more graceful. The usual harsh line of the knee softer.

Virtually every star of note insists upon this new-type hosiery in her wardrobe. Very likely, it is the exact kind you have long wanted.

Miss Betty Compson's favorite is a matchlessly clear, sheer chiffon by Allen-A, with Picot Top and ultra-smart Panel Heel. Full-fashioned to mold to the leg without a ripple.

The new Panel Heel, much narrower and higher, lends a Parisian glamour and the beauty of the hose. It also reinforces the heel. And the silken foot is invisibly strengthened by an extra narrow sole, and special side and top toe guards. It is little short of amazing the way this hose wears and wears.

You will find this lovely, all-silk chiffon at your dealer's. In the newest shades. Ask for this Allen-A hose by style number—1712. Only $1.95 the pair. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

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The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., and other New York Stores are available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced $1.00 to $3.00 the pair.
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Ankle Bands, will strengthen and shape the ankle and calf while reducing the swellings.
They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose without detection. Exp severity the difference in starched hose and stockings compared to the old-fashioned articles and those which used to be worn, or during the day formed from extra benefit of the support.
Write for Free Trial Box of Ankle Bands for 25c. Pay by check or money order.

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This offer only for men or women over 18 years old.
SEND NO MONEY—but write me at once.

Thumbs up! The attitudes of Sue Carol and David Rollins express the attitude of fans toward these two young players. Sue is Sue's newest leading man. Note his displeasure.

Starring Aimee Semple McPherson
(Continued from page 96)

over the mountains, into China, Africa—all countries.

A CHURCH A DAY
"I DON'T mean that I am going into the production of plays or dramas. I have been asked several times to act in pictures. But I can't see—we have so much real drama in life without inventing it. Just this morning the police brought me two girls who had attempted suicide. Why should I go into make-believe drama? Just sermons. But think, we have fourteen thousand members here, three hundred and forty churches in America, one hundred in England, nineteen foreign missions. We are increasing at the rate of one a day. Twenty-eight in May, thirty in June, thirty-two in July."

I interrupted. What interested me, after all, were her movie ambitions. What interested her—and this became plain and clearer as our conversation lengthened—was avoiding the subject of movies. And suddenly I realized that we were two cats. I was her mouse, she was mine. But she did tell me this much about it:
"I will have my own equipment; the picture people will be working for me. I do not plan to tie up with any producer, and my pictures will be released only through my own churches. By the use of interpreters we can carry the message into all countries, the message of illustrated sermons. For example, I will talk next Sunday on 'Shipwrecked.' A ship will sail across the platform of the Temple. It will represent Soul, Life—without a compass. There will be a..."
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A tonic quite unique . . . that beautifies while it benefits. "Frostilla for the skin" is a phrase exchanged with happy conviction by countless thousands of women. For Frostilla is a skin tonic that actually refreshes and rejuvenates dry or chapped skin.

Frostilla should be applied to face, shoulders, elbows, upper arms, hands and legs.

In fact, all parts of the body that have been subjected to cold and exposure will welcome the benevolent effects of this soothing, fragrant lotion.

Remember that Frostilla swiftly brings new youth and life to tired skin. It is famous for youthifying—and for restoring to silken smoothness, faces reddened or roughened by wind and weather. A few drops only, do a thorough job—with never an after-trace of stickiness.

If you’re fastidious in choosing the appointments of your dressing table—or like a touch of color in your bathroom—you’ll appreciate the new Frostilla bottle. It is modern and in good taste. Ask the sales clerk to show it to you.

In attractive, blue-labelled boudoir bottles, Frostilla is priced at 50c and $1, and is sold by druggists and department stores. Or write for an attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request. Dept. 140, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City.)

FROSTILLA for exposed and irritated skin

Not a hard boiled pet, but a hard shelled pet. Raquel Torres is holding one of the racing turtles that have proved quite a fad in filmdom lately.

THE TEMPLE MOVIES ENOUGH

N—O, No. It is just tacitly understood that my members do not attend motion pictures. You see, they are too busy right here to have need for the movies.

Too busy. Work begins at the Temple at six o'clock every morning. At six-thirty there's the family radio altar. At seven the McPherson studio-Temple family breakfast together via radio communication. At eight o'clock the news of the day is discussed from the morning newspapers in the light of the scriptures. From eight-thirty—but you know her routine. It's been printed and reprinted. There's not a studio in the city that has a more diversified program than that offered by Aimee.

And now she wants a complete factory to furnish employment and a school system which will take her pupils through college with degrees as bona fide as those of Vassar, Yale or Harvard. And a motion picture department.

And do you know, I think she'll get them. She did pay our movie people one definite tribute—a tribute that must always be paid them. "They're the most generous on earth. They help support my Temple. Last Friday there were several in my audience."

But how could she say anything further about them? How could she either inerse or damn them? If she indorsed them, her fourteen thousand members might start attending the theater, diverting the pennies which they now pour into her coffers. If she slammed them, the stars who contribute might blame her for burning the fingers which feed her. She must maintain her silence from a business standpoint alone and, after all, even religion, if adroitly handled, must be a real business if judged by the patio in which we were sitting.

And as I left her I decided that I would add Angelus Temple to the list of studios which I regularly cover. And perhaps, oh, just perhaps, something might happen some day that might enable me to get the love-life of this woman.
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 Glossora 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 Glossora 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 Glossora 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.

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Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.
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Address

(point of insanity and cruelly abused more often than all the other screen stars put together. Her tears are as celebrated as Mary Pickford’s curls. She’s the only motion picture star allowed the privilege of an unhappy ending. In short, she’s our only film tragedienne. In the words of her public. “It’s a damned shame to treat that poor little girl so awful. Somebody ought to do something about it.” And I heartily echo the sentiment. I believe Lillian Gish is a great actress. I also believe that the above-the-average audience is getting bored with seeing her in the same round of earthly grief and trouble. I have seen her performance in many pictures and have yet to see her work even approach the marly border of mediocrity. But the real tragedy of Lillian Gish does not lie in her work, it lies in the fact that she is not allowed to depart from her type. The public suffers willingly with her, else she wouldn’t be one of the three highest-salaried stars on the screen. That’s the answer invariably given by the powers that be of filmdom. “Show me your box-office records and I’ll show you what the public wants.” This is an infallible argument with the big producer and so impregnable is this testimony that Lillian has never been given an opportunity to be other than the concentrated object of all the persecution and trouble the fancy of scenario-writers could provide.

REINHARDT LIKES HER

NO human being could ever exist under one-tenth of what she has to undergo in each picture. “But don’t forget,” the cinema king says bluntly, “the mind of the film public is the twelve-year-old mind and it is to that mind we have to cater.”

Now, however, there’s a rift in the deep fog of hide-bound immovable ignorance and tradition which has always surrounded Lillian. Max Reinhardt, the European stage director, is convinced that Lillian Gish is a genius. That her work is without equal on the screen. Hitherto his activities have been confined to the legitimate theater. He has made Salzburg, Germany, a center of histrionic art. His intense admiration for the Gish talent has prompted him to venture into the film world and for the first time, he will direct her in her next vehicle. The event should make screen history. For the past six months Lillian has been living in Germany, studying the language and working with Reinhardt on this new enterprise. With Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the German poet, writing the story, Reinhardt directing it and Lillian acting, the combination promises to be a seven-league boot-step ahead of anything in the movies today. The story will concern a German peasant family. Von Hofmannsthal is co-author of the new opus, “Egyptian Helen,” which is being played at the Metropolitan Opera House. The vehicle he is providing for Lillian has been called “a panoramic opera,” and the musical score will be equally important with the story.

A Broken Set of Gishes

(Continued from page 94)

LILLIAN was telling us details.

"There will be no dialogue," she said. "Are you going to sing it?" I asked, interested by the word, opera.

"I should hope not!" "No indeed!" These simultaneously from the two sisters.

"Well, it wouldn’t have surprised me in the least," I answered, "after what Dorothy has done with her voice in the last year."

"That’s true," replied Lillian. "When I left for Europe, she had the same funny little voice she’d always had and—"

"And now, when I open my mouth on the stage," interrupted Dorothy, "my voice booms so I can see the audience falling back in its seats with surprise."

I asked Dorothy:

"Are you going back to films after you finish with this play?"
"No, not if I can find a play I like. I'm getting the biggest kick out of this I've ever had. I love the theater. I love the smell of it. There's not another smell like it in the world. I get a real thrill every time I hear the call-boy cry, 'Fifteen minutes.' It reminds me so of my childhood. I've never forgotten it. You knew that both Lillian and I were child-actresses, didn't you? We were both on the stage all during our kid days. Remember, Lillian, the old Blaney melodramas we used to play in? Remember 'Her First False Step'? That was the name of our first melodrama," she explained. "I always thought it was mis-named. There were two of us; Lillian and I were the false steps.

GIrlS ANd GIRLS TOGETHER

Hermione of the thin, childish treble was excellent. "And then," she continued, "Lillian would run out, dressed as a newsboy, and give me a lollypop and I would clap my hands and cry 'Oh, Goodie! Goodie!' And Lillian would kneel beside her mother and say, 'Oh, mother, what are you doing out here in the cold and snow?' And remember the snow, Lillian?" Dorothy asked. "How they used to sweep it up every night and use it again the next day, and we'd have nails and pieces of wood and sometimes dead mice hit us on the head when they threw it down?"

Through the memories, as she recalled one after another, there could be seen glimpses of the family history. The early struggles of the Gish family. Road tours. Poverty. A brave mother supporting her two children. The long, wretched jumps from town to town. Barn theaters. The tawdry tinsel and glitter of the cheap playhouses.

As they sat there, two well-groomed, smart-looking young women, surrounded by every evidence of luxury, showing to the world an appearance of well-being, a matter-of-fact acceptance of all that money can buy and yet unsullied and untainted by the artifices of the average movie star, I thought to myself, "They've come a long way from the old James J. Blaney twenty-and-thirty days." Strange indeed are the ways of destiny!

"Delicate to discuss this, yet smart women should know"

-Says a society leader concerning this phase of feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending others. Scientific deodorization* is a new feature of this modern sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WHEREVER women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at certain times. Learning this, they become unhappily self-conscious. Carefree pleasures are impossible. Now, a discovery of Kotex Laboratories makes worries of this sort unnecessary. Each sanitary pad is scientifically treated, by patented process, to end all odor.

The last problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

That "conspicuous" feeling

The other fear—the feeling of being conspicuous—is also eliminated. Corners of the Kotex pad are scientifically rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection when worn.

Yet every advantage remains

You can so easily adjust it to your needs. It is, as always, absorbent to an amazing degree. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture—5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

Won't you try The Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. It is 45c for a box of twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store; also obtainable through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Use Super-size Kotex
Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use plus the greater protection which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Dispos-able in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

This basketful of white New Zealand prize bunnies will be distributed by Leila Hyams at an Easter party for the kiddies of employees of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios
One dream, one desire, he did tell me about, did stress. The desire for a home. A home of his own. The instinct of possession is powerful in the man. The very first thing he did with the first decent sum of money he earned was to buy a home for himself. A small, vine-clad house down an English country lane. Primroses and meadow larks and four walls he could call his own. And he loved it with a romantic, homing passion as he has continued to love the places he has called his homes down to this day. As he loves the square white Colonial house in Beverly Hills which is his home today. A charming home in which you get the sense of springtime green and crystal, and the backs of books against cream walls and lipstick red leather divans and babies asleep upstairs. Friends and good talk and a sunny room where jam can be spilled and where, every morning. H. B. Warner breakfasts with his three children.

Unlike many, romantic with ideals and theories, H. B. Warner lives his. He has found that children and home and work to sustain these two benefactions are the most important, the only important things in life. The vital things. The worth-while things. And so, he has them. He values them. He loves them. He prefers the stage to the screen but he can be with the babies here on the west coast. He can be their friend and companion. He is. They can find him at home when they want to tell him their little problems and difficulties. They do. He can take them to movies, can play with them on the beach. He does. He prefers an evening with them, and later on, an evening with his books and in his den, to any hilarious jollification Hollywood can provide. He believes that children should have background, a sense of stability in which to grow sound roots and he sees that they have it.

He recalled an incident that happened when Joan, his first child, was born. William Brady, father of Alice, fell on his neck and wept: "You have a child, Harry, you have a child." And H. B. Warner, his own eyes undoubtedly misting, answered, "Yes, thank God, Bill, I have my first baby." "Stay with her," William Brady counseled. "Stay with her. They grow so fast. They grow away from you. It doesn't last long." And William Brady was saying that from the depths of his great love for Alice.

Every scene H. B. played in "Sorrel and Son" he played to his own boy. It was his own son he had in mind and it was because the emotions he felt were real that so great a tenderness, so heart-wringing and pervading a sense of sacrifice and love came from the screen to the people. Just so would H. B. Warner do in real life were the circumstances similar.

"There was the Door to which I found no Key; There was the Veil through which I might not see;" We spoke of death after talking so much of life and H. B. told me of the time he was pronounced dead by three eminent medics. He told me of his sensations when he knew, or thought he knew, that the ultimate end had come. No fear, Rather a great, a consuming desire to know what was beyond that veil through which he might not see. He wanted to go. And he would have gone had it not been for his wife, his first wife, who was later killed in a motor accident, sobbing by his bed. The sound of that human sobbing drew him reluctantly back again. Such is also typical of H. B. Warner today. So would the sound of human need draw him back now.

"A NORMAL CHRIST

He isn't religious in the dogmatic sense. Like most honest thinkers he admits that he doesn't know. He believes that his good friend, Bruce Barton, has written the most notable book on the life of Christ. He believes, too, that Christ was not "a
Man of Sorrows." He believes that He was happy and sane and full of enthusiasm and sound good sense. He recalled to me Biblical incidents in which it is recorded that the Christ entered the house of friends and remained three or four days. A house-party, we would call it today. He recalled how Christ changed water into wine at a wedding feast. Because he knew that more merry-making would be the result. "If Christ should come to Hollywood to-night," said H. B. Warner, "He would be the most popular man out here, anywhere. It must be terribly boring for Him to know that He is held continually in fear and a pale, distorted dread. He said two things, two things out of many: 'Neither do I condemn thee,' and 'Suffer little children.' That is all we need to know about Him to sense the lovely person He was. 'Neither do I condemn thee.' If I have any religion, that is it. Any precept of living, that is it. Who are we to sit in judgment upon another. How do we know? To be kind, to be fair, to be just, to give a helping hand—well, if there is any more I have not found it."

Tall, immaculately slender and stately, his grooming impeccable, successful, tinged palpably with the dramatics of the theater, finding his greatest happiness in the love of his children, asking little from any man and hoping for—a little—when we requote the words he quoted, "Suffer little children," and "Neither do I condemn thee," we have said all that need be said, all that can be said in a few brief pages. Here, at any rate, is a slender man with a tired face, a tired heart, I think; and the well-spring of human pity and human kindness in his soul.

No woman can afford to risk body odor

Imagine, if you can, a woman actually knowing that she is subject to perspiration odor—and yet doing nothing about it! But only too often one doesn’t know. The unfortunate truth of the matter is that we become so accustomed to our own particular bodily odor that we are seldom conscious of it ourselves.

The scientific fact is that everyone perspires continually and that all perspiration has an unpleasant odor. The odor does exist, and other people about us do not fail to notice it. That is why women of refinement safeguard their feminine daintiness from even a trace of perspiration odor.

There is one sure, positive and easy way to do it. "Mum" is the word! "Mum" is a delicate snow-white cream—dainty and easy to use—that absolutely and lastingly prevents every trace of perspiration odor, as it occurs. "Mum" does not check perspiration itself—it simply prevents the odor. "Mum" is antiseptic and soothing, and entirely harmless to clothing.

Apply "Mum" in a few seconds, as you dress. Then for all day and evening you are free—as dainty and fresh as when you step from the morning bath.

You will find "Mum" in convenient 35c and 60c jars at your drug or department store.

Mum Mfg. Co., Inc.
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The month of May this year is going to bring out more than its customary flowers. It’s going to present for readers of MOTION PICTURE, a whole garden of fresh and colorful stories about the people who count in Hollywood. Watch for the May issue of MOTION PICTURE. "It’s the Magazine of Authority."

"Mum" is the word!
It is always safe to give a Bayer tablet; there is not the slightest harm in genuine Aspirin. You have the doctor's assurance that it doesn't affect the heart. And you probably know from experience that Bayer Aspirin does banish all sorts of pain in short order. Instant relief for headaches; neuralgia, neuritis. Rheumatism, too. Nothing like it for breaking up a cold. At all druggists, with proven directions enclosed.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetlicacid of Salicylicacid

Four- Footed Millionaires
(Continued from page 40)

in Hollywood whose beautiful homes, glittering cars and prosperous appearing families testify to the truth of Lee Duncan's canny creed: Be Kind to Animals; It Pays.

There is Harry Lucenay, for instance, who came to Hollywood eleven years ago to act in the movies. On his first trip to the studios he was accompanied by his bull-terrier, Pal. The casting director noticed the alert little dog and hired him for the day's scene with his master. At the close of the day Lucenay received two pay checks, one for himself and one for his dog.

"Mine was for seven-fifty," he chuckles, "and Pal's was for fifteen dollars. I looked first at mine and then at his, and right then and there I decided to let him do the acting for the family thereafter."

PAL AND PETIE

P AL worked eleven years in comedies and straight drama. He played with Wallace Reid, and most of the other great stars, but that was the day before the big salaries, so Pal only earned sixty-five thousand dollars. He retired from the screen several months ago. His son, Petie, the comedy dog with Our Gang, has earned sixty thousand so far in his five years before the camera and his new contract calls for more than Buddy Rogers or Charlie Farrell earns.

Pal and Petie have bought their own a home, a new car every year and are the breadwinners in his family—or should we say, the bonewinners?

Flash, the golden Metro dog actor, is at present helping support a family of five children for his owner, Mr. Shuerer, though he has been in the movies only two years and has earned a mere twenty thousand to date. However, his next year's contract calls for as much salary as any of the other blondes on the Metro lot.

"It had never occurred to me to train Flash for the movies," says his master, "but one day a friend in New York saw him in

Any way you figure it this business of playing Flash was not for ten dollars according to Senorita Armida, Gus Edwards' little Spanish screen discovery who appears here with his assistance during the rehearsals of the all-talking colorone novelty "Mexicano"
a dog show and suggested my taking him to Hollywood. 'All you've got to do is to lead him up and down Hollywood Boulevard, where they can see him,' he told me, 'and your fortune's made.'

FLASH FINDS FAME

I CAME out, and the second day I was here they sent for me at a studio and gave Flash a screen test. He wasn't trained, but he seemed to understand at once that this was an important occasion in both our lives and we were satisfied that I could direct him in the pictures. Of course, it takes all my time. Sometimes I have a small part in the picture so as to be near him; but not often.

Strongheart, one of the first of the dog stars, brought his two owners two hundred thousand dollars, it is said, before the rumor spread that he had died and been replaced by a double.

Peter the Great, another talented police dog actor, suffered a fate distinctly Hollywood. He was murdered—shot in a quarrel between his master and another man as he sat in the handsome car which was his work in Frozen North pictures had bought. His owner brought suit against the killer, and the jury decided that Peter's death had deprived his owner of a fortune in future earnings and awarded him the staggering damages of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. Thirty thousand is said to have been paid already. Thirty thousand for the death of a dog—and the law awards the family of an extra man killed in making a movie only five thousand dollars.

REX'S S.A.

REX, King of Wild Horses, made the fortune of several owners before he was bought outright by Universal for ten thousand dollars. He has, according to no less an authority than The Glyn, as much influence as the shy of the screen; and he lives in a private stable of purest architecture, with several private grooms and trainers to attend to his slightest wish.

Bill Hart and his pinto pony were co-stars, as were Fred Thomson and Silver King. The latter horse was almost as much responsible for the success of his master's pictures as Thomson himself, and had a curiously human attitude toward the camera. It is said that once, when a dangerous leap was to be made from the top of a cliff into a river, Thomson used a double of Silver King for the stunt. The horse star struggled and squirmed with rage as he watched the double take his place. When the shot was made and the groom holding Silver King relaxed his grasp on his bridle, the great white horse dashed furiously to the cliff and leaped over it into the water below to prove that he could play his own parts.

Probably no horse in history was ever so luxuriously housed as Silver King, but even he did not share his master's life as much as Tony, Tom Mix's horse, who has flown in an aeroplane from London to Paris with his master, ridden off the gangplank of an ocean steamship with him, and carried him in to a formal dinner where he stood behind Tom's chair throughout the banquet. 'Me an' Tony' is the way most of Tom's conversation begins.

TWO COMEDY KITTIES

PEPPER, the talented cat who played in so many Mack Sennett comedies, was a homeless stray who wandered into the studio and was fed by kindly prop boys until a director noticed him and discerned screen talent. He kind to animals; it pays. Mimi, the cross-eyed comedy cat, is valued by her owner at five thousand. Bom Bom, another feline flapper, which played an important role in "Love Over Night," earned as much as several of the human players in that picture.

And so it goes. The flea features, as animal pictures are referred to on the lots, have brought hundreds of pet-owners to Hollywood hoping to duplicate the success of Rin-Tin-Tin and Rex. The anterooms of the casting directors are full of strong men leading puddles and trained roosters hopefully on a leash. The owners of rival police dog actors lead their pets past each other hurriedly to avoid a fight. A chewed ear on a dog star would be as detrimental to his career as a chewed ear on Jack Gilbert.

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Amazing New-Type Rubber Roller (Cupped) Does It! 10 Minutes a Day Will Roll the Fat Away—

A GRACEFUL slender figure now easy! 10 minutes a day simple massaging with this newly designed Reducer does it—takes off the fat at any spot—or over the entire body. Nothing like the Magic Reducer unique rollers really four rubber rollers in one and each one cupped. Scientific! It actually works as a reducer. Produces a combined massage and suction action that breaks down the fat cells.

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To prove I can make you slender

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The number of pounds you want to lose, the inches you want to reduce; your neck, bust, waist, hips, arms, legs, calves? In just 10 days you can have the proof that my personal methods will give you a slender, graceful figure. It was through these methods that I developed the "body beautiful" and won fame as "the world's most perfectly formed woman." And by these same methods I have kept my weight and figure without change of one pound or one inch for over ten years.

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Beautiful and graceful posture and poise come with this new figure you will acquire. Health tonics and herbs that will add to a ray complexion free from blemishes, wrinkles, freckles. Methods that will make life worth living. Your whole system will be free from impurities. Constipation and other ailments to your present condition will be corrected.

And it's fun this quick easy way. Spend 10 to 15 minutes a day, my special methods daily. I allow you plenty of deliciously satisfying foods, but you must use no drugs or pills. Priced to sell at a loss. Write for copy of my book, "The Body Beautiful." Priced to sell at a loss.

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This Heartbreak Business

(Continued from page 33)

Gilbert is an important star. All of his photoplays are important. Thus this was, too. Of course, the big opportunities were given to the star. It was Jack's picture beyond a doubt. But Eva created instant appeal. Audiences liked her. Critics were complimentary. She seemed a welcome addition to the lengthy list of foreign favorites. As it turned out, however, her first picture was also her last. The gilded coach turned into a pumpkin. She found herself homeward bound. And not a drum was heard.

Why? Just why, do you suppose? Why was this child uprooted from her homeland, from a well-ordered, happy, normal existence, transported six thousand miles from friends and family, and then ignored to such an extent that even colossal Hollywood stirred uneasily over stories regarding her neglect. It is inconceivable that she was brought here just for the boat ride. Surely she wasn't imported merely to be worn as a publicity bouquet rendering the homecoming of the honeymoons more colorful. When she was selected, she was a potential movie star. Diligent inquiry fails to disclose that she developed bowed legs, rickets, temperament, dandruff or some similarly terrific undiscovered defect, to damn her after one picture. Why, even Miss Shearer has made bad pictures. And Eva wasn't—and isn't—even bad. Seasoned stars have done much worse. There was no violation of the morality clause in her contract. She made no whoopse. So why, just why, do you suppose Eva von Berne, less euphoniously Flenzter, was thrust so suddenly into the light of the searing fame of but to be cast so swiftly into depths of darkness?

That pitiless pity

She was deficient in her knowledge of English. But, again, aren't they all? She was, if not fat, pleasingly plump. If so, her avadupeus was not over-evident in the picture. And there is many a pair of beefy ankles drawing more than fifty dollars from the movies. The charge that she cannot act stands unproved. But, whatever the real reason—and your guess is good as the next—it seems a bit too bad for Eva. It isn't pleasant to contemplate her return. You know how it is. The friends—just pals—who say you with a smile. The I-told-you-so's. The condolences offered with tongue in cheek. The sly sneers. Eavy and jealousy triumphant. Another broken heart with the compliments of Hollywood.

Yet the situation doesn't lack honor in pretenders. It has occurred before. Doubtless will again. Hollywood is not all honey and Hispanics. There is home and heartbreak, too. And if you are old-fashioned enough to care what happens to the heart of youth, you may believe it something of a shame to arouse false hopes, establish false standards, sacrifice ambition, spirit, the precious years of girlhood and boyhood upon the conscienceless altars of false gods. It's an old Hollywood custom. A popular practice that destroys souls.

It's been done before, it will be done again. Upon a recent yesterday the last of a coterie of college lads, plucked from the campus as movie contest winners, departed Hollywood after a wasted year. Even his name is unremembered. As are those of the other nine. For in the beginning there were ten youths. This one was the tenth to fail. It was preordained that they all would. Not the most maudlin moron in the movies had the slightest idea that aught else would occur. Yet, with something approaching cold-blooded cruelty, brutal disregard of human heartbreak, indifference to all but beastly selfish motives, there was not the slightest hesitancy in parceling the golden youth of these ten saplings to exploit a trade-mark and a photoplay.

The last boy to leave was a pathetic figure on the lot. He mumbled about
without receiving a single "Hi!" of greeting. In the studio lunch-room he ate his meal in solitude. He was simply an outcast. Yet a year before his picture appeared in a hundred papers, his name was broadcast to a million fans. The reason was: the picture he had planned was abandoned when the luring siren of the movies sounded its dying enticements. All seriousness, he may recover from his Hollywood experience, but he'll never be the same. The brand is burned deep into his consciousness. It can never be eradicated.

**The Deluded Dimples**

O.K., yes, it's been done before. From one of Europe's spas a dimpled beauty was transplanted. Named for the beach upon which she was discovered, she was rechristened Dimples Lido. Pictures in the papers. Publicity. For her and her discoveries. But she never was seen on the screen. One night, in the dark of the moon perhaps, she was shipped back pre-paid to the sun and sand of her native land. Many reasons were given. But none was satisfying.

But why continue? Search your memory for names. Recall a few of those writ large on the motion pictures screen. Recall the faces smiling at you from magazines and press. Faces since streaked with sorrow and disappointment. Do you remember Natalie Barace, for instance? She who was named Natalie Barr? Does the name Lucy Doraine sound familiar? Is there a ring you recognize in the name of Frances Hamilton? Ruth Hurst? Agnes Franey? No? Well, each of these has been dazzled by the brilliant promise of the rising sun of film fame. And each has watched it set behind a horizon dim in tears.

Like the poor, beauty contest winners we have always with us. Hollywood is knee-deep in them. Like the midgets in "The Mysterious Island," they get into your hair. "Miss Sauk Center." "Miss Gulliver's Canal." "Miss East St. Louis."—all the blank-faced blondes and brunette boobies crowd into the Cinema City. There isn't a star in a carload. Not a success in a thousand. But they bring such poor equipment, they have so little to offer, that somehow they do not seem to merit the sympathy of the Eva von Bernes. They come unaided after parading their doubtfull pulchritude before judging committees of Kiwanians and visiting Elkis. Hollywood greets them as did the busy waiter the impatient guest, "You got hungry; I didn't send for you.

They play an extra roll here and there, and drift on. They contribute nothing to the industry, save here and there a headline, "Movie Star Shot in Gin Orgy," "Screen Player Cuts Throat," "Film Actress Sues Sugar Daddy," "Picture Star in Love-Nest Raid." Even the girl who exercises Rint-Tin-Tin, or doubles for Bill Hart's horse becomes a star when in a jam. And the headline stardom is about all the contest-winners ever attain. But even though you can't cry over these beauties—or over parcel tricks—there is this to say. The girl from the Gowanus, the sister from Sauk Center, might have made a home for some John or Charley. She might have raised some boys to vote and fight and be useful citizens. She might have, had she been left alone in the little niche which fit her. But they seldom go back. Hollywood heartbreak hurries them on with a lash of shame and disappointment. There is no turning back. Bridges are burned. Forever.

Speaking of heartbreak, there's nothing of that sort that can approach the pangs of a reader of **Motion Picture** who arrives just in time to see the last copy of the newspaper disappear in the hands of an earlier bird. But that's a disappointment you can forestall—simply by asking your newsdealer to save you every month a copy of **Motion Picture**. "It's the Magazine of Authority!"

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Our dancing daughters

**Anita Page**

Hollywood's newest Cinderella and Johnny Mack Brown, former Alabama football sensation, in a scene from "Dancing Daughters" by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The picture below shows Miss Pace preparing for appearance on this screen. Just as most of the leading artists are preparing now. The first step—always—is Boncilla classic pack. These people who know apply a wake-up to the skin before they attempt a make-up. So should you.

---

**Try their way to beauty**

These people on the stage and screen know how to create a glowing beauty. That is their stock in trade.

Their first step is Boncilla classic pack. So it is in beauty parlors, the world over. Leading experts in 52 countries import Boncilla for this purpose.

Why not learn why experts, in an overwhelming way, insist on this skin treatment? It has won the beauty-loving world.

**The Way is This:**

Apply Boncilla classic pack to the face and neck. Rest while it dries. At once you will feel it draw from the skin all that clogs or mars it. It draws out the dead skin and the hardened oil. It draws out the dirt and grime, the causes of blackheads and blemishes. In a few minutes you come out with a clear skin which has been cleaned to the depths.

Another result is a rosy skin, for Boncilla draws the blood to the surface. You will never realize the value of a clean and stimulated skin until you try this method. In a few minutes, girls gain multiplied beauty which amazes them and all.

**For Older Women**

When little lines are forming, Boncilla wipes them out. When wrinkles start, Boncilla combats them. Enlarged pores are reduced. Countless users of Boncilla seem to drop ten years by its application. Nothing in all the history of cosmetics can compare.

Try it one evening when you wish to appear at your best. Hear what your friends say. It never again you can start a gay evening without it, we have nothing more to say.

All toilet counters sell Boncilla classic pack in sizes from 50c up. The coupon, with 10 cents, will bring you our complete Beauty Box. That means a liberal test of the Classic Pack, with the two creams and the powders which go with it. A complete beauty treatment for a week or more. Clip coupon now and try it. It will be a revelation.

---

**Boncilla CLASMIC PACK**

FOR BEAUTY BOX

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Indiana

Send me your Beauty Box, with four of your products included. I enclose 10 cents.

Name

Address

176 M. P. 429

FOR BEAUTY BOX

107
makes eyes bright

Merely darkening the lashes will not beautify eyes which are dull and lifeless. Eyes must shine to be truly alluring, and nothing gives them that glistening appearance as safely as Murine.

Murine contains no belladonna or any other harmful ingredient. Therefore you may use it freely.

If I Were—A Man

(Continued from page 67)

"I should study the tastes of the woman I loved and try to gratify them in all the lovely, thoughtful little ways. I should find out what were her favorite flowers—sweets—all the small things. And I should take great pains to gratify her in all these things. I should choose my gifts carefully and with thought."

"Suppose a man knew that I liked red roses. So he simply went to a florist and ordered a dozen of them sent to me every morning—and he paid the bill once a month. That would be dreadful."

"If I were a man, I should choose flowers to fit a woman's moods. Red roses, perhaps, when she wanted to be gay. White violets when she was sad. Gardenias when she was demure. Orchids when she was festive. I should think about it each time."

"If I were a man, I should try not to have too much intellectual self-control. Very clever men are likely to have too much of that quality—and it makes them cold and hard. I should try to let my feelings, my emotions, control me some of the time. I should let my sympathies, my sensitive understanding of other people, control me now and then. I should sometimes give way to impulse. But—not always.

MAKE MONEY AND SPEND IT

"I SHOULD try to make money. More as a proof of my cleverness and my strength than anything else.

"I should spend my money to buy things I wanted and things for this woman whom I loved. I hate stingy men. Men who hoard and save their money—for what? Just to possess? I cannot understand that. Money is to spend—to buy gaiety.

"I should dress well. But I should never—oh, never—wear bright colors. Never colored shirts or ties or socks. I should try to achieve the quietly careless distinction of an Englishman. They are the best dressed men in the world."

"If I were a man, I should try never to show that I was jealous of a woman. However I suffered inside, I should try not to let her know. And I would try actually not to be jealous. It kills love."

"I should try to be masterful in—a gentle, a nice, protective way. That is, if she wanted to do things which were really bad for her, I should try to prevent her. It is hard to say what I mean. A woman likes a masterful man—but not a bully.

"I should cultivate good taste in women's clothes. I should know what was right and fitting and effective in feminine attire. Then, when I criticized or praised my beloved's clothes, it would mean something. It would matter to her. And I should always try to notice and be interested in what she wore."

"I should try not to annoy her with attentions. That is, to fuss over her comfort and well-being, to the point of boring her. I should be attentive, unobtrusively.

CARE AGAINST CARELESSNESS

"MOST of all, I should try to understand her. I should try to be intelligently sensitive in my relations with her. I should try never to let down—to slump—to grow careless. That, too, kills love—and wrecks marriages. I should try to have that sympathetic understanding of her which transcends and does not need words.

"That is all, I think," she concluded, dreamily. But she emphatically added, as she rose and drew on her gloves, "There are no such men as I should try to be—if I were a man!"
Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the fragrant perfume of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perpiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless. Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn-out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally, but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get three full-sized packages and an interesting booklet "Baths and Open Pores," for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postage. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

Here's Proof

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others.

"Fayro Baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 9 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I lost 18 pounds and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished to the scope of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 18 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 12 pounds in three weeks. feel better and naturally look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

FAYRO

FAYRO, Inc.

567 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

M.P.M. 4-29

Send me 3 full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package, I will pay the postage 25c., plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results I need only return the plain package I sent, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name:
Address:
City:
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If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with Coupon.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.
OCCASION MARKET

AGENTS WANTED


HELP WANTED—MALE-FEMALE Profile: Make $20 per 100, stamping names on key checks. Kitchen work, a part time or full time job. 25 cents for sample and instructions. Good for $5 daily. H. K. Keyliner Co., Cohoes, N. Y.


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Junior Coghlan Has Broken Up Many Homes (Continued from page 82)
HIS DAD IS RICH

Junior's dad is a doctor which is what he wants to be when he grows up. He doesn't think his face will be wanted in the films later on because he is no sheik. His dad seems to be a very rich man; he came up to see us when we were swimming in the pool and threw in two dollars in change for us to dive after. Junior got most of the dough though. He is a pest under water and practices a lot of fancy resting tricks on you when he can get hold of your legs. Most of this interview took place under water.

After this we went up to the gymnasium and had a lot of fun boxing and sparring. Just the night before he put on an exhibition boxing contest with another kid his size in the athletic club. The sad part about it was that he got licked. However the other kid had had boxing lessons.

Junior is a Boy Scout but he is only a tenderfoot in rank. He belongs to Troop 90 in Hollywood. The best thing he likes to do is play baseball. He has organized two teams in his neighborhood, and he says Fatty Graham is a swell catcher, and Speckles Clark is a swell batter and Pete Mullins and Tom Graves and Spjiter Rollins are all swell players. Junior is the captain of his team and the pitcher.

He said, "The ladies around our place make a fuss when we step on their front lawns but you got to go after the ball haven't you?"

When we got dressed Junior invited me and his four friends from the East to have a soda in the athletic club soda fountain. I guess some of his ancestors must have been Scotch because he asked the clerk if he'd give us a discount of ten per cent if we would wash and wipe our own glasses. However, Junior treated us swell and invited us to have seconds.

GIN FOR THE LITTLE MAN

All this time the four kids from the East were asking him questions about the movies. Junior said he liked William Haines best of all the stars he had played with. He was in "Slide, Kelly, Slide" with Bill Haines. He said he was a funny guy. He said he was keen. The kids kept asking Junior if he was athletic if the movies were tough, and finally Junior said, "You bet they're tough and how. Why I knew a kid whose dad was in the movies and he fed him gin. One day he had so much gin he couldn't go to school."

He snickered. I guess Junior was just joking.

Junior Coghlan may be a big movie star at the studio. But at Le Conte School he is just a garbage man. They have a lot of the kids on the Student Service wear red caps and go around after lunch and pick up the banana skins and paper boxes. Junior is one.

He seems pretty popular at the athletic club. Everybody that came in said, "Hello, Junior, working now?"

He said he wasn't working in a picture, but he had to make personal appearances at a matinee for children, and another for charity. All kid movie stars have to do these things and Junior says he doesn't care for this kind of work very much.

"The Wardrobe Mistress Speaks"

Guardian of a thousand lovely frocks, she knows better than anyone else the screen star's taste in clothes. What says the wardrobe mistress about milady's shoes?

"She insists on comfort first. Making pictures means hours of repeated rehearsals and exhausting waits. Her taste can run riot in hats and gowns. They can be as impractical as they are beautiful. But her shoes must give her comfort."

Health-Mode Shoes perform the modern miracle of automatically "positioning" the feet, and insuring that the weight of the body falls where nature is prepared to handle it. Try on a pair today. You'll learn instantly why Hollywood has gone "Health-Mode." And you'll find a style, a smartness, a chic that utterly conceals their amazing corrective features.

If your dealer doesn't carry them, won't you send us his name. In return, we'll send you our lively little book about Ann Proctor's metatarsal arch. You'll enjoy it chucklingly.

Robinson-Bynon Shoe Co.
Auburn, N. Y.

$7 Most Styles

Robinson-Bynon Shoe Co.
AUBURN, N.Y.

Please send me a Special Copy of "My Metatarsal Arch gets a New Deal."

Name

Address

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My favorite Shoe Dealer is

Name

Address

111
What Radio Set Should I Buy?

Before you buy your next radio set you should know what you are buying. An investment of twenty-five cents may save you several hundred dollars. Know what's behind the dials—get the facts! Let “RADIO” help you select your next receiver. “RADIO” tells you the HOW and WHY of radio—in simple, unbiased, understandable terms. Every month “RADIO” reviews one of the latest products of the giant factories. “RADIO” also tells you how to get the most out of your set after you buy it. “RADIO” paves the way to better reception—better reproduction—better value for your money. Read the special offer at the foot of this advertisement. It tells you how to save money.

Radio and the Talkies-

Here, again, “RADIO” is of value to you. The “Talkies” and radio reproduction go hand in hand. Radio amplifying devices, tubes, etc., are used in talkie equipment. Learn all about the science of sound reproduction by reading “RADIO,” a national magazine established twelve years ago and a pioneer in the field. The talkies offer opportunities to trained men. “RADIO” will help you get this training. Nationally recognized authorities write exclusively for “RADIO.”

...and soon we will have RADIO MOVIES THAT TALK

“RADIO” is now pioneering RADIO PICTURE RECEPTION—radio movies in the home—radio movies that talk. Within one year this new art will be the talk of the world. Keep yourself posted on radio picture developments through “RADIO.” Its exclusive radio picture department, conducted by John P. Arnold, gives you scoop after scoop on these sensational developments.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER

The Latest Issue Is Now On Sale at 14000 News Stands In The U.S. and Canada

SEND US ONLY ONE DOLLAR and we will send “RADIO” to your address every month for six months. This introductory offer saves you 50%. A six month subscription at this low rate will keep you posted on all the new developments. All orders for subscriptions at this special rate must be accompanied by check, stamps, money order or currency for one dollar.

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Here is $1.00 for which you will send me the next six issues of “RADIO” in accordance with your special money saving offer.

Name
Street and No.
City and State.

It's a Greet Game

(Continued from page 70)

the stars are capable of rising. The case he mentioned was a clear one of turning the other cheek. Not only do the stars send their Christmas greetings to all writers on newspapers and magazines, whether they have met them or not, and whether they like them or not, but the sheer beauty of conception to be found in their cards just bubbles over with the real spirit of Noel.

Take, for instance, the tastefully restrained panerette of black silk sent out last year by Ruth Roland, bearing a likeness of Ruth in a Biblical costume, complete with halo and child. As one of the delighted recipients—who happened to have met Ruth, by the way—remarked: it only needed Ben Bard as Joseph by Ruth's side to make the beautiful idea complete.

And what if a few score of people who had never met the fair Alice White did receive her card saying, "Just because it's Christmas and because we're friends"? The thought was awfully sweet, anyway.

One of the most exquisite cards came from the Hollywood fashion house of Howard Greer, Inc. This showed the Virgin Mary gowned by Greer, which was a lovely bit of whimsy because nobody but stars in the fourth year of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract can afford to shop at this exclusive parlor.

14 CENTS A CRACK

Tom Mix, it was said, kept four secretaries busy for a week sending out his cards. They were so big that it took fourteen cents in postage to transmit them. Everyone got a card from Tom, which showed him for the bluff, hail-fellow-well-met, democratic chap he is. Tom had thought of putting the inscription "All That's Left" under the picture of himself and Tony that adorned the card, but he finally decided that the dejected expression on their two faces would speak for itself. The thing was that Tom didn't want anyone to forget he has a divorce on the way, which, as all will admit, was a nice cheerful little thought for the Yuletide Season.

Colleen Moore had a likeness of herself in blackface on her card, to remind everybody

While Jackie Coogan has gone to Germany, a lad from that country has come here to compete for his place. He's Assi-Ben-Jack and already he has won an important part in Vilma Banky's latest screen play.
BE AN ARTIST

Earn a Big Name and a Fat Income

YOU are interested in art or you wouldn't be reading this right now. A liking for drawing is often an indication of hidden ability. Studio life—a fine income—fascinating work—all these may be yours if you will train your talent.

Opportunities for artists have never been better. Consider the many drawings and paintings required to make this one magazine. Advertisers and publishers are annually paying millions of dollars for such art work in the more than 20,000 publications in the United States alone.

The Federal Schools have taught hundreds of successful students. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons and drawings to the Federal Course—show you their "tricks of the trade." It's easy to learn at home the Federal way. This spare time training in art has helped many students to market their work after a comparatively short time of study.

Send for The Book You Want

"A Road to Bigger Things"—describes the Federal Course in Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing, Window Card Illustrating, etc. Clare Briggs, Neysa McMein, McCutcheon, Fontaine Fox, Sid Smith, Norman Rockwell and many others contribute to this course.

"Your Future"—describes the Federal Course in Commercial Designing, Advertising Illustration, Lettering, etc. Many nationally known authors have contributed to this course also.

Just mark on the coupon which book you want and MAIL IT NOW.

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□ A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS (Illustrating, Cartooning, etc.)
□ YOUR FUTURE (Drawing for Advertising)

Name
Address
Age
Occupation

Please send me free Art Test and book I have checked below:
Stars demand GENUINE Maybelline — follow their advice!

PROFESSIONALS in the art of makeup, such as Miss Phyllis Haver, agree that the delicate task of darkening eyelashes is one which should be entrusted to no preparation other than genuine Maybelline, for improperly-accentuated eyes cannot be risked. Genuine Maybelline instantly makes lashes appear dark, long, silken, and luxuriant — but not unnaturally so. It gives the exact desired results — and very easily.

Miss Haver's choice, it would seem, should be your choice, too, for upon genuine, harmless Maybelline and complete satisfaction is certain to be yours. Read what Miss Haver says —

"Maybelline ideal for darkening and beautifying eyelashes and eyebrows. It is so easy to use, and gives such marvelous results, I would not think of being without Maybelline for everyday use, as well as for best effects in my screen work."

Sincerely,

Phyllis Haver

Phyllis Haver — Lovely Photoplay Star
Obtain Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline in either Black or Brown at any toilet goods counter — 75c.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

In and Out of Focus
(Continued from page 39)

A Jouling Success

KING TUT, free-lance dog actor who is getting along in years, began to develop lines and wrinkles under his eyes which injured his picture possibilities. So his master took him to a cat-and-dog hospital and had his face lifted—the first time this operation has ever been performed on an animal.

Meeting the Swillest People

A BEVERLY resident has a dog that she considers a distinct social asset. "He runs away and has located the great stylish garbage piles in Beverly Hills," she relates. "Then the householders call me up and I go to get my dog. In that way I've met most of the movie stars."

Social Snairs

WHICH reminds me of Alice William-son's fighting bulldog that she bought when she went to the Riviera. She would take this dog to walk 'till she saw some celebrity with another dog, then let hers loose. In the resultant confusion she became intimately acquainted with famous novelists, politicians and kings.

Hocksmithe.

TWO pawshogs have opened this last month in Hollywood, hitherto a city without a single one. Both are flourishing. This is what the talkies have done to the movie colony. "Came to Pawn," wise-cracks Hollywood, but a bit ruefully.

And in "The Flaming Forest"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was in a light and gay mood when we saw him the other day; and there is nobody who is gayer than Charlie when he is gay, if you know what I mean. He was intrigued by the name of the new Fox actress, Helen Twelve trees, and spent half an hour fitting it into titles: "Helen Twelve trees in 'Desire Under the Elms'." "Helen Twelve trees in 'The Barker'." "Helen Twelve trees in 'The Oaken Bucket'." "Helen Twelve trees in 'A Tale of the North Woods'." "Helen Shoe trees in 'Dancing Daughters'."

What Shall It Prophet?

THE English superiority complex breaks through when one least expects it. "Why did you ever leave London," we asked a young English writer recently. "Well, you see," said he in perfect seriousness. "There's no credit, really, in being an Englishman in England."

Ali Up

THE funniest caption of the month: "Abou Ben Ali, who started life as a poor eunuch and worked up gradually to being the owner of the Harem"—from "Plastered in Paris."

Mother Knows Best

AND talking about Advice to Young Movie Girls, at a tea not long ago the mother of a well-known Hollywood matron looked on disapprovingly while one of the younger women players drank several cocktails and smoked a cigarette. Presently, in the spirit of benevolent advice, she moved over beside her. "My dear girl," she said in a motherly way, "it grieves me to see you doing such things. What you need is a mother to advise you. Now look at my daughter, for instance. She never drank and never smoked and she's been divorced by the richest man in New York."
English Mustard

FROM an English contemporary of ours: "American productions made several months ago are for sound synchronization so that the public can have the inestimable privilege of hearing train whistles, assassins' knives, and, yes, even people talking through their noses. Science really is wonderful!"

The Unsilent Partner

THE man whose wife had the habit of reading titles out loud sighed. "Who said the talkies were a new invention?" said he.

One Year of Grace

THANK goodness the holidays are over so that a hundred and fifteen stars can't titter into the radio microphone at the next speaking engagement. Hollywood, says, "I hope this isn't too early to wish you all a Merry Christmas!"

Two-Bitter

LINA BASQUETTE, the widow of Sam Warner, who has just married Perrell Marley, the cameraman, had her tiny two-year-old baby girl with her at the Mont- martrie Theatre. Her baby insisted on running away from her mother and among the tables. To get her back, Lina opened her purse and proffered a quarter. The young lensman took the money the way to make a Warner come running," murmured the envious producer at the next table.

Publicity Uber Alles

THE month has seen the death of three film favorites, Fred Thomson, Marc McDermott and that splendid old veteran of the stage and screen, Theodore Roberts. Roberts had an impressive funeral service attended by three thousand people. George Fawcett, who gave the tribute to his friend, broke down in tears half way through. The only thing that marred the solemnity of the occasion was the loud boom of a flashlight explosion as the famous star-pallbearers posed for their picture.

Universal Curiosity

A UNIVERSE executive entered Henry's and spied a famous local gossip seated at one of the tables. Picking his way through the crowds to her side, he leaned close and whispered anxiously, "Shh! Please tell me one thing: Am I still manager at Universal?"

Mug Bugs

A FAMOUS facial surgeon in Hollywood says that he is continually visited by young screen aspirants carrying photographs of Wallace Reid or Valentino who beg him to cut and change their faces over to look like those models.

Turning Down Teddy

PAUL THOMPSON, well-known title writer, was speaking of his meeting with Theodore Roosevelt when he was a newspaper man in Washington. Roosevelt glanced past me to the hall. 'Is that your wife?' he asked me. 'I'd like to meet her.' Much flattered by the honor, I rushed to my wife and explained to Roosevelt why my wife wouldn't be introduced. But he was a married man and knew women; and he just roared with laughter and told me to tell Mrs. Thompson that she was the only woman who had ever turned him down.'

A Creditable Line

IT was Thompson—who bides fair to rival Wilson Mizner as the wit of Hollywood—who introduced the following ad line, "Epigram, 'It may be hard for a man to serve two masters, but it's still harder to serve two mistresses. A Broadway playwright whose wife has heard this remark asked him if he would allow it to be used in his next drama. "Why, yes, Dave," said Thompson, "on one condition: that after the cast where they say, 'Costumes are in,' the woman's line will be 'Epigram in second act by Paul Thompson.'"

The High Cost of Good-Will

THE Christmas cards of the movie folk were bigger and better this year than ever before, as if to convey the extent of their good wishes by size. But still some of the poor writer folk who were honored with them were a trifle peeved, because the greetings came marked, "Postal Due Eight Cents.

The Dogs Are Franker

WE interviewed Flash and Petie the other day and purposely set the times an hour apart. But Flash was a trifle late and Petie was early. But just a single moment the Western offices of Motion Picture were the scene of a perfectly grand dog fight. The big blonde police star and the spiky white terrier welcomed the chance to revert to doghood enthusiastically and rolled under the desks and water-cooler with loud barks. We have seen rival male stars look at each other as if they would like to do this.

The Double-Crosser

A WOMAN star of several years ago made her reputation as a Hollywood performer of stunts, and after her screen career was closed traveled in vaudeville, showing scenes from her pictures depicting her in hairbreadth escapes and daring deeds, and lecturing on how she did these things. This star is living in luxury today, and the poor little dog who really took the risks is a out of a job. Which is an unsurprising epic of this queer business.

Letting the Cat Out

THE prop boy was describing a scene shot by Von Stroheim in "Queen Kelley" for foreign release only, showing a character in a nightclub unlodged. "D'ont she look just like a Hollywood girl?" he was asked breathlessly. "Nothing at all," said the prop boy. "Except just a Persian cat."

Marvelous!

THEY had a take-off on the talkies at the Writers' Club lately. The villain takes off his gloves, and every finger goes "f-r-r-r." with a snitch that shakes the house. He turns to his secretary and says, "It goes "bump."; the scratching of a pen is like the "berrp." of a steel riveter. Good burlesque, of course. But we wonder how much longer audiences will go on sitting breathless with admiration because they can hear familiar sounds, such as a pig squealing, a pen scratching or a door slamming.

How She Loved Him!

JEAN ARTHUR has just had her secret marriage annulled. She ran away to Santa Barbara and didn't take her Paramount contract with her. When she got back, she re-read the contract and discovered it had an anti-marriage clause in it. So like a typical Hollywood it was she decided that she could be married any time but she couldn't get a new contract so easily.

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Every Doug Has His Day

The other day at the Montmartre I overheard one tourist exclaiming, "There's Douglas Fairbanks with Joan Crawford. And there's Doug, Senior, over there." Only last year it was "Douglas Fairbanks and Doug, Junior!"

Pretty, Pretty

Midnight of New Year's Eve at the Mayfair is one time when hard-boiled Hollywood goes sentimental. The solemn tones of the warning bell halt all the dancers, who are—for that one dance, at least—husbands and wives or sweethearts. And on the stroke of midnight everyone kisses. The Irving Willats; Gloria and the Marquis; Colleen and her husband; Sue and Nick—I saw them all kissing, and it was really rather sweet.

 Tanks!

Lili Damita recently went to New York for a holiday trip. She was describing it to a friend. "Oh, eat well be fine to be in that great city," said Lili vivaciously. "But first on the way I must stop off at an make the personal appearance at little towns like Chicago and Detroit." (Mid-West papers please copy.)

Mrs. Nature, Art Director

Anne Parrish, author of "The Perennial Bachelor," was being shown around the Metro studio. She was amazed by the real aspect of the props, and the lifelike appearance of all the make-believe sets. "Why," she said, pointing enthusiastically toward one end of the studio, "Doesn't that look exactly like a window with a real tree growing outside?" It was a window with a real tree growing outside.

Monte's Not So Blue

One song that is very popular in Hollywood these days is "The Birth of the Blues." For there has just occurred one in the person of Richard Monte Blue, whose father is Monte Blue and just at this moment exceptionally proud. The new son arrived only a few days ago at Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles.

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Just One Big Family

(Continued from page 31)

Quite a few years ago Edna Murphy used to be seen around, to the point of a rumored engagement, with Irving Thalberg, who is now married to Norma Shearer. Norma’s sister, in turn, is married to Howard Hawks, the Fox director, whose brother, Kenneth Hawks, is the husband of Mary Astor. Not to forget Bill Hawks, also a brother, who is the fiancé of Sally Etters, who broke off her engagement with Matty Kemp—now going around with Loretta Young.

Loretta Young, who is the sister of Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, is the protege of Mae Murray, who is married to Prince David M’Divani, whose brother is married to Pola Negri, who was formerly engaged to Charlie Chaplin, who was formerly married to Mildred Harris and later to Lita Grey, who is now engaged to Roy D’Arcy. Roy D’Arcy was recently divorced from the daughter of a M. G. M. executive who was associated in business with Nicholas Schenck, the brother of Joseph Schenck, who is married to Norma Talmadge. This just about gives Gilbert Roland a house in China and makes him practically related to Constance Talmadge, the sister of Natalie Talmadge who is married to Buster Keaton, at the present time working for M. G. M. And that makes Buster’s brother-in-law’s brother his boss. I mean, Buster’s boss. Those who now have a headache may take time out and figure who is the father of Rin-tin-tin.

Before Nicholas Schenck acquired control of M. G. M., it was partially owned by Samuel Goldfish, who married to Florence Goldfish, who was married, at that time, to the sister of Jesse Lasky—which makes M. G. M. the stepchild of Paramount, and Paramount the offspring of Samuel Goldwyn Productions. Or maybe I’m wrong.

Getting back to Mr. Lasky, we find that he engaged the professional services of one Richard Dix, who has, in turn, engaged the romantic services of almost every single girl in Hollywood. His engagements include Lois Wilson, whose sister, Diana Kane, is now Mrs. George Fitzmaurice. If you remember, Mr. Fitzmaurice was once engaged to Mrs. Jascha Heifetz, née Florence Vidor, the ex-wife of King Vidor, who is now married to Eleanor Boardman, the one-time fiancée of Richard Dix. All of which has gotten us nowhere except back where we started, with Mr. Dix, whose latest romance is with Marceline Day.

Marceline is the sister of Alice Day, who was engaged to Uncle Carl Laemmle’s boy, Junior. (Question: Does that give Richard Dix a hundred shares of Universal stock?) Well, Junior has been rumored engaged to practically all the débutantes in Hollywood, including Helene Costello. Going further, we find that Helene is the sister of Dolores Costello, who recently became the bride of John Barrymore, and sister-in-law of Lionel and Ethel.

All the stars above are closely associated in business with the Warner Brothers, who spread in so many directions it’s just terrible. Lately, through a business merger, they have acquired control of First National Studios, including the guardianship of Corinne Griffith, who is married to Walter Morosco, the one-time fiancé of Betty Compson, who is now Mr. James Cruze for years has been associated with Cecil De Mille, whose brother William recently married Clara Beranger, and whose cameraman, Pev Marley, just stepped up to the altar with Lina Basqueette, the widow of the late Sam Warner.

Having carefully followed the thread from Mary Pickford to the Warner brothers this should make Doug Fairbanks some real relation to the Vitaphone.

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Ask your slender friends how to end it

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SOME years ago, Science made a great discovery in respect to excess fat. A cause was found in a defective gland—the thyroid gland—which largely controls nutrition.

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With reduction comes new vitality, new youth. Ask anyone about you who grew slender in this way.

Do what they did

TRY the method which has served so many for so long. Methods wrong and ineffective come and go. This right method grows and grows in favor as more people learn about it.

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MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets — The Right Way to Reduce

117
The Flesh and Blood Racket

(Continued from page 35)

JACK'S BATTERED BEERER

"SEVERAL years ago Jack Dempsey came to me with a badly battered nasal organ. After years in the ring this was to be expected, but as the end of his career loomed in, Jack wanted to go through the rest of his life with a more presentable feature than the one he had. Jack had a yen to go in pictures, and as you know, the camera demands a good profile. Hence, my job of straightening out so many.

"Helen Ferguson had a very bad hump along the back of her spine, little bit of problem. It needed no operation, no hospital treatment; the operation takes place here in my office and usually the patient walks right out. Naturally he will be laid up a couple of days with his bandages and dressings, but the healing process is the main inconvenience. Understand that I am referring to operations performed by a doctor who knows his business. Not a beauty quack. The most unsightly case I ever treated was a nose-bungled job bettered by a so-called beauty specialist. Blood had come all the way in and the entire nose had to be removed.

CARVING FAT IS FUTILE

"I WOULD like to state right here that I am decidedly opposed to operations that resort to freak treatment, such as cutting off the flesh from the hips and ankles to reach the parts from due to the inside of the body. It is not a condition on the outside, as so many people suppose. Suppose we do cut off a slice of flesh where we want to reach the right brain. Another dangerous treatment is the tape-worm reduction, which probably resulted in the death of Barbara La Marr, for one case. The head organ. You will have to take a pill form to eat away the unwanted flesh. A dangerous treatment this. I have refused many drastic diet cases of the film people. It isn’t my business to kill off my patients for the sake of their vanity.

"Aside from the nose operations I do many face-lifting jobs for Hollywood people. I would rather not mention specific names here as most people are very sensitive about these operations, especially women. But I remember one case when I tell you that I do as many face-lifting jobs on men as on the weaker sex. I could give you the names of several very prominent screen actresses and actors who come for that purpose. But I won’t. Why should they not wish to preserve their youth as long as they may? It is their bread and butter.

"My patients usually swear me to secrecy about their operations," the Doctor chuckled. "Except in rare cases they don’t want anyone to know they have paid me a visit. I guess you might say I was one of the most popular unpopular men in Holly- wood."

VEILED VISITORS

FROM side-views of the Doctor’s ex- planation I gathered that many women entered his office veiled, unaccompanied by even a maid or a companion. So deep is their fear of, and anxiety about both ridicule and an unsuccessful operation that they cut themselves off from the world entirely, feigning motor trips or any other Fortunate excuses while they hide out in inconspicuous, boarding houses near the office until they are entirely healed.

"Riza Royce, the wife of Joseph von Sternberg, came to me for an operation on her nose soon after she was married," Dr. Balsinger continued. "The woman who came to me and the woman who left me were separated and the newspapers attributed it to the nose-lift. Most men are fearful of such operations and dodge to quirrels. But they are reunited now and living very happily, from what I hear, so maybe after the first flush of anger Mr. Von Sternberg realized it was worth the operation, after all."

From a little shelf over his desk Dr. Balsinger reached for what appeared to be a Kodak-access book, but which turned out to be a photographic medical record of some of his most interesting cases.

"Here is a face job I did for the brother of Rudolph Valentino. I took this photograph to cover the profile and front view of an Italian-looking man not unlike the late star. There was a great deal of talk, at the time, that he had come to me to do this. He had modeled exactly after the features of his brother so he might take his place on the screen. That is an absolutely false story. He made absolutely no mention of such an intention to me, and certainly I did not use his brother as a model in the work I did for him."

He flipped over page after page of amazing plastic operations. Harelips corrected, chins remodeled, grotesque mouths straightened into a semblance of beauty. The entire section of the book was devoted to policemen who had been injured in the performance of their duty. Another to the cauliflower ears and broken noses of prize-fighters.

THE MANGLED BEAUTY

"If you’ve got a pretty strong stomach I’ll let you look at some eyes- sores," he suggested. “These are accident cases, automobile crashes most of them, and the victims were either Props or stunt-men. Here”—he indicated an indescribable picture of what had once been an attractive blonde girl—“That’s Evelyn Egan, or what was left of her after her head was crushed into a dreged. You remember she was formerly a bathing beauty at the Christie Studio, and until this almost fatal accident she was considered to have a bright future in pictures. You can see how all of her chances have been ruined. Poor girl! This is the way she looked when they brought her in to me. I gave her every ounce of my power to build back her face. I’m proud of the job. One side is almost entirely rebuilt and the other is far from unsightly. Of course, one of her eyes was entirely torn out of her head and we had to substitute a glass one. While the effect is not displeas- ing, she is, of course, finished in moving pictures."

“This book ought to prove to you that all the cases that come to me are not prompt- ed by vanity. I’m proud of some of the jobs you have seen here. Plasticsurgery is not the field of a beauty doctor and that we do a lot of good by correcting the deficiencies of nature and the horror of mutilation. Oftentimes a grotesque face, or an unsightly one, holds back a man in the game of life. The only fellow I’ve ever known who made
his homely map pay dividends is Louis Wol-self—and don’t laugh—but he came to me to have his nose straightened. We would all set to go on with the operation, in fact, Louis was here in my chair, when the studio halted the proceedings. Louis’s flat, homely nose is just so much money in the bank to him."

ENLARGING HIS EYES

T
HE white-capped nurse interrupted to say that Dr. Balsinger’s next patient had arrived; and having already taken an hour of his valuable time, I arose to go. He walked with me into the ante-room where sat a handsome, Latin-looking boy of about twenty-two or twenty-three with bandaged eyes. Dr. Balsinger drew me over to the boy, "Here is a case that might interest you," he remarked drawing off the bandage. "This young fellow is crazy to get in the movies. He’s handsome enough and a couple of studios have made tests of him. But his eyes were too small. He came to me to have them enlarged."

Through fearfully inflamed and swollen eyes the boy who so anxious to get in pictures smiled up at me. I could see where each eye had been slit at the corner and Dr. Balsinger was explaining that as soon as the scars healed he would be twice as good as new with large and expressive eyes. A nervous little woman, whom I took to be his mother, anxiously twisted her gloves and turned her eyes away from the face of her son. A heavy something rose to my throat. I hope that kid makes good in pictures after all he has gone through.

As I said there is no hell women will not endure for beauty. Or men, either.

The pity of it is that so often they endure the horror of an ordeal only to find themselves no better off than before. Not always. But sometimes.
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Learn Sex Appeal at Home

(Continued from page 50)

slinky, trailing garments, with plenty of yardage at the parties, one is so conscious that there isn't much—you underground. Par don my stammers. After all, I haven't always lived in Hollywood and my inhibitions still trouble me at times.

Anyhow, you know how Greta looks in those slinky outfits. Yet one never saw her in a bathing suit.

Then there is Clara Bow. While Clara does not go in for trains on her dresses, yet she keeps fairly well covered most of the time. One even suspects that Clara wears a chemise. But no one, not even the ladies, will deny that Clara has quantities and quantities of the it-thing with which Madame Glyn is so concerned.

It is evident that the company's, with the customary naïveté of producers, once tried the same method that Dorothy Mackaill's company is trying now—putting Clara into the back, string-back costumes. And it wasn't so good. Somehow Clara just didn't seem to feel at home in the six big—no, a-fringe type of apparition.

Nor with plumper, surely beauty which lent that alluring something which sizzles so profitably—even upon a black and white screen. Some one has said that Clara has lacked the old S. A. Mary Pickford, Florence Vidor, Claire Windsor, Billie Dove. These girls have gorgeous pictorial qualities. But they do have. They seem to be too flawless, too perfect in every detail, to give any impression of seething.

Well, it was entirely too involved for me, so I thought I had better talk to the subject of the current experiment, Dorothy Mackaill.

THINK SEX, BE SEXY

She settled one phase of the question for me at office.

"It isn't clothes," she averred, "nor the lack of them." And she proceeded to prove it. "Look at Mae Murray. She has probably just as much, if not more, on the screen. Yet no one, I think, ever mentions sex in connection with Mae. She has one of the most beautiful bodies ever created. She is an expert dancer. And she is merely that in pictures.

"Do you know why? She doesn't think sex.

"That's what it is. The thing is all mental. Your thoughts photograph.

"That is why the Sennett bathing girls were never called sexy. They are always just springs, romps on the screen. Unless they try to be sexy, unless they think it, they aren't.

"Any actress can have sex appeal if she has that kind of a part to play. The girls—and the men—who get the reputation of being very sexy get it chiefly because they play that type of rôle consistently. Their companies build them up, publicize them as being that kind of person and then they are cast in pictures which force them to make the most of that side of their personalities.

"Another great factor is that the audience, having read and heard that these stars are the sexy type, think sex when they go into the theater to see their pictures. Half of the purchasers in the lower tier is appealed by the audience who arrived in that frame of mind.

TURNING ON THE IT

All this stuff about dressing or undressing is superficial and foolishness. I had a part in 'A Dancer from Paris' in which I wore very abbreviated costumes. But it wasn't a sexy part and no one thought of calling it that. The whole point of the story was that this girl had been disappointed in love and because of that she was cold. Her clothes didn't make any difference with her state of mind.

"In 'The Changeling' I play a girl who thinks nothing else but sex. She is not particularly beautiful. She is not intelligent. She is not even a personality or a sense of honor. She has one commodity with which to get what she wants in life. It is her sex. She takes pride in the way she uses it to gain her ends.

"Now, how did I achieve that effect? Not by undressing. I wear some brief costumes, but in the scenes on the desert island I wear nothing but a t-shirt and a cast away and has learned what love means—she is changed. After honor and conscience and a realization of the dignity of sacrifice have been abandoned to a kinder, gentler person. Her mind holds different thoughts. She is no longer a sexy girl.

S. A. IS STANDARD EQUIPMENT

SEX APPEAL can be assumed or discarded by any actress who knows her job at all, just as well as any other human characteristic. It isn't a matter of clothes. It is an attitude. There is nothing which means what person you are and depends upon what you think about.

Women who are strong and who achieve the reputation of having great attraction for men are usually women of no particular intelligence. That is, I mean they are not complex people. They are not analytical. They feel more than they think. And when they do think, it is upon the subject which engrosses their emotions.

The famous courtesans have been like that, I believe. Never great minds. They are shrewd. But they are not what we call brainy women. There is room in their minds for little else but the other sex and their own relation to that sex.

A girl may enhance her beauty with clothes. But that does not necessarily give her more sex appeal. Beauty may be very personal things. An exquisite woman has had little attraction for men.

On the other hand, many a girl who has not money for clothes or jewels or to spend in beauty shops, has the faculty of getting—and holding—men as her wealthier sisters can never hope to do. It is the way she thinks. It is the sort of mind she has—added to a certain personal thing that we call magnetism.

Magnetism is certainly more mental than physical.

Well, that seemed to be a fairly complete résumé of the subject. It appeared to be definitely settled that clothes or the lack of them had little to do with sex at hand. I was convinced that sex appeal was purely a mental thing and dependent upon a girl's thoughts.

It was not only an interesting theory, but one, I could not fail to realize, likely to be of tremendous value at some time or other. I felt I had come upon a secret weapon against men and I was armed with a mental handpin.

It never occurred to me until I had left Dorothy and was on my way home that I had neglected to ask the most important question of all:

What in the world do they think about?
trousers and wields a tennis racket. Instead of jousting in spare moments, he takes his pleasure with three hobbies, a collection of fifteen thousand books, six dogs, and one violin. "Tell everybody I am not at home!" he orders, when he isn’t working.

A man with black hair ruffled out of its usual smoothness; moody, mysterious dark eyes, and silk pajamas that blanched their gorgeous greenness from beneath an Oriental robe. Joseph Schildkraut in the flesh.

NOT A PARTY-HOUND

"PEOPLE always say of me, ‘Oh he is so arrogant—and upstage,’ because I will not dance, I do not like parties, and don’t seem to have anything in common with them. I am not! It is only that I can enjoy myself more in other ways."

And so he holds himself aloof, blase and cynical. A restless, rebellious spirit refusing to think as those about him do. Brilliant, scintillating, baffling. Flaring with interest for the new and unusual, chafing at the conventions that would bind him to any routine of life and action. But back of it all, Joseph Schildkraut is an impulsive, sensitive boy, whom nobody can quite make out—unless it is his father, Rudolph, whom he idolizes.

"Oh, he is wonderful!" Joseph tells you with genuine admiration. "You should know his life. It is most remarkable!"

HE DOES THINGS RIGHT

"FATHER thought at first I was going to be an artist," Joseph told me. "Because I used always to ask him to bring me paints. All the time, paints! I can’t draw a straight line. It was colors I wanted. They fascinated me. Then music. He wanted me to be an orchestra conductor. I would have, too. But my love for the stage was stronger!"

Rudolph Schildkraut had established himself as an actor of note on the European stage by the time Joseph was born. The boy saw none of the struggle and the hardships that had gone before.

Living in a world of imagination. Dreaming, reading, playing his violin. Born in the shadow of the great St. Stephens Cathedral in Vienna. Nor did he miss anything of its color and romance. And when he was sixteen began his training for the stage under Max Reinhardt.

Coming to America, he gave us Liliom. And people are still talking about it, after six years. In New York, three years ago, he played Celini in "The Firebrand." Cecil DeMille was in the audience the opening night and cast his eye on Schildkraut, for the screen. As a result, after Joseph came out to California to play a part in "The Road to Yesterday," he stayed to sign a contract with DeMille.

"I love the stage. But I stayed in pictures for two reasons," he explained. "Because since the war I have not been able to stand the strain of stage routine; and because of the association with Mr. DeMille. He has been one of the three persons who have meant most to me in my life and who have had the greatest influence upon me. The other two are my father and Max Reinhardt."

But during his three years with movies he has not yet been given a story with those high notes in it which Joseph Schildkraut is capable of reaching with such magnificence. Judas, in "The King of Kings," has so far been the only opportunity Joseph has had on the screen to show anything of his real dramatic ability.

Perhaps the part of Ravenal in the picturization of Edna Ferber’s book, "Show Boat," will give him his chance to go ahead.

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**Bringing Out Father**

(Continued from page 71)

Renée Adorée's father owned a circus in France and was himself an accomplished circus performer. He died many years ago. Leatrice Joy's father was a dentist in New Orleans when her daughter was small. Gertrude Olmstead's father also was a dentist. Both fathers have passed away.

Jacqueline Logan's father was an architect down in Texas and designed many of the State buildings. He died leaving Jacqueline and her mother, who was an opera singer with the Bostonians, to shift for themselves; and by investments they took all the little money he left them. Jane Winton's father, too, was an architect, but is now dead.

Marjorie and Alice Day's father was divorced from their mother when they were very little children, and Mrs. Day went valiantly forth to do battle with the world for her girls. She worked in a shop while they did extra work in pictures.

Betty Compton remembers her father as a mining engineer, but he died when Betty was very small.

**A PERIPATETIC PA**

DIVORCED only years ago from her mother, Laura LaPlante's whereabouts are, I believe, unknown to her family. Rumor has it that he was ever a rover, searching for his fortune.

Because Alleen Pringle speaks with an English accent, don't imagine that she is English. She was born in San Francisco, where her father was an importer. Florence Vidor, too, has so decided an English accent, although her dad is a businessman down in Texas—that somebody has described her as Florence Vidor of Texas and London.

Quite a high-brow is Madge Bellamy's father. He was a professor down in a Texas University until a few years ago, when he came West to join his daughter and wife. Lately father and mother have been separated, but he still dwells in California.

The fathers of Jobyna Ralston and Norma Shearer are contractors and builders.

Sailing the more or less bounding billows of the Great Lakes as skipper was the occupation of Grandma Dempster's dad, when she attained fame. Then he retired to live on a ranch in Southern California.

Marie Prevost's father was a businessman. He was killed in an accident.

The exotic and truly brilliant Anna May Wong is the daughter of a Chinese laundryman in Los Angeles. However, he is a bigger and better laundromen, as he owns a group of laundries.

May McAvoy's father was auditor for the New York Central Railroad Company in New York when she lived in many an age.

The charming June Collyer's father is a lawyer in New York, but he often visits his daughter and wife in Hollywood. Josephine Dunn's business was taken away from Anita Page's father conducts an electrical business in New York.

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If you send a DIME toward expenses, 1/4 gallon Alfalfa rinse of my Wonder Cream (included) Finish wrapper 14c to 10c. If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents to Madame C. Y. Williams, Buffalo, N.Y.

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**Want to Travel?**


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**Tropical Service Bureau**

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Your Neighbor Says!—
(Continued from page 63)

HANK’S HAT AND HIS "I" MAGINE sitting next to Charlie Chaplin and Jack Pickford while eating lunch. And while buying a hat at Mullen & Bluetts to have Gloria Swanson and the Marquis enter the same establishment and pick out the same hat I had just ordered.

"No wonder people want to stay out here once they’ve seen it. It has an air of mystery, excitement and fame that isn’t equaled anywhere, except perhaps in Paris or London. What its secret charm is, I couldn’t tell you. Its atmosphere, to me, is beyond explanation or description."

"Compare the existence of the average young married couple back home with the life here. In the first place, if the boy is making thirty-five dollars a week he is considered lucky. Only a certain set routine of pleasures and entertainments is open to him. He comes home from work at five-thirty. He has supper at six. Promptly at seven-fifteen he is taking in the first show at the Fuller or the new State Theater. If it be a particularly gala evening, a stop is made at the Chocolate Shop over on Burdick Street—and so to bed. But out here there are ten million places to go. At least a hundred for each pocketbook. Thirty-five dollars a week here makes possible the beaches, the elaborate picture houses, and countless other things. A hundred a week—no amusement home to the Montmartre and the theaters. And a thousand a week—not out of the ordinary—will get you by at the Ambassador and a couple of Mayfair parties. The very atmosphere makes a fellow want to get all these things for himself. The proximity of so much prosperity is contagious. Is it any wonder that ambition runs rampant here?"

NOT SO NEIGHBORLY "DON’T think I’m knocking the small towns. But I hardy think that anyone will disagree with me when I say that it is easy to get yourself in a rut and stay there. A son steps into his father’s business, and the son’s son after him. Good jobs are almost inherited. But in Hollywood a man is paid for what he can give. If it is new and different, and so much the better. The fact that originality is the basis of the picture industry makes new blood sought after and appreciated."

"Which is all very well and good. But, in being a small city of New York, Hollywood has lost something that is a real virtue of the small town. That virtue is neighborhood. Not that everyone here isn’t glad to know you. The people seem happy to see you. But that is as far as it goes in most cases. Hollywood offers many acquaintances and few real friends. I know people here who have lived next to the same family for years and have never called on them. This could never happen in Kalamazoo."

"A while back, when we were talking about what I had expected to find in Hollywood, I forgot to mention the orange groves. Almost all the folks back home who have never been out here have a post card impression of California as one big orange grove where people pick juicy fruits right off the trees any season of the year. I’ve only been in Hollywood a couple of weeks, but even so I haven’t seen one healthy grove yet; and the only oranges I’ve spotted are being sold at the markets for about ninety cents a dozen."

I asked Dale if many of the Michigan natives were located out here. "Sure, I’ve run into quite a few," he answered. "There’s Jurian Thayer, our famous tenor, who has been singing for Vitaphone pictures at..."

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, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how short the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is my method, my guarantee, results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyelashes 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 oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Helbling, 240 W. "B" St., Carlsbad, Cal.: "I certainly am delighted... I notice the greatest difference... people come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Ostoin, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Revant, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. From Peirre Provo, 3944 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss flora J. Corriveau, 8 Finette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

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BENEATH the first layer of dirt and dust that you skin collects is a fine mesh of germs, oil, rouge, powder that must be researched out and removed, every single day, if you hope to keep a lovely complexion.

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Warner Brothers. Hazel Keener, a little girl from Kalamazoo, is also playing in pictures in Hollywood. I wonder if Wallace Beet is still working at Kalamazoo? Or if he has made good his old threat to come out here? He would see a lot of his friends if he did. Bill Spaulding, once coach at Western State College Normal, is now coach at the University of Southern California at Los Angeles; and Bob Rasmus is playing on his team. Lewis Garlick is in the paper business in Hollywood as are Peck Hall and Vern Dunwell.

Dale talked at great length on the famous old days and also the changes in Kalamazoo. He gave me to understand that no matter how nice Hollywood was or how much he liked the atmosphere and the celebrities or how beautiful were the homes and flowers, Kalamazoo was just about the swellest home town in the world.

"Well?" I asked him, "If the two towns are nearly the same in size and population, how do you account for the vast difference between them?"

"The difference," he began, "the difference lies in the main industries of the two towns. Just the difference between paper-making and picture-producing. The money paid to a paper mill hand is just about one-fifth of what the lowest extra is paid in Hollywood. No one in this business gets less than ten dollars a day. Most of the so-called menial jobs are what we would term white-collar positions back here. There is a difference in the people who do the work, too. In Kalamazoo, the average person is substantial, economical and easy to please. Out here the people on an average are quite uptight, even extravagant and much in need of being catered to. Possibly the difference isn't so great as I think. But I'm here to tell Kalamazoo see this place before your executor sees it for you."

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

Evelyn Brent has the leads in "Broadway," Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.


A GIRL FROM THE MOUNTAINS—How's Monticello? Phyliss Haver was born in Douglas, Kansas, on Jan. 6, 1899. She was educated in Los Angeles, Cal., and is starred as an extra for Mack Sennett. And has just signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Almost forgot, her real name is O'Haver.

H. V. R.—Charles (Buddy) Rogers hails from Olathe, Kansas. He is five feet eleven, weighs 150 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes and fair skin. Arthur Lake receives his fan mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., Alice White, Billie Dove and Jack Mulhall at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., Nancy Carroll and Gary Cooper, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 128)
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Shopping With Gloria Lloyd

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69)

Parties. They will know what we will have but it will be like practising for a play.”

The Grown-Up Table

I WAS surprised when I walked into the Lloyd home that afternoon and found the dining-room table set for the occasion. I must have showed it in my expression, for Mrs. Lloyd laughed and said, “Last year we had a little table for the children, but one child who came said, ‘I should think we could sit at a big table for parties. My mother lets us.’ And do you know, Gloria remembered and nothing would do but we use the big table.”

“But where are the bunnies?”

“They are hidden. Gloria wants them put on after the hunt because they are exactly like the ones the children will find and she doesn’t want to spoil the surprise.”

I looked intently at the table. There were no place cards, no fussy fixings. The tablecloth was plain white, the napkins the same in a diminutive size. The glasses were heavy, the silverware substantial. Mrs. Lloyd’s eyes followed mine. “We always use the simplest things for the children. I believe that they enjoy parties more if they are simple and they are better for them. They don’t have so many things to fuss about and less to quarrel over. Besides, we want Gloria, at least, to learn the value of simplicity rather than display or show, even in parties.”

One little girl arrived in a sports costume. Miss Gloria walked up to her and announced, her dignified demeanor of the shopping tour entirely missing, “You cannot come to my party unless you are dressed up. Don’t you know this is in honor of Motion Picture and we are to have our pictures taken? If it were really Easter, you would not come in a sweater.”

Before anyone could interfere, the child was out of the house and down the walk. When she returned, she was in silk and wearing a wrist watch into the bargain. The lamentations were such that Mrs. Lloyd scoured the house for wrist watches.

Squeals and Scrambling

What a riot it was, this party! “Ready!” little Gloria shouted and off they scrambled, through the big door, down the steps and onto the lawn. In a mad scramble like this six little butterfly girls can look like sixty. There were baby squeals of delight as the bunnies, the roosters and the duckies were discovered in shrubs, flower beds and bushy corners.

With their chubby hands filled with the trophies of victory they danced into the living-room where there were the same animals cut from cardboard to be traced and colored with crayons. Then Mrs. Lloyd gathered them and told an Easter story.

After the story came supper. Oh, what a supper it was! Soup, chicken, bread and butter, fresh peas, milk, ice cream and cake. “It’s just as easy,” Mrs. Lloyd explained, “and since the children all have supper at five why not give it to them here? Although it’s a little heavier than their regular supper, it’s not so heavy as refreshments followed so soon by their evening meal.”

And when I left I felt I had learned a profitable lesson. Shopping with little Gloria had made me believe in letting the children make and choose for their own celebrations, whether it be from the ten-cent store or one on Fifth Avenue. There wasn’t a guest whom Gloria didn’t tell how and why she made this party, and why she used duplicate gifts and prizes.

We Wonder How Wise An Apple He Was

Maybe the boy who first came forward with the idea of letting well enough alone was a wise apple.

But we wonder about it seriously.

We wonder what might have happened if everyone who ever heard that advice had taken it.

For if people had been willing always to let well enough alone, we’d still be sending letters across the continent by pony express.

We’d still be depending for our thrills upon looking at pictures of Vesuvius through the hand stereopticon.

We’d still be getting our music from the old prickle-pear music-box roll.

For those things, in their way, were well enough.

But if everybody had been content to let things rest that way, we’d have no air mail, no movies, no victrolas, no radios.

In short, we’d have a lot less things to make life as pleasant as it is.

And in particular, we wouldn’t have a fan magazine of the sort that MOTION PICTURE is.

For MOTION PICTURE is built upon the premise that well enough isn’t enough.

Its idea is that if every issue isn’t better than the preceding, then the quality of the magazine isn’t up to the proper standard.

Every successive number has got to have more news, newer news, newer viewpoints, newer ideas, fresher and more interesting illustrations than the one before.

Not easy, of course. That is, not easy on those who publish it. But easy on those who read it. Which is the important thing. And which is why, we believe, MOTION PICTURE is the fastest-growing and most lastingly liked periodical of its sort in the world.

Motion Picture

It’s the Magazine of Authority
Earning Their Ant Eggs

(Continued from page 53)

an expensive business, entailing large houses, yachts, gaudy automobiles and retinues of servants. It is one reason why actors so often die poor.

They must, in other words, embody what they think is the public's ideal of what a star should be.

SNEAKING A BARGAIN

THIS is more important, perhaps, for the free-lance people—writers and directors as well as actors—than for those who are under contract. Your free-lance individual must keep up an appearance of extreme prosperity in order that any company contemplating securing his services may imagine that it must bid high to get him.

A well-known writer told me once about a remarkable sale of evening dresses which was being held at a down-town shop.

"Promise you won't tell anyone," she admonished. "I bought three of them myself. It would never do for people to know that I didn't go to an expensive modiste for them. Promise you won't tell! It's business, you know."

People give each other elaborate and expensive gifts upon the slightest provocation. Our very prominent actress confided to me that she had postponed a trip to New York for that very reason. "I could have afforded the trip now," she explained. "But I simply could not allow the presents I should have to bring back. They would cost as much as the trip. So I'm not going."

When Reynolds graduated from Sennett comedies to adoration at De Mille's, she faced living up to her changed status with dismay. I bought a large house and a fancy car," she says. "For the first time in my life I considered clothes and tried to acquire taste and dignity. I stopped wearing knickers and riding a bicycle on the Boulevard."

"Lots of my friends of comedy days accused me of being ritzy and stopped coming to see me. It was very lonely at first. It's not much fun yet."

RE CLAIRE AND CLARA

THERE is Claire Widow, who has natural, exquisite taste in the selection of clothes, in addition to a knack of wearing them to beautiful advantage. A press agent capitalized this trait of Claire's and called her the "best dressed woman in the city." It was a large order but Claire made a valiant effort to live up to it—with the result that it is said she nearly ran herself into bankruptcy.

Friends of Clara Bow viewed with alarm Elinor Glyn's attempts to polish Clara—to give her poise, to make, in fact, a lady of our flaming-haired gamine. Those who knew, or said they did, averred that Clara had won her public by rough-and-tumble tactics and that she must keep it in the same way; that to make a lady of Clara would ruin her on the screen.

Madame Glyn's poise-treatment, however, did take appreciably; and the prospects are that Bow will romp and roster in the films, to the delight of the younger generation for a long, long time.

Poor Betty had had a difficult task in trying to embody the Peter Pan ideal. After all, there is only one Peter and Betty tried to remain the sexless, elfin sprite after she became a young lady a trifle too mature to go frisking about the Never-Never-Land.

Producers, somehow, refuse to believe in fairies, and Betty has had at last to grow up.
Loving beauty comes to loving EYES

N every woman's eyes slumber enchanting loveliness that awaits the magic touch of this smart lash dressing to flower and bloom gloriously. For when the eyes are framed in a bewitching fringe of soft, luxuriant lashes they look their loveliest. And waterproof Liquid Waxx achieves this sought-for effect without the slightest hint of artificiality. It is easy to apply and remove. It is safe. Where you buy your beauty aids purchase Liquid Waxx. Only 75c, complete. Two shades, black and brown.

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No more dangerous "crude eyes." Instead, natural shade is called back to hair by clear colorless liquid 100% safe. Does not wash off. Faded graying streaks disappear. Hair becomes live looking and lustrous. This way gives natural effect.

Make amazing test. See for yourself what it will do. Proven worth gives complete restoration. Get full-size bottle from druggist. He will return every penny if not delighted. Write for free test supply (gray color of hair) to Mary T. Goldman Co., 361-D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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An astounding price-smashing bargain:— think of it, 173 pieces of china, silver and glassware—a complete service for 12 people. Just $1.00 with coupon below brings the outfit to your home on 30 days free trial. The 13 piece glassware set is included free—but only if you send at once. Examine the value, the quality, the beauty of each piece. Then go to your local dealer and compare prices—yes, even spot cash prices. See how much you save on this amazing offer. After 30 days trial and use, if you're not delighted with this sensational bargain send it back at our expense and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

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13 Piece
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The center 113 pieces are decorated with a design 11-piece dinner set, providing a uniformity of beauty and consistency. Both the motif, and all of the set, are made of rose glow tint, and the decorations are put on practically exactly as used in the dishes, gilt and made of steel. Set is 13-piece glassware set of 113 pieces hand-blown by Straus for water, glassware, etc. of any other

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113-piece Glassware
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Rich creamy ivory color, each piece exactly decorated with an artistic cluster of flowers, including zinnias, chrysanthemums, and roses. The set is made up of 113 pieces, 13-piece glassware set, 12 dinner plates, 12 breakfast plates, 7-inch; 12 soup plates, 9-inch; 12 fruit bowls, 8-inch; 12 oatmeal dishes, 8-inch; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 bread and butter plates, 6-inch; 12 saucers; 12 cover plates; 4-inch; 12 packets, 12-inch; 12 cover plates, 12-inch; 12 covered vegetable dish (two pieces); one platter, 13-inch; one covered vegetable dish (two pieces); one gravy boat; one gravy boat; one napkin; one paper napkin; one platter, 13-inch; one covered vegetable dish (two pieces); one sugar bowl and cover (two pieces); one platter, 10-inch; one platter, 13-inch; one covered vegetable dish (two pieces); one sugar bowl and cover (two pieces); one platter, 13-inch; one covered vegetable dish (two pieces); one

50-Piece Silver Set

Each piece is hand-forged in nickel silver base. Each piece is decorated with 113 pieces, 12 forks, 12 dessert spoons, 12 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell and 1 butter knife.

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The center 113 pieces are decorated with a design 11-piece dinner set, providing a uniformity of beauty and consistency. Both the motif, and all of the set, are made of rose glow tint, and the decorations are put on practically exactly as used in the dishes, gilt and made of steel. Set is 13-piece glassware set of 113 pieces hand-blown by Straus for water, glassware, etc. of any other
On Any Bargain in This Room
Big Special Offer!

Never—Never—Never Before! A Marvelous Offer Like This! Sensational! The Biggest Bargain of all time! The Greatest Values ever—a whole roomful of them. Just what you have always wanted to brighten your living room and add comfort to your home—Phonograph, Lamps, Rug, Overstuffed Suite—here it is, at the most amazing of Spear Bargain Prices, and on the easiest of Spear credit terms. We want everybody to enjoy Spear low prices and Spear easy payments, and this is our way of making New Friends.

"ClaroPhonic" Console Phonograph


Three Lamps for the Price of One!

A full size floor lamp, an adjustable bridge lamp and a graceful table lamp—all perfectly matched. All shades in glowing rose color or all in rich blue. Shades are of hazy Rayon Serco, plaited over rose satin lining. Metallic Braid trim. Each shade adorned with distinctive spray of Rayon Taffeta flowers. Metal bases and shafts are Polychrome finish. Each lamp has one socket and connecting cord and two-piece plug. No bulbs included. Furnished for electricity only. Floor lamp, 61 inches high, with shade 17 x 11 inches. Bridge lamp is 61 inches high with adjustable arm and shade 11 x 3 inches. Table lamp is 19 inches high with shade 14 x 9 inches. Order No. DA 2909 for all 3 lamps—Rose or Blue Shades. Sale Price, $8.98. Terms, 1 down, 1 monthly.

Luxurious 3-Piece Overstuffed Velour Suite

Only $49.95. A saving of $35. All 3 pieces have a pleasing contrast of plain Blue Velour arm and back and rich Blue and Taupe Figured Velour seat, backs and wings. All have comfortable side wains. Beautiful and restful! The sturdy hardwood frames are in rich Brown Mahogany finish. Davenport width overall, 82 inches; between arms 52 inches. Arms chair and rocker width overall, 38 inches, seat 14 x 18 inches; height of back from seat 24½ inches. Inner construction has 6 coil springs in seat of each chair; 10 coil springs in seat of davenport. Order No. DA 4110—3-piece Overstuffed Velour Suite. Sale Price $49.95. Terms, $1 down, 4 monthly.

This Roomful of Unqualified Bargains is offered at far below regular prices, in order to make New Friends—new Spear customers. That's why, during this sale, you can buy one of these bargains only. Make your choice. And just look at the terms—$1 down—that's all—for any bargain in this room. Take a whole year to pay, 30 days FREE trial. If you are not completely satisfied with your selection, return it and we will refund first payment and transportation charges both ways. Don't miss this Biggest of Spear Offers.

Genuine "Ching-Stan" 9 ft. x 12 ft. Fringed Velvet Rug

Chenille Figured background in Taupe, most popular of all rug colors. This rug would cost you $48 anywhere else—our price at this SALE only $34.95. Chinese in style. Seamless and richly fringed. Quality and unusual serviceability are woven into its soft, deep pile. A symphony of rare gorgeous colors—gold, green, lavender, wisteria and orange—colors that will retain their beauty and splendor throughout the years. Truly magnificent. Order No. DA 5091—9 ft. x 12 ft. "Ching-Stan" Velvet Rug. Sale Price, $34.95. Terms, $1 down, $2.50 monthly.

Never—Never—Never Before! A Marvelous Offer Like This!

Home Furnishers to the People of America for 30 Years

$1 DOWN


If you want our FREE Catalog of Home Furnishings only, send no money, put an X in the square, write name and address plainly above.

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City ________________

State ________________

FREE CATALOG
Whether in the brilliant sports wear of seaside resorts, in evening clothes, in daytime business dress or in your own home.

**Always-a Perfect Wave**

**Soft and Flattering**

**A Permanent Finger Wave**

**Marcel or Round Curl**

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Now you can have the thrill of a lovely, natural-looking wave that will actually soften your features. So much depends upon a soft expression. The alluring face is vivacious, but it must be framed by a caressing wave. A stiff, "corrugated" wave has a hardening effect.

To give your wave the clinging effect that only a natural wave has, your hair must be soft and pliable. To obtain this effect apply my Wave and Sheen and then experiment to discover the style that is most becoming. Every woman enjoys arranging her hair. Every smart woman studies her features and hits upon the style of coiffure which is most enhancing to her particular type. Play up to your best feature—whether it be forehead, fullness of face or slenderness of face.

But by all means make sure first that you bring out the high lights and the subtle softness which Wave and Sheen will give your hair. The glorious sheen of my hair is one of my greatest assets. In fact, the first comments of my audiences are generally about my hair.

Send this coupon and ten cents for a sample of Wave and Sheen to make your hair

**Wave—Scintillate—Attract**

**Send This Coupon**

to Edna Wallace Hopper,

536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

with ten cents for Sample of Wave and Sheen to prove to yourself what a difference a becoming wave makes in your features.

Name

Street

P. O.

State

FREE

I will also send you a sample of my Youth Cream and Youth Powder, three samples in all.
While your lovely "best" china is getting a gay sparkle from Ivory's clean, odorless suds, your hands are protected by Ivory's purity and mildness.

The hands that set a table with fine linen and gleaming silver should themselves look ready for the party. They can—if they use Ivory whenever they use soap.

Fair white hands when you use a kind soap for every soap-and-water task

WONDERFUL HANDS! Like actresses they play a double part—one moment at household tasks—another moment charming in the eyes of the world.

Can it be done? It is being done in innumerable servantless homes. In their own living rooms we have talked to attractive women who are keeping their hands graceful and young.

This is about what they say: "The least expensive way to keep the hands smooth and soft is to use Ivory Soap for every soap-and-water task. Ivory protects the hands while they are working. For Ivory is so gentle that it is a baby soap. It is efficient soap, too. We find it does sturdy cleansing tasks well."

Isn't this simple and sensible beauty-advice?

After all, hands that are treated like ugly ducklings all the working day can't be expected to turn into white swans even after an eleventh-hour manicure—for lotions can't undo the harm to sensitive skin and cuticle caused by the use of harsh, parching soaps.

Isn't it wiser to use Ivory—which really is a form of beauty-insurance? After each Ivory cleansing task dry your hands well. Then, with your usual grooming, they are always ready for parties.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair, for figures?" A little book, "On the Art of Being Charming", answers many questions like these and is free. Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VU-49, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

Kind to everything it touches

99 44/100% Pure "It floats"
Warner Baxter
Eric Von Schedule
Tinsel Town

Charlie Chaplin on the Talkies
The Love-Life of Dorothy Mackaill
ASK THE SALESWOMAN IN ANY SMART SHOP

She will tell you why this care makes silk stockings look better and wear longer...

You probably wash your stockings shortly after every wearing. (At least, you should!) Doesn’t this frequent washing of delicate silken fibers simply cry for extra-care?

The next time you buy silk stockings, ask the saleswoman how to wash them to get the longest wear. She will mention two important precautions — “Lukewarm water” and then — “Ivory Soap.” (In the finest department stores of 30 leading cities, 9 out of 10 salespeople advise only Ivory for silk stockings.)

Why salespeople advise Ivory

“The wrong soap will often fade, discolor, or weaken stockings. But you can wash any stockings well if you use lukewarm water and the right soap. Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes is best — Ivory is pure.” — Leading New York Store.

“We never recommend anything but Ivory — other soaps are likely to cut the silk.” — Boston Specialty Shop.

“Ivory is the best thing to use for silk stockings — best for the color and best for the silk.” — Chicago Department Store.

Ask the saleswoman yourself. Whether you live as far East as New York or as far West as San Francisco, you will find Ivory overwhelmingly the first choice among these experts in leading stores. And you will never hear an adverse criticism about Ivory.

... Instead you will hear: “It is mild.” “It is pure.” “It is safe.”...

And, of course, this is quite natural... a soap that is safe for a baby’s skin is certain to be extra-safe for fine silks and woolens.

PROCTOR & GAMBLE


IVORY SOAP

KIND TO EVERYTHING IT Touches 99.4% Pure
When you see and hear SPEAKEASY at your favorite theatre, you will realize why Fox Movietone all-dialogue talkers are the most popular of all.

The screen adaptation of this stage success has been produced with the perfect realism that only the Fox Movietone process of recording sound on film can create.

You see and hear a living spectacle of the greatest metropolis in the world—the breezy talk of Broadway and the sporting world, the frenzied shouts of twenty thousand fight-crazed enthusiasts during a championship fight at the world-famous Madison Square Garden, the voice of the announcer, the bang of the gong, the ringside repartee, the beat of gloves on flesh, the tumult during the sensational knockout.

You see and hear a thrilling horserace at historic Belmont Park, the roar of subway trains and voices of milling crowds, the click of coins in the turnstiles; you see and hear the hustle and bustle of Times Square and the Grand Central Station—every sound of these eye-filling and ear-thrilling scenes recorded by Fox Movietone at the ACTUAL SCENES.

And you see and hear a fast-moving story of New York and its many "rackets", a story packed with exciting action, love, comedy, color and suspense.

An unusual cast of well known artists of stage and screen, including Paul Page, Lola Lane, Henry B. Walthall, Helen Ware and Sharon Lynn, masterfully directed by Benjamin Stoloff, make the picturization of this absorbing story by Edward Knoblock and George Rosener superb entertainment.
Maurice Chevalier in the all-talking, singing picture "Innocents of Paris"—the living, breathing Chevalier himself—he talks, he sings, he clowns, he acts! Chevalier—he thrilled the most cosmopolitan audiences in the world in Paris music halls. Chevalier—he held spellbound the most blase audiences in New York. Eight songs he sings—three in French—but so great is his art, you don’t have to know a syllable of French to understand every word! Don’t miss the motion picture sensation of 1929. Ask your Theatre Manager now when he is going to show "Innocents of Paris."

"Innocents of Paris" a 100% talking, singing picture is also presented in a "silent" version, 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.
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Rub in Absorbine Jr.

Weather changes and sudden exposure bring aching muscles. Rub in Absorbine, Jr. at once. Almost instantly you will appreciate its soothing and comforting action. Stubborn attacks will respond to frequent applications of Absorbine, Jr. rubbed in vigorously.

Absorbine, Jr. keeps the muscles in wonderful condition. It is pleasant to use—it is not greasy, and does not stain the skin. There are many other uses, for all the family. Read “Timely Suggestions.”

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Send for Free Trial Bottle W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

FIFTEEN DOLLAR LETTER
Cut Out the Censor!

OAKDALE, CALIF.—There are millions throughout this broad land who do not believe the constitutional guarantee of “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness” applies to any one except themselves. Further, they include among their own “liberties” the right to restrict and regulate the thoroughfares upon which happiness is pursued. Their maxim is that traffic shall be limited to those courses which lead to the particular mode of happiness palatable to themselves. If they cannot attain happiness by a certain pursuit, neither shall anyone else. Unable to regulate themselves on certain types of “movies,” they are determined that the cup shall be denied, that the happiness therein attainable by others shall, in a spirit of sadness, be gainsaid. Their theory is that the realm of movie-land should be charted, in accordance with their desires. Such estates as suit their whimsical fancy shall be open to the public as common hunting-ground. Those which meet with their disapproval shall be proscribed. To paraphrase, “where their happiness is not, neither shall anyone else’s.”

The attitude of the censor is essentially sadistic. What he cannot enjoy he is determined that no-one else shall either. A typical dog in the manger! Of course, he pleads on moral grounds.” But since we did an all-wise minority become the custodian of the morals of the rest of us? Since when did we become obligated to frame our moral standards according to another’s specifications? Personally, I can see no substitute for the censors when they encroach upon the rights of others. And, in addition, I can see no reason for discretion or leniency in summarily relegating them to their proper position as plain American citizens, respectful of the rights of their fellowmen.

Floyd Gilbert.

TEN DOLLAR LETTER
For Better Titles
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
What is the matter with the movies? Such titles as are being used these days—“Three Week Ends,” “Another Blonde,” “The Baby Cyclone,” “Nothing to Wear.” My opinion is that keeps people away from Box Office. When Norma Shearer played in “The Actress,” hardly any one knew it was taken from the celebrated Pinero “Trelawney of the Wells.” She was miscast and the picture could not compare with the stage presentation.

If producers will be sane in regard to their titles, I think the public will be better satisfied.

George E. Bushnell.

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER
Where The Movie Does Its Best!
ONTARIO, CANADA—I am a patient in a T. B. Sanitarium. I wonder if anybody can ever imagine all the good Movies can do in a place like this in keeping the patients’ absorbing business of grieving over their illness, and sending their imaginings working another way.

Wonderful thing, imagination! And so nice to help us through monotonous days. Thanks to mine, active as a French verb always, I’ve traveled all over the world and seen wonderful places. But Achilles’ sword did not only heal wounds, it was in his hand a dangerous weapon.

When I get to think about the months I spend here and the apparent uselessness of it, my imagination sees a crepe upon the door; then I tell myself funny things, but the devil himself wouldn’t make me laugh! But Harold Lloyd can! And Billy Haines!! While a Gilbert-Carbo play throws me in a state of fugitive fervor similar to that of an artist in achieving his dream.

In a Sanitarium, Movies are a real Blessing. Best Wishes to Motion Picture.

G. R. M.
285 Sturgeon Falls, Ontario, Canada.

P. S. — And would you kindly do a little favor to a T. B. by telling I would like to hear from fans all over the world. The Intern says that Editors are nasty things that won’t do a favor even on a bet. I don’t think so, and we bet 5 lbs. chocolate. So please, be a perfect Editor, and make me win because I (Continued on page 115)
Laugh that off—that grouch, that spell of the blues, that lingering worry or dull care. You can laugh it off, at the movies—if you select the theatre that has one of Educational’s comedies on the program.

Has the talking picture reached your neighborhood, or is your favorite theatre still showing silent pictures only? It makes no difference—there is one of Educational’s uproariously funny comedies playing somewhere near you tonight.

It may be a MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDY such as “THE BRIDE’S RELATIONS” or “WHIRLS AND GIRLS”—or a CORONET TALKING COMEDY, perhaps “ASK DAD”—or it may be a silent LUPINO LANE COMEDY such as “ONLY ME” or “SUMMER SAPS”—a BIG BOY-JUVENILE COMEDY such as “GINGER SNAPS”—or any one of a number of other rib ticklers.

Anyway it will be the spice of the program; and you will laugh off your troubles in a merry round of mirth.

Silent or with sound EDUCATIONAL PICTURES are the dominating leaders in the Short Feature field.

MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES
JACK WHITE TALKING COMEDIES
BIG BOY-JUVENILE COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
IDEAL COMEDIES
DOROTHY DEVORE COMEDIES
TUXEDO COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)

CORONET TALKING COMEDIES
LUPINO LANE TALKING COMEDIES
LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
RUSS FARRELL, AVIATOR Series
CAMEO COMEDIES
OUR WORLD TODAY
KINOGRAMS—NEWS REEL
Lyman H. Howe’s 110DGE-PODGE
Chester
MILD enough for anybody
What a cigarette meant there

The actors play their part—and history moves thrillingly across the silver screen. But on the movie lot, how tense the days of strain! And how gratefully welcomed those hard-won moments that mean rest, relaxation... and a cigarette!

What a cigarette means here

They play their part, too—these buyers of Chesterfield tobacco.

Thousands of pounds auctioned each day; distinct types of leaf—twenty grades of "bright" tobacco alone; important distinctions of curing; differences in texture, color, size, in the natural sugar which means natural sweetness—and Chesterfield quality to be maintained.

Our buyers do their part. In New York or Manila, Paris or Alaska, our billions of Chesterfields taste the same. The same wholesome fragrance, the same natural mildness, the same satisfying "body," because our buyers know exactly what they want—and whatever it may cost, they get it!

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field

.... and yet THEY SATISFY
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Address ________________________

---

**By MARION MARTONE**

Collyer, June—playing in Front of Decadent—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—playing in Bulldog Drummond—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 2712 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—recently completed The Time, the Place and the Girl—Warner Bros. Studios, 1542 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in Life—Titanic Studio, 4316 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Costello, Dolores—recently completed Allimony Award—Warner Bros. Studios, 1424 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Dana, Karl—playing in China Bound—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dumas, Lily—playing in Bridge of San Luis Rey—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dane, Karl—playing in The Man in Black—Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davis, Charles—playing in The House of Horror—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dennings, Chip—playing in Don Quixote—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

D表示, Ulla—playing in The Mask of Paris—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dolan, Mattie—playing in One Night Only—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dorothy—playing in The Mask of Paris—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dow, Billie—playing in Careers—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dove, Sally—playing in Broadway Bob—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Duma, Lily—playing in Bridge of San Luis Rey—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.**

Dumitri, Lily—playing in The Bridge of San Luis Rey—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dumas, Lily—playing in Bridge of San Luis Rey—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dane, Karl—playing in China Bound—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dumais, Betty—playing in That A Night—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.


Donnelly, Reginald—playing in My Lucky Day—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dra, Richard—playing in期限 But the Tracks—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in Careers—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dow, Sally—playing in Broadway Bob—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dumas, Lily—playing in Bridge of San Luis Rey—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ellis, Dione—playing in High Voltage—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ellis, Sally—playing in Broadway Bob—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Housewives Wild with Joy
Agents Making $90 to $200 a Week

An Amazing New Way to Open Cans Has Been Discovered!

YES, it's here at last! The million-dollar discovery that inventors the world over have long dreamed about! Now figuratively, as quick as the flick of an eyelash the daily kitchen prayer of millions of women is answered! Dangerous old-style can openers are banished to the scrap-heap instantly and forever! No more stabbing and hacking! No cuts, no danger, no pain, no blood poison! Is it any wonder that the agents who are carrying this message to the women of America are being paid almost incredible sums of money? Daily, almost hourly, profit records are broken! In a single hour dozens of men have reported profits ranging from $20 to $30—all that for just 60 minutes’ work!

Magical—Yet Startlingly Simple

Call this invention amazing, astonishing, anything you like and still you have not adequately described it. For imagine, if you can a little, pocket-size can opening machine that works exactly like magic. It holds the can for you... rapidly spins the can around... zips the top out as slick and clean as scissors snip through tissue paper... all in 5 seconds or less... opens every shape can, square, round or oval at a mere twist of the wrist!

When you know the facts as outlined above you can see what I mean when I tell you that women who see this revolutionary device are surprised, thrilled, excited and fascinated all at once! You can also understand why the two-minute demonstrations we have worked out for you enable you to take orders from 4 out of 5 people wherever you go. So you easily can make $90 to $200 a week and some of the most ambitious men actually make even more.

Approved By All Experts

This newest and most remarkable can opening invention is called “Speedo.” It has already been tested and approved by almost every known authority, including Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, Youth’s Companion Lab., Household Searchlight Lab., etc. It has also now been tested and approved as a big money-maker by some of the smartest salesmen in America. When I say “big money,” I’m thinking of men like D. C. Harris, Minn., who made $41 a day; T. H. Ebenezer, Idaho, made a cool $1,000.00 in only 27 ½ selling days; O. C. Greggs, Wyo., made $20 in 3 hours’ spare time; E. T. Barley, N. Y., cleaned up $117 in 2 days; and so it goes everywhere.

Many Speedo exclusive territories are still open, some of them among the very best potential money-makers. Right now is the time to get started for your share in this tremendous clean-up. Today is none too soon to send in the famous Speedo Free Test Offer. Risk nothing. Easily gain an income running well over $5,000 during the coming 12 months. Sell C.O.D. or collect and deliver. Even spare time will pay you $5 to $10 an hour at the start. Everything is furnished. You even get sales training entirely free. So if you really are in earnest about making big money mail the coupon below. Mail it today. Grab a pencil and send it right now!

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I want to make a free test of this invention. I am driving housewives wild. Rush everything with full details of $3 to $10 an hour.

Name
Address

Town State

( ) Check here if interested only in one for your own home.
In the Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 10)


Hall, James—recently completed The Last Murder Case—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.


Herbert, Holmes—playing in The Charlatan—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.


Hoist, Jack—recently completed Sweet Pat—Paramount Studios, Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.


Ilyas, Leila—playing in White Collars—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.


Joyce, Alice—playing in The Squall—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Keaton, Buster—playing in Spite Marriage—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Kennedy, Merna—playing in Broadway—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Kent, Barbara—recently completed The Shadow—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Kenyon, Doris—playing in Dark Streets—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Lake, Arthur—playing in Campus Kisei—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

La Plante, Linda—playing in Old Maid—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

LaRocque, Richard in Our Modern Maidens—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Livingston, Margaret—playing in The Charlatan—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Loft, Jean—recently completed Annihilation—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Lombard, Carol—playing in High Voltage—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.


Lowe, Edmund—playing in That Thru Different Eyes—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Log, Myrna—playing in King of the Klondike—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.


Lyons, Ben—playing in Chicago—20th Century-Fox Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Mackall, Dorothy—playing in Two Weeks Off—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Mann, B.—playing in The Royal Rider—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.


Gay, Tim—recently completed The Desert Law—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

McClagen, Victor—playing in King of the Klondike—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.


Menjou, Adolphe—playing in The Paramount Case—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Mills, Tom—playing in The Dade Ranch—FBO Studios, 750 West Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Moore, Colleen—recently completed Why Be Good?—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Moore, Owen—playing in High Voltage—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Moran, Lois—playing in Fox Marriage Follies—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Moreno, Antonio—playing in The Desert Law—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.


Mullah, James—recently completed The Shake—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in White Collars—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Nelson, Marian—recently completed The Red Sword—BFO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in The Pagans—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Nugent, Edmund—playing in Modern Management—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

O'Brien, George—playing in A Son of Arab—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.


Philm, Mary—recently completed Port of Dreams—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Phipps, Sally—playing in Joy Street—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Pickford, Mary—playing in Coquette—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif.


Prevost, Marie—recently completed Sidebars—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1401 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Quillan, Eddie—playing in Lulu, Baby—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Rasten, Esther—playing in Berlin—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Reiner, Dorothy—playing in Screen Girls—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in Cleo Harry—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Rollins, David—playing in King of the Klondike—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in A Bargain in the Arizim—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in Spite Marriage—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Sherer, Norma—playing in The Trial of Mary Duggan—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Sills, Milton—playing in Dark Streets—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Stone, Lewis—playing in The Trial of Mary Duggan—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Stuart, Nick—playing in Chasing Through Europe—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in Queen Kelly—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.


Terry, Alice—playing in The Three Passions—United Artists Studios, Universal City, Hollywood, Calif.

Todd, Thema—playing in Career—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Torres, Raquel—playing in The Bridge of San Luis Rey—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Tryon, Glenn—playing in Broadway—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Tweedtess, Helen—playing in Blue Skies—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Valli, Virginia—recently completed Street of Illusion—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.


Vidor, Florence—recently completed Dinner Nights—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Waltz, Henry—playing in Spaceways—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.


White, Alice—playing in Broadway Babies—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Wilson, Lois—playing in Object Adultery—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.


Wray, Fay—recently completed Four Feathers—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Young, Loreta—playing in The Squall—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.
Here is romance that transports you into realms of blissful emotion. Drama with a world-sweep, colossal and sublime. Thrills that grip every fibre of your being!

"Noah's Ark" is the outstanding achievement of the Screen, made vivid as reality itself through the marvelous Voice of Vitaphone.

See and hear "Noah's Ark." You'll agree that it gloriously surpasses all existing standards or conceptions of modern screen entertainment.
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, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyelashes. I say to you in plain English (as you are probably aware) that the eyelashes and eyebrows I wish to increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, and no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can 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 oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Heffelsing, 240 W. "B" St., Carhle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted ... I notice the greatest difference ... people I come in contact with remark how long and silly my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Oatstot, 3437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Ravert, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Pa.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2945 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyelash and eyebrow method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Correvas, 8 Finette Ave., Beldedore, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your method. My eyebrows 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 silken fringes. The curling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable— a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you 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 quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $3.00.

Lucille Young

Growth will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

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Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows, at absolute and entire satisfaction, I will return within 30 days without charge. Give name and address. Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few small postage. Name... Address... If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid. State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D.

FOURTEEN years ago H. B. Warner and Robert Edeson made their first motion pictures, and now, for the first time since then, they are appearing again, together, on the screen. This time it will be in an all-talking production of James M. Barrie's "The Doctor's Secret."

FRIENDLY HA-

VER took refuge in the feminine privilege of changing her mind and found a new fiancé in the person of William Seaman, pal of none other than Mayor Jimmie Walker.

MAYBE they all hope to see a snowlake or two. Maybe they need some new shoxies, or maybe they need the sparkle that only New York can give. At any rate, there are more and more film stars added to Manhattan's hordes. Milton Sills and his wife, Doris Kenyon, are late additions to the Eastern colony.

DO you believe in fairies? Well, Marilyn Morgan did and came all the way from Trinidad, West Indies, to prove it. She came and she saw and she conquered the brightest of movie fairylands out in Holly-

wood. So much did her beauty and youthful spirit impress them, that she received a test and then a contract from Pathé.

IT looks as if the relatives were all invading the movies. Clara Bow no sooner launched her little cousin William, fresh from Brooklyn, than a Jolson appeared on the scene. It seems that Al Jolson's brother, Harry, too would show that he couldn't sing, and has been signed by Universal to make talking and singing films.

As Told By ELINOR GLYN

Mad revels now run rampant with that set which seeks solace in speed. Rome, at its wildest, was a complacent country strawberry festival when contrasted with society orgies.

The latest example of this never-ending search for bigger thrills was the lavish "Underseas Ball" recently given by Mrs. Viola Hatfield, a daring divorcee of Santa Barbara.

The ballroom resembled the sea bottom. Long strands of seaweed twisted and twirled in the drafts from concealed fans. Over in one corner half buried in the sandy "ocean" floor lay a wave battered hull from a nearby beach.

A huge and brilliantly illuminated glass tank of water extended across the ballroom. And, as a master touch, the whole room was bathed in a ghostly green light.

Truly, an appropriate background for these weird goings-on. It was not strange that such a setting should have brought to a swift climax the pent-up passions of one of the strangest love affairs society has ever known.

Joan Winslow, a beautiful young ward, harassed by an over-strict guardian, and Michel Towne, handsome bachelor catch, who was equally harassed by droves of women whom he found more desiring than desirable, had entered into a "contract marriage," to escape their respective annoyers.

This so-called "marriage" was a strange one; not only did "honor" and "obey" have no part in the "ritual" but, what was stranger still, the most important clause was a definite agreement NOT TO "LOVE."

Michel invited his wife that was, and was not, to his yacht. Joan insisted that he live up to the letter of the "contract marriage." Michel, crazed, attempted to take by force what he could not get by reason. Joan escaped and swam to shore.

On the night of the "Underseas Ball," Joan was very attractive, both to the eye and to the heart of Michel. He plead passionately. To escape, she plunged into the glass tank. Angered, he smashed the glass and sent the water over the half drunken guests. As Joan swept by him, he seized her and disappeared with her in the confusion. To—
Thoughts while strolling: Mary Pickford turning from curls to swirls and giving her version of how Garbo would act if given more rope. Lupe Velez driving like Cannon-Ball Baker up the hill to Gary Cooper’s house. Dejected-looking man walking down the Avenue. A great director of former days whom Hollywood has forgotten. Joan Crawford sitting on young Doug’s knee in front of the extras. Lois Moran, that rich young lady from the Fox lot and Wall Street. I have been wondering if Norma Shearer was right about “Mary Dugan.” But, after all, it’s just hearsay. Have you noticed how many of our last year’s favorites are on the stage now? The talkies have been the grim reaper to a lot of budding careers. Anita Page entertaining her relatives on the set of “Our Modern Maidan.” And they were all watching Joan Crawford. Prof. Moore has gone from the Roosevelt, but, as one of his friends, I can say he isn’t forgotten. Seems that a lot of the home folks made bulls of themselves during the last big market. Ford limousine parked in the privileged place inside the M. G. M. gates. And it not only had a liveried driver but a footman as well. Actor standing on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine, buttoning his wardrobe trunk. Why does the sound stage always burn down at the end of the production? All the restaurants on the Boulevard seem to be in a contest to see who can hang the largest and funniest oil paintings. Marfan Nixon, one of the sweetest little girls in the movies, waving at an old friend. Now that his service is rendered, we nominate Silent Cal for a talkie contract. If he goes over in a program tragedy as he did in the news-reels, he’s a cinch.

Hollywood has more de luxe poverty than any city in the world. Even her bums are gilt-edged. Most of that thin-dime army will say that they are merely financially embarrassed, but there are those—and those are the ones who need tackling on. A very wealthy young actress—with a heart of gold, also—took pity on a nice looking young fellow about sixteen years old. He had been hanging around the studio gate for days. He said he was starving. “The girl took him to her home for lunch, and he was served by two maids and a butler in Beverly Hills’ grandest style. But the soup was too salty, and he didn’t eat caviar—never had liked it. The steak wasn’t thick enough. The nice young lady thought that she might be able to stand this high-bat bum until she went back to the studio, but when he asked her to loan him a town car so that he might search for work, she was shown the door and told to walk.

Another player was stopped on the street and asked “to help a poor fellow get a meal.” When he had handed him two bits, the beggar handed it back with a sneer. No ordinary sneer, either—just like the villain in the old nickelodeon days. We beggars here do things on a bigger scale. Beggar and better, you might say. Then, there was the actor who came out of the Montmartre only to run into an old boy with white hair soliciting contributions for the home for aged Jews. The grease-painted gentleman reached down in his pocket and took out all he had left after paying his check, and handed the collector the nineteen cents. The aged-one looked up from the chicken feed inquiringly and said, “Is that all?” Well, I guess every little bit helps.” And the old boy shook his head and sighed philosophically as he walked off to and fro.


A few months ago an explosion blew the fashionable Russian Eagle Cafe all over Sunset Boulevard. No insurance. Today we have with us The Double Eagle Cafe. Same owner—a Russian general; same waiters—former dukes and counts; but being twice as big in their new quarters, they have doubled the old name. A Cossack, in full regalia and full beard, stands at the door and entices the tourists in to pay the mortgage. If you can eat there for less than fifty bucks, you’ve hypotized the waiter. No need to wish them success—they take it.

Seems like a lot of the boys and girls have decided not to keep house. Maybe it’s the talkies. Maybe it’s the general slump. Anyway, the mansions are empty and the high-powered furnished apartment houses are over-flowing. One of the newer storage companies reports that they alone have over half a million dollars’ worth of furniture stored with them by picture people. Hollywood has copied New York and gone in for cliff-dwelling on a grand scale. And now that we have so many swell apartments—all we need, said a group of the girls, is more Wall Street backing and then everything will be hotsie-totsie.

Short story with moral attached: The father of one of the biggest stars in the business made it a practice to pay his daughter a visit every three hours each day. He wanted to show his enthusiasm and possibly suggest new plots to the director. He got everyone in such an uproar that the studio hired him at a hundred a week. His only work is to stay away from the studio and quit bothering them. So he opened up a restaurant and put his famous daughter’s name in the electric sign. Now the studio pays him two hundred a week. The second hundred is to keep him from trading on the star’s name.
Mellin’s Food—A Milk Modifier

Why does Mellin’s Food hold such a prominent place in infant feeding?

Because it is used with fresh milk—a scientifically correct basis for bottle feeding.

Because it acts upon the casein of milk, making the curd flaky, soft and easily digested.

Because it favorably influences the digestibility of the cream of milk.

Because it adds carbohydrates in the highly assimilable form of maltose and dextrins.

Because it adds mineral matter in a form readily utilized for the development of bones and teeth.

Because by its use infants thrive and mothers find contentment as they record the satisfactory progress of their babies.

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 Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
Lovely, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London’s most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and her good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of definite convictions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond’s. She has lived amid Canada’s snows, and under India’s blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the “wonderful service Pond’s have done for women.”

“They’ve put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year,” she says.

“Those Two Creams keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected! And the Skin Freshener, the filmy Tissues for removing cream—all four are delightful!”

This is the Pond’s Method for home treatment:
First, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond’s Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure.

Then, with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

Next, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond’s Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. If it firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

The finishing touch—a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day. Always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissues.

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City__________________________ State_________________
Not only some baby, but some baby star, is Sally Blane. Of all the girls that were picked out by the Wampas, there was none so much as Sally. The votes she received would, if laid end to end, make a life-contract at a salary as astounding as Sally’s charm.
Beneath the title of his next film play, "The Lucky Star," Charles Farrell must have been born, so consistent is his success. In addition to all his earlier attainments, he has just scored another ace as the big crumb and calendar man in "Our Daily Bread."
Only a few months ago it was the dictophone that told Dione Ellis what to do. Now it's the megaphone. From occupying the chair of stenography in a business institution she has, within much less than a year, attained a recognition in pictures which led to her playing opposite William Boyd in "Leathernecks"
Many a cinema star in Hollywood would renounce all her celluloid glory to see her name where Virginia Cherrill's came from—on the roster of Chicago society. But Virginia's set of values is of a contrasting shade; she has foregone the débutante racket to become leading woman in Charlie Chaplin's forthcoming comedy.
She is seen of late all too infrequently on the screen, is Eleanor Boardman. But she will find, and without recourse to any conscriptive measure, an army of fans ready to storm the theaters when she assumes the leadership of the cast of "She Goes to War".
France has two idols. One is Lindbergh and the other is Maurice Chevalier. And the second of these, arrived not so long ago to appear in pictures in Hollywood, promises to duplicate in America his European popularity. One of his first appearances will be in "Innocents of Paris"
For the well-rounded merit of her photoplays—and even more for her own mimic and pantomimic ability—picturegoers have of recent months come to look back upon and forward to with pleasure the appearances of Marion Davies. The New York musical comedy success, "Rosalie," is soon to be adapted for her use on the screen.
Jack Mulhall is an actor who harbors no frustrated yearnings to be either a motorman or a motor magnate. He likes acting. Which is a break for the fans, for they like to see him do what he likes. As he will again soon in "Children of the Ritz"
Camera!

As women watch each other on Fifth Avenue for fashions, so do the movies scrutinize themselves for what is popular.

One company makes a big success, and another and then another goes home to see if it can't make something just exactly like it.

This isn't new. It's been going on for years.

One instance of it was, nearly a decade ago, the importation of "Passion." Up to this time, the costume picture was taboo. No less a deity than Cecil B. DeMille had said so. But when the Germans came forward and proved that a subject could be both historical and human, this dictum died. We had "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Monsieur Beaucaire" and a raft of others in silk knee-pants.

Another and more recent manifestation has been the rash of gang-war dramas. What the public didn't know about bootlegging and hi-jacking before, from reading the newspapers, it soon found out from the screen. We shouldn't be surprised if it weren't just this modern form of gun-toting hero that killed off the old westerns.

Modern Two-Gun Men

At any rate, the underworld had its day, a day that is passing. Perhaps because the pictures copied one another so much as to rob the scene and subject of novelty. Perhaps because in real life, as in Chicago's wholesale murder of a month or so ago, the thing is done on a scale that even the movies had not the imagination to conceive.

And right now we foresee the incoming of another vogue, one incident to the more facile manipulation of the talkies. It is the movie musical comedy, hitherto untried and impracticable for the screen.

The germ of this undoubtedly dates back to the early Jolson pictures, "The Jazz-Singer" and "The Singing Fool." But it has been elaborated upon and brought to a very high point in entertainment value by the production of "The Broadway Melody."

This is a most excellent picture. Even at the high price of admission, from a movie standpoint, that it could demand, it was money's worth. Well written, intelligently cast and adroitly and forcefully directed, its viewing was an evening well spent. And there is much to be said in support of its director's claim, that the field of the new speaking screen cannot be better appreciated than in its adaptation to the singing and dancing, as well as talking, form of entertainment. To what Broadway has frequently referred to as eye-and-ear attractions.

Take It Easy

But with the advent of "The Broadway Melody" to the scene of its setting, there comes word that other pieces patterned upon it and upon its appeal for popularity are in production and in preparation for production.

In one sense, this is good news. In another, it is not. It is good news in that the public will more than welcome any picture of as all-round excellence as "The Broadway Melody." And it is bad news in that it forecasts an epidemic of imitations and emulations.

There should be more like it—more like it, in general. But producers are unwise if they think that this kind of picture is the answer to all the public wants or will want in talking pictures. They are unwise, too, if they think that the talking pictures cannot be as effective in straight comedy or in serious dramatic pieces. It so happens that the first big successes have come in the pictures with music. But the makers of pictures will make the taste for these last longer if they do not serve them too often. Chicken à la King is unquestionably appetizing. But serve it every day for a week and there comes a violent hankering for steak and potatoes. Hence is our estimation for the musical comedy talking film—would suggest mixing their provision with contrasting items of diet.
They Rob The Screen Of Its Three Great Essentials: Beauty, Sex-Appeal And Pantomime

By Gladys Hall

through the eye of a needle than for an interviewer to get to Chaplin. The difficulty of getting-to-Chaplin is one of the unwritten laws of Hollywood. You know about it, instinctively, just as you know that it is the better part of policy not to ask Mary Pickford for her love-life, for instance.

You Have To Bust In

As Mr. Robinson of the Chaplin front office explained to me, "It's all in the getting in. You see, it's like this: if I say to Charlie, 'Miss Hall is coming to interview you at two o'clock today,' he gets panicky. He says he isn't looking his best, has a conference, can't do it. But if you just come over and we walk in on him, he's apt to talk."

I felt that Mr. Robinson's words were oracular and took them. We walked in on him. He talked. And then I gathered up what crumbs there were that fell from the Chaplin board. Of these, more later.

Charlie was in the combination living-room and dining-room he has christened "The Sweat Shop." A bare sort of room with the essentials but none of the effete luxury that swaddles most of the profiled gods.

In The Sweat Shop it is that Charlie tells his henchmen his idea for a new story. Here this central theme of Charlie's is threshed out and joined together in holy gaggery. Here sit Charlie and Harry Crocker and Mr. Robinson and Henry, of Henry's famous café, and other intimates. Sometimes they sit for hours without a word being spoken. Occasionally somebody produces an idea.

This lone prophet plays a lone hand. He is the only independent soul on the screen.

He never uses a script. His story is written after it is filmed. He doesn't use a director.

He doesn't cast from the ranks of professionals. He finds his leading women here and there. Virginia Cherrill was sifted out of a prize-fight. The other members of the cast may be the gate man, the chauffeur, Henry, a waiter or two, you or me. Anyone who happens to be about.

The Warner Brothers and other Hollywood prophets are rushing about shouting, like a prophet of old, "This is the Way." They refer to the turbulent talkies and never hear them as the death-rattle in the movie throat.

Free-lance and contract players are shuddering about, too, little echoes of the overlords.

One prophet stands erect, shaking his graying mane and roaring "This is not the Way."

The lone prophet is Charlie Chaplin, that futile little feller with the big shoes and the heart-breaking derby hat.

The futile little feller, so futile that he is the only integer in Hollywood who dares to damn the gabby gelatin, who dares to say what he thinks and do as he pleases without fear of blacklists, firing lines, torn-up contracts or other satannalia.

"You can tell 'em I loathe them," was his answer to my query. And my query was, "What shall I tell our readers you think of the talkies?"

"May interest you to know that I had quite a terse and pungent condemnation.

own, it is easier for a movie star to dither among the women who have been left by the wayside to keep the house together..."

A peda

T

E
Chaplin Attacks
the Talkies

HE IS THE PICTURE

The point, gravely taken, is this: Charlie is the picture. You go to see Charlie Chaplin in something, but it really doesn’t matter in what. The story is always negligible. The cast is likewise, judged by electric-light standards. The locales and sets are excellent, but who remembers them? That little inadequate figure is the strongest figure in the amusement world today. And he is the strongest without benefit of high-priced books, plays or originals, directors, supervisors or any of the hocus-pocus who conjure up for us our daily movie bread. Without benefit, too, of the talkies.

"You can tell 'em I loathe them," he said.

He said, "They are spoiling the oldest art in the world—the art of pantomime.
"They are ruining the great beauty of silence.
"They are defeating the meaning of the screen, the appeal that has created the star system, the fan system, the vast popularity of the whole—the appeal of beauty.
"It's beauty that matters in pictures—nothing else. The screen is pictorial. Pictures. Lovely looking girls, handsome young men in adequate scenes. What if the girls can't act? Of course, they can't. They never have. But what of it? Who has cared? Who has known the difference?
"Certainly, I prefer to see, say, Dolores Costello in a thin tale, than some aged actress of the stage doing dialogue with revolting close-ups.

S. A. AND SOUND

BEAUTY; beauty and sex-appeal. These are the two elements that have put Ziegfeld where he is today. These are the two elements that have put the screen where it is today. These are the two elements the people have gone to see, want to see, care about.

"I am not using the talkies in my new picture. I am never going to use them. For me, it would be fatal. I can't understand why anyone who can possibly avoid it, does use it, Harold Lloyd, for instance.
"I am going to synchronize to music. That is something else again. Quite different and of inestimable value and importance. It is the thing we have most needed. It will prove to be invaluable. It will bring music to people who have never had a real opportunity of hearing it. It will tell its own story, for music, like pictures, is a universal language, everywhere understandable. And it will raise up a whole new school of people, writing scores and librettos just for individual pictures.

"Everything goes in cycles, of course. No one phase should be taken too seriously. Just now we are in the cycle of the ancient and quavery school of sobby melodrama. The type of thing my father used to do on the London stage when he played a tramp and sang, ‘Life is not like this every daaaay’!

Whereupon Charlie arose, thumped his chest, strode about and quavered the song for us.
"Same thing today," he said. "The thing Al Jolson—the most important personality in pictures today—is doing (Continued on page 128)
There is no likelihood of Corinne Griffith's relapsing into the insipid characterizations which marked her earlier efforts. Her success in "The Divine Lady" has encouraged her to continue in the portrayal of women who must fight for happiness without benefit of protection. An instance is her newest rôle, that of a ballet dancer in "Prisoners."
No Man May Gaze with Naked Eye Upon the Undies of the Stars

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

These are the Laundry Marks of some of the Stars as they are called off in the Checking Room:

Lois Wilson—CX2 (Chicken Extra Two)
Harold Lloyd—725X (called 725 Extra)
Chester Conklin—WH2
(Whisky Hippo Two)
Claire Windsor—7A2
(Seven Apples Two)
Noah Beery—RO1 (Rats Oakland One)

Much advice and many suggestions are passed out each year on the ways and means of making Hollywood clean. The pulpit, the press, the speaking stage and philanthropic souls from every corner of the universe raise their voices in this noble cause.

But it was the motion picture players themselves, always ready to give their little village a boost, who dug down in their pockets and gave money for this worthy mission. With C. C. Craig, former picture producer and the man who first introduced the Hollywood Bowl to the world, as their leader, they have founded an institution that is doing more to clean up Hollywood than any other group of people in the world.

Such prominent screen celebrities as Milton Sills, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor and Anita Stewart have invested money in this organization. Noah Beery has become so interested in the enterprise that he is offering the entire output of his newly discovered mine to its furtherance. We will give further details of Noah's mine later on.

Tales of the splendid work that this institution is doing are gradually becoming known about town. Take the recent case of Chester Conklin.

TREASON FOR COMPLAINT

CHESTER, as almost everyone knows, has long passed the age of school days. Yet a short time ago, so the story goes, he went violently collegiate. He was seen about town with his shirt collar open and no sign of his usual dressy string tie. If he wore socks at all, they hung loosely around his shoe tops. When one of the scouts of this group that is dedicated to the purpose of keeping Hollywood clean, reported that Chester's weekly laundry bundle consisted of two shirts and one pair of socks, the president decided to take action.

It was reported that Chester was called before the board of directors. "Don't you see that you are undermining the very purpose of this organization?" pleaded one of the members. "Setting the styles as you have for so many years, you will ruin our business should news of your late mode of dress leak out," warned another; "No laundry on earth, not even this big modern plant, can prosper if men as well as women are allowed to discard their underclothes," protested a third. Chester, realizing the dire calamity he was about to bring upon Hollywood, bashfully and a bit reluctantly promised to go back to his flannels and the stylish upstanding collars he had always worn.

Chester always is ready to please.

(Continued on page 107)
You might think that Merna Kennedy, playing in the vocal screen version of the night-club melodrama, "Broadway," would find such a thing as water too tame for her taste. But that's what she drinks—on the set, at least. Figuring probably that it's better to be safe than saturated.
The TRIAL of Norma Shearer

Under Grilling Of Attorney, She Confesses To Leading Triple Life

By WALTER RAMSEY

BEING a test case of the Curious Public vs. Norma Shearer concerning many things which are none of the Public's business. Court session in the City of Culver, County of Los Angeles, State of California. Prosecuting Interviewer, Walter Ramsey; Chief Witness in her own defence, Norma Shearer; Judge, The Editor; For the Defense, several press agents. The morning session starts just about noon, thereby gypping everybody, including Miss Shearer, out of the mid-day meal.

Mr. Ramsey (on the verge of coming down with the flu and blowing his nose violently): State your name please, your full name and nothing but your name.

Miss Shearer: My name is Norma Shearer.

Q: Is that all your name—I mean to say, is that your full name?
A: Norma Shearer is my professional name. I am known as Edith Norma Shearer Thalberg in private life.

Q: Is that all?
A: Well—er, for the last six weeks I have been making up as Mary Dugan.

Q: All right, Miss Shearer, or Thalberg, or Dugan, or whatever you choose to call yourself, you are accused of being a motion picture actress. Is this true?
A: I think so, sir.
Q: What makes you think so?
A: Because I am paid for being an actress.

ADmits RECEIVING PAY

Q: So you are paid for being an actress? Is that all that leads you to this conclusion?
A: Not exactly, there are my pictures: "The Snob," "He Who Gets Slapped," "His Secretary," "The Lady of Chance," "The Student Prince" and "The Actress"—there, that proves that I am one. I've played in a picture called "The Actress."

Q: You seem to have had a great deal of experience.

Just how old are you? I want a plain answer: Yes or No.
A: Do I have to commit myself? (Court: The witness refuses to answer the question on the advice of press agent.)
Q: Do you realize that I can get you in Dutch with the public for refusing to answer my questions? Remember you swore to tell the truth.
A: You can't bluff me. I've been in worse than Dutch with the public. I've been in jail for six weeks on a sound stage.

Q: Speaking of the stage—have you ever had any stage experience?
A: None whatever.
Q: How do you ever think you will be able to make a talkie?
A: I have already made one—the "Trial Of Mary Dugan."

Q: So you have already finished that sound picture? What part do you play?
A: I play the role of Mary Dugan.
Q: There seems to be some discrepancy in your testimony, young lady. If my memory serves me correctly, you have always portrayed a good girl in your previous pictures. Is that right?

SHE HOPES SHE'S BAD

A: Yes, sir. Always a very good girl.
Q: But in playing Mary Dugan you have completely changed your characterization—to that of a bad girl. Isn't this a fact?
A: I believe so, sir. I hope so, sir!

(Continued on page 100)
"Just how do you interview them?" is a question asked daily of Hollywood writers.

"How did you get Clara Bow to talk about her love-life? Is Joan Crawford difficult to talk to? Is Billy Haines as funny as the stories printed about him? Do the stars talk too much or too little?"—and a thousand and one questions on the same order.

Motion Picture has asked me to answer some of these questions for you.

Hollywood stars naturally fall into two divisions when it comes to interviewing:

1. Those who expect their public to love them in spite of their faults.
2. Those who are determined to keep them from knowing they have faults. Like wives' treatments of husbands—with the public as Hollywood's collective husband.

Clara Bow comes within the first group. When her love-life was printed, stories flew about Hollywood like sparks from an old-fashioned horse-shoer's anvil. "I hear you got Clara Bow drunk to tell you that story," was one accusation hurled against me. Which was not an insult to me but a dirty thrust at Clara. Clara may drink; I don't know. But I, personally, never saw her take anything stronger than coffee, milk and water. No, I went down to her beach home, found her sunning on the sands—her red hair a tempestuous riot, her eyes two dance-floors of sparkling liveliness. No need for intoxicants to pep up this Clara.

Cornering Clara

"Come on, Clara, tell me about your heart-life. You're supposed to have been engaged to Gilbert Roland, Gary Cooper, Victor Fleming and a half-dozen others. You were heralded in print as having bitten the lips of Bob Savage. But no one has written your side of these stories. Won't you tell me just how each one of these men influenced your thoughts, your illusions, your ideas of love and of living?"

That's all there was to it. I don't believe I asked Clara three questions during the three hours which followed. Every woman has told her love-life to another woman at one time or another. I just chanced to be that woman to Clara. Of course, Clara is one of the girls who keeps her publicity department in a constant whirlpool of hot water. She is so frank, so natural, so childishly unspoiled by all of the glory and hullabaloo of the movies that the boys who write the press-books are constantly afraid she will spill some—to them—unspillable secret. But to Clara—why secrets?
Interview THEM

Uncovering Love-Lives Hidden Stories

She loves her public-husband and takes it for granted that he loves her as she is, not as some facile pen would describe her. An Interviewer represents that public, and if she is sympathetic and understanding, Clara will always be just Clara, despite the oft-repeated "Now, do be careful, Clara!" of the boys behind the typewriters.

HONEST LITTLE ALICE

ALICE WHITE comes in the same category. She took me to the Montmartre for luncheon when she told me her love-life. The waiters bowed and scraped; fans rushed over to ask her to sign their autograph books for them. All this made no difference to Alice. She is always her, "I began as a matchgirl and I'm proud of it"—and it's up to you to be proud of it with her. She's shrewd, too, and believes that her colorful escapades in love are merely human and will appeal to the millions of other human girls in this world who are doing the same thing—if she's honest about it.

I don't claim that Alice or any other star would tell her innermost secrets to a stranger. I had lived in the same house with her. When her little heart had been broken, or badly chipped, by a quarrel with the man of the moment, she had cried in my arms about it. So I scolded and shook and abused her until she snapped out of the hysterical condition. No. There is no use pretending that a stranger could Charleston in and secure these innermost stories. To know a star helps; to know her too well, hinders. If you are a friend, they expect favors; if you are unknown they become frightened. To know, but not to know is an ambiguous statement, but as near as I can come to a definition of the best relationships for a Hollywood reporter.

The most difficult story I have done in Hollywood is the Life story of Joan Crawford. When she was the whooppee girl of the movies, she was like Clara and Alice, but lately she has become cautious. I went down to her house—well, I hate to admit the number of free meals, but it must have been at least a dozen. Always with Doug, Jr. present. For today, you don't interview the one without interviewing the other. In fact, they sort of interview each other. Joan would start a sentence, then look appealing at Doug and he'd say, "Go on, Joan, tell her." Not once, but again and again it was he who furnished me with the little scraps of information which make a story of colorful interest.

And when I interviewed Doug at the Roosevelt hotel during luncheon, it was Joan who filled in the gaps for me. And I discovered that I really liked this arrangement.

(Continued on page 105)
First place this month again is reserved for John Barrymore. It seems that after the wedding John dropped in at a big tailoring shop on Hollywood Boulevard to buy some shirts for his honeymoon trip—no, that isn't the place to laugh yet. The clerk poised his pencil for the address expectantly and waited. "What is the name, sir?" he asked.

Sheer surprise brought John's celebrated profile about into a full face. "Why—Barrymore," he said haughtily.

"Barry—Bar—would you mind repeating it, sir?"

"Barrymore," said John between his teeth.

"B-a-r-r-y-m-o-r-e. Barrymore."

"Yes, sir. And the first name, please?" said the clerk.

John drew himself to his full height, with purple face and flashing eyes. "Ethel," he thundered in tones that could be heard a block away. "Ethel, naturally, you blithering idiot."

Maybe Without Pay

We have received this frank press notice. "Julia Faye's recently signed long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has started most suspiciously."

Now that Miss Moran has appeared in a costume like the one here, it's pretty close to a foregone conclusion that the title of the Hawaiian national anthem will be changed to Alohis.
Wes Ruggles proposes we call talkies "cinelogues." Another suggestion we heard the other day is "the garrulous gelatine." And of course everyone knows "movie sheiks" will be "movie shrieks" hereafter.

Good Manners and Bad

Dorothy Manners, one of our writers, was horrified to open the morning newspaper the other day and read the headline, "Dorothy Manners Haled Into Court by Ex-Hubby." Reading further, she discovered among references to wild parties and divorce suits mention of the fact that Dorothy Manners was appearing in a downtown musical show. She took herself to the stage door and confronted her namesake.

"If you're using Dorothy Manners as a stage name," she told the gaudy blonde cutie, "I wish you'd go out and get another. Because that happens to be my real name."

The blonde lowered her lipstick and suspended her gum chewing for a moment.

"Dearie," said she sympathetically, "if Dorothy Manners is your real name, all I can say is you'd better get yourself another one. Because I've certainly dirtied that one up aplenty."

"And all you have to do," Robert Ellis says to Vera Reynolds, "is bake me a cake like this every Sunday." And Vera, who recently became Mrs. Ellis: "Yes, dear; and all you have to do is pay for an oven big enough to bake it"

Figuring out who this is, is kind of algebraic. A plus 4's equals whom? Well, the result is O.K. So, of course, the answer is Johnny Mack Brown

In the lengthy and lugubrious lexicon of failures there will never be any such word as Kent. Not so long as the name Barbara is prefixed to it, and she continues to look as pretty for Harold Lloyd and the rest of us as she does above, and be as wide awake.
All the Gossip of the

It's a Dead Cinch!

SIGN OVER LOCAL UNDERTAKER'S on Hollywood Boulevard: "If you've once used Greerson as an undertaker, you'll never be satisfied with any other."

A Perfect Twice Eighteen

THE CASTING OF A PICTURE was changed at the last minute, and the post mortem gang was discussing it at the Montmartre. "What! That woman is never going to play the ingenuel exclaimed someone. "Why she can't play an eighteen-year-old girl. "Oh, yes she can," drawled the wise-cracker. "She can play an eighteen-year-old girl—twice."

Sadist But True

At A BEVERLY HILLS PARTY last week they were discussing a new novel which dealt with the subject of Sadism. Oh, yes, they do talk about deep subjects at movie parties sometimes. The Baby Star listened with interest and presently added her oar to the conversation. "I'm a Sadist, too," she observed, to the consternation of the company. "What on earth did you mean by saying that?" her escort growled on the way home. The Baby Star pouted. "Well I am," she insisted. "I get the worst fits of the blues sometimes."

And Bandy-Legged?

AND OF COURSE you've heard about the girl who was put out of the cast of a talkie because she had knock-knees.

Speaking of Repstyles

A CERTAIN PUBLICITY LADY, Beulah Livingston, has a snakeskin coat of which she is very fond. But Lupe Velez, a great friend of Beulah's, is tired of seeing her wear it. The other day, meeting her on the street, Lupe embraced Beulah and cried, "Ah, you mus' go shopping wiz me, queek, queek. You mus' buy a new coat."

"But Lupe," protested her friend. "Don't you like this coat? It's real snakeskin, you know."

"Yas," said Lupe, "tha's so, mebbe. But you goter remember, Beulah, even a snake, he change hees skin once every year."

Maybe It Happened

ARTHUR CAESAR, the Fox scenario writer, author of "Napoleon's Barber," was driving rather too fast along a midnight

Wearing not only an iron hat, but an expression to match it: Clive Brook—at the top—when he puts on a bowler, looks almost as British as a Canadian

Milton Sills has a reputation for punctuality. And there's no chance of losing it now that his work at the studio consists of being vamped all day long by Maria Corda—just above—in "Love and the Devil"

Displaying her curlish charms—and they are several. Lily Damita, as she appears with Don Alvarado in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," gives every evidence of knowing her cantilevers

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Stars and Studios

boulevard recently and was stopped by a policeman. “What’s your name?” he demanded, hauling out his summons pad. “Caesar,” responded the scenarist, and I wrote 'Napoleon.' “Driving while intoxicated,” said the officer, snapping his pad shut. “Come along with me.”

Cat-Like

IN RE THE LOVE-LIFE SERIES running in our pages: Bill Seiter was looking at the line-up of men's pictures in one of the series. “Hm,” said Bill. “It oughta read 'love-lives.'

Better Hate Than Never

HUGH ALLEN played in a military school picture not long ago where he was cast as the heavy. But when the picture was first previewed by studio officials they discovered that heavy or no, he had won all the sympathy. So they sent for Hugh again and rewrote several scenes, making him commit several dastardly deeds, so that there would be no mistake this time about his being the heavy.

She Meant House C-174

“HOW DO I GET THERE, madame?” asked Estelle Taylor’s chauffeur, who was driving her to a luncheon engagement. “You turn to the right when you go past Marion Davies’s house,” said Estelle.

The chauffeur shook his head. “I’m sorry but you’ll have to give me better directions than that, madame,” said he. “That’s like saying, ‘Turn right when you come to a gas station, or a Fred Harvey Eating House.’”

Evictims

WHICH-REMINDS US of that gag, old but still good for a giggle, of the newspaper headlines that got mixed. “Marion Davies Closes Her Beach House,” said the flaring type. “Thousands Homeless.”

Slamming Sam

“IT’S IN LILY DAMITA’S new contract that she’s got to learn to speak English,” said the newspaper man at the press table at the Montmartre. “Hmm; and she should have put in a clause insisting that Sam Goldwyn do the same thing,” said the wise-cracker.

(Continued on page 122)
In height and figure, as well as somewhat in feature, Jeraldine DeVorak resembles Greta Garbo. Because of that she has had little opportunity on the screen.

All the way from Hungary came Paul Vincente, encouraged to make the hejira to Hollywood by his friends. They said he looked so like Valentino that demand for him would be certain. He found out otherwise.

V^uinous RESEMBLANCES

If You Look Like Valentino, Stay In Your Own Home Town

"HOW can I get into the movies? My friends all tell me I look just like Mary Pickford."

Or Clara Bow. Or Gloria Swanson. Or John Gilbert.

Maybe you’re one of the dozens of fans who write those words to their favorite magazine every day. One of the innocents who believe their Pickford curls or their Clara Bow smile is an open sesame to fame and fortune.

There’s only one answer to those letters: “That’s the best reason in the world for staying in your old home town.”

Because the screen doesn’t want another Mary Pickford. The world doesn’t want its idols in duplicate. True, in Hollywood there is a double for almost every famous face. But there is nothing more ironic than the small measure of fame achieved by these counterfeits of the stars.

The screen holds out a hand to them, then pushes them away. It shows a flicker of interest, then turns its back on them. They are not failures. They have penetrated within the sacrosanct portals. Producers are aware of them. They don’t feel the fear of starvation. But their eyes have a more haunted look than the hungriest extra.

Because there is no hope for them. A barrier stronger than the studio gates is holding them back. That fatal resemblance, intruding itself between them and success, dooming them to be nothing but imitations.

YES, IT WAS TRUE

SUPPOSE you looked like Valentino. You’d be a sensation in your home town. Your friends would say, “Why, you’re the image of him. You’d be just as good on the screen. Go to Hollywood!”

That’s what they said to Paul Vincente, in a little town in Hungary. He looked at himself in the mirror, saw the brow, the nose, the slumberous, hypnotic eyes of the great screen idol. And he believed, as you would, that if he ever reached Hollywood, his success was assured.

Now after two years in the studios, that reflection brings him nothing but despair. He knows what it really

(Continued on page 92)
Holding his Joan

The engagement of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford has for months been a sort of combination of stage whisper secret and a mystery whose solution fans are supposed to be breathless to solve. But nobody knows and—well, you know how the song goes
Von Schedule!

For The First Time In History, Herr Stroheim Heeds Authority

By TO\ D WELCH

"Please sir," returned the other, "I—I am a supervisor." He paused for renewed courage. "And this," he went on, nodding toward the sheet of paper, "is your shooting schedule. It tells how many scenes you must shoot—complete—today."

THRIFTY THOUGH ARTY

BEWILDERED, Mr. Von glanced at the outstretched page. There, carefully itemized and typewritten were put down the numbers of five or six scenes which evidently had to be finished that day before quitting time. And Mr. Von, who had probably planned working five or six months on those same scenes, is reported to have fainted dead away.

And so Eric von Stroheim, who before this had barely heard of the thing, was introduced to that disgusting but necessary evil: efficiency. He was, so to speak, presented with a first reader (in plain wrapper) entitled: "How To Be Thrifty Though Arty."

And how has he taken it? Is he still lying on that darkened stage, fainted quite away? He is not.

As soon as the quaking supervisor left, Von is said to have opened one eye to make sure he was all alone, jumped up, brushed off his clothes and gone immediately to work. What's more, he is supposed to have finished them not by, but before quitting time—and then kept on going.

ALL NIGHT LONG

ALL that night he worked, with Miss Swanson, between shots, hunched up in a blanket, and late into the next morning. Then a snatch of sleep, a cold (Continued on page 104)

Greek meeting with the presence of both Gloria Swanson, as star and Eric von Stroheim as director, in the same picture.
It may disillusion you, but you can’t any longer play ostrich with the fact that Clara Bow does sometimes go out with a slicker. But not a city one, of course. She would place him in the same class as the weather she’s warding off: all wet.

Rain-Bow
It was she who proposed both marriage and divorce.

As told by Dorothy Mackaill
To Ruth Biery

That some women may love only once, but that they are the exception, and that the average woman has no way of knowing the limit of her affections. You can fall in love with, say, the fifth man of your life and yet remember every moment of the happiness or sorrow aroused by the four which preceded. I do not believe a normal woman ever forgets a man who has really meant something to her. She shouldn’t. After all, what is life but memories, hopes and ambitions? Why forget the least one? They are her soul and her heart-foundations just as the grammar school is the basis of her education.

I AM English, so perhaps I have a slightly Continental slant on this situation. I was twelve years old when I first gave my heart to a male being. We lived in an average street in an average house in Hull, England. Dennis Whiteside, a tall, blond chap several years my senior, lived on a slightly more than average street in a better than average house not far distant. Perhaps that had something to do with my adoration in the beginning. A woman begins very young to admire instinctively the man who she thinks can improve her worldly condition. She may learn to love him, really love him, later; but that first flash of interest—don’t tell
Life Story
of Dorothy Mackaill

They're not all actors, those who have played parts in the love-life story of Dorothy Mackaill. From left to right, across the two pages, they are: Lothar Mendes, Maurice Chevalier, H. D'Abbadie D'Arastat, John Harron, Harry Crocker and Richard Barthelmess.

Career versus marriage. Will man and woman ever become civilized enough to amalgamate these two experiences which are so essential to living? It's disgusting to me that we haven't yet reached the state where we can be broad-minded enough to map out a plan which will allow for our brains and our emotions working in harmony together.

I slipped away and joined a show, realizing I wasn't getting anywhere in the schoolroom. I had been in the chorus nine weeks when I was standing in the wings and chanced to notice the specialty dancer. He was tall, handsome, suave—a man of the world; to me something different. After knowing a kid and then seeing this type of man, I thought, "My, it must be wonderful to have someone like that make love to you!"

Career and so to Paris.

He never did. I never even met him, but again I have never forgotten. I have always thought it would have been nice to have had him take me around places. You see, he was the first one to make me have the thoughts, "My, he is good looking! Wouldn't it be wonderful if he would look at me?" One of the steps in love not to be forgotten, even though you never even meet the person with whom you take it.

I went to Paris and worked with Maurice Chevalier in Cache-on-Piano. It seems strange—he has just come to Hollywood—but I wasn't in love with him—or in love with anybody but Dennis. I didn't write to him any more because I had run away from my father who was coming to London to take me back to Hull when I skipped to Paris. My one thought was to get to America."

(Continued on page 66)
As The Lady of Shallot, Potent a Spell of Beauty

"Four gray walls, and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers;
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shallot"

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room;
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot"

"Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shallot"
Fay Wray Weaves as
as Do Tennyson's Verses

"Down she came and found a boat,
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote,
The Lady of Shallot"

"There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot"

"Lying robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot"
Novelized Notables


BY DOROTHY MANNERS

EXT to clap-in-and-clap-out or putting-granma-to-bed-drunk, it is most fun to rally around the cozy fireside and pick out Hollywood celebrities, thinly disguised as fiction characters, in the latest plays and best sellers.

As a guessing game, it’s got it all over cross-word puzzles, or how-many-pints-in-a-bootlegger’s-quart?

So common is the practice of using our pet celebs for copy that the new fiction is awaited with bated breath and alibis before it ever sees the light of day. Several months ago when it leaked out that Carl Van Vechten was in Hollywood for the purpose of getting material for a novel, loud were the snorts. “Pshaw!” was the gist of it. “How does he think he can come out here for a couple of weeks and get us in print merely skimming the surface?”

“Pshaw!” says “Spider Boy,” the finished product. “There isn’t anything but surface in Hollywood. Scratch it and what have you got?”

As this isn’t a book review, or even an attempt at one, what Mr. Van Vechten thinks of Hollywood, or what Hollywood thinks of Mr. Van Vechten, is of little consequence and may neatly be summed up with a one-word argument for both sides: boloney.

NOT SO UNTRUE

WHETHER we like it or not, Mr. Van Vechten has used many of Hollywood’s brightest lights to humorous advantage in “Spider Boy.” He has put quotations in the mouths of characters that are too true to be funny. While his exaggerations amount almost to a fantasy, there is a certain amount of Hollywood as she is between the covers of the book.

He has chosen the most grotesque names for his women characters. Imperia Starling, Auburn Six and Elaine Galahad are but three of a book-full. But with such authentic titles as Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love, Billie Dove or Leatrice Joy staring us in the face from the billboards, surely Hollywood hasn’t much of a kick on that score.

With a nifty click of his typewriter Mr. Van Vechten makes use of the M.G.M. initials and dubs his mythical studio the “L.L.B. lot in Culver City.” He even calls Hughie, the fat little starter at the Ambassador Hotel, by name; and both the Coconut Grove and the Montmartre double for themselves in certain descriptive paragraphs.

It is the outst settings of the plot that most annoy the Hollywooders—the real ones. “The scene of the harassed author escaping from the star’s home on a milk wagon is ridiculous”—to hear Hollywood tell it. And yet, I swear I have heard of funnier things which I will not tell you because you are too young. As for there being no such temperamental person as Imperia Starling—can Hollywood so soon forget the flaming persons of either Miss Polo Negri or Miss Mae Murray? They possess two of the most accurate throwing arms that ever hurled anything at the head of anybody. For Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, Mr. Van Vechten coyly substitutes “Girstein’s Byzantine”; and both Sid and a fictional prototype of his mother figure in a chapter. Now guess who this is:

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME

ON his right was seated an amazing creature with a very white face, mysterious green eyes, and coils of pink hair arranged in a coronet about her head. He recalled that she had been introduced as Mrs. Norvell. Could this be Ariane Norvell, the author of “Love Is Too Much”? (Continued on page 94)
You'd think that Lupe Velez, with her temperament, would find enough in herself. But no, she's gone and, after the fashion of her own country, had an outdoor hearth built in the patio of her new home in Laurel Canyon. Maybe just to make herself feel that her own temperature is normal.
HE'S one very smart fellow, that Cisco Kid.
If you have seen him in "In Old Arizona," you'll know how very smart he is. And many other things besides. And you'll also want to know a lot more about him, providing you have any normal curiosity, which I am assuming you have.

Warner Baxter produced and gave vivid life to O. Henry's Cisco Kid. And thereby stepped into the front ranks of caballing heart-breakers; and also into a fattish, longish contract with Fox Films.
Hold your breaths while I tell you that there almost wasn't any Cisco Kid. That is, as played by Warner Baxter. In the first place, this horrid catastrophe nearly came to be because Warner was growing discouraged and on the verge of abandoning the gelatin medium for plumbing or staging or something. And in the second place, because, if Raoul Walsh had not met with the tragic and regrettable accident he did, he would have played the Kid.

But we need not bother about what might have happened. What did happen was that Warner got the part and crashed through with it into the sighing secrets of every maiden's heart. We have needed a vital romantic interest since the demise of Valentino and the going-Garbo of Gilbert. Now we have it. Give thanks.
Well, anyway, here's what I know about Warner and maybe a little bit of what I guess.

THE WIG MYTH IS BUNK

I GET my data first-hand, which should be reassuring to you. Very first hand, considering as how I lunched with him last Saturday, at the Hotel Roosevelt on Hollywood Boulevard, and to the palpitations of all feminine hearts in our immediate vicinity. I likewise spent the following day—Sunday—with him at his home while Russell Ball made portraits of him as himself and as the Kid. It may give you an added titillation of the heart to hear that his wife, Winifred Bryerson, curled his hair for him, with her own hands—and no ouches heard, either. So he doesn't wear a wig, you see. Rumor hath it that he wore a wig, that someone did the talking for him and that someone else doubled for him in all long shots. Don't believe a word of it.

(Continued on page 88)
Even with the sharks lurking beneath the waters of the lagoon and the monkeys sharpshooting with coconuts from the tops of palm trees, life in the islands of the Southern Pacific has its charms. With girls like Dorothy Janis about, existence would still be more fun than a tropicnic. Provided, of course, you get the kind of break Ramon Novarro does in "The Pagan."

An Embracing Climate

South Sea Moonlight, Dorothy Janis
--Plenty to Make Ramon Novarro Romantic
Dear Messieurs and Mesdames:
Were I not in a deplorable state of unsettled etiquette I would not presume to trespass on time so valuable from your correct essays on Which Fork To Use, and Which Fork To Pick Up And Put Back Before Somebody Sees You. But I'm in a devilish fix—if you'll pardon the word fix. I want to do right on all occasions. I was brought up that way. Even as a child I was polite to my elders and refrained from peppering old ladies with a beebee gun. I always spoke when I was spoken to and got to my feet and took my seat at correct intervals, and made my little courtesy.

But—and this is important—I have lived in Hollywood for many years, mingling almost intimately with her social groups, making polite revelry, ringing doorbells and, what's more, being admitted. But try as I may, I can find nothing in your etiquette charts to cover the emergencies that keep popping at one from movie drawing-rooms, music-rooms and bedrooms. Hence this appeal.

I ask you, would even the impeccable Emily Post know what to do on such an occasion when the colored maidservant of a well-known picture star—Miss Kathleen Key, by name—calls up and extends a dinner invitation for her mistress as follows:

"Hello, honey! Where you-all been hidin' at? We ain't seen you for a week. Why don't you come up tonight, baby, and crack a keg of gin with us? Make whoopie, you bet we will!"

What to do?

It is with a slight tinge of reproach, Messieurs and Mesdames, that I call to your attention that this situation is not covered in any one of your estimable volumes. Having looked carefully under How To Treat Servants on All Occasions, I find that one is merely to be pleasantly formal, no more, no less. And yet, in the just-mentioned incident, is formality justified? In being pleasant, just how jovial should one be? Should one holler back "O.K., Queen. Set a place for me!"? Am I foolish in wondering if the word queen lends just enough formality to be correct?

Speaking of the servant problem, the gentleman I go around with and I were invited to a semi-formal afternoon reception given by a hilltop dweller in Beverly Hills. When we arrived, we were greeted by the butler as follows: "Throw your coats anywhere. The gang's just warming up." As the afternoon wore on, the butler seemed to single us out as his favorites and gave us illuminating side-lines on other guests present who more or less got his goat.

"See that couple standing over near the door?" he hissed in our startled ears, under cover of pouring a cocktail. "They better stick close to an exit. They weren't invited. I know, because I did all the inviting." The gentleman I go around with looked helpless, while I contented myself with looking foolish, and tittering. Here's the way I feel about it: you can't afford to get rough with the fellow who extends the invitations. That butler was a swell host. Not for a minute did he drop his rôle. When we left, he insisted on shaking us both by the hand.

"Drop in any time you're up this way," he remarked cordially. "I'll throw one together for you."

Eat Your Nice Dessert

What I want to know is, did we do wrong in not going back?
the Guest
To Do?

From A Hollywood
To Be Emily Posted

Illustrations By C. J. MULHOLLAND

Of course, we might have stunned him with a broad vowel and a glassy stare. But Hollywood butlers aren't as easily stunned as you might suppose. For instance, there was that time at a formal dinner party when I timidly suggested that I did not care for any dessert. "Go on," said the butler (I guess he was the butler; he had sideburns. "Go on and eat it. It isn't fattening."

But don't think for a minute that I am bothering you with pesky problems of whether or not to shake hands with Hollywood servants. There are many more puzzling and, I am happy to add, more elevating matters to take up, such as What is The Correct Thing To Say; and Which Facial Expression Should One Use when, during the course of a formal luncheon party, the host arrives home unexpectedly and presents his wife with a check for one hundred thousand dollars before he staggers off again.

Under my very eyes I have your collective chapters on Luncheon Parties, Including Cold Cuts. But not a word about Divorce Settlements Made At The Table. Not a word about How a Guest Should Conduct Herself in the presence of So Much Money. Do you wonder that I am discouraged. Whether or not you believe this, it is true. What's more, the check was good and was subsequently cashed by the hostess before packing up the child and beating it for Paris and a divorce. It happened like this:

Mrs. Goldwyn looked at me. Then we both looked at Mrs. Blue and Mrs. Ford. We kept that up while the check was passed around the table. Somebody said "How nice"—which I thought was hardly adequate for the amount, though maybe I'm wrong. When it reached me, I gulped politely and, while I realize that gulping in society is not the Last Word, I wondered if this might not be an exception? I am still wondering.

RAZZING THE MASTER

It is with no sense of criticism, merely puzzle-
ment, that I find your notes on Formal Dinner Parties do not suggest suitable topics for Small-Talk Conversation. What I want to know is, is it all right for the hostess to keep up a running and gay comparison between her present husband and his immediate predecessor? Particularly if the comparisons are detri-
mental to The Head of the Table. Does this, or does it not, sound right to you?

"Don't ever get the idea that I can't get along without you, Big Boy. Say, there are plenty of men who'd be glad to be in your shoes. You're darn lucky to have gotten a girl like me to go over the bumps with you. Didn't I give up a rich man and plenty of good alimony to take up with you? You're darn right. I guess I didn't know a good thing when (Continued on page 112.)
Words fail her. And when they do, Laura La Plante looks them up in the dictionary. Which is becoming a common practice in Hollywood these days. Laura is not the only one, now that the talkies have definitely taken root, to undertake turning over a new leaf.
Tinsel Town

By

HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

Illustrations By ELDON KELLEY

MET The Times Square Kid on Hollywood Boul'. Although it was scarcely noon, he was already drinking a little breakfast. Not in the dim, religious recesses of some police-protected temple of Bacchus, as in the Phoney Forties. But shame-facedly. Out in the great open spaces. Entirely surrounded by California climate. With a burnished, copper sun blazing down like a Cyclop's eye. And the refreshment. A ghastly concoction of orange juice. Synthetic. And entirely unblessed, unmitigated and unfortified by so much as a trace of spiritus frumenti. We wept. As strong men do when paths cross in the exile of a strange—a very strange—land.

"Wattai tink o' de boig?" I queried, speaking "Variety," his native tongue. The only one he understood.

The Times Square Kid Lets Hollywood Have The Works

"Wattai tink!" he snorted. "Wattai tink! Migawd, kid, dis boig is a movie set. Dat swat it is. A movie set. 'De'll strike it one odes days and move to anudder location."

A movie set. All front. Nothing in back of it. Just emptiness. That was how The Times Square Kid pegged Hollywood. He's nearer right than wrong.

The most practical props of the town are the palms, the peppers, the eucalyptus trees. And it's a botanical fact that the rapid growth of these precludes their proper rooting. Even their towering, bearded dignity has no firmness of foundation. Whip a wind from the desert and they'll fall flat as a press agent's news story.

There is indeed some degree of permanency in the hills. Much more so than in the dam. The engineering variety, you know. But as hills go, these haven't been in existence long enough to be counted as old established firms. They are, in fact, the newest hills on the continent. Their future is all before them. Which, at least, is more than may be said for those enconced upon their barren altitudes.

MUSHROOM MONUMENTS

IT used to be a pleasure to lean against the granite-like solidity of a Broadway bank, or the staunch columns of a Main Stem movie house. In Hollywood one avoids jostling either. They might be break-aways made of hollow, brittle yucca.

To topple Hollywood columns would be a simple task for the most closely shorn Samson. Buildings hurtle into the air as though the Six Bounding Ginsbergs combined their acrobatics with the business of laying brick. The shifting of a shovel of sand provides a foundation. Cellars are show-places. Rarities.

No more false nor synthetic setting could have been chosen for the establishment of the false and synthetic enterprises idealized and idolized as the "moon pitcher industry."

Aside from one or two residential atrocities, built to last, as atrocities generally are, there is scarce a house in Hollywood through which Jack Dempsey couldn't stick his mitt. Dempsey, did I say? Why even Tunney could punch perforations in these puny palace walls. Like women, they are frail. And at least superficially beautiful. The few substantial edifices resemble mausoleums, county almshouses, the local

(Continued on page 98)
It is something of a pity that Raquel Torres's rise to fame was so facile, for the guise of Cinderella—which she assumes at the top of the page—is more than becoming to her.

Anita Page—above—is the rage. Though Harry K. Thaw did find her; Now, like the sheep of Little Bo-Peep, Her troubles are all behind her.

When Josephine's day is Dunn, as the song goes, it's only natural that she become the Sleeping Beauty. And easy, too: to play the part she needs only herself and forty winks.

KID
Stars of Story-Book Beauty
LOVES

As Idols of Story-Book Days

Dorothy Janie—above, where the pan is—
Is winning as Little Jack Horner;
In charm, as in place, you can see from her face
That she plainly has captured a corner

Although one can't go too far in this matter. Because a girl is entertained by teddies, it's not necessary that she appear in one

Photos by Grimes

Little Miss Brinkman—
First name? Must you think, man? Dolores, of course...
Anyway, As Little Miss Muffett
She's '11 nevermore rough it
When feeling 'like making whey-whey

Little Red Riding Hoodwinked: when Dorothy Sebastian said, "What big pajamas you have, grandma!" Flash, the dog-star, barked out, "What a big mistake you've made, Dorothy!"
Fur and wide: both Carol Lombard's dress and the range of search required to find another girl so charming to fill it. She was a bathing beauty until Cecil B. saw in her a dramatic ability which would serve as grist for DeMille. 

Thomas
A Teddy-Made Actress
De Mille Has A Glass Bathtub And Carol Lombard Has Hopes

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Imagine, if you can, the touching scene, Carol Lombard, blonde extraordinary, is leaving the ancient laugh parlors of Mack, surnamed Truck— I mean, Sennett. Together with the other funsters, gagsters and bathing-suit fillers who have so long contributed to the renowned Sennett brand of light entertainment, Carol is going out into the great big world to seek fame and fortune in pastures new.
And it’s farewell to the old teddies and bathing suits that Carol so comfortably filled; farewell to Daphne Pollard, with whom she had such pranks on this, the oldest and most atmospheric studio lot in Hollywood; farewell to the lot itself, which is to be torn down; farewell to Edwin Bower Hesser, who took so many bushels of photographs of Carol dressed in a cockle-shell and her virtue; and farewell to the fair art of comedy, typified by Uncle Mack, the gray-haired dean of custard-piedom.
Yumpin’ yimini, wotta partin’!
Carol, whom one likes to think of at this moment as swallowing with gigantic self-control a big lump in her fair white throat, points the nose of her touring car westward toward Hollywood, pushes her elegantly stream-lined foot down on the gas, and fades from view.

FROM PIES TO PASSIONS
WHEREUPON, Old Mother Fate took charge of Carol Lombard, pulling her out of the teddy-bear into the tear, out of the bathing-suit class into the artistic regions of the cinema where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth in the fair names of art and drama.
In a year, which is to say now, Carol looms up as one of the most formidable rivals to filmdom’s greatest females. She still has good legs, but what of it? The Lombard chassis continues in the best of shape, but why bring that up? Carol, it seems to have developed, can emote. Without benefit of negligence, she can make audiences wilt on their divans.
In other words, what I mean: when it comes to a Cecil DeMille opera in which there is a glass bathtub, and Carol is cast as chief menace, but is not required by the script to take a bath—
What I mean: the girl can express things with her face. There wouldn’t seem to be much doubt about it.

“Yes,” Carol told me, “I’m the principal menace in C. B.’s next picture, ‘Dynamite.’ I looked over the plans for the sets—which, by the way, are going to be super-modernistic—and discovered the glass bathtub, which is good news for all connoisseurs of De Mille plumbing. In his recent films they have been disappointed. Yet imagine my surprise when the script informed me that nobody was to bathe in it! I was a little disappointed, really, and I still have hopes of being photographed in it. It’s going to be God’s greatest gift to plumbing.

“Meanwhile, as we wait for production on ‘Dynamite’ to start, I’m getting accustomed to C. B. I’ll say we get along just fine now, but at first I was awed by him. I

(Continued on page 102)
SYNCHRONIZED

WHY BE GOOD?

SOUND Colleen Moore and director Bill Seiter have hit the box-office nail on the head once again with this jazz age photoplay. It contains every element of audience appeal, and the rollicking Colleen is more lovable than ever as a department store Delilah who gets her millionaire. The yarn concerns a very modern maiden who does her best to conceal the fact that she is a "good" girl. But petting parties, like appearances, are often deceiving. And any doubts in the wealthy lover's head are dispelled in time for a syncopated wedding march. There is plenty of amusing incident, and every member of the cast contributes to the hilarity of this film hit. The star's supremacy is never challenged, but Neil Hamilton, Louis Natheaux, Bodil Rosing, John St. Polis and Edward Martindale render excellent support. Lincoln Stedman has an outstanding bit. And a shaggy haired flapper named Dixie Gay is one of the cutest tricks in pictures.

THE PAGAN

SOUND Ramon Novarro is the only man in the movies who can take off his clothes and look naïve and artless instead of merely undressed and just about to step into a bath. There is a feeling of open air and sunshine and innocence in this picture of two half castes, and the dreamy back-grounds of the actual South Seas scenery makes one wish he had taken up beachcombing as a profession. Ramon's truly beautiful voice—which will be starred on the grand opera stage before long—has a chance to be heard in a haunting song which you will be humming when you leave the theater. Renée Adorée, as the tough gal, puts it into words when she tells the sanctimonious skipper played by Donald Crisp that "Henry is half native, and natives steal their women," and later warns him "Henry is half white and white men fight for their women!" The picture introduces Dorothy Janis, a dark exotic type of beauty new to the screen.

THE THREE PASSIONS

SYNCHRONIZED Rex Ingram brings one of the best sellers to the screen in a masterful manner. Although the theme is as old as Methuselah, it contains one of the thirty-six basic dramatic situations guaranteed to teem with human interest and sustained excitement. John Wray, who began life as a coal stoker in a steel plant. When he becomes owner of the plants, the wealthiest man in England and has a title thrust upon him, he forgets the coarse-shirted pals with whom he started. Strikes threaten, men are entangled in machinery—but he pays no attention. His son, however, spurns such glutonous practice. It takes Alice Terry, who also has a soul hidden beneath her scintillating exterior, to bring him back to his responsibilities. The picture was made in England and its perfect portrayal of life there is well worth seeing. Alice Terry has lost a few pounds but the acting honors go to the son, Ivan Petrovich.

CHINATOWN NIGHTS

TALKIE Well, well, here's one of those strange pictures that sort of baffles the reviewer. It's different, at least, and holds your interest even when you feel that your interest should wander. It's taken from the book "Tong War," and deals with a white woman's experiences in Chinatown. They're so improbable that you never believe in them for a moment, yet you sit tight to see just how the imagination of the author will end them. It's gruesome, too, to see as beautiful a creature as Florence Vidor wander into Chinatown and insist upon becoming the mistress of the white boss of that underworld city. There's fireworks and shootings and so many deaths that at times you wonder whether it's Chinatown or Chicago. Wallace Beery has moments when he proves he's really a great dramatic actor but there are others when you wish he'd go back to knocking over Ray Hatton. The girl saves him in the end and takes him back to Fifth Avenue civilization.
STRONG BOY

SOUND  William Fox offers you Victor McLaglen and a competent cast in a slow moving opus entitled "Strong Boy." It should have been good but it wasn't. Drags. Too much of the same business hammered home until comedy verges on ennui. Victor is the titled player, of course, a muscular bungling slinger who enjoys employing his biceps, loves his girl tenderly, and is sweet to little children. A darn good characterization, too. The rub comes because his girl, also well done by Leatrice Joy, aspires for him to be a white collar man. Through various deeds of strong-armed valor he is offered promotions by David Torrence, Vice President of the Road. During one such promotion he is checker of the Lost and Found Desk, much to the disgust of his girl and the comedy chances of Slim Sommerville and Clyde Cook who bring him a stray child, goats and other offerings. If you are a rabid McLaglen fan, go to see it, but if not, stay away.

THE DUMMY

A good detective play adequately photographed and microphoned. Which is not quite the same thing as a good motion picture. However, there is more flexibility in this talkie than in others I have seen, more action and movement. The hit of the picture will undoubtedly be young Micky Bennett, who as Barney Cook the office boy who longs to be a "detectuff," discovers the kidnapped child by pretending to be deaf and dumb and captures a whole gang of strapping kidnapers. Though Ruth Chatterton, as the heartbroken mother, is ostensibly the feminine lead and will get the mazas, it is Zasu Pitts as the lady gangster always ready with "I told you so," who carries off the feminine honors. The suspense is well maintained, and the entire cast—which includes a newcomer from Broadway, John Cromwell—have splendid voices. With this picture the tabloid crime cases goes into the movies.

OBJECT-ALIMONY

SILENT  The Rich Man-Poor Girl idea is not so well handled as usual. Lois Wilson fails to be convincing as the salesgirl who elopes with the son of her employer. The romance starts at a party where Lois meets Hugh Allan, who pursues her persistently, not knowing that she is Only a Shopgirl, nor caring, when he discovers the Awful Truth. They marry against his mother's wishes, and settle down to domestic bliss. But Hugh's mother is determined to part them and sends a young man to see Lois. He plays his part well and Hugh finds Lois in the man's arms. The picture moves slowly—a struggling author writes a play based on Lois' life which meets with one of those enthusiastic successes the movies like to picture. Lois wears some nice clothes and Hugh is as handsome as any man has a right to be. And he is learning to act. Roscoe Karns, Douglas Gilmore and Ethel Grey Terry complete a good cast.

THE LEATHERNECKS

One of those pictures that begin at the end, and then lead you back, via a courtroom scene, over the events leading up to the tragedy. Only this, for a change, is a military court martial, with real officers from the U. S. Army sitting in to give it magnificence. It starts out with about as menacing and sinister an air as anything I've seen, but the imaginations of the authors weren't able to supply a climax nearly as horrible as the opening scenes hinted at. True, insanity and death do overtake our heroes, and the heroine only very narrowly escapes a fate worse than death. But by that time I was hustling for something utterly fantastic and unwholesome, so these things seemed quite normal and disappointing. William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, and Alan Hale are three marines who fall for a little Russian girl and for her sake venture onto a farm in China, where evil things happen.

PART TALKIE

ALL TALKIE
SYNCHRONIZED

**WILDFLOWERS**

Greta Garbo and Lewis Stone are Mr. and Mrs. Sterling. I think that’s the name. No matter. They are Important People and we find them at the picture’s beginning importantly departing for a mixed business and second honeymoon trip to Java. Greta adores her husband. She has almost a complex on the subject. He adores her, too, in his way. A pat-on-the-back; she is left with Yearnings. And she meets, on shipboard, Nils Auster who plays the Javanese Prince of Gaces. Need we go on? Moonlight—Java, “that land of relentless heat,” exquisiteness of Javanese court formality—and Nils as the suave, tiger-soft and turbaned Prince. Greta warns Lewis that there is danger in the burning-eyed Prince. He pooh-poohs her innuendos. “All foreigners are strange, my dear.” And he continues to be un mario complaisant until—he is forced to take action. The color of the picture is the thing. Lewis Stone gives his always distinguished, etched performance. And Nils is an actor, and—but see Wild Orchids.

**THE BROADWAY MELODY**

By far the most scintillating entertainment that has emanated from Hollywood since the advent of sound in the cinema, “The Broadway Melody” indicates what may be expected from the studios once the intricacies of the new development are thoroughly mastered. It has made more converts to the talkies than all of its predecessors. If every sound picture was warranted as fine as the “Melody,” there would be no doubt as to public demand. Unfortunately there is bound to be many a dud before we get another like this one.

Bessie Love turns in a superb performance. It puts her back in the front row of talking picture players. If there be adverse criticism, it is that she works too hard. A good fault, verily. Anita Page bewilders her portrayal of the beautiful-but-dumb half of the “Mahoney Sisters” team. If a carping critic may mutter an imprecation as he doffs his hat, Anita wants something in maturity. She is delightful but lacks melloweness. This will come. And watch the weight.

**ETERNAL LOVE**

Joseph M. Schenck presents John Barrymore, Camilla Horn et al., in a United Artists walkie entitled “Eternal Love” and starring uncooked corn-flakes or whatever they use for snow scenes. If they cut all but the snow slide at the end and used that for a news-reel subject, it might be endurable, otherwise it was almost incredibly bad even for a preview. Perhaps it is supposed to suffice the moronic movie goer to gaze upon the celebritious John striding to and fro and fro and to for no known reason. But it doesn’t. His dramatics are unconvincing and funny when they shouldn’t be funny and his make-up is exceedingly bad. Likewise the reiterated poses when he stands limned against a snow peak with a goat carcass twined about him. Anyway, you are finally given to understand that he marries the wrong girl, cheaply played by Mona Rico, because he has to. Camilla also marries the wrong man. But they love on to the dreary end and die together in the last few feet. As a girl in back of me flippantly observed, “I couldn’t have borne it if they had lived!”

**FOUR FEATHERS**

Granted the initial premise that Richard Arlen could be guilty of cowardice with all that hair on his chest, no better hero for a one-man story of red-blooded adventure could have been selected. One could almost believe that he could even mow down whole battalions of Fuzzies, rescue a prisoner from a cityful of Arab fanatics and fight off a herd of hippopotami single-handed as the plot requires. And speaking of hippopotami, the scenes of wild animals taken in Africa by Cooper and Schoedsack, the explorer-directors of “Chang,” and skillfully interpolated into a Hollywood-made picture, are extremely effective. The joining has been done so cleverly that we see Arlen in a boat actually battling with horned monsters at the moment five thousand miles away! Despite a vague and persistent echo of “Beau Geste” this story of a man’s dogged fight to regain his lost honor touches a new theme in the realm of movie plots which will delight fans weary almost to death by the eternal screen love story. To be sure, there is Fay Wray (looking very lovely in crinolines and bustles) to give the necessary sex touch.
**THE REDEEMING SIN**

**PART TALKIE** The jolly fraternity of Warners in their campaign against good, old-fashioned noiseless movies have no "Singing Fool" on their hands here. There are no highlights to go in raptures over in "The Redeeming Sin," unless perhaps it be the plaintive struggles of Georgie Stone to wrest laughs out of scanty material. The story is trite, the sub-titles and dialogue are meaningless and the acting and direction are approximately 1910 vintage. And it doesn't help much when the picture switches back and forth from dialogue to spoken titles every ten minutes or so, thus making it difficult for the audience to catch its drift. So we must—listen to the dialogue or watch the players' lips move without producing any sound. Dolores Costello, attractive as ever, tries very hard, and the same may be said for Conrad Nagel, who has never had a less credible rôle to fill. It is astonishing that the producers responsible for the most advanced thing on the screen should have permitted this kind of picture to emerge, creaking with rheumatism, from the workshop.

**SILENT**

Charles Klein presents as his second picture for Fox a novel subject treated so interestingly as to be very worth-while entertainment, in spite of the fact that nearly all the action takes place in a single set. It is a psychological study of the effect on a group of widely differing characters of inurement together in a small hut, lost and cut off by the snow. A female evangelist, a millionaire, his daughter and a piano-player lose all decency under these circumstances, only Nancy Carroll and Lawrence Grey retaining their better feelings. A De Maupassant situation is created when the escape of the party depends on Nancy's willingness to sacrifice herself to the one man who can help them. While certain points in the character development are overdone, on the whole, the director has done a notable job with an extremely difficult task. Production values, such as they can be with such a story, are excellent. The players are competent and no more, with the exception of Nancy Carroll, who delivers a simple and sincere performance.

**SPITE MARRIAGE**

**SYNCHRONIZED** Hilarious moments of Buster Keaton's neatest, slickest comedy make this one worth the time of anybody who seeks bellylaughs. Buster, as the mute adorer across the footlights of a beautiful Broadway star, gets into more trouble in winning the lady's regard than any heart but one bursting with romance could survive. He wrecks her show when he attempts to play the part of a soldier whose business includes kissing the star. So persistently does he turn up wherever the star goes that finally, when her sweetie turns her down, she marries Buster out of spite. Dorothy Sebastian plays the part, a rare one in comedy in that it really gives her something to do, and she does it stunningly. One scene in which Buster brings her home drunk and tries to undress her is perhaps as funny as anything ever done on the screen. The laughs take a bad let-down in the middle of the picture, but things brighten up at the end again when Buster and Dorothy get stranded on a yacht in mid-ocean. Even those who don't like Keaton should enjoy this one.

**WEARY RIVER**

**TALKIE** The talkies are becoming to Richard Barthelmess. Audible and articulate as he now is, he seems more human and appealing than he has lately. "Weary River" is the best of his recent pictures, even though the story is faintly absurd. Richard is an arch bootlegger, who is "framed" and sent to prison, as they always are in the movies. In the kind, spiritual atmosphere of the jail his soul opens out like a flower, and he develops enough musical talent to sing the theme song over the radio, three or four times. Betty Compson, his lonely sweetie, hears this with moist eyes, sensing the change that has come over her man. When he gets out, they decide to follow the warden's advice and devote their lives to music instead of liquor. Dick has a hard time facing the jeers and sneers of the public for awhile. But everything turns out all right. Everyone suffers from the wretched photography that seems a feature of the talkies, and the dialogue slows the picture down considerably. The song, "Weary River," is soothing and easy to remember, and is sung very pleasantly by someone who seems to be Richard Barthelmess.
Your Neighbor

Did Captain Peter Pund See Plenty In

By WALTER RAMSEY

opinions, and one of the most engaging, that's ever been made about this most fascinating city. You'll have as good a time as the Georgia Tech team did by reading what happened to them.

—Editor's Note.

When I arrived at the Vista Del Arroya Hotel in Pasadena to keep my appointment with Peter Pund, he was nowhere to be found. After questioning a few members of the team, I found out that Peter had gone out with Harold Lloyd for a motor trip. One can hardly blame a college boy, in California on his first trip, for jumping at the chance to do a little plain and fancy driving with such a famous comedian.

Upon his return I found

Peter and his teammates played a football game against the University of Southern California in Pasadena on New Year’s Day. But before and after this contest, which Georgia won, Hollywood took the boys right into its heart and its home and gave them the time of their—and Hollywood’s—life.

If you’re from Georgia, you’ll be especially interested in Captain Pund’s account of their experiences. But even if you’re not, you’ll get one of the frankest and breeziest

IT'S been said that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder. And the same may be said of truth. At least, this is partly so. Things are what they are; and yet they are so many things that it requires a number of viewpoints really to describe them. This is the idea that has prompted this magazine to publish, along with the reports and impressions of skilled screen writers, the impressions and reactions of newcom ers to Hollywood. People from other parts of the country, hometowns, neighbors of others—neighbors of yours.

There have been a number of these articles, all under the general title of “Your Neighbor Says.” But in this one of them, in the account of Peter Pund, captain of the Georgia Tech football team, we believe we have one of the best, if not the one best, of them all.

Peter and his teammates played a football game against the University of Southern California in Pasadena on New Year’s Day. But before and after this contest, which Georgia won, Hollywood took the boys right into its heart and its home and gave them the time of their—and Hollywood’s—life.

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Both from without and within, the buildings of Atlanta are imposing. Just above is an aerial view of the center of the city; at the left is the Hurt Building; and at the top an interior glimpse of the Georgia Theater.
Says...

And His Georgia Tech Team Hollywood? Boy, Howdy!

shot outdoors. That's way off. First thing we ran into was an interior shot of a train wreck. Can you imagine them having buildings large enough for that? And huge scenery resembling Venice with water and everything? Why, they had one set there that represented a small town Main Street and it was so massive that one would almost believe he could get lost on it.

"The boys on the team all voted that Dorothy Mackaill had the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. We also voted Jack Mulhall the best all-around regular fellow. But here's something different: the girl we all voted the best looking was a little lady who is just a secretary to the president of the studio. It's awfully funny how they ever let her be on a movie lot and just do typewriting. She sure was a honey lamb.

HAIR ON HER CHEST

They set us up to a big feed out there and it was at the luncheon table that one of our boys pulled the biggest faux pas of the whole trip. Tom Jones, a big tall boy from a small town in

Augusta seems justly famous as the home of hotels and hustlers. At the top is the Forrest Hill Ricker hotel; at the right is the Bon Air Vanderbilt; and just above, the busy thoroughfare of Broad Street.

Georgia, was sitting right next to Loretta Young, a cute and dainty little actress. She had asked him how he liked the studios. He replied that they were all right but he couldn't see why they served chicken a la king so much. Then he proceeded to advise her: 'What you all need out here is more ham hocks and sauerkraut and drink more butter-milk. I'll put hair on your chest.' I wasn't right close when he said that, but I understand that Miss Young almost fainted.

"We saw the place where the airplane hit the side of a building in 'Lilac Time.' It was actually filmed inside the studio and no fake about it. Most of the boys were surprised when they saw Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill making a taxicab scene, because we thought they were all made in honest-to-gosh cabs out in real

(Continued on page 114)
And properly, too, for this is an advertisement of how very charming Doris Dawson can look when she pleases to. Which would seem to be always, for we cannot imagine her looking otherwise.
Laugh, Lon, Laugh!

What The Hero Of The Spider Joke Thinks Of It

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

After all, it is a compliment.
Men have had statues erected to their memories. Men have had cigars and shaving soaps and toothpastes and suspenders and gaiters and Pullman cars and cocktails named for them.

But what man has been the divine afflatus of a joke? What man has remained the good-humored inspiration of an international guffaw? What man has provoked to giggles and snickers everyone from slant-eyed Chinamen to schnitzel-eating Teutons?

Only Lon Chaney.

"Don't step on it—it might be Lon Chaney!"

What man who has so given himself to characterization as to be grotesque, often repulsive, who has many times sacrificed his human appeal, can laugh when his contributions to art generate the most popular joke of the decade.

Doesn't it hurt sometimes, Mr. Chaney, when you hear the crowd yelling at the old gag, "Don't step on it—it might be Lon Chaney"? Is the pain of bound limbs, tortured eyes, strained muscles worth it when over the radio you hear a song "Lon Chaney Will Get You if You Don't Watch Out!"—when you pick up a newspaper and see a giant spider or an iguana or a cockroach with your head attached, and beneath it screams the caption "Don't step on it—it might be Lon Chaney!"—or when you take a night off and go to the Orpheum, and Antrim and Vale or Stan Stanley or Lyle and Emerson come out to do their turns and the first thing you hear is "Don't step on it—it might be Lon Chaney!"

Don't you ever want to bow your head and stuff your ears and say, "Enough's enough"?

How It Began

Don't you ever want to take a blackjack and whang over the head the tourist who stops his young son from stepping on the ant on your set with a "Don't step on that. son! It might be Lon Chaney!" and then looks brightly around for your grin?

Aw, let's not get sentimental. There are other times and brass rails for that.
"To tell you the truth, no," Lon Chaney answered, his face rufft with many scars for "East Is East," in full possession, however, of all his limbs for this opus.

"I had to get used to it, at first, of course. But after I heard it a few times, I began to think to myself, 'Here's publicity that no man can buy. Word-of-mouth stuff is invaluable. I could pay for pages and pages of magazine and newspaper advertisements and not get the attention that this little joke is creating.'"

"Mickey Neilan is responsible. It happened about four years ago at a dinner party. A spider walked across the table and the hostess was about to swat it.

"'Don't do that!' Mickey yelled.

"The hostess was taken aback. 'Why not?' she asked, haughtily, I suppose.

"'It might be Lon Chaney!'

"Well, sir, it brought down the house, Mickey told me. The next morning, bright and early, he came over on the set. 'Beezers, Lon! I pulled a good one for you.' And then he told me.

All Over the World

First it became a gag in Hollywood. I couldn't go any place but what I'd hear that joke. Then the papers and magazines in the United States picked it up. We got clippings from every section of the country. About two years ago the foreign countries picked it up. My scrap book shows clippings from the Berliner Tageblatt, from papers in Japan, Java, from Bucharest, Roumania—that doesn't begin to list them all.

"Then the vaudeville acts began to pick it up. Norwood and Hall used it; and Stan Stanley, Antrim and Vale. I never will forget one time when Lyle and Emerson were playing Los Angeles and my wife and I went down to the Monday night performance. First one of the supers (Continued on page 113)
BY MARIE CONTI

My shopping with Mary Duncan was wholly accidental. We were lunching at the Biltmore. I was trying to persuade her that her love-life might be of interest; she was subtly trying to prove to me that men should never interfere with the career of an actress. Suddenly her eyes clouded—she clutched her stomach, her side—in real agony.

"Marie, I'm sick. I'm terribly sick. Please help me!"

I took her to a doctor. What else is there to do with a sick person? "Appendicitis." His words were concise but emphatic. "You must get to the hospital at once. No! There will not be time for you to go home. Buy what you need and get to Pasadena."

The attack passed—we set out to get what a motion picture actress feels she must have to become an attractive patient.

A negligé shop was our first destination. Now, there's no use pretending that what Mary Duncan purchased would be required by every woman who has an operation. She's usually shrewd, this stage-movie woman. But not on this day. "Tomorrow I may be dead. So why worry about tomorrow? I'm going to buy what I want and forget about all tomorrows." I wondered if this were the psychology of all to-be-bedridden women?

Negligés, four of them. One of printed silk with marabou trimmings; one of satin with lace; one of chiffon velvet; one, hand-painted. The latest things in bedroom apparel, the exclusive shop we patronized told us. I include them all, for, although Mary paid atrocious prices, there is not one which cannot be copied for around twenty dollars. The chiffon velvet (picture 3) is eleven dollars a yard and since it is fifty-four inches wide, two yards will do it quite easily.

She looks like a dollies girl, does Mary Duncan, in the toomost picture, with the toys her friends gave her as soon as she was able to sit up. Above is Mary in her negligé of printed silk, with marabou trimming. At the left she holds out for admiration the gay Paisley shawl, one of her recompenses for illness.

FOR A FIFTH THE PRICE

NOTICE the tailored lines coupled with large sleeves, please. Any woman could imitate them. And the satin—five dollars a yard. Three yards, fifteen dollars. Marabou to suit your tastes and your pocketbook. The entire garment not over twenty-two dollars. Mary paid more than a hundred. (Picture 1) The satin and lace—depends entirely upon the quality of lace and of trimming. Mary's is real lace, but what average person could tell the difference if it were imitation? And the hand-painted one. Well, if you don't paint, this does cause complications. But, after all, we don't all expect to die and any one of these four would be suitable to me. And any one would be the latest. I had to laugh more than once while we were on this expedition. Mary was so naive about it. It was to be her first hospital experience. "I'm going to have an operation right away. I haven't even time to go home. I want to look attractive. If I do pull through, I must look attractive. I have always said every woman should look her best when she is bedridden. It brings her so much adoration. If I ever had a baby—" Not a bad suggestion that, for all women. I have seen so many, who could really afford to

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With Duncan

Disclosing What Appendicitis Patient Wear

You don't have to spend much money, Mary claims, to have lounging pajamas like those in the upper picture, which she bought for hospital wear. They are easily and reasonably to be made. Above, she appears in a variation from the ordinary dressing-gown, one of satin and lace; and on the right, she shows still another garment of ease, a painted negligee.

Look pretty, drab themselves in the colorless hospital garments. If they were married—well, is a slouchily dressed patient going to hold the interest of a lively husband, no matter how well-meaning?

Three for Thirty

Nightgowns. Six of them. She shows only one in these pictures. But they were all on the same order. Georgette or silk crepe with dainty lace trimmings. Although she paid as high as thirty dollars for one, I figured with careful cutting and careful selection I could make three as attractive for thirty dollars. A good pattern would cost sixty cents. And why shouldn't I look as pretty as Mary Duncan if I went to the hospital for an operation, a baby or something? In fact, I made up my mind that I'd go home and get three nightsiey ready and at least two negligees and put them in a drawer so I would be ready. You never can tell—as proved by our interrupted luncheon engagement.

Oh, yes, there were slippers to match each change of negligee—slippers which averaged five dollars. But one five-dollar pair in black would have done for me with each bedroom costume. Black is always good because it goes so well with any color.

Of course, our trip to the drug store was a riot—and yet it, also, taught me something. No wonder these motion picture actresses are popular with men and with women. They wouldn't any more go to the hospital without make-up than they would appear before the camera without it. While, when I had my operation—but, after all, is there any reason for a woman's looking peaked when there are so many artificial restoratives for that drawn, tired appearance? Lipstick, rouge, two kinds of cold cream, mascara, dusting powder and face powder, pine-needle bath salts, full manicure equipment—there wasn't a thing which she left unpurchased. She had charged the negligees and nighties—but she had no charge account downtown for cosmetics. They cost her nine dollars and fifty-four cents, exclusive of perfumes. And those—well, I never knew before that you could buy rare scents in such small bottles. Three different kinds. "I think a different odor each day will cheer me as well as intrigue those who come to see me," she stated.

Wasn't Mary Right?

As we started for that far-away hospital in Pasadena, I couldn't help laughing at our effervescent, supposed-to-be-terribly-ill Mary. And yet, I had learned something, too. After all, didn't a woman owe it to herself to look her best under adverse conditions? Wasn't her psychology right? If she had decided to wear hospital garb and let her appearance go, perhaps she would have drawn to her more maudlin sympathy, but would that have been as sweet to her ears as the repeated exclamations, "My, Mary, how fit you are looking!" or "How do you ever manage to look so beautiful in bed, Mary?" And wasn't there an invalid's psychology back of it all, worth noting? If she took pains to prepare herself to look well and beautiful, wouldn't she really feel well the quicker? Is there anything which

(Continued on page 127)
To SPAIN

The Actual Diary Of My Five Years Ago

Kappa Sigma, at Missouri. We were all invited to two parties in Springfield. Cleaned up at Y. M. and left for Memphis at twelve o'clock Thursday night.

Arrived in Memphis Friday afternoon. Went to roof garden Friday night. But no girls would dance with us. (They had to know you all their life.)

Arrived Norfolk early Wednesday morning. Dean and I crossed bay in tug boat and went first to the P. O. where I soon learned that I was "Uncle Bud" instead of Bud. Also received letter from Mother, Father, Anna Belle and Mr. Allerman.

SLEEPING ON DECK

When we got back to our pier, we found out that they had been looking everywhere for us. Had just about decided to send two other boys in our place.

We met our companions, fifteen from—(censored). They all wore sport shoes and golf socks. Carried golf bags and books on "The Care of Animals."

While taking a look in the bunk house, we heard some boy from (censored) say, with a voice similar to a girl's, "My boys, this is impossible—there are thirty of us in here already."

Went to bed early that night, slept on the deck.

Next day Thursday it took all day to load. We finished loading at midnight and by three o'clock we were finished feeding. At thirty the tug was hitched on to the Lancastria, and we were on our way up the bay.

The boat when at dock is washed out every day, but with a load of cattle it is very hard to keep it clean. The sleeping rooms were full of dirt and cockroaches.

The ship crew were, as a whole, very friendly to us. They knew we were green and so they were always playing jokes on us.

One night they announced that we would pass a mail boat, so if anyone cared to send letters they must get them prepared. Within
The prodigal son had no sartorial edge on Buddy when he returned home.

Even a passport photograph could not entirely conceal Buddy's good looks.

The next two hours everyone was busy writing letters. Many of the boys wrote four or five letters—which never were mailed until we reached Barcelona.

They were always announcing storms and telling us the boat was filling up with water.

Friday, June 22.
Each boy was given a bunch of mules to take care of. The ship crew was all hard-boiled. I got forty mules in the lower end of the boat. All three meals were rotten.

The steward issued covers, mattresses, etc.

Saturday, June 23.


Watered mules, then ate dinner; soup, pork chops, spuds, bread, jelly and tea. Two mules died during the day, leaving eight hundred and nine. Went to bed at eight o'clock. A big storm was in sight and by ten o'clock it was raining and rolling so much we had to go into the hatches for safety.

Sunday, June 24.

Arose at usual time. Started giving mules oats. Had to carry one hundred and twenty-five-lb. sacks from 1st hatch back to 5th hatch. It seemed rather funny, but not a boy dressed up for Sunday school. My blanket was stolen, but the steward gave me another. My back and arms were as sore as a boil, as I hadn't been wearing any shirt. I was very discouraged, as the chief cook told me it would take more than twenty days to make Barcelona.

THE SEA WATERS THE MULES

Monday, June 25.

During the first few days the high waves had washed into the mule portholes and by Monday the stalls were so full that Dean and I had to take shoes and stockings off and carry out the manure and water in buckets and throw it into the sea.

Another storm Monday night and we had to leave the top deck for our hatches.

Tuesday, June 26.

Regular work. Abe Farrar, assistant foreman and cousin of Geraldine Farrar, great opera singer, gave us all a piece of watermelon. Threw one dead mule into the sea.

Not the newest model in the world. But it got them home to Kansas from New York.

Such a mob around food pans during meal time that we changed from "hand out" to cafeteria style. Cloudy all day.

Wednesday, June 27.

My first unlucky day. 1. Water-wrench stolen, consequently it took me three hours to water mules. 2. My eating utensils were stolen—therefore I got nothing but soup. 3. Washed out three shirts and two of them were stolen during the night.

Thursday, June 28.

Organized quartet. Sing about an hour every evening.

The K's Missouri, Illinois and Kentucky bunch organized against the Yale bunch, as every day they would get the largest part of the food. We appointed "Snake Brains," the rounder of the bunch, to always get at the head of the line and then put all of our bunch in front of him.

Well, we got plenty to eat. I couldn't sleep so I visited the engine room. Drank a cup of coffee.

(Continued on page 110)
In more than the memories of theatergoers, especially those whose remembrance dates back almost to show-boat days, is the fame of Eddie Leonard to be perpetuated. This famous entertainer, for twenty-odd years a favorite in vaudeville, has been chosen to play the leading role in an all-talking picture, "The Minstrel Show." It should be worth waiting for, so gentlemen, be seated.

The End-Manly Art

Eddie Leonard Brings to the Talkies His Genius as a Minstrel
Brilliant Women with brilliant Hands

Billie Burke at a Palm Beach fancy dress ball or at her stately country house, is just the golden-haired merry young wife of Florenz Ziegfeld. "I love the stage," says Billie Burke, "but I also love gardens, woods, tramps — dogs! What they do to one's hands!

"I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish protects the nails from stains and dirt and gives them such a flattering sparkle. In fact, I adore all the Cutex preparations — the Cuticle Cream and the Remover."

Billie Burke does these three simple things to keep her finger nails shapely and shining:
First — Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten tips and shape the cuticle.
Second — the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.
Third — Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to soften cuticle.

Pavlowa takes the most exquisite care of her graceful hands. "Cutex Liquid Polish helps give my hands sparkle and vivacity," Pavlowa herself says. "I always use it to make-up my hands, to keep each finger nail shining.

All the Cutex preparations are needed, however, to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the nails smooth and rounded and the under nail tips immaculately clean."

Lady Heath, famous flyer shown at the left, asked if caring for her own plane wasn't hard on her hands, said — "I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and I'm quite devoted to the new Liquid Polish."

Clare Sheridan — sculptor, diarist, and society woman — shown in the photograph at the right in the native costume of Algiers.

"My nails become fearfully stained and grubby," says Miss Sheridan, "but the new Cutex Liquid Polish has saved me. It protects the nails from stain and dirt and the smart brilliancy lasts miraculously. It certainly is a boon to busy hands."

Anita Loos, delightful young author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," says: "The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters the hands and I love flattery. A Cutex Manicure Set goes with me on all my trips."

Ask to see the delightful new Cutex Liquid Polish that smart women everywhere are finding so indispensable.


Special Introductory Offer — 12¢


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The 1929 WAMPAS BABY STARS, too, all use LUX TOILET SOAP for smooth skin

Loretta Young, charming First National star, says: "Smooth as a rose-petal. That is the way my skin feels after using Lux Toilet Soap. It is just like the finest French soaps!"

Fascinating Helen Foster, of Mrs. Wallace Reid Productions, has charming skin. She says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It gives my skin the lovely smoothness known as 'studio skin.'"

Mona Rico, United Artists' beautiful and talented star, says: "I must keep my skin exquisitely smooth to face the close-up. I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It's so wonderful for 'studio skin.'"

Caryl Lincoln, beloved screen star with Fox Films, is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. She uses it both in her own lovely bathroom and in her dressing room on location. She says: "I wouldn't be without delightful Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin as smooth as the finest French soaps used to."

B L O N D E S, R E D - H E A D S, B R U N E T T E S—but all the 13 Wampas baby stars have one outstanding appeal—the rare loveliness of exquisite smooth skin.

These thirteen charming girls have given their skin the same care that all of the 1928 Wampas Baby Stars have given theirs. They use Lux Toilet Soap both at home and in their dressing rooms.

Even the searching glare of the huge incandescent close-up lights reveals not a single defect in their lovely skin.

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin exquisitely smooth. And all the great Hollywood film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Remember: 9 out of 10 screen stars use this white, daintily fragrant soap.

You will be charmed with it, too! Order several cakes—today.

Ethylene Clair is a charming screen star who is famous for her beauty. She says: "I never have to worry about a smooth, velvety skin—'studio skin'—now that I use Lux Toilet Soap."

39 Leading Hollywood Directors say:

"Lovely Smooth Skin is Girl's Greatest Asset"

Mona Rico, United Artists’ beautiful and talented star, says: "I must keep my skin exquisitely smooth to face the close-up. I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It's so wonderful for 'studio skin.'"
Joséphine Dunn, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has the exquisite skin of the perfect blonde. She says: “A soft, smooth skin is a star’s most prized possession. I use Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin perfectly smooth and soft.”

When you see Doris Dawson, First National’s delightful star, in a close-up, notice how fine and smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. She says: “It leaves my skin so wonderfully smooth.”


Jean Arthur, Paramount’s charming star, says: “Lux Toilet Soap is indispensable to me. It keeps my skin so wonderfully fine and smooth.”

Sally Blane, R. K. O.’s lovely star, has such appealingly beautiful skin and gives it such intelligent care. She says: “Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for the beautifully smooth skin that is so important to a screen star.”

Nine out of Ten Screen Stars Use Lux Toilet Soap

Betty Boyo, beautiful young star with Educational Films, says: “Lux Toilet Soap is a joy! My skin is so smooth after using it!”

Doris Hill, attractive Paramount star, guards her skin carefully. She says: “Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so beautifully smooth that I cannot see any difference between this delightful soap and the finest French soaps.”

Helen Twelvetrees, lovely Fox star, says: “Lux Toilet Soap is exactly like those lovely soaps one finds in Paris. I love it!”

Luxury Such as You Have Found Only in French Soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake... now 10¢
Fredric March's AHEAD
He Made John Barrymore Laugh at His Own Caricature

By Helen Louise Walker

When Fredric March was six years old, he received the worst spanking of his life.

It was like this. He was playing in the front yard with his sister when an old man, with long whiskers, passed by.

"Look!" whispered Freddie. "He looks like Santa Claus. Look! He walks like this!"

Whereupon the boy stuck out his tummy, bent his small shoulders, grasped imaginary whiskers and doddered down the street after the old gentleman in caricature of his hesitating and ponderous walk—to the great delight of all the passers-by. Freddie's sister watched him with horror. Finally, when he would not listen to her admonitions, "Stop that, Freddie, this moment!" she ran into the house and called her mother to see.

By this time Freddie had acquired quite an audience—at the expense of the still unaware old gentleman—and Freddie's mother, in flustered embarrassment, seized her son, bore him indoors, administered punishment appropriate to his years and size, and then gave him a long and earnest lecture about the respect little boys owed their elders, even when they were old men who looked like Santa Claus—and all those things.

Now they pay him for it.

Which only goes to show how misguided the best meaning parents can sometimes be. For this winter, that very knack of Freddie's for caricature—which persisted through the years, despite parental efforts to quash it while he was young—won him a long-term contract. Because of that very thing, he is now portraying the young college professor who becomes enamored of Clara Bow in her current picture, "The Wild Party." And that happened this way:

"The Royal Family," a play which purports to be a picture of life in the bosom of the Barrymore family, opened at a theater in Los Angeles, last fall, with Fredric March playing the part of John Barrymore.

Hollywood, which knows John, went, en masse, to see the play. And it chuckled with unanimous appreciation of the chap who, though he is twenty years younger than John and several shades darker in complexion than the famous actor—and a size or two smaller—managed, without benefit of trick make-up, not only to walk, talk and act like the Barrymore scion, but even to look amazingly like him.

It was delicious mimicry. The scowl, the gesture of the hand to the mustache, the swagger, the lithe grace of movement. And there was more than that. There was the essence, somehow, of the man who, with the consciousness of generations of recognized artists behind him and the consciousness of his own position in the world of the theater today, dares to follow his impulses, dares to do just as he pleases—because he knows that nothing can really touch him.

Laurels from John

Producers were quick to see the pictorial value of a young man who can express as much with a gesture as Fredric March. They were quick, moreover, to see the additional value, in talking pictures, of his years of stage training. So, long before the play had finished its run, Fredric had signed a five-year contract.

(Continued on page 108)
New facts about CLEANING TEETH

DO YOU KNOW . . .

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?

A REMARKABLE scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. 

Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

and only 25¢

The famous 25¢ 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.

Try Colgate's one week FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B, 2511, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name__________________________________________

Address__________________________________________

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After Four: Mrs. de Mille

Clara Beranger Holds That Love To A Woman Is A Thing Apart

In this adventure of living, everyone is trying to get as much happiness as possible. Most people, I am afraid, do not get any too much. I am thankful to say that I am getting a lot. That is because I have as full a life as a man.

Most married women have energies and talents that find no outlet in the home. Most business women feel that something is missing in their lives. If they are honest, they will admit that it is a husband and a family. My own life is balanced. I have a domestic life and a business life, and I manage to keep the two as separate as a man does. I have built a studio across the garden from my home and there, from nine to four, I am Clara Beranger, writer, safely beyond earshot of the domestic crises which would distract me if I tried to work in my own house. If the butcher doesn’t deliver the meat for dinner, my work does not suffer. After four o’clock I am Mrs. William de Mille.

Freud to the contrary, most women’s restlessness has nothing to do with sex. There are other kinds of repressed desires. The repressed desire to paint or sing or act or write or run a business is, however, often diverted into unhealthy channels. Women are forced into club life or bridge parties for self-expression. Or perhaps they experiment with love affairs with men who would not interest them at all if they had a normal outlet for those forces which urge them to extra-domestic expression.

Above, at the left, is Clara Beranger before the house where she does her writing; and on the right, William de Mille before his own dwelling. In the center, the two of them in the twilight and together.

Feminism is not new. Women have long since proved that they can run a house, raise children and manage careers at the same time, and yet a woman who has successfully done all three things still seems to be something of a curiosity. We are in a transition period. Our daughters will inherit the fruits of our pioneering.

I believe that the urge that a young girl often misinterprets as love and that might drive her into an unwise marriage, may be directed into some creative form of self-expression, such as writing or designing her own gowns or acting in the community theater. Most professions and businesses are open to women nowadays. A wise mother will help her daughter, as well as her son, find the work for which she is best fitted.

Modern conveniences have freed women from much of the drudgery of housekeeping. I think, in some ways, it is a pity. We are becoming standardized. Men, freed of the traditional responsibility of being the sole breadwinners, are developing the feminine traits of tenderness and intuition. Women, freed of the traditional necessity of winning some man to look after them, are becoming more masculinely honest and straightforward. Yet these changes in the sexes make for better understanding between husband and wife.

There are still many adjustments to be made. A husband may be proud of his successful

(Continued on page 114)
Amazing New Beauty Secrets
By Hollywood’s Make-Up King

SILENT for years, reserving his discoveries and his make-up secrets for the exclusive use of the professions of the stage and screen, Max Factor now speaks.

In his book just published "The New Art of Make-Up", Max Factor reveals the secrets of beauty and make-up which every woman will prize. Hints, suggestions, information, advice and instructions which will mean everything to you in improving your beauty, and enhancing the charm of your personality.

There is a vast difference in the haphazard use of cosmetics as practiced by women in everyday life, and the scientific and artistic use of make-up as practiced by the stars of the screen and other beautiful women of Hollywood who have become acquainted with the knowledge given by Max Factor.

The charm and fascination of beauty lies in its naturalness, its unartificality. There is more beauty in a puff of powder and a pat of rouge than the average woman thinks. And it has been Max Factor's life work to develop make-up to the art which is now in Hollywood. The days of the painted, loud, off-color and spotty make-up are gone forever. Make-Up now is natural, almost indetectable, yet giving to woman's natural charm the artist's finesse of color and of contour. Make-Up for street wear, for day and evening wear, as created and applied according to the tested methods of Max Factor, will actually double your beauty and actually double the allure of your personality.

What a prize this book is for you! What wonderful secrets it holds which you yourself may use to bring out your beauty, your charm and your personality. Think how wonderful to have the advice and suggestions of the very man who has personally been the beauty advisor of screen stars for years.

Send for this amazing book, "The New Art of Make-Up"—NOW. Learn these secrets. Secure your individual complexion analysis and your own color harmony make-up chart from Max Factor. Learn what wonderful beauty is in store for you. Fill in coupon carefully and mail today to Max Factor, Hollywood, for the most sensational free offer ever made.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor: Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-910


Name ____________________________ 
Address ____________________________
City ________________________________

(*) Indicates a check mark

MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP 
HOLLYWOOD 

ABOUT PICTURES AND THE PEOPLE IN THEM

The Answer Man will tell any one who wants to know anything, everything there is to know. In his more than eighteen years of fighting question marks, there's never been one he couldn't answer. Answers to any questions will be printed in MOTION PICTURE, if you allow us. If you don't, let us know by personal letter, please. When you write, give your name and address on the letter and enclose a stamped envelope addressed to yourself. The Answer Man, Motion Picture, Paramount Building, 151 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The fans are always Page(ing) Anita too

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Billie Dove is married to Irvin Willat. Molly O'Day is younger than her sister, Sally O'Neil. Their real name is Noonan. Let's hear from you again.

LOUIS CORBITT—Tom Tyler was born in Port Henry, N. Y., twenty-six years ago. He is six feet one, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Not married. He is playing in "Idaho Red." Send your note to the RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. You may send me a self-addressed envelope for the list of photos I can supply you with.

CHRISTINE—Don't blame the poor typewriter for your errors. I do believe it's you. You may write William Powell and Eric von Stroheim at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Warner Oland at Paramount Studios also. George Hackathorne, First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Leslie Fenton is free-lancing, his latest production being "Broadway", in production at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. John Fox, Jr. FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

MADLYN—Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas, Feb. 17, 1905. She is five feet two, weighs 105 pounds, has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Her latest picture is "The Man I Love." Richard Arlen plays opposite. Richard Talmadge is free-lancing. His real name is Metzetti. Haven't a photo of him in stock.

GARRY S.—You may write Emil Jannings at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Also George Bancroft and Wallace Beery. Eva Von Berne has returned to Europe. Charlie Chase at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif. Mary Duncan, Helen Ware and Sally Phipps, Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

A BILL HAINES ADMIRER—You bet, Bill is as good looking off the screen as on. He is playing in "The Gob," Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Esther Ralston, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

DORIS—Nils Asther was born in Malmo, Sweden, Jan. 17, 1902. He is six one, weighs 170, has dark hair and eyes. He is not married or engaged. Latest picture is "Wild Orchids" starring Grete Garbo. His fan mail is received at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Rolind Colman hails from Richmond, Surrey, England. He was (Continued on page 117)

And close on Clara's heels came Buddy Rogers

TOOTS LEE—Whoopie. Glad to hear from you. King Vidor and Florence were formerly Mr. and Mrs. Florence is now married to Jascha Heifetz. Her real name is Arto, and she has a daughter, Suzanne. Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick. Fred Thomson's hair was gray-brown. He was a director before entering pictures. Also played on the stage. Lawrence Gray is emoting in "Murder Will Out."

MAX—Yes, I like your stationery and find your letter rather interesting. Gary Cooper is playing in "Here Comes the Bandwagon," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. I can supply you with photos of Walter Byron and William Powell.

MARGOT OF HOLLYWOOD—Did you reach your destination? Betty Bronson is playing in "One Stolen Night," Warner Brothers Studios, 3812 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Leslie Fenton in "Broadway," Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Haven't a photo of Franklin Pangborn; however, you may write him at the Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.


J. B.—John Mack Brown, who played opposite Joan Crawford in "Our Dancing Daughters," was born in Dothan, Ala., twenty-five years ago. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. Write him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. He'll be glad to hear from you. The Man with the Iron Mask was an unknown prisoner of the Bastille, supposed to have been imprisoned on Sept. 18, 1689, and it is almost certain that he died on Nov. 19, 1703. Fred Thomson died Christmas Eve, following an operation. I can supply you with his photos, one alone and one with his horse, Silver King. These are sold for twenty-five cents each.

BETSY ROSS—Any relation to the flag maker? Barry Norton is playing in "The Command to Love." His fan mail is received at the Fox Studios, 1401 Blvd., Sunset, Hollywood, Calif.
"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 cheek 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 unlovely color.

No Old-Fashioned "Painty Rouge" Will Do.

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 . . .

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

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 chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

which now is fashion's dictum everywhere. Princess Pat anticipated—knew that brilliance 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.

New 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 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 cheek 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.

Dorothy Mackaill, 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 rates curror and 25c today. Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and all other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please not promptly.

Get
This Week End Set— SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
220 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-61 Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.
Name (print)..........................
Street..................................
City and State........................
A Too-Wise Young Man

Barry Norton Goes In For Slave-Bracelets And Books

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Carroll who produced the Grand Street Follies on a few dollars, some old scenery and a lot of talent and made it one of the hits of the theatrical season. His friends, too, were the attractive divorcees and ultra-modern débutantes of the more conventional Park Avenue.

He alone stayed on

With a club of boys, Barry had come from Buenos Aires incidentally to see the Dempsey-Firpo fight, but principally to see New York. The magnificent skyline as he entered the harbor impressed him. As a child he had been to Paris, London, all through Europe, but New York was a thrill. So, because Barry will always do as he pleases, he stayed behind while his less adventurous club-fellows took the boat home after they had taken in the Aquarium, the Museums and Wall Street.

Alone in a big city, no mother to guide him, seventeen years old, with the face of an angel and a generous allowance, he had a marvelous time. He light-heartedly refused several roles on the stage, for an illness on the way to America had left him for a while with not too excellent memory.

"Were it not for my work," he said, "I would not live in Hollywood. I like cosmopolitan cities. Here everything is pictures. I like to be with people who are doing things—not great things that will live on perhaps, but a bit out of the usual."

"Why is it you don't mix with the film colony?" I wanted to know. "You must be showered with invitations from the baby stars. You are never among those microphoning at a premiere. You are not one of the Montmartre's bachelors."

"Well, dolling," Barry will address you affectionately (Continued on page 124)
Quiet in the Studio! Not even an undesired whisper may enter the sensitive microphones!

Sound Pictures
...a product of the telephone

Out of a half century's experience, the Bell Telephone Laboratories developed for Western Electric the first successful system of sound pictures.

This system (embracing Vitaphone and Movietone) makes possible a great new art in entertainment. Now, in theatres all over the country—Western Electric equipped—you can hear stars of motion pictures, opera and stage in lifelike renderings from the screen.

Hear and see the world's greatest personalities as they talk from the screen.

Hear orchestral accompaniment played from the screen . . . the actual roar of an airplane . . . the thunder of galloping hoofs!

Yesterday's dream is today's fact. And tomorrow? Here is an art now in the early stages of its development which is revolutionizing the field of motion picture entertainment.

Watch—and listen!

Producers who use the Western Electric sound system exclusively:

WARNER BROS.
FOX FILMS
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
UNITED ARTISTS
FIRST NATIONAL
UNIVERSAL
HAL ROACH
CHRISTIE
COLUMBIA PICTURES
HAROLD LLOYD

Western Electric
The Voice of Action
Sound System
King Tut, the star mutt of the screen, has gone Hollywood. He has had his face lifted.

When he began his career as an innocent young pup, in "Speedy" with Harold Lloyd, Tut was but five months old. The lower-corner picture is characteristic of him then. Even now he is not aged, as movie stars go, being only six years old. But the life of Hollywood is a trying one, and recently wrinkles began to appear under King Tut's eyes, seriously threatening his screen career. In "Ladies of the Mob" in which Tut was supported by Clara Bow, he appeared at least eight years old—as you can see at the left.

So Tut was taken to the Beverly Cat and Dog Hospital and put under the anaesthetic. And several inches of loose skin were cut out under each eye giving his face the smooth contour of youth discernible in the photograph above. And now King Tut will be able to play pup parts again.
Ten Years Ago— and Today

Agnes Ayres

Appealingly Beautiful — With a Complexion of Exquisite Color and Texture

"The secret of a lovely complexion is constant care and cleanliness. The camera cannot be fooled. It quickly tells the story of youth—or age. Sem-pray holds youth—it even brings back the glow, the velvety softness and the clean color of youth."

SEM-PRAY does more than that—it removes lines and wrinkles; it brings to your skin an aliveness that makes you feel young. It holds the look of age away—keeps your face fresh and smooth. Sem-pray, the dainty compressed cleaning creme, fulfills all the demands of such beautiful women as Miss Ayres. Its use helps to make them outstanding in the world of beauty.

You can obtain Sem-pray in an oval container, or in the original cake form.

It is applied direct to the skin, melting into the pores, cleansing, softening, healing, bleaching and invigorating.

The demonstration package will show you, as it has millions of other women, that your skin can be kept youthfully lovely—send for it and see for yourself.

The Purse Size Demonstration Package FREE

A week's use of Sem-pray will demonstrate to you, as it has to millions of other women, that your skin can be kept youthfully lovely. The Demonstration Package not only contains a week's supply of Sem-pray, but also samples of Sem-pray Face Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge.

Send the Coupon.

Sempray Jo-ve-nay Company, Dept. 655, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Send your Demonstration Package. Enclosed is a dime for postage and packing.

Name ____________________________ Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
It's taken quite a while to answer the question, how are you going to keep 'em down on the farm? But here it is: plant something like Mary Duncan around. And whether or not the boys have seen Paree, they'll raise no clamor for farm relief. The scenes here are representative of her and Charles Farrell's newest picture, "Our Daily Bread"
The Newest Touch of Smartness

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S
Cosmetic Masterpieces

Paris-inspired, created by one who is artist as well as scientist, the cosmetic masterpieces of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are unquestionably the finest in all the world—and the most flattering!

Helena Rubinstein has perfected the one indelible lipstick that gives the lips satint-smoothness and suppleness, as well as lasting color. Helena Rubinstein originated the rouges that not only enhance the skin, but actually protect and benefit it. And back of the marvelous powders that bear her name, is Helena Rubinstein’s genius for the blending of colors and textures. On sheer merit the powder creations of Helena Rubinstein maintain absolute supremacy.

Know the witchery of make-up, realize the full flower of your loveliness through these world-famed finishing touches. Build your beauty with Helena Rubinstein’s Specialized Preparations—enhance your beauty with her inimitable finishing touches. Her creations proclaim her the artist as well as the scientist!

The Perfect Foundation

Water Lily Foundation. Makes powder and rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 2.00, 3.50.

A Powder Masterpiece!

Valaze Poudre Enchanté—the most exquisite powder in the world! In the smart silver box, 3.00.—In the luxurious Chinese Temple Box, 10.00. Other Valaze Powders, 1.50 to 7.50.

Irresistible Rouges

Valaze Rouges flatter and protect the skin. Red Raspberry for day time. Red Geranium for evening. Crushed Rose Leaves, the conservative tone. 1.00 to 5.00.

The Last Word in Indelible Lipsticks

Cubist Lipstick in two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening. 1.00. Water Lily Lipstick in Red Cardinal and Red Ruby. 1.25.

The Smartest Vanities

Water Lily Compacts in modishly colorful cases. Double, 2.50, 3.00. Single, 2.00, 2.50.

Heighten the Beauty of Your Eyes

with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener, 1.00. Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara); adherent, yet does not make the lashes brittle, 1.00, 1.50. Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream), Brown, Black, Blue or Green, 1.00.

Your Daily Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—Helena Rubinstein’s skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Brace the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two-months’ supply—with detailed instructions (3.25).

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, ridding them of all impurities. Use this preparation instead of soap.

Write to Helena Rubinstein, describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for "Personality Make-up"—the booklet that tells you how to express your most beautiful you!
SOPHISTICATED?
YES!...BUT NOT artificial

ARE YOU one who does not use mascara because it looks "made-up"?

Katherine Macdonald's Lash Cosmetic Leaves absolutely no hint of artificiality in your appearance. It simply makes your eyelashes seem long and luxuriant...and adds that sophisticated touch.

At most toilet goods counters or $1 direct to Katherine Macdonald at Hollywood.

KATHERINE M. DOMINIC'S
LASH COSMETIC
KAME BEAUTY PRODUCTS, HOLLYWOOD

Women
men admire...
pretty, rounded
face and neck
Abolish ugly hollows
forever

Miss Goodwin of Reno, Nevada, writes: "I have used Tiffanys Face Builder for a few weeks and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed wrinkles, worn-out areas that woman droops. I used to look so old for my age, but now am pleased with my appearance."

You, too, can abolish forever sunken cheeks, thin cheeks, hollow shoulders, flat busts. No doctoring or expensive exercise is necessary. Simply apply Tiffany's Face Builder externally to develop a natural firmness, suppleness and beauty of skin. Two ounces of each for face and neck.

Those Builders externally to develop a natural firmness, suppleness and beauty of skin. Two ounces of each for face and neck.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES, Inc.
1127 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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THAT CISCO KID

It's one of the pesky prices of fame. Sour-grapings.

Let's go back to Warner when he was a little boy, living in Columbus, Ohio, with his widowed mother and stealing off to all the hocus-pocus plays, vaudeville shows, circuses and lantern slides he could find. He would, after such expeditions, make his mother's home happy by imitating the voices and accents of the characters he had seen. For days he would go about chattering like an old Jew with a bladder; a Chinese muttering "Velly-velly"; an Irish co-

median, an ingene, a cowboy—everyone who had appealed to his fancy. He was expert at these vocal exhibitions. A talkis star in the actual making, you see. All of which made the pater of the Cisco Kid very naturally to him. And just to prove it, he lapsed into the Kid's lingo—until we told him to pipe down, we believe.

HIS TORTUOUS PATH

WHEN Warner grew up, he married a girl from Philadelphia and went West—Nebraska or somewhere—so that he might open a garage for the cactus motor-ists. It lasted three months—marriage, garage and all. Warner was alone in the great open spaces with about seventeen cents in the world and no very definite idea of what he wanted to do. There had never been any theatrical element in his family and that sort of thing was disapproved of by the kith and kin. Anyway, Warner took up with a traveling stock company and traveled to Los Angeles. Whereupon fol-

lowed some years of playing stock, mostly at the old Moroseco Theatre in this palmy place. It was one of those slow, tortuous, uphill climbs which delight the pens of the laborious biographers.

While playing a very minor role at the Morosco some ten or eleven years ago, Warner happened to cast his appreciative eye upon a dark and winsome lady entering the theater. She returned the castaway eye and thought—she told me so last Sunday—"Poor fellow, he looks so white and thin. I wonder who he is." He did look white and thin. He wasn't eating so well. What, then, was the dark and lovely lady's surprise an hour later to come upon the pale, arresting stranger on the stage. She was playing second lead at the time. She asked to be intro-

duced to him and was told pooh-pooh, she didn't want to meet him; that was only Warner Baxter, practically an extra. But she did want to meet him. Love will laugh at belts and bars and extras, as you know. They met. And it was—really, I mean—

love at first sight. On both sides. Oddly enough, just at that time, the then Winifred Bryerson was seeing quite a bit of Edmund Lowe. Paths do intertwine, as you are learning.

ONE-TRACK WARNER

WELL, so it was love at first sight. A very ardent love. The kind that sits on porches until the milkman rattleTS INTO view. Then Warner had to tell this dark, appealing lady that he was married. He had deferred the evil hour because he knew she was the kind of girl who — oh, but you know. There were scenes. And then there was a promise to wait, forever if need be; and then there was a trip to New York and Broadway, where both appeared in the same cast. And one day shortly thereafter Warner appeared at Winifred's apartment at six one morning with a scrap of newspaper adorning his headgear. It was an an-

nouncement of the formal divorce of divorce. They hopped a taxi—Winifred and Warner—and in the chill vies of the dawning journeyed to the Bronx where they were joined in holy matrimony with the min-

ister's wife and the obliging taxi driver as witnesses. After which they went back to the theater for rehearsals, swearing not to divulge their precious secret lest it ruin their careers. Winifred, naturally, immediately whispered it all to her best friend, who as immediately passed it on; and there they were, there they still are, looking the one upon the other with lovers' eyes. That Cisco Kid, he vary one-track man.
PLenty CASH AND Calories

I'll send you a printed biography of Warner if you are collecting Warnersana, which you are if you are a fan worth your salt. But me, I'm not going through all the contracts and near-contracts, the failures and near-successes, the hopes and despairers that have dotted the diverse career of this vary smart fellow. Anyway, it all seemed to him to be meaning very little. He played role after role. The Indian in "Ramona." Gatsby in "The Great Gatsby," in "West of Zanzibar" and innumerable others. Each of which should have done something big for him, but didn't seem likely to come off. He didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Finances were okay. But having said that, he'd about said it all. Tempus was fugiting and even the Ciro Kid has to watch his diet, especially as he is enormously fond of food and eating and abandons calories only by a stupendous effort of will. And his wife's strict discipline.

I asked him, after all this backing time and marking time, to what he really attributes his magnificent crash-through. He is a gentleman, is Warner. He is also a lover, as has been noted. And so he says that he owes the greater part of anything he has done, or may do, to his wife. No, but really, he says. The parts she has heard him read. The patience and tact she has shown. Her belief in him. "In fact," said Warner, "the feminine influence has been the predominant one in my life. Largely because I suppose, my mother and I were alone for so long. She was all I had."

I tried, yes, yes, I tried, gentle reader, to lead him on to confess other feminine influences. He was not to be led. I even said, "What a good boy!" And he said, no, not good at all. "Careful, then?" I prompted dulatingly. No reflex action.

He Has to Be Heard

The best and the most that I could wrench from him on this intriguing subject is that he thinks Norma Talmadge and Ruth Elder have more sex-appeal than any other two women on the screen. He also said something about Vilma Banky, but I forget what. And he has never met either Norma or Ruth.

But to get back. He also said that he attributes his now success to talking pictures. "I would have never amounted to anything in silent pictures," he said, "I was lost in them. I didn't mean a thing. I had to he heard, to speak."

I pressed still further. He seemed to have something to divulge and to be reluctant about divulging it. I thought of his public and felt that he owed them all. He said, "But this sounds so silly—"

I was persistent. Rude. Annoying. He said then, "All right, I broadcast success."

I thought of Graham MacNamee and the Happiness Boys and wondered where the connection. I suggested—forgive me—amplification.

Still looking both reluctant and embarrassed, and only talking about it all because he is kind and obliging, he said, "Well, it's like this: Every morning when I get up I throw open the window and for ten minutes I send the thought of success out into the ether or whatever it is. I say something like, 'Warner-Baxter—success—Warner Baxter—success' and I say that formula over and over again, concentrating with all my might while I'm saying it. In the belief or on the assumption that if a wisp of voice can be relaxed from coast to coast, there are waves in the air that carry things. Sometimes I fastened on some particular person. Al Rockett at Film National, say. Mr. Sheehan of Fox. Some producer. I'd say my name and theirs and the word success, and I'd think success in connection with myself. I'd talk it, too.

Plenty Cash and Calories

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Shampooing

done properly . . . adds loveliness to
Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . . fails to clean properly, 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.

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 clears 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, nor 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.

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.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
The Frances Jordan Reducer stimulates the circulation and fat reduction absorbed. It relieves constipation and tones up the nerves. This remarkable Frances Jordan originally sold for $5.00. Very large sales now permit us to sell direct to you for $2.00. Act today! Send $2.00 in cash, money order or check. Satisfactory guaranteed or money refunded.

**Frances Jordan REDUCER**

**FRANCES JORDAN, INC.**

802 A FINANCE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

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**BLONDES—here's good news!**

You can keep your hair light, bright and lovely; you can bring back its pleasing golden beauty if it has become dull and dark. Simply use Blondes, the special shampoo for blondes only. Prevents darkening—gives new life and lustre to dull, faded hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.

---

**Nightie nice! That's all we can say of these trick pajamas of Loretta Young's. They're made of satin-backed silk crepe: and lace is impaneled in the bodice and on both sides of the trousers.**

I've often said to Winnie, 'Some day I'll be the most high priced actor on the screen.' Even if I didn't believe it myself, I'd say it and I'd force all contradictory thoughts away.

**AND IT WORKED!**

**EVERY** so often I'd have proof that these thought-waves, or telepathies or personal radio wave lengths were working. I'd meet some man I hadn't seen for months and he'd come up to me and say 'Funny thing, old man, but I was thinking about you early this morning. Couldn't get you out of my mind.'

And then, the *Cisco Kid*. You see, I actually do believe that it worked. To think success is an important thing. I believe that anyone can get anything they want if they want it hard enough.

'Did you really feel the part of the *Cisco Kid*?' I asked, thinking of that very smart fellow with the relentless heart and guns. And so an interesting theory came to light. 'No,' said Warner Baxter. 'I never feel any of the parts I am playing. I have a curious theory about acting. I believe that it should be acting. A literal interpretation of that word. I mean, when I am playing a rôle calling for strong emotions—hate, revenge, passion, any of the tumultuous emotions I play—then I act them to the best of my ability and with an eye to their getting across to the camera and to the public. When I am through with those scenes, I am through with them the instant the camera stops clicking. I am myself again and I drop the gestures as I would drop a cloak worn for an occasion. I say immediately, to the director, 'How'd that go?' I do not go off and continue to live the rôle I've been simulating. To me, that is acting. If I had to feel everything I do, I'd be dead within a year. You don't have to be intimate to play a squiffy scene. You don't have to actually murder a girl when you are supposed to murder her. Nor do you have to go insane when you play a madman. You act these things, and if you can get the effects over, then that, to me, is acting. I have known some of the finest artists of the stage who employ precisely the same method. Men whom I have watched playing a scene which has reduced a house to hysteria and who have said, at the drop of the curtain, 'Well, that got them, didn't it; ha, ha!'

**INCRABLY DEMOCRATIC**

**F**OR the most part, Warner doesn't take this success of his very seriously. He doesn't really realize it, between you and me. He has worked for it so long. He says it hasn't changed him one iota. He still slaps doormen and extras and newies on the back and asks them about their mother's state of health. He still opens his own front door when he wants to and talks to boys soliciting magazine subscriptions. He has been advised to put on a little dog, ritz about a bit, not be so dam' democratic and regular, but he can't manage it. It isn't being himself. He doesn't have to act off the sets.

He isn't in a ferment about the probable success of the picture to follow the *Kid*. He doesn't take it all that seriously. It's a business with him and he is working because it is his job and for the money he gets out of it. Precisely as Mr. Ford or Mr. Wool--

(Continued on page 121)
The New Wonder of the Screen!
ALL TALKING
ALL SINGING
ALL DANCING
Dramatic Sensation

METRO
GOLDWYN
MAYER'S

The
BROADWAY
MELODY

with
CHARLES KING
ANITA PAGE
BESSIE LOVE
Directed by
HARRY BEAUMONT

Story by Edmund Goulding
Continuity by Sarah Y. Mason
Music by Norio Herb Brown.
Lyrics by Arthur Freed
Dialogue by Norman Houston
and James Gleason, author of "Is Zat So?"

FROM COAST TO COAST has swept the fame of the newest miracle
of the films. All the magic of Broadway's stageland, stars, song
hits, choruses of sensuous beauty, thrilling drama are woven into
the Greatest Entertainment of our time. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer,
the leader in production of silent pictures, now achieves suprem-
acy of the Talking Screen as well. See "The Broadway Melody"
simultaneous with its sensational $2 showings in New York,
Los Angeles and elsewhere.

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"
RUINOUS REMEMBRANCES

(Continued from page 40)

means to look like Valentino. His eyes, his voice, he told me the story, were tired and troubled. A patient philosophy has replaced the eagerness, the arrogance, that should have been his.

With Hokanson's ultimate goal, Paul went on the stage in Budapest. It was a good beginning, for he soon got a chance to go to New York in the repertory company of the Hungarian National Theater. There, as in New York, they started for New York, advance reports were sent out that the second Valentino was on his way. He was no longer dispatched to the studio to have some stills taken. "Where's your slave bracelet?" they demanded.

"Why, I never had one," he answered uncertainly. He was marched off to the jewelers, a slave bracelet was produced, and the accompanying picture was taken. That's all his First National contract did for Paul Vincente. It soon expired. And Paul also very nearly expired during the hungry months that followed.

He was rescued by Emmett Flynn, who gave him a job at Fox. Now he has a contract and the leading rôle in "The Veiled Woman." He should be happy. He should be hopeful for the future. But as a matter of fact, he is simply beginning, just on the threshold—to make people forget that he looks like Valentino.

"They can make a man look exactly like Valentino, but despairingly, 'but what good is it, when the soul is not there, the personality is gone? He may be the image of him, by an accident, but he can't be as he was, do as he was. He can't reproduce the man's mannerisms, the gestures, the charms that people loved."

And he added that. They say, 'He looks like Valentino. Why doesn't he do this, and that?' But he cannot. As soon as he begins to move and speak and act, his own personality comes through and destroys the illusion. So he only annoys the people who were interested in him."

NEVER AS HIMSELF

PAUL hates that resemblance. He fights it. But it persists. All the attention he gets is because the critics reviewed his picture and forgot to notice his work, so intent are they on his appearance. Directors want him to cut his hair like Valentino. He has tried, but he can't do it upon him. The fans who have seen his photographs write ecstatically to say, "Oh, you look just like him. We are waiting to see whether you really are the real himself, through his own friends hail him jovially—"hello, you handsome Valentino!"

What chance has a man to be himself, with the imprint of another so firmly stamped upon him?

"It is not nice to the memory of the dead man, Paul remarked, with his mild Hungarian accent, of the so-called "new Valentinos" that are not in the least like Rudy's. "And besides, it is so futile. Valentino was my favorite star. He was so high, so great, I couldn't help but try to succeed him. It's like a three-year-old boy going up to Jack Dempsey and saying, 'Let's fight.'"

"Looks don't matter, anyway. It's ability and personality that count. I have my own. I can't reproduce Valentino's. I can't even try. I have to face the battle with the force of my own personality."

Yes, the hardest fight is still ahead of Paul Vincente.

One evening, amid the lights and chatter of the Montmartre, a fashion show was in progress. Down the runway moved a tall figure, swathed in glimmering silk, her head held proudly, seeing no one. The tourists whispered and stared. They took note of the gold hair brushing her neck, dark moody eyes, the drooping shoulders. "Greta Garbo!" they gasped, and judged each other.

"It couldn't be—a model." But it is. Nobody could look as much like her as that."

SECOND-HAND DISTINCTION

NOBODY but Jearaldine DeVorak, and she would rather not. Jearaldine chooses this way to eke out her small salary as Greta Garbo's official double. Proud and languid, she moves like a princess among the other models. Poor girl—with the form and the features of a great siren, parading a beauty and distinction that were not needed for the part—were Garbo's first, in the eyes of the world.

Jearaldine herself was for a long time happily unaware of her misfortune. It was a complete surprise to her, when somebody at the MGM studio noticed her uncanonical resemblance to Garbo. She was just an extra, on a dancing set, when they offered her a contract as Greta's double—and she took it eagerly.

"I adored Garbo on the screen," she explained. "Once I spent a whole day, sitting through scenes opposite The Temptress. And, childishly, I combed my hair like hers because I was so crazy about her. But until I got the contract I didn't realize we looked alike."

"I was happy about it at first. It seemed like such a marvelous way to get a start. At first, they treated me like a queen. The tests were taken with care and dressed me in gorgeous gowns. They promised that soon I would be given a real part. I was very happy."

Her sad eyes glowed for a moment, then clouded again.

"But now after a year I am beginning to feel discouraged. I can see now that Jearaldine is not a double, but any public. Her pictures are torn up even before they get into the studio files.
An uppy pup! But why shouldn't he be? 

How many beings his age have won even a fraction of Leila Hyams's affections?

She can't even get any for herself, because if pictures get out at all they are quite likely to get into the hands of some magazine editor. You can see it is not good for an ambitious girl to look too much like the great Garbo.

The first work she did as Greta's double were the snow scenes in "Love." Wind-machines, blowing cereal flakes and salt into her eyes, making them smart and burn.

Not much glory in that.

In retakes for "Heat," after Garbo had gone back to Sweden, they took pictures of Jearaldine—her back to the camera. They took long shots of her, dashing by in an automobile.

In "A Woman of Affairs," she was the crushed body beneath the car. She had to lie there under the overturned car all night, and it was bitter cold.

Sometimes she stood up by the hour for fittings of Greta's wardrobe.

"But Miss Garbo is so wonderful. It is thrilling to be working with her."

There is no trace of resentment in her spirit. She is disillusioned, but sweetly: she who has every reason to be embittered.

IN THE GARBO MANNER

"At first, we were just the same size. Then she got thin and I got fat. But now I am thin and she is fatter. Once, when we were dressed just alike, with a veil, the prop men couldn't tell which was which. They had to keep peering under my veil.

"I know that won't help me. People hate an imitation; they resent it. But the studio has promised me a real part, and I am trying not to be discouraged. They say it's hard to find a part for me, because I'm tall, I can't play flapper parts. It's as hard to find a rôle for me as for Garbo. But they have promised me, and I believe them. If I didn't—it would be dreadful.

And Miss Garbo is so sweet. It has helped me very much to be with her. She is wonderful, and such a marvelous actress."

"What does Garbo herself think of the resemblance?" I asked.

"Well," she hesitated, drawing in her breath. "It just happens—that we have never met. You see, it is for her to speak to me. Not for me to speak to her. She has never spoken to me."

Now do you know enough to stay in your old home town?

---


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This is to urge that you accept the advice of screen and stage stars by the scores. Beauty is their stock in trade. It is also the advice of leading beauty experts the world over.

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[Advertisement]

Whether or not Helen Harper is the girl who's destined to put the sin in "Syncopation," she's going to put a dent in the hearts of fans when they see—and hear—this forthcoming talkie

Novelized Notables

(Continued from page 48)

Or could it possibly be—? But never mind. "Spider Boy" has caused enough comment.

So much for "Spider Boy." With all its points of debate it was a mere ripple on the water compared to the storm that greeted Jim Tully's "Jarnegan," the first novel of Hollywood to ridicule its characters and traditions. So bitter was the feeling against Mr. Tully for biting the hand that had fed him at the Montmartre, that he hasn't got back in the good graces of the town yet. "He has betrayed confidences," was the slurring brand, "and friendships."

There were whisperings that the wild, Irish Jarnegan of Tully's book was sketched generously from the personality of James Cruse, the director. Cruse was, and is, a great friend of Tully's and everybody thought he had been thoroughly double-crossed—everybody but Cruse. When someone asked him what he thought of Jarnegan, as himself, he chuckled, "I wish I were that interesting." Even Betty Compson, Cruse's devoted wife, was staunch in her admiration for the much maligned Jarnegan, and his creator, Tully. "Jarnegan is drawn as uncouth, but with a character as strong as the Rock of Gibraltar," said Betty. "He accepted no compromise. He overcame the greatest difficulties by sheer force of his tremendous personality. He was subservient to no one. I think it is a great book."

IS HE IZZY?

WARWICK DEEPING in his book, "Sorrell and Son," admits that he drew freely on his knowledge of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks for the characters of the two movie stars who figure so prominently in putting Sorrell's inn over. Remember when the famous couple traveling incognito stop at the little wayside inn and the beautiful bride is taken ill? As the whole world prays for the recovery of the "screen's most beloved star," the inn figures prominently in the headlines.

A year or so before his death George Randolph Chester, with his tongue in his literary cheek, had written a series of stories for "The Saturday Evening Post" concerning the antics and abilities of one Izy, who raised himself from the position of office boy to general manager of a studio that bore a great resemblance to Universal. Hollywood enjoyed these stories to the utmost and it was subtly understood that Izy was a clever take-off on that young genius of the front office, Irving Thalberg. Uncle Carl Laemmle, under another name, also figured prominently in these yarns of production costs, cast sheets and other movie bookkeeping. There was many a chuckle in this series, particularly if you were Hollywood-wise. And aren't we all?

Adela Rogers St. Johns was responsible for a good guessing-story that ran serially in the "Cosmopolitan" called "The Skyrocket." While Mrs. St. Johns would probably deny that her exotic heroine was patterned after anyone in particular, there are still snoops among us who recognized Gloria Swanson in several passages. "Skyrocket" dealt with the career of a luscious girl who began her career on the comedy lots, rose to a fore-
"I warn every woman I employ"

Says the woman Personnel Manager in a large office about this phase of modern feminine hygiene

One unconscious offense which is no longer necessary. This remarkable sanitary pad deodorizes* completely and is superior in comfort features as well as ease of disposability.

In the world of business, in society, women often find themselves embarrassed at certain times. Sometimes they offend without knowing why. When they learn, miserable self-consciousness follows. Make-shift efforts to counteract the difficulty seldom succeed. Now a discovery: made in Kotex Laboratories ends all these fears and worries. Science has discovered a way to counteract a serious offense.

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Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease-of-mind through this sanitary protection. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely ends all odors. The one remaining hygienic problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

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Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellulose absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture 3 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

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RICHARD BLACKSTONE, 492 FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK

I get really famous over there, when I come back, Dennis will want to marry me even though I am an actress," is the way I knew America was a long way off, but I had no idea it was quite that far. If this were my life, I'd fill in these gaps, but since it was no one's idea, I set out to meet with Jeffrey Machamer, one of the gentle- men of the press. He was the first American man to interest me. He'd call for me every night and take me out to get skits about me in his paper. I worshipped and adored him. He was like an island in the Pacific to a shipwrecked wanderer. He was the only man I could have in my life. But mother, who had joined him, wouldn't let us marry. I had my first chance at pic- tures. It necessitated my going to Florida. He took me to the train. We swore our love for one another.

A SPITE MARRIAGE?

TWO weeks later I returned. He was no longer there. I didn't have his phone number. I didn't try to see him. I didn't understand. Why, we were engaged! My mother knew, but she didn't tell me. Finally, she confided to me.

He was married! He had met a girl on the golf course one day and a week later they had been married.

My reaction? First I thought he had done it for sport. A woman's natural re- action of self-protection. But, no, he had loved me. Of that I am certain. Oh, after the first few days—well, you'd have thought it would make me hate him, but it only made me like them better. I'd always wanted to be a man. Not being born a man is the greatest tragedy of existence. And, well, to tell you the truth, it made me want to be one more than ever just so I could do that kind of thing and get away with it. I never had a woman friend until I came out here and met Marion Davies, so men were my friends as well as my admirers.

Perhaps I hadn't had a new love—my picture career—I might have done something crazy; gone the way of all flesh or something. But there was this new oppor- tunity for me to go, I was going to make one man ruin it for me.

Don't you see the value of a career to a woman? It gives her something besides men. Of course, I was always looking for- posing I had just gone to Florida on a vacation, as so many women do, and this thing had happened? Suicide might not have been surprising. But with pictures—

YOU GET OVER IT

AND when I met him a year later in the lobby of a theater with his wife, it was all over. I had fallen. But there was no feeling. Why should a woman ever take love seriously when in a year she can conquer—it takes nerve, but it can be done with such feeling.

Just why I didn't fall in love with Dick Barthelmess has always been a mystery to me.

I think I'm the only girl who ever worked with him who didn't. And it was just after he made "Tol'able David" and everyone on the set was crazy even to speak with him. But some time, I just didn't fall in love with any of the actors with whom I am working. I was attached to; thought he was grand. But he was part of my work. I guess I'm innately built that way. Perhaps, someday, for someone beyond my immediate horizon.

That's the reason married women grow rest- less, their imagination grows around the outside, seeking someone who, and some experience, my courage.

And perhaps it was because I was in love with a married man not in pictures. I don't know how it happened. We couldn't go anymore. We met every evening at the mo- ments at luncheons and early dinners. Again that-poking-around feeling, perhaps. And

I still have that feeling that I might have thought that I should have married him for a long time if I hadn't met his wife. I knew he had one; he told me the first time I met him. If he had fifty wives I would have loved him. After all, there isn't any reason why he shouldn't be. And when she wasn't, why, I just couldn't stand him. For me that woman. I never saw him again after I met her.

NO JEALOUSY, NO LOVE

I CAME to Hollywood and I couldn't seem to find anyone out here. I was homesome, but no one seemed interested. Too close to home, too many working companions. Then I met John Harron— the first time I ever had a perfect friend was a very stable one and together, but I never asked him where he was when he wasn't with me and he never ques- tioned. There was no jealousy between us; and where there is no jealousy, there isn't love—ever. For two whole years there was this love without love. Twenty years from now I could still go out with him and feel the same way about it.

I went back to New York to prove it. Separations are the true test of two people's affection, married or unmarried. And there I met Cleo —and I had a splendid time there. Then I went on a vacation to Florida. At Washington I stepped off the train to buy a paper and read his death announce- ment. Perhaps, I wouldn't have loved him as much if he had lived. But the finality of that notice. The shock. To be frank, dur- ing those two weeks in Palm Beach, I did try to go the way of all flesh. To forget, to force a reaction.

I came back different. I started on a new era or something. The definiteness of his death had cast me. This I could take and him and that my love was buried with him.

Now, I turned to my first infatuations. These others had been love, the new ones were infatuations. And I had a splendid time there. Three or four men and not know which one I liked best. The formula for this type of thing is the same, the only love, that sacred depth of feeling, is missing. I never stopped to make up my mind as to which man was most fascinating.

NO LOVE, NO LIFE

AND yet—has any woman the right to do this? I didn't realize, I didn't under- stand. I was so wrapped up in my own forgetting that I didn't think of the other fellow and I broke one man's heart. He decided life wasn't worth living, so—he left it. That is an experience which sober, brings a realization that life means some- thing.

I went to Washington to make a picture. Lothar Mendez was directing. And what was my surprise to find old John Love pop- ping up again. Always an improb- able wit. He was taken off the picture. From then on I hated it and when I re- turned to New York I did something no other girl ever did and told it. And no one (Continued on page 107)
No alibis now for not learning to play!

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"IT'S TOO HARD—TAKES TOO LONG"
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Tinsel Town

(Continued from page 55)

She's tired of tired transportation, Alice White is, and has forsaken the forty horsepower of her automobile for the single horsepower of another and warmer-blooded machine for helping her to go places

house-gow, or second-rate imitations of the Astor-Lenox-Tilden library. The latter building, in case you New Yorkers don't know, is in back of the lions at Fifti' Avenue an' Fawty-Sekin'.

Advertisements of contented cows, skins you'd love to wash, various eating troughs and dancingumps, are plastered along the town's most ambitious prospects. And plastered is right. For the ads are in the form of plaster statuary, bedizened with color as a passed heavy in an ingenue rôle.

At the slightest provocation the streets are decked with banners: "Welcome, Scar-face Capone!", "Admission Day" (or "Submission Day," whichever it is); "Happy New Year!" "Merry Lincoln's Birthday"; "Shop in Hollywood!"—whatever phrase occurs. If the town is ever air-rafted, what are jokingly called the inhabitants will never know it. They'll think it's a gag for "Hell's Angels." And that the searchlights picking targets for the anti-aircraft guns, are the usual flashing beacons heralding a preview or the opening of a delicatessen shop, dog hospital or pants-pressing emporium.

It's all hock shop

I t doesn't seem as though anything is actually owned. People buy things. That is to say, they make first payments. Along about the sixth payment, the merchandise reverts back to the seller. Huge apartment houses stand unoccupied and unfurnished, empty as a live man's tomb, because the shoe string couldn't be stretched quite far enough. Real estate and houses are bought a dollar down. Before the last payment is made on the motor-car, it's time to turn it in for a new one. There are no pawnshops in Hollywood. The town was in hock before they could open one.

Fruit, gorgeously alluring to the eye, disappears the palate. Flowers of a thousand hues prove devoid of scent. Bottled water is best to drink. Meat fit to eat comes from Chicago. The choice cuts are labeled "New York cuts." Vegetables, though profuse, are without interest to any tongue with even slight discrimination. Locally brewed beer and other bootleg products half-way palatable are the only beverage offered, no longer than sucker bait in Tijuana. The best the citizens get is second chop. Even snow is diluted with aspirin.

Of course, everything is cheap. It has to be. Otherwise no buyers. Los Angeles, of which Hollywood is a less important suburb than Flatbush is of New York, is proclaimed by statisticians as one of the three cheapest cities in the country. I was about to say that it wouldn't pay a dime to see an earthquake. But it doesn't have to. Those are free. Like salvation. Providing you don't get it from Aimee McPherson. Aimee, by the way, being a greater showman than sixty Sid Graumans. Sid is one among many of Hollywood's much overrated institutions.

Harry Crocker's Hollywood Museum closed because what customers came wanted a free in. He should have fooled 'em by letting 'em in free and charging 'em to get out. It would have been worth more, at that. There are free concerts, and free. Sings. Free acts on the radio. The air programs being the worst with which the ozone has ever been desecrated. There's a rule at Henry's that the second cup of coffee is free. And if a new girl tries to charge for the follow-up show of Java, there's a squawk like that of a hen hatching duck eggs. The best things in life are free. Being free makes 'em best, according to Hollywood's idea.

Mediocrity in power

Except for a small minority, the workers are underpaid. In all departments. For office workers there is a minimum wage of something about sixteen dollars. Artisans are unprotected by organization. Actors, directors, all studio personnel, is entirely at the mercy of the little tin gods in the front office. With comparatively few exceptions they have no choice but to take whatever may be tossed their way. And like it. There is a no strictly fair rate of remuneration. Not in the picture business. Its members get either too much or too little.
Adolphe Menjou is reported to receive 80,000 weekly. Josef von Sternberg, one of Hollywood’s few real directorial aces, is said to draw $750 a week. Competence is not in demand. There is a conspiracy of mediocrity.

Aside from picture people, oil and citrus men, and some slight further levying of racketeers, the populace is composed of shaved-necked Iowans, Kansans and Nebraskans. These have broken arches and a minute income to show for a life-work in the retail grocery or hardware game. Or pushing a plow across a million miles of prairie. Or whispering bedtime stories to a flock of cows. Their shoulders and brains are muscle-bound. They come to leaf—not live—a while in the sunshine before dying and being buried in that cemetery which advertises that it is “helping a city to grow artistically!”

Some day another Alice will come to this Wonderland. “Pouf!” she’ll puff. “You’re nothing but a pack of cards.” And if she remembers “Captain Applejack,” she may paraphrase his famous line and add—

“Deuces, all deuces!”

Personally I am practically a Native Son, having been in Hollywood since it rained last. And naturally I resented the description of The Times Square Kid as herebefore set forth. I listened till he had done. Then, still speaking “Variety,” that peculiar but beloved tongue, I uttered the thought original, the argument unanswerable.

“Why don’t I kike boig wattlel daya stay heref? Y doncha hida trail backta Noo Yawk?”

I felt like the waiter in the restaurant who answered a customer’s remonstrances with a “Listen, you got hungry. I didn’t send for you!” Then I wondered just where Hollywood would be except for the people who came here without being sent for. But my mooning was interrupted by The Times Square Kid.

“Awat tell,” he said, “it’s de climit.”

And there’s a snappy comeback for you!
Many Weddings in Sight
When some girls are already thinking of the wedding ring their health fails, they become nervous, high-strung, irritable, and through this loss of control many a young woman loses her future happiness. As a tonic at this time, and in motherhood or in middle life, there is nothing to equal Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

If you are troubled, write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y., and receive good confidential medical advice by return mail, free of all expense.

The Trial of Norma Shearer
(Continued from page 33)

Q: You hope so? Why?
A: Because I wanted to do something different. Besides, I really wanted to play a bad girl. I begged and begged for two months for a chance to be déclassée.

Q: Do you mean to tell the court that you alone were responsible for your sins?
A: No—not exactly—
Q: Answer the question, yes or no.
A: No.
Q: Then who, may I ask, was your confederate?
A: Mr. Veiller wanted me to do the title role in his play, and so when I made my first general talking test, he arranged to have me do some very dramatic passages from that story.

Q: So you admit that Mr. Veiller and yourself entered into a conspiracy to become and defraud the judgment of your employers by making such a perfect voice test that they couldn't refuse you the part?
A: You may believe that if you want to, sir.
Q: Was your husband, Mr. Thalberg, influential in helping you become a bad girl by signing you for the best dramatic role of the season?
A: No, sir. In fact, he was the one who was the most set against it.
Q: What did he say?
A: He said the change was too drastic—that is, from the light comedies I had been doing, to heavy drama; and besides I had no stage experience and the microphone might frighten me.

QUizzed about voice
Q: And still you went ahead. Are we to assume that you are quite a headstrong young woman?
A: It's just the opposite with me, sir. I have less confidence in myself than any player in pictures. When I see myself on the screen and people say it is good work, I breathe a sigh of relief because I feel that if I had it to do over again I wouldn't be able to make the grade,

Q: Tell me, did you ever have any special training in voice culture?
A: No. I was to have had a test on a new voice reflector at the University of Southern California, but when I arrived the instrument was not working properly. That is as close as I ever came to the study of voice culture.
Q: Are we to assume then, Miss Shearer, that your natural, untrained voice is so melodious and has such a dramatic quality that you might be said to be gifted far above the ordinary?
(Witness refuses to answer on the grounds that anything she might say could be used against her.)
Q: What, if anything, do you think of motion pictures as a whole? (Frantic, telegraphic objection by press agents. Objection sustained.)
Q: Did you, or did you not, find the road to success easy?
A: Well—I don't remember—not exactly. I think the door was open—
Q: Hey! What are you talking about? What was that you just said about the door being open?
A: I'm sorry sir. I didn't mean to say that—it is just one of my lines from 'Mary Dugan' and it is so automatic that I say it unconsciously.

CAN'T FORGET HER LINES
Q: For what reason, may I ask?
A: They were so natural and I rehearsed them so long that instead of having trouble memorizing the lines I actually had trouble forgetting them.
Q: Do you mean to say that you didn't have any trouble memorizing your lines, when we know that everyone else does?
A: Yes, I mean just that. They became such a part of me through long practice that when it came time to film the scenes and record the voice, the words came out of my mouth so easily that I had to unlearn the lines in order to get the original, spontaneous expression.
Q: Then just what was your difficulty in making your first talkie? The microphone?
A: No, sir. I had no fear of that, either, though I'll admit I thought I would have from all past reports of other players.
Q: Are we to assume that you are the only living actress who had no trouble with her first talkie?
A: On the contrary, I had plenty of it. But it wasn't the same as the rest have had.
Q: Tell the court all about the queer and unknown difficulties that confronted you.
A: To begin with, we had rehearsed the play for three weeks and finally gave a private performance at the studio just as though it were a stage play. And of course, all this time we had been working without a camera. The very fact that we had failed to hear it for three weeks caused my first fright on the sound stages.
Q: You mean to tell us that out of all the apparent difficulties offered by the talkies, you, a motion picture actress, feared the camera?
A: Yes, sir. It truly frightened me.
Q: Now, just a moment— you have told the court that you were afraid of the camera. Isn't it a fact that the camera is enclosed in a sound-proof booth and is supposed to be silent at all times?

PURRTURBED
A: Yes, it is supposed to be silent. But nevertheless I could hear it slightly and the fact that it was enclosed made it sound different from usual. It was like a soft purr. Nerve-racking.
Q: And do you mean to state that a slight purr, that is almost negligible over the sound track, was your only trouble?
A: No. That booth in which the camera was grinding really was—
Q: Are you trying to switch the blame from the camera to the booth in order to cover up your last statement?
A: It was really both of them together. For instance: whenever I was told to face the camera for a close-up, I would be staring into a mirror. It isn't really a mirror, but the inside of the camera booth is so black that the plate-glass window in front of the camera reflects as a real mirror. And I could see myself acting and being dramatic and it was too much for me. Once I became so engrossed in watching my reflection that I stopped acting right in the middle of an important scene and I fully expected my reflection to overtake me.
Q: We have been led to believe that you head a double life. One as Norma Shearer and one as Mrs. Irving Thalberg. Do you admit this to be a fact?
A: Yes, you see at the studio I am a motion picture actress—and away from the studio I am—er—a missus.
Q: Which of your two occupations do you consider the more important?
(Object by Mr. Irving Thalberg. Objection sustained.)
A: As the witness looked rather hungry, and it was now quite certain that Mr. Ramsey was coming down with the flu, Court was dismissed. The beautiful and charming Norma Shearer had proved herself to be, not only an excellent actress, but silent and talkie, but a darn good scout as well. The jury will now retire and write fan mail.

CASE DISMISSED.

You can’t blame the poet for asking what was so rare as a day in June. He wouldn’t have put that question today, for the answer is so apparent: a film fan that doesn’t read Moritz Picture every month.
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MOVIE-LAND

Listing the names of more than 500 actors, actresses, Wampas, directors, etc. Sating whether they are married or single, where and when they were born, their height, weight, color of hair and eyes, the plays they have been in, their addresses and dozens of intimate THINGS about them that the public does not know.

This book is not only BEAUTIFUL but durable as well and is of a most convenient size.

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I weighed 279 lbs.

After trying many ways to reduce, a leading insurance medical adviser told me of a natural, pleasant, healthgiving way. No thrill or dangerous drugs. It was easy, natural and absolutely safe.

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Don't be handicapped in business and social life. The Eisen Method works, personally corrects bow-legs and knock-knees. No pain, no obstacle. Quick results. Designed for women and children. Suitable for those who have tried many other cures. Look over the Life Time, Money Back guarantee. Write for free literature.

WILLIAM R. EISEN CO.
Map of All Kinds of Orthopedic Devices
412 Eighth Avenue New York City, N. Y.

When Sally Phipps was asked to sit for her portrait, the first thing she donned was a pair of roller skates. Caryl Lincoln, just behind her, is arranging the necessary background.

A Teddy-Made Actress

(Continued from page 59)

used to go in his office to talk over something and he'd say: 'Run along now, little girl; I'm busy.' It took a little time to get acclimated. But I've succeeded in getting the other side of C. B.'s majestic front, and I'm beginning to realize what a pleasant guy he really is. He's going to be great to work for."

Thus and thus spake Carol Lombard, blonde most extraordinary and most ravishing, as she teetered on the brink of her first big part in the big society drama of that so-bisc, C. B. De Mille.

Of course, the odd part of it all is that Carol achieved the honor of working for that so-bisc C. B. via the studio which was Carol's own; she won a contract there just after it became known as the Pathé instead of the De Mille studio—just after its former lord and master had moved his secretaries, his assasigs, his guns and his crown of thorns on its red cushion over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Yet from a distance the Hep Big Chief of the movies heard about Carol, and he lost no time in adding her to his collection. Now he has secretaries, assasigs, guns, a crown of thorns and Carol Lombard.

Carol really felt miserable about her dramatic debut at Pathe, in the production known as "Show Folks." One of the most notably miscast pictures of the year, it did little better by Carol than by the others who were in it; and after she had seen it in the projection-room Carol went off and had a good cry. The next thing she knew was that somebody was offering her a goldmounted pen and brandishing before her eyes a long-term contract marked "Strictly Drama." Which, as she felt at the time and explained afterward, all goes to show you.

CAROL IS CARD-INDEXED

And in "Ned McCabe's Daughter" she started up the ladder toward Pathe stardom. It was after this that Edmund Goulding arrived on the lot as Lord High Discoverer of New, Young, Interesting and Willing Talent. Carol, who was only young and interesting without being new, somehow got grouped under the head of Discoveries.

When she talks about life as she is lived at the Pathe joint, Carol beams enthusiastically. "Gee!" she said to me—or some such exclamation—"I shall sure be sorry to have to leave here for C. B.'s picture to work on the M. G. M. lot. This is the studio where I just keep right on having hysteries the whole time—something approaching the way it was at Sennett's. Everyone's so darned pleasant. Do we get a lot of laughs? Well, I should say so. Today I just went on Von Stroheim's set and got myself introduced as if I were just a poor little girl trying to get along. Von didn't know me from Eve and he offered to give me a few days' work as an East African tart—that is, if I looked the part well enough in one of the costumes they had. It was a riot.

"Of course, there won't ever be another Sennett's for laughs. Daphne Pollard and I were just in hysteries the whole time. We used to pull the worst gags on Matty Kemp and some of the boys over there. You should
Find the Magic Word

$5,000.00 in Prizes

I am going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of two Automobiles, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a big Reliable Company of many years’ standing.

Find the Magic Word

The five letters above are all jumbled up so that right now they do not spell anything. However, by rearranging these five letters you can make them spell a word which may mean a lot to you. As soon as you do this, write the word on a piece of paper together with your name and address written plainly and send it to me just as soon as possible.

$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan, the Vixen Orthophonic Victrola, the Shetland Pony, the Seven Tube Console Radio, the Fibre Living Room Set, the Electric Vacuum Cleaner, the Apollo Motormobile Bicycle, and the other wonderful prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Maybe you need money to pay off a mortgage, bills or other debts or maybe you have wanting something for a long time that you could not afford. This may be the very opportunity you have been looking for. The thing for you to do is to find out. Rearrange the five letters above so they will spell the Magic Word and then write it on a piece of paper together with your name and address and send it to me right away. It will pay you to be prompt. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

L. E. WILFERT, Mgr., Dept. 2785, 315 S. Pearson St., Chicago, Ill.

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The wonderful properties of Kremola are proved by the users.

The New Health Annex—Everything for Living—4 Minutes from New York City—Western Trains stop at Harmon, on N.Y. Central.

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Winter or Summer, no matter the month... Golf, Tennis, Skating, Swimming... a huge outdoor pool... and a warm indoor one... luscious food fresh from our own Farm... New Health Annex... Everything for Living—4 Minutes from New York City—Western Trains stop at Harmon, on N.Y. Central.

BROCHURE ON REQUEST

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The Resort of Resorts
when eyes burn

Does exposure to sun, wind and dust make your eyes bloodshot and cause a burning sensation? Then you should use Murine! A few drops of this harmless lotion speedily ends the burning feeling and soon clears up the bloodshot condition.

Always apply Murine after thermating or outdoor sports to soothe and beautify your eyes. 60¢ everywhere.

Von Schedule!
(Continued from page 42)

shower and then back at it, all over again. Ready now! Music—action—CA-—MER-A!

His hoarsely barked commands might be heard at any time, day or night. Von had
gone to bat.

Little by little, the long hours and grinding work began to tell on his troupe. Assistant
directors became haggard-eyed; mumbled "Yeah" instead of the usual crisp "Yes, sir."
Property men barely ambled instead of
trot. Actors stood up at last. Hollywood at the time was having a struggle with the
flu epidemic and members of the Stroheim company, lowered the sick list.

Everyone was tired—awfully tired. Everyone, that is, but Eric von Stroheim. He alone seemed to be enjoying it.

But something had to be done. More mummifying, and Stroheim: approached by
another supervisor. "Couldn't you call it quits for today, Mr. Von?"—very sheepish
ly from the supervisor.

"No. We finish."

But Mr. Von—you are working them to
death."

"No—I am working them to schedule."

A very confused supervisor retired.

Leaving the enemy territory, he picked his way across no man's land inside and
outside the producers' camp. More mummifying and worried looks. Something had to be done.

WHY THE TURN-ABOUT?

So Mr. Von was called to the conference table. He is there now. At this very
moment, creative art and the money bags are taking it over once more. Whatever deci-
sion is reached, if indeed one is reached, is of
little importance to us. It doesn't matter what
happens now on because it's really all over but the shouting. What does it interest us, however, is what happened
during that bloody little battle.

But wait a moment. Why this change in the man? Or has he really changed? Let's review the case.

Up until right now, Eric von Stroheim held all records for directorial extravagance. Eric and money—other people's money—

producers' money—had never been known to get along. His first pictures, made for
Universal, "Greed" and "The Merry Widow" caused the
money counters at M. G. M. to seek the
sea-shore and a complete rest. Paramount is
beginning to wonder why the "Merry Widow in August March" doesn't march home more dollars.

Von Stroheim has cost his respective bosses a pretty penny, or pretty pennies—just
lots and lots of them.

In his hey-day, not to be confused with hey-hy, Eric von Stroheim did exactly as he pleased. If things did not please him, he

threw a tantrum. If things still displeased him, he lay on his stomach, kicked the floor
with his toes and wailed. Failing still, Eric

would reel off a batch of naughty words and

retire to the author's room where he would get his way. He always got his way.

THOSE WASTED MILES

WHAT if the next mile of reel he wanted
to take was unnecessary? What if,
because of its vulgarity, it couldn't be shown in this country? What of it? He was making
the picture and at any cost he could

reel himself up to San Diego, where he wanted to stop, and reel himself down to

San Francisco, where he wanted to drop. It didn't cost him a cent and he could make any
time he wanted to stop and start again.

He always did what he wanted to and no one would ever say he had to or asked him what to put in or leave out. Let them

furnish the money and do a fade-out. That was all he wanted.

So Eric von Stroheim, the next mile of reel would dutifully be taken—and later dutifully cut out. The vulgar sequences would

find their place in the camera only to land

finally on the cutting-room floor. Yes, Eric

would win. Eric did win—those times. But

now—

Well, let's visit F. B. O. and see what's

happening with "Queen Kelly." Point

number one: for the first time in his life, so

we are told, Mr. von Stroheim has been

presented with a definite shooting schedule.

For instance, on Monday he must complete
scenes 3, 8, 6 and 7. The work for Tuesday,

Wednesday and Thursday is still a mystery, but the days of the week, is similarly mapped out. Old
timers are surprised—more, shocked—to

learn that Von is sticking marvulously close
to that little thing called on-time. It is a

wonder. Finally they decide he must be two

other fellows.

BIG-STICK SWINGING

POINT number two: Mr. Von has sub-
mited to having the story of "Queen
Kelly" considerably re-vamped. This

is more serious than it sounds. Von Stroheim
wrote "Queen Kelly." He originally called it
"The Swamp." The high-light of the yarn

was to be when Gloria Swanson, clinging

desperately to a tree, is rescued just as the

huge stick sinks eighty feet into a swamp. That

was the scene Von counted on. It was to

be a patch made, but I would find them if they

ever let me in on that. The "Swamp" was quickly hacked the whole thing out. Too expensive.

Out with it and So once more Eric bowed his head in silence.

Point number three: Eric stands by and watches while art is being put on a business basis. Which is to say that one set after

the other, while not considered by him to be

necessarily a good thing artistically, is considered by

the supervisors to be good enough for busi-

ness reasons—and is so used.

Von inspects a set, blows up, screams: "At

the rate we are going, I would spend ten

dollars for a silver gilt and you give me gold. Must I be painter, too?" Follows a death-

like silence after which he demands, "Well—

are you going to change it?"

THE ANSWER IS "NO"

NO—they are not going to change it. This

difference between silver and gold is micro-

scopic. On the screen, only an expert could
tell the two apart. The expense of changing

the whole body of work will be incurred and

a small army of expensive technical experts

would have to stand idle while the gift was changed. That runs into money—

a very great deal of money.

So Von's phobia for genuine-ness, or better, his phobia for extravagance, has been
decisively trimmed. From now on it looks

fearfully as if Eric von Stroheim will be

turning 'em out like any other good director

— with a weather eye cocked for expenses

and profit. It appears that Eric has at last

decided that the public won't always

be willing to go to extremes to see art

ings to co-operate rather than artistically.

There have been those who have main-
tained that the greatest revolution in the

screen kingdom has been the advent of the
talkies. But certainly this development
cannot be considered the sole one to merit

attention this year. The talkies at least were

expected. But the conversion of Eric von

Stroheim to a regard for time and expense is something that never was. His shrugging

at the set-up points and claims of excess

is a fixture of Stroheim. It's a more firmly

established than was once their silence. His

change in attitude therefore transcends the

Stroheim Stroh. There's no doubt about it. Eric has been a bad boy. But now that he's been caught at

the jam pot once too often.—Now that he's been thoroughly spanked—
How I Interview Them
(Continued from page 35)

Frequently they stop to whisper, to make a
decision upon some moot question. You'd
be surprised how much extra data you can
get from their "Shall we, dear?" expres-
sions. Their very questions suggest un-
thought-of angles. It is no secret in Holly-
wood that Joan is trying to live up to the
glory which the Fairbanks name has
brought her and I admire her for it. And
Joan, like everyone else—or no star —
is subtly influenced by such admiration.

Billie Dove comes in the second category.
She would never appear before her public-
husband, nor her private one, I'll wager, a
bit ruffled. Every hair in place, every
thought arranged for her interviewer. No
publicity department needs to lecture this
young lady. To be perfectly frank, I always
take a few extra adjectives along when I go
to see Billie. Which is no reflection upon
her. Goodness knows, we all love our lovely
Billie! But she just belongs to that long
list of world-famous women, including
Cleopatra and Queen Elizabeth, for whom
the old Blarney stone was erected.

John Gilbert. What writer wouldn't
smile when asked about interviewing this
charming little boy with his dangerous
changeableness and today-I-think-this-way-
and-tomorrow-I'll-think-another opinions?
There is no definition of how to handle John
Gilbert. All you can do is to accept the
mood in which you chance to find him and
pray to the gods who protect fan writers
that he will be in the same mood when the
story is printed.

HIS INFINITE VARIATION

T

isn't so much his life-facts which remind
us that we are always perched on the
rim of a smoking volcano, although even
here John may feel one day that he is almost
an illegitimate child, and the next, a bona
fide son of John Pringle. It's his opinions
which make us fear an eruption. And he
has so many opinions. And he expects all
of us—all of us except Jim Tully—to pro-
tect him upon them. Expect us to realize
that today he may think Greta Garbo the
most interesting woman in Hollywood while
tomorrow it may be So-and-So.

I shall never forget the first time I inter-
viewed him. Something came up about
producers. He became frightfully angry.
"If I have to turn over a soap box and pro-
duce pictures on that I'll do it. I'll be
d - - - if I'll stand for - - - ." Or words
that to that effect were uttered. Of course, he
didn't mean it. By the time I arrived home
there was a call from his publicity depart-
ment assuring me that he didn't mean it.
He had long-distanced them to the effect:
"I forgot myself again. Do you suppose
she'll print it?"

Yes, Billy Halies is as funny as the stories
printed about him. More funny. He makes
so many wise-cracks which could never be
printed. And you must listen to them,
appreciate and encourage if you wish to
get a good story from Billy. And he plays
little jokes on writers which they accept
with a large fund of good humor.

One day I went out to see Marion Davies.
King Vidor was directing, Billy saw me
first. "Hail, hail! Work stops when the
press approaches." And off walks Billy to
grab me by my feet, stand me on my head—
but I blush to tell the story. I was furious.
But what good does it do to be furious?
Wise-cracking and joking belong to the rôle
he's created for himself in this city and the
best thing you can do is to accept it in the
same spirit of good sportsmanship with
which it is given.

MEN WILL BE MEN

D

O any of these handsome sheiks make
love to you when you are interview-
ing them? Is a question women fans—are
they jealous?—often ask us. Of course,
they do. They are men, aren't they? But
God bless them—they don't mean it. It's
just a part of their business. Nils Asther
once took me to dinner. We tried getting a
story in the studio dining-room and on
the set but somehow it wouldn't story. So
Nils asked me to go to a Bohemian place to
dine with him. There was a booth for two and
all the European atmosphere to go with it.
Champagne and wine. And he was all that
a European man can be to a woman, I secu-
cured enough for three stories. He had

When

The King

Commands

PROVOCATIVE red heels in a swirl of
silken skirts...lace mantillas enhancing
the charm of coral lips and starlit eyes...
and then...the king's own compliments!
This was the triumph of our own American
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before King Alfonso of Spain!

Such conquests do not depend upon skill
or grace alone. Miss Niles makes no secret of
her reliance upon Tangee to perfect the
charm of her personal make-up. Says she:
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perfect help than in the land of castanets
and mantillas, where standards of feminine
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Demand Tangee today! One lipstick and
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Clip the Corona, P. O. B. Chicago. On arrival fill out coupon 2 with your name, address, 23 and send to us at once, and you will receive the Corona, at the special price of $33.30. We will return your $3. You are to give your standard guarantees.

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YOUR lips will be gorgeous with Phantom Red, the lip-red that gives a levelling, transparent glow and preserves the tender feature; no greasy smear; simply the color that suits you, as depicted by Clampé, famed for Ultra-red and black eyeliner, $1.25, Junior, 50c.

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Send this card to 104 for Vanity, Size Phantom Rouge Red Lipstick...Free Sample Guide. Another 10c for Single, Size Phantom Red Rouge Compact. Dept. 177, CARLYLE LABORATORIES, Inc., 54 Day St., New York.

If there's anything that Lupe Velez isn't, it's supercilious. And yet here we have definite and photographic proof of the fact that there are times when she turns up her nose just paid the bill of thirty-eight dollars and was talking about how the moon looked from the top of a certain not-too-far-away mountain when—well, a friend called for me. I have often wondered just how men interview Nils Asther.

Lupe Velez is—well, she's the forest primordial translated to woman. She is drama incarnate and life and love elemental. To delve into her secrets you must encourage and appreciate the native drama which is in her. You are always the audience; she is just herself, the actress. Even though she is telling mere facts you must encourage her to illustrate them for you.

When I went for her love-life, she acted out every scene for me. And I clapped and applauded as good audiences will always applaud Lupe. One moment her dog was a man receiving a reprimand; another, he was at her feet illustrating perfect adoration. The same with her life-story. When she told of her childhood, she was a child while she told it. She's all over the room, in a different corner each moment. And if you don't understand, if you don't realize that this is her natural way of expression: if you stare and you gape and, you think she is merely putting on an act for you, you just don't get a thing but an "I don't understand you," strictly Mexican expression from her. But if you sincerely enter into the spirit and live with her as any audience lives with dramatic expression—it's better than a show, any day, to get a story from Lupe.

Jousting with Jetta

YOU pit your wits against the wits of Jetta Goudal. It's a mental battle enacted in an ultra-restrained, polite and cultured manner. With the teacups between you, you bat every ball straight through until the ninth inning. I am now doing a story on her ideas of love. She says she told me a lot. You'll have to judge for yourself when it's printed. Incidentally, you can afford to be just a bit high-hat with Jetta. She likes opera-barbered people. And she comes in the second category. She is always in perfect condition.

I have already overrun my space for this story. There's so much we'd like to tell you. Greta Garbo is a class unto herself. She won't talk unless she's decided beforehand that she must or will do it. I wrote her Life story, but I've never discovered how her business manager, Harry Edington, persuaded her to give it to me. Charles Buddy Rogers is a lovable boy whom you mother. Buddy is used to being beautifully mothered. Charlie Farrell—well, just talk to Charlie about house-building or golf or Janet Gaynor and he'll throw in the extraneous facts you are seeking. You sympathize with Mary Nolan; you pay court to Pola Negri. You remember that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are king and queen. Milords and miladies—the court attendants—do all the preliminary work for you. You just make out a list of questions and submit them, and if the sovereigns approve, then you may do your interviewing.

You're a pal to Dorothy Mackaill, a sisterly person to Marie Prevost and a bit regal and off-stanish with Florence Vidor.

In other words—and may the fates help me to get my next stories!—you're a bit of an actress yourself when it comes to inter-viewing these world-coddled people. You remember a new one for Bill Haines and listen to a new one from Bill Powell; you weep a few tears for Belle Bennett; you conjure up superlatives for Billie Dove; you never forget that Madge Bellamy is really a literary person; you inquire how Wallace Beery's aeroplane is working; you ask Sue Carol about Nick Stuart; you discuss religion and music and take a serious interest in the triple nature of Ramon Novarro; you never laugh at Conrad Nagel.

But you never forget that they're all just real people—despite the titled swimming pools and Rolls-Royces. And if you're their kind of people—have studied the art of understanding as well as the art of how to listen—you're ninety per cent sure of a good story.

While we don't for a minute admit that there is another motion picture periodical in the world today as interesting as MOTION PICTURE, we do admit that there could be. We can even go so far as to say that there almost is. Because we know what's in the June issue. Which, believe it or not, is going to be even better than this one. Watch for it on the newsstands the 26th of next month.
The Love-Life Story of Dorothy Mackail

(Continued from page 90)

will be more surprised than Ethel to have me tell it, but I asked him to marry me. We were at dinner in my apartment at the Marquetry. And when he said "Yes," I didn't believe it. He said, "Call up the first newspaper woman you can think of and tell her." It was nine o'clock. I called Louella Parsons at the Algonquin. She came right over. Two days later—really the greatest shock of my life—we were married.

His Second "Yes"

We came to the Coast and the same person who asked for the marriage asked for the divorce. I just said, "I don't think I feel like marrying." He is too man enough to stand up and help me. I didn't break his heart. We are still good friends. Why did I do it? I don't know, and that's honest. But I have a feeling that some day there might be somebody else and I didn't want that to happen. Then I would hurt one of the best men in the world. I decided to close the door on there was no specific reason, but just a woman's restless dissatisfaction. I don't believe it is right to stay married just because you are married. Yes, I have gone out with other men. Like Marie Prevost's laugh-boys. Good pals with whom you have a gay time and a lot of fun and remember as real as ever after. So far, there's no love. Men like Harry Crock, Harry D'Arrast. They're play-boys who play around with everyone, so it doesn't affect me a great deal. You'll note they're not actors. A director once in a while, but never an actor.

But I feel my love-life is not finished. Is any woman's honestly ever finished? I wonder.

Chicken Extra Two

(Continued from page 31)

Seeking Peeks at Panties

C. C. CRAIG, the president of this million-dollar clean-up plant, which is known about town as the Community Laundering, modestly told us of the hundreds of tourists who weekly go through the big building. "Knowing that many of our stockholders and a percentage of our customers are famous picture players, we get all sorts of amusing questions about the stars," he said.

"Many tourists ask if they may see the underclothes of such favorites as Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Dorothy Mackaillor Phyllis Haver. 'We never allow the eyes of the man to contaminate the intimate garments of our feminine clients,' our guide replies most solemnly to such a request. 'Why the men who work here are not permitted to pass through the department where lingerie is handled, without putting on colored glasses.' However, we are not so particular about our male customers. Many a lady tourist has been able to write home that she has actually gazed upon the gorgeous pajamas worn by Richard Barthelmess or Jack Gilbert.

'Each department always aims to be instructive,' Mr. Craig continued. 'For example: one day a lady pausing in front of one of our shirt-ironers exclaimed as she pointed to a tab attached to the bottom of the starched bosom of a dress shirt, 'We don't have those on in Iowa.'

'That is really a life-saving device," explained the guide. 'One of our customers, Mr. Bull Montana, who is in great demand socially, was in grave danger of choking to death when he donned evening clothes. The

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce
And Barrymore? Well, it was rumored that Ethel, his sister, had given him an acute resentment of the play when it ran in the East. Folks rather fancied that John wasn’t so pleased, either, because he ignored the thing rather pointedly during the part of its run out here. But then, John was in the throes of finishing a picture and getting married and eluding newspaper reporters and ignoring threatened investigations of his divorce and trying to arrange to get away for a honeymoon and signing a long-term contract with Warners—and so on. He was the happiest fellow you ever saw.

But one night, just before the show closed, he and his new wife, Dolores Costello, turned up in the audience at The Royal Family. Word came back to Fredd from behind the scenes, that his model was out front. And when the play was over, Barrymore was in the stage to meet his imitator. There were congratulations, much mirth and expressions of mutual regard. Dolores averred that she had never seen her husband laugh so.

For Barrymore has a nice trait of laughing at his own foibles. One gathers that one reason he indulges himself in them is that it is more entertaining for the Marcy around the stage, he said, was looking like into a mirror—a slightly enlarged mirror—which pointed up his peculiarities and gave him a ludicrous emphasis.

Yes, he’s married.

"Did you know Barrymore before? Had you ever had an opportunity to study him at close range?" I asked Fredd March.

"I had seen several of his pictures—and I saw him twice on the stage in ‘Hamlet,’" he replied.

It seemed to me a far cry—from watching a man playing “Hamlet”—to giving a convincing picture of him having a tantrum at home in his B.V. D.’s. But then, that probably just shows how little I know about acting.

So now, on the strength of the imitator and the subsequent contract, Fredd March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, have taken a hillside house in Hollywood and have become welcome members of the film colony. Miss Eldridge, who is also of the stage and who has been giving a very good account of herself at the Vine Street Theater, playing opposite Edward Everett Horton in "The Chestnut Lover," I suspect, some picture ambitions of her own. Anyway, she is giving up the stage at the close of the run of this play. She says it is just no good—Fredd works all day on the lot and she works all evening in the theater. And that, declares this young, obviously-in-love-with-her-husband person, is no fun at all.

But you can see for yourself that if they both worked all day on the lot—and had their evenings free—things would be different.

About this mimicking business—I was curious to know how Freddie went about it.

"I can’t explain it, exactly," he replied. "It is just—well, I am a naturalistic, sometimes watching people, seeing their reactions in conversation, noting their mannerisms—all the little things that make one individual entirely different from any other individual in the world. And when he talks, the way he holds his head, his intonation and the like—things. The feeling, the color of his personality. The quality that makes him what he is."

Imitating three people

"And," interrupted his wife, "he is always hopping up suddenly to do an imitation of somebody. And he makes me guess who it is. He will say, ‘Now I am going to imitate three people. If you guess them all, I will let you do three more—punish you.’ This afternoon he did it—first Jannings, walking across the lot with his heavy, short steps, nodding his head with kindly, mumbled greetings to the people he passed. That one was easy. Then an insurance salesman—one of the slap-you-on-the-back, booming, high-pressure type. Then an acquaintance of ours who minces his walk and talks in a high, nasal voice. I guessed them all—"

"Getting a picture of a person is rather like drawing a cartoon," Fredd decided, after thinking about it. "You pick out characteristic traits and then you exaggerate them a little. You have to do that in order to make the character personality and physical—between you and the person you are imitating."

I’ve no idea how hard Freddie studies to do it. Miss Eldridge took up the conversation again. "Why, when he was playing in stock in Denver, in plays which would run not more than a week, he used to haunt the Salvation Army and buy ar- ous cheap rooming houses and places like that, studying types which he was to play. And then he would work nights, hunting in second-hand stores for a pair of old shoes which would be just like the ones he had seen some old man wear—whose type he was to portray on the stage. The attention to detail—and the perfectly hideous make-ups he used to don with such joy——"

Someone else is easy

"You see, it’s much easier to act if you are playing a character which is very different from yourself," Freddie went on.

That’s why it is so difficult to do anything very like yourself. You are playing a character—leads—portraying a young man, say, about your own age and one who dresses and acts very much as you would yourself, off-stage. That is because you are too much like yourself. In our own lives we hesitate to show any emotions at all—we who are Anglo-Saxon. Our ideal is the strong stoic who never gives himself away.

"So if we play it straight, it is hard to show anything at all—because we know we never should—really. But if you have some one who is strange and foreign to you—you can study him, see what he would do—and then do it.

As simple as that! Oh, well."

Anyhow, I think that Fredd March is one of the most promising of the young stage players who have come to Hollywood with the talkies. There was a pictorial quality in the one performance of his that I witnessed which, it seems to me, should be extremely valuable in pictures.
**Chicken Extra Two**

(Continued from page 107)

stiff shirt-fronts had a horrid habit of creeping up around his throat. This little tab, securely fastened to his trousers, has eliminated the possibility of such a catastrophe. Several of our other customers have followed the example of Mr. Montana.

**NOAH’S SOAP MINE**

Noah Beery, who has so generously helped clean up Hollywood is about to clean up for himself. This distinguished stockholder in the Community Laundry has discovered that the soft grey rock that abounds on his desert property is a natural cleanser. In our laboratory it is experimenting with it," explained Mr. Craig.

"Removing grease paint and make-up from the many towels that come in from the studio each week is a tough job. This soft rock from Mr. Beery’s mine removes the most stubborn grime and grease without harming the fabric. It looks as though Noah’s mine will bring him in a fortune as great as the one that came out of the well-known Death Valley borax mine.

You know most of the men’s shirts, even the ones that are different, nurses’ uniforms, sheets and the like, used in the studios are colored, for white does not photograph well. Light blue seems to be the best color, but we get pink and yellow as well. The Fox, Universal and Lasky Studios send us many wagon-loads of these colored clothes each week. We get on an average of two thousand colored shirts a month.

"The colored sheet craze has struck the film colony. We launder exquisite ones. Some are made of the finest linen, while others are of luxurious silk. Most of them are embroidered with initials or monograms. Our shelves, piled with the clean clothes of the picture stars, look like a rainbow.

**WEE WEEKLY WASHES**

"We get a great deal of beautiful table linen, heavy with embroidery and lace. Mrs. Harold Lloyd sends in some almost priceless pieces. Not long ago Bebe Daniels sent in a lovely banquet cloth with a note attached to it stating it was valued at seven hundred and fifty dollars. When we sent her a bill of five dollars, she thought she had been overcharged, until we explained that this piece had to be washed and ironed by hand and insured against damage and lost a dollar in our possession."

"It is a fact," said Mr. Craig seriously, "that the scant amount of clothing worn by women in general has been a grave menace to the laundry business. The weekly wash of some of the flappers could be rolled up in a pocket handkerchief. We seem to be reverting back to the days of the Romans, when a one-piece garment was sufficient.

**SCOTCHING A COMPLAINT**

"The motion picture people as a whole are a fine class of business men. They are not fault-finding or penurious. I do recall, though, one Scotch actor who made a great fuss when one of his shirts came back from the laundry split from age. ‘I paid five dollars for that shirt and have been sending it to the laundry for over three years and this is the first time it has ever been torn,’ he said indignantly. ‘If you really did the right thing,’ we answered, ‘you would send the man you bought it from another five dollars.’"

Hollywood seems to be of interest to the world, even the Hollywood wash-lines. The thousands of tourists who visit our laundries and the amusing questions they ask about the stars and their belongings proves just how curious the general public is about them.

---

**Hollywood Wants YOU**

if you can use your voice

---

**a hundred opportunities today in the “Talkies”**

NEVER before have there been so many big chances for fame and fortune in Hollywood. "Talkies" have turned the moving picture industry up-side-down. Many of the stars of yesterday are gone forever because they cannot use their voices properly and over night new stars are rising to instant fame—earning untold wealth because they have trained their voices. And there are not enough of these new stars to supply the demand!

Hollywood wants you. It is calling now as it has never called before if you will spend a few moments daily in improving your God-given voice. But before you try to improve it, you must find out how it sounds to others—how it "registers"—for it is a scientific fact that your voice sounds entirely different to you than it does to anyone else. You cannot, by nature, hear yourself as others hear you nor tell when you speak how your true voice sounds.

**New Easy Way**

But now with an amazing new instrument you can at last hear your voice exactly as it is heard by others—exactly as it registers in the microphone. And a remarkable school in Hollywood will help you get ready for the "Talkies," the stage or for a successful business career by improving your voice in your own home by the common-sense audible method.

With the recording instrument, which you receive in connection with the interesting course in voice development, you make phonograph records of your voice after each interesting lesson. You then send them to the Institute where they are listened to, orally corrected and returned to you by a famous professor who is training many of Hollywood’s stars for the "Talkies." The records are double faced—you talk on one side and the professor gives you his helpful spoken criticisms on the other. It is easy to learn by hearing because you simply play your records over and over again—note your particular mistakes and difficulties and hear a world authority tell you easy ways to overcome them. The instrument you receive from Hollywood Voice Institute is not only a scientific recording instrument, but also a beautiful full-toned portable phonograph.

**Free Help**

A startling new book. "Hear Yourself As Others Hear You," points the way to success and happiness. It is FREE. You should read it at once whether you are interested in the tremendous opportunities open for you in the 'Talkies,' or the stage, in public speaking, radio broadcasting or in business.

This amazing book tells you how to become a forceful, dynamic speaker—how to develop a dynamic, resonant, well-modulated voice—how to conquer fear and "stage-fright"—how to win respect when you speak and how to make a success of your life by knowing how to master others. Your copy is awaiting you—FREE—send for it today—use coupon below.

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Here is a treasure chest and ten keys, one of which will open the lock. Find the right key and you will be given the $2,000,000 in CASH and also a brand new HUDSON COACH for prompt delivery.

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15 Other Cash Prizes
The first few hundred dollars in cash are given by other parties besides the $2,000,000 in cash by the HUDSON COACH Company for prompt delivery. In addition to the first active key in the contest, you will receive $1.25 worth of our products FREE. If your eyes are sharp enough, you may win the $1.25 cash prize and the new HUDSON COACH, but only if you get your key to the lock before anyone else.

If you find the right key, mark it with an "X" and Mail this Ad Quick. Put an "X" on the key right away if you find the right key and mail it to us at once. In fact—because of the thousands of keys in the contest, you will have to use care in seeing the right key. Many others have tried to win the $2,000,000 cash prize and the new HUDSON COACH. Is your key the one you are looking for? If you find your key, you may win $2,000,000 in CASH to you.

Auto Goes for Promptness Winner Gets CASH and AUTO BOTH

This is NOT a Magazine Contest
Some Persons with a Sharp Eye is Going to Win
If you can find the key, you will win. You do not have to buy or sell any magazine to win any of the 15 big CASH prizes. Neither is it necessary to sell anything. We are offering these prizes to quickly advertise the name and products of the Paris-American Pharmacal Company. To make the task easier, we are dividing our prizes and absolving giving away the $2,000,000 CASH first prize, 15 other CASH prizes and in addition a new HUDSON COACH for promptness. What's more, we will reward hundreds of others with $1.25 worth of our products and double prizes will be made on in case of final ties.

PARIS-AMERICAN PHARMACAL Co., Dept. MP 8 Fifth and Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

AGENTS WANTED

BIG MONEY and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Cold calls and has his own clients. For any inquiries please call 336 in any of the orders daily easy. Write for particulars and tour plans. American Needle Co., Dept. 101, East Orange, N. J.

EYEBROW BEAUTIFIER

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

HELP WANTED—MALE-FEMALE

HELP WANTED—MALE
Make $20 per 100, standing names on key checks. Either sex. A spare time business of your own. Send 50 cents for sample and instructions. Good for $5/day. R. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE
South America, Mexico, work women. American firms pay from 800 to 2000. If accepted. Big pay—Romantic life. Write 1006 W. 11th St., Chicago, Ill.


PLAYS

PLAYS, Musical comedies and revues, minstrelsy, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, comedians, dialects, are the point of difference. We will reward hundreds of others with $1.25 worth of our products and double prizes will be made in case of final ties.

PARIS-AMERICAN PHARMACAL Co., Dept. MP 8 Fifth and Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa

HOW TO ENTERTAIN
PLAYS, Musical comedies and revues, vaudeville, jazz, minstrelsy, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, comedians, dialects, are the point of difference. We will reward hundreds of others with $1.25 worth of our products and double prizes will be made in case of final ties.

PARIS-AMERICAN PHARMACAL Co., Dept. MP 8 Fifth and Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa

PHOTOPLAYS WANTED
$125 for Original Photoplay Script. Our sales department used almost unknown actor's first story for above amount. It is written for both silent and talking pictures. Located in the heart of motion picture publishing centers.

Establish, 1917, Free Booklet. UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY, 202 Western and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

REDUCE
A BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE on treatment for reduction of Cupidity will be mailed without charge upon request to:J. Garfield Tea Company, 214-41st Street, Brooklyn, New York

STORIES WANTED

To Spain and Back
(Continued from page 71)

SPAIN A WEEK AWAY

FRIDAY, June 29.

One of the hardest days on the boat. Up at five o'clock. Watered all mules and gave them two bowls of hay. Cleaned up stalls. Pitched manure till three. Brought hay and oats up from fourth deck. Cleaned troughs. Fed oats. Went to bed.

Saturday, June 30.

Judy Jones and myself got an offer to get a jaw band together and play for the Festival de Paris (one year’s contract). Jones is from Kentucky and plays Sax and Piano. Took a few kodak pictures. Watch broke. They gave out the word that we’d be in Barcelona week from today (July 7).

Sunday, July 1.

Morning work was finished by nine o’clock, and we were permitted to sleep until noon. The captain announced that we were passing the Azore Islands, which were about fifteen miles to the South. By eight o’clock in the evening we could see the tower light and the tall mountains of the Azores. At nine-thirty I sent a Radiogram to the folks at home. The operator on the Lancastria sent the message to the Azores and they cabled the message to New York. The Yavus then graphed to Olathe. Went up into the crow’s-nest.

Monday, July 2.

Started to talk with two schools of corpus fish. About fifty in a bunch. They all jump one or two feet in the air. The sun wasn’t bright enough to get a picture of them.

SCORING ON YALE

TUESDAY, July 3.

Tuesday was Judy’s (Buddy’s young brother) birthday, but all I could do was think of him as we were exactly three thousand miles from New York. We worked pretty hard during the day. We each stole a watermelon but when they ate it they found it had mustard, pepper, curry and oil in it. There hadn’t been much stealing since.

Wednesday, July 4.

Everyone got up early—but not a firecracker was heard. As we were sailing under the German flag, our lights were kept dim. The crew walked around on the top deck and yelled, “Holiday!” but the Captain found plenty of work for them. For supper we were given fresh doughnuts and ice cold lemonade. Twelve miles died. Record: none of mine have died yet.

Thursday, July 5.

Up at five-fifteen. Usual work. Word that we would see land by eight o’clock. Every one excited. At ten o’clock the coast of Morocco was seen in the haze at the right. By ten-thirty the left of us was a white-capped mountain. But we learned that it was white sand. By noon we were able to see the coast of four countries: Spain, Portugal, Morocco, and the Vizcaya, Gibraltar, which is under English possession.

Friday, July 6.

All day Friday we were within a few miles distance of the coast of Spain. The coast was made up of rough, jagged mountains, some appearing dark, while others looked pure white. Work seemed much easier on Friday as everyone was hustling around getting clothes together and building passage chutes to run the cattle out of the boat. In the evening every man gathered at the barracks and as on nights before, contests were held.

GROUNDED IN PORT

SATURDAY, July 7.

Saturday was the big day on board the Lancastria. The coast was very distinct and by eleven-fifteen the lighthouse of Terragona was plainly in view. But as we
entered the breakwater, the ship gave a lunge and struck on the bottom. What do you know about it — struck and only two thousand yards from shore. The Captain said there was nothing to do but to anchor and wait. The ship came in the next morning. Everybody went swimming. Dean got his head cut when big Pratt from Yale fell off ladder on him. Many people in canoes and tugs came out and viewed the big boat. Some Yale boys went into town in a boat. A few minutes after we anchored, the immigration officials came out to talk. The boat was quarantined and everyone was examined.

July 8. At five o’clock the tide was high enough and we started to dock. With the aid of tugs we were anchored alongside a cement dock at seven-thirty. Feed meals. A few minutes after we docked our chutes were fixed and we started running the mules out. My job was in the bottom of the boat heading the mules from one pen to the other. There were fifteen boys inside the boat. It was a very hard job as the mules were very frisky after being tied up for fifteen or twenty days. When they got into the open, they would run wild—and one mule even fell off the pier into the sea. After a half hour’s work trying to pull her out, a boat with a pulley was secured and the mule was hauled in. The next day every one of the eight hundred head were out of the ship. All worked until five unloading hay. Chafford gave us hotel money to get something to eat. Had an eight-course meal at Hotel European. Band concert. Followed crowd up and down the main drag. Wrote letter home.

WEANED ON WINE

Monday, July 9. Adams asked for volunteer workers to unload ship of oats and hay. Our bunch (five) and only two Yale were the only boys on the boat that day.

Tuesday, July 10. Drinking liquor is no sin in Spain. They are raised and weaned with wine. The ship crew were given permission to go to town—five or ten of them had not been there more than two hours until they were escorted back to the ship by the Spanish policemen. Every few minutes one would come zig-zagging towards the boat. They were all so drunk they couldn’t tell, the captain of the ship from the mess boy. As they were late for their hour, we could not get the liquor and any food. One of the stokers that was under immediately got a long rope and fixed a noose. He went to the steward’s room and went up at six. Caught him a blaze in the face and knocked him cold. At depot we secured third-class tickets to Barcelona. All railroad people (first and second class, and in Spain) were astonished, as they said Americans always rode first class. The fifteen miles between T. and B. is very mountainous. We went through tunnels in the mountains, almost a subway ride the entire distance. Everyone grows grapes and makes wine. Conductor never says a word while on train. We were very well treated. Our passports were O.K.

RAMBLING IN THE RAMBLA

Wednesday, July 11. Up early. Everyone eager to receive their ticket from American Consul’s office. I was very disappointed when I only received one little card.


Friday, July 13. Great to be loose and free. Walked up and down Rambla, which is the main drag. Wide cement passage way in the middle of street. Stands, news, flowers and benches. You can rent a bench and sit and watch the world go by all night. The Rambla is full all night. Four cops to one block. Many beggars.


LOOKING ’EM OVER


Thursday, July 19. American Express for tickets to London. Settled up. Looked up Phi Psi. Bought his belt. Had laundry done. Paris is a very beautiful city with streets winding in every direction. We got lost everywhere every time we left our hotel. On the display windows of many shops is “English Spoken.” This is especially so at the ladies’ hat, waist and department stores, as so many Americans go to Paris for their styles. The girls surely know how to dress and paint. It is very hard to find a men’s furnishing store, as everything is specialized for the women. The men sleep in spats, stiff hats, canes and monocles. They are not nearly as classy as the girls.

Left Tuesday night for London, nine o’clock. Third class. Arrived at Dieppe at midnight. Luggage was searched as we were ready to board the English channel boat. Storm and bad fog. I got sick—boat seemed like it was turning over and over.

HOME AND HAPPY


Saturday, July 21. Up at six. Caught the tube and went to Waterloo station. Biggest in world. Special U.S. train for Southampton. Channel was very cold. America big enough that she didn’t rock or quiver much. She is an eight-day boat but took us twelve on account of August first immigrant quota. First class throw apples, oranges and money to little children. Both French and English. Wasis sick at all. Draw for seats at table and I had to sit next to the foreigners. Lemonade for sale all the time. Long and tiresome boat ride. We had nothing to do. Borrowed the Philippien’s drum. Had big dance. One lady crazy and jumped through port-hole. Took her old clothes with her. Caught sight of London from the top of St. Paul’s. Tea with the King, New York skyline on August 2. Mighty glad to see it.

Thursday, August 3. Ford B. Dean and I went to five Ford Agencies to look for an up car. Found touring car—sixty-three dollars—after much argument. That was our limit. Dean gave thirty-four dollars. Threw away twenty-nine. Drove in our Ford down Broadway.

Friday, August 4. At nine we were on our way to Kansas. This is all I will write unless flipper breaks down. Great trip.
It's Become a Habit
With Her

You know that only a few months ago one of the best-known stars of the screen, who'd been out of the limelight for some time, suddenly was yanked back into it to sign one of the sweetest little contracts that ever wore a dotted line.

And that her work since that time has been such as to prove that she was worth all the fortune showered on her and plenty more.

In short, she was re-discovered. But that's nothing new. She has always been going through that experience. First being discovered, then re-discovered, and then discovered again.

An odd personality. And a most fascinating one when you know it.

You know who she is, of course: Bessie Love. But do you know anything about her, the real Bessie?

The Bessie whose name isn't that. The Miss Love who's never been in love. And who knows why.

You ought to know. It's a fascinating story. And you will know—next month. In the June issue of Classic. For in that will be published The Confessions of Bessie Love.

The June Classic will be on the newsstands May 15th. Make a date with yourself now to be at the same place at the same time.

**Motion Picture Classic**

“'It's the Magazine with the Personality.'

---

**What's the Guest Thing To Do?**

(Continued from page 53)

I had him. He sent me to Europe once a year, which is more than you do. And he could talk about something else besides movin' pictures, and that's more than I can say for a certain somebody I know.

I would like to get your opinion as to whether it is time to leave after the first platter is thrown. Or should the correct and innocent bystander wait for the second? Thank you!

I see you in most of your books a chapter on introductions. Perhaps they would be all right in most places—practically anywhere but Hollywood. For instance, you fail to mention which exit to choose when forgetting the name of one famous star while introducing her to another. Would you think that anybody in the world could forget Norma Shearer's name? I did. All I could think of was Eleanor Boardman. Now, why did this happen to me? Right out where a lot of people were watching? Did I do wrong in fainting?

It is right here that I would like to suggest that with every tip for a hostess or host, you run a corresponding note for a guest. This seems to be a deplorable lack in most of your books. How To Be a Perfect Guest is no end important. Ringing the door-bell is the mere beginning.

Take the door-bell of James Cruze and Betty Compson. You ring it, and what happens? Somebody comes to let you in, of course. Most often it is Betty. Ah, yes, you can see that she remembers the face, but it's the invitation that slips her. Never mind. Just supply the name and Jim and Betty will supply the food and the drinks. On such an occasion as a Sunday at the Cruzes', would it be all right to say:

"Manners is the name. Don't you remember? You asked me out at the last Mayfair party. I was the girl in the green dress. You said 'Come out some time.' Well, here I am. If you have anything I like to eat, I'll stay. I brought my own gin, so I'll save you that expense. But if anybody spills anything on me, I'll sue you."

By smiling sweetly, I think I could get away with that, because I've seen it happen before.

Now, what I want to know, messieurs et mesdames, is do we behave like human beings in Hollywood? And if not, why not? Most cordially yours,

Dorothy Manners.

And speaking of etiquette, here's Eddie Quillan absorbing some on baseball from Mike Donlin, the Babe Ruth of ten years ago.
Laugh, Lon, Laugh

(Continued from page 67)

walked across the stage, and Lyle and Emerson watched him until he went off. 'It might be Lon Chaney,' Lyle said. 'A couple of minutes later, the same fellow returned, minus the tail, and with whiskers. They watched him silently and then turned to each other and said, 'It might be Lon Chaney.' The super made four or five entrances, each time in a different make-up, and each time with the same wisecrack response. 'They were working up to a climax which came when a prop spider was introduced and Emerson was about to step on it. 'Don't do that! It might be Lon Chaney!' yelled Lyle.

'And I sat in the audience and laughed. Sure, laughed at myself. 'Yes, I've been everything from an ant-eater to a centipede, all for the sake of that joke. I think I got the biggest kick out of the honor—I guess it is an honor—when a flashlight company asked permission to use the gag line in one of its advertisements. It's to be a picture of a woman in her garden, in her hand is a flashlight, and the caption will be the old time-honored one, 'Whatever it is, don't step on it—it might be Lon Chaney.'

'And the other night I saw a Colleen Moore picture, I think it was one of hers, with a title that read, 'You can do that about as easily as Lon Chaney can play Pollyanna.'

'When Gus Edwards joined us at the studio, he wrote a song about the joke. The music is kind of creepy and low. He calls it, 'Lon Chaney Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out!'

'There's another song that makes mention of it, too. It's a vaudeville song, the description of a negro 'Step and Fetch It' dance. It runs something like this:

'You swing one foot—then swing a little more.

'You see, they're not content with making a joke of me. They've even made me into a verb.'

And such, my dear, is the penalty of fame.
Could You Kiss a Man Who Repels You?

Does a woman really know when she truly is in love? Whether what she interprets as the thrill of love is that—or fear—or what?

It seems to be a complex thing, this love business.

But there’s this to say about it: that only those who have been through its bewildering experience can contribute to the understanding of love anything worthwhile and genuine.

Which brings us to this point: that in a forthcoming issue of Motion Picture there will be one of the most fascinating love-life stories we have yet published.

You know the author of it. She is one of the most famous women in the world. A woman both charming and fearless—and overpoweringly attractive to men.

She has lived and dared—and known love.

No matter what your own experience, what your own views on love may be, you’ll find this the most engrossing revelation of the inner storms that rage through a woman’s heart that you have ever encountered.

It was she who said that she knew a man who was repulsive to her. And yet a man whom she could not resist kissing. Was this love? And if not, what?

Don’t take a chance on missing this story. It will appear in an early issue of

MOTION PICTURE

“It’s the Magazine of Authority”

Your Neighbor Says—

(Continued from page 65)

traffic. Most of the movie taxicabs haven’t any engines. This one was merely the back seat with a long stick attached to it and a man on the other end of the contraption bumping the stick up and down. When it comes out in the picture, it will look like a real yellow on a cobblestone road.

But that’s only a few of the many incidents that prove to us that Hollywood and the picture stars are a lot different from what we had thought them to be. Here are a few things we all agreed on.

Picture stars, who are beautiful on the screen, are often not so hot in the flesh. Actors don’t act except before the camera. In fact, actors, contrary to the general opinion, are so natural that it is difficult to recognize them. Hollywood is a real city—

— with dinky side streets as well as wide boulevards; with banks and drug stores; with tall department stores and small shops; with beautiful large restaurants and dingy hash-houses—it is exactly like any other town of its size.

THE HOLINESS OF HOLLYWOOD

“FUNNY, we had decided that Holly-

wood was just the name of the place where all the studios were located. Back in Augusta, Georgia, my home town, Holly-

wood isn’t spoken of as anything tangible, but just something so far away and unre-

achable that it may as well be hoped for. We used to speak of movie stars with the same reverence as we would if speaking about the president of the United States.

Seeing Hollywood is just like finding out that there ain’t no Santy Claus.

“Why, Hollywood is a big city. There are just as many Fords and Chevrolets there as there are in any middle-sized town. You know, we thought they only used cars cost-

ing over fifteen thousand, and in one type of body, the roadster.

“Still, with all its sameness, Hollywood has a certain glamour and mystery even after you’ve seen it. For instance: you go down the Boulevard and come to Henry’s Grill. It doesn’t look so imposing until you learn that it is owned by Charlie Chaplin—then the little building takes on a different color in your eyes. That is the kind of thing that Hollywood offers that no other city can give. The proximity of so many celebrities in a town where they seem to be taken for granted is something new and original. Seeing a few movie stars is just part of an uneventful day’s work for the residents of Hollywood. Back in Georgia we get a thrill out of just talking about them.

“There is one thing that Georgia still has,

(Continued on page 110)

After Four: Mrs. de Mille

(Continued from page 78)

business or professional wife, but he expects

subconsciously, that she will be the old-

fashioned wife too. A mother with a career of her own must turn over some of the privileges of motherhood to a nurse—whose experience will probably be better for the child than the emotional reactions of the mother. It is all a matter of choosing the essentials of life and letting the non-

essentials go.

To me the essentials of happiness are home, family and work. Other things might be delightful, but I haven’t time for them and I don’t miss them. I am a busy woman. I am a complete woman. I am a happy woman.
Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 6)

have the Head Doctor's permission to eat some of the candy! . . . and the Intern looks stunningly like Billy Haines!—G.R.M.

No Criterion of Popularity
BLACKPOOL, ENGLAND—I have read a lot of the importance attached to fan-mail in Hollywood, and the way a star stands by its extent. Isn't this a misguided policy?

Do the actors and their employers know that there are alleged fans who are nothing more than photo and autograph collectors, and will write to anyone once, in pursuit of their prey?

These synthetic fans don't care whether they admire an actor or not, nor even whether they have seen him. They write to every new star they see publicised and that is the reason why such new players as Charles Rogers make overwhelming hits at the post-office before audiences are well aware of their existence.

For the same reason it is unjust to believe a star's decline in popularity must coincide with the falling-off of his fan-mail. Suppose a star has been famous five years. That gives ample time for every fan on earth to have written at least once, and secured a photo. They may still admire him, but there is no need for further writing.

I think fan-mail is a faulty gage of public opinion, and I would be glad if you would publish this in your splendid magazine, so that the recipients of fan-mail can see how it appears to a writer of it.

Barbara Fletcher.

Small But Wise

LAWRENCE, KANSAS—We are only twelve years old, but we thought we would express our opinions of your interesting magazine on Hollywood.

We approve and recommend such pictures as "Ben Hur," "The King of Kings," etc. We do not approve of pictures of the Underworld for children, but highly recommend Educational pictures.

We are interested in an amateur movie club. We are trying to earn some money to keep it alive.

We wish you would put articles in the MOTION PICTURE about amateur movie clubs.

Your magazine is nifty, but we would like to have more pictures.

My friend's uncle is going to try for the "Talkies." He has received letters of high recommendation from Buddy Rogers. He was in a movie made in Lawrence last summer, entitled "A Day in Hollywood." It was a dicker of a show, but would do for a screen test. We approve of "Talkies," and hope they will mark another milestone in the rapid progress of motion pictures.

Dorothy Briner, Robert Charlton.

Keep on Looking, Gary!

ST. JOSEPH, MISS.—Recently, an article appeared in the Motion Picture Classic, in which Gary Cooper says you can't trust women. He certainly didn't hand them any bouquets. I think it is a shame for him to feel that way about his opposite sex. He has evidently placed his confidence in the wrong person, or, in the Movie World, I suppose they would say, "he hitched his wagon to the wrong star," and when it failed to shine in the right heaven, he grew bitter; and now he thinks all women are alike. I am sorry for him because it is very pitiful to have shattered illusions.

I think Gary Cooper has a lot in his favor when he says he still believes in true love. His case is not entirely hopeless. I hope he will realize his pet dream some day; but he must remember that good men can find good women if they will take the trouble to hunt them. Luella Fern Frymure.

How About It, Fans?

SEATTLE, WASH.—I'm nursing a grievance and I'm out to give it a good airing! First, let me say that I like the movies. Don't think that I mean to give the impression that I don't! I have my favorite stars, the same as anyone else who is in any way a movie fan. But don't think that I am so crazy over the films and the players, that I can forgive them any old "faks pus" that they care to commit.

Of late there has been a series of articles in virtually every movie magazine, regarding the invasion of the studios by the stage people. I am referring in particular to an article which appeared in MOTION PICTURE, the March issue; a very narrow, selfish article entitled "Don't Give It All To Broadway." And what I want to know is this: is dear little Hollywood fearing for its own skin? I wonder. If one is to judge by the panic stricken tone of these recent outbursts on the part of the magazine writers, there is no need for that question in my mind. If the stars are not afraid of the impending let-down, then why all this sob stuff? For heaven's sake, Hollywood, don't stoop to slogging mud at your opponents! Preserve at least your dignity and if you are in danger of being defeated, then take that defeat gracefully—and with a little of the old troup spirit. As I said before, I have a great liking for the movies—but I have a great love for the stage, because I have done stage work myself and my dearest friends are people in the profession. And I will say this of people in "legit,"—they are good sports! Besides your magazine articles contain that not even the President of the United States could crash into the movies unless he has IT and a few other things, so if the stage stars are being signed up right and left, don't get a personal grudge against them yourselves! It must be the producers and directors who are signing them up! For don't you yourselves admit that otherwise it would be impossible for them to crash the gate? S. W.

Why Not Choose With Care

RICHFORD, VERMONT—I have seen many letters in the columns of MOTION PICTURE arguing the relative merits of romantic and realistic movies. I cannot see why people must always be finding fault. It cannot be that these people concentrate very deeply on the plot or on the acting, or they would not make such foolish demands. No! It is the "Wake of the Flesh." Is there any person that always demands happy endings who would not admit the story would have been ruined if Mr. Jannings had joined his family instead of plodding off in the snow?

Every company makes both romantic and realistic pictures. To those persons who do want it that way, however, I suggest that they consult the excellent reviewing department of MOTION PICTURE. There they can find out what pictures they want to see and can avoid others. I think a good motto for "movie" fans would be, "The movies give you what you want; therefore, be satisfied."

H. L. II.
Your Neighbor Says—

(Continued from page 114)

after seeing Hollywood. Georgia has the most beautiful girls in the world. Hundreds of them, too. If you were to walk a block on Broad Street in Augusta, or a block of any street in Atlanta, you couldn’t help but see at least ten beautiful girls. And I say beautiful, I mean clean, wholesome beauty. I walked the full length of Holly-

wood Boulevard one afternoon for the sole purpose of just seeing how many real beauties I could find. I didn’t see one beautiful girl the whole length of that long street. I saw quite a few rather pale-faced, classiated young girls with bleached hair. The girls in Hollywood, on the whole, look as if they needed more sleep and less make-up. The so-called beauty market of the world is being led by a few fresh, clear-eyed and pink-checked Georgia peaches.

THE GIRLS AND JACK

"I BELIEVE we saw more good-looking girls out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio than at any other place. Joan Craw-

ford, Anita Page, Josephine Dunn and Marion Davies. They all seemed so nicely dressed and full of life and happiness. We also met John Gilbert, Ernest Torrence and Buster Keaton while we were out there. There is a movie star who looks exactly as he does on the screen, it is John Gilbert. Just as handsome, a real gentleman and a fascinating talker."

"When you come to Hollywood, of course you want to see a lot of stars and the best place to see them is at the opening of a new picture. Take Grauman’s Chinese Theater or the Carthay Circle on the evening of a premiere and you’ll see almost every movie hero or heroine you ever heard of in your life. We went to a premiere at the Chinese one a few days before the game and I guess we saw every important person of the industry face to face. It really might be said that the only time one actually sees Hollywood, as one dreams it to be, is at the openings."

"Gloria Swanson and the marquis arrived in a huge Rolls-Royce town car. News-reel cameras grind in each little crowded niche. Immense spotlights and flood-lights pour daylight out on the Boulevard. Gloria steps from her car; a big round of applause greets her; the camera surge forward as though to swallow her up entirely; she smiles as she steps to the radio broadcasting microphone and says a few words to a waiting world. Following in rapid succession come Bebe Daniels, Charlie Chaplin, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, and so on and so on. All in huge, costly motors, each driven by a liveried chauffeur. Truly, on such an occasion, Hollywood puts on her Sunday best and parades her movie stars for all to see."

A STAR APEICE

"The night of January first—after our game, which, I might modestly remind you, was won by the Ramblin’ Wreck—we had a dance at the hotel. It really looked like an opening. The good folks of Hollywood gave each member of the team a little movie star for his guest of the evening. I escorted Alice White. The other boys had such beauties as Sue Carol, Marian Nixon, Raquel Torres, Lois Moran, Clara Bow—oh! you know, they were all great, all entertaining and awfully beautiful."

"My advice to any young fellow who wants to see Hollywood and see it right, is to be himself. There’s a football team that plays in the Rose Bowl on New Year’s Day. You’ll find Hollywood pins a magic rose on its athletic visitors. And if you enjoy more than the boys from Georgia—you’ll probably go home married to a movie star."
Bachrach
Not alone for her attractiveness is Leatrice Joy unusual. She is, as the bookshelves prove, one of the few stars in Hollywood with a literary background.

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 8a)


A NOVARO FAN—Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. He is five feet eight. Has never been married. His latest picture is "The Pagan." He is not leaving the screen, but he is going to Europe to sing in Opera for a short time. Will then return and resume his screen work. Vilma Bánky was born Jan. 9, 1903. Rod La Rocque, Nov. 30, 1896. Don't feel bad about the writing, I think it's great.

CHUCKY—Nils Asther's biography is printed above. This bird sure is popular with the wmmin'. That is his real name. Eton College at Windsor, England, was founded in 1410 by Henry VI under the title of The College of the Blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor. Rex Lease is free-lancing right now. Nick Stuart and Sue Carol have the leads in "Girls Gone Wild," Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

JUST JANE—Glady you discovered you had some questions to ask. Shoot 'em all off. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1906. She is five feet four, weighs 110 pounds, has blonde hair right now, which is very becoming. She is playing in "Our Modern Maidens," Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Sally O'See can be reached at the Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Sue Carol was born Oct. 30, 1907. She is five feet four, weighs 120 pounds. She is not related to Nancy Carroll, note the difference in the spelling of their names. The number of stars that have S. A are too numerous to mention.

LILLIETTE BUNNY—That's a pretty name. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., July 29, 1905. She was ill with the

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My weight is: My age is:

My address is:

Please send...

We Wonder How Wise an Apple He Was

Maybe the boy who first came forward with the idea of letting well enough alone was a wise apple. But we wonder about it seriously.

We wonder what might have happened if everyone who ever heard that advice had taken it. For if people had been willing always to let well enough alone, we'd still be sending letters across the continent by pony express.

We'd still be depending for our thrills upon looking at pictures of Vesuvius through the hand stereoscopes.

We'd still be getting our music from the old prickly-pear music-box roll.

For those things, in their day, were well enough. But if everybody had been content to let things rest that way, we'd have no air mail, no movies, no victrolas, no radios.

In short, we'd have a lot less things to make life as pleasant as it is.

And in particular, we wouldn't have a fan magazine of the sort that MOTION PICTURE is. For MOTION PICTURE is built upon the premise that well enough isn't enough. Its idea is that if every issue isn't better than the preceding, then the quality of the magazine isn't up to the proper standard.

Every successive number has got to have more news, newer news, newer viewpoints, newer ideas, faster and more interesting illustrations, than the one before.

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Yet neither has more natural beauty than the other. The sole difference which makes one the most sought girl wherever they go is the same difference that Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier would make in your appearance... Try this perfectly harmless preparation. See in your own mirror how it instantly darkens and transforms your lashes, and how, as though by magic, it imparts startling brilliance, inviting depth and wonderful expression to your eyes—and new loveliness to your person... Nothing else can give you such added beauty as can Maybelline. Insist upon the genuine and complete perfect satisfaction is certain to be yours.

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Prescription on hand, you can send 3c for a trial size bottle direct to the D. D. D. Corporation, Dept. 2784 Indianapolis, Ind.
The Private Life of Miss Film Star

NOTHING very private about it, to be sure. You know of her recent trip to Europe, her latest love affair and her preference in cigarettes. But you didn’t know, we’ll venture to say, that on her dainty feet are a pair of miracle shoes. Shoes that permit her to work long hours on the set. Shoes that allow her to move naturally and in comfort through scenes that later millions will watch with critical eyes.

Hollywood has gone, not health-mad, but “Health-Mode.” Many, many stars now wear the shoes with the two patented health features that keep active feet well. With Robyn Health-Mode Shoes, bunions and callouses and fallen arches are impossible. For the feet are gently urged into correct position, and the body’s weight distributed to the proper parts of the feet.

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Terry is in Nice, France. She was born in 1896. Real name Alice Toafe. Conrad Nagel hails from Kookuk, Iowa. Knowing Nothings were a political party founded in the U. S. about 1854. Its objects were to secure American government by Americans, disbanded in 1862 after a brilliant meteoric career. Corinne Griffith’s next picture will be “Prisoners.” First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Let’s hear from you again.

MARY ELLEN—Robert Armstrong played in “The Leopard Lady.” Right now he is playing opposite Mary Astor in “The Lady from Hell,” Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Cullen Landis is free-lancing. June Collyer in “The Grouch Bag.” Leatrice Joy is appearing on the stage. You may write the Conrad Nagel Fan Club, Celeste Withrow. 3653 South Grand, St. Louis, Mo. Molly O’Day is not doing any film work right now, she’s trying to reduce. You might write her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

J. J.—LeRoy Mason was Jurga in “Revenge.” He is married to Rita Carewe, daughter of Edwin Carewe. Prod. TEC-Art, Hollywood, Cal. Arthur Lake was born at Corbin, Ky., in 1905. He is six feet tall, and has light hair and blue eyes. He is playing in “Campus Kisses,” Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Jack Stone, who played the scared aviator in “Lilac Time,” is a cousin of Colleen Moore. He was born in London, and then resident of New Orleans, was a deke at Tulane in 1923; afterwards he attended Oxford and the University of Southern California.

INQUISITIVE—Don’t mean a thing, Mary Astor, whose real name is Lucille Langhanke is married to Kenneth Hawks. Her latest picture is “The Lady from Hell,” Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Messrs. Louis Homes and Gloria Hope and they have a son Donald. Alice White is still single. Larry Kent has an important role in “Life.” Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

CLARENCE-RUSH—That’s just what I’m don’ Anita Page was born at Murray Hill, L. I. She is eighteen years old, five feet two, weighs 118 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. Playing in “Our Modern Maiden,” Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Al Jolson’s next picture is “Mammy.” Emil Jannings was born in Brooklyn. You’re wrong, it wasn’t Russian. Richard Talmadge was born in Carlsberg, Switzerland. He’s free-lancing.

DIMPLES—You’ll faw down and go boom. Helene and Dolores Costello are Spanish and Irish descent, Helene is the elder. Esther Ralston was born at Bar Harbor, Maine in 1902. Has a birthday on Sept. 17th. Her latest picture is “Here Comes the Bandwagon,” Paramount Studios, 3431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Janet Gaynor is about twenty-three, she has red gold hair and brown eyes. Renee Adore’e is twenty-seven. Conrad Nagel, March 16, 1896, married to Ruth Helm and they have a daughter.

TWO INQUISITIVE FANS—Never put off till tomorrow—unless it be the collector. You refer to Stuart Knox in “Lilac Time.” You may write Joan Crawford and Marion Davies at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Arlen, Nancy Carroll and Neil Hamilton, Paramount Studios, 3451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor and Nick Stuart at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

ALICE GIBBS—Reene Adorée was born in Lille, France, twenty-seven years ago. Her real name is De La Fonte. Nils Asther, Sweden, Jan. 17, 1902. That’s his real name. Jason Robard’s real name is Jay Nelson, he’s about thirty-five. Thomas Meighan is making a talkie for Warner Brothers, William Powell in “The Green Murder Case.” Send me twenty-five cents for a photo of William.

M. M. B.—Jose Crespo played the part of the dreamer in “Revenge.” Don’t believe Milton Sills’ son has ever appeared in any picture. Milton will be seen next in “Pat and Mike.” Haven’t the age of Buddy Rogers’ brother. Haven’t a Charles Morton Fan club on my list. Why not start one?
That Cisco Kid
(Continued from page 50)
worth or Mr. B. Altman or any other merchant of wares.
He doesn’t go to parties. Almost never. Most of his close friends are lawyers, doctors, bankers, and such. Alice Joyce is a very close friend of the Baxters. Anna Q. Nilsson is another. A handful of the people of the screen. Not many.
He lives in a comfortable, conservative house. Has for seven or eight years and will probably continue to live there now that the Kid has struck gold. He has a couple of good cars. A shack at Malibu Beach where he and Winnie flop about in bathing suits, and are more themselves than ever.

THE BOY CAN COOK
He loves to cook and I am here to testify that he makes swell cheese thingum-bobs, because I ate ‘em.
He can do magicians’ tricks, too. And he doesn’t object to his wife doing screen work—did you see her in “Adoration”?—but thinks it’s better for her health not to do too much. He takes care of his mother and his young niece and now and then he picks out his wife’s hats.
Since the Cisco Kid came so magnificently to life, anonymous ladies called “Baby” have begun to call him on the ‘phone at odd and a witching hours. He leaves the receiver off the hook and goes to sleep again.
A dark, definite, handsome, well-dressed distinguished man of business, that’s what Warner Baxter might be taken for. There is none of the hemming and hawing of the actor type about him. He does not refer to “my Art.” Very little of homo-Hollywoodian.
He is decidedly of the type that builds its success from the inside out, and this would argue for the continuance of his achievement. For it would appear to be of the sort that is not fortuitous.
He crashed through to a violent popularity with the Cisco Kid. Which means romance of the red and throbbing species. But it is the sound reality of the man behind the Cisco Kid that got him there—and will keep him there.
And now, if you don’t feel that you know something about Warner Baxter, it is not my fault—or his.

SERVICE
Business today is based upon service. The “grab and run” manufacturer is almost extinct. Advertising has played its part in his passing. By contrast with the open methods of others, it has thrown his operations into such sharp relief that it has left him no recourse. His failure was inevitable.
People have come to depend upon consistently advertised merchandise. They have confidence in the manufacturer who places himself on record month after month as to the merits of his product. They know he will maintain that product at the standard he has set, not only for their protection but for his own. Should he drop below, the buying public would soon discover it, and his business would be faced by ruin. No manufacturer who is spending large sums to produce, advertise and sell an article is going to take that risk.

Quality, utility and value are the things uppermost in the mind of the advertiser today. Improving his product, making it more useful to you, giving you greater value for your money, these are his aims. When he succeeds, he tells you about it—in the advertisements.

If you neglect the advertisements, you are missing one of the most vital features in this magazine.

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Find the Twin Airplanes
Here are ten pictures of the 1929 90-h. P. Warner Airplane which, together with free flying instructions, we are giving free for our “Friendship-contest.” You can keep the plans, or you can buy the plans for $1.00. You will find the answers to the puzzles in your puzzle answer card. (You can have the plans, and you can have the contest answer card.) No, these pictures are not all alike, even though they look alike. Listen! Only two airplanes are exactly alike. Can you find them? Just send and the two numbers of the twin airplanes on that card or letter—only.
Certificate for $500.00 to Add to Largest Price Sent at Once as Below If You Find Twin Airplanes
Quick answer: Find the twin airplanes and we will send, as soon as correct answer is received. Certificates for $500.00 to add to first Grand Prize. If you send us wrong answers, or if you send identification which would not prove you are owner of certificate, you will have to buy your airplane. We will not only guarantee the premiere of the Warner Airplane and actual flying instructions by experienced air mail pilots, all fully paid for by us. Twenty-four other prizes, valued as high as $5,000.00 and including five other fine aviation courses. In case of tied, duplicate prizes will be paid to persons tying. No more puzzles to solve. No out or obligation. Nothing to buy, now, later or ever. Just send the number of the twin airplanes on that card or letter—only.

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A counterpane allowable position and, to all appearances, at the same time a comfortable one is this posture of Lois Moran's. The occasion is a scene in her latest film effort, that of enacting the leading part in "Joy Street".

In and Out of Focus (Continued from page 39)

A Veritable Quandary

WHat'S THE MATTER," cried the comedy director to the new English comedy star about to make his first rural motion picture. "Why don't you go with the scene? You're supposed to be pitching hay."

"Certainly, my dear fellow," responded the star. "It's merely a question of etiquette. You see I wasn't quite sure which fork to use."

Not Pug-Nosed

WHY DID I CHOOSE Virginia Cherrill for my leading lady?" Charlie Chaplin pondered. "Well, I don't exactly know. Except that I saw her first at a prize-fight. And she looked so different from the people in the ring."

Old Virginny

NOW IT'S ONLY FAIR to tell you about Charlie. "I do hope," said Virginia Cherrill, a trifle plaintively, "that we finish this picture while I'm still young."

What About the Fourth Half

WHAT KIND OF WOMAN are you playing in Lon Chaney's picture? Estelle was asked. "A woman and a half," said Estelle. "The script says that I'm half Chinese, half French and half white."

You'll Hear It Breaking

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW IS: with the talkies what's going to become of the title, "Came the Dawn."

Whistling for Their Money

A L BOASBERG, the title writer, says that he had a steam siren put on his chimney to go off and warn the family whenever the mortgage came due. But the police made him take it off. The constant noise disturbed the neighbors.

And Eat It Later

"SCOTCHMAN," said Bill Haines, "is the man who would take the parsley off the platter and put it in his buttonhole."
A Pair of Perennials

AND NOW here's the combination of the two oldest jokes. "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" "Oh, that weren't no lady; that was Lon Chaney."

Talking Talk

AND NOW IT'S THE GIRL who has it in her voice. And the other one who has Kleeg tonsils.

The man who says that talking pictures are still in their infancy—and that's why they haven't learned to talk yet.

His Initial Error

"THE VOICES of the screen stars are so bad," complained the producer at the next table, "that natchally the talkies will get voice and voice."

Fate, That's All

BUDDY ROGERS was talking about his home town and the boys he used to play with. "They all expected to stay there all their lives," explained Buddy, "but I didn't. I somehow always knew that something really great was going to happen to me—like it has."

Twenty Years Ago

IN MAY occurs the twentieth anniversary of picture making in California. Twenty years ago this month a small group of players made a one-reel thriller called "In The Power of The Sultan" on a platform built on a vacant lot beside a Chinese laundry on the corner of Seventh and Olive Streets, Los Angeles. And the camera had to be halted from time to time as the wind blew the shadows of the flapping sheets across the stage. Colonel Selig, the producer of the picture; Hobart Bosworth, the leading man, and three other players are still out here now.

His Tin Pony

WHEN I FIRST CAME to Hollywood one of the familiar sights was a huge Mexican in full cowboy regalia who used to ride a prancing horse, embellished with carved saddles and stirrups, up and down from studio to studio. But pictures have changed, and the Westerns are out. The same Mexican in the same cowboy regalia drives up and down now, but in a Ford.

Sunny Showers

WITH MAY McAVOY announcing her engagement to Maurice Connery, an Easterner, Phyllis Haver getting engaged to William Seaman and Bebe Daniels to Ben Lyon, Ruth Roland marrying Ben Baird and other romances well under way, it is the season for showers in Hollywood.

To the Innocent

THE "ANGEL OF BROADWAY," whose Salvation Army work in New York has won her a different kind of fame from that of our Hollywood celebrities, has come out to look over Hollywood as a good prospect for a reformer. She is planning to build a home for girls, and meanwhile is visiting the studios. Her verdict on what she has seen is reassuring. At one studio she was shown an orgie scene of approved movie abandon. Asked what she thought of it, "I saw a lot of sweet boys and girls," beamed the Angel, "having a little wholesome fun."

Hence the Congestion

THEY MADE A TRAFFIC CHECK the other day, and discovered that the corner of Vine Street and Sunset Boulevard was the second busiest traffic intersection in Los Angeles and the fifth busiest corner in the world, from the point of view of automobile traffic. We call it to your attention that the Western offices of Motion Picture are located on the corner of Vine Street and Sunset Boulevard.

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HERE is a wonderful gift for you. A beautiful leatherette framed photograph of your favorite Motion Picture Star. Size of frame nine by eleven inches holding an eight by ten inch photograph. Patented snap easel back. A most attractive adornment for your dressing table, and will add charm to your room. Your friends will envy you. This is the finest gift we have ever offered to our readers.

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5 M.P.
at least the second time he meets you; anyway, we'd met before—"movie parties mean nothing. I don't care to go out much. It is nicer to have my friends visit me. We sit and talk or go to a movie. Or perhaps I read. I have few friends among American men but I know many women. Jannings is a good friend—I like the German people here. Ruth Chatterton I have great admiration for.

REGULAR BUT RESERVED

"THERE are so many people here who attach themselves to anyone who is fairly successful, just for what they can get out of them. They like to be seen out with me, not for my companionship, but because I am the motion picture actor and everybody will notice. They cultivate my friendship just for the favors I can grant them. If I say to someone, 'Why do you like me?' and she says, 'For this, that and the other,' I do not feel she is sincere. But if she says, 'Why, I don't just know,' then I believe she is real."

Barry is not a back-slasher, so he is not so well liked as he might be. He is the self-well-kept Dixes and Farrells who are voted the regular fellows by their studio associates.

I glanced about the room. At the many pictures on the walls. Stars he has played with, one or two exotic young women, at least half a dozen of Myrna Loy. Several clever sketches of Barry. A lovely profile of his mother. A typical actor's room except for the many books. There are two telephones, which he rarely uses. He doesn't like to call up people—except Myrna. But the girls aren't bashful about calling him. Appointments are made to be broken, if he feels as the hour approaches that he prefers solitude and the radio to a chattering femme. He'll apologize very sweetly but not too sincerely and you won't be mad at him.

Barry observed me from under his eye-brows. His eyes are wise and slightly wick-ed, contradicting his smooth unlined face, full sensual lips and blondish hair. He might have been Dorian Gray. Or Byron. Or the Portrait of an Actor. I smiled because despite his poses, his debonair clothes, his eyes and the intimate caress in his voice, he is so very young.

A READER OF THE EROTIC

"DON'T you think you are far more sophisticated than the average boy in his twenties? You have traveled so much and with people older than yourself. Are you so casual about women. You read such erotic books! Imagine viewing yourself in something like 'The Biography of an Ex-Colored Man' when you could be tangoing at one of the innumerable parties around town. Really, all this heavy reading doesn't go with your face."

"True sophistication cannot come to a man before he is thirty or thirty-five. Before that, we may have the air, but it will be superficial. I want to get the most out of life—to taste of all its fruits. But I never go to extremes. I have sufficient will power. Don't misunderstand me—my heart rules me. It is just that I know when to stop. I have been drunk only twice in my life. Once at my graduation, another time in New York. At home we have a cellar full of wines and liqueurs. That is all right in moderation. But the awful stuff people drink out here! Terrible gin that has to be disguised with orange juice and everything else and even then it is not fit to drink. Books? Oh, yes, I read. But doesn't everybody?"

"You know, Barry, actors aren't supposed to read anything but their press notices and maybe an occasional 'Jaranjee' and 'Spider Boy' just so they can join in, if the conversation at the Montmartre gets literary." I picked up a book and showed him the title, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." "Where do you get stuff like this? He looked aggrieved. Was I making fun of him?"

"But I read other things too. De Maupassant and Wilde and many of the Spanish authors. When I was a child I was made to

(Continued on page 126)
Another New Set

Our picture sets are mighty popular. Here is Set Number Five—New faces, the most popular stars of the moment, latest poses to add to your album or collection, your room or den. The list of subjects is given below. Here is a chance to get this fine set of twenty-four pictures of well known Motion Picture Favorites absolutely free. All new subjects in this set, sepia finish, suitable for framing, size 5 1/2"x8". You will be well pleased and proud to tell your friends about them.

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Alice White
Louise Brooks
Sue Carol
Fay Wray
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A Too Wise Young Man

(Continued from page 124)

read. I read all of Shakespeare before I was thirteen without really knowing what it was all about. I will admit these unusual books hold a morbid interest for me. The strange, the quixotic things we never experience ourselves. Can you believe that a colored man could turn white and be a white person to all who meet him? That is supposed to be true, but it seems impossible. Yet it makes fascinating reading.

DYING IS DISTASTEFUL

He groaned when I asked for a picture that could be titled "Barry Norton Among His Beloved Books." "Dolling, I hate to take still pictures. I do not like the greasepaint. Acting I love. It is one thing I take seriously. To do the Leo Dietrichstein play, 'The Purple Mask,' is an ambition of mine. Also 'André Chenier.' Not one type of rôle. And I don't want to die! I died in 'What Price Glory.' In 'Legion of the Condemned.' In almost all the pictures. "You know when I first came to the Coast after leaving a sick friend in Chicago, I had a tough time of it. Because I would not go home at my father's request, my allowance was cut off. The casting offices were not encouraging—I was never the type. I would go into Los Angeles and take any sort of a job, then come back to Hollywood and put up a front. I am glad though for those hardships. They taught me much."

Barry will meet his father in Paris this summer. He was Alfredo de Biraben when he left home, his parents fondly preparing him for the diplomatic service. In a commercial, prosaic age, with its stereotyped personalities and professions, a romantic Alfredo would choose the colorful glamour of the actor.

You may not approve of Barry but you can't help liking him. For there is yet the Barry who grows rhapsodic over a newly acquired Italian marble head; who will, when very earnest, talk with his hands, legs and boyish animation; who will eat an apple with the zestful appetite of a child while glibly discussing books with tongue-twisting names.

Say what you will of him, like him or approve of him or not, there is certainly this that cannot be denied: he is distinctive among the players in the Hollywood ranks. He is a combination of actor and connoisseur, of expert. The fact that he reads literature of an esoteric sort does not mean necessarily that he is profound in his thinking. But it does mean that he is sensitive in his appreciation. Which is more than can be said of ninety-nine others out of every hundred who are about him every day. Pictures might be better off if this were not so.

He will always be a little spoiled. Women will see to that. Always he will be charming and interesting. Barry will see to that.

It's no exaggeration at all for the press agents to say of Victor McLaglen, as Strong Boy, that his work as the baggage man is the smashing success of his career.
what is their dangerous power?

The women who fascinate men

There is a woman—in a hundred possessions this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are amazed, because you can truly say "I don't understand what men see in her." But you want to know the secret— with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is not that you desire to be the siren type. If you could fascinate men all the way you would use your power within reason. Well, then, you may; for at least the secret is known. Lucille Young, the world's foremost beauty expert, will give you the "dangerous power" of women.

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled

All your unavailing study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by idle methods is easily explained. Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for limited charm. She has said. "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry, and mate." But to a few women she has said, "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination.

You believe that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Instead, you have been misguided. You have seen fascinating women possessed of no more than average looks—some that you may have considered homely. You have seen women with poor figures outshine women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by courser women. You have heard of "sex appeal," yet you know that thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as the main reliance—with increased success.

Strangest of all, you may have known some dangerous woman as a friend—unknown to you that she was willing to give you her secrets. But the charming, ever-beautiful woman made her natural siren blend to her own methods.

One Woman in All the World Can Tell You Amazing Far as it is known—Lucille Young is that one woman in all the world who knows the complete secret of fascination. A certain amount of knowledge will be just as necessary to you as you would have to learn if you were to become an expert in anatomy and physiology. The revelations are startling, mysterious—strange, but you would never discover yourself.

Women are thrilled as never before—because they in- stantly recognize the secret. They are the first to know are revealed—that an amazing new life has been opened up to them. No woman who reads will again fear the siren type. She will meet her on her own ground—be as irresistible as any woman living. And remember, whatever your present appearance, Lucille Young will give the necessary beauty.

Find Out Free of All Cost or Obligation. So mar- velous are the promises of complete fascination, that Lucille Young is willing to convince you at her own risk. Simply mail the coupon for her booklet—the most amazing thing you have ever read—and it will be sent free and without the slightest obligation.

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Shopping with Mary Duncan

(Continued from page 9)

cheers and encourages a woman more quickly than confidence in her personal appearance?

I visited her a week after the operation. She really didn't look as though she had had an operation. She looked more like the Mary who entertains so frequently in her quiet English home in the Bel Air section.

When I saw her bed, I burst into laughter.

"Well, we may have shopped for you, Mary, but you certainly needn't have done some shopping." Her bed—well, I couldn't be quite certain whether it was a manicurist or an art collection. What a medley of things her friends bought her, and what ideas they did offer on what to give the sick-a-bed lady!

"Why, Mary, you have on pajamas! We didn't buy those, did we?"

"No, Marie. But someone else got busy and made these lounging pajamas for me. Don't you think they're cunning? And it amuses me to have one hospital outfit which is different." A clever friend that—clever too, to have made them.

The Bright Shawl

AND look at this Paisley shawl, darling. One of the boy-friends noticed the white screen around my bed. He thought it must look terribly bare. Wasn't that a bright idea for a man gift to a woman? I can throw it over a chair in my bedroom at home when I have finished with operations.

"And the animals and dolls! My dear, I didn't know a grown person could have so much fun with baby gifts. I just love them. The other day I fell asleep with this dollie in my arms. When the doctor caught me that way, I did feel a bit foolish.

"There was a silk belt on her bed. I asked her about it. "Oh, one of the boy-friends who could afford it gave me that—because the dull white looked so uninteresting."

Costly gifts mingled with those which came from the stores that made the dolls famous. Elephants galore—I counted twenty. Good luck tokens. Little dolls, big dolls, baby dolls, as if on the market, and made a noise—which some which did not have cost over a quarter. A powder box which made music—a cheap doll which could say "Mamma." For practical gifts, a crackling bed-jackets and scarfs and bed-jackets.

The Joys of Toys

I VISITED Mary in her home three days after she had returned from the hospital. Everything she had received, from the least to the biggest, was placed on tables in her bedroom. And I'm going to keep them here as long as they last. They bring up so many pleasant memories of the friends who gave them to me. Do you know, sickness can be a terrible thing or it can be something pleasant? I don't blame the woman in 'Abie's Irish Rose' for talking about her operation. I'm going to talk about mine, too, for now and ever after. I owe it to my friends to talk about it. And it taught me something.

Hereafter, I'm not just going to send flowers to the hospital. I'm either going to send things which are actually needed or I'm going to send toys to grown-ups as well as children. I haven't played for years as I played when I was ill. I feel several years younger than I have been.
GRAY

HAIR

Ended

Test it Free

THROW away those messy, old-time, "crude dyes." They are dangerous and noticeable. Call them back on natural shade by clear, colorless liquid combed through hair. Does not work off. Leaves hair live looking and lustrous. Keeps easy to curl. May apply only to parts. Make amazing test. See for yourself what it will do. Few cents' worth gives complete restoration. Get full-size bottle from druggist. He will return every penny if not delighted.

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Whether it be in a chair or whether it be in a discussion of art, particularly that of pictures, Charlie Chaplin's position is more than likely never to be the conventional one. And this not because of seeking to be different by being simply contradictory, but because he thinks for himself and sticks to it

Charlie Chaplin Attacks the Talkies

(Continued from page 20)

when he sings, 'Soonyo Booyoo.' Here Charlie rendered his version of the Jolsonian hit. 'The thing Richmonds is doing. The things they are doing, in a different field, in 'In Old Arizona.' And people come from those theaters, muttering.' That is art.

'A year, five years from now, another cycle will be the new art. Never mind all this talk of art and art-forms. There haven't been more than ten great pictures made since the days of magic lantern slides. 'I don't care,' said Charlie, in an aside, 'I only hate to talk about myself. Give them beauty. Give them sex-appeal. Keep them from weeding out the popular favorites and bringing in unpopular strangers. Beauty—never mind the acting. That is the theme I would harp upon in my tirade against the talkies.

For what,' said Charlie, prankish again, rising and tilting his face to Heaven, 'what will the world be without such beauty as this?' He turned to me in profile. 'Or what,' he wailed, 'will pictures be when this profile is no more?'

Charlie departed to finish his make-up. We departed to await him on the set where we saw him make the first shot of the new production. That rare and too-long-be tween-drinks production of Charlie's.

And these were the crumbs that dropped from the table, i.e., the lips of Mr. Robinson, with occasional aids from Charlie.

The new picture will have surprises. Charlie won't tell. He says he thinks he will surprise himself. Anyway, he does things he has never done before and that is something to live for.

Charlie wants to be a writer. Another of those author-chaps. That is his secret ambition. He writes plays and things on trains and boats, in bed, burning midnight oil.

The Associated Press phoned and wanted to know what truth if any in the rumored report of Charlie's engagement to Georgia Hale. Charlie said, 'Tell them that's just an injustice to Miss Hale!'

Mr. Robinson regaled me with an anec
dote of his last trip to Europe with the reincarnated Pan. They had an agreement, he said, whereby Charlie was to pass his hand over his hair any time he wished to be got away from boxes and other people. Mr. Robinson was to take him away, no matter what Charlie might say.

It worked great all over Europe. They got back to New York and were stopping at the Ambassador. A young and charming lady accosted Charlie in the hotel lobby. In his agitation he passed his hand over his hair, Mr. Robinson descended upon him and demanded that he come upstairs at once. Charlie, world-famous pantomimist, signaled that he didn't want to go, "not this time." Mr. Robinson was firm.

We left that futile little feller, who has the world at his feet, walking timidly down his sixty-thousand-dollar set. He was waggling his cane. He looked wistful and alone and forlorn. He was humming an old ditty of Yvette Guilbert's, "No, I will not walk; no, I will not walk; no, I will not walk, or talk, wiz you." He won't. He says talkies are murdering the beauty of the screen.
She traded kisses for the murder

INTO the forest he had come—this handsome young soldier who made Tasia's heart beat so wildly.

And he had held her tight, and she had flooded his handsome face with tender kisses—and they had spent a night together—a night of wondrous memories.

Then he was gone. Gone to marry a princess at the Czar's command, leaving her pure young love to turn to seething, deadly hatred for the man who had so carelessly thrown her aside.

To Moscow she goes to gain her vengeance, and becomes the notorious Red Dancer, Queen of the Ballet, and toast of all revolutionists. Tirelessly she works to overthrow the nobility, and free the ignorant peasants from a life of slavery—trading kisses and caresses for every evil deed.

And then cruel fate seeks her out to be the one to kill the man she had loved. Will her hatred prove stronger than her love? To fail is to die herself—to succeed is to doom the man to whom she gave her virgin love.

They showed him up against the wall and started to lop off his legs, but he refused. The officer raised his arm. The men took aim, for this was the proof of her vengeance.

To her lover
Allan Bullard had met Martha in New London, but today he was not sure—she looked different—could it be—? Was it possible that she didn’t go to Bermuda with her Mother?

For the first time she was “wearing” Colleen Moore Face Powder. By Darnee—perfumer; a powder of exquisite fragrance, shaded to blend with definite beauty types, and sold by The Owl Drug Co. and agents for the Owl Drug Co. products.

Send 75c for the powder and 10c for the packing and postage to The Owl Drug Co. or agent—specify shade wanted.

There’s an agent for the Owl Drug Co. products near you; ask your local druggist.

Other Colleen Moore products are: Lip Stick, Rouge, Compact, Beauty Cream, Perfume, Toilet Water, Solid Perfume, Astringent, Talcum Powder, Body Powder, Liquid Nail Polish and Remover, and Vanishing Cream.

For the third consecutive year Colleen Moore is accredited with leading the world in box office receipts—the acid test of public approval.

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The Owl Drug Co.
San Francisco  New York  Chicago
SMART COMPACTS
to match each costume

THE NEWEST PARIS VOGUE

THEY'RE the smartest of smart accessories—these brilliantly colorful new compacts created by the House of Tre-Jur. And inside the chic little oblong case—what delightful powder! Delicately fragrant, marvelously soft and clinging, blending perfectly with your skin. In flesh, rachj or the new Southern Tan Fashion so strongly favors. Refills always obtainable in shade desired.

You may choose the case in red, green, blue or black—colors that match or harmonize with every ensemble. And only 50c. for the single, $1.00 for the 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 38th Street, New York City.

TRE JUR
There's more to Washing the Face than many women think

Unless you actually cleanse the skin of powder, rouge, dirt and impurities, your complexion will suffer seriously. Olive oil, blended into this facial soap, provides an ideal means of removing dirt and make-up.

The next time you wash your face, consider these facts; all day long dust and dirt, oil secretions, and dead skin gather in the fine pores that make up your surface complexion. If you add cream, powder, rouge—and only half remove them by incorrect cleansing methods—the result is blackheads, pimples, oiliness, sallowness—dozens of defects that may entirely be avoided if you know how to wash your face.

The value of olive oil in soap

How to wash your face! That sounds so simple. Yet it can be an art. It can make or mar your beauty. That is why doctors and beauty specialists advise a soap blended of olive oil—blends, gentlest, yet most penetrating of all emollients.

You use it twice a day, in the treatments described below, and this is what happens: the gentle lather of this facial soap with its olive oil content works into your pores and gently, easily frees them of tiny, hard masses which otherwise become blackheads and pimples. It keeps the skin firm, stimulated, healthy with color. It leaves a satiny glow, an enviable smoothness of texture that typifies youth.

You, yourself, may be abusing a naturally beautiful complexion by the wrong cleansing methods. Just as a test, use these simple treatments beginning tonight, and watch the way your skin responds within a short time. There is no doubt that your own loveliness will surprise you.

At night:
Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently with an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin by patting it tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning:
Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That’s all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world’s least expensive beauty formula. It costs so little, millions use it for the bath as well. Colgate-Palmolive - Peer Co., Chicago, Ill.

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 Company.
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The Angel of Broadway Hits Hollywood
In Paris: **Lina Cavalieri**

celebrated beauty specialist

advises washing for beauty with this palm and olive oil soap

"In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend the soap blended of palm and olive oils. It leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Portrait, by Arguani, of Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful opera star, who now conducts a smart beauty shop in Paris. Mme. Cavalieri's own loneliness is proof of the wisdom of her beauty advice.

LINCAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Enshrined in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods both in Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

When dirt, dust, oil, powder and rouge get into the pores they are choked up. To these poisonous secretions Madame Cavalieri attributes blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, blemishes.

Palmolive lather, Madame Cavalieri feels, frees those hardening masses of dirt and make-up, leaves the complexion soft and glowing with healthful color.

This opinion has long been held by beauty specialists of prominence throughout the United States. They, too, recommend this famous twice-a-day treatment which Cavalieri suggests to her discriminating clientele:

With both hands make a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. For two minutes, massage this well into the skin. Then rinse, gradually cooling the water to icy temperature. For dry skin, a touch of cold cream. Oily skin is refreshed by an astringent lotion and day cream before make-up is applied.

Not only in America but in Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome—everywhere one finds the same approval and recommendation of this 2-minute beauty treatment. France has made Palmolive one of its two largest selling soaps...think of it, France, the beauty dictator of two hemispheres. And in forty-eight other countries, of all soaps it is the choice, just as it is here in the United States.

**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 Company.
The drama—suspense—tragedy and pathos—that make a murder case first page news the world over are re-created so perfectly by FOX MOVIETONE in Thru Different Eyes that you couldn’t get a greater thrill out of watching the trial progress if you were the accused man himself!

Hear every word of the evidence—the sympathetic plea of the defense attorney—the prosecutor’s relentless demand for a “life for a life”—the startling confession that solves the mystery! See three possible versions of the crime re-enacted before your eyes—be judge and jury, weighing the circumstantial evidence!

Who is the real murderer? Test your wits and judgment—HEAR and SEE Thru Different Eyes when it comes to your favorite local theater. It will thrill you as no drama of life ever has before.

FOX MOVIETONE
Vitaphone has brought you a thousand thrills—but the greatest of all is still to come! Imagine the excitement when you actually hear the voice of the greatest of all screen stars—when you meet the real COLLEEN MOORE for the very first time!

That’s the treat First National has in store for you in “SMILING IRISH EYES.” Romance from the land of romance. Comedy from the home of wit. Colleen not only talks all through it, but Sings four songs you’ll whistle for days and Dances like every body’s business!—Watch for the date!
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Faces That Only A Beauty Could Love
The Bridgerooms of the Gorgeous Never Posed For Color Ads

See Young America First

This Was Bette Davis' Motto When “Our Gang” Went Trekking

Movie Men Are So Crude
Not All, But Says Thelma Todd, Like Those She Knew When She Taught School

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, Western Editor
unless you remove cold cream this way...

1 Blackheads, acne, skin troubles are likely to begin, because you are rubbing cold cream further into the pores instead of rubbing it off.

2 High laundry bills and ruined towels will result. Cold cream—oils—shorten the life of a towel disastrously. The finer the towel the worse the damage.

HERE'S a new way to remove cold cream that absorbs the cream, rubs it off, and with it the dirt, oil, make-up that can ruin the finest skin if left in the pores. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made to do what harsh towels and grimy old cloths can't do. You use three sheets at a time, then discard them, hygienically, like paper. And they cost so little that high laundry bills and ruined towels are extravagant in comparison. You'd better try Kleenex today if you haven't already. Just see what a difference there is in your complexion, after even a week's trial.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues
Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name
Address
City

(Continued on page 8)

FIFTEEN DOLLAR LETTER
Let's See the Good Ones Again
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Have you ever pondered on the fate of most motion pictures? Following a year of exhibit, they disappear. Why?


Wouldn't it be interesting if Motion Pictures started a poll of favorites? At any rate, others whose memories and affections are as faithful as mine, will surely bust into print.

Many cities could, like New York, have theaters where good films are constantly being re-presented. Perhaps an occasional "Repertory Week" at the local theaters might solve the problem. Even a town with just one theater could have a "Repertory Week."

M. F.

TEN DOLLAR LETTER
Keep the Audience Quiet
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—After hearing "On Trial" a few nights ago, I feel that I must express my opinion on the talking movies. Yes, some people say the movies are progressing. Is noise what our American people call progress?

Pray tell me, what recreation does the tired brain get in a noisy show? Someone in the picture says something funny, Everyone in the show laughs and it is impossible to hear what is said next. On every side of one, people are commenting, and even though one strains the ears to the limit one cannot hear or understand what is being said. It certainly does not help the talking situation in movies. Thank God there is only one "talkie" in our town.

The silent drama is so much more beautiful. When the most of the speeches are left to the imagination, it has nothing to deprecate its beauty. No coarse voices or laughable attempts to scream.

The "talkie" is putting some of our most loved actors and actresses to a great disadvantage. It deprecates instead of adding to the value of the picture. We still have the noisy vaudeville. Why not, then, keep the beauty of the motion picture within the wonderful realms of silence? A. H. Kage.

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER
On Censors Again
HUGOTON, KANSAS.—Some of our censors seem to labor under the delusion that as long as an idea is old and somewhat worn, it is O. K. And that anything new must be harmful for some reason or other.

The reason for my reasoning thus? Well, I planned and hoped to see the motion picture version of "Compromise Marriage." I am an admirer of Judge Lindsay, and always interested in his writings. But now the picture is banned by the Kansas censors.

So what can be done? Luckily, I live only a few miles from the Colorado line, and only nine miles from Oklahoma, so I have one way to enjoy forbidden films—by slipping into one of these neighboring states (after dark, of course) and sin in security and safety.

Personally, I feel that some day this censorship privilege will either be abolished or else given to persons who can safely pass a sanity test every two or three months, and who can resist the overpowering urge to use their scissors on every three feet of film. Their formula seems to be to count three and then slash with the shears, no matter what is taking place. Am I right? It seems I am.

Ronald Dallas Regain.

Prizes for Best Letters
Each month MOTION PICTURE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
Amazing New Electric Range
Cooks As Fine as Any $150 Stove Yet Costs Only $44

NOW every housewife can enjoy all the advantages of the most expensive range at less than one-third the cost—as the result of a remarkable new electric broiler range developed by White Cross Craftsmen.

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1100 watts capacity in one burner. Patently pending on special switch control.

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Makes full-sized, delicious waffles without grease or syrup. Non-slipper in base.

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Contains a 4-cup copper percolator finished in nickel plating, 1 cup square coffee pot, 4 cups coffee filter, 1 cup sugar and creamer. All percolator parts are detachable. Includes 4 cup steel tray with polished nickel border and handles and steel-plated center. As illustrated, $14. 4-cup percolator alone, $7.50, and 6-cup, $8.50.

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Operates at 1100 watts—doubles the capacity of the old model on the market today. Quickly gives enough heat for heavy boiling and cooking. Left burner is 7 inches in diameter. Beautifully finished in white vitreous porcelain enamel. Sturdily built for a lifetime of service, yet priced at only $7.50. Range stove finished in white baked black enamel, nickel trimmed, $6.50.

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Let Variety Speak

AUGUSTA, MAINE.—I read the Motion Picture Magazine every month, and enjoy its contents immensely—I read an article which displeased me, however—It told of some of the ill-talks.

I have heard very few talking pictures, but enjoyed the few I did hear very much. Yet to me, they could never fill the vacancy of the movie actress and actor who find it impossible to succeed in talks.

The article I am referring to told of many actors and actresses who would have to end their famous careers on account of the Vitaphone. To me, it seems merciless and unjust for those marvelous performers who have entertained the public so long successfully, to be so disposed, all because of their speaking voices.

Variety is one of the many things an audience craves. People desire to see new and different stars as they go to the theater. Phew, why would not they desire to hear unusual and odd voices? One gets tired of the same voices every time. It gets very monotonous.

The pronouncement of many varieties of dialects would be a new novelty to the public after hearing smooth, even voices continually.

Who for instance, would want to hear Emil Jannings or Lon Chaney, in one of their unique and weird character sketchs, accent English voices, and deliver it in a professional manner? It would hardly suit their personalities.

“I am willing to bet that people will crave a variety of voices, just as they desire a variety of faces.”—P. H. Place, Macomber, and Whittemore.

Real Reel Voices

KANSAS CITY, MO.—It would seem, from the general trend of events during the past few months, that We the People are being gypsyed in a large way. Likewise it would seem that something ought to be done about it.

I rise to object to seeing Louise Brooks talk, at the same time hearing Margaret Livingston’s voice. If our favorite stars’ voices are not suitable for the talkies, for heaven’s sake let their pictures be silent!

The point is not that substituting a “talkie-able” picture for a non-talking one, but that the pictures are unnatural. On the contrary, half the people who saw “The Wolf of Wall Street” were surprised—and chagrined as well—to read later that Paul Lukas did not make the talkie part of his role.

The fact is, the poor Public has been fooled so long that it is beginning to have no illusions about anything. How can we know, when we see Jack Gilbert say, “I adore you!” that it is not William Haines we hear?

More power to the talkies—but let them give us the real thing!—Robin Myers.

An Awful Possibility

NOCONA, TEXAS.—Would you mind publishing this little game I made up of “What If”? It’s a game of movie stars. Please do this. I certainly will appreciate it if you will.

What if—Wallace was a bud instead of a Beery. Colleen had less instead of Moore. Doris was a mountain instead of a Hill. Mary was a pickford instead of a Pickford. Jill was a robin instead of a Dove. Molly was O’Nite instead of O’Day. Edmund was corn instead of a Cobb. Margaret was a woman instead of a Mann.

Bob was iron instead of Steele. William S. was a deer instead of a Hart. Kate was value the hill instead of a Bick. Irene was poor instead of Rich. Francis was a tree man instead of a Bushman. Gloria was a swan’s daughter instead of a Swanson.

Buster was a Liberty instead of Colliera. Virginia was a mountain instead of a Valli. George was a ruder instead of a Shaler. James was a bedroom instead of a Hall. Ronald was a warm man instead of Colman. Roberts’ arm was weak instead of Strong. Nate was a fuller instead of a Shuler. Jean was a poet instead of a Arthur. Martha was a bith instead of a Sleeper. George was a hydrant instead of a Faucett. Lupino was a path instead of a Lour. Marceline was twilight instead of Day. Josephine was a debt instead of a Dunn. P. S.—I am 10 yrs. old.

Helen Rice.

A New National Anthem

MANKATO, MINN.—After looking through your Motion Picture Book the song comes to my head which I think will soon be used as a national anthem. It’s called “Oh Where, Are the Women’s Clothes.”

How do they pick movie actresses now? By their faces or by the type of lingerie they wear. As far as I can see, the latter must be correct.

This reminds me of a joke I read the other day.

Beautiful: “I’m going to Paris to get my clothes.”

Handsome: “Oh! I’ve been wondering where they were.”

On looking through your book I saw a picture of a sweet thing that actually had on an “entire” dress. I was so surprised I cut it out and hung it in my room.

There are very few modern shows that a person can go to without seeing the heroine making a scene running around in teddies.

There are five reasons why I (like) prefer movie actors to actresses and all five of them are—because the public doesn’t see them running around in their B.V.D.’s except in some Back Street pictures.

If the future of the movies depends on the clothes a woman wears and the movies keep on improving I have only one wish—I hope I’m not living to see one in.

C. H. S.

Give the Children a Chance

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—I don’t believe we children ever got a “break” as yet. We can think what we like—we can say what we like—but who really cares? No one! Our thoughts are just expected to be foolish! But sometimes, I think the children know quite a lot, especially about movies—for aren’t the children real fans—aren’t they just as interested in the movies as the older folks? I, being a kid myself, can answer “yes!” For whenever we go when we’ve done our daily duties—or played our hardest—if it wasn’t for the movies? We take very much interest in the right way the stars and anything concerning the movies. And we know more than people expect us to. These aren’t the days when children were just expected to “run off.”

I think that the elders should take interest in the children’s views—for that’s how we’ll learn.

I am organizing a Jr. Fan Club where we can say and do what we like; and I am hoping that the elders will take interest in our likes and dislikes.

Violet Burke.
Another New Set

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Appleby, Dorothy—playing in Lien, Baby—Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Arlin, Richard—playing in Thunderbolt—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in The Woman from Hell—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in The Truthful Dr. Fu Manchu—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
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By MARION MARTONE

Colman, Ronald—playing in Bulldog Drummond—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Compton, Betty—recently completed The Time, the Place and the Girl—Warner Bros. Studios, $842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in Life—Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4150 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in Our Modern Maidens—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Dama, Lily—playing in The Bridge of San Luis Rey—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.**

Dane, Karl—playing in China Bound—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
D’Arcy, Roy—playing in The Woman From Hell—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in Maritania—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—recently completed Retired—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Day, Alice—playing in Dual—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.**

Denny, Reginald—playing in Let Me Explain—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Dix, Richard—playing in The Wheel of Life—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.**

Dove, Billie—playing in Career—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Duncan, Mary—playing in Our Daily Bread—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Eilers, Sally—playing in Broadway Babies—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.**

**Elvis, Dione—recently completed High Voltage—Di Palm Studios, Culver City, Cal.**

**Fairbanks, Douglas—recently completed The Iron Mask—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.**

**Fairbanks, Douglas Jr.—playing in Our Modern Maidens—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.**

**Farrell, Charles—playing in The Lucky Star—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.**

**Fataza, Louise—playing in The House of Horror—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.**

**Forsythe, Audrey—recently completed Alimony Avenue—Warner Bros. Studios, $842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.**

**Forbes, James—playing in Prisoners—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.**

**Gaynor, Janet—playing in The Lucky Star—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.**

**Garbo, Greta—recently completed Wild Orchids—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.**

**Gillette, William Jr.—playing in The Bachelor Girl—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.**

**Gray, Larry—playing in Trep’s Last Case—Fox Studios, 1402 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.**

**(Continued on page 12)**
DOLORES COSTELLO in "NOAH'S ARK"
with GEORGE O'BRIEN

The Sweetest Love Story ever told
THE EPIC DRAMA of the AGE

Here is romance that transports you into realms of blissful emotion. Drama with a world-sweep, colossal and sublime. Thrills that grip every fibre of your being! "Noah's Ark" is the outstanding achievement of the Screen, made vivid as reality itself through the marvelous Voice of Vitaphone. You'll agree that it gloriously surpasses all existing standards of modern screen entertainment. See and hear "Noah's Ark."

You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures
Griffith, Corinne—recently completed Picturees
—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Guillen, Dorothy—playing in "Paradise Spirit",
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Haines, William—playing in "The God—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Cal.
Hall, James—playing in "Smiling Irish Eyes—
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hamilton, Proctor—playing in "The Studio Muder
Mystery—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St.,
Hollywood, Cal.
Haver, Phyllis—playing in "Thunder—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Cal.
Hill, Doris—playing in "The Studio Muder
Mystery—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St.,
Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—playing in "Father and Son—Columbia
Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hyams, Lola—playing in "The Far Call—Fox Studios,
1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jannings, Emil—playing in "The Concert—Para-
mount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Joyce, Alice—recently completed "Squali—
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—playing in "Spire Marriage—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kennedy, Merna—playing in "Broadway—Uni-
versal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Kent, Barbara—recently completed "The Shake-
down—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in "Dark Streets—First
National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
King, Charles—playing in "Rewe of Renues—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lake, Arthur—recently completed "Campus Kisses—
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
La Place, Wanda—playing in "The One Woman Idea—
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Gwen—playing in "Rewe of Renues—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lewison, Leon—playing in "The Spirit—Uni-
versal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Livingston, Margaret—playing in "The Charlatan—
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Loft, Jean—playing in "The Complete Annalpas—
Path Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Logan, Jacqueline—playing in "The Bachelor Girl—
Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Holly-
wood, Cal.

Lombard, Carol—recently completed "High Vol-
age—Path Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—playing in "Rewe of Renues—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Louis, Edmund—playing in "The End of the World—
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in "The King of the Khyber
Ride—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Holly-
wood, Cal.
Luden, Jack—playing in "The Wild Party—Para-
mount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in "The Flying Marine—
Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Holly-
wood, Cal.

MacDonald, Farrell—playing in "Masked Emo-
tions—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Holly-
wood, Cal.
Mackall, Dorothy—playing in "Two Weeks Off—
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Maynard, Ken—playing in "The Wagon Master—
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in "The King of the Khyber
Ride—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Holly-
wood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in "The Prince Consent—
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Holly-
wood, Cal.
Mills, Tom—playing in "The Duke Ranch—RKO
Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Moore, Colleen—playing in "Smiling Irish Eyes—
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Morton, Lon—playing in "Dertside Folies—
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moore, Robert—playing in "The Far Call—Fox
Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in "Two Weeks Off—
National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Munis, Paul—playing in "The Valiant—Fox
Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Murray, James—recently completed "The Shake-
down—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in "Redemption—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Norton, Barbara—playing in "Complete Flapper—
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novaro, Ramon—playing in "The Pagans—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nogara, Eddie—playing in "Champion Mu-
Metropolitan-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in "Masked Emotions—
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Neill, Sally—recently completed "Broadway Fa-
Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Holly-
wood, Cal.

Page, Anita—playing in "The God—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Cal.
Philbin, Mary—recently completed "Post of De-
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Phipps, Sally—playing in "Joy Street—Fox
Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Phillips, Annette—playing in "The Khyber
Ride—Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—recently completed "In The Green
Murray Case—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Holly-
wood, Cal.

Quillan, Eddie—recently completed "Little, Baby
—Path Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ralston, Esther—playing in "The Wheel of Life—
First National Studios, 3451 Marathon St., Holly-
wood, Cal.
Revere, Dorothy—playing in "Father and Son—
Columbia Pictures Corp., 1405 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in "The Escalated Flagger—
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Charles—recently completed "Close
Harmony—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Holly-
wood, Cal.

Rollins, David—playing in "King of the Khyber
Ride—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Holly-
wood, Cal.

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in "A Bargain in the
Kremlin—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Seabright, Norma—playing in "The Last of Mr.
Cats—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in "The House of Hor-
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Sutton, Milton—playing in "Dark Streets—First
National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Taylor, Estelle—playing in "The Wonder of Women—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stuart, Nick—playing in "Chasing Through Europe—
1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—playing in "Queen Kelly—
United Artists Studios, 1401 No. Formosa Ave., Hol-
lywood, Cal.

Talmadge, Norma—playing in "The Pen Alley—
United Artists Studios, 1401 No. Formosa Ave., Holly-
wood, Cal.
Taylor, Estelle—recently completed "Where East
Is East—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tod, Thelma—playing in "The House of Horror—
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Tod, Virginia—playing in "Great Diggers—War-
er Bros. Studios, 5452 Sunset Blvd., Holly-
wood, Cal.
Torrence, Ernest—playing in "The Green Ghost—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Torres, Raquel—playing in "The Bridge of San Luis
Roy—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Troyon, Glenn—playing in "The Song Plinger—
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Valli, Virginia—recently completed "Street of Illu-
sion—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1406 Gower St., Holly-
wood, Cal.

Valli, Virginia—playing in "Rise of Women—
Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Holly-
wood, Cal.
Veela, Lupe—playing in "Where East Is East—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Veela, Lupe—playing in "Mirror, Mirror—De-
United Artists Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Holly-
wood, Cal.

Wall, Henry B.—playing in "Career—Columbia
Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Williamson, Eddie—recently completed "Mary Dages—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

White, Alice—playing in "Broadway Beat—First
National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Wilcox, LaVern—playing in "Object Alimony—Colum-
bia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Witlhall, Henry B.—playing in "Career—Columbia
Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Loretta—playing in "The Girl in the Case—
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
HAVE YOU SEEN?

"The Broadway Melody"...M-G-M's
great all-talking, all-singing, all-danc-
ing picture...the current sensation
of America. (A great picture in the
silent version too.)

"The Pagan"...in which Ramon
Novarro reveals a glorious singing
voice.

"Where East is East"...another Lon
Chaney thriller.

"The Voice of the City"...a great
dialogue picture (also silent) with and
by Willard Mack, the famous play-
wright and actor.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the Company that discovers and devel-
ops moving picture stars. Under its banner are the true leaders
in screen personality...Lon Chaney, John Gilbert, Greta
Garbo, Marion Davies, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, William
Haines and Buster Keaton. Now Joan Crawford...the girl of
the hour, vibrant with the spirit of youth, enters the roster of
"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven". You've seen Joan in
"Our Dancing Daughters". Her great new starring picture will
be "Our Modern Maidens", a sequel to that classic of up-to-date
jazz-romance. Write Joan and tell her how happy you are that
she's joined the Hall of Fame of Stardom.

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"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
The Stockingless Style
—the infallible test of a woman's daintiness

Imported along with other chic fashions from France, the stockingless style is sponsored by America's smartest younger set. But—it is a style you can only enjoy when you know that your legs are absolutely free of superfluous hair.

Before you go without stockings, or even before you put on your lovely, sheer, all-revealing hose, use Del-a-tone Cream.

Snowy-white, faintly fragrant, it will quickly and completely remove every trace of offending hair from your legs—leaving your skin soft and velvety smooth.

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Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Dela-Tone Co., (Established 1908), Department 76, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

PHILLYS HAVER
Paige film star, is one of the screen's most enthusiastic sponsors of the bare-leg vogue.

APPELLARELY, Lindbergh is not the only good-will agent the United States has these days. John Barrymore, while enjoying a honeymoon with Dolorse Costello aboard his yacht, the “Mariner,” stopped off at Quito, Ecuador, and made a speech in Spanish to one of the large theater crowds that turned out to meet the screen stars. And that isn’t all in the way of achievements, for both John and Dolores brought home valuable pictures and several live specimens for American zoos. Yes, sir, that particular honeymoon turned out a huge success and the Barrymores are planning to duplicate the trip in another year.

LAUGH, Clown, Laugh—only this time it will be a woman who pays and pays with mirth while her heart is breaking. Clara Bow is planning a new film, “La Pfallacci,” and for the first time a woman has donned the famous clown make-up, though it has not been done before is one of those impeneetrable mysteries of screenland.

EMILIANNINGS simply had to come to it. With sound just rip roaring throughout Hollywood he had to make a talking picture. “The Concert” is the title of the film that will introduce Emil to the talkies. Somewhat appropriately, too, for you may recall that “The Concert” was a play adapted from the German Wann’s in Ditrichstein who played in it when you and I were younger, Maggie?

WILLIAM COLLIER, JR., is finding himself in glory now that talking pictures dominate the field. To date he has appeared in nine of them. His latest role is in “The Bachelor Girl,” in which Jacqueline Logan is the not-so-modern girl whose ambitions carry her to a career instead of matrimony.

DON’T know what Florence Ziegfeld will do if they crowd many more foibles and whoopies and such like into the already hectic life of Hollywood. All the leggy young ladies will travel West to keep time to talking film extravaganzas if William Le Baron has his way. Already one of the numerous prod. Eaton sisters, Pearl, has been signed to take charge of the dance numbers of “Rio Rita.” Incidentally, she directed the dances for that choice antique, “The Black Crook,” which is helping to preserve Hoboken as the last seacoast of Bohemia.

THE busy days of the ocean liners are at hand. Corinne Griffith, Walter Morosco, Ramon Novarro, a Warner or two, Harry Carey and Edwinna Booth sailed recently for Europe. Gertrude Garbo has returned after a visit to her native Sweden looking as trimly aloof as ever. The Scandinavian charm returned to set at rest rumors that a mere Prince or homesickness was going to keep her from mak- ing American films.

THOSE who take their screen acting seriously will have reason to grieve if Phyllis Haver sticks to her resolution to stop all picture activities when she marries William Seennon, the food magnate. Phyllis reached the pinnacle of film fame recently after a climb upward from the bathing beauty days of Mack Sennett.

CONSTANCE BENNETT is planning to return home soon to take her place in the ranks of talking actresses.

She has been in Paris to obtain a divorce from Philip Plant.

WHAT’S a million or two among screen stars in these days when the janitor and the laundress have joined the two-car garage class? Marion Davies is reported at the head of the picture actresses with five millions to her credit. Just a bit below her are Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin. Down in the three million group are, so they say, Norma Talmadge, Ruth Roland, and Tom Mix, while two millions find Colleen Moore, and Bebe Daniels present. The single million set is crowded. Among those who are said to possess a mere million are John Gilbert, Lon Chaney, Tom Meighan, and Menjou.

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New Personal Belt

Dainty—Secure—Adjustable—in Colors

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid 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, tight-fitting, wide elastic waistline sanitary belt.

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So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse for emergencies.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A splendid women's bridge club prize—a charming and acceptable "little gift." Price, $1.00, three for $2.00. Write today.

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Please send me ...... BELTX personal belts for which I enclose $...... It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. ($1.00 for one, 3 for $2.00).

Check colors desired  □ Orchid  □ Peach  □ Flesh

Name

Address
Hollywood Night and Day . . . By WALTER RAMSEY

Scenes as seen: Maurice Chevalier singing naughty songs in French for his first talkie. The Parisians will love it and the censors won't understand it—so everything will be Osher Kosher.

Johnny Hines presenting a stunning chorus of onions to the box office at the Roosevelt China. Operator Z—No. 6 claims he caught Joe Brown standing in a sheltered doorway near Hollywood High School. Probably had his mouth open and ready to ooze out and scare the kiddies.

Let's all go wading in the moonlight! Where? Why, through Gilbert Roland's boyish bob, of course. Or Buddy's sideboards.

On a rainy day Hollywood Boulevard looks like a huge pansy bed with its variety of bright and noisy rain coats.

Did you hear about the large amount of dough that Clara Bow invested in her own future?

Jack Gilbert in his green roadster. He always uses the green one with his brown ensemble.

Mary Duncan with her hair combed severely off her forehead. That takes courage.

Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland standing in line to see a picture financed by Joseph Schenck.

Eddie Lowe listening to a recitation on The Family Budget—and liking it. Wonder if he took notes?

Alice White wearing a gold spangled coat—and very little else. Pretty blonde who has just jilted her Mid-Western husband, smiling as she stepped into her car in front of the Montmartre. Wonder if her husband's sense of humor is equally good?*

Extra boys talking with an English accent. The talkies brought that on.

Ray Griffith registering his whisper on the mike and it sounds like a yell. "And the beat of the lamb shall be as the roar of a lion" on the recording machine.

New York is being repaid for shipping all her immigrants out here. We've dispatched Clara and Lape both at once. Cin and bear it, Broadway.

It has been said that no one will ever write the real novel of Hollywood until he knows the psychology of Hollywood. The only hitch being that there are about fifty-seven varieties. There's a different frame of mind for every station in the burg.

The world believes that "Eat, drink and make Mary" is the real philosophy of Hollywood. Well, it is—of a certain circle that travels from house to house looking for a Scotch highball—or even gin will do. "Whoopee!" they cry as the circle gets circles under its eyes. Many times they faw down and go flop and all the soft-focus photography in the world can't remove that balloon-tired expression. "For tomorrow we die on the Vitaphone."

Then there's the crowd that parades under the banner: "Me first. And what about the other fellow." The egoist—honest in his self-absorption. His name is legion, or Chaplin, or Gilbert.

Yououca Troubotazkoy, a young Russian of royal birth, gave me the back-bedroom-extras' slant on Hollywood. "Hollywood is a huge back-cabinet for the other fellow. The cat is an odd cat—it brings the mouse a very small piece of cheese once or twice a week in the form of a five dollar check. We have often wondered why the cat hasn't allowed us to starve. But after a while we learn to under-

stand why she doesn't—the cat's pleasure is torture and if he were to let us starve—Well, you understand, the cat's pleasure is torture."

And, of course, there's the yes-man's angle to contend with at all times. His philosophy is so old it is pungent. In fact, it is just the greatest nonsense. ThePressed Club, warned over. "The customer is always right." In place of customer may be substituted such terms as director, producer, casting agent or what-not. In most cases the dictum is wasted on what-nots, masquerading as any of the above mentioned terms. Yes, sir!

After years and years in the movies the Reverend Noel Dodd is checking out. Almost since Hollywood began using the clergy in pictures, the Reverend Dodd has received and answered the call. He is being fired not because he isn't efficient, but because he is too darned efficient. You see, he's a real minister of the gospel. As long as the screen retained its dignity of silence, he was able to fake the marriage ceremony, but the talkies have put the Reverend in his place. Or is it, his pulpit? If he were used in the talkies, he would have to use the real services, and being an ordained minister the poor actors would find themselves actually married. And in most cases Hollywood would rather cast its own life partner or partners.

A choice tid-bit by my Boulevard operator to the effect that a certain pretty little actress who dabbles around in matrimony between pictures, has been caught over-dabbling. She is being sued by a stationery company for the price of the marriage announcements she sent out on a former, and now well-iced, venture. Too bad it had to happen on the eve of her newest and latest enterprise. She should arrange to get a wholesale discount on her matrimonial announcements.

Things that are none of my business: But anyway—I wonder why a certain flapper-baby with an ermine coat doesn't dust off the back of her neck where the fur hits it.

And then again—across the new Hollywood "Brown Derby" menu some valiant brother wrote: "We don't want to discourage you, but this is not what they're dueing in other places."

They are wearing flamingo fingers nails now. Not so neat but awfully gaudy.

And so the rich Lita Chaplin denies her engagement to Lord D'Arco after all?

And shouldn't Jack Gilbert be made to use the word "colossal" more often?

Do you suppose the teacher neglected the old-time cardinals? Down in Riverside at the Mission Inn several of the wax figures still have their two fingers raised in mute appeal.

Believe it or not, but Herb Cruikshank says "There's no drama in virginity."

That's all for today that's fit to print.

DeVry CAMERAS and PROJECTORS are better!

"MOVIE" or "STILL"

consider these Remarkable Camera Values

At last—here's a new note in the camera business.

For $39.50, you can own the new DeVry 16mm home movie camera. Simple operation—no focusing. Professional quality pictures at once—and a footage dial showing always how much film has been exposed. Uses Eastman or other standard 16mm film.

Then the DeVry 16mm Projector, to go with the home camera—priced at $37.50 and $55.00. Small—light—simple. Shows your own films and subjects rented from film libraries. Complete with 100-watt Prefocused Projector Lamp, carrying case and 2-400 ft. reels.

And here is a "Still" Kamra using 35mm movie film—gives forty pictures to a loading. So sharp—so clean—so clear that they can be enlarged to eight by ten inches without loss of detail. The DeVry Kamra is always ready—no focusing or adjustments. Unbreakable Bakelite case—can be carried in your pocket and sells at $22.50. See it!

To show film roll taken with the DeVry Kamra, the DeVry "Still" Projector sells at $15.00. Projects bright, clear detail, any size up to ten by fourteen feet.

Also DeVry movies for churches, schools, business, etc., and the new Cine-Tone model (Home Talkies)

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New York  CHICAGO  San Francisco
LOVELIEST DEBUTANTE in Washington last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan was a society event.

Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful, with wide set amber eyes, soft knotted amber hair and ivory skin kept satins smooth by simple care given faithfully each day.

"Ever since I was a girl at school in Paris," says Mrs. Ryan, "I've been devoted to Pond's Two Creams.

"Now Pond's two new products delight me—the snow-white Tissues and the Freshener. All four are wonderful to keep your skin its loveliest!"

This is Pond's famous Method:

First—for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure.

Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, remove cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin, to close pores, banish oiliness.

Last—smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.
A Baby Star whose ability is recognized and rewarded by full-fledged ones, is Mona Rico. After her appearance with Norma Talmadge in "The Woman Disputed" she was chosen to play in John Barrymore's cast for "Eternal Love"
There's been a hint of romance in connection with Lewis Stone recently. So maybe he's not quite so impervious as his name sounds. But you can't tell. For he is mysterious as the central character in his newest picture, "Madame X"
It seems implausible, on the face of it. But out on the Coast, the studios are making "Broadway Babies." Which proves the movies are still an infant industry. And a discerning one, for they've chosen Alice White to portray the head baby.
Walter Byron's path to success has indeed been a royal road. For after one appearance on the American screen he has been chosen to appear as the consort of "Queen Kelly," in which Gloria Swanson is soon to present herself as the star.
In the film play she's acting in now, Mary Brian is leading woman to Richard Arlen. He's a prize-fighter in this one, "The Man I Love." So you can understand that outside as well as inside the ring, Dick lands a knockout.
What with the talkies and a charm of appearance and of voice, and a name like hers, it's only natural that Helen Twelvetrees should forsake the stage and branch out for herself on the screen. Her present engagement is in "Blue Skies"
It's going to test Ben Lyon's acting ability, his next picture. For he is to portray the name character in "The Quitter." Which isn't like Ben, especially as he is here, maintaining quite plainly, as well as proudly, a stiff upper lip
Bright with the frozen fire of fine selected diamonds... set in solid 14 karat gold... three new ELGINS whose cases are Callot-designed. Callot Soeurs! One of the greatest style names of Paris, one of its most exclusive houses. Under the tinted, tented ceiling of its Oriental salon, costumes are designed for the world's beautiful and celebrated women. Gorgeous costumes... and now gorgeous watches. Exquisite jewelry... but more than that. Accurate, unfailing, time-true. Paris on the face of it, but each a true American watch at heart. Made with the same skill that has placed ELGIN watches in railroad service on every line, ELGIN watches and instruments on every flying field. Besides these Callot models there are other Parisiennes both plain and enamel at $35, designed by all the important Paris couturieres. And other diamond watches ascending to the glory of 20 diamonds at $250. Ask any ELGIN jeweler. (ELGIN watches are American made. © ELGIN, 1929. All prices slightly higher in Canada.)
MERGERS are in season in Hollywood just now.

This applies to more than the recent assimilation by the Fox Company of the Loew organizations, including Metro studios and branches distributing their pictures. There is talk of further amalgamation of large producing plants. So that it is not beyond probability that soon there may be only one or two or, at the most, three motion picture companies in the field. Principal companies, that is; there will always be a number of smaller and independent units which, because their influence in relation to the big ones is inconceivable, will continue to be permitted to live.

But the merger fever has gone beyond that of just financial alliance. The two theatrical centers of the country, Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard, have now joined forces to an amazing extent.

On the Coast today you see more prominent stage playwrights, famous song-writers, musical comedy chorus directors, in addition to actresses and actors from the legitimate theater, than ever before.

A New 45th Street

SUCH renowned dramatists as George Middleton and George Abbott are out there; such makers of melodies as Gus Edwards and B. G. De Sylva. There you will find, too, at work in the sound studios, Sammy Lee, who has staged so many of Ziegfeld's dancing numbers. And there are performers beyond number. The translation of the song-writers has come to be so complete that one passageway in one of the larger studios is now known as Forty-Fifth Street. And it sounds that way.

In addition, too, to the personalities that have been transferred from Broadway to Hollywood, there has come also a transference of method. In particular, a beginning of professional training in acting preliminary to appearance before the camera, the auditory camera. Frank Reicher, for a score of years one of the versatile and finished artists of the stage, has undertaken at a Hollywood picture plant to teach promising youngsters, both girls and men, to speak as well as to express themselves in pantomime. He has organized a stock company for this purpose, assigning to its members such exacting roles as those to be found in Shakespeare, or in certain modern pieces of note as "Liliom."

The Method Will Matter

To the fan the money mergers will make little difference. It really does not matter much to the moviegoer who owns the machinery that makes the pictures. A certain number have to be put out and to do this a certain number of studios must operate. The identity of the controller of these enterprises, so long as he is as competent as those now in authority, is of little importance to the public.

The transference of method, however, and induction into the ranks of new performers and craftsmen should make a great difference, and for the better. Certainly it cannot but benefit the final performance of any player to have been coached in how to stand and walk and sit and talk by so gifted a man as Reicher. Certainly the scenario departments of the companies must benefit by the presence in their midst of such writers of plays as Middleton and Abbott. And in the line of music, meaning music suitable to the screen, Edwards and De Sylva will contribute much. The addition of actors already trained on the stage, provided their voices register properly, constitutes, too, an enrichment of artistic value that is obvious.

So far the only medium of expression that has not been drafted into service in Hollywood is the opera. But the development of sound is young yet. And sooner perhaps than he may imagine, Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan, may find himself facing the necessity of engaging several secretaries to handle his movie fan-mail.
"I t is high time," said the Angel with quite a tempe-
some flash of the eyes, "that something was done
about it."

"It" was the morals of Hollywood, and Miss Rheba
Crawford—known to Times Square as The Angel of
Broadway—has come out to do something about them.
What the something is, she is planning as matter-of-factly
as though she were selling a new brand of soap instead of
the old-fashioned kind of salvation.

She is not one who prays that God will help her, and lets
it go at that. Rheba Crawford is willing to fight the devil
with his own weapons. If prayers are not answered quickly
enough for her darting purpose, she will use publicity, pull,
politics or what have you. If sermons don’t do the work, she
will make people good with injunctions and search warrants.

"I have come out here because of the girls," she said.
"There are four or five thousand of them here in Hollywood
who need me. Not that Hollywood is wickeder than any other
town. A girl who will go wrong to get a part in a picture would
do the same thing anywhere else for a new dress or a string of
beads. Still, it is true that youth is so cheap in Hollywood that
nobody cares about it. There are safe and inexpensive
places for movie-struck girls to live, no places for them to
gather for a wholesome good time, no older women to advise
them and tell their troubles to."

FROM CHORINES TO COHAN

RHEBA CRAWFORD has come to Hollywood from
Broadway, where night after night she used to talk from a
soap box to theater-going crowds, of God and Heaven, and sin
and repentance. She knew them all—Follies girls, producers,
chorines, stars, and George M. Cohan. Members of the
Lambs’ Club stopped to listen to her on their way to their
dressing-rooms. show girls paused, make-up kit in hand and
runs in their ten-dollars-a-pair stockings, to tell her that the
landlady, th’ of she-devil, was putting them out on
the sidewalk. Maritée idols shouted, "Hullo,
Angel." In Times Square, where God is an
epithet rather than a deity, she ran the salva-
tion racket.

And now she is preaching from a soap box
on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard.

"There were so many people passing," she
explains crisply, "it seemed a pity to waste
such crowds. And they are so many of
them girls, and pretty girls. That’s why I
came. Where there are young and pretty
women and men with a great deal of
money there is bound to be trouble."

The Angel is small, pale and pretty in
spite of herself. Her coat was distinctly
dowdy; and she talked of height-limit homes for extra
girls and million-dollar cathedrals which could be used for
theaters during the week, with the superb nonchalance of
a woman to whom money has never meant anything
personal. She seems to regard saving souls as a busi-
ness, like being a broker or a real estate operator. One
feels that she might keep a file and list the souls under such
headings as SAVED, UNSAVED and NOT WORTH
SAVING.

On Broadway, she says, her work was mostly with
chorus girls; here it will be with the extras. There have
Racketeer

Swoops Down

Hollywood

been too many suicides in Hollywood, too many girls listed as missing who have drifted down below the Mexican border, ashamed to go home and admit that they were not going to be movie stars.

"Hollywood," says Rheba Crawford, "is a gamblers' town. Young people come out here from every crossroads and country town prepared to stake whatever they have—youth, beauty, virtue—on the chance of fame. But they don't know that the dice are loaded against them. There is one thing I propose to do. I propose to send them back home by the hundreds. If they won't go, I shall see that their families know the real conditions out here, the hopelessness of success, the dangers they risk by letting their daughters stay. If that doesn't work, and the girls are under age, I shall ask the law to step in and help me.

"For the ones who stay—and I shall not interfere unless it is necessary with their one-chance-in-ten-thousand of success—I am going to build a hotel. I would call it a home, except that that reeks of charity and my hotel will have nothing of the charitable institution about it. I shall build a height-limit building on a central corner in Hollywood. Half of it will be rooms where girls can live for seven dollars a week, including good meals. Oh, it can be done! Above the girls' quarters will be several floors of the most luxurious apartments in town. I shall run the hotel with the rents from them. There will be an employment bureau to get other kinds of work for girls who don't find a place in pictures. And if there are no other jobs, I'll make jobs. My church, which will be built beside the hotel, will be a theater in the week-days where the girls can show their talents to producers and directors.

The Money Will Come

"The money for my building? Oh, that will take care of itself. It is being raised now. I expect that picture people will help me. Why not? The thousands of young people who come out here to get into the movies are their responsibility, in a way. The terrible things that have happened from time to time out here hurt the whole industry. It is good business to look after the extra girls. After all, it will take only two or three million to build my cathedral and hotel."

It is only movie producers who mention millions as nonchalantly as the Angel of Broadway—and points West.

But her plans go further than the ounce of prevention. She is out to reform the Wickedest City in the World. I think that Rheba Crawford is something of a scrapper. She knows her human nature, and instead of bewailing its weaknesses or ranting over its wickedness she takes it into consideration and makes her plans accordingly. She will use Hollywood's own weapons in fighting Hollywood's evils. For instance, publicity. "I have always had the press for a friend," she says quietly. "Publicity can make careers and unmake them. When pleas and prayers are useless, sometimes one can frighten people into decency. It is not that movie people are any worse than any other people. But where there is so much money, where there are such tremendous stakes, all the ugly passions are let loose: greed, envy, hate. Hollywood is a gamblers' town, I tell you. But I believe that decency is good business, and indecency is bad business. Hollywood picture producers are business men. They will all help me, I know."

Unlike our own Aimee, Rheba Crawford believes that the movies perform a great social service for the world. She herself, since her arrival, has made two talkie newsreels of her sermons for Fox and Pathé, and her voice is one of the best women's voices—they tell me—that has ever been heard on the microphone.

"I have had several screen contracts offered me," she says quite as though movie contracts were just a natural part of the day. (Continued on page 111)
It is Nils Asther's conviction that inspiration for his work is not so much to be got from a constant mingling with other people as from a communion with himself. He has thus taken especial pains to fit out his home so that it shall have an attraction strong enough to keep him within it most of the time.
What A Picture They Must Be Making,
Those Stars Who Have Passed!

SOFT, gentle fingers of another
Springtime are caressing Hol-
lywood. Warm new-green coverlets are drawn pro-
tectingly over the silent forms of her sleeping sons.
Those who have slipped into the long slumber since last
May’s madrigals were sung. Short months ago their pulses
quickened at the first robin’s
song. The midnight trilling of
the mocking-bird. Now tear-
dewed blossoms murmur unheard
lullabies. Tall palms sway in
eternal sorrow. While sighing
winds recite the
dimming of
these stars.

WHY, it was yesterday that
their brilliant light reflected love
and laughter in the heart of all
humanity! They brought a clam-
orous train of romance in shir-
mmering silks. The pomp and
panoply of armored chivalry.
The thrilling clash of adventur-
ous steel. The jester’s motley.
For our delight they resurrected
every age. Now they are one
with all the ages. Their hour is
passed. Now they are memories.

But those world-weary legions
whose burdens they lightened
with the magic of their make-
believe will not permit their pass-
ing. Those who live in loved
memories are indeed immortal.

THEY LIVE, ALL OF THEM

Who can forget Theodore Roberts? And that cigar of
his. The hours of pleasure he has lavished on the world
would make a stairway of happi-
ness high into heaven. What a
very gallant gentleman! He is
eternal. And the stately dignity
of Frank Currier. The twinkling
eyes that belied his pompous
mien. Ted McNamara’s robust
humor still echoes down the
musty halls of time. The chilling,
thrilling villainies of George Seig-
mann. Dashing, fearless Fred
Thomson, galloping to the rescue
of countless damsels. A modern
Galadad. The wide-smiling coun-
tenance of Hughie Mack. All the
world loves—a fat man!

(Continued on page 113)
The Spanish Armada may have failed in its quest of conquest. But not the Armida. She is a young dancer brought to the fore recently in color-tone revues by Gus Edwards. And indications are that she will take the West Coast and then the entire country by storm.
$1000 and One Day to Live
What Certain Celebrities Would Do If They Had Just That
By WALTER RAMSEY

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER once said. “Tell me for what purpose a man wants money and I will tell you the measure of that man’s character.”

O. O. McIntyre has said. “Tell me what a man would do on his last day of life and I can tell you what his past has been—and something of his future.”

Put that all together, it spells an interesting question. One to intrigue the imagination, to set one wondering about one’s friends, or one’s enemies, or even one’s favorite movie stars.

What would they do if they had one thousand dollars and only one day to live?

Buy a Rolls-Royce?

Insure themselves for a huge sum?

Go to church and pray?

Raise whoopee?

Suppose some unforeseen fate should sneak up behind one of Hollywood’s darlings and shake her cute little shoulders and whisper, “Listen, sister—here’s a cool grand—you may spend it anyway you see fit—but you have only twenty-four hours to live. Go to it, for tomorrow you die.”

What would she do? Would she do as you would do? I wondered. I questioned. I found.

Even the thought of approaching death couldn’t keep a laugh out of Eddie Nugent’s observation. He has laughed himself through life so far, and his answer shows that he wants to continue to laugh as long as there’s a laugh in him.

THE BEARDED BENEFACCTOR

 Fist I would count the money to make sure it was

among those questioned: beginning at the top, Helen Twelvetrees, Ernest Torrence; below him, from left to right, Lionel Barrymore, Clara Bow, William Haines; in the next lower row, Lupe Velez, Joan Crawford, Edmund Lowe, Richard Arlen; below Miss Velez, Emil Jannings; to the left of him, Buster Keaton; in the group below this, from left to right, Edward Nugent, Olga Baclanova, Nils Asther; and at the bottom, Evelyn Brent

all there. No, I am not Scotch. Then I would take ten dollars to buy myself a beard and find some worthy person to whom I might present the remaining nine-ninety. With my beard firmly in place I would walk up to this selected person and give him the money—proving that there is a Santy Claus. This might even restore the faith of the tiny children.”

Surprisingly enough, Clara Bow didn’t get the laugh out of the thought you might expect. She went a long way toward proving that flappers have souls—even movie flappers, red-headed variety.

“I would buy enough gasoline to drive down to my shack at the beach. I doubt if I would have any use for the rest of the money. I would like to spend the last day alone on the beach, in the roaring surf or in the warm sand around my little cottage. I would hope for a glorious sunset and I would watch the slowly dying day with keen eyes. I would try not to think with regrets on any incident in my life, or the life of any person close to me. I am sure I would not be afraid—if I were left alone.”

It was hard to ask Dick Arlen what he would do if he had but one day to live because if he ever had the occasion to put his answer into practice Hollywood would not only lose a good actor, but I

(Continued on page 88)
Before They Were

By DOROTHY DONNELL

In other social circles it might seem a bit thick, as we English say, to walk up to a perfect stranger and ask, “How much income tax do you pay?” “Do you intend to divorce your wife?” or “Please tell me your love life.” In those other social circles the answer might be a poke in the eye.

In Hollywood, however—which has more triangles than circles, it is quite de rigueur, as we French put it, to ask anybody anything. Hence such heavyweight queries as, “Who were you in your last life?” or “Didn’t I meet you in a former incarnation?” are just pie for the screen star, as you Americans so quaintly have it.

I have often wondered what the movie players think of us who break in on their work, their rest, their honeymoons and operating-tables with questions which their best friends would not dare to ask them. Poor celebrities! They cannot even keep to themselves their own heavens and hells. They must turn from their dressing-tables with their make-up half on to discuss their souls with strangers, at any hour of the day. Try talking about your soul at a quarter past nine of a rainy spring morning if you think it is so easy.

It was Eve Southern who brought up the subject of reincarnation when I was talking to her on the set of “The Miracle Woman.” Eve is Hollywood’s mystic. Her great eyes seem to see beyond the clutter of Kleigs, the scaffolding and confusion of the studio; her long white hands move in epic gestures. The dress she wore, rough and robe-like, seemed to set her apart from the rest of us and make her strange things she said seem as natural and true as gossip.

Flash-back Fancies

I had spoken carelessly of the sensation, known to all of us, of finding a situation unexpectedly familiar and natural as though we had experienced it before.

“Of course,” nodded Eve, “we have experienced it before—in some other existence. Only most people can’t remember back. Sometimes I think that they are fortunate; it is rather terrifying to remember the other lives one has lived, the loves we loved a thousand years ago, the old sins we committed for which we are paying now.”

Earnestness creates its own atmosphere. The blood of my New England ancestors who believed in witchcraft tingled in my veins.

“The life that I remember best,” said Eve, brooding on the vast shadows of the studio stage, “is when I was a queen. A queen who was cruel to her people. I have seen the great rooms where she lived, and the houses whither she fled from their anger. I have seen wide stretches of countryside and hills that her eyes saw. But it was not until I read the life of Mary, Queen of Scots—whom my ancestor, Charles Brandon, married—that I recognized these places. I knew every scene described in the history.”

I seem to see a page from a school history with a picture of a sad-faced woman in black, a fugitive queen in a gown not unlike Eve Southern’s, a face not unlike the face before me.

“I am paying in this life for the cruelty and pride of that queen,” Eve says broodingly. “My struggle to succeed in this work has been payment in kind. There have been glimpses of other lives, but none of them so clear. In one I seem to have been a priestess. It was in an ancient city, and there were flights of steps to the temple and crowds watching the rites of sacrifice.”
Born, Who Were They?

Eve Southern Was Mary, Queen of Scots; And George O'Brien Was Six Other People

GEORGE WAS SIX PEOPLE

George O'Brien can remember six former lives. In the earliest one he was a galley slave, chained to his oars. The sight of the sea or the sound of waves brings back to him today the sensation of the dark, fetid hold of the ship, and the ceaseless straining at the oars.

"When I went to Europe first," says Mary Nolan, "I adored every country I visited — until I went to Paris. When the train stopped in the Gare St. Lazare, I felt the most unaccountable sensation of horror and despair. The sun was shining, the flower stands were bright with blossoms, and everybody was drinking at the sidewalk cafes in the gayest manner possible. But I had myself taken to my hotel and saw myself in the mirror pale and trembling. I stayed in my room all the time I was in Paris, crying heartbrokenly at intervals, though I hadn't the least cause. Could that be because in some former life I had suffered in Paris?"

Mary Brian is shy about her beliefs, which — one feels sure — are nice, plump, dimpled little beliefs. "But I've sometimes had the feeling when I meet strangers that I know them," she offers. "Maybe everybody feels that. And again, when I meet some people, I know even before they speak that I don't like them. I've sometimes wondered if that wasn't because we've

(Continued on page 100)
“CLIMB Up On My Knee—Sonny Boy—”

“What’s the matter with the knees of your trousers?” we asked Jerry Hoffman of the “News” the other day.

“Oh,” replied Jerry. “I’ve been interviewing Davey Lee and they’re all worn out.”

**Sober Satisfaction**

Jerry also contributes this one: Al Jolson is said to have a group of hired retainers paid to follow him about and be audience. Whenever he cracks a joke, this group laughs heartily. The other day, however, when he pulled a fast one, he was pained to see that one of his laugh-men, amid the side-splitting mirth, had a face of funereal gloom. “What’s the matter that you’re so hard to please today?” asked Al, affronted. The somber one spoke with an accent of triumph. “I’m quitting Saturday.”

There’ll be no need of a voice double for Irene Bordoni—at the left—the musical play star lately ensnared by the talkies. In her first sound picture she will sing in English, French, Italian and German.

Would Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. spare the Rod if he found young Mr. LaRocque enacting this scene with Joan Crawford? We suggest Rod’s hastening to explain that it’s only a scene for “Our Modern Maidens”

It’s only fair, inasmuch as fans have for some time looked simply goggle-eyed at Jeanette Loff’s beauty, that she—at the right—should return the compliment and gaze likewise at them.

**Gossip of the**

**In and Out**

**Blackman & Shuter**

**Manatt**

**Thomas**
Stars and Studios

Frying to Please

JETTA GOUDAL went to a Hollywood party lately, and a fellow guest tells this story. It was an extremely formal party, but Jetta was still more formal. She sat in splendid aloofness apart from the rest. The host approached her with a tray of cocktails. "Sank you," said Jetta haughtily, "but I nevair take cocktails." He returned bearing cigarettes. "I do not smoke, sank you," said Jetta. Anxiously he proffered a box of bonbons and glacé fruit. "I do not like candy," said Jetta. "Well," said the harassed host in a burst of hospitality. "Can't I fry you an egg then?"

Nuptials Are Noisier

RUTH ROLAND'S wedding was typical of Hollywood, crowds outside waiting to see the famous guests—like an opening. Kleig lights, and a spotlight to follow the bride. Two orchestras playing popular music. And when the bridal

Farmers will not be likely to thank Miss Collyer—on the right—for persisting in appearing as charming as she does. For with every such picture of her there is necessarily a tremendous increase in the number of June bugs in the country

Pail and interesting is Doris Dawson—above. She is obviously the kind of girl who, when she's thirsty, can't let well enough alone; and the kind, too, unlikely to fly off the handle

A lot of people have asked Baclanova—at the left—who thought of her dog's name, Happy. An entirely useless question. The pup thought it up himself, of course. It is the one inevitably apt monicker
party swept down the aisle after the ceremony, the spectators clapped heartily. Though I must correct one rumor that seems to have got out. The orchestra did not burst into "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" when the bridegroom stepped up to the altar to meet the bride, as the Hollywood wise-crackers claimed. Billie Dove, as the maid of honor, might seem an anachronism outside of Hollywood, but then nearly all of the bridesmaids were married women or divorcées.

Seeking Dispensation

Of course, the wedding veil is only worn by a bride at her first marriage—though they do say that a recent Hollywood bride, several times wedded, applied to Will Hays for permission to wear one.

Their First Brush

They say that the famous authors who come out to Hollywood to write for the movies are greeted in this wise by the train porters as they brush them off preparatory to descending from the train. "Well, good-bye, sah. See you again in ten weeks."

As They Do Leaky Movies

Herbert Brenon, the director, has a yacht which showed signs of leaking at the end of last summer's season. "I tell you what to do," advised a friend. "You have them caulk up the seams with hokum."

A Long Run Ends

"The Bible was a success for five thousand years," said a spectator leaving the midnight performance of Noah's Ark, "and then along came Warner Brothers and made a flop of it."

Now that speech has come to the screen, Joseph Schildkraut—at the left—should feel in the midst of its activities quite as his costume here would indicate, very much at home.
THE name of the villain in "The Broadway Melody" is Jack Warner. They say that Jack Warner is so incensed about it that the name of the man who does the dirty work in his next feature is going to be Irving Smallberg, so that Thalberg can see how he likes it.

The Vitaphoney Excuse

"I'M SORRY, but I can't make a speech. My Vita-phone contract forbids me." The latest alibi of the movie player called on for a few remarks after a dinner.

Heavy Humor

"I SEE Paul Whiteman is in Hollywood," said Billie Haines. "No, he's still in New York." "Well," said Billie, "I must have been mistaken then. It was probably two other men I saw."

Shaccidental

IT wouldn't be sportsmanlike to tell you the names of these two movie actors, but the story is true. One of them is still in the Hollywood Hospital as a result. They were driving home from a very wet night at a friend's house and approached the railroad tracks at Beverly Hills. "Shtop," said one. "Berrr be on the shafe shide. I'll get out and look both ways to make sure there's no train coming." He alighted laboriously and made his way to the tracks, where he made an elaborate survey of the tracks. "All ri', c'mon," he shouted. "All shafe."

His friend started the car and ran over him, breaking a leg.

(Continued on page 101)
The Boy Wonders

By
DOROTHY MANNERS

W I T H Hollywood completely laid out with the screaming me-me's and Warner Brothers Blues, mes petits, it is nothing short of balm to the tortured contracts that Irving Thalberg, boy wonder of M.G.M., looks on the threatened invasion of Broadway into the studios as a mere flush of fever following the panic.

What with Paramount freeing Emil Jannings and Bebe Daniels with abandon to be about the business of talkies; with the New York studios ablaze, with activity by the light of stage stars, with all the foreign players in a precarious position unless they learn English, and dam' pronto, as we say in Tia Juana, it is good to hear Mr. Thalberg counting his chicks and answering, "Present," with new contracts for most of them.

Let the talkies come or go, Greta Garbo stays on, accent and all.

Lon Chaney may not even bother to experiment with a talkie and Mr. Thalberg figures they won't lose a dime on his silent pantomime.

In other words, if the Thalbergers can talk, O.K. But if not—ditto.

That's the way the boy wonder feels about it. No wonder they call him that. In view of his stand amidst the toppling thrones, the title is almost a limitation. Metro-Goldwyn-Wonder, Movie Marvel or All-American-Executive would be rather more to the point.

HE SAW JACK IN JACK

EVER since Uncle Carl Laemmle discovered Irving in his ante-room and made him child-prodigy executive of Universal City, he has been radical and yet astute in his screen discernments. Following his affiliation with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer a few years ago, there are a lot of people to tell you that he is largely responsible for the fine quality output of that organization. It was Thalberg who believed "The Holy Three" was a great picture story after it had been laughed out of more offices than the executives would care to admit.

It was Thalberg who saw in John Gilbert a great star and gave him the backing of his organization.

It was Thalberg in the modest guise of power-behind-the-throne of "The Big Parade."

Just at present it is Thalberg who thinks it is so much boloney (not his own expression), this casting out of tried and true favorites to make way for the little strangers from Broadway who have been howling around our gates ever since Warner Brothers turned loose the Vitaphone.

For such a profound young man, to carry so much weight in the affairs of the cinema great, he is remarkably handsome. I hope it isn't a faux pas to speak of the appearance of an executive. It's such a novelty. If he weren't so busy computing cost sheets and box-office returns, he might easily double for Ramon Novarro in any one of his starring pictures. But aside from his juvenile, and highly pleasing, appearance, he has all the ear-marks of the swivel chair from the row of push bells on his desk to the elaborate corner suite overlooking the entire lot.

OLD STARS ARE BEST

WHILE young Mr. Thalberg was telling me that M.G.M. would adapt the microphone to their stars, not them to it, Fred Niblo, Bess Meredyth and John Gilbert cooled their heels in his outer office.

"We aren't following the lead of many of the other producers and casting out the tried and true favorites," he began. "Nor are we considering the policy of producing only talkie pictures with stage stars."

"In the first place, I don't think the public will stand for the replacement of stars whom they (Continued on page 94)
The Seat of Her Affections

For Esther Ralston it is the big wicker chair set out in the sunny patio of her home, a chair—one can't help thinking, seeing Esther in it—presumably built for one but really meant for two.
John Mehle
The Carmelites
would have been
less than human to
remain indifferent to
the charm of love-scenes
between two such magnetic
players as Roland Drew and
Dolores Del Rio.

WHEN Edwin Carewe was
preparing to make
"Evangeline," he looked
at his map to see where
he could go to find a forest primeval
in which to build his Acadian vil-
lage. When his eye fell upon the
very small dot which marked Cali-
fornia's most artistic colony, he
cried, "Excelsior!" or something
like that, and stuck a pin in the map,
right by the dot.

Oh, well, all right! I don't really
know that he did just that—but I
just can't resist these dramatic
touches in my writing, now and
then. If you hang around the
movies long enough, you get so you
automatically embellish all your
remarks, it just comes natural to burst into poetry.

Anyhow, Carewe decided to take his company to Car-
mel. Not, you understand, that "murmuring pines and
hemlocks" actually flourish there—but there is quite a lot
of nice spruce and things like that and some of the trees
are even "bearded with moss." A director can't have
everything.

So he built himself a dandy village on a rocky shore of
positively hysterical beauty and provided himself with a
portable carpet of cotton daisies. What for? Why, to use
in the love scenes, you silly thing. Who ever saw a love
scene, even under a pine tree, without a daisy somewhere
around? Anyhow, he provided himself with these things
and went to work.

NOW that was really unkind. Because, you see, while
Edwin Carewe, Finis Fox and Wallace Fox are
brothers—Carewe's name was J. Fox until someone told
him it was unlucky—still they are not the Foxes, if you
(Continued on page 104)
In the rôle of La Perricholi, for the picturization of Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Lily Damita is called upon to appear particularly savage and volcanic. A Peruvian girl, in short, with Vesuvian tendencies.
One man whom I believe to be the real complement of my womanly nature. I have had the Alpha and Omega of my love-life, so now I am perfectly satisfied to talk about it. And if any little experience of mine, any thought or philosophy which I have developed through experience can help some other woman in her heart-training, help her to avoid some of the pitfalls which seem to come to all women, then my education in love has served a twofold purpose. It has brought light to me and helped to lighten the way for others.

This love-life training of mine began in school like, I suppose, any normal young woman’s. For a time I went to a public high school. The football captain was, as usual, the glorified hero. His name was Jack Avery. I did not realize it then but I realize now that I fell in love with Jack because he was a hero. No matter how innocent a woman may be, nor how sophisticated she may become, there is always something in her nature which is searching for heroes. And when her husband stops being in her eyes the football captain of life, he ceases to be really her husband.

Jack was a marvelous boy. Our days in Colo-

Three men who have played important parts in the heart-history of Jacqueline Logan are George Melford—in the cap—Ralph Gillespie—above this—and Larry Winston—at the right
rado Springs are among the most gladsome memories of my life; the days which followed are, perhaps, the saddest. He was sent to Annapolis when he graduated. I was so proud; the entire city was so proud of him. Then—why did Jack Avery have to be in one of the boats which overturned on that fearful river? They found his body and sent it back home. But I sometimes think I have never found my heart as it was before he—before this happened.

It wasn't just the shock as others believed at the moment. For although I was only thirteen I really loved him. And this love, coming at a time when I was so young, was the first step in that heart-training of which I have spoken. It taught me the depths of my own emotions and instilled a standard of feeling for the men who were to follow.

Perhaps if he had lived, it would have dwindled into one of those I-know-him-as-my-first, puppy-infatuations. But as it was—to lose him by death was to plumb the depths of not only my youthful emotions but my yearning imagination. All love, to be successful, must work hand in hand with the imagination, for no man is a hero unless you can surround him with a halo of subtle illusions.

The usual college romance came next. A girl ever gone through a co-educational university without one of those I-wore-his-fraternity-pin propositions? Mine was Secretary Work's son, Hubert Work. Again it was an athletic-hero romance. He was a football man and a Phi Gam. What more was needed? We would take long hikes—groups of boys and girls together—to Bruin Inn.

Then we'd drop away, as is the habit of college youngsters, into twosomes. It was on one of these combined athletic and romantic excursions that I decided that he was such a companionable fellow, we had so many things in common, that real love might really be based upon friendship rather than palpitation. So I accepted the fraternity pin he offered.

**DISTANCE DIMS ENCHANTMENT**

It was such a busy love-illusion. We always had a thousand and one things to do together and thought this must be love because we had so much fun in the doing. Many women have been fooled by this idea of companionship into marriage. Perhaps this friendship—for that is all that a companionable romance amounts to in the long run—would have culminated in wedlock if I hadn't been called to join my mother in Nebraska. I took the pin with me—but distance, instead of making my heart grow fonder, made it forgetful. That is a moot subject on the question of love. Authorities disagree; some advising against separations as a test and some recommending them. I recommend it. If love cannot stand distance and hurdle time, it isn't love; it's just one of the million substitutes for it. My fraternity-pin affair died a perfectly natural

(Continued on page 92)
the
Joan
Crawford
Goes
Scenes

To wed, or not to wed: that is the question. Whether it is wiser to retain the guise of girlhood, remain a Crawford, hold my lone career; or seek the strong protection of Doug, Jr. It is a matter not too rashly to consider. I'll think it over . . . .

Act II, Scene 7
Alas, poor Whoopee! I knew her well:
Her moaning sax, her hey-hey yelps, her
stamping heel, the hotsy-totsy strutting
of her stuff. But now no more. It is not
seemly that afrau-to-be of Fairbanks
should disport herself thus antically.
I am become a home-girl . . .

Act IV, Scene 5
IT WAS when Satan, whose principal limb I am known to be in Hollywood, heard about Alice White's new contract that I received instructions to investigate.

So it happened that, armed with my three-pronged pen touched with poison, and clad in my scarlet devil outfit complete with horns and tail, I presented myself late one evening at the White apartment. Alice, looking her usual spicy self in pajamas of rich purple, received me with the most delighted of smiles, for I make a dashing, attractive rogue in red tights.

Obligingly, Alice let me have a look at her new First National contract which my Satanic master had picked me to investigate.

"Whereas," it read, "it is provided in said contract that Artist shall not commit any act or conduct herself in a manner that shall substantially offend against public decency or morality or shall hold her up or tend to subject her to public ridicule, hatred, scorn or contempt, and for any breach thereof Producer may at its option cancel the said contract...."

"Artist agrees that during the period of her employment under said contract, she will constantly consult and take counsel with her conscience, and will in good faith and to the best of her ability follow the dictates of her conscience and better self both in her private and personal and public and professional life and conduct."

ARTIST agrees that in every instance in which she may have done anything or committed any act in violation of the dictates of her conscience, the same shall be considered a default hereunder, and the Artist shall forthwith report the same to Producer and take such steps as may be prescribed by Producer to cure said default and re-establish Artist in good standing with her conscience and at peace with her better self."

"But," I said, trying hard to retain my Satanic poise in the face of this remarkable document, "my dear Alice, how could you pledge yourself to a bunch of film producers to do such melancholy things as these? How could you! Consulting one's conscience, you know, is at best a tedious pursuit. Following its dictates is almost equally tiresome. And as for being established at peace with one's better self—why, such pastimes positively went out with the bustle. You surely cannot intend in all seriousness to observe the terms of this preposterous agreement?"

"Aha!" countered Alice, "you didn't know White was domestic, did you? What if I like consulting my conscience, eh? It's my conscience and I can consult it if I want to. Among my other accomplishments in..."
Only A Bird in a Gilbert Cage

But he's a gifted little parrot. And John has taught him to say, "Colossal!" at five-second intervals. He must have, for that's what happens. Maybe it's to atone for teaching his little feathered comrade such habits that has prompted John to act next in "Redemption"
I

HOW you do, Ma-
dame?”
Maurice Chevalier
beamed upon me with
professional cordiality.
“Bon jour, m’sieu,” said I.
An electrical change swept Che-
valier’s face. He gazed at me with
delighted amazement.
“Ah-h-h-h! Vous parlez francais?”
But my greeting had used up my
entire French vocabulary. Now Che-
valier took me for granted; I was not a
stranger but a friend. A stream of
voluble French poured from him as
he drew me into his dressing-
room. His smile was warm. Per-
haps I might even be a French-
woman. At all events I made an
excellent listener; I can listen in
all languages. I couldn’t help
myself, for by this time I was
afraid to open my mouth. I
didn’t want to break the spell.
I’d have given a lot at that
very moment to be able to un-
derstand what Chevalier was
saying. Everything in a foreign
language sounds thrilling, sen-
sational.
When finally Chevalier com-
prehended the limitations of my
vocabulary, he regarded me with
an element of regret and re-
proach. However, he was French,
even if he does look like a big
blond, very He-ish Englishman,
and he politely turned his disap-
pointment into a bow.

BEYOND PUBLICITY
“Y

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Y

don’t like interviews,
do you?” I asked.
He made an expressive mo-
tion with his hands, slightly
shrugged. At least, his gestures
are typically Latin.
“In France,” he said, “I am no longer interviewed. My fame is estab-
lished.” I am Maurice Chevalier. It is

enough—for Paris. But here—
everything is publicity—yes?”
At this juncture, we were inter-
rupted by Director Wallace, a
large, handsome young dynamo,
who thrust his head in, in passing.
“Publicity is a get-famous-quick
method,” he bellowed. “Fame is a
female. You’ve got to chase her.”
“How you catch her?” asked
Chevalier.
“All sorts of ways and means. Some
people make a profession of notoriety.
Now as for you—well, you might di-
vote your wife and that’d get you on
the front page.”
“Ah no! I do not like the front
page. I like better my wife—even
if obscurity.”
Director Wallace went off
laughing. “There’s French gal-
lantry for you,” was his parting
shot. Chevalier, with a wry smile
and a shake of his head, said:
“He likes poke joke.”

HOW FRENCHMEN END IT

B

U

T Frenchmen are naturally
very gallant, aren’t they?”
What better subject to talk to a
Latin of than love?
“It is their birthright,” said
Chevalier. “It is in the bone and
blood of the Frenchman. He is
courteous even to a scrubwoman.
When he terminates a love affair,
he does it with finesse. He leaves
a regret behind—it is fragrance of
memory. Is not that better than a
bitterness?
“He makes an art of love. It is
done in little, fine ways, you un-
derstand. His attitude to women
is always deferential, tender, ad-
miring. It makes the ladies feel
very good.”
“But is it not insincere?”

(Continued on page 116)
Beauty only skin deep? Now and then, maybe; but certainly not always. For here's Melva Cornell to prove that it can exist fathoms down. Melva is a mermaid in one of the spectacular scenes of "The Movietone Follies," a girl-and-music revue to be presented in celluloid.
The Torture Chambers

By C. J. Mulholland

Illustrations

In the days of the Inquisition, at least the victim got her punishment free of charge. Today, in the film colony, she pays for it, and heavily.

The latest dispatch from that nebulous land where fashions are created—probably somewhere between the chin and topknot of a bright lad—says that curves are due for a come-back. The soft lines between neck and ankle are going to be allowed to flow gently back into place after ten or twelve years of exile.

One of the larger studios is letting go, one by one, all the dainty little slivers of femininity who used to caper like animated toothpicks before their cameras, and only those females inclined toward the more luscious curves are being contracted.

Alas, poor skinny, we knew her well.

If that be the case, then what of the fate of the reducing salons, the reduction parlors, the take-off-weight-while-you-wait institutions of Hollywood who make their mints by keeping the stars slim? The torture chambers, so-called by some of their patrons, where flesh is pounded and rolled and steamed and sweated and beaten to take off objectionable avoidupois.

The town is lathered with their signs. To the right and to the left they arise to smack you in the face. Reputable, efficient, worthy branches of nationally known institutions, many of them. Others not so worthy. Dispensers of polite torture, all of them. What will happen to the cream of their clientele if Hollywood suddenly goes fat?

Even the Fat Must Be Fit

The answer is, they will tell you, that the stars will not desert them, but will continue to come for treatments to keep physically fit. And well they should, for any authority will agree that man cannot live by eating and sleeping; that a certain amount of exercise is absolutely necessary to keep the human machine in good condition.

By the same token, the reducing machines, belts, vibrators, extensively advertised in leading magazines and extensively used by the stars in their homes, will continue to do their helpful, constructive work in taking off flabby flesh.

But the day of violent reducing practices will be over; the time when a star went through six or more rigorous hours a day to knock off poundage, or tortured her body as long as she could endure to smooth out a fat-dimped abdomen.

Five or six consecutive hours of torture was all that was meted out to the offenders of the church in the most violent days of the Inquisition, and yet in this modern age a picture actress will submit to voluntary punishment comparable to a day in a pillory, to take off weight.

In the thirteenth century heretics were beaten with birch rods. In the twentieth century women are beaten by wooden paddles and human hands. The amount of pain is practically the same. The difference is that the woman of the thirteenth century had offended the church and the twentieth-century actress had offended a fashion—a stupid fetish—for slimness. The church offender got her beating free of charge. The motion picture actress of today pays for hers. From three to many more dollars.

Electric Pants

There are electric chairs and steam ovens and revolving rollers and stretching tables, and trousered suits, electrically wired, to induce perspiration.

In France in the darker centuries there was the carcan, in Germany the pranger; at Orleans the estrapade where a man was suspended by his hands, a weight attached to his feet; Avignon had its veglia; the Puritan fathers had their pillories and stocks. Instruments of torture all, built to punish recrants; and yet Hollywood, with all its enlightenment, has its reducing devices.

Hundreds of its beautiful women are battling nature by torture. They are at the formative period when the
In Their Desperation To Keep Slim, The Movie Maidens Even Risk An Electric Chair

body is building itself to maturity. Loss of weight at such a critical period of life is certain to be repented at a later period.

“The most tragic thing in Hollywood today,” said one health authority, “is to see these girls fighting nature in an effort to be thin, and thus conform to the demands of the screen.”

Admittedly, excessive fat is neither healthful nor beautiful and needs persistent and somewhat intensive means to reduce it. Many women, by means of daily exercise, abetted by the use of small hand-vibrators which are highly recommended, keep at a normal weight.

But what do the actresses do when they must lose ten pounds in a week? To what rigorous treatment do they subject themselves?

THE FLESH-GRINDERS

In one establishment, much frequented and highly recommended by motion picture people, four machines daily grind flesh away. Each machine is equipped with rollers about two feet long and three inches apart, placed vertically on what, for purpose of description, corresponds to two treadmills. These so-called treadmills can be adjusted to fit certain sections of the body—usually the hips and waistline; occasionally the lower limbs. As is the case in the mills of the gods, which grind exceedingly slow, so do these, and to a cacophony of clattering machinery.

First a steam bath is given, to relax the body entirely. Then a muslin apron is donned. After which the multiple rollers are applied for a half hour, sometimes longer, as the woman stands between, crushed as in a revolving vise. They are readjusted, usually, every ten or fifteen minutes so that every portion of the fatty section is massaged.

Like so many maidens sentenced to torture they stand, one reading a newspaper, another a book, still another staring vacantly into space with glazed eyes as the pounds are prodded away. Self-inflicted torture because someone has said slimness is the fashion.

Celebrated stars, whose every move is a picture, whose every motion is a poem, who are handed from boudoir to bath by ubiquitous servants in perfectly appointed homes, go through the same pummeling and tussling as Judy O'Grady, who is identical under the cuticle. Padded and prodded, ice bags to head, perspiration oozing from every pore, the sublime becomes ridiculous because reducing is the great human leveler.

(Continued on page 96)
Mankind has been given fair warning of the unfair movement downward of skirts. And here is evidence of its coming true, in the garment worn by Dorothy Revier which, you can see, drops several feet below her ankles. But which, quite by chance, permits some glimpse of several feet above them.
What Do They Think About?

If At All—The Stars, The Director And Other Victims of Each Other

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Illustrations By C. J. MULHOLLAND

The scene is a motion picture set. The characters are:
A handsome male star (just full of sex appeal and things.)
His leading lady.
A director.
A producer.
The bird who wrote the story.
Various and sundry extras, prop men, electricians and what-not.
Oh, yes! And an assistant director! (I nearly overlooked him.)
The leading lady, a blonde and somewhat limp young woman, is, as usual, in the arms of the handsome male star. They are doing the fade-out clinch. They have, in fact, been doing it for days. That is why the producer has come bustling out to stand upon the set, his hands behind his back, twiddling his fingers and scowling as he watches the overhead mount, moment by moment, with the footage of those burn-em-up kisses.
As for the author—well, he is just standing there. What else would he do? Nobody pays any attention to him.

THINKING IS OUT

The director, who also is aware of that mounting overhead — although he had not been so acutely aware of it until the producer turned up—is a trifle nervous.

"Now, listen," he says to the embracing pair. "This is a big scene. A big scene—see? You can't just do it by thinking. It's gotta come from here." He places his hand a little to the left of his digestion. "Try to feel."

"Gawd!" he is thinking to himself. "Look at 'em! Cold as a couple o' dead oysters. What a pair o' pans!"

Aloud he exclaims, "Show us what you can do, now. This is a big chance."

"Like this?" inquires the star, gritting his teeth and glaring. (To himself, "What can an artist do, playing opposite a dame like this?")

"No! No! No!" cries the director. "Why, Oswald, I'm surprised! That's your lewd expression. It doesn't belong here. The other one, my boy—the one you use for the leading lady—whom you're going to marry as soon as—There! That's better! Hold it! Camera!"

The scene proceeds. No one is talking now. Everybody is thinking. That is—well.

Anything, this is what the director is thinking as he sits, one knee thrown over the other, megaphone in hand. He eyes his players indifferently.

(Continued on page 98)
We suppose that if Myrna Loy should complain to Nicholas Soussanin about being thrown down, as she is above, he would say that she was prone to exaggerate. And add that his strangling of her, as he almost performs at the left, is just his little choke.
Manners

Gives Myrna Loy
Of How Much
Her

Myrna Loy has no reason to tear her hair over the way Nicholas Soussanin treats her; he attends to that himself. And she has really no kick coming, for, primitive as his methods are, they do—as you can see above—completely sweep her off her feet.

These scenes are from "The Squall"
There are two schools of thought concerning the best way for a woman to hold a man. The one is that she do her best to please him. The other is that she keep him so busy pleasing her that he won't have time to think of anything else. Or anyone else, including himself. To this latter philosophy Margaret Livingston holds
All Women are Mercenary

And All Men, Claims Margaret Livingstone, Are Polygamous — — a Little

By GLADYS HALL

The Maxims of Margaret
1. The other woman hasn’t a chance against the wife.
2. Men are afraid of vamps.
3. The real vamp is the little ga-ga.
4. Women are a vamp’s fans. They write me and say, “Wish I could do the same.”
5. Men believe only what they can see with their eyes.
6. All men are polygamous—a little.
7. Men cannot bear to be laughed at in the roles of lovers.
8. If you want to hold your husbands, spend all their money and use up all their time.
9. All women are mercenary.
10. Don’t be afraid to be your age. Otherwise you’re ridiculous.

MARGARET LIVINGSTONE

sins and sins and sins some more—on the screen. Nor does she off the screen pretend to be an ingenue minus the facts of life. Which was an enormous relief. Some previous experiences had made me fear that she might lisp. Too real for that. She wears scarlet—hair and gown. Smokes cigarettes. Quaffs good Burgundy, the kind that comes wrapped in a snowy napkin; and she speaks her mind on all subjects, forbidden included.

Margaret is always the screen vamp. She always gets her man, momentarily, but loses him to the little woman in the final fade-out. And as it is in fade-outs, so it is in life, says Margaret. The other woman, contrary to legend, hasn’t a chance against the wife. Possession, habit and the marriage certificate are eleven points of the love law. So don’t worry about that.

Men, Margaret says, do not like her type of woman. They are afraid of her. They may cast a momentarily lecherous eye in her sinister direction, but they keep the old shoes firmly parked under the home divan thirty days out of the thirty-one. A decent average.

Nor do men write her the bulk of her fan mail, which did surprise me. I had an idea that Margaret’s mail was burned up with torrid epistles from amatory males beseeching her to be theirs for thunderous episodes. Not at all.

GOOD WISHES FROM WIVES

"THE bulk of my mail,” said Margaret, “comes from women. From married women. Nice little married women, sitting by their own firesides, rocking the cradle with one hand while writing to me with the other. They always say, ‘I saw you in your last picture. Gosh, you certainly separated him from his bank-roll. Good for you! More power to you! Keep on going! Wish I could do the same!’”

Which is a strange commentary on our female population. Margaret doesn’t find it strange.

She said, “If women will be honest and tell the truth about themselves, they’ll admit that they’re all mercenary at heart, that they all harbor secret desires to vamp men and get what they can out of them. If not in one way, then in another. All women love pretty frocks, furs, luxuries, and they’ll do everything in their power to get these things for themselves. They’d all do it—if they

(Continued on page 102)
TALKIE AND SOUND

For the first time in the history of movietone pitchers, the cuffed brethren and sistern are given a real opportunity to display their talents on the silver screen. They do. And how. This Movietone feature with a complete negro cast is thoroughly successful. Not only is "Hearts in Dixie" delightful entertainment, but it is one of the most important contributions to the cinema, if for no other reason than the precedent it sets in opening the way for colored players. Scant in plot, the picture deals with an episode in the life of a negro community still ridden by superstition and voodoo. Death and the tragedy of separation are blended in the main theme, with an obligato of spirituals, folk songs and the native humor associated with the race. Conspicuous in a group of excellent actors are Clarence Muse and a coal-black comic listed on the program as "Stepin Fetchit."

SONNY BOY

Here we have a film featuring Hay Fever, John Murray's sneezes register marvelously, as well as Eddie Everett Horton's gargle, and a whole flock of smacky kisses. One really prefers listening to these superb sounds than to the dialogue which is pretty bad. The plot is typical farce. A pretty girl and a baby get into a bachelors' apartment where his parents discover them and jump to the conclusion that their son is married. A few words of explanation would clear up the situation and end the picture too soon, so the misunderstandings pile up all sorts of complications including a slightly improper and fairly amusing bedroom sequence. Betty Bronson is miscast in farce-comedy but has a good voice. Davey Lee says a prayer and sings "Sonny Boy," in imitation of Al Jolson, making his title to Jackie Coogan's shoes complete. His enunciation is a lesson to his elders.

HEARTS IN DIXIE

Texas Guinan, the most arrested woman in New York, projects much of her remarkable personality across to the suckers in her first talkie. As some extra planted near the mike in a night club long-shot is heard to remark: "What a gal!" She is indeed one of the strangest biological specimens produced in this strange era, and for that reason should be seen, as this picture enables everyone to see her, in her native habitat. However, let it not be supposed that the picture has any particular merit as a picture. It is, in fact, a stupid melodrama whose outcome is obvious from the first, a story as trite as full of holes as a fly-swatting. We had really begun to hope that the innocent boy who finds a dead body, picks up the gun by its side and holds the weapon as the police rush in, had by now a permanent spot in the movie mausoleum. A good cast including Arthur Housman, Lila Lee and Eddie Foy, Jr., is wasted.

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS

PART TALKIE

They ain't done very right by our Raymond Griffith with this one. Which is the fault of the story. It may have read well, but it is one of those things most difficult to reduce to terms of celluloid drama. Director Howard Hawks has done a Trojan job in evolving a picture which has at least some moments of sprightly comedy. In this he is ably aided and abetted by Raymond Griffith and Ed Kennedy, who shares honors with the star in the rôle of a detective, unbeautiful but dumb. The yarn is a pseudo-mystery with the audience let in on the real facts. There is a sub-stratum of reality in that the celebrated amateur crime-detector, "Trent," played by Griffith, builds up a perfect circumstantial case of murder against the juvenile lead. And, of course, is all wrong. Griffith enacts his rôle with all the old finesse and confidence. And with the exception of Kennedy he is the only one worth watching.
SCANDAL

PART TALKIE
An old Constance Talmadge vehicle has been dusted off and remade for the doubtful pleasure of the fans. The why and wherefore is hard to figure out, as the plot is old-fashioned and stereotyped and the directorial treatment has added little originality. The Scandal starts when Jane Winton is murdered by a lover and her husband is accused, being unable to say where he was at the hour of the murder. Everyone knew he was shielding a woman—but who? Laura La Plante tells all, when sentence is pronounced on John Boles, and Scandal becomes headlines. She and John were in the garden. But in this age being in the garden of a summer resort even at the unconventional hour of two A.M. is not looked upon with suspicion. Laura’s husband, the dignified, correct, but uninteresting society man, Huntley Gordon, is estranged from Laura until she shows her moral courage by defying gossip.

THE WOMAN I LOVE
Here’s a touch of the good old-fashioned melodrama. A young wife is dissatisfied because her husband can’t afford ten-dollar-a-night cabaret tickets. She’s tired of one room and a kitchen. Across the hall lives a flurry-negligee woman. They get together. Of course, there’s a man with a cunning apartment who makes a profession of teaching dissatisfied women. He doesn’t this time but hubby thinks he does. There’s some gun play and a court trial and we can’t tell the rest without giving away the bit-too-obvious secret. But if you like confession stories from I-want-to-stray women, you’ll enjoy this. Norman Kerry is an effective seducer and Margaret Morris and Robert Frazer are the typical, everyday married couple. It’s one of those pictures that gives the women the thrill of their lives while the danger is hot and husbands an I-told-you-not-to-chance when the action is all over.

WHERE EAST IS EAST
SYNCHRONIZED
It’s getting to where you expect a Chaney opera to be pretty asinine. His latest offering won’t disappoint you. It’s about as twaddling a piece of cinematic cheese as you’d find in a day’s march. Lon, as usual, has a fair flower of a daughter. He also has a wife. Lloyd Hughes is engaged to the daughter but has a passion for the wife on the side. And that is the whole plot. Finally, after Estelle Taylor (the wife) has been vamping Lloyd for five reels, Lon does exactly what you expect him to do—lets loose the wild orang-outang which he keeps in the yard. As the formula makes it necessary for Lon to die in agony as the young people leave for home and beauty, he dies—but for no reason that one can see. Lupe Velez is entirely miscast as the daughter, but does what she can with the part. Estelle Taylor endeavors by sticking her eyes back with plaster to make us believe in the wife.

THE GLORIOUS TRAIL
SILENT
I could almost feel pigtails down my back when I looked at this western! There was the familiar saloon, and the covered wagon train forming a circle against the Indian attack, the red men galloping around and around and occasionally biting the dust, the cowboys riding to the rescue while the coconut shells went tlot-tlot-tlot, and the audience cheered. The old reliable plot which we saw as kids twenty years ago (at least I did) still as good as it ever was. To be sure, there are up-to-date variations. The title refers to the transcontinental telegraph lines—a theme for a movie epic—but this is subordinated to chaps and cow-ponies. There is one novelty scene in which Ken Maynard and the villain fight a duel with sacks of flour which is really funny. But for most audiences the value of this picture is its remiscent flavor of one’s younger days. If you’re homesick for the good old wide open spaces, go to it.
THE WINGED HORSEMAN

SILENT Those who are a bit tired of the familiar Western formula—and who isn’t?—will find this a more than worth-while evening’s entertainment. It’s a Western done from an entirely novel angle. Hoot Gibson, instead of rushing about on a horse throughout the picture, does his rushing on a motor-cycle most of the way through. This may sound like sacrilege to Gibson fans, but it’s all right, because it turns out at the end that Hoot can still ride as well as ever. The good news is that Hoot gets a chance to do some real acting in a comedy vein—and he puts it over like nobody’s business. You may find it hard to believe of a mere Western, but this picture really has some bellylaughs, some suspense and some good situations. It’s a real credit to Arthur Rosson, who directed it with such delicacy as to take it right out of the Western class and put it in the front rank of light comedies. Ruth Elder, the lady who fell into the Atlantic, does pretty well as the heroine, in addition to displaying some of her accomplishments as a flyer.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

SYNCHRONIZED I went apprehensively to see this picture, made from a book too elusive, too delicately sensitive, it seemed, for the camera to catch its subtle significance. I came away satisfied. To make a conventional playphotoplay from a book dealing with the mental lives of six widely differing human beings is impossible, but the scenario writer and the director have woven the varying threads of Uncle Pio and the twin brothers Esteban and Manuel, and Camilla, the wanton who had something divine about her when she danced, and the rest of the characters into a fabric that is neither drama nor fiction but life itself. So sympathetically do we enter into their sufferings that when their destiny brings them together at last on the Bridge we know that their lives are finished and watch them fall into the gulf without sadness. Lily Damita gives a bold and fleshly performance as the dancer. Ernest Torrence played himself as the humbly worshipful Uncle Pio but Don Alvarado and Duncan Rinaldo as the twin brothers give characterizations beautiful in their restraint and simplicity.

THE WOMAN WHO NEEDED KILLING

ALL TALKIE There is no heroine in this unusual piece. Baclanova is the heavy, in a big way. She is wedded to Clive Brook, an honorable Englishman who dispenses justice to the dusky natives of German East Africa, while her husband dispenses sex appeal to the young assistant. This upstanding lad happens to be Clive’s brother, with a sweetheart back in England. And there you have your plot. The boy, played by Neil Hamilton, has brought with him a record of his loved one’s voice murmuring sweet nothings. But a mere wax disc hasn’t a chance against the zealous vamp of Miss Baclanova. She writhe, wriggles, lures him with fleshpots, and even entices him out into the jungle, to witness the “mating dance” of the natives, hoping it will incite him to do likewise. The title gives you a clue to the interesting denouement. The picture is crowded with so-called tense tropical atmosphere, but I’m afraid there’s going to be a good deal of impolite giggling when Mme. Baclanova starts putting the works on Neil.

BETRAYAL

SILENT The theme of the latest Jannings picture would make an excellent short story. In fact, it often has in the annals of literature. But it is far too frail to support a whole feature length movie, full of such bouncing figures as Esther Ralston and Emil Jannings. It says rather wearily in the middle, but is interesting toward the end when the story finally gets going. Briefly, it’s the psychological study of a devoted father who goes berserk and all but eats his young when he learns that one of the little boys he has loved is not his. The two little boys are adorable. Esther Ralston is pretty in her generous way. But it’s all made heavy and slow, for those who don’t like their folk-lore in large doses, by endless shots of peasants. Peasants dancing, drinking, throwing snowballs and layer cake at each other, filing into the house, filing out. And even the great Jannings gives a rather soulless imitation of his own past performances. Nobody broke down and sobbed at any point. Be sure to arrive on time, for the film’s most charming moments are the opening love scenes between Esther and Gary Cooper.
CLOSE HARMONY

ALL TALKIE  Buddy Rogers is awfully sweet, but when it comes to pretending he can conduct an orchestra, he is more like a windmill in full sail than a Paul Whiteman. Apart from the singularly pathetic sequence where Buddy is supposed to wow his audience by sheer masterly musicianship, this little picture has considerable charm. Buddy and Nancy Carroll both talk nicely, the latter freely airing her unique talent for saying “banana” à l’Anglaise. Honors, however, go to Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher, who deliver the most admirable performances as the two halves of a singing act. These two young gentlemen ought immediately to be starred. The picture has plenty of genuine backstage atmosphere to make up for the way a hard-headed booking agent is impressed to the tune of $1,000 a week by Buddy’s conducting. If you’re not too particular about stern realism you’ll probably enjoy it. If they must have musical talkies, and they must have Buddy Rogers, one may as well resign oneself to the idea of Buddy Rogers as a musician.

THE IRON MASK

PART TALKIE

After all’s said and done, Douglas Fairbanks remains the most glamorous and romantic figure in the cinema. More than any, he symbolizes those days when knighthood was in flower. The fact, coupled with the splendid pictorial composition of his latest film offering, is sufficient recommendation to those who prefer their movies with a Rembrandt touch. Yet, somehow, “The Iron Mask” fails to thrill as did “The Three Musketeers.” Perhaps the mood of the period has been outlived. Strangled in a modernistic morass of sex-and-society dramas with reality as their main motif. Or is it that in striving for pictorial perfection, the production has emerged a bit too beautiful. It seems somehow out of step with the times, and is noticeably repetitious. But then, can there be too much sword play and theatrical gesture when “Doug” goes through the flourishes? When it is his blade that flashes triumphantly against overwhelming odds? In any event, it is a typically Fairbanks film. No one else matters.

ALIBI

ALL TALKIE  For out and out bang-up entertainment, this one tops ‘em all to date. It is an all-talking screen translation of the stage play, “Nightstick.” And like its prototype is straight melodrama all the way through. Melodrama that is literally crammed with chuckles, tears, thrills and cheers. Its swing and sweep are irresistible. The audience is carried along on its tide. Director-producer Roland West has contributed several of the most sensationally stirring sequences yet seen in the cinema. It is a very distinct triumph, too, for every member of the cast. Most of these are stage folk especially imported for the film. At least two of these vault in a single bound to front-row spots in the film firmament. Chester Morris, in his first movie, renders a simply superb, subtly shaded characterization which is always thoroughly convincing. To him go premier honors. Next is Regie (“Pat”) Toomey in a portrayal of a “smiling cop” which may well set a new style in heroes. Elmer Ballard is impressive in a “third degree” episode, and Purnell Pratt is excellent as a police sergeant.

HOT STUFF

ALL TALKIE  Take your warm winter underwear along when you see “Hot Stuff.” It’s hotter than the North Pole—but not much hotter. In fact, were it not for the stimulating presence of Louise Fazenda, one might almost imagine oneself in a nice, cozy igloo as one watches its dreary footage unwind. By these presents we hereby rise to protest against the manner First National is handling Alice White. If ever an embryo star was being shot by the direct route to Never-Never Land, it’s the unfortunate Alice. In this, Alice’s third feature vehicle, she has even less to do than in the previous two, if that were possible. She hasn’t one situation to grapple with. The characterization she is assigned is as slovenly a piece of work as ever came forth from scenario department. What’s more, whoever put the film together seems to have gone over a particularly unfunny set of wise-crack sub-titles with a fine comb, so as to find the unfunniest of all to put in Alice’s mouth. William Bakewell does his level best to make something of an almost equally vague characterization. Briefly, the picture is extremely poor.
Your Neighbor

By Walter Ramsey

Hollywood has always been spoken of in the same breath with New York, Paris and other cosmopolitan centers. To be really truthful, it has been compared with every place from Hoboken to Hong Kong. But this is the first time it has ever been compared to Tulsa, Oklahoma. It was Mrs. R. R. Rosier's idea. Before you let yourself in for a big chuckle on that—consider a couple of her arguments. She says:

Both Holly-

wood and Tulsa are overrun with millionaires. Millionaires made overnight. Hollywood's come from the studios. Tulsa's from the oil fields.

Both towns have sprung up with that mushroom growth that inevitably follows in the wake of a wealth-giving industry.

Each has its solid, substantial citizens—and its nouveaux riches.

Each has beautiful women, beautifully gowned.

And they are both about the same size—about 170,000 in population.

As a delegate from Tulsa, who spends most of her winters in Hollywood, Mrs. Rosier would make a great representative of the Chamber of Commerce—of Tulsa. She is small and dark and the possessor of a charm, both of features and personality, that goes a long way toward bearing out her observations concerning Tulsa's women.

She couldn't have been so subtle in her comparison between the two towns if she hadn't had a sense of humor.

Though she lives in an apartment but one block removed from the celebrity-filled Villa Carlotta, on Franklin Avenue, she swears she has yet to hear a scream in the

After countless journalists had interviewed Mussolini and given their impressions to the world, a good many people thought there was nothing more to say.

Then Clare Sheridan, an English author, was assigned to see him. And she discovered in the personality of the Italian dictator not only new things but significant elements that everyone before had overlooked. She perceived several things which, taken in association with what had been said before, provided a picture of this man of the hour far more real and human than had ever been set before the eyes of the world.

This because someone who had never seen him before had been sent to get it. And someone not a professional political reporter. You do get new things from people whose viewpoint, whose sensitiveness to impression, is new.

And that's why this magazine is printing this article, one in a series of similar articles about Hollywood. It is to get the reactions of the visitor, the unprejudiced, the unprofessional observer. He will not see what the experienced reporter will note. But he will see much that the experienced writer cannot. This because the writer over-familiar with the screen colony has come to take so for granted a great many things he does not bother to record them. And so, for this reason, they might forever go unrecorded except for the viewing of them by a fresh eye—such as that of one new to Hollywood, some neighbor, say, of yours.

The neighbor in this instance is one of the Oklahomans. And to them her remarks will be especially interesting. But, in the sense that Mrs. Rosier is an out-of-towner, from the Hollywood point of view, she is a neighbor of everyone not a resident of the city. And so everyone who doesn't live there will find what she has to say exceptionally worthwhile to read. And so, for its picture of themselves, will those who do live there. —EDITOR'S NOTE.
Says

Hollywood's All Right, Says Mrs. R. R. Rosier, But It's No Paris or Tulsa

High-Lights in Mrs. Rosier's Comment:

I think Hollywood is a hick town, compared to Tulsa.
In Hollywood for a woman to be conspicuous is the butter on her bread.
Hollywood women shop on the spur of the moment. And they look it.
This is good in Hollywood: you're accepted for what you are, not for whom you know.
I don't want to know actors; it spoils my illusions about them.
Our oil men can match the screen stars' estates and show a few extras.

To Tulsa. While Hollywood has been growing out over a lot of territory, Tulsa has been growing up in big skyscrapers that give her an atmosphere of a metropolitan town that Hollywood will never have. This place will always look like a small town. The city building restrictions are largely responsible for that. Hollywood is not permitted to erect a building over thirteen stories high, while Tulsa has as high as twenty-six and twenty-seven stories. Another point is that Tulsa's big business men have a great deal of civic pride and spend fortunes on buildings and improvements, where most of Hollywood's millionaires are studio people who are more interested in a new paint job on their Rolls-Royce. The effect is incongruous—like a Folies girl on Main Street.

LOUD AND COSTLY

I SAID in the beginning that the two towns are alike in that they both have beautiful women, beautifully gowned, but I forgot to add that Tulsa's women dress in the better taste. Out here women throw conservative good taste away to attract attention with their clothes. Being conspicuous to most of the women in Hollywood is the butter on their bread. Conspicuous and expensive is the mode here. There is a shop up on Hollywood Boulevard where one may get very snappy little gowns for three and four hundred dollars. Paulette's and Madame Jackson's shops at home have equally costly garments in far more elegance. Women in Hollywood shop on the spur of the moment—and usually look it. Yes, I think in most of the up-to-the-minute attractions, Tulsa can hold her own favorably with Hollywood. The

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On the links as well as in pictures, Davey Lee is coming to the fore. Above he's giving Hagen and Farrell fair warning to hustle up, or else let him go through.

As for his prowess in the ring, Davey knows the ropes well enough to keep the other boy hanging on them pretty constantly. For while his age requires him to be fitted with kid gloves, he doesn't handle his opponent that way.

The Leetle Champ

To The Screen's One Real Baby Star, Both Golf And Boxing Are Child's Play
"I'm a worrier, I am!" said Lucien Littlefield to me.

We were lunching together at the Hollywood Athletic Club and you may be supposing that Lucien was worrying about his false teeth, his rheumatiz, his palsy or some other symptom of senile decrepitude. You may suppose that I was feeding him milk toast and mopping off his chin.

Wrong. Wronger than usual.

Possibly, if any of the other lunchers at the club chanced to look our quiet way, they supposed that I was lunching with a young student, a grave gentlemanly bank clerk, or a suburbanite with a mortgage on his mind. Lucien sort of looks as if he is perpetually figuring things out, just a little puzzled.

And he is never recognized, he says, unless by a detective.

Lucien himself is a bald young blade. He is thirty. He is slender and quite tall and nicely dressed and practically a bridget. I mean, he has a beautiful young wife, is in love with her and they have a two-year-old daughter. He has gray eyes, a careful mouth, a mathematician's brow, a saving disposition and a gentle sense of humor.

He was born in Texas, raised on the Southern Gentleman code. One did not discuss money matters. Debts were debts of honor, sir. There were no other kind. He went to Staunton Military Academy. And then he went to war. He was gay and philandering and debt-of-honorish when he went in. When he came out he was different. He had seen life squashed to a bloody pulp, beneath nailed boots. A pitiful, oozing little gadget, life. You have to be careful with it. Lucien is careful.

A LONG-RUNNER

TWENTY years from now Lucien Littlefield will doubtless be lending money and dispensing hand-outs to the John Gilberts and the Nils Asthers and numerous others who seem to have all the gravy. He is like that. He believes in operating your life on the long-run principle. He who squanders today, borrows tomorrow. Ergo, Lucien never goes to movie parties or to glittering premiers. He has lunched at Montmartre just once in his life. He cuts his house to fit his income. Literally, I mean. If there is a room too many to heat and furnish, he lops it off. And vice versa. Just now he is making cautious additions.

When he married, he thought it might be expedient to dwell in a tent and consume the lowly bean. His bride thought otherwise. She did not warble "Tenting Tonight." They compromised and have a comfortable little home, with all bills paid. Nor does he intend to Beverly or Bel-Air until his money is working for him and not he for his money. That is his goal. Then and only then is a man independent, free to live where he will without benefit of make-up.

Lucien always made believe to be old. When a child, his favorite indoor sport consisted in sticking up his face with molasses and bits of cotton fluff. An old darky's cane and a simulated crick in his back completed the pastime. He doesn't know why he always played old. He doesn't believe he has a father complex. It's just one of these things. Anyway, he must have been an odd figure in the staid, prohibition, Littlefield household which, up to Lucien's time, had never known the red bar sinister of an actor in the family. No Littlefield, sah.

ELOPING WITH THESPIS

LUCIEN went to Staunton. One night he ran away.

The yen to be an old man—on Broadway—caught him by the throat. He knew that he would never obtain parental sanction. He, as it were, eloped with Thespis.

O. Henry should have written the tale of Lucien in New York. Perhaps he did. Whether or no, Lucien gave me the details. The actual things a young, jobless and starving man does in cold, elbowing New York. He slept on the top floor of a dismal rooming house in the twenties. The kind of

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Shopping with

FIFTH OF A SERIES

BY MARIE CONTI

if you wish to come for a couple of days, come ahead. But since I have only taken four weeks for everything, please don’t expect me to pay you a great deal of attention.”

I was a bit surprised when we headed straight for the department stores in the heart of the city. “When I’m in a terrific hurry as any bride is on these before-the-wedding moments, I use department stores as much as possible. Then if I buy a piece of goods and want to get thread to match, I only have to drop down a couple of floors to do it.

“I’ve decided to take you shopping for undies today.” Suddenly she laughed. “Were you ever married?”

“Nine years ago.”

“Do you remember the lingerie you purchased?”

“Why—yes. Let’s see. Silk shirts, teddies, slips. I remember my wedding slip was gorgeous. Hand-made lace and I believe eight flounces on it—all made by hand. A friend did it for me.”

“Anything else?”

“Why—” Was I blushing? “A girdle and a brassière.”

“Exactly! Your lingerie was probably the

Apparel unapparent at the wedding ceremony: at the top, Ruth Roland showing the undies she was to wear on that occasion; below this picture, some of the accessories for her honeymoon wardrobe. At the left she is shown in a gown for informal occasions; and at the bottom are some of her gifts, whose wrappings are so attractive as to be gifts in themselves

WHEN I asked Ruth Roland to let me go shopping for her trousseau with her, she was not a bit encouraging about it. Gracious, but not encouraging.

“I really don’t like to take people shopping with me. No matter how careful they are, there’s always something to stop them and hold their interest. A woman travels much faster in the stores if she is completely unattended. Besides, there are so many things I buy which would not interest you or the public.”

I looked a bit bewildered. What part of a trousseau purchased by one woman would not interest another? She must have read my question, for she answered it in her next sentence.

“You see, I am buying every single thread myself, every needle, every button. I really believe in marriage and I think if every bride would tend to the minutest details herself she would get a head-start on this divorce question. Can you imagine a woman spending weeks upon weeks doing nothing but working for her own wedding and then forgetting it the moment there is a petty disagreement between herself and the husband for whom she has so labored? I think my wedding is to be a bit different.

COME IF YOU LIKE

I AM not following the set plans of conventions. I am designing my wedding dress, the bridesmaids’ gowns, my undies and my every dress myself. I am purchasing the material and taking it home to the sewing women. Even they are working according to my specific directions. But
most expensive part of your outfit. Have you ever stopped to think how much time and money a bride of today saves? Come, I'll show you exactly what I have to purchase.

"I tried to have my sewing woman copy these brassières in real lace, but she couldn't do it—I'll take a dozen," she turned to the clerk. Now, to the yardage.

**SHORTS AND GARTERS**

"I WANT some bride's crepe for some shorts," she ordered. "And then some good quality flat crepe in these colors." A heterogeneous mass of samples were placed on the table before us. "I'll show you a sample pair when we get home. And the only other requirement for a bride's lingerie is garters. I had those made of lace—you'll see those too. They're finished."

Those which she showed me are in the first picture. The shorts are hand-fagoted and hand-hemstitched—immediately beneath the rubber. The tiny pockets are for decorations. The bit of orange-blossoms were her "something borrowed" from Billie Dove. The lounging pajamas were among several pairs she purchased in Chinatown, San Francisco, for her equipment.

As we left the yardage, she stopped, pulled a small box from under her arm and said, "Here, I have something to show you. I think jewelry is a very important part of a bride's outfit. This happens to be an antique piece, but even though I didn't have something valuable like it I should turn to costume jewelry. There is so much now which is inexpensive that practically any woman can afford to wear what is becoming. I am so fond of this amethyst with its antique gold chain and its old-fashioned diamond setting that I am having a gown created to go with it. I often pick up a chain and then create a dress which will set it off properly. Come, let's go back in the yardage and I'll show you."

**HATS ARE CHEAPER MADE**

A *AMETHYST* satin crepe. "I'll use the satin side outwards. Doesn't jewelry usually come displayed in satin? I'll have the skirt pleated to give it an afternoon touch and now we'll get chiffon velvet for the coat so I can use it for a street costume if I desire." A deeper shade of purple was chosen with the lighter shade worked through it.

"My hat? Oh, I have those made for me. In the first place they're cheaper. You can find a woman in any town who is clever in hat making. Then you match your shades exactly, design what you want—and save yourself a lot of steps running around looking for something which is suited to the balance of your costume."

The picture at the top of page shows the outfit when completed. We'll grant that it's a gorgeous setting for both the jewelry and the woman.

"Oh, what a divine shade of blue! What's the name of it?" She hurried to the silk-georgette table.

"The Divine Blue,' Miss Roland."

"Well, it's perfectly named. Now, let's see. You know"—she turned to me—"A woman doesn't really need so many things for her trousseau. This amethyst affair will do as an afternoon frock or a dressy street costume, matinées, and so forth. Then, I can make a stunning afternoon gown from this blue for bridge, teas and things. My going-away costume—don't forget to let me show it to you—does for shopping and mornings. One or two evening dresses. That's really all the average woman needs, isn't it? I don't believe in loading up on too many things. Styles change, your interests are bound to change some after marriage or something may happen that you can't wear them. I'll take seven yards of this."

She turned back to the clerk. "And I'll make this one a bit fussy. A cape, pleated—rows of fine lace the same shade—no insertion around the bodice to show off the figure. And a hat with three or four rows of it." She

(Continued on page 112)
course, he'd never have stopped to wonder how his own ladies-of-a-thousand-and-one-nights could abide a bewhiskered baboon like himself, who looked like the Beery boy in "Noah’s Ark."

**BLOSSOMS AND BLOOMERS**

The ladies would have answered that only Heaven knew. And later when their love-lives were published, lo, Jimmy Cruze’s name would have headed the list. But, no foolin', why do you suppose Betty does rave about Jim? She’s so dainty 'n’ everythin'. And he's a big roughneck to whom evening clothes mean pajamas. It would have had Solomon pondering sure enough.

Then there's Laura LaPlante. Sort of butterfly-in-the-rain girl. And you oughta see what she picked! Big Bill Seiter, who shakes chandeliers when he laughs, and tells tales that would make Rabelais blush between roars of Merriment. Ophelia wed to Falstaff. What would you figure Irvin Willat’s strange power over women? Don't kid yourself, he may be a life-of-the-party type and all that. But the fact remains that he married Billie Dove. When you wed the American beauty, that’s an accomplishment! Accomplishment? It's a career!

When glamorous 'Stella Taylor chose a mate who—or whom—did she select? Was it that roistering beauty Jack Gilbert? Or that languishing Don John Barrymore? No, indeedy. Though 'Stella had felt both their celluloid-searing kisses—on...
A Beauty Could Love

the screen, of course—she wed that ol' fuss-budget, Jack Dempsey. Naturally, there are those who agree with our Estelle that she drew the case-ace or the case-Jack, rather. But you must admit that in a bathing-boy contest Jack would run behind the two Johns, even as he ran after Gene.

JACK'S JOKES

Aside from the attributes of physical pulchritude, the two halves of movie menages differ vitally in matters of temperament as well. For instance, Miss Taylor has a keen and subtle sense of humor. Her Mona Lisa smile is a matter of the thrust, the riposte of brilliant repartee, sly innuendo, the double entendre. Mr. Dempsey's fun is more direct. His idea of a good joke and a hearty laugh would be to smack a movie sheik in the kiss. After such good, clean fun with several lustrous-eyed ladies who might be mentioned, it is conceivable that the rajah of the ring might roll on the floor convulsed with merriment like a little child.

Then there's Louise Fazenda. Louise will laugh at the drop of the hat. In fact, you don't even have to drop the hat. If it's a funny hat, she'll laugh anyway. Recently her very dignified butler entered the room bearing a tray of something-or-other as though he carried the crown of all the Russians to a Romanoff coronation. It gave Louise the giggles. She confessed she couldn't help thinking how funny it would be if the butler took a fanny fall. Given time and equipment, it wouldn't be surprising if Louise would stray the way from the butler's pantry to the drawing-room with empty bananas.

Now guess who—or whom—Louise married. Was it Chester Conklin, or Moran and Mack, or Beery and Hatton, or Charlie Murray? No, sir. It was a guy named Hal Wallis. Hal's a nice boy and a bright one. He's studio manager; and the studio is proud of him. So is Louise. But when he laughs, really laughs out loud; when he's busting with merriment, he looks like Buster Keaton. Compared to this, the dead pan of Luis Firpo was wreathed in wrinkles

Directly above are Jane Winton and Charles Kenyon; at the left, Gertrude Omstead and Robert Z. Leonard; in the wide hat, Louise Fazenda, with Hal Wallis; Jack Dempsey is below, toting Estelle Taylor's bag; and in the corner below are Laura LaPlante and William Seiter like a laughing Puck. Let King Solomon play that one on his Balaklava—or whatever they call those Russky ukuleles. It's tough to figure. Sam Goldwyn, prince of producers, accomplished artist, education personified, can scarce be called an Apollo. He'll never be round-shouldered from the weight of beauty medals. In two words: impossible. Yet Sam persuaded Frances Howard to beautify his home. Not only has she glorified it with her presence, but she's added, too, the greater glory of a child. Courageous girl, she rushed in where George Bernard Shaw feared to tread.

NO CONTEST

George, you know, was approached by a lady whose beauty was such that a glance from her eyes simply shriveled men's souls with the love of her. And she proposed to him that they two should have an offspring.

"Our babe would have my beauty and your brains," she said.

But the irrepressible Irishman wouldn't take the gamble.

"That would be fine," he answered, "but imagine if the poor thing should have your brains and look like me?"

So all bets were off.

(Continued on page 110)
Blanche Sweet has undertaken in her leisure hours, since her return from acting in pictures in England, to play the guitar. And as a first audience she has chosen her stuffed kitty. A far better—and safer—plan than trying it on the dog.
COTY
PURSE EXQUISITIRES

Keep triple beauty in your purse all the time. The COTY Double Compacte, with Rouge and Powder, the Olympic Lipstick give you the three artistically perfect shades for your individuality—ready with their lovely aid for the moment's use.

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73
Billie Dove, beloved First National star, in the very charming modernistic bathroom built especially for her in Hollywood.

"A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether she is a motion picture player or not. I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and refreshing."

---

Lux Toilet
For loveliness that thrills, a girl must have exquisite skin—

Say 39 Hollywood directors

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

Petal-smooth skin — how subtly and surely it wins its way into hearts everywhere! There’s no loveliness like it, 39 Hollywood directors find.

“Smooth, flawless skin is beauty’s greatest asset,” says Al Rockett, production manager for First National. “The perfection of an exquisite skin is much more to the motion picture star—or indeed, to any woman, than any other physical quality.”

A screen star must have skin so beautifully smooth that even the terrific brilliancy of the close-up lights reveals not a single flaw in its utter loveliness.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. In Hollywood, of the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 care for their skin with this daintily fragrant white soap.

The next time you see Billie Dove notice how exquisitely fine and smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. When you see your favorite star, whoever she is, in a close-up, remember that 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by this soap.

Every one of the great film studios has made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in all dressing rooms.

It leaves the skin so petal-smooth! You’ll love its quick, generous lather in your bath, too, and for the shampoo.

Esther Ralston, popular Paramount star, says: “Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping skin delightfully smooth.”

Mary Philbin, Universal star—“A star’s skin must have marvelous smoothness. I entrust mine to Lux Toilet Soap.”

Soap

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

IOc

75

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

Photo by R. Jones, Hollywood
MAYBE you thought the Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe had a heck of a time with all those kids. And maybe you didn’t. Anyway, you haven’t heard anything until you hear about Our Gang’s triumphant excursion over these United States.

A detail of fifteen policemen in New York to keep off the crowds. Imagine! Ice cream and soda pop. Imagine that. A call on Mayor Jimmy Walker and that time the kids were purposely late, catching Hizzoner at his own favorite trick. Pink lemonade. The Mayor of Albuquerque at his sun-baked station to meet them. Cracker jack and popcorn. A fond lady who attempted to kidnap Mary Ann Jackson. Salted peanuts. Another fond lady who shrieked, loudly, that Jean Darling was her long-lost daughter. Ice cream sandwiches. Gary Societies that attempted to have them arrested. Airplane trips. Oysters on the half-shell. Tummy aches.

My dear, it is to cheer. To chortle. Laugh? I thought I’d die.

Six small Gangsters and sundry parents, relatives and functionaries. Let’s see, there were plump Joe Cobb and his poppa, chocolate Alan Farina Hoskins, Jr., with momma and his business manager; Mary Ann Jackson and her aunt; Jean Darling and momma; Harry Spear and grandma; Wheezer, aged two plus six months, and his momma and poppa; and Pete, the halo-eyed dog—he’s got a black circle around one orb—with his master, Harry Lucenay. There was Mrs. Fern Carter, their special tutor, and Al French, the stage manager, and there was Ray Coffin, impresario, guardian-guide-nurse-director-actor of the entourage. And Coffin, untrue to his name, lives to tell the tale.

WHEEZER ASKES WHY NOT

"YOU should have seen that Pullman car when we pulled out at the beginning of our three months’ tour. The Gang took possession of it. Drums, dolls, erector sets, toys, blocks, wagons all over the aisle. People on the way to the dining car would mince among the debris of half-finished toy buildings, dodging drums and clay modeling sets.

"All along the route I’d get wires from towns that the train whizzed through asking to have the Gang on the observation platform so the natives could get a fleeting glimpse of them.

"Well, we were to open at the Chicago Theatre in Chicago and it wasn’t until the day before we left Los Angeles that we got our act shaped up. We had rehearsals on the train and the kids took to the skit like ducks. By the time we had been on the road a couple of weeks they would ad lib so I never knew what next was going to happen. Had to tone them occasionally, they got so smart. "You must not do that again," I said to Wheezer after

(Continued on page 107)

After taking the Our Gangsters on a tour of the country, Ray Coffin, at the top, is not only still alive, but actually able to smile. Below his picture is one of his charges, being entertained in New York by Mayor Walker; and at the left, Percy Crosby, the artistic father of "Skippy," doing a sketch of Wheezer.
for You—
cheeks glowing
with color—tonight

—New Loveliness
—New Charm—
—The Fascination of
an Amazing Flawless
skin—

S

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Boncélla clasmic pack to cor-
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Bonne, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Movie Men Are So Crude

Not At All, Says Thelma Todd, Like Those She Knew When She Taught School

By DOROTHY LUBOU

"MEN in Hollywood," Thelma Todd informed me as she dipped into her borscht, "are very crude creatures. Their attitude lacks the courtesy and respect which I've always expected from men.

Perhaps meeting men—first as a school teacher and later as an actress, I've gotten different reactions. I taught school in Lawrence, Mass., for a while and had my beaux as every girl has. Lawrence is only twenty miles from Boston, so I wasn't exactly a small-town girl. The men I went out with were quite worldly and sophisticated. Yet I didn't meet with the unpleasant experiences I've had since entering this game.

Do you think being labeled a school teacher sort of scared the boys from getting fresh?"

Thelma is a cool, if expensive-looking, blonde and couldn't frighten anybody. She has more than the cheap prettiness common in the movie city. And though Thelma insists that she hates to dress up, that she'd rather go around in anything old and comfortable, and often does, she always looks like Fifth Avenue rather than Hollywood Boulevard.

We were having dinner at the Double Headed Eagle, which is enjoying a vogue at the moment among the stars who like atmosphere with their food. General Lodeginsky himself greeted us at the door with a low bow and a kiss for the hand. Thelma had the advantage over me in ordering, because she knows several languages, including the Russian. I was awed. I can hold my own in deciphering a French menu but the only Russian word I know is vodka. And that wasn't in the dinner.

After I had taken Thelma's word that Bstroganoff wasn't the Russian for toadstools or frogs' necks or some other such delicacy, we settled down to the important business of being earnest. You know how it is, when two girls get together and get to talking about these men.

I was well into the General's pièce de résistance, which turned out to be a Russian steak, when Thelma resumed her tale.

"You know, teachers are popularly supposed to be dried up old maids, sort of sexless beings, but, of course, there are many very attractive, modern young women teaching. Though the profession still has an aura of ultra-respectability.

"Men have a more familiar manner toward actresses. I noticed that as soon as I left Lawrence for New York where I entered the Paramount school. It isn't the actors who are at fault. I've found them to be clever, amusing, a lot of fun. They may try to get you to play around but they'll drop you if you don't encourage them. But the business men—the outsiders, who smirk suggestively when they learn that your work is acting. A movie actress. Well—not so long ago I had an appointment with a well-known photographer. After the sitting he invited me to stay for tea, and of all things, he chose to talk about—degeneracy. Do you think he would have dared, if I had come to him as a schoolma'am instead of an actress? Yet you can't be openly offended; you need the good will of everybody in this game.

IT'S THE GIRLS' FAULT

"Of course, girls out here have cheapened themselves by permitting too much familiarity. Girls who can't get anywhere by their own merits, who'll be nice to anybody if it will advance them the slightest bit. I guess men get cynical and hard-boiled. Maybe they shouldn't be blamed for holding us in such poor esteem.

"I'm too thoroughly New England to get away from the fundamentals of life. I like to play, to make eyes at the (Continued on page 114)
"They" are using it! In Paris—London—Vienna—New York—everywhere, the brilliant society that sets the mode has eagerly taken up this charming new fashion in manicuring!

Northam Warren, the expert who has made the care of the hands his life study, introduces this enchanting new perfumed Cutex Liquid Polish.

He searched until he found the exact fragrance—delicious, evanescent, as faint as the scent of drifting plum blossoms. This captivating perfumed Liquid Polish gives to your nails a lovely luminous lustre.

The Paris perfume gallantly pays duty at the customs—yet the magic flagon of this new perfumed Cutex Liquid Polish plus a twin flagon of Cutex Polish Remover only costs you 60c. Already it is waiting for you at all drug and department stores. For an especially brilliant polish, and one that will last for days and days, apply two coats to your nails. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

Cutex new perfumed liquid polish
LOVABLE LILLY—Why not write your favorite, Barry Norton, at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.? I'm sure he'll be glad to hear from you.

Gary Cooper and Buddy Rogers, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Nils Asther, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Johnny Mack Brown is not red headed. He has black hair and brown eyes.

A FAN—David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2, 1908. He is five feet ten, weighs 135 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Not married, or engaged. He is playing in "Fox Movietone Follies," Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. You may write the David Rollins Fan Club, Martha Schuierer, 5613 No. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill. Ramon Novarro Fan Club, Marguerite B. Steins, 101 Richlawn Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

EVELYN BRENT FAN—Evelyn was born in Tampa, Florida, in 1899. She is five feet four, weighs 115 pounds, and has dark hair and eyes. She was married Nov. 14, 1928, to Harry Edwards, a director. You letter will reach her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Conway Teale, Larry Kent and Claire Windsor are playing in "Zepplin," Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Malcolm MacGregor, Patsey Ruth Miller and Eve Southern in "whispering Winds," also a Tiffany-Stahl Prod.

ANNIE FROM CANADA—Joan Crawford had interviews in the following numbers of Motion Picture: April, 1927; Nov., 1927, Classic, July, 1928. Anita Page is playing in "Our Modern Maidens." She has had interviews in Aug., 1928; Jan., 1929, and March, 1929, Motion Picture, Classic, Oct., 1928; Nov., 1928. Write her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

CECIL YOUNG—Tom Tyler is not married. Buck Jones had a special sec- tion in our Dec., 1925, Movie Monthly, but this copy is exhausted. Buck is mar- ried to Odille Osborne. FBO Studios is now called RKO meaning Radio-Kath-Orphem, and they are filming "Rio Rita," taken from the stage play of the same name, with practically the same cast.

A BOWFANN—Clara Bow has never been married. She is appearing in "The Woman Who Needed Killing," at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. John Loder was born in London, England. He is thirty years old. Is an ex-officer of the British army, "discovered" by Jesse L. Lasky during a visit by the first vice-president of Paramount to London in the spring of 1928. He has played in pictures in Germany and England. You may write him at the Paramount Studios, address above.

ME—How are you? Kenneth Thompson

He's a leader twice this month, is Buddy Rogers. Of an orchestra in "Close Harmony." And the leader, too, in the number of inquiries from fans also played in "Street of Illusion." Barry Norton is twenty-four years old. Junior Coughlan was the boy in "The Country Doctor." Paul Lukas was born in Hungary, May 26, 1897. He is six feet one and a half, weighs 168 pounds, has brown hair and eyes.

Everybody's inviting himself to "The Wild Party," with Clara Bow. She's in fourth place.

Lupe Velez's three last pictures have put her right in with the first five winners. He has appeared in "Manhattan Cocktail," "Shopworn Angel" and "The Wolf of Wall Street."

TILLIE T.—You may write William Bakewell at the Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., where he is playing in "Broadway or Bust." Arthur Lake was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1903. He is six feet tall, has light hair and blue eyes. He receives his fan mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. David Rollins, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2, 1908. Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Fay Wray, Gary Cooper and Clara Bow, Paramount Studios, 5452 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. William Haines, Marion Davies and Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

RAMONA S. A.—Have you? Willy Frisell, Susy Vernon and Liane Hale had the leads in "The Last Waltz," the UFA, German production, released by Paramount. "Gold Braid," starring Ramon Novarro, was changed to "The Flying Fleet." Anita Page, Ralph Graves and Gardner James also appeared with him. Ramon is five feet eight, black hair and brown eyes. Roland Drew's real name is Walter Goss. LeRoy Mason played opposite Dolores Del Rio in "Revenge."

FLORENCE FROM FLORENCE—Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, Mar. 16, 1897, and received his education in Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa. His father is a musician. Conrad has appeared in stock and in vaudeville, and made his first big success on the legitimate stage in "Forever After." He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has blond hair and brown eyes. He is playing in "White Collars." Almost forgot to tell you he is married to Ruth Helms.

ANSWER YOU—You bet I will. James Hall was born in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 22, 1900. He is five feet eleven, weighs 156 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Your letter will reach him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Send me a self-addressed envelope for the list of photos I can supply. Leslie Fenton is playing in three pictures at once. He has been signed for the part of Peter Allerton in Paramount's "The Woman Who Needed Killing," which features Bacs- novna, Clive Brook and Neil Hamilton. He is also playing in "Manhattan Broadway" and "The Girl's Gone Wild."

(Continued on page 120)
with its precious almond base —
PRINCESS PAT
powder glorifies

Supremely beautiful — not merely powdered — is skin caressed to soft, velvety perfection with Princess Pat. For this powder truly glorifies ... coaxes forth hidden beauty ... creates the illusion of flawless smoothness and youthful sparkle.

Really, you may ask—and just how is almond base responsible for so much more beauty? Well, you see, usual powders are fine particled—Princess Pat powder is not only fine but soft. There is no starch in Princess Pat—hence no stiffness.

Textures, and consistencies! Therein lies the secret. The tiny, invisible particles of Princess Pat are soft—not pebbly, nor harsh. When you apply Princess Pat powder, the magic difference is this: each tiny particle is soft enough to "spread." Thus there comes the utter smoothness for which Princess Pat powder is famous.

You must know that even the most perfect skin is microscopically irregular, as to surface. Merely fine powders—in which the particles retain certain hardness—cannot smooth.

You dare apply Princess Pat firmly—may rub it on. For the precious almond base is of benefit to skin. And this firmer application, of course, gives even distribution.

Princess Pat powder—on the skin—is flexible. Stiffer powders fall off. Princess Pat adheres.

Supreme softness makes it stay on most marvelously.

Because Princess Pat is so aristocratically beautiful, it is fashion's favorite powder. You'll find the newest shades subtly interpreted. Ochre and Olde Ivory are suggested.

Try Princess Pat—of fame almond base—and discover how beautiful this powder can make you.

FREE booklet containing beauty tips.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.  CHICAGO
Rag-Time

Cowboy Ken
Scientist discovers that Colgate’s has lower "surface-tension"... hence greater power to cleanse tiny crevices where decay starts.

Tooth decay begins, says modern dental science, in the tiny crevices where no toothbrush can reach and where food particles and mucin deposits collect. Ordinary toothpastes fail to get down into these hard-to-clean places. Hence, the real test of a toothpaste’s power to clean is its ability to penetrate deep into these tiny crevices.

A scientist recently made a remarkable discovery. He found that Colgate’s has a greater penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today. When brushed, Colgate’s breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder... a polishing material prescribed by dentists... which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Think what this means to you... by using Colgate’s you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them... restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate’s you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

*How Colgate’s Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach
Back in the time when movie-making was at the height of its madness, the Bradbury mansion in Hollywood was used by the great and the great-to-be as both a location and a studio. No one has ever counted the bruises born of slapstick falls upon its stairs, the heroes saved in the nick of time from the buzz-saw, the heroines tempted by villains with mustaches like ring-masters', its bloodless murders and its wineless orgies. Many stars now renowned started picture-making there.

Hobart Bosworth used it some seventeen years ago to make his productions. There, too, began the comedy efforts of Bebe Daniels and the first wearing of horn-rimmed glasses by Harold Lloyd, whose dressing-room was in the tower on the right. Two scenes from one of Lloyd’s Lonesome Luke two-reelers, made at this time, are shown above. They and pictures like them will soon be all that remains to recall the old Bradbury house, for it is now being torn down.
"We all want to hold the look of youth; we want beauty of color and texture; we want smoothness and brightness—that glow that can be had only with a clean, healthy skin. Sem-pray is a thorough cleanser. It goes into the pores, cleansing, softening and purifying. It holds youth for us down through the years."

The cleansing powers of imported oils used in Sem-pray, that dainty compressed cleansing creme, brings to your face the healthful glow of a clean, clear skin. Sem-pray melts into the pores, cleansing, invigorating, softening and bleaching the skin. It removes wrinkles and gives to your skin the loveliness of youth.

Sem-pray keeps young faces young; it makes older faces youthful; it gives that brightness and health that makes people turn for a second look. It keeps the skin gloriously youthful and fresh. It is an unusual creme that is helping keep millions of women young looking.

The demonstration package—a week’s supply of Sem-pray—will show you what a continued use of the creme will do for you—send for your free package today.

The Purse Size Demonstration Package FREE
A week’s use of Sem-pray will demonstrate to you, as it has to millions of other women, that your skin can be kept youthfully lovely. The Demonstration Package not only contains a week’s supply of Sem-pray, but also samples of Sem-pray Face Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge.

* Send the Coupon.

Send your Demonstration Package. Enclosed is a dime for postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State
Merna Kennedy's and Glenn Tryon's Dancing Is One Of The Brightest Lights In "Broadway"

Yes, sir, she'll be famous if she sticks with him, lets him teach her how to dance. That's what Roy Lane tells the girl. He paints a pretty glowing picture of the extent of her celebrity. "In a coupla months," he says, "we'll have our name in electric lights. Like this: Roy Lane and Company." Here is Glenn Tryon, as Roy, the big-hearted hoofer and Merna Kennedy as the girl in the picture production of "Broadway"
Every detail of my appearance, especially my hair, is so important in every role I assume, that I cannot afford to take chances. That is why I always insist upon a Frederics Vita-Tonic Permanent Wave. I know it will be exactly as I wish it—soft, natural and lustrous.

Renée Adorée

Wide, Natural Waves Win Admiration

Many people think that the lovely waves of Renee Adorée’s hair are natural. This charming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, explains, however, that the naturalness of her soft, lustrous, flowing waves depends wholly upon the New Frederics Vita-Tonic Method of permanent waving.

There is one sure way of getting this same natural effect in wide, silky waves. When having your hair permanently waved, look for the name "Frederics Vita-Tonic" which is always imprinted on the wrapper used on each tress of hair.

Those shops which excel in their work have trained Frederics opera-

tors whose skill in permanent waving is unsurpassed.

Send for the booklet, "The Glorious Gift of Lovely Hair" which tells how to care for your wave, and a generous free introductory tube of the new Frederics Hair Trane Cream, for keeping your wave orderly. Merely fill in and send the coupon.

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**Dream... laze... relax!**

**KREMOLA**

**Keeps Your Armpits Dry and Odorless**

**THERE is no excuse in allowing armpit perspiration to discolor and ruin your clothing, and its disagreeable odor to humiliate and embarrass you.**

More than a million men and women keep the armpit dry and odorless and protect their clothing with NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) used, endorsed, and recommended by physicians and nurses. NONSPI destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration in parts of the body where there is better evaporation—and need be used, on an average of but two nights each week.

You, too, can have dry and odorless armpits and save your clothing. Get a bottle of NONSPI today. Use it tonight. Use NONSPI the year around—spring, summer, fall, and winter.

Your Toilet Goods Dealer can give you as much NONSPI as you desire (several months’ supply) or if you prefer, accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks’ supply).

For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a real size bottle of NONSPI.

The NONSPI Company
2443 Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ________________________

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**$1,000 and One Day to Live**

(Continued from page 33)

should lose a good friend. His answer, however, is typically Arlen.

“Gee, I don’t know. I guess I’d like to spend the day as I always do: either working at the studio, playing golf, puttering around my house or playing tennis with my wife. I would prefer that everything go on as usual without any emotional outbursts or inward qualms. I should like to retire at the usual hour. Retire and go to sleep so that when the end came I would not know of its approach. The thousand dollars I would try to divide among the many young people in the motion picture business who deserve help. Young extras battling for a chance, youthful writers with a great idea and no one to hear it, cameramen, electricians, and prop boys. I don’t believe a thousand dollars would ever reach.”

**FLOWERS FOR THE LUPE**

As for that Mexican loiday, Lupe-the-one-and-only, she would be different. Lupe would be nothing other than Lupe even in a hearse. Not one ounce of the drama would be absent, or the color, or the zest that sums up the little Velez. “Lupe dead? Pah! I do not believe theses Lupe she will ever die.” She shook her head fiercely. “But believe me, it would be one grrrrand Lupe which was laid out. I would buy the most loveliest dress. All white with spangles. Everybody looked at me would say, ‘Ain’t she lovely, this Lupe?’ My God, what flowers would I send myself. The very best flowers what was ever sent to anybody what was dead.”

Ernest Torrence gave a Scotch version of his last dollar and his last hours on earth.

“I’d say it was mighty tough luck to get that money and then have to pass out. I suppose I’d put in my time seeing where I could get the best possible funeral for my money. That’s an honest answer, isn’t it?”

“I would first try to make myself take heart and make myself believe that somehow, some way, some kind fate would intervene for me,” said the Russian Bacalova rather seriously. “Hope is the final resort of mankind. Very few people ever actually believe that they will die. I would concentrate on the fact that I could not die. I would take the thousand and go on an orgy of shopping. I would buy extravagantly and lavishly—for nothing so affects a person with memory with a woman as buying clothes and jewels. In the evening I would gawn myself beautifully and with great care—have dinner with friends—still hoping against hope that the end would not come.”

**A FORTUNE OR NOTHING**

EDDIE LOWE, the boy who smiles at trouble, in real life just as he does on the screen, has an idea that comes closer to mine than any of the rest.

“I have always possessed a desire, a rather foolish desire, I suppose, to gamble heavily—my entire fortune. Given that last day and only one thousand, I would visit the new gambling club at Agua Caliente, Mexico. There I would bet one hundred dollars on each roll of the dice, with no regard as to whether I finished wealthy or broke. If I finished wealthy, the money would go to my church by reason of a will I would have drawn before starting to play. I would not consider my deed sacrilegious because it would be done to satisfy a desire and not a yearning to sin—if gambling is a sin.”

Two of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s famous jokesters got a laugh out of the idea. The romantic Nils Auster answered true to form—his offstage form. “I would park my car anywhere I wanted to on Hollywood Boulevard and leave the thousand dollars to pay the tags.” And of course we might expect Bill Haines to wise-crack, “I’d put up the thousand as a prize for the funniest joke or story so’s I could go out with a smile.”

Helen Twelvetrees considered seriously for a moment. “I’m religious,” she smiled. “Therefore I should give that day to asking forgiveness for my mistakes. If I harbored any envy or hatred in my heart, I should try to banish that and send the friendship of those I had deliberately misunderstood in life. I probably should be frightened.”

(Continued on page 99)
Does Your Mirror Lie?

When you smile into the mirror and it returns that smile, happily, flashing with the gleaming white of pearly teeth and the delicate pink of firm, healthy gums . . . is it telling you the truth?

For as often it hides the treacherous attack of acids at The Danger Line—lulls you into security when tooth decay and gum irritations may be beginning to set in, when beauty and health itself may be threatened.

Don't trust to appearances. Protect yourself. See a dentist regularly and use a dentifrice which can safeguard you from acids at The Danger Line. Squibb's Dental Cream will do this, because it contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

Each time you use Squibb's Dental Cream tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into all the tiny pits and crevices on your teeth where a toothbrush cannot reach. There, these particles not only neutralize the acids present at The Danger Line, but they remain for a long time neutralizing the new acids as they form.

Squibb's Dental Cream has every quality that belongs in a good dentifrice. It is non-soapy; contains no grit, no harsh abrasive. It relieves sensitive teeth and keeps the gums healthy. It leaves the teeth delightfully white and clean. You will like its pleasant flavor.

Safeguard your teeth and gums, the beauty of your smile, the precious gift of health! Squibb's is only 40c—on sale at all druggists. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.

The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is a pure, effective product that is free from the usual earthy taste of other products. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it one of the most valuable products in your medicine cabinet.

Listen in every Friday evening from 7:15 to 7:30 Eastern Standard Time over Stations WJZ, WBZ, WHZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KOA, KSTP, WLW, WYFL, for the Priceless Ingredient Message on the preservation of health by eminent authorities through broadcasting facilities provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons.

Squibb's Dental Cream

Copyright 1932 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

89
WRINKLES appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or lifeless. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live.

To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

For three generations women have used Dr. Charles' Flesh Food. 50c the box, $1 the jar, at any druggist.

Dr. Charles' FLESH FOOD

This coupon will bring you a FREE sample jar of Dr. Charles Flesh Food.

Dr. Charles' Flesh Food Co., Dept. M. P. F. 220—36th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Do they love their work? Well, just take a look at George O'Brien and Earle Foxe—on the right—who've just read a sign on the studio bulletin board announcing that a half-holiday has been declared.

Keeping Alice White

(Continued from page 48)

the way of indoor sports is scrambling eggs. I shall now demonstrate my domesticity by scrambling some. And you—you conscienceless devil—are going to have some of my scrambled eggs and like it.”

Really,” I protested, “I am willing to accept your word that you scramble eggs with superlative skill. But the fact that you scramble eggs is surely no good reason for scrambling your private life. Come now, I will be reasonable. In my dictionary I have a number of unpleasant, bitter and cynical expressions. Only promise that you will never consult or take counsel with your conscience, and I will forget them. I will write of you in nothing but terms of praise.”

EGGS AND ETHICS

Alice’s voice drifted back from the kitchen, where she was already absorbed in egg-scrambling. "These are my eggs," she said, "and I am entitled to scramble them. It’s my conscience—and I intend to consult it whenever I feel called upon to do so. So shut up and come and put some of this under your belt."

Alice’s scrambled eggs were interesting—as interesting as her private life used to be, before she signed the extraordinary pact which it was my mellow duty to investigate.

However, with the ovarian collation safely under my belt, I returned with gusto to the fight for the cause of my friend and benefactor, Beelzebub.

"Alice," I murmured, leaning forward across the table, while one of my most resplendent smiles flitted over my face, "isn’t your tail nice? Don’t it look seductive in scarlet tights? Don’t you find something rather provocative about my elegant Satanic horns? Am I not, in short, in every sense of the word, a hot number? Very well then. Can you look into my extremely luscious eyes and tell me that you’re going to follow the dictates of your conscience? Alice, don’t follow the dictates of your conscience! Not only is this a terribly old-fashioned thing to do; but you will personally hurt me if you do it. I can’t bear to visit Alice White at dead of night just to have her following the dictates of her conscience all over the place. It’s dreadful! It’s . . . ."

Alice was frigid—frightfully so. "I didn’t say my conscience had any dictates," she said. "But if it produces any, I shall certainly follow them. My goddess, you’re nothing more than a pest. Don’t you realize that this contract is not so much with First National as it is with myself? My dear man, if my conscience has any dictates, the chief one is to play square with myself. If I do anything that’s going to hurt me, it’s stupid, that’s all it is. It’s stupid to do anything that’ll put me out on my—h’m—on my patio."

SPURNING THE BAIT

To no avail I went on my knees and implored. "Alice," I sobbed, "in my dictionary I have not only a number of bitter expressions but an imposing array of benign and beautiful ones, most of which are new or nearly new. I will pour them like a silver waterfall over your intoxicating blonde curls. Like a hundred gallons of old wine in a bath of crystal and ebony, you shall have them all to bathe your personality in. I will write across the scroll of history, painting you in vivid, wonderful, unforgettable colors. All this I will do—if you will only consent not to follow the dictates of your conscience."

Alice giggled, unimpressed by my mighty flow of poesy. But I was desperate. "Alice," I cried, "dear, lovely Alice, even this much I could bear—but there is something worse. You have agreed to allow yourself to be established by the gentlemen of First National in good standing with your conscience and at peace with your better self. This is frightful! You cannot permit this thing. People at peace with their better selves have been out of date for years. Standing in well with one’s conscience is a pursuit of long bygone ages. For mercy’s sake, don’t stand in with your better self. How can you look at me and say you will do this? I will go to all lengths to prevent it. Alice, I am an appallingly bad writer. My English is dreadful, my grammar and spelling are worse. Everybody thinks it, and I myself admit it to you. I will spare you entirely if you will but refuse to be at peace with your better self. Think of it—I will write nothing at all (Continued on page 97)
Make-Up Magic

Is This the Beauty Secret of the Screen Stars?

Can Every Woman Double Her Beauty With Make-Up?

Read the Answer by Hollywood's Make-Up King—Max Factor

WHAT we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics . . . every woman should know. True! Make-Up is magic . . . but the wand of make-up is not so magical, so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of." And then Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, creator of make-up for the leading motion picture stars, told me the secrets of make-up which every woman will want to know.

If you would double your beauty . . . listen . . ! In Hollywood, leading screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for social and evening wear. It is based on cosmetic color harmony—conceded to be the greatest beauty discovery of the age. Max Factor's genius developed it, as he only could . . . for no other one person has had the unique and valuable experience of being beauty advisor to the stars since the days of one-reel features. From this experience has come faultless beauty in make-up. Color harmonies in powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials that produce the most exquisite, life-like beauty effect imaginable, blending in perfect harmony with complexion colorings and personalities.

And each star has her own individual color harmony, too—just the exact shades in each essential to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her own individual self—suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. No wonder millions silently applaud the fascinating beauty of the stars.

And now, good news for Screen Secrets readers. Max Factor offers to send to you your own individual complexion analysis and make-up chart; also a copy of his book, "The New Art of Make-Up". A priceless gift . . . for it will give to you the way to a new beauty, a new fascination which heretofore has been held within the glamorous world called 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. 2-6-11

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, "The New Art of Make-Up" and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.
The Love-Life of Jacqueline Logan

(Continued from page 45)

dead, and the pin went back to its own.

The first man who loved me? My dear, if you want that you will have to go back to the days of my cradle. Kisses, mere kisses, are so inconsequential. He was the son of the Governor of Beaufort Jester. And my first kiss was quite a laugh between our two families. They wheeled me out in my carriage and Beaufort's mother ordered him to kiss the baby and pattern my cheek in the bargain. I bit him for it. No, I have not always followed the example I set for myself in dating. But he did more or less set a page for me. I continued to hear about the governor's son who first kissed me and he became my first world-renowned hero. I am sure he or a man had to have a name to interest me.

NOT HER UNCLE DUDLEY

FROM Nebraska I went to New York where some friends of mine introduced me to Dudley Field Malone. Another case of hero-worship. To me this man was a marvel. I liked him. Just to be seen with. Dudley Field Malone made my heart quiver and my head reel with exultation. I went to a football game with him. Imagine dashing up the Nosey with a couple of cops on each side clearing the way for us. At that time he looked on me as a little girl, but I basked upon him from the viewpoint of a woman.

I came to California. Now I like to play golf and since I have always been athletic it is only natural that I should have endured a golf romance. My interest in Crane Gartz was another of those go-places-together and enjoy-the-same-recreation affairs. We liked to dance; he was an excellent dancer as he was a golf player. We were more or less engaged. Do you know, I think that all women experience one of those more-or-less engaged situations. Ah well! in pictures that I had less and less time for golf and dancing so, with me, it became a less rather than a more situation. We are still friends and could always enjoy one another's company. Which is one of the blessings of this type of semi-romance.

Have you ever experienced the thrill of love on the water? There's something sweet and the relaxed undulations of a boat, the soothing, yet sinister, lappings of the waves, the mysterious ever-merging mists which still longings and thoughts afloat and I never quite give you. Mary Nolan spoke in her love-life of raindrops pelting upon blank windows. I speak of waters and their murmurings. I agree with her that rain may be more inspiring than moonlight and roses; but I go further and say that water may top them all for the sublimity of its love-inspiration.

I went on a yacht party to Catalina with some friends. Laurence Fisher, head of the Fisher Body Company was among those included. If we could only have continued home-boatying forever, if we could only have continued to hear the sweet cadences entoned by the waters. But his work was in Detroit and mining in California. And long distance telephones—well, they don't carry the same melody as lapping waters.

AGAIN A FORGETTING

DIRECTOR George Melford saved my life. It was while we were making " Burning Sand," a hero was being fired, horses running this way and that. One day I had to reach a certain point before the camels arrived. I didn't quite make it. And in a horse and in a body swooped me into his arms just in time to prevent a catastrophe. You instinctively feel faithful to one who saves your life.

Love is almost a debt, which you owe him. Eventually, we became engaged to be married. Then I went to New York to do a picture and my hero-worship of the man who had saved me couldn't stand the strain. This may sound quite absurd, but it's quite true and I wish to be honest.

I didn't fall in love again for a long time, six months at least. I was having too good a time to be restricted by one-man engage-

ments. But I was lonely. No matter how much we run around in the evenings with the parties, there is not some one man in a woman's life who she naturally becomes weary and lonely for that one to whom she can confide her troubles. He joins her heart, and she cannot move away

Can you imagine being in tropical moon-
light—or in the house when the rain is fall-
ing—or on the ocean—and not be in love? And we have them all in California.

I was very busy at the Fox studios. An English insurance agent had an appoint-

ment with me to talk business. It was about five years since I had seen the agent's; his name was Ralph Gillespie.

PLENTY THROBS

I was one of those whirlwind campaigns, a campaign tuned to the throes of those sensuous, unexpected strains of music which came to the ears of a tired woman. I was swept off my feet by George Mac Murray claims to have been swept off her feet by Jack Donovan when he played the pipeorgan and she purchased his house because of the unexpected thrill that it gave her.

Virginia Bradford has spoken of the in-
centiveness of the male. I should say it is only too true. For most women are emotionally stubborn. When others oppose her union with a man, she instinctively feels that she is noble to stand up for him. And all women like to feel noble. I believe more unhappy marriages are forced by friends who desire to be with their sinister intrigues and are opposed by everyone. I felt they were unfair to anyone who could play such in-
spiring tunes on the piano. But when I stood up to anyone who knew something was wrong. A woman can usually tell at the altar. If something inside her says, "What am I doing?" she should pick up her train and run for the nearest exit. After all, what does pride matter in comparison to months of tears which must follow?

Of course, it didn't last. Why? Oh, there were a hundred reasons. But the last day is enough for an example. He had been away twenty-four hours without explanation. I said I was going to the studio and then to the Ambassador. He could find me there if he wanted information.

RALPH GETS ROUGH

"YOU'RE going, are you? Not so easily." He threw my maid out of the room while he grabbed for me—started to strike... but I was astonished, I screamed. Neighbors came in.

A man who did that—do you need any further explanation? I was scared and had to make it work out. I hate to admit defeat in anything. I wonder if there aren't many women who stay mar-
died today because of that pride which will
not say, "I have fought, I have lost. I might as well get it over."

My advice is: Give marriage a fair trial
and then if you aren't happy, get it over.
But make certain—then there will be no
heartaches when it is over. I agree with
Marie Prevost. Separate and reunite. Then
if you find new fires won't burn on old
ashes, you are certain.

I had known William L. Winston for two
or three years. Knew him casually as people
do who play in the same crowd together.

Now, by this time I had fairly well run the
gamut of heart-life experiences and I de-
clared the prerequisites for a mate are as I
stated in the beginning. You want a man
who will make you say to yourself and
aloud, "I'm married to him. Isn't it love-
ly?" Not one who whispers the thought,
"Oh, dear, here comes my husband."

MARRY IN HASTE

WHEN William and I had made certain,
we didn't want to wait. Waiting so
often leads to misunderstandings. No matter
how careful you both are—and if one has to
go away. Letters are so unsatisfactory. We
thought it would be all right to be married
in Mexico. We were thinking of our love—
not the laws of our country. And we wanted
a romantic spot. We chose Aguas Calientes
because of the lovely trip from Los Angeles.
Along the sea, over the mountains, the
clouds above, the valleys below. Why,
every mile of that ride spells inspiration! It
was like sailing into home port after a long,
searching journey.

And it has been home port ever since the
wedding ceremony. For the first time in my
life I feel I am emotionally settled. The
past? Why, I never think of it except for
some occasion as this story. The past is
dead; today is the future. And when today
becomes the future for woman—then she
can feel satisfied that unless something
almost unheard of happens, her love-life is
over—or rather—just really beginning.

WHAT A SPLENDID game it is, these
joyous, fearless, modern girls are teach-
ing mothers—the game of escaping the
bondage of old-fashioned ideas and
being happily young again.

Middle age is too often resigned to
things as they were; youth is resigned

filler is amazingly absorbent and is, of
course, disposable. Because this filler
is so soft, pliant and conforming, the
sides of Modess are smoothly rounded
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gauze is cushioned with a film of
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SMART nails have NATURAL GLEAM!

JUST notice the nails of truly chic women... never, any longer, do you find them polished with artificial looking nail tints. For the new nail fashion is natural gleam... given in an instant by Glazo.

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I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and Polish remover). Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions.
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Street...
City... State...

GLAZO

A song-writer and a songster go movie: Victor Schertzinger, author of "Macheta," and Helen Kane, of musical comedy note, take an important hand in "Nothing But the Truth." He directs and she is a featured player in the film.

The Boy Wonders

(Continued from page 40)

have loved and admired for years for the mere sake of enunciation and the ability to read lines. At that, some of the stage stars I have seen in the talking films are poor in comparison to screen players who talk naturally.

I wondered if Mr. Thalberg had noticed the same thing that I did in regard to Pauline Frederick and Lois Wilson in "On Trial?"

"Al Jolson, of course, is a sensation on the Vitaphone. He's a great stage personality. He's a great screen personality. He'd be a great personality anywhere you put him. But it doesn't stand to reason that all black-face comedians and mammy-singers will be a hit on the screen because Al has got over so well. You can't lay down wholesale rules and say that they will work in every case.

"Every actor presents his own problem. Just because Emil Jannings is a foreigner who cannot speak for the phone pictures, does not mean that Greta Garbo, who is also a foreigner, will not be suited to them. Both Nils Asther and Greta Garbo, with decided European accents, have recently signed new long-term contracts with us.

SILENCE WHERE NECESSARY

"SUPPOSE we find that certain of our actors are not as adept at the dialogue films as others—and yet for years they have been great idols of the public. Wouldn't it seem absurd to cast them out, and with them thousands of dollars that have been invested in their personalities, to take on new players who must be equally expensive to coach in screen technique?"

"Take Lon Chaney, our best box-office attraction. I don't know whether or not Lon will get over in the talkies. We haven't tested him yet. But just for the sake of argument, say that he isn't a sensation in the talkies. If such should prove to be the case, we will make his pictures as silent features. He will continue in pantomime in the same way in which he has entertained the public for years. And his pictures will be not one whit less popular.

"On the other hand, Norma Shearer's voice has proved to be delightful in her tests." I had thought he might appear a little self-conscious at the mention of his beautiful wife but, no, he was speaking as an executive of an actress rather than as a proud husband of the little woman. So he didn't blink a lash. "In view of that, it would be absurd for us not to take advantage of her talent in the new development, wouldn't it?"

"Marion Davies is a recruit from the musical comedy stage. Therefore Marion sings and dances, and for her new pictures we will employ her in the most effective medium—the sound pictures." I was surprised that she had also been on the stage. So have Nils Asther and Renée Adorée.

THE BEST OF BOTH

"In order most effectively to present their talents we have recruited several big stage directors and playwrights from New York; and we expect the best results—not by turning out our old people, but by working the two mediums together, one supplying what the other lacks.

"In this panic over the talking pictures, we must not lose sight of the prime requisite of entertaining the public. If Lon Chaney entertains the public as a pantomimist, then let him continue in his top-notch medium, the silent picture. If they want John Gil- bert, let them see him at his best, whether it is sound or silent. If a certain story is most effective as a musical comedy, make use of the chance to work in songs and dances. If the lines are more vivid than the plot, take advantage of the chance to present it as a play. But if it's a script written solely for the limits of the silent camera, then make it that way.

"If Hollywood only realized it, the talking pictures are merely a broadened field for a shut-out for some of our greatest artists.

Maybe it isn't "Good-bye Hollywood—Hello Broadway" after all. Not at M.G.M. anyway; not if the boy wonder knows what he is talking about. And he hasn't missed yet.
$1,000 and One Day to Live
(Continued from page 88)

believe it would be rather terrible to know that, within twenty-four hours, I should leave the world and its people behind me, even though I do believe in a glorious hereafter. I can perceive but cannot understand how any person could do other than prepare for what is to follow those last few hours. After all—there is eternity. One day is a very short time to prepare for forever.

THAT FOR MONEY!

For a whoopee girl, Joan Crawford had two very non-hilarious answers. “First, if I had one thousand dollars and only one day to live, I would try to convince those within whose power it lay, to give me one more day, or even just a few more minutes to live in exchange for the money. The material things in life mean nothing. It’s love and life that are worth everything and I want to live it as long as possible. Failing in my plea for life—I have a second answer: I would spend the day trying to find out who needed the money most, give it to them, and die with the satisfaction of being sure I did at least one good deed in my lifetime.”

I saw Bill Haines later the same day and he blurted out, “I’ve changed my mind—I’d buy monkey glands so’s I could live another day.”

Even playing with the idea of death, Emil Jannings remains the artist. “Ach,” he grunted, which is the way he begins everything. “In my last day I should want to leave some proof of my work—my best work. I should like to hire with the money the finest director, like Lubitsch, and the greatest cameraman and tell them that Emil must smash himself in his art, so that after I am gone the world will remember me as an actor. All my life I have acted. It would seem all in vain if, on this last day you are talking about, I did not create the best in me. This would be a monument Emil would create to himself.”

Lionel Barrymore, in keeping with the best Barrymore traditions, remained gently cynical and unperturbed. “My creditors will no doubt be delighted to know that I would pay my bills with the thousand,” he said casually, “or as many of them as it would cover.”

EVELYN’S IDEAS

THAT is a question that should only be answered after a great deal of thought,” said Evelyn Brent seriously. “If a symphony orchestra were performing on that fateful day, I would drown my soul in its beauty. Music always brings peace and comfort to me. I can think of nothing more beautiful than to leave this earth to the throbbing intonations of the music of the old masters. The money would go to the Children’s Clinic. One visit to the hospital for little girls will set the question of what to do with one’s money after death or even during life.”

Taking into consideration all the varied answers I received, I still think the prize for the most unique reply goes to Buster Keaton.

“It’s a funny situation, having a thousand dollars and only one day to live. I wouldn’t invest or spend it, for I would be afraid that it might turn out similar to Brewster’s Millions, and then there would be a great argument about the whole thing. If I were about to be presented with the money, I would refuse it—and then when I passed the counter, the other side would point and say, ‘There’s the guy that turned down a grand.’”

“Permanent”—says Judge Averill

Honorable Judge Averill, Trial Examiner for the U. S. Federal Trade Commission, after thoroughly investigating ZIP, reports: “... the testimony establishes, without doubt, the fact that if respondent’s preparation (ZIP) is used in accordance with the directions it will permanently prevent the regrowth of hair. The number of applications... will depend upon the character of the growth... some having a more vigorous growth caused by either the natural tendency... or because the growth had been previously stimulated and coarsened by the use of the razor or by chemical depilatories.”

And above all, don’t confuse ZIP with depilatories. ZIP contains no offensive sulphides to irritate. It is simple to use, fragrant, quick, and harmless... the only economical way to destroy the growth. Beware of harmful imitations.
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YOU can remove those annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly and quickly, in the privacy of your own home. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face reinvigorated with new beauty of natural coloring. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

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PHOTOS FROM PLEASED VICTIMS

AROUND many of the walls are photographs, autographed, expressing the satisfaction of now slender motion picture girls. Some of the reducing salons are neat, clean, smelling of antiseptics, in charge of experienced doctors and nurses, hung with gay cretonnes. Others are dingy, dirty, reeking of the pungent smell of camphorated preparations and cheap perfumes, and dank with the odor of perspiration, as foul-smelling as the dungeons of other days where the tortures of the wheel were inflicted.

Another place where pounds are dropped boasts of a stretching table about four feet long and a foot higher than an ordinary table, with a strap eighteen inches from the end under which the legs are placed. The end of the table comes to the reducer's waist. Her head rests on thin air, as do her shoulders and back. The trick about this little device is to bend back as far as possible and bring the body up to a sitting position. It's grand for the abdominal muscles but tough on the girl who has never lifted anything heavier than a step-in. The reverse exercise is with theummy to the stretching table, the head is then bent to the floor and finally brought to a horizontal position.

One little picture maiden, it is rumored, had a black-and-blue waistline after the first two treatments, but she lost eight pounds in fourteen days, and considered it worth the torture.

Another piece of apparatus that forms an important part in this man's reducing system is an acrobatic harness, suspended from the ceiling, into which a reducer slips her legs and does a routine similar to that practiced by embryo trapeze performers. In mid-air she dangles, twisting, wriggling, squirming. 'Exercise and lots of it,' the man who conducts this establishment says. 'You never saw a fat panther. It moves fast and frequently. But an elephant? It lumbers along sluggishly. The secret of being thin is in exercise and lots of it. The fastest thinking people in the world today are professional dancers. They have to be. Their exercise makes them that way. It keeps them in prime condition, mentally and physically, and makes for perfect coordination.' And so the picture girls puff and pant to become as panthers.

The Torture Chambers of Hollywood
(Continued from page 53)

AN ELECTRIC CHAIR, TOO

In full swing: the enjoyment of life at the summer camp of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Beery. They are discovered here with two of their dogs, Pro and Con.
Keeping Alice White

(Continued from page 99)

about you. Think of the relief of that—like a refreshing cold spring after a day's anxious wandering in the desert."

DEPARTING DEFEATED

It was useless. Alice did not even show the joy that she must have felt at the prospect I held out.

"Well, anyway, what is a better self?" I asked simply. "If you have such a good one, tell me what it is."

"A better self varies according to the one who has it," she enigmatically replied. "But here is how it works: people call me up to go to the Mayfair. My better self says no. White stays home and studies. Ask my manager. He lives across the hall."

Defeated, I left Alice, triumphant virtue written plainly in bold letters all over her face. As I left the building, my beautiful tail adroop, I peeked my head around the door of Alice's manager's apartment.

"Mr. Kahn," I said, merely seeking information now. "Mr. Kahn, as Miss White's manager, tell me—do you think she's—"

"No," he unravelled, "that girl is absolutely a one hundred per cent kid."

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97
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The personal experience of a woman who found a healthful way to lose pounds quickly and regain a slender, graceful form.

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"Then I heard of Annette Kellerman's natural reducing method. I learned that her figure had not changed more than a fraction of an inch or a pound in 10 years. When she sent me her free booklet, 'Thy Body Beautiful,' and offered to prove in 10 days that I could reduce by the same method she herself had found so beneficial, I just jumped at the opportunity.

"And her safe method did work beautifully. In only 10 days I began to take off the burden-some flesh. In three weeks I had lost several pounds. It was so easy. And I don’t "pass up" fish either. I eat plenty of the right kind, of course. I feel pep-py. My complexion is clearer, and the mental worry about being fat is gone for good. And it’s delightful to know that I can wear really fashionable clothes now.

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Miss Kellerman offers to prove in 10 days that you too, can reduce and keep it off wherever you want. The results are permanent. The method makes it possible for you to lose 2, 4, or 6 pounds in 10 days. Single send the free booklet, 'Thy Body Beautiful.' There is no obligation. Address Annette Kellerman, Suite 385, 225 West 38th Street, New York City.

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Three loud-speakers going at once: Douglas MacLean, Harold Lloyd and Ben Lyon, trying to out-talk each other through the microphone; and all broadcasting courtesy to the winds

What Do They Think About

(Continued from page 55)

THE DIRECTOR'S DILEMMA

"LOOK at 'em! What a pair o' mugs!"

Now maybe that producer will get an idea of what I'm up against. Those two will get all the credit. I do the whole thing: all the thinking, rewrite the story, do the acting for 'em, and nobody'll even know who directed the damn piece. Maybe it's just as well, with a story and a couple o' hams like these. That writer standing there like he had something to do with it. What's his name? Doesn't matter. Three days over schedule. S'pose that's why the boss came out. Is it my fault? Look at that dame try to hog the camera. Oswald'll break her jaw. Good pair o' legs. Wonder whose girl really is? Won't bawl her out in front o' the boss. Neck's getting stringy. Better get a baby spot and shoot this over. Is it my fault if this picture flops? With a story like this? And such a pair o' hams?"

Aloud he says, "Cut!"

Meanwhile the blonde young leadng woman is thinking, "How long have we got to hold this? Wonder if I could crowd him round just a little more. There! No, he has got to get his profile in. I won't even show in this shot. Might as well have a prop dummy. My breath's going to give out. He should be a star and me just support. An artist like me support him. Rotten story. Would have been worse if I hadn't stepped in with those suggestions. What's the matter with the writers, anyhow?"

THEY'RE ALL WRONG

"AND the directors. S'pose I'm all over the cutting-room floor by now. S'what I get for working with a bimbo like this one. Wat a kiss! My little brother could do better. I can't hold my breath another second. Look at the boss standing there. Stingy old coot. I'll be nice to him and maybe he'll give me a chance. After the way I been photographed in this picture, I s'pose my next part will be a mother. What I could do if they'd let me! I'll shove Oswald round and get in this shot if I have to. Oooh! The brute! The big--"

The director says "Cut!"

Meanwhile the producer is thinking, "Three days they spend on one kiss! Oy! Each day it costs. Oy! Oy! What a business. This otta make some money, at that. Oswald's holding on pretty good in the box office. Think I'll change his hair cut. He can't change his expression. W'y has that director gotta have all them extras standing here on pay while these here actors do a kiss? Can't they kiss without extras? An' why does that dame have to wear a two-hundred-dollar dress to be kissed in when she ain't going to show none in the shot? No use having expensive dresses for leading women with male stars. I'll put that down. Make a memo. Dresses for Oswald's leads to wear in clinches, maximum sixteen-fifty. Or maybe twelve-fifty.

LEGS AND LOVE INTEREST

"GOOD legs on that girl. Wonder whose girl she really is. Won't criticize her to the director. Got her cheap enough. Who's that bird over there? Oh, yes! The writer. Who's his name? Doesn't matter. Rotten story. He gets the gate. Make a memo: writer, gate. If I hadn't a rewritten all his stuff, it'd been a total flop. Not enough love interest. These here writers don't understand the importance of love interest. HI! How long he gonna keep 'em kissin'? The censors--We'll just have to cut it down. More expense. Oy! Lotta film wasted on kisses. There's the foreign market, though."

The director says, "Cut!"

A languid, dark-haired extra girl yawns
Embarassing to tell them—but women should know that this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability, now deodorizes completely.

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Before They Were Born, Who Were They?
(Continued from page 35)

known people in some former life and remember unconsciously which ones we loved then, and which ones did us wrong.”

Betty Compton doesn’t want to be set down as a believer in reincarnation—but she has had some amazing experiences. Seven or eight years ago on a London trip she and a scenario writer friend made an impromptu Ouija board from paper and a playing card to while away the tiresome evenings in a lumber camp. On their first night’s trial of their board, “Lieutenant Rust” announced himself. He was, he explained, as the point of the marker dashed over the board picking out the letters, an aviator, killed in France and told them many amazing things.

“As it possible?” Betty asked him, “to find out what I was in other lives?”

THE CRUEL MISS COMPSON

“POSSIBLE, yes,” the marker spelled. “But I must look up the records. Tomorrow night I will tell you what I find.”

The next evening Betty sat down at the board eagerly anticipating the revelation that she had been an Egyptian princess or a gorgeous courtisan of the Borgias. But the news “Lieutenant Rust” brought her was disappointing. “I have looked over all your incarnations,” said the marker frankly, “and you were never anyone of importance. Once in England you lived as a high-born lady named Ursula Magnin. Once in Italy you were a man named Paul Abonnetti and you were harsh and accustomed to harry your vassals.”

“I imagine using words like that, ‘harry your vassals.’” says Betty. And indeed imagine her! “Maybe that’s why I always worrying about the under dog today, to make up for my cruelty. But I was interested enough to look up the name Magnin and found that it belonged to a very old family in England.”

After the location trip the Ouija board was put away and not taken up again for five years, during which time a man with whom Betty had played in several pictures died. Then came another location trip and another impromptu Ouija board.

“Lieutenant Rust came at once.” Betty relates, half jestingly, half seriously. “He told me that this movie player had been born again, reinarnated this time in a remote province in China. ‘But why China?’ I asked him—for my fellow player had been a man of great intellect and culture. ‘By the time he grows up the pointer spelled, ’the new China will have need of him.’

Lois Wilson, whose eager mind is always finding new paths of thinking to explore, is certain that at some time or other she must have lived in London. “When I first went there,” she says, “I never looked in my guide book, or at a map. I just walked straight to the place I wanted to see. I seemed to know every turn, every crooked alley, every building in the city. I felt more at home there than in any place I have ever been.”

LOUISE WAS NEVER CLEO

EBEBE DANIELS has always had a curious feeling of kinship with Joan of Arc, and has repeatedly asked to play her on the screen. Theda Bara used to claim that she was the reincarnation of Cleopatra and recall jolly times in her palace on the Nile. Louise Fazenda conceals her real interest in the subject under her usual sense of humor. “I used to think I might have been some enchantress of history,” she giggles, “but it I couldn’t be Cleopatra, could it? I’m afraid of snakes, and besides I’m too fat to lounge around on barges; it isn’t my style!”

A seer told Anna Q. Nilsson that in one of her first lives she had been a wicked heartbreaker, who won men’s love for the pleasure of torturing them. “And perhaps,” says Anna somberly, “that’s why I have never been able to find a happy love in this life. I wonder how many more existences it will take to expiate that old sin of mine.”

If it should be true that this life of ours is simply one of many in which we work out our destiny, these gorgeous children of fortune, the movie stars, are thwarted souls enjoying at last, after thousands of years of oppression and obscurity, their turn, in the spotlight of fame.
The Pictures of Discouragement

He was a handsome young extra man—indubitably foreign—who stood in the line at the post office window before Lucille Gleason, the other day. He had a square flat bundle and the clerk glanced at it doubtfully. "What are you mailing?" he asked. The young extra's face lighted up. "Photographs to my family in Budapest," he said. "Would you like to see them, vas?" and he was joyfully untying the string when the clerk stopped him. "No, I don't want to see your photographs," he snapped. "Here, gimme." The young extra's face fell as he pushed the package under the wicket.

Almost Funny

Sam Goldwyn, they say, left Henry—where he had been lunching, and hailed a taxicab, directing the driver to take him to the United Artists studio. "Where is that?" inquired the driver. "What!" fumed Goldwyn, "The United Artists studio, on Santa Monica Boulevard." "Oh, yeah," said the taxi man, "I getcha. It's the one just this side of Educational Comedies."

Lupe No Wed

Lupe Velez was asked about the rumor that she and Gary Cooper were to be married. "We just fine friends," said Lupe, "but we no marry. Gosh no." It will be dull in Hollywood if the talkies make all the foreigners learn to speak English conventionally.

Zose Weeps

Which reminds me somehow of the exclamation of Paul Fejos on the "Broadway" set the other day when something went wrong. "Oh, for the crying's out aloud!" moaned Paul.

Then the Rest Cackled

A Press Agent," said a wise-cracker at the Wampas dinner the other night, is a man who boasts for a producer, like a bird who cackles when some other bird lays an egg." Cecil De Mille's press agent roared indignantly. "I have been with Mr. De Mille for many years," he protested, "and he has never laid an egg—er—that is I have never cack—er. But he was not allowed to finish.

To Them As Hate

The daughter of a film magnate was recently married. When the studio weekly pay envelopes came around, they were all of them five dollars shy, and a note enclosed showed why: Deduction of five dollars for your share of the wedding present for Miss Soando, " it read.

Spend It Somehow

Colleen Moore's new doll house will outshine Titania's palace when it is completed in the next three years. Its kitchen will be tiled to the ceiling in Delft blue reproductions from Colleen's pictures so tiny they can only be seen through a magnifying glass. It is Colleen's fifth doll house and will cost as much as the new home she is building in Bel Air. "It's expensive," admits Colleen, "but some stars buy diamonds. I prefer doll houses."

For the Sewing Course?

And here is the comment of a famous lady novelist and writer of the It type of photoplays: "Isn't it sweet," she says, "to see all those pretty little girls coming out of Hollywood High School knitting baby clothes?"

(Continued on page 103)
Margaret Livingston's advice to married women on the best way to hold husbands is that they, the women, should spend all the man's money and take up all his time. And Margaret should know, inasmuch as she's unmarried herself.

All Women Are Mercenary

(Continued from page 59)

It's always, or almost always, a flutter and nothing more, but it does occur. I'm afraid I would be too broad-minded if I were to marry. I'd be inclined to say 'Go right ahead, dear; I understand.' I'm quite certain that if I married a man with means, I'd want to be a wife to me, tender, protective; I would never divorce him for the customary reason. I would understand. Promiscuity is another matter, of course. I'd never stand for that.

SHE'S SORRY SHE'S SINGLE

I NEVER have married—and I'm sorry now. When I first came to Los Angeles several years ago, I came to buy my trousseau. I was engaged to be married to a banker, several years older than myself. I met Edna Purviance one day and went shopping with her. She bought a bottle of perfume and paid twenty-five dollars for it. I took one staring look and said, 'This for me! I, too, shall get into the movies and buy twenty-five-dollar bottles of perfume. I never have, but that's neither here nor there. That one little bottle of scent changed the entire course of my life for me. I thought of the little home, baby carriages, meals to order, budgets to worry over, and my nose tilted up toward Heaven. It seemed stodgy and dull and difficult and colorless—then it doesn't any more. It seems the most worth-while thing in all the world. But at any rate, I canceled my engagement and my trousseau, collected what funds I could from my astounded family and stayed in Hollywood.

I'm not sorry I didn't marry that time. I wasn't ready for it and it would have flitted. But I am sorry I haven't married since that time. I've missed a tremendous experience—the experience of having a child, without which no woman is, really, in things. I sit about now and hear friends of mine discussing their babies' diets and naps and first teeth and first words and I have to sit by, dumb. I have nothing to contribute. I'm out of it. Out of a woman's life. And the things I am doing, the things I am working for, seem futile and shallow by comparison. I want to steal those babies. Last

(Continued on page 106)
The Political Scene

LILYAN TASHMAN was working with a temperamental director not long ago. He became furious over some trifling incident, delivered a tirade and collapsed into inanovability into his chair. After ten minutes of this he suddenly barked, "lights!" "My heavens, are we going to work?" drawled Lilyan. "I thought I was conducting a filibuster."

Surrilege

We were being shown about Cecil B. De Mille’s really palatial dressing-room bungalow the other day, walking on tiptoe, and speaking in hushed accents as Barrett Keeling, the publicity man, showed us the marvelous art objects and curiosities Mr. De Mille has accumulated. With us was a party of awed tourist friends and one or two other writers. "Now this," said Barrett, showing us an oyster shell, "is the most valuable thing in the collection. The oyster caught a tiny fish, and being unable to absorb it or digest it, turned it into pearl."

We peered raptly at the tiny pearl fish in the hollow of the shell, and jumped as the unabashed voice of the newspaper reporter sounded in a profound shout. "Ho! Ho!" he yelled. "Hoory for indigestion."

No Risk There

My next-door neighbor’s child was going to the movies. It was an Adolphe Menjou picture and her mother hesitated. "I don’t know," she worried. "It might be risky." "What’s that, mother?" queried the sub-flapper. "Risque means improper, not quite nice," her mother explained. "However, I suppose it’s all right. Run along." At the end of the afternoon the daughter of the house arrived home beaming. "Oh, mother," said she, "it wasn’t risky at all. It was perfectly proper." "Fine!" said her mother. "What was it about?" "Well," said the modern child, "it was about a man who eloped with his valet’s wife."

The Absentee Voice

In several of the new talkies the hero or heroine has to sing a song. And not all of the stars have singing voices, which necessitates voice doubles. "Why, I thought you were working this week," someone exclaimed to a famous movie juvenile the other day. "I was going to," said he, "but you see my voice has been called out of town to his father’s funeral."

New Theme Songs

With the present craze for theme songs, they are suggesting song subjects for all Hollywood occasions. The cutting down of work at the Universal studio brings this suggestion. "Don’t Blame It All On Broadway." "Mary Dugan, You’re a Trial To Me" is the Metro theme song; and for Noah’s Ark, this is suggested: "I Begat, You Begat, We All Begat, Ain’t We Got Fluid?"

Mexican Eagles, Maybe

AL BOZEBERG was called over to furnish a wise-cracking title for a scene where a traveling salesman tried to date up a waitress, and after being turned down a dozen times, says cheerily, ‘Well, I’ll call for you at six-thirty then,’ and goes out. The title wanted was for a parrot to say. "Might have him remark, ‘If I had that fellow’s nerve I’d be an eagle’" suggested Bozenberg. "But the parrot is a tropical bird," objected the supervisor, "and he wouldn’t know about eagles, ain’t it?" (Continued on page 110)

ARTISTS EARN MORE

WHILE you are dreaming of making money... enjoying life... why not train your talent for drawing? A fortune may be at your finger tips if you train them now. Many people do not realize they have artistic ability. Through art, you may find the way to a famous name and a large income.

Artists are paid more today than ever before. Since the war, rates for art work have increased tremendously. Advertisers and publishers are paying millions of dollars annually to those who are trained in Modern Art.

Think of the money paid to artists for the illustrations in this magazine alone. Hundreds of successful students of the Federal School of Illustrating are now making from $2500 to $6000 a year and some are making even larger incomes.

More than fifty famous artists... earning big money themselves... have contributed their drawing secrets to the Federal Course. They know the way to make money through art. The Federal Course teaches you their methods of Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing, Window Card Illustrating, etc. Through this course you can learn at home during your spare time.

TEST YOUR TALENT—FREE

Why be content with a small income at routine work when art training offers such possibilities? Write your name, age and address on the coupon and get the Free Book, “A Road To Bigger Things” illustrated below. It gives details about how famous artists of today started their careers and shows examples of our students drawings. With it, you will receive our Free Vocational Art Test. Clip and sign this coupon now. It may be the beginning of an art career which will enable you to clip bond coupons and sign big checks later.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

6099 Federal Schools Building :: Minneapolis, Minnesota

[Form for submitting the coupon with fields for Age, Occupation, and Address]
Yokels Under Their Skins
(Continued from page 42)

know what I mean. Not the Foxes of the Fox Studio. It is the Edwin Carewe Pro-
ductions, and brother Carewe Wallace function in the organization as scenarist and
assistant director, respectively.
And if there is anything that is truly
satisfying to picture people, it is just such
mistakes in identity as the single shampoo-
ing could add such beauty—such delightful
lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's se-
cret! But you may share it, too! Just one
Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the
way! At your dealers', 2c, or send for free
sample!

* (Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos
that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in
addition to cleansing, gives your hair "luster-int")

— a sure little kit—not much—hardly believable.
But how it does bring out the true beauty of
your own individual shade of hair!

W. K.OBI

631 Rainier Ave., Dept. F, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name—
Address—
City—
State—
Color of my hair—

Sh-h-h---------! (a secret)

Not a soul will know just what you have
done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly
nobody would dream that a single shampoo-
ing could add such beauty—such delightful
lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's se-
cret! But you may share it, too! Just one
Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the
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—a sure little kit—not much—hardly believable.
But how it does bring out the true beauty of
your own individual shade of hair!

W. K. OBI

631 Rainier Ave., Dept. F, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name—
Address—
City—
State—
Color of my hair—

Make Your Skin Ivory-White in 3 Days!

In 3 to 6 days this totally new-type
leotion brings vivid, alluring beauty to
the skin in a safe natural way. It
brings whiteness and evety smooth-
ness up from underneath, to
to the surface. The ivory-white
leotion is used morning and
night for 3 to 6 days. Then, if not
simply amazed, I will refund full price
101

Women men admire . . . pretty rounded
face and neck
Abolish ugly hollows forever

Miss Genevieve of Reno, Nevada, writes: "I have used Tiffany Facial
White for 10 years, and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and
removed warts, worn-out lines that would never come out. I used to look
so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance."

You, too, can abolish forever sunken cheeks, thin necks, hollow
shoulders, flat busts. No beauty secret or tensive exercise is necessary. Simply apply Tiffany
White price, 50c, at your druggist. 100c, at Tiffany Laboratories, Inc., 1127 Hanna Bldg.,
Cleveland, 0.

Tiffany Laboratories, Inc.

1127 Hanaa Bldg.
Cleveland, 0.

Women men admire . . . pretty rounded
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Cleveland, 0.

Tiffany Laboratories, Inc.

1127 Hanaa Bldg.
Cleveland, 0.
Train Your Voice for the "Talkies"

fame and fortune await you in Hollywood

NOW is the time for you to develop your voice. The "talkies", stage, business and industry are bidding for men and women with the ability to talk in a pleasing, clear and forceful manner and fortunes are being made today by people with less natural ability than you who have trained their voice; developed their personality; conquered fear, timidity and "stage fright" and have learned how to put their ideas over with men whose confidence means success and financial independence for them.

You have this ability the same as others but in you it is hidden—burned. Why don't you bring it to light? Develop your voice? Build your personality and unleash the power and magnetism that is within you to make your life the success you admire in others?

New Easy Way

HOLLYWOOD VOICE INSTITUTE offers you the positive way to voice perfection. It provides for the first time a means for you to hear your own voice exactly as others hear it and then to hear, in your own voice, the personal, spoken suggestions and corrections of a famous professor who is training many of Hollywood's brightest stars for the "talkies". You receive to keep for your very own, a remarkable, scientific recording instrument and a beautiful, full-toned, portable phonograph. After each interesting lesson, you make a phonograph record of your voice, send it to the Institute where it is listened to, orally corrected on the reverse side and returned to you. It is easy to learn by hearing—you play your records over and over again to hear your mistakes and difficulties and hear a world authority tell you how to overcome them. By this fascinating audible method, you hear your own improvement day by day; you gain confidence in yourself; you conquer fear and "stage fright" and develop your personality so that you will become a leader among your fellow-men.

Free Help

AN ASTOUNDING new book—"Hear Yourself As Others Hear You"—is awaiting you—FREE. It tells you how you can become a forceful, dynamic speaker—how you can develop a dramatic, resonant, well-modulated voice—how to banish fear—how to win respect and admiration whether you are talking to one or a thousand.

This amazing book is yours for the asking. You should read it at once whether you are interested in perfecting your voice for the "talkies", the stage, business or for the sheer delight of knowing how to properly use one of God's greatest gifts to mankind—the vocal organs.

Send for this starting book TODAY—it is FREE—use coupon below.

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(N. New Audible Method)
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Gentlemen: Please send me FREE and without obligation your startling new book and complete information on the audible method of voice culture which I understand will give me the pleasing, forceful, well-modulated voice I desire.

NAME: ____________________________
ADDRESS: _________________________
CITY: ___________________ STATE: __________

105
All Woman are Mercenary

(Continued from page 102)

night I dreamed I had one. A girl, with red hair and a pretty mouth. I was in the hospital and my mother brought her in to me. She said, 'She has love in her mouth. She's not very pretty otherwise.' I woke this morning remembering that baby face. I still remember it.

AFRAID TO CHOOSE

"I HOPE to marry some day. But it's more difficult for me now than it was a few years ago. I'm getting choosy and particular. I couldn't afford to make a mistake now. It would be fatal and horrible. It's got to be right—or not at all."

"Of course men think of me, judging me by my work on the screen. Indecent proposals are frequent, but I have a sure-fire formula that always wards 'em off. I'd listen to you, but I'd have to laugh at you next week."

"Men can't bear to be laughed at in the role of lovers. You can kid them about their business abilities, their friends, their clubs and sports and looks and get away with it. But try to kid them as lovers and they'll leave you in everlasting peace."

"I had an amusing experience of that sort with a very famous male star. We were doing an ardent love scene one day. It was going over big. The next day I lunched with him. As I was preparing to leave, he clasped me to his chest and then registered indignation when I pulled away. "What!' he said. 'Do you mean to tell me that that scene we did yesterday meant nothing to you?" Sure, I said. 'It meant my weekly pay-check to me, and that's a lot.' Between you and me, it hadn't meant more than that to me, but I had to go to tell him so I wasn't, the pull wasn't very potent. I have no interest in being one among many."

"I was making a personal appearance one week in San Francisco. And on the stage I gave forth bits of my hard-trained philosophy. I addressed the women, the wives of the audience, and said, 'If you want to hold your husbands, spend their money. They can't stray far on empty pockets. And make 'em trot you out every night of the week. Do things and go places. They can't roam far if they haven't got the time. Dress to kill and never sit at home while husbands play about.'

ONE SUCCESSFUL CASE

"A FEW nights later I was dining at a Café in San Francisco and noticed a nice looking little woman to my table. She chirruped, 'Aren't you Margaret Livingston? I admitted to the charge and she clasped me lustily on the arm and boasted, 'I just want to tell you that I'm taking your advice and it's working fine. I've spent his money and I'm making him take me out every night—and life's a wonderful thing."

"I felt that I had saved a home, though not by the usually approved methods."

Margaret Livingston has mahogany red hair worn in a smartly semi-straight bob. She adores red. Her gown was red the day I talked with her. Her car is red. She had a volume of Oscariana on a side table. She lives on the second story of a house in Los Angeles and her sister and child occupy the ground floor. Margaret likes to live in hotel suites and on second floors. She is a second-story woman. Not the bungalow type.

She thinks Murnau is the most powerful and interesting director in Hollywood and yearns to do a really big part with him. He understands the character and the sophisticate, she says. She doesn't know whether she likes talkies or not and, mercifully, didn't discuss them.

She envies herself, Margaret Livingston. And I have a pretty swell idea that she knows life, too, and men and women and love and hate and virtue and vice.
Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please Wear what you please Do what you please Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless. Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn-out cell matter and remaining poisons. Your skin will be cleaner and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally, but you can also concentrate the effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get three full-sized packages and an interesting booklet, "Health and Open Pores," for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro Baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years.

"I weigh 10 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful.

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent! Until I commenced Fayro baths, I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

FAYRO 
825 Loius St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me 3 full-sized packets of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50, plus the necessary postage. I understand that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first packet I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ________

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with Coupon.

M.P.M. 6-29

107
NEW!
HAIRDRESSING
INVENTION
Marcel's...Curls...Waves

HERE's a device that looks simple enough...and it is! Yet it works absolutely like magic. It's an utterly new and novel invention! A tiny, automatic marcelling machine, also used to restore and reset perfections.

Think of getting a real professional looking marcell for 1¢! That's exactly what this new invention means to you. For anyone can use it, you get the knock of it 16 minutes. The Marcel in 10 minutes or less. Day or night. Thousands of marcellers, using your Wavy-O-Matic Machine is always ready. No waiting, no fussing, and no hairdresser to pay when you're done! Best of all, this new creation is so reasonably priced that it usually pays for itself in less than a month!

Just now an introductory advertising offer is made. Write for it today. Also learn how you get your own machine Free simply by showing to friends.

AGENTS
$100 A Week
Rent in full or
space time
Everything furnished. Sel C.O.D. or collect and deliver.
Write quick for Free Test Offer.

WALSH MFG. CO., Dept. G-30
5849-51 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FRECKLES
Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ointment of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should notice that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

The Bust—
Beautifully Developed
IT IS FASHION'S DEGREE!
"Rising curves of beauty for the feminine figure"—just the phrase for the modern bust. Combinations of power in swell of bust, and firmness in shape in every contour, are combined in this new bust. Write quickly, learn of the new fashions in physique development. Our new book, "THE BUST—BEAUTIFULLY DEVELOPED"—sent FREE.

THE OLIVE CO., Dept. 33, Clarinda, Iowa

BIG PAY CAMERA MEN
GREAT OFFER
BE A MOVIE OPERATOR
PROJECTOR CAREERS
We teach you at home Financed by Movie and

CAMERA FREE BOOK explains
GIVES opportunities as Motion
Free Book and Job Chart
Portrait, Commercial or News Photo-
pheres in your home! Learn at Home or in our great New

N.Y. Institute of Photography
10 W. 33rd St., New York, Dept. 29

Roosevelt Hotel here is on the same scale with the Astor in New York. Our high school covers more territory and is more advanced academically.

"Speaking of schools I can say that the Tulsa schools are about a grade ahead of the Hollywood grade-schools. I have a small son who attends schools in both towns—wherever we happen to be living. He has had studies that the Hollywood students have not touched. But in all justice to Hollywood I like their system very much. They do not try to cram the pupils so much and devote more time to athletics and out-of-door work."

"I hope I haven't seemed to pan Hollywood too much. I don't want to leave that impression. I would have to like the town to spend so much of my time here. There is one particular angle about Hollywood that I like. People are accepted here for what they are, their charm, their personality, themselves. At home the social world is divided into cliques and the tendency is to judge by the car one drives and the street one lives on. I have seen lunchtime parties at the Montmartre that include women from the social world, actresses and working girls, on the most intimate terms.

HOLLYWOOD'S HEART
THE Montmartre is one of the most interesting cafes in the world, I am sure. It seems to be almost the heart of Hollywood. The conversation that goes on there seems to be the tongue of Hollywood. One catches phrases of movies and tea and contracts and clothes and gossip that is the spice of the town. The several times I have been there I have noticed, in particular, Claire Windsor. She always seems to be so friendly and so well-grown. Judging from the people she speaks to, she must have a million friends. Other players I have seen there include Tom Nix, Buddy Rogers, Jane Winton, Rupert Hughes and his wife (by the way, it is almost as big a thrill to see a famous author as a movie star), and many more attractive personalities. The Montmartre is the one place where you may see Hollywood as you believe it to be. I mean that it has the Hollywood atmosphere. It is an odd sensation to step from the Montmartre back on Hollywood Boulevard and find that you are back in a small town again.

"I was terribly disappointed not to have seen Conrad Nagel there. He is a great favorite in Tulsa and one of my particular enthusiasms—especially since the advent of the talking pictures. He enunciates so splendidly and his lip movement is perfect. Perhaps that seems like an odd observation on a movie star—to you. I doubt if I should ever have noticed such a thing myself if a friend of mine, who is deaf and dumb, hadn't called to my attention that she could read every word Conrad uttered, from his lip movement. Pictures are one of her great diversions—even the sound pictures which she cannot hear. Monte Blue moves his lips so little when he talks that she cannot read a thought from him.

A PROLOGUE PROTAGONIST
O NCE I had a notice that Tulsa gets the new films long before Hollywood does. I saw pictures just before I left home that have just reached the Broadway. On the other hand, it is more fun to go to the movies in Hollywood. I like the prologues very much. Tulsa has made several attempts to copy the prologue idea but they aren't as clever at it as Sid Grauman. In Hollywood, going to a movie is a special event. The tickets are as high as a legitimate theater back home and it is certainly nothing unusual to find the audience in evening clothes. Back home one merely drops into The Ritz after an afternoon of shopping or something like that. I have never seen a more beautiful theater than Grauman's Chinese or The Carthay. Hollywood does well to pay homage to their movies in these beautiful theaters. Seeing the finished product in Hollywood is far more interesting than visiting the studios."

"Several years ago when my husband and I were out here to attend a convention of the American Petroleum Institute we were invited through the Fox Studios. I found very little glamour surrounding the studio. It is more like a factory. Everything is so businesslike. But it was a great deal as I had expected. I had no illusions about the making of pictures. You see we read fan magazines in Tulsa.

"Truthfully, the inside workings of Hollywood are not so attractive as the surface impressions. I do not know that I would like to be intimately friendly with actors. Not that they aren't worthy and attractive people, but so much of the illusion is lost. It is more entertaining to drive past their homes and wonder about them.

Your Neighbor Says
(Continued from page 65)
than it is to be invited there and find they are ordinary people with servant problems like the rest of the world. I have a sneaking fear that actors live too much like the rest of us. On a whole, their homes are neat but not gaudy in spite of the elaborate publicity that has been sent out.

TULSA CAN MATCH 'EM

Of course, there are eye-filling estates. Harold Lloyd's is simply breath-taking, merely to drive past. The residences of Tom Mix and Charlie Chaplin are imposing in their grandeur. Corinne Griffith's home is lovely. But Clara Bow, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Dolores Del Rio, Dolores Costello, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman live in houses that look very much like yours and mine.

"Every town has its show places. Harold Lloyd's is the pièce de résistance of Hollywood. Even other actors are impressed by Harold's manner. Of course, his cultivated gardens, his small daughter's private play-house and the elaborate mansion he has erected on his estate in Beverly Hills. But even on that score, Tulsa cannot be left behind. The Waite Phillips estate in Tulsa has everything Harold has, including a few extras. Just outside of Tulsa is the home of an oil billionaire and his grounds, including a hunting lodge, world-renowned stables and everything that goes to make up a little home in the West."

It was quite clear that Mrs. Rosier wasn't going to give Hollywood anything on Tulsa. She's a great little booster for the old hometown. But I couldn't help noticing as I gathered up my hat and coat that on the society page of the Tulsa World, Sunday edition, which had been forwarded, was a picture and a caption which read, "Hollywood Bellevue Sister in Tulsa."

We began to wonder if she weren't a bit like the hero of Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" who, transplanted from the little Scotch village of Thrums to London, proceeded to brag about the kirk to the children in the East End, but who, he knew himself, if he were taken back again to his native ground, would boast to his playmates there about the dome of St. Paul's. Perhaps Mrs. Rosier, in Tulsa, would mention with pride a few things in Hollywood.

Maybe Hollywood will cut some ice down there yet.

---

You can have color which seems your own . . . but do you? Not mere faint tints, mind you, but color as deep and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of you, "she has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that is a thought!

Always Complimented

Precisely this praise is the compliment always paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does not possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are neutral, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When Nature gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background from within.

How Color Comes to Life

Any harsh, flat, color you put upon your face will clash, inevitably. This is known in making Princess Pat—and guarded against. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that come to life instantly as they are warmed by the skin. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat rouge have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat rouge give its marvelously life-like color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin individually. Thus does your color seem actually to come from within. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

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UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. G-685, Chicago, Ill.

Faces That Only a Beauty Could Love

(Continued from page 71)

Betsy Blythe, the stately Queen of Sheba girl, might be best imagined as the bride of a Lochinvar, a Cœur-de-Lion, a Black Prince, a Douglas or a Hastings. But she wed an interesting little man, who must needs be measured by his soul if he is equal to Betty’s inches

Sometimes love, like lightning, strikes twice. It struck Bob Leonard twice in the same place, his heart. Bob is fair, fortyish, and not so slim. But he preceded the Prince Mc’doodidado, if that’s the gentleman’s name, as the cream in Ma Murray’s coffee. And when the coffee failed to perk, it was this same rusty-haired boulevardier who was weeded out from thousands of art-model Adonises by Gertrude O’leamsted. You’ll need more than second sight to see why Colleen Moore became Mrs. John McCormick. Two looks won’t tell you. They say that Raymond Hitchcock took a lamb at John and wrote his song about “What’s the Use of All These Pretty Little Babies Growing up to Homely Men?”

Think of all the handsome lads Colleen might have had come courting. And she goes and marries a McCormick. Wurra, wurra, ’tis an odd world.

HE HAS NO HONI

If you’ve a heart in your chest instead of a cube of ice, you’ve sighed yourself love-lorn over the beautiful Katherine McGuire. She might be the Dark Lady to whom Shakespeare was writing poetry when he should have been home putting the cat out of Ann Hathaway’s cottage. Her beauty is warm as a desert song. She could make sheiks and sultans, potentates and princes play “I faw down” in the hope of winning a smile. Yet when George Landy, First National Publiciteer, had the tenority to intimate matrimony, she just turned those midnight eyes on him and whispered, “yes”—as though she were flattered. George is oke. But he’s minus a delf chin, romantic orbs, Roman nose, patent-leather hair, that certain je ne sais quoi. And he hasn’t got a bit of honi soll qui mal y pense. If you get what I mean. In fact, if they cast George opposite Greta Garbo, the critics would say he wasn’t the type. Yet Katherine won’t let him out alone at night. Afraid Blanovanov or Jutta Goudal or some of those fascinating furriers have him spotted.

Jane Winton, the girl with the green eyes, never considered a day complete unless the Western Union delivered three or four broken hearts to her. Frequently she had to call the reserves to keep sad-eyed millionaires, ranging in appearance from Ramon Novarro to Gary Cooper, from cluttering up her front porch. When the time came to slip on the hymeneal hand cuffs, guess whom she appointed gazer? Charlie Kenyon. Yes, sir, it’s a fact. And if Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, John Rockefeller and Henny Ford walked down Hollywood Boulevard on their hands for love of her, none of ’em would get a tumble. Now figure out what Jane’s Chawles has that she gets that way.

WHAT MARY DOUG UP

MARY, herself, picked no bargain in the arts of beauty. Of course, Doug knows a lot of parlor tricks and must be frightfully amusing about the house. But no one ever asked him to pose for a statue of Civic Virtue. And it wouldn’t be surprising if he rehearsed his jokes to the family before company came.

And they keep it right up. Here’s Lina Basquette, pretty as a picture, all sealed to Pev Marley, one of nature’s noblemen. Pev’s a cameraman. And there’s a reason for him staying behind the camera. Mary Astor marries one of those guys people describe as having an honest face. Little May McAvoy gets engaged to Maurice Cheyney. “Such a frank, open countenance!” And so it goes all down the line. What is this mysterious power? How do they get that way? You tell ’em, King Solomon. As for me, a dame described me as having such a “simple face.” Oh, Greta! This is so sudden.
took his and studied it, growing more uneasy all the time. Finally, he leaned over to Sir Alfred and whispered, "Say, mister, you ain't got a sandwich, have you?"

"At one performance in New York a woman grew hysterical, saying she recognized Jean Darling as her stolen daughter and another woman haunted the stage door with an invitation from a Hollywood actress who wanted to give a party for Mary Ann. We wired to find that the actress was blissfully in Hollywood.

"In Brooklyn I was arrested and things were pretty hectic for a while. A children's protective organization descended upon us the day after our special permit expired and in the middle of the performance I was seized as I went offstage. There were the kids, waiting to finish our act, and me in the firm hands of the law. Well—they let us finish the skit and then they decided to take the kids along to court with me. 'Run!' I yelled, and the mothers and fathers and aunts and grandmas and business managers grabbed their kids and flew every way. It beat any street revolt to watch them scatter. Everyone ran but Joe Cobb, the fat boy. There he stood in the middle of the stage. 'Run, Joe!' I yelled at him. 'Stay there, boy!' thundered the law. 'But I don't know which to do, Mr. Cob-f-in!' quavered poor Joe. They were all for taking Joe to court, too. 'If you do, I'll knock you down,' I offered. 'Don't!' begged the theater press agent who was putting up his house and lot to bail me out.

"Joe stood there, trembling. Just then Harry Lucoway, Pete's master, made a dive for the kid and ran off with him. And so they took me to jail. I was released in time to play the next performance.

"The next day they decided to subpoena the kids as witnesses. We had been driving around town in a bus, making thirty to fourteen appearances a day at smaller houses. The process server tried to find out who the manager of the troupe was. Finally someone told him it was the bus driver. He served the warrants on the bus driver, and the subpoenas never got to first base.

"When the fray was all over and we had left Brooklyn, little Joe came to me and said 'Mr. Cob-f-in, when you were arrested, would it have helped if I had pulled out that police badge that I got in Chicago?'"

A LIVING COFFIN

IT was a great trip. Lasted three months and ended in St. Louis. Exasperating sometimes, but you never traveled with a better bunch than those kids. Even Pete, the dog, was well-behaved.

"My birthday came during the latter part of the tour and as we closed our last appearance that night, Wheezer toddled out on the stage and presented me with a silver loving cup—a birthday present from Our Gang."

The Salvation Racketeer

(Continued from page 20)

work, "The actors and producers I preached to on Times Square used to urge me to go on the stage. A famous dramatist even wrote a play for me. I like theatrical people; I understand them. I like lights, gaiety, pretty things. I think people ought to have a good time, be happy. I'll even take a cocktail now and then. But preaching is my work. I tried to give it up, once, and I couldn't. So here I am."

Here she is. Hollywood has taken her by the hand and led her through its studios. Publicity men have quoted her as saying that "everyone seemed too busy in the movies to have time for sinning." So the reform of Hollywood is already begun.
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Phantom Red has changed the fashion in lipstick. No longer is it smart to give the lips a heavy, greasy coating. Phantom lip-red, perfumed by clever chemists, imparts a deep, luscious, healthy glow of TRANSPARENT color to the lips. Absolutely natural! The tender texture of young lips becomes softer, not harsher. Nothing but vital color has been added. To see how much more beautiful your lips will be—make up one lip with your old lipstick and the other with Phantom Red. You will know at once why thousands of smartly groomed women have changed to Phantom Red. Your favorite shop sells Phantom Red. In ultra red-and-black enamel case, swivel action, $1.; Junior 50c.

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When the array of wedding gifts for Ruth Roland was displayed, we wondered not at their variety and value, and how there would be room at the celebration—with them in the house—for the guests who sent them.

Shopping With Ruth Roland

(Continued from page 69)

designed it while the clerk cut off the material.

CHASING LACE

BUT lace of the same shade was easier spoken of than purchased. This particular place didn’t have it. Nor the next, nor the one after. We went from the most expensive and exclusive to the cheapest and most plebian, where negroes jostled us from one side to another. And in the eleventh store—a little shop on Hollywood Boulevard, miles and miles from downtown where we had started, we found it.

“Do you have any thing you hunt enough. And wait until you see this gown, You’ll believe it was worth the hunting.”

Three weeks later came the wedding. But in the meantime, I kept my eye upon the bride and her purchases. Her going-away dress was in four pieces. Skirt, blouse, coat—short, a la the spring fashion—and cape. Sort of a feather blue combination.

“Then you really have three dresses in one,” she explained. “The skirt and blouse, all of the same material, make a sport suit. The jacket coat gives you a shopping outfit and the cape fits it for motoring, train travel, or what have you.

“To me, accessories are all-important. I would rather go without one dress or one nightie or something and have a bag and shoes and jewelry to match everything. And gloves. Nifty gloves mean so much to the general appearance of a woman. If one can’t afford kid or suede, get imitation. But do have them nifty.”

Do you know, by the day before the wedding I almost felt as though I were being married? And when the gifts began to pour in, why hadn’t she realized how they wrapped wedding gifts in this modern era? They were almost too pretty to open. We picked out two at random—before they were opened—and photographed them for you.
The Celestial Super
(Continued from page 31)

fuld hands. A master of his art, George
Bela, and his "Rose." He'll make an
audience of angels smile or sob at will.
Casson Ferguson, and the sweet-eyed-wife
who would not let him tour the Stuy-
 away. The stories of Arnold Kent. Of course
they live. Sure, sure as death.
Troupers all. Isn't it fair to presume that
somebody somewhere, the show goes on? It
is not possible that one more incident in life
can sever them from centuries of tradition.
They cannot be deprived through mere
physic means of what is theirs at all.
Lay-off times are always odious. And as
there's happiness in heaven, surely no player
is at liberty. Somewhere the show goes on.
There is a celestial green room thronged
with those who have joined the artists of the
ages.

Stout-hearted Theodore Roberts would
wish to leave, were there ought to do but
twist a bloomin' lyre. Sid Smith would
want more virile vittles than milk and honey
to feed his fun-making soul. Ward Crane
could never be content to float angelically
about, after his full years of movie menacing.
George Nichols would prefer another "White
Gold" to an infinity of plate stories. Edward
Connie and William H. Crane would indignantly
declare relegation to some gran'thers' checker-playing
cloud-corner. Yes, indeed. They'd be on the set.
Made-up in character, rely to work. Troupers all.
What a rush there must have been to Mr.
Goodspeed's casting office! What a greeting
the players gave him! Director George
Tucker pacing impatiently all these years.
Unable to secure talent adequate to his
picture. What a joyful reunion it must
have been. And now his drama is fully cast.
The mightiest ever filmed. With Rudy,
Wally Reid and Harold Lockwood in con-
flict for the screen-love of Barbara La Marr.
With Crane, Kent and Connolly constantly
menacing the heroine. And first billing for
all on every twenty-four sheet in Paradise.

THE HEAVENLY MASTERPIECE

PEGASUS, doubting for Silver King,
stands ready saddled for Fred Thom-
son's new locale! Fresh idea. It will
provide just the vehicle for Kent and Ferm-
guson and Georgia Woodthorpe. Frank Unson
will direct. And there'll be no supervisors.
Ralph Donohue, Merle Mitchell, Gerald
Duffy, will be on hand to help with the
picture. It'll be a celestial super if ever there
was one.

The burning ambition of Einar Hanson
will not be denied. 'Briefly postponed, it now
attains full flower under the direction of
Mauritz Stiller. In a specially created story,
skillfully woven by Dr. Bela, the star fulfills
the promise of his mighty genius. Stiller has
Rudolph Bergquist and John Fairbanks in
his organization. And now, at last, he has
what he needs to produce a drama such as
has crowded his dreams. No business office
consultations. No cost sheets to arouse
greedy like and thrust their noseless figures in
the face of the art.

Lots of new faces now for William Des-
mound Taylor's long-contemplated master-
sipation, balanced fine the scales of Justice—it should be. A star-
ring part for every player. A memorable
monument to every one. Yet, withal, a real
director's picture.

LET "THE FUTURSCOPE" TELL YOU
THE IMPORTANT PERSONAL EVENTS
That Are In Store For You For Each Month Of 1929

ENTERTAINING! - AMAZING! - FASCINATING!

STOP worrying. The Futurscope will answer the most perplexing
questions of your personal affairs. Hundreds of persons
will tell you of the amazing results the Futurscope has given
them. You can check back your affairs of January, February,
March and April of this year to prove the value of the science
of astrology. The futurscope will do the horoscope for 1929 of 365
persons - one for each birthday.

Here are a few of the questions THE
FUTURSCOPE Will Answer For You!

When are my conditions going
to change?

When would be the best time
to marry?

Would I make the trip at this time?

Is this new friend sincere?

What was my financial condition
improving?

When will my health improve?

Is the illness in my family of a
recurring nature?

When will I have a love affair?

Would this love affair terminate?

Will she be true to me?

Will be true to me?

What people would be my best
friends?

When would be a good time for
my change of a new job?

When will conditions change so
that I can stop worrying?

Is this a good time for me to
make a sea voyage?

Would I be lucky in speculation
at this time?

Would I able to impress people favorably now?

When should I try to sell it?

When will I get the money due
me?

When will I meet some new
people?

What months are my best
business months?

When will this love affair break
up?

When shall I go on my vaca-
tion?

When shall I give my party?

What will come into my partnership?

What people would be antith-
estic to me?

Shall I marry this person or not?

When will I obtain work?

Am I going to lose my job?

Will I be successful in my new
work?

When would be a good time for
me to ask for a raise?

Am I going to lose trouble over
this?

When would be a good time for
me to go in business alone?

When can I travel to good ad-
vantage?

Is this new proposition all
right?

Shall I sign this or not?

How is my health going to be
this year?

During what months can I
work to best advantage?

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And now the Beauty Parlor brought to your own room. No more expensive treatments. No more appointments. In 20 minutes, you’ll have perfect waves. And they’re glorious waves, too.

The great difference between this new and all other wavers

This waver slips into the hair as easily as you pass your fingers through it. But it does something to other waver ever does. It locks in! By a simple click, it holds in place—stays where you put it—and locks the wave in. Most other wavers go—get rid of it. This one stays.

It makes a soft, undulating wave that lasts from one day to another. If you see your wave becoming faint and loose, all you have to do is adjust the clamp and the waver, and lock them in place. Add a few minutes at the end of your bath, and the result is nothing short of wonderful.

The Art of Beauty, the Sureness of Science, Create this Marvelous New Molder

One of America’s finest Beauty Specialists brought this waver to us. As is the result of her work and hopes and dreams over many years of professional hair dressing, on the girl and science we showed her our command with our expert manufacturing facilities. Mailed her sketch of what she wanted, her ideas, her hopes, her needs. She said, “I think the Marcel Molds are wonderful. My girls are already getting their waves, and I do myself, it is true. I got a delightful, soft, marcelled wave in so short a time it surprised me. Will you please send another set for my dressers?” (Signed) D. M. T.

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Spanish Love Drops have been the delight of 

the general public. They have been prescribed by Physicians, used by

all over the world. They are so well known that

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Every Part a Star’s

No dearth of opportunity here for Ralph

Year. The disappointing appointments

that came to him following “Tolstoj David” and “Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,”

caused him to hurry along to the better

sphere. That one in which the “No Casting

Today” sign has never been thrown to

Hell out. The big break has come to him at last.

And Ethel Hall, that gallant girl who

doesn’t do much but has visible

spotlighted celebrities. No longer must she

be content with mere reflected glory. Full

measure of recognition now is hers. Full

screen credit for taking the lead.

And her name in lights, spread clear across

the skies by world ablaze.

Every extra gets a close-up, the histrionic

genus one or another of the girls is liberated. Each boy and girl has a big emo-

tional scene. And the cutting-room floor has

”The No Casting” sign. Every girl’s
tale is now a boy’s—Barry

more. John or Lionel, according to ambi-

tions. And even the producer pauses to com-

pliment. To invite each to a luncheon

reception.

There are no advertising agents, no movie

critics. And everyone is glad to listen to

the other’s story beginning, “You should

have seen me in—.” And it is true, for

now has a special spot. And a claque of angels

applauds likelooking thunder. Each triumph

is followed by the other’s, in due course. A fact there’s a top place for Will Hays’s

“There are only good pictures and better pictures.” Here every picture is best.

But there are other minds that may not conceives the glory of the land

that lies beyond. Dimly they are mirrored in the clouds of our subconsciousness. But

our hearts are holy with well-treasured memories of these who deeded to us to take

their places among the gods. And in

our secret souls we know they live. Forever.

Movie Men Are So Cruel

(Continued from page 78)

boy-friends. Youth has the right to play.

But things are so extreme here. I can’t quite get Hollywood. People here have no

sense of values. They don’t know how to live. Everything is done for effect. There’s

more drama in a single scene than in the forty-year-olds of our time.

Thelma shook her head and then laughed.

“Gosh, I’m being serious. But you want-
ed to know.”

“New York when I was still with the School, I didn’t go about very much. They treated us like children—we had to be in bed by eight o’clock. My wildest day was to go out dancing until four o’clock, and

that happened only two or three times.

I don’t think the School helped us very much. Learning and horse riding doesn’t add to one’s histri-

onics. And we were made to do the most ridiculous things. Imagine Buddy Rogers with

long beard and button face! None of the directors wanted us for a bit or part, our

school director would say, ‘What? Those kids? Don’t be silly.’ We would have been

helped more definitely by doing extra work.

At that, we’ve done pretty well. Jo Dunn, Jack Luden, Roland Drew and Buddy.

Careers and Custard

I EXPECTED to go back to teaching

even after attending the School, I had

no burning ambition except as I enjoyed

my work, if I were to fall deep in

love tomorrow, I’d leave the business with

out regret. I’d be very practical and

weigh just how I can have to gain and what I am

giving up.”

The Gypsy violinist stopped at our

(Continued on page 118)
If anyone thinks that Nina Quartarara doesn’t cut much ice in pictures, he has only to witness her performance in “Frozen River.”

Yokels Under Their Skins

(Continued from page 105)

And I’ve known directors to do funnier things than that.

Anyway, he was getting some beautiful shots and I didn’t blame him. And the scenery was gorgeous so that “Evangeline” should be lovely to look at, at any rate.

What they have done with the story, I don’t know. Finis Fox explained that, in making a picture from a story that people have known and loved for a long time, the task was to try to discover what there was in that story that people loved. And then try to get that thing—that element—into the picture—without straining too much after verisimilitude in details.

It sounded logical but difficult to me. And he seems to have done it in other pictures. Of course, I am hampered, because I can’t see, to begin with, what anybody ever liked about “Evangeline.” But there must have been something because I am assured that they are reading it in every grade school in the country right this minute.

And then, look how interested the artists were. It may have been that they felt there was no pleasure to be got from reading the story. And that they thought they might assimilate its idea by watching the picturization of it being made.

I haven’t a doubt in the world that the picture will be a huge success.
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Wonderful Jobs with U. S. Government for Men—Women, 16-55, $100-$300 month. About 40,000 openings yearly. Are you eligible? We advise you FREE. Write, Instruction Bureau, 244 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

REVIEW

How Frenchmen Make Love
(Continued from page 50)

woman, he means what he looks and speaks. His heart is impressionable. He loves for the moment. All his life, the Frenchman loves—even when little boy. When he grows to man, he is in constant love. Maybe he has many little love affairs. He does not despise—"Un Peur d’Amour." You know how he sings that sweet song in French. It means ‘A Little Love.’ Not the grande passion, you understand, which comes but once in a man’s life—but—‘un peu d’amour.’ Chevalier beamed. He was feeling very pleased with himself I think, and he began to tell me of the little gallantries and courtesies that women love. It may be only a look; admiration for his stock in trade, or a bouquet; the manner in which he lifts his hat; his deferential bow. A woman loves a compliment as a kitten does cream. To say to a girl, ‘Je suis un petit homme,’ you are looking charming today, mademoiselle, is to make her feel better for all the rest of that day. Dainty, fastidious, exquisite, unobtrusive little attention—a woman never tired of these. Yes, undoubtedly, the Frenchman was the supreme lover of the world.

AS TO KISSING HANDS

THEY are great hand-kissers," I observed.

"No, that is a mistake. I have seen more foreigners—Americans and Englishmen in Paris—who kiss the hand than the French. That is a custom only upon formal occasion—or maybe in some high society. To me it seems like affectation—artificial."

"But Menjou does it.

"Ah! Menjou. But he is a movie Frenchman. Pardon! I mean that in the movie picture perhaps he makes the kiss on the hand. I very much admire Menjou. He is an amiable and charming gentleman and a talented actor."

He changed the subject and began to talk of Hollywood. Like everyone else when he first comes here, he had heard the tales of the wild parties and sex escapades. For his part Chevalier had not seen that side of Hollywood, but then, quoted he, he was a man of simple, even bourgeois, tastes. He was not very fast, he admitted almost apologetically. Money, so he thinks, is not important. It comes—it goes. We should not make a fetish of it. The most desirable things in life are security, tranquility, peace of mind—love, love of wife and dear ones—love of friends. Like most foreign stars, he referred to Douglas Fairbanks and Fairbanks and his wife, his ideal pair. They had set a standard of living that those less famous might well emulate.

"Assuredly Madame," he added, "it is finer to make an art of living rather than merely succeed upon the screen or stage."

 Didn't he think, that American girls are the most beautiful of the world?

THERE ARE MANY BEAUTIES

"MADAME," said Chevalier, "No country has secured a corner on beauty. There are beautiful women everywhere. But—the United States, she is a remarkable country very great, very rich."

"I have heard you described as the Al Jolson of Europe," said I, beginning to gather my courage. "For me I am just—Chevalier. But I hope America will like me a little. If so, I shall stay here—but every summer I will return to my Paris. We shall go gourmandiser, you etoile bon, mon village—mon Paris!—How beautiful my village is—my Paris!"
Little By Littlefield
(Continued from page 67)

$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. It is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.

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Starting with the Letter "C"

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 objects starting with the letter "C" fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

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In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $2,000.00 in Cash for the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 in cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C" fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

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Cash Your $$ bring many times as much as for magazines. "We know Studio demands and make personal submission of Misses," Full Free Booklet for the Asking.

Universal Scenario Co.
905 Western and Santa Monica Bldg. Hollywood, California
and played, while Thelma smiled her appreciation. I was on my Russian ice cream, which wasn’t ice cream at all but custard. I lost the custard. Theodore Von Eltz took the table beside us. I was wonderer whether she should speak to him.

“I’ve only met him once,” she whispered.

“Quite a while ago at the Paramount studio. If I remember right, you didn’t much think him high-hat.” She didn’t speak to him. Her reserve is such a contrast to the natural effusiveness of the Gypsy woman who will think the air of a professional dance, and the three days of illness which he helped to cure.

A singer of Gypsy songs, a sweet-faced little man followed the fiddler to our table, while Thelma listened, entranced. When he had finished his song and bowed, he drew back. “No, No! For you I play any time. Ten times as many songs! For one as you who knows music, it is a pleasure. You are a cartier, I understand.” He looked at her with worshipful eyes. Oh, to be blonde and beautiful!

But business is business. I, too, had my art. Much as I hated to interrupt Thelma’s musical rapture, the interview must go on.

CONTENDED AND COW-LIKE

“Tell me more, please,” I coaxed.

“What made you change your mind about going home and teaching?”

“Oh, well, you see, while I was at the school, my mother made me promise to much. Too fat and phlegmatic. I get so cow-like when I’m contended and happy. But after touring the country making personal appearances with the school, I was offered a contract by Paramount. Nothing very much but it was an opportunity. I began to get ambitious, to worry about my school, and if someone else got that bit I had my eye on. Had a nervous breakdown. Pictures seem to affect girls like myself who are rather reticent and quiet. I’m getting over it.

“You know, I really think we’re all a bit crazy. Picture people, I mean. Too much of a strain on the nervous system, too much, parading of emotions. It’s bad. We get so that everything that happens to us away from the studio is dramatized—we exaggerate our personal emotions.

“But now, every time I get nervous I just take myself well in hand and say, ‘Now look here, Thelma, that’s no way for a sensible New England schoolteacher to act.’ And I snap it out at myself.”

“Tell me more,” I persisted.

WHAT! NO LOVE-LIFE?

“Well, I was with Paramount for a while, much thinner and everything. The only thing of any importance I did there was to play leading woman to Richard Dix. Then I signed with First National. Haven’t done anything big and exciting, but I’m always working.”

“Do you still feel as if you’ve changed since I’ve been out here?” she asked curiously, after I had told her how much prettier and smarter two years in Hollywood had made her.

“Well,” she admitted, “I guess a certain amount of success does change one outwardly. None of us is the same. Look at Buddy. Hasn’t he become sophisticated? But I’ve played a good part in science.” Her eyes twinkled. “I like to stay home and read and play the piano and have quiet dinner parties like this. I’m always buying books and reading. And things. I’m living in hopes, you see.”

“What! No love-life?” I cried, dismayed.

“Weren’t you engaged to Jimmy Ford? Isn’t there something from Boston every Sunday night?”

“O-h-h-h. Jimmy is a boy from my home town. That engagement was a press agent’s dream. I get a call every Sunday night, but—really, I’m not in love.”

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Lose Unsightly FAT
This Easy Pleasant Way

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy. Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over a dozen were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared. But a cow or a sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor. That is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—for why excess fat is now where near as common as it was.

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Here are ten pictures of the 1929 50-, t 22 Airplanes which, together with our flying instruction, we will give you free in one 'Friendship Company.'

(You can have the one, if you prefer. To decide after you are announced as winner.) No, these pictures are not all alike, even though they look alike. The difference may be in the markings on the wings, bodies or tails of the airplanes. Only two airplanes are exactly alike. Can you find them? Just send the two numbers of the twin airplanes on a post card or letter-today.

Certificate, paid for $50.00 to Add to Largest Prize Sent at
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Certi ficate paid for $50.00 to add to first Grand Prize. If you are prompt and win first prize, or a total of $2,000.00 cash if interested and directions for getting combined prize. First Grand Prize is a brand new passenger plane and entry driving instructions for experienced air mail pilots, all fully paid for by us. Twenty-four other prizes, valued as high as $5,000.00 including five other free filing certificates of the one cash prize of $1,000.00, all will be paid to persons trying. No more puzzles to solve. No entry or card or certificate to buy, nor letters or envelopes. Get the twin airplanes in a letter or on a post card. That's all. Send no money.

L. S. RENO, Room 99
54 W. ILLINOIS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 80)

INQUISITIVE—Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, June 16, 1905. He is five feet eleven, weighs 145 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. Real name Alfredo de Biraben. He was one of the dancers in "Sunrise," Write him at the Fox Studios, 1490 Western Ave., Holly- wood, Cal. Matt Keeler, New York City, Sept. 10, 1907. Five feet ten, weighs 166 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Buddy Rogers is engaged to Mary Brian. Ronald Colman has never been engaged to Clara Bow. Clara is playing in "The Wild Party."

A COUNTRY JANE—Gosh darn you! Johnny Mack Brown hails from Dothan, Ala. He is twenty-five years old. Six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. His first picture was "The Bugle Call." Now emoting with Mary Pickford in "Cochette." Charles Farrell from East Walpole, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905. Six feet two, weighs 175 pounds, brown hair and eyes. You will see him next in "The Lucky Star." Janet Gaynor plays opposite. Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Holly- wood, Cal.

RAVEN LOX—Don’t disguise ’em. You may write Edna Murphy and May McAvoy at the Warner Brothers Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. May has light brown hair. She was born Sept. 8, 1901. Rushes—Edna Murphey signs the product of each day’s photographing. Screeching celluloid—the talking picture. Loretta Young, Alice Joyce, Zazu Pitts and George Hackman have a spot in "The Squall," First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

BANJO EYES—Bert Lytell was born Feb. 24, 1885. He is playing on the stage at this writing. Eddie Polo is making a picture in Germany for Universal Studios. The thermometer reads zero. His real name was "In a Little Hide-a-Way." Gardner James was Spee in "The Flying Fleet." Billie Dove, Antonio Moreno, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer and Thelma Todd will be seen in "Careers," First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Dorothy Hall plays opposite Richard Dix in "Nothing But the Truth."

HEPZIBAH—I like Evelyn, too. William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has dark brown hair for playing the part of "The Greene Murder Case," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Clive Brook and Nancy Carroll also at Paramount Studios. Doris Kenyon, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., William Haines, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

FREDY—And all the way from Constantinople. Edward Martinel was the Colonel of "The Thin Man." Edmund, starring Corinne Griffith. Hollis Herbert, Chester Conklin, Mack Swain and Trixie Friganza in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Charles Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1904. Richard Arlen is thirty years old. James Hall, Oct. 22, 1900. Drop in again sometime.

NINA FROM MOSCOW—Glad to hear from you. I think your English is great. Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, III., Mar. 15, 1891. He is six feet tall, weighs 166 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He is married to Clara Grant. Almost forgot, he received his education in his home town and in Los Angeles, Cal. Charles is emoting on the stage right now. Emil Jannings was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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I weighed 279 lbs!

After trying many ways to reduce, a leading phar- maceutical medical advisor told me to: be natural, pleasant, healthful way, No thyroid or vitamins. It was easy, natural and absolutely safe.

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Corrects constipation. tones the entire system, builds up your system, reduces over-weight in one. In fifteen minutes without effort you receive the benefit of hours of strenuous exercise with the new low priced "Mechanical Masquer. Fill out the coupon to get full details.

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[Ad for watches]

[Ad for watches]
WELL, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves.

Helen Parker's party was starting out more like a funeral than a good time.

"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an anxious voice sang out.

"Unfortunately Betty is quite ill tonight and Chet Nichols is late as usual," replied Helen gloomily. "I wish sis wasn't away at school and she'd make the keys talk for us.

"I know some brand new card tricks," volunteered Harry Walsh.

"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards."

While she was gone I quietly stepped up to the piano bench, sat down, and started to fumble with the pedals underneath. Someone spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player piano," chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.

I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumsps.

Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls.

One is a medley of Victor Herbert's compositions—the others..."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental "Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased.

It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me Again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions... "How?... When?... Where?... did you ever learn to play?" came from all sides.

I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U. S. School of Music, and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course. What pleased me most was the fact that I was playing simple tunes by note from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most of all the popular music. Believe me, there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music—actually simple! Even if you don't know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You can't go wrong. First you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it.

There you actually teach yourself right in your own home, without any long course of tedious practice. Without any skill of understanding scales you learn how to play real music from real notes.

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Please send me your Free Book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with Introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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For there's a style for every feminine whim . . . Swivel . . . Automatic . . . Day and Night . . . Jumbo. Each as smart and different as an imported gown.

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[ A BEAUTY SUGGESTION
FOR BUSY HOURS ]

When hands can look as smooth and cool as flower-petals, doesn’t it seem extravagant to let their loveliness slip away—day by day—in a round of soap-and-water tasks?

Many women have adopted a very simple plan to protect their hands—they use Ivory to wash gleaming china, lacquered furniture, glossy woodwork, colored cottons and linens—instead of harsh kitchen soaps which parch and redden the skin.

These women have found that “Ivory for everything” is a very practical and economical beauty measure—it keeps their hands smooth and white. Compared to other beauty aids in their bathrooms and upon their dressing tables, the little extra cost of Ivory is almost nothing!

Try Ivory for all your soap-and-water tasks this week. Don’t just tuck this suggestion away in your mind and plan to try it sometime. If you begin tomorrow to use “Ivory for everything” and see how much softer and smoother your hands quickly become, we believe you will never again let a harsh soap rob them of their charm.

* * *


IVORY SOAP
KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES
99 4/100 % PURE · IT FLOATS
William Fox presents
The
VALIANT
with
PAUL MUNI-JOHN MACK BROWN
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL-DON TERRY
based on the play by Holworthy Hall & Robert Middiman
Story and Dialog by Tom Barry
and John Hunter Booth
WILLIAM K. HOWARD Production

"Good Night—Good Night;—Parting is such sweet sorrow"

Just a few simple, beautiful words—but they lay bare the soul of a convicted murderer who remains true to the last to his self-inflicted bond of honor.

SIT in the courtroom as the judge pronounces James Dyke's doom; HEAR the tender dialogue between the condemned murderer and the girl who fears, yet almost hopes he may be her long-missing brother; WALK behind him to the death chamber with his courageous "The Valiant never taste of death but once" ringing in your ears—and you'll leave the theater with the feeling that this FOX MOVIE TONE masterpiece is one of the most thrilling dramas you've ever seen or heard!
These Changing Times in motion picture entertainment find Paramount Pictures maintaining their Leadership

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!"

Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation
Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N.Y.
Features in This Issue

Cover Portrait of May McAvoy by Marland Stone, especially created by Russell Ball

True Hollywood Ghost Stories

The Strange Experience Ever Related in a Film Magazine

Loud-Pedal Love

Revoice English

Diamond-Studded Whims

I was Never Temperamental

Pure But Not Simple

The Love-Life Story of Ruth Elder

You Can Eat The Same Soup

Heels and Toes

Cutie Stuff

Your Neighbor Says

The Heavy-Lover

Shopping With Charlie Farrell

And So To Wed

Step Tells All

Trader Duncan

Pain That's Paying

Dorothy Donnell

Dorothy Manners

Helen Louise Walker

Gladys Hall

Herbert Cruikshank

Dorothy Lubou

Ruth Biery

Herbert Cruikshank

Dorothy Manners

Marie Conti

Rilla Page Palmborg

Marie Conti

Helen Louise Walker

Elisabeth Goldbeck

Cedric Belfrage

Walter Ramsey

Walter Ramsey

Dorothy Manners

Dorothy Manners

Helen Louise Walker

Zara McKinney

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, Western Editor
soothing to eyes

Swimming, motoring and other outdoor activities often cause even the strongest eyes to burn and become bloodshot. When this occurs, apply a few drops of soothing, cooling Murine. Almost instantly the burning sensation will disappear, and before long your eyes will be clear and bright again. Murine is used by millions. Try it!

FIFTEEN DOLLAR LETTER
The Stage Boosts the Screen!

CHICAGO, ILL.—In this day of stage versus movie I feel I must lift my voice in the general outcry. I was an ardent stage fan, being married to an actor and with myself a non-pro. So you see family should incline me to give the stage precedence.

I cannot honestly do so. When the movies made their appearance, I at once took up the new era. They had something the stage had not. The movies are graced by beauty of person: the charm of nature's setting and if I may so express it—they have a growth of soul, a graciousness of culture the stage lacks. They are as much in advance of the passing stage as are women's skirts over those of yesteryear.

They bring the whole world of nature's beauty to our eyes. They give us varied psychological study, the divinity of dawn and the glory of sunset, mountain and forest and wave, handsome men and women.

Mrs. E. C. Abbott,

TEN DOLLAR LETTER
Keep Up the Westerns

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I, for one—and no doubt there are many who feel the same—I am very sorry to see the gradual passing of the Western picture. After a steady diet of "sissy" pictures, war pictures and pictures of the underworld (though I like them all) a good old Western comes as a nice change. There is always more or less of a thrill with the galloping hoofs. Then one gets some gorgeous views of magnificent scenery.

I can see no valid reason why Westerns should ever go out as I am sure there are thousands who like them and, another important point, they are very healthy, wholesome entertainment for the large family of the rising generation, and boys do love a Western that producers will consider these facts and continue to give us breezy, dashing, open-air Western pictures.

Ernest R. Wild,

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month Motion Picture will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Lawrence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER
Judged by the Title

NEW YORK CITY.—I have just finished reading the letter written by George E. Bushnell in the May issue of Motion Picture, and I want to say that I heartily agree with him, although for a different reason. When there are pictures with such names as "Sinners in Love," "Two Lovers," "Someone to Love," etc., my mother says that young girls should not see these pictures. On the other hand, when the pictures warrant such names, they have perfectly innocent titles.

I should like to suggest that pictures have more appropriate names, thus allowing me to see some good pictures which otherwise I would miss.

Dorothy Altman.

Give Us William S. Hart

The return of Winifred Westover to the screen in the rôle of the old time hired girl of Fannie Hurst's "Lummox" brings only one question to my mind. When is our own William S. Hart, the always popular two-gun man of the screen, coming back? Surely there must be some producer who can appreciate Mr. Hart's excellent screen qualities.

It is true that Westerns are no longer being made, but Mr. Hart is capable of handling other roles. Isn't there some producer willing to give him a chance in the talkies? He has an excellent speaking voice.

I recall an article published in one of your publications some time ago in which William S. Hart said he was waiting for them to send for him. Now is the opportune time and I am hoping someone who can do something about it will read my letter and send for him. Won't all his fans write in? E. M. V.

La Garbo's Dresses

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Great was my disappointment when I saw Greta Garbo's latest pictures, "A Woman of Affairs" and "Wild Orchie." Although "A Woman of Affairs" had a well worked out plot, and Greta acted splendidly, still I was disappointed. It was because of her costumes.

(Continued on page 115)
"Now I Understand Why We Never Have Anything — it was your big chance and you never opened your mouth"

For weeks you've been talking about 'getting up your nerve' to go in and tell Mr. Hutchins about your plan for marketing the new floor polish. And then last night between dances when he deliberately came over to you and said, 'Well, Barnard, I think we've got a winner in this new floor polish,' you sort of wilted up and gulped, 'Yes, I think it's all right.' 'I could have cried — I was so mad. It would have been so easy for you to answer,' Mr. Hutchins, I've got an idea I'd like to tell you about — I've been giving a lot of study to this proposition and I think I've worked out a plan you'd be interested in.

"That was your big chance — your opportunity to show him you had brains — and you hardly opened your mouth! Now I understand why you never get promoted — why we never have anything! You're actually afraid of your own voice — you are the smartest man in that organization — but no one would ever know it. You can't put your ideas across — can't stand up for your rights — you just let them use you for a door mat. Here we are still living in a dingy little four-room flat while all our old crowd have lovely homes out in the country.

"And last night after you had gone to sleep I laid awake for hours and figured it all out. The only trouble with you is that you have no ability to express yourself — to say the right thing at the right moment. Just the other day Alice Vaughn was telling me that Jack used to be troubled the same way — and then he began training with the North American Institute of Chicago — at home in his spare time. It took only about twenty minutes a day and in no time at all he was able to give little talks at club meetings. In the last year he's had three promotions — all due, he says, to his ability to talk with ease and vigor.

"Now, don't you think you ought to look into this new training — let that if you'd get started right away you could be the biggest man in the office in another year—the opportunity is there, and you have the stuff in you—all you need is to bring it out. Once you learn how to talk — once you can carry on a decent conversation without becoming scared to death — I'll wager you'll just about set the world on fire — you'll be made for life. I'm going to send for their free booklet, How to Work Wonders With Words — and we'll have lots of fun reading it together."

* * *

No matter what work you are now doing or what may be your station in life, no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can bring out quickly your natural ability and become a wonderful speaker. Now, through an amazing home study training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential talker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

In 20 Minutes a Day

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and effectively that they are actually surprised at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called How to Work Wonders With Words. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unceasing in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon now.

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Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, How to Work Wonders With Words, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

FREE BOOKLET (PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE)

7
...on the track it's SPEED!

Chester
FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos

© 1929, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
...in a cigarette it's TASTE!

TASTE above everything

From the time the tobaccos are bought until the fresh package of Chesterfields comes over the counter, one idea governs its making: TASTE.

Chesterfield's formula calls for a variety of tobaccos, but each type, each special quality, is chosen for its particular appeal to TASTE... chosen on the shores of the Black Sea, in Thrace, in Asia Minor, in Kentucky, Virginia, Carolina, by men to whom tobacco is a life job.

* * *

These selected tobaccos are aged, in Nature's slow, perfect way — for TASTE. They are blended... and "cross-blended"... with scientific precision, to an exact formula which cannot be copied.

* * *

Nothing sensational; no fads. But Chesterfield offers, and delivers: mildness... without flatness; flavor... without harshness, a pleasing aroma rarely achieved. A good rule for making a cigarette, a good rule for choosing one... "Taste above everything!"

field

...not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD... and yet... THEY SATISFY
After a hard day—
all in—just don’t want to
‘go nowhere or do nothin’

then try this

D asht about a
tablespoon-
ful of Absorbine,
Jr. in a warm
bath. Jump in.

Tightened muscles gently re-
lax. Tired tissues are invigor-
ated. 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 grease-
less—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

Absorbine Jr.

At All
Druggists
$1.25

Send for
Free Trial
Bottle

By MARION MARTONE

Colman, Ronald—playing in The River Gambler—
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7233 Santa Monica
Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Coombs, Betty—playing in The Vicious
Charmer—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in The Virginian—
Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in Rags to
Riches—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dane, Karl—playing in China Bound—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in Rio—RKO
Studios, 740 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in Marianne—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Day, Marcelle—recently completed The One
Woman Idea—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Day, Alice—playing in Dray—First National
Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Beery, Noah—playing in Carriers—First National
Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in Stairs of Sand—
Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in Redemption—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in The Truth—Universal
Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in Dangerous Curves—Para-
mount Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bose, William—playing in The Flying Houseboat—
Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Breese, Evelyn—playing in Backstage Blues—Uni-
versal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Brinn, Mary—playing in Madame—Paramount
Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Broderick, John—playing in The Adventures of
Tom Sawyer—Fox Studios, 1401 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Brooks, Eliza—playing in The Marriage Holiday—
Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Johnny Mack—playing in The Single
Stake—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Brown, Walter—playing in Queen Kelly—United
Arts Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Byng, Fred—playing in The Truth—Universal
Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Cary, Harry—playing in Thunder Horn—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Carey, Sue—playing in The Lady from Kentucky—
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in Burlesque—Para-
mount Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in City Lights—
Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los
Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in The Marriage
Holiday—Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—recently completed Inno-
cents of Paris—Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Collier, Linda—playing in The Bachelors—
Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colley, June—playing in Magnolia—Paramount
Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colton, York—playing in Big Beautiful—
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Cohan, Billy—playing in The Truth—Col-
ton, York—playing in Big Beautiful—
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in The Virginian—
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Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Beery, Noah—playing in Carriers—First National
Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in Stairs of Sand—
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Boardman, Eleanor—playing in Redemption—
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Boles, John—playing in The Truth—Universal
Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in Dangerous Curves—Para-
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Bose, William—playing in The Flying Houseboat—
Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Breese, Evelyn—playing in Backstage Blues—Uni-
versal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Brinn, Mary—playing in Madame—Paramount
Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Broderick, John—playing in The Adventures of
Tom Sawyer—Fox Studios, 1401 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Brooks, Eliza—playing in The Marriage Holiday—
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Brown, Johnny Mack—playing in The Single
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Brown, Walter—playing in Queen Kelly—United
Arts Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Byng, Fred—playing in The Truth—Universal
Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Cary, Harry—playing in Thunder Horn—Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Carey, Sue—playing in The Lady from Kentucky—
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Carroll, Nancy—playing in Burlesque—Para-
mount Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in City Lights—
Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los
Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in The Marriage
Holiday—Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—recently completed Inno-
cents of Paris—Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Collier, Linda—playing in The Bachelors—
Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colley, June—playing in Magnolia—Paramount
Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colton, York—playing in Big Beautiful—
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Cohan, Billy—playing in The Truth—Col-
ton, York—playing in Big Beautiful—
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave.,
Hollywood, Cal.
Folks you ain't heard nothin' yet! Wait—you have a big thrill coming.

Imagine the excitement when you HEAR the voice of the greatest of all screen stars—when you meet the real Colleen for the very first time.

That's the treat the next First National Vitaphone TALKING Picture—"Smiling Irish Eyes" has in store for you.

Colleen not only TALKS all through it, but SINGS four songs you'll whistle for days, and DANCES like only she can.

Watch for the date in your home town!
In the Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 10)

Gulliver, Dorothy—playing in College Spirit—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.


Halt, James—playing in My Little Eye—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Hamilton, Ne—playing in Dr. Fu Manchu—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in Paris Bound—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hershot, Jean—playing in The Clin—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hill, Doris—playing in The Studio Murder Mystery—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hol, Jack—playing in Father and Son—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Lower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in The Brass Bowl—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jannings, Emil—recently completed Betrayal—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Joice, Alice—recently completed The Sund—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—recently completed Spite Marriage—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kennedy, Merna—playing in Compromised Treasure—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kent, Barbara—recently completed The Shad—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Key, Morton, Doris—recently completed Dark Streets—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

King, Charles—playing in Revue of Re—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lake, Arthur—recently completed Campus Kites—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lane, George—playing in Goddess from Havana—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in Goddess—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.


Lee, Gwen—playing in Revue of Re—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lee, Lila—playing in College Spirit—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis, George—playing in College Spirit—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Loff, Jean—playing in Joe College—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Logan, Jacqueline—playing in The Bachelor Girl—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Love, Bessie—playing in Revue of Re—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lowe, Carolyn—playing in Eyes of Our World—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Luden, Jack—recently completed Innocent—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.


MacDonald, Farrell—playing in The Brass Bowl—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackall, Dorothy—playing in Hard To Get—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.


Maynard, Ken—playing in The Wagon Master—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.


Menjou, Adolphe—playing in The Conqueror—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Miller, Patricia—playing in Twin Beds—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.


Moore, Colleen—playing in Smiling Irish Eyes—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in Behind That Curtain—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moro, Antonio—playing in Careers—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Morton, Charles—playing in The Far Call—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Murray, Carl—playing in The Thud—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Myers, Carmel—playing in The Careless Love—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in Redemption—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Norton, Barry—playing in The Excited Flapper—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O’Driscoll, Ramon—recently completed The Pages—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O’Brien, George—playing in Masked Emtions—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O’Neil, Sally—playing in Joe College—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.


Page, Paul—playing in The Girl from Havana—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Philbin, Mary—recently completed Part of—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—recently completed Coquette—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.


Prevost, Marie—playing in The Flying Pool—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Quillin, Eddie—playing in Joe College—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Reiter, Esther—playing in The Wheel of Life—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Reviser, Dorothy—playing in Father and Son—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in The Excited Flapper—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in Magnificent—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.


Rogers, David—playing in Fox Monotone Follies—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Quaid, Charles—recently completed Chasing Through Europe—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rivas, Gloria—playing in Queen Kelly—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.


Todd, Thelma—playing in The Bachelor Girl—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.


Tryon, Glenn—playing in The Song Plumber—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Waithall, Henry B.—playing in Black Magic—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Warner, H. B., recently completed The Trial of Mary Dugan—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.


White, Alice—playing in Baby in the Studio—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in Okto Aliens—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Windsor, Claire—playing in Midnight-Manhattan Stables, 430 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.


Young, Loretta—playing in The Girl in the Case—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Roland—playing in The Green Ghost—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Minneapolis, Minn.

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Enjoy Your Work be an artist!

Many successful artists worked in commonplaces before they found themselves. One internationally known cartoonist and art editor was clerk and bookkeeper in a general store. Another great illustrator was a taxidermist. You may have artistic talent in your hand which with training will help you succeed.

It is now possible for you to train yourself for an art career in your spare time at home. Through the Federal Course you can continue your present work while gaining your art education. In this course more than fifty famous artists give you the benefit of their experience in Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing, Window Card Illustrating. The methods of these highly paid artists as explained through the Federal Course help you become a professional. Art is a vital part of today's business life. Publishers spend millions of dollars each year for illustrations. Many successful Federal Students are earning from $2500 to $6000 a year—some even more.

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“A Road to Bigger Things” tells how you can get professional art training at home. Write your name, age, and address on the coupon and we will send a copy of this book together with Vocational Art Test—both without charge.

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Minneapolis, Minnesota

MAIL COUPON NOW!
VITAPHONE SINGS "The Desert Song"
with all its Original Stage Enchantment

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.
THE month of April gave her very lovely day to celebrate the marriage of Phyllis Haver to William Seeman. And that marriage was unique in screen history, too, inasmuch as none other than Mayor Walker officiated at the wedding, which was held at the home of Rube Goldberg, the cartoonist. After everybody—or nearly everybody—kissed the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Seeman hopped off on the Berengaria for a honeymoon in most of the high spots of Europe including the Scandinavian Skoll.

NEW YORK is getting its quota from the West despite the lure of talking pictures which threaten to turn Broadway into a street of picture theaters. Irene Rich is a recent visitor who comes to make personal appearances in vaudeville.

Too bad that “The Flying Fool” was not completed a bit earlier, as the taking of that picture deprived Marie Prevost from coming East to serve as bridesmaid for Phyllis Haver—and after a gorgeous gown had been selected, too.

THE Hart family, one and all, are breaking into print after a rather long period of quiet. Bill’s ex-wife, Winifred Westover, has the coveted rôle of Lummox in Fannie Hurst’s story of that name. This will mark Miss Westover’s return to the screen after a long absence.

Young Bill Hart became news in the dailies when he broke a leg, and Bill himself managed to occupy considerable space as a news feature when he gave a farewell dinner party to la Haver.

OTHER rumors of this and that include a reconciliation between Ruth Elder and Lyle Womack—remember when Lyle met Ruth upon her return from aviation exploits? This rumor, too, comes on top of the fairly recent report that Miss Elder would soon become Mrs. Hoot Gibson.

IT doesn’t seem now that Lionel Barrymore would have the opportunity to appear in pictures again. He’s too busy directing them. His direction of “Madame X,” in which Ruth Chatterton is the woman in the case, is so outstanding that he will be kept in touch with the megaphone.

Young Russell Gleason managed to make Hollywood gasp when he presented his daddy, James Gleason, with an outdoor swimming pool for his birthday gift. It took just three months’ wages of Russell’s to earn that pool, too.

IT seems now that Mary Pickford will have to let her hair grow again. Too bad, after that lovely effect that she wore in “Coquette.” But if the news that she and Douglas Fairbanks are to do “The Taming of the Shrew” together is true, then it means those blonde curls will have to grow again.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn arrived in New York for the opening of “Bulldog Drummond.”

Wedded, but no longer to her art: Phyllis Haver becomes Mrs. William Seeman and retires from the screen at the very height of her popularity. On the left is Mayor James J. Walker, of New York, who performed the ceremony. Between Phyllis and Mrs. Walker, on the extreme right, is Mr. Seeman.
EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT THESE 5 ALL-TALKING SMASH HITS!

MADAME X — This deathless story made to live again before you. RUTH CHATTERTON, Lewis Stone and Raymond Hackett in tense, breathless drama. Directed by Lionel Barrymore.

THE BROADWAY MELODY — The first and greatest all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing picture ever produced. Charles King, Anna Page, and Bette Davis are wonderful in it. Directed by Harry Beaumont.


THE IDLE RICH — Based on the Broadway hit "White Collars," by Edith Ellis. Conrad Nagel, David Manners and Ethel Griffies star in it. Directed by William de Mille.

FROM coast to coast they're talking about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's sensational 100% talking pictures. So far ahead of the ordinary run of "talkies", there's no comparison. Living, breathing, laughing, loving, dancing, singing — M-G-M stars appear before you in all their brilliance, in stories that are masterpieces, directed by masters. And above all, a technical superiority in sound reproduction that brings you the living voice of the screen's greatest stars.
The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

Thoughts and Scenes While Strolling: Charlie Chaplin using a handkerchief on his two chocolate-besmeared youngsters. That surely gives a homely touch to a Rolls parked on the Boule-
vard.

Five minutes later we saw Lita Grey Chaplin buying clothes to the tune of the Grand March. Funny how the same money affects them differently.

Wonder if those new Ford limousines were built for Davey Lee and Big Boy? They have a capacity of one of our gangsters.

Rin-Tin-Tin is the proud parent again. The missus and kiddles are reported well and barking.

And the Bureau of Power and Light issues the statement that night life ceases in Hollywood at eleven o'clock. If I'm not too fresh—maybe the lights were out temporarily.

There goes Nick Stuart in his new phaeton. Without a doubt the best looking job in town. One good contract deserts another.

They tell me Bess Shlank specializes in checks. Probably certified. Just a modest modiste.

What ever happened to that old Mexican cowboy who used to ride proudly up and down the Boulevard on a snow-white pony?

It won't be long now, till Arlen will be smoking cigars. Politics get in the blood, y'know.

Box-lunches were at a premium in Pershing Square during the showing of "Strange Intervlude."

The Baby Stars of 1929 were embryonic, to say the least. Let's forget the smoked glasses next time—eh?

Wonder how much a girl has to weigh before she can make the Pom-Pom chorus. The government should investigate that beef trust.

Jimmie Hall has had his hair marcelled for the next picture. That just about abrogates any chances of seeing him stroll past the Library as he did in the old days.

Where is the guy that said he could stand on the S. W. corner of Sunset and Highland and see clear up to Barker Bros. He must have been nearsighted.

Hollywood—the City of Chance. The place where salary-
fortunes, made in the daytime, are often lost over gambling tables in the evening. Where there are more instinctive, high-powered, home-talent gamblers than in any area of the world, including Galesburg and Watts. Nouveau riche. Money—too much. Easy come and easy gone.

And the Field Is Not Limited to professionals either. In at least a hundred homes on any average day one may find the goddess of chance lording it over the home folks. Afternoon. Women. Bridge. Just as inevitable as Paul Whiteman in the talkies. And the gentlemens of this man's town do not finesse for marbles. It takes real dough to make the girls let down their back hair and struggle through an afternoon. The stakes? Anything from five cents a point to fifty. In fact, I've only been able to find one old-fashioned, tenth-of-a-cent game in the whole burg. That was in a real estate office.

No Hollywood Party, of an evening, is complete without at least seven ways to lose the pay check. A home is not said to be furnished until it has a small roulette wheel, a crap table, a gross of new decks and a banker. Not that any of the hosts and hostesses are out to clean up—but the implements are kept handy for those who are so inclined. Three of the most prominent directors in the business were so inclined one rainy night not long ago. They didn't play for keeps. Not much.

Twenty-five dollars a point. One of the fair-haired boys is rumored to have lost one of the two most important parts of a suit with two pairs of trousers. Just a friendly game.

These Little Private Get-Togethers are not limited to the domiciles of those on the crest of the wave by any means. Anywhere you chance to go you'll find it. At the clubs, on the sets and on location trips. The rat-
tle of the bones is the national anthem of Hollywood. I even caught a couple of your favorites standing on the corner of Holly-
wood Boulevard and Vine the other day—betsyting fifty bucks that the new car would have an odd number, or even, as the case might have been.

In the Face of All This Home competition the public gambling joints of Hollywood are re-
ported to be more densely populated than the Mont-
marte on Wednesday noon. There are places catering to any and every size bank-roll. From Farmer Page's place, where only men are allowed—to the famous Golden Club, which is operated on the coved plan. This last mentioned seekeany would be a credit to any community. To gain entrance, one must not only be in evening clothes but one must also be known as the heavy sugar type. The guests are served everything to drink from champagne down. And anything to eat from caviar up. The lights and drinks are on the house. But not for long. You should have seen the dirty looks I got the night I went over there for dinner and forgot to gamble.

Song Hit by Al Rogell: "You're the Squeak in My Talkies!" also one by Jimmy Fidler: "You're the Seekin' My Loft-ty."

New Hollywood Motto: Merger will out.

Things That Are None of My Business: But anyway—Mary Astor is the holder of the long-distance gum-chewing record of the colony.

Also: Clara had better start losing it, or she'll start losing it. A few more pounds and the capital letters will be reduced.

Esther Ralston should buy a town car. Then her fond husband would have his commodity in a show-case.

Is Nils Asther really that hot 'n bothered? Not from what he told me about women.
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  -  -  -  -  Boston, Mass.
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, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are in evitable 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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Mary Duncan is the very opposite of a peroxide blonde: she is a paradoxical brunette. She is so variable that with her every appearance we seem to see her—like the title of her newest picture—“Thru Different Eyes;” she is continually charming.
So many chorus girls have gone to Hollywood to essay the rôles of dramatic actresses that it is a relief to find the opposite: June Collyer playing the part of a chorus girl, in the motion picture story, “Not Quite Decent”
The motion picture colony is full of anomalies. But none within our or anyone else's memory is more striking than that Laura La Plante, about whom there has never been the least whisper of any, should appear in "Scandal"
It must have been a pretty terrifying experience for William Bakewell to play opposite Alice White in “Hot Stuff.” For what should he do next but be seen in “The Iron Mask” and then come out with “Broadway or Bust”
The smile with the voice wins. In the talkies Norma Shearer is quite as effective as she has been in pantomime. "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" is one of the first of Miss Shearer's efforts in a speaking part.
You might not think it from her costume, but Jeanette Loff is one of the younger celebrities who keeps her feet on the ground. She has chosen to undergo an extensive period of special coaching for her part in "Liliom"
It may be said that everything about Clive Brook is conservative except motion picture fans' enthusiasm for him. And this promises to become even more pronounced after his performance in the forthcoming production of "The Marriage Holiday"
Like his shoulder in this picture, H. B. Warner has always been within the small circle of players indispensable to the screen. And with his every new performance—as in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"—his position there is more definitely placed.
IN A recent issue of The American Mercury, Robert E. Sherwood, for several years motion picture critic of Life and author of two successful stage plays, expresses optimism over the advent of the talkies. The gist of his view is that he thinks they will bring about a re-birth of interest to the screen and a heightening of the merits of pictures.

One point, in particular, in his article is noteworthy. Sherwood holds that inasmuch as it costs only a tenth as much to produce a sound picture as a silent, photoplays can be made profitably for smaller audiences. For example, a film appealing to an exacting New York theatrical audience can, from the revenue of its run in one theater, make back its expenses and perhaps more. Pictures can be made better and still made to pay.

The Other Side

THIS was such a welcome prophecy that we swallowed it with something approaching a gulp. And we should have digested it, no doubt, but for the event of a circumstance demonstrating that there are two sides to the question. This was the presentation of a talkie entitled, "The Rainbow Man." It is the product of a new and independent company encouraged to be organized, we have a suspicion, by the very fact Sherwood makes: the comparatively small admission price to motion picture making, now that the audible method is used. At any rate, the result of this venture is one of the most nearly perfect specimens of ham ever seen outside Swift and Company's. The only bright spot was the performances of two film players of experience: Marian Nixon and Sam Hardy. If this sort of thing is the fruit of the lowering of the cost and lessening of the gambling odds in screen production, we fear there is danger in the development as well as promise of benefit. Cut-rate production threatens occasionally to provide only cut-rate quality.

Theme Song, Good-Bye

ONE thing that the movies have done just very recently is to provide us with a new national joke—the theme song. It is taking its place along with the erstwhile jests about halitosis and Lon Chaney.

The thing that has supplied the laugh is two-edged. In the first place, there is an obvious lack of necessity for any such institution as the theme song; particularly in a movie that is not a musical. Take the stage parallel. It is all very well for a play such as "The Girl Friend," a song-and-dance comedy, to include in its score a composition of the same name as the title. With such a production, however, as "Dynamo," of a straight dramatic nature, there appears to be no real requirement.

But give this title to the screen, we should probably have a ditty entitled, "Dynamo Dinah, You Sure Got Shocks Appeal." This is only a slight exaggeration. We actually have had and presented seriously, "Woman Disputed, I Love You."

We have also had "The Broadway Melody," from the picture of like name. But that, inasmuch as it is incidental to a musical production, is entirely legitimate.

Say It With Words

THERE may have been, when the screen was mute, a place for theme songs. With only the hum of the projection machine, music was constantly necessary. Movie-going would have been a pretty flat affair without it.

The screen now, however, is not tongue-tied. It can make all sorts of noises. There is dialogue, the spoken word, the tone of the conversational voice, to carry a love-scene. This on the stage proves sufficient to move its hearers to tears, to the gratifying gulp of the throat over the distressing misunderstanding between or depth of feeling of the hero and heroine. You don't have to sing it.
Screen people are uncommonly sensitive to suggestion. They have to be; they have to practise and develop receptiveness. Thus it follows that they should have, oftener and more vividly than the ordinary person, psychic experiences. The result is an occurrence among them of a number of inexplicable cases bordering on the supernatural. We have called upon a few of those who went through these adventures to tell us of them. The first of these unanny tales appears herewith.—Editor’s Note.

We are all of us believers in the supernatural. You may say, “Pooh! Pooh!” but you have your ghosts all the same, and so do you—and you. They may not be the kind that wear white nighties and wail “Woosh, woooo!” in empty houses: they may be no more than a breath of perfume on the midnight wind, or a face in a dream. But they are ghosts. They cannot be laid by logic, or laughed away; they cannot be denied.

You too have felt the slight prickling of the hair, the icy fingers of fear in the presence of some experience which cannot be explained by human laws. You too have known the awe of the unknown. You may deny it, but in your heart of hearts you know. Perhaps picture people are more psychic than most of us, from the very nature of their work. They live their lives with shadows, they train themselves to feel emotions and passions not their own; they must be always sensitive, receptive.

We shall tell you some of the strange adventures in the supernatural which your picture friends have had—not because they are more credulous than other people, but because they are more dramatic. And spirits have a strong sense of drama as proved by their fondness for weird noises and spooky spotlights. These stories are told in all honesty, yet with the plea, “I don’t know what I believe.”

THE NIGHT IN THE LONELY CAMP

I ONLY know what happened.”

That is what Betty Compson said, chin in hand, as she told me this tale about the ghost who made love to her and the other who came back that night in the lumber camp at Truckee in the great woods to tell her of the aeroplane that he was building in what we choose to call the Great Beyond.

It began, Betty said somberly, seven years ago. And the last time she talked with Philip Rust, who had lived his earthly life in West Virginia, was five months ago. But time means nothing to the dead; though so very much, alas, to the living. “Which is the advantage of having a ghost for a suitor,” smiles Betty. “He doesn’t know that one is getting older. But except for those two times, I haven’t talked to Philip. I think perhaps it isn’t best for human beings to get too friendly with spirits.”

It was a November day in 1922 when Emory Rogers, a young aviator who had made a name for himself in Los Angeles by his daring stunt flying, stood buckling on his leather helmet in the Rogers Airdrome, named in his honor. Outside on the field, an expectant Sunday crowd stood waiting for him to make an exhibition flight.

To Betty Compson, at the prompting of the ouija board, came the vision one night of an unknown aviator, “Lieutenant Rust.” In the upper picture Betty re-enacts her experience. At the right of this is one of the last photographs ever taken of Emory Rogers, an air man she knew.
movies beckoning from a sports roadster. "Bob and I are going to the races at Ascott," said Betty Compson. "We want you to come along with us."

"Sorry, Betty," Emory Rogers shook his head. "I've got to fly this afternoon. Wish I didn't have to. I don't feel so good—headache, I guess. But I can't disappoint all these people waiting to get their tonsils sunburned."

The girl at the wheel shifted her gears. "Well, drop in at the house afterward and have a cocktail, anyhow," she called back over one silk-sweatered shoulder; and she thought as she sped away that she heard him call cheerily, "Righto! I'll be there."

THE DOORBELL RINGS

It was four o'clock before Betty and her escort returned to the pretty California bungalow she had bought with her first movie success, and for some unknown reason the first words she spoke to her mother were, "Has Emory Rogers been here?"

"I haven't seen anything of him," Mrs. Compson answered. "The only sign of life there's been on this street all the afternoon was a boy selling an extra five minutes ago. I couldn't make out what he was shouting."

All very ordinary and homely, you see. Anyone of the three of them in the sunny living-room would have

ghosts. And yet—and yet perhaps at that moment they were very close to the unknown. But there seemed nothing extraordinary in the ringing of the front doorbell. "There's Emory now," Betty said. "Crack the ice, Bob." The front door opened, and after a moment boomed shut again. Betty reappeared, looking puzzled. "Didn't you hear the bell?" she asked. "That's funny. There's no one there."

They gazed at one another, but before they could speak the doorbell rang again, more insistently as if whoever pushed the button was impatient at being kept waiting. Before the sound had died away Bob was at the door—only to find the doorstep empty, and no one in sight.

The sun lay across the rugs, a clock ticked prosaically, and a basket of mending stood on the table by the window. It was the same room—and yet different. Familiar objects did not look quite the same—it was as though fear had come among them. And when the doorbell rang a third time and a third time there was no one there to ring it, Betty sank down on a chair pale and trembling. "Something has happened," she whispered. "Something terrible."

"Nonsense; it was some of the boys on the street up to their tricks." Her mother soothed her. "They're hiding

(Continued on page 110)
Both Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett should be: he for having beguiled this youngest of Richard Bennett's daughters into becoming his leading woman in "Bull-Dog Drummond"; and she for having attained so prominent a place as this upon the screen after little more experience than a part in one of her father's plays in New York.
EVEN poor old Cupid, who should be wearing whisks
ners by now instead of juvenile pants and a safety pin, is
being jazzed and gently razed by the new movie romances.

What Theodore Dreiser calls “this madness,” is no longer a thing of moonlight
and honeysuckle, of best pals and severest critics, of little gray homes in the West. Or
not on the West coast.

Studio love is shooting-the-chutes, making
whoops, gathering velocity in a mad speed
toward—what, pray?
Comment, at least.
Blushing sighs are no longer a
ruffle on the new mode, nor sweet
anguish an adornment to the
manner. When we love in Holly-
wood, baby, how we love! Perhaps not
wisely—but loudly—and publicly.

Lupe and Gary, Velez and Cooper, Mon
Dieu! how they love each other. “He loves me,
he loves me,” screams Lupe at the top of her lungs
in a public eating place. “Gary loves me.” She
smacks him loudly on his strong Western mouth.

When Lupe calls on Gary and his mother at his house
on the hill, the neighbors fairly dangle by their toes lest
they miss a moment of the elaborate demonstration of
greeting. Within the radius of a couple of blocks Lupe
starts her wild, eerie automobile horn and opens the cut-
out. Love arrives gently, like a fire-truck after an earth-
quake. Gary’s little fire-truck, Lupe, with tossed hair and
a crimson mouth, yelling, “Gary.” Right out in front of
everybody she runs her Spanish fingers through his hair
and bellows endearments in his ear.

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

A S for parting them—well, when Lupe tore herself out
of Gary’s arms for the purpose of a trip to New York,
the trusty old Santa Fe barely got under way. Kisses,
millions of them. Hugs, thousands of them. Promises to
telephone, to write, to wire yelled lustily at the top of
Lupe’s lusty voice. Somebody jerked her aboard the
train, finally. Through wet eyes she could see Gary
waving from the platform, “I mus’ kiss Gary again,” she
screamed. “Lupe mus’ kiss Gary once more.” But the
cold, white pane of the vestibule separated them. With
one sweeping stroke Lupe grabbed up a valise and would
have smashed it to pieces if someone, probably an official,
hadn’t restrained her. It’s love! It’s grand! But, oh,
Mabel, aren’t it hectic?

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are equally up in the air
in their love. That goes literally as well as figuratively.
Love on the earth was too tame for Bebe and Ben, so
they took to airplanes. Couple that sinking and rising

(Continued on page 112)
It was the belief of producers, when they saw Olga Baclanova as Carmen—on the left—in the Moscow Art Theatre troupe in New York, that she would make the regal siren of the screen that she personifies on the right. And so they signed her. And she did. Both to the public and to herself, her undertaking of the adventuress life has proven advantageous.
HOLLYWOOD has become voice-conscious. Stage-fright and camera-shyness have been superseded by microphone dumbness. It is one of the disconcerting aspects of the advent of talking pictures.

Voices are being cultivated, analyzed and photographed. Warner Brothers have a system by which they measure, chart and photograph the vibrations of a voice as it comes over the Vitaphone. Timbre, resonance and color are as important today as the forgotten camera-angle was day before yesterday.

Speaking of color, I was assured that Esther Ralston has a satisfactorily blonde voice, while Clara Bow's is distinctly auburn. If your voice does not match your coloring, apparently, it is just too bad.

People who have worried along quite well in this world by means of the possession of mobile countenances and photographic personalities, without having to bother about nasal twangs and the importance of final g’s, are faced abruptly with the necessity for enunciating clearly and speaking easily from the top of the chest.

It is quite a panic. Numbers of long-established stars are practicing vocal exercises in the privacy of their own rooms right this minute. And wondering fearfully what this thing is going to do to them.

Like good little children, they have been seen and not heard for so long that the thought of bursting into speech right out in front of everybody appalls them.

And no wonder! The microphone does strange things to voices. As well as to personalities.

Take William Powell, one of the screen's major menaces. He has a good stage voice with a clear enunciation which one would imagine was perfect for reproduction. And yet early tests brought out a distinct lisp in Mr. Powell's speech on the sound device.

Now who in the world ever heard of a villain with a lisp? Mr. Powell will probably find himself playing little Lord Fauntleroy in the talkies, unless the defect can be remedied.

On the other hand, Buster Collier, who has a noticeable lisp in conversation, loses it entirely over the Vitaphone. Also his voice, in reproduction, is resonant and heavy and impressive. So it looks as if Buster would graduate from juveniles to heavies very soon—which is the thing he has been pining to do for lol these many months.

Mary Astor, too, is pleased all to pieces with the thing.

(Continued on page 106)
You simply do not know the diamond-studded truth about Hollywood.

You haven't any conception of how money pours, free green rain through golden sieves.

You have read of reveling Rome? You ain't heard nothin' yet.

People outside have no real idea of the staggering, sybaritic, saturnalian sheer luxury of the place. It is Paphian. It is sometimes Epicurean. It is the very velvet center of the lap of luxury. It is to quaff from Circe's cup. It is intemperate, exquisite, voluptuous, incredible, occasionally discriminating, and precious. In spots, of course. The stellar spots.

Midas was a bread-liner by comparison with many of these. You've read, I say, of ancient Rome. The feasts, the golden ankleted slaves, the Golden House of Nero, the baths of the mad Caracalla? Faugh! the golden houses of Hollywood, the mosaic-studded baths of the new cinematographers would make the old togae Romans look like mendicant friars on a strike. I know. I have seen the baths of Caracalla. I have also seen the baths of Tom Mix and attendant gentry.

Poor, small-time Nero, fiddling while the set of Rome burned. Poor Poppaea with a Christian slave or so burned for her evening's amusement.

Poor Old Rome!

POOR devils with their miserable little lions and gladiators—they won't do Hollywood. Of the baths of Hollywood, tempered to the temperature of the day, planted with mosaics and shining with tinted tiles. Set about with dressing-rooms and hung with canopies of silk. They did not dream of the gaming rooms, the play rooms of Hollywood where the price of a thousand Christian slaves slices across a baiZe-covered table or 'round a roulette wheel in the space of an evening. Nor of the Rolls-Royces of Hollywood—cream colored Goliaths to make their dear old gilded chariots look like Irish bumping carts. These special-bodied cars—enormous collections of perfumes—thousands of dollars on every dressing-table—furs ripped from the back of every living beast—ah, Rome, you have begot a braggart child—her name is Hollywood. This is not going to be, by the way, an Intelligent Fan's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. It is not prompted by the mighty satire of G. B. Shaw. No red flag waves on my Underwood. I do not purport to mount a soap box and militantly blat forth that Mary Pickford should divide Piffair with me or Norma Talmadge divvy up her Rolls-Royces. Those who run may read, but I'm not saying anything.

If anything, this tale is biological. For it tells the wondrous stories of what happens when two pulchritudinous chromosomes meet, and if you don't know
WHIMS

Moore, $35,000;
Dogs, $24,000 A Year

what that fifty cent word, a chromosome, means, look it up in Webster's.
This is not a medical journal.

PROFIT IN PROFILES

ENOUGH to say that when the beauteous twain do meet, such profles as, say, Corinne Griffith's are produced. For which the sum of ten thousand dollars a week is paid. For just being. Brains and ability may enter in. I'm not saying they do not. But I have seen so much brain and ability shut away in the laboratories of science, in the ink-stained shops of literary savants—well, well, the point is that they are NOT getting ten thou a week or even a fraction of same. Profles pay more than cerebration as a rule. In Hollywood, anyway.
Let's get down to cases. What am I talking about? Do I know what I am talking about?
Let's see:
Colleen Moore is having a new doll's house built. Not a baby's home, mind you. A doll's house where china dolls live. It is costing her $35,000. Thirty-five thousand dollars. Think of almost any neighbor you have out there in Tuscaloosa, a neighbor with a few off-spring and a mortgage or two and—well, just think. I do not know whether this price includes the furnishings or not. I do know that some of the interior decorations, panels for walls, and things are being done abroad. People who earn from ten to twenty-five thousand a week have a right to thirty-five-thousand-dollar hobbies, no doubt. No argument there.
And it is said that the doll's house is to tour the country for the benefit of baby hospitals. Fine. When you think of babies sweltering on fire-escapes through city summers for the want of a seaside bungalow.
Corinne Griffith has just moved into her new home. You cannot pick up, in that house, the merest bijou and not find it to be of rare Chinese jade, rose quartz, lapis-lazuli or some other precious stuff.

THAT BABYLONIAN BATH

H E R bathroom walls and ceiling are tufted yellow moire satin. Her bathroom lambrequins are of genuine Lalique glass enscrolled with medallion heads of "The Divine Lady." Price Lalique some day if you have the heart. And bathroom lambrequins, take note.
She recently purchased a tablecloth for which she paid $30,000. Thirty thousand dollars. Thirty thousand dollars for a few yards of priceless lace worked on for eight months by thirty women. Thirty women and eight eye-straining months. In the tablecloth are woven medallion heads of the characters in "The Divine Lady."
Corinne's living room doors are sixteenth century, hand-carven, from the Palace of the Doges. The Palace of the Doges, with the Grand Canal gliding by the immemorial doors, riled and brought to Hollywood. And here, there and everywhere in this place, like the heart of a gem, are tiny figurines and delicately branched trees of jade and rose quartz; ashtrays, boxes and bijoux beggaring my powers of description, limited as they are to good sturdy copper and brass.

(Continued on page 111)
IN AND OUT

Gossip of the

to him, I says, 'Yeah, and what do you want me to do for you for giving me the part?' 'Nothing,' he says. 'Nothing at all.' 'How dare you insult me like that?' I says and walked out of the office.'

Another British Offensive

THE MASKERS, the Hollywood substitute for the Lambs, held its annual frolic the other day. Most of the sketches were intended for a strictly stag audience, but possibly this one can be repeated. A French soldier, returning home from six years in the front-strenches, finds his wife with a three-year-old child. ‘How is this, Yvonne?’ he asks. ‘Oh, forgive me’ sob Yvonne. ‘The Boches—the wicked Boches—’ ‘Ah, I understand, cherie,’ says the soldier. ‘C’est la guerre! It was not your fault. I forgive you.’ ‘I see, old lydy,’ remarks the baby at this point, ‘oo is this ‘ere blooming bloke any w’y?’

No wonder the allies clamor so insistently for reparations.

Everything in California is comparative. The sun is sunnier, the girls girlier. And the water so wet that Doris Dawson has to wear a bathing suit when she takes a drink.

Yes, sir, that’s love, when you can sit on the roots of a banyan tree and think it’s a porch swing. As Lupe Velez and Lloyd Hughes demonstrate in "When East is East"

Making his mark: in this case, on the wall with his hand. But David Rollins is doing likewise on the screen, with his personality and sincerity of endeavor

She was a very new star indeed and anxious to display the expensive English accent she had acquired for the talkies. “Hollywood men,” she remarked languidly to her companion at the Montmartre, “are simply impossible, my dear. One rahly cawn’t go abart with movie actors, now kinya?”

Sonny Boys’ W’d Be =

MARY DORAN, the new Metro girl, is rapidly winning away Billy Haines’s reputation as a wise-cracker. “I don’t like that director,” she explained the other day. “He’s got Sonny-Boy habits—always trying to climb up on your knee, you know.”

Honorable Superintentions

“My Dear,” I overheard a pretty little extra confiding to a friend on the Fox lot, “when the superintendent called me into his office and offered to give me that part, I says
**Stars and Studios**

**Variation No. 697-C**

"**YOU'RE THE SCREAM** in my talkie," sings Jerry Hoffman, Boulevardier. "you're the scratch on my disk."

**Richard Is Still Himself**

RICHARD CARLE did a specialty dance for the Maskers, and his years and white hair brought him a storm of applause. He came back beaming to take his bow. "You see," said he, pointing to his feet, "there's life in the old dogs yet."

**Memory Lame**

WILLIAM HAINES was interviewed for a local newspaper the other day and was asked the name of the leading lady for his next picture. Billy scratched his head. "I forget, just for the moment," he admitted. Joan Crawford is to play with Billy Haines in his next picture. We can't understand absent-mindedness of this sort.

Picking up isn't something that Vilma Banky is doing just here, after she's dropped her handbag. It applies to her popularity with her every new appearance on the screen.

ALEXANDER

**May the Test Man Win**

"**YOU SURE GOTTA** take a lot of tests for the talkies," said Frankie Fay, Broadway comedian and husband of Barbara Stanwyck. He is to play in United Artists' "The Locked Door." "I've taken a camera test and an intelligence test and a voice test and all I've got to take now is a blood test and a drinking test."

**Or "I'm So Used to You Now"**

REGINALD DENNY put up a good fight to have his next picture changed, on the grounds that it was a plot that had been used too often in pictures before. But he was worsted. Now whenever the director wants to have Reginald do an emotional scene, he has the studio orchestra play, "It's the Same Old Story."

**His Burning Ambition**

CHESTER MORRIS, the star of "Alibi," was discussing the outcome of the De Mille-Goudal lawsuit, in which the courts awarded

R. H. Louise

Wives should never be jealous of Julia Faye, if she is faithful to this style of head-dress. When the hair on a husband's sleeve is white, so is his reputation.

Bell

Seeing eye to eye is a characteristic of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. And one of the several reasons why their marriage has been unusually happy.
All the Gossip of the

Jetta thirty thousand dollars. "I bet Cecil De Mille would like to revive, 'The Road to Yesterday,'" he said. "Remember the scene where Jetta was burned at the stake?"

Visit America's Athens

"HOLLYWOOD," says Jeanie MacPherson, "is the Athens of America." To see some of the pictures it turns out, you would suppose that it was all Greek to the directors.

What Happened in New York?

REPORTS of the vivacious Lupe's personal appearance tour drift back to Hollywood. In Chicago, according to a letter from the small star to a friend, she was presented with an immense bouquet of American Beauty roses. "I say to the audience, 'If all the bald-headed mens will please come to the platform, I will give them each a rose myself,'" wrote Lupe. "And they came. My gracious, Bulika, the aisle look like a white sale at the May Company."

The Socking Sex

THERE IS A FIGHT SCENE between two chorus girls in "Broadway." It went beautifully. The director was delighted with the realism with which the girls entered into the spirit of the thing. "Marvelous!" he shouted. "Splendid! That will do. Now boys, step in and separate them." The chorus men attempted to obey—and were driven from the mêlée with scratched faces. It was ten minutes before the two girls could be dragged apart. They were both red-headed and Irish and had forgotten how the scrap started.

Two Talkie Items

ALL THE BOX-LUNCH salesgirls are shouting their wares these days in a singsong, along the routes to Culver City and Burbank. They hope some movietone director will hear them. And the casting directors who used to look through keyholes for talent are now listening at keyholes.

Colleen Moore—at the top—has become a professional Hibernian and with each succeeding rôle, more exclusively so. Her current performance is in "Smiling Irish Eyes."

There can be little argument against the assertion that it was the well-rounded qualifications of Loretta Young—just above—which accounted for her election as one of this year's Baby Stars.

In "Tin-Pan Alley," the new picture for Norma Talmadge—at the right—there must of course be at least one discordant note. And so there is, in the fact that Gilbert Roland is cast not as the hero but as the villain of the piece.
Unquestionably

AN EX-PUBLICITY MAN is writing advertising copy now for Hollywood shops, as shown by one of his signs over a small dry-goods store on the Boulevard: "The Greatest Merchandise Sale in the Solar System Now Going On."

So Far, He Has Been

UNLESS THEY FIND a way to make up the voice, Lon Chaney won't like these talkies," someone remarked. "He's been armless, legless and earless. What can he play in a sound picture?"

"He might be speechless," someone else suggested.

A Shock in the Ear

AN ELDERLY TOURIST LADY from the Middle West, seeing the stars in Henry's the other night, was horrified to hear a sweet girlish voice behind her say, "Don't you remember me? You ruined me a year ago." She rose and left the restaurant, outraged, and thus missed hearing Paul Lucas' reply to Virginia Bradford, "Why yes; that was in 'Craig's Wife,' wasn't it? Glad to see you again."

Scary Gary

GARY COOPER is learning the ropes. "Do autograph this picture for me," begged the interviewer, "and write, 'Affectionately Yours, Gary,' on it." "No, siree," said Gary, wagging a sagacious head, "That's how a fellow gets in wrong sometimes."

Sue's Unerring Taste

I WATCHED Sue Carol choose a birthday card for Nick Stuart the other day. There were cards with all sorts of affectionate names for the recipients, and I looked for Sue to choose one headed "To My Sweetheart." But instead she picked out one subscribed "To My Pal." It takes a year or so in Hollywood to develop all the fine nuances of sentiment.

(Continued on page 107)
I Was Never Temperamental

So By Her Recent Actions Does Jetta Goudal Swear

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

"Your gin and beer are dear
Now that the Jones law's here,
But pay the price with calm
Quite Oriental.
Just think of G. DeMille,
Who'll have to foot a bill
Of thirty thousand for one
'Cocktail Temperamental'—Chanson de Jetta."

Cecil B. DeMille has a headache. A thirty-thousand-dollar hangover. Brought on by too much Goudal. A smooth, silky, insidious and potent potion of his own concoction. He called it his "Cocktail of Temperament." And he could take it or leave it alone. So he thought. But it knocked him for a loop, row or goal. To the tune of thirty grand. Plus another thousand just for luck. Plus costs. Plus interest. Plus fours.

For the Superior Court of the sovereign State of California, personified by the erudite Justice Yankwich, has decreed that Cecil B. DeMille, Pathe, Inc., et cetera, et al., were wrong thirty-one thousand dollars' worth, plus the Lynch various pluses, when they recently voted prohibition regarding a contract with one Jetta Goudal, alias "Papa DeMille's Temperamental Cocktail."

So Jetta is grinning like a Cheshire cat. If such a Mona Lisaish smile as hers may so be termed. She has put the quietus on that chattering chippie which has been chipping "temperament, temperament, temperament" in a manner to rasp the nerves of a Robot. Perhaps the ghostly echo of its song remains to haunt her. So Jetta waits with folded hands, wondering if there are spooks.

"Now we shall see," she purrs, "whether the gentlemen of the motion picture profession prefer to believe false rumors rather than the decision of the high court." It is probable that Jetta gives the gentlemen of the motion picture profession credit for rather too great intelligence and discernment. As she intones in those slurring accents—we shall see.

The so-called mystery woman of the movies has always denied the justice of her impeachment as temperamental. She insists that the odious word was first linked with her name through press-agentry schooled in gulling the public with fantastic fables regarding fictitious tantrums of great stars. As an oft-repeated tale comes at last to seem as truth to its teller, so the legend of the Goudal temperament was finally accepted as gospel. That's her story. And she sticks to it. Through thick and thin and thirty-thousand-dollar victories.

Though temperament was the subject of the story related in its varied aspects to the Court's robed dignity, the word itself was never mentioned, let alone defined. There was a maze of verbiage read into the record, and through this the great DeMille and others coyly skipped like Gish in a daisy field.

Relentlessly the villain, convincingly portrayed by the plaintiff's counsel, pursued over hills of equivocation and through dales foggy with miraged memories. Like the menace with the mortgage, the Goudal lawyer flashed letters and telegrams to refute the damaging dodderings of our finest movie minds. And the law hampered the defense by eliminating the mass of extraneous monkey-business with which the industry loves to clothe itself in protection of its mental mediocrity—and in order that the buck may be skillfully passed.

And when the tumult and the shouting died, the Court emerged from its retirement to say that the contract between Jetta and Pathe must be interpreted "not in the light of certain antiquated abstract concepts dating back to the beginning of the relationship of master and servant, but in the light of modern conditions of mutual aid and interdependence obtaining in employment requiring the high skill which dramatic art does."

To paraphrase Kipling: "Don't call your star an old dumb-bell witch—she's human as you are, so treat her as such." But let Justice speak through the judicial opinion of the learned Yankwich, J.

The Plaintiff's Artistry

"Everyone from President to Director has nothing but praise for the artistry of the plaintiff. They do not complain of any general deficiency in the very pictures in which the disagreements were had. As to one, at least,

(Continued on page 98)
Against a part of the forest primeval Dolores Del Rio and Roland Drew enact a love scene from "Evangeline," in which Dolores plays the name part and Roland Drew portrays Gabriel.
Pure But Not Simple

There Are No Tall, Dark Strangers In Nancy Carroll's Life Now

By DOROTHY LUBOU

NANCY started her song-and-dance to movie fame on the sidewalks of Tenth Avenue. Which may not mean anything to you but it's a couple of columns to O. O. McIntyre. It used to be a pretty tough neighborhood, but it isn't a bad place to come from if you're red-headed and Irish and have three big brothers who can lick anyone on the block, collectively and individually.

Just three streets from Broadway. You forget the roar of the elevated for the purring taxicabs; the gas jets are left behind for the brilliantly lighted Gay White Way and Billie La Hiff becomes Nancy Carroll of The Winter Garden. A much publicized beauty.

When Nancy was hanging from chandeliers for the brothers Shubert, I was draping a living curtain, also for Jake and Lee. So we're sort of alumnæ. In those days Nancy was a wide-eyed innocent who was anything but the traditional chorus girl. Joan Crawford was one of the Ladies of the Ensemble, as the program dignifies the little chorines; she was a voluptuous hey-hey girl who didn't mind speaking right up out loud in school.

Nancy didn't drink. Nancy didn't smoke. Nancy never went out after the show. Her Catholic parents saw to it that she got home by one-thirty every night. As she didn't leave the theater until midnight, there was little opportunity to make whooppee. The aspiring swains who hung about the stage door and followed her into the subway with the plea to come on to a swell party were just out of luck.

J. J. Shubert was very fond of her. In a nice way, you understand. Nancy was above suspicion. He was pleased to discover that there was a real brain behind that baby face. She had definite opinions about revues and dance numbers and J. J. lent eager ears to her suggestions.

Marriage and Hollywood and time have changed Nancy. Her personality is more sparkling, her hair a more brilliant red. Her friends are mostly writers and Nancy has learned to discuss things with a sophistication and smartness that was entirely foreign to Billie La Hiff. She may forget her cultivated voice sometimes and talk Broadway, but she is never Tenth Avenue. When a man offers her a diamond bracelet, she doesn't think he wants to be a father to her. Not any more.

Temptations? Surely there must have been many. But Nancy smiles scornfully.

"If a girl has talent, she isn't bothered by men. They respect her ability. They are attracted to the girls who don't belong, who need pull to get them ahead."

"When my sister Elsie was a kid, all her boyfriends used their mothers' credit to buy her things, but me—I never got anything. No one has ever offered me a Hispanos or Park Avenue apartments or stardom if I Paid the Price. I'm not the type, I guess. Not clinging-viney enough. I'm too fresh—don't give them a chance. And in the Winter Garden days I probably wouldn't have known what they were talking about. I don't see evil in things, anyway. I've been to Paris, Hollywood, New York—three supposedly wicked cities—and I've never seen anything to shock me. It's all in the way you look at things and people. The girls who were wildest in the show are now domesticated in small towns wheeling baby carriages. A girl isn't bad just because she appears unconventional. They get away from home and a lot of masculine attention goes to the head."

(Continued on page 100)
Hollywood mourns the loss of more than half a score of its beloved actors whom fate this year cast for roles in the one silent drama truly eternal
The Love-Life

She Married A Man She Hated To Kiss, And In Escaping One Disillusionment, She Found Another

As Told by Ruth Elder to

RUTH BIERY

being in the limelight and with big men was all a new experience to me. Men expect actresses, especially movie ones, to understand love and know how to handle it. Their professional life depends upon their appeal and their private life—well, love is their password, while an aviatrix’s is courage and physical endurance rather than feminine allurement. I have had literally hundreds of men say, “But I didn’t expect you to be like this, Miss Elder. I didn’t expect you to be—to be”—and they’d stutter and blush as they hunted for the right word and usually end up with, “—a woman.”

My love-life until the time I flew the Atlantic was not particularly exciting, but it was the incentive which pushed me to take up flying. Don’t you think that all women must be pushed to achievement? I mean, when she’s young, a girl just naturally thinks of marriage as the ultimate goal of her maidenly ambitions. If she is happily married, she may choose a profession as a side-issue, but it is always a

side-issue with her. But if her marriage, her love-life is a tragedy, it goads her out into the world to seek redemption for her soul, relief for her disappointment and work as an antidote for disillusionment.

Take the love-lives which you have already written. If Clara Bow had married Gilbert Roland when she was at the beginning of her “It” career, wouldn’t she have had to concentrate some of that “It” upon him which she has given so wholeheartedly to the public? If Lopez Velez had married the Mexican man, she would probably have never seen America; if Dorothy Mackaill had tied up with the newspaper artist, Hollywood might never have seen her. No, happy matrimony may be supplemented by a career.
but no marriage, or unhappiness in love, leaves only a career as an excuse for living.

FIRST-LOVE AT ELEVEN

I MYSELF am naturally a loving person. I think I have loved all my life, although my first boy-love I can remember was when I was eleven. Harry and I lived in the same neighborhood and skipped to school together, holding hands and making vague promises, and some day we would be married—while we wondered just what this might mean, to get married. We were poor, desperately poor, and he used to save his every penny to get me sticks of peppermint candy. It seems to be a rather moot question in these love-lives as to whether these early romances really leave any impression. I believe they are never forgotten.

I believe that Harry made such an impression providing me with candy that my mind conceived and held the idea that a man should always be able to provide for his woman, to years later when my husband stopped providing.

When Harry moved away, I was heartbroken, but soon there were other little school chums with sticks of peppermint candy, and I began once more to sit on the back fence and talk about life with them. No matter how young you are, or how old, life is always the conversational tie which binds between a man and a woman. Love notes began to creep into my gingham pockets; then the experience of having them discovered by mother—followed by long, lengthy lectures about how nice little girls didn’t receive love letters. Only mothers should know by this time that little girls receive love letters.

BEAUTIFUL JOE

MY first love after adolescence was a beautiful creature named Joe. The first man who was a God to me. How I did worship his great strength, his broad shoulders, his towering height so many feet above me, his black curly hair—his soft voice which could draw out words with hidden, subtle meanings. At least, I thought they were hidden and subtle. I was a sophomore in high school, sixteen; when love with subtle meanings is so all-important. He was a senior. At the end of that year he went to college. I—why, I was like a room without a key. There was no excuse for my existence. He didn’t come back for vacations. It wasn’t until after we were both married—I was in a pool swimming. I looked up and saw him on the edge, watching me. I lost my stroke—the waters gushed over me. He jumped in to save me. But it was too late for him to save what had been between us. Perhaps, if Joe had never gone away to college—well, just perhaps I would never have been an aviatrix or gone into the movies.

I had to turn to somebody. When a woman’s heart is broken, she must always turn to someone for consolation whether she be sixteen or thirty-six. When my junior year began, I found there was a new young man teacher. He wasn’t attractive to me—but the other girls would stand outside of his classroom door and primp and giggle while I stuck up my nose.

(Continued on page 101)
To shame her lord, her husband,
Into ceasing his oppressing,
Godiva rode through Coventry,
(First pointedly undressing).
But do not think she rode unclad
As Moses in the rushes;
Her hair concealed a deal of her,
The rest was clothed in blue.
Hello, Duchess!

Mary Pickford Entertains
The Cousin Of The King
Of Italy, And Some Contest Winners

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Who cares, just now with me about to address a Duchess, that the contest winners are charming and sweet and earnest? Who cares that they crowd about the fireplace, in little ecstatic groups; that some sit, warily, on the edge of fluted-legged gilt chairs, upholstered in the faint pastels of a well-remembered century; that some lounge carelessly, in casual abandon, on the golden cushions of a lounge that has upheld the distinguished figures of Prince George of England, and Sir Austin Chamberlain and his Lady; and General Allenby, the hero of Jerusalem; and the Duke of Alba of Spain, and Lord and Lady Mountbatten, whose framed and autographed picture, even now, rests on an inlaid table in yonder corner?

WELL, WHO DOES CARE?

Who cares that a soda-jerker from Syracuse and a rice shipping clerk from New Orleans have been snatched to bliss from mediocrity for eight wondrous days by the generosity of a lady, who spells it without a capital, and is known as the Sweetheart of America?

Who cares that a Duchess and a stenographer sip tea in a hill-top home—who cares when I address the Duchess? How should one address a Duchess? "Hola, Your Grace!" But no, that sounds too much like Douglas Fairbanks's "Iron Mask" and she might think I was prejudiced.

(Continued on page 86)
A New Leese On Stardom
On The Screen, Once More It's Lila Time

There's a disadvantage, sometimes, in becoming famous too early. That's what Lila Lee did. She was only fourteen when she was Wallace Reid's leading woman. And for that reason, unquestionably, producers got to thinking she belonged to the same generation as Louise Glaum. Which isn't so. Lila is only twenty-three right now, at the beginning of a new career, the first step of which will be a part in Richard Barthes's production, "The Drag." This will mark her first appearance in the "Talkies"
I Am A Renegade In Hollywood

So Says Ruth Chatterton. And She Should Be Proud Of The Fact

By GLADYS HALL

Things come into her mind and she gets them off her mind. With a shrug. The prize box not being when she observed to Irving Thalberg that she simply couldn’t sit through “The Broadway Melody” — “Broadway Melody,” the prize, the pride, the prop of the Metro egos. The justification of the Metro mike. About which the Thalbergian ear had been assaulted with every fawning and flattering adjective to be wrenched out of an ink-pot. And she said it at a dinner party, too.

HER ASSORTED FEATURES

MANNERS as well as morals differ out here in Hollywood. Ruth didn’t know that, we’ll assume. Or did she? Maybe she did. It’s probable. She is a finely independent person. High-hat, they’ve called her. Ritzy. Even her appearance is independent. That is evident in the somewhat curious, highly individual and entirely non-Hollywoodian modeling of her face. A New York face. A Ritz-at-tea-time face. A Colony-Club face. Fifth Avenue and Gramercy Park. The blue blood of the theater. None of her features really fits. Her chin does not belong to her nose. Nor by any stretch of the Hollywood imagination does her generous and amorous mouth belong to her cool, gray, appraising eyes.

Hollywood can’t be expected to understand the type all in a minute. Hollywood, founded on Mary Pickford’s understandable curls, nurtured on Clara Bow’s and Joan Crawford’s understandable—er—curves.

Ruth is some sort of a triumph. Finesse. Hollywood may resent her for this reason, too. Because, in place of ruffles and impudent little waist-lines and Alice-Whitish cuteness and Deauville sandals and socks, Ruth wears smart black broadtail, correct little black hats, correct.

(Continued on page 94)
She has found, the heroine of the screen production of "Broadway," that the best way of resting one's feet up between dancing scenes, is propping them up. You doubtless remember Merna from the days of Charlie Chaplin's last picture, "The Circus." She might have been his leading woman again. But being that to Charlie is like having your birthday come on the twenty-ninth of February.
NOW, don't let any of these disgruntled tourists come back home and tell you there are no stars to be seen on Hollywood Boulevard. It's a lie!

Well, maybe they don't actually come up and speak to you on the sidewalk. Possibly it may be said that there is no feeling of easy camaraderie between the stars and their public. Perhaps the very important stars are a little apt to stay home on their respective Beverly Hills and send their maids and chauffeurs to do the shopping.

But, my goodness, all you have to do to know there are stars on Hollywood Boulevard is look in the shop windows. Hardly a store, shop, parlor, cafe, theater, hotel or shoppe but has photographs of a few screen luminaries in plain view in the window, with an affectionate dedication to the proprietor on each.

From the pretty nothings penned by the originals of the photographs it is clear that they spend plenty of their time buying at the Boulevard stores. In fact, this is one of the most remarkable points about the thriving little township of Hollywood. Celebrities who go on record there as "absolutely unable to do without your wonderful corn-plasters" are, in all probability, actually reduced to a melancholy condition when denied those corn-plasters. Famous faces which break down and confess in writing that they have become what they are today solely through the good offices of X's Beauty Mud Applications, would as likely as not be twisted by hysteria were the good X to pack up his mud and leave town.

SOUP BECOMES SUBLIME

THAT is where Hollywood has it all over the other small towns of America. The shopkeepers can, and do, weave a mantle of romance about their emporia, whether they sell furs, fowl, good red herring, diamonds, fashions or corn-plasters. Stars are but human, so they say, and must have all of these things. The mere purchase of a can of soup becomes a highly poetic act when the photograph of Lilian Gish behind the counter assures you that she, too, purchases hers at the very same spot.

Not only that, but it gives you a real, genuine peek into the home life of the adored movie stars. For instance, now you know right away that Lilian Gish eats—or at least drinks—soup. From that fact you can practically build up a composite picture of a day at the Gish home. You can picture how the exquisite Lilian arises daintily from her bed as the alarm indicates eleven-thirty. What is her first act? She puts in a hurry call over the house phone for some soup. By the time she is dressed it is time for lunch. She enters the dining-room to find a steaming tureen of soup awaiting her. Hardly has she finished it when the butler staggers in, mopping his brow. "Alas, Miss Gish," he moans, "there is no more soup in the house." Quick as thought, the nimble Lilian dons her feather boa and gaiters, leaps into the Rolls, and is off down the Boulevard to the soup shop. And there, if you happen to drop in at the right moment, you might see her.

So far as the gastronomic habits of the stars go, it is clear from a study of the menu at any Boulevard cafe that they are almost exclusively sandwichvorous. The Montmartre and Henry's, especially, present a positive array of sandwiches named after the screen celebrities who make them their sine qua non, and one can eat for days without getting through the lists. With a little concentration on the old adage, "You are what you eat," anyone can imagine himself after such a sandwich-eating session as a very fair mixture of the best qualities in all the movie stars; or more indelicately, it might account for indigestion after eating some concoctions.

In the entertainment field, the stars freely indorse those palaces of cinematography carrying the name of Signor Sidney Grauman. At the Egyptian, every seat down one aisle has a brass plate on it with the facsimile signature of
The Same Soup
That Comfort The
The Purchase Price

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley

some star.
This makes it clear that the Egyptian is the smart place to go, especially as a sign over the door reads "Where the Stars See the Pictures." Even if the brass-plated seats do seem to be occupied by a representative group of West Dakota farmhands when you visit the theater, it is comforting in the extreme to reflect that if you had just happened in a little earlier or later, you would have seen the cream of cinemaland lolling in them.

At the Chinese, a little way up the street on the opposite side, the stars become almost frenzied in their enthusiasm for Signor Grauman. Here their testimonials are in the form of footprints and handprints in the cement of the forecourt. If you miss seeing any stars here, you're just plain unlucky. It is obvious from the prints in the forecourt that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and a lot of others have been in on all fours to see the show. There are neither footprints nor handprints leading out of the theater, so if the stars aren't inside they must have left by a back way. Or else they're all up in Signor Grauman's private office having a cup of soup, a sandwich—and you.

As for the stores, the most refined ones place no stars' pictures in the window, as if it were sufficiently obvious from their tony appearance that the elite of cinemaland shopped there. The exalted fashion houses of Magnin and Bess Schlank follow this principle. Other establishments, almost as refined, but unwilling to let anyone think they weren't, exhibit celebrity photographs to the number of two or three, richly framed in gold or silver, and unsigned, as if the subjects were saying: "I shop here—but I wouldn't be so vulgar as to admit it in public." In this category fall the maisons of "Weinberg's—for style," with its lone picture of Sue Carol; McClintock, and one or two other jewelers. Eleanor Boardman, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Mary Astor and May McAvoy are among the stars who pay silent tributes to their shopping haunts in the form of unsigned photographs.

FOOTWEAR AND WAVES

OTHER fashion parlors inspire their renowned customers to pen odes to their virtues, which the said parlors are not at all too proud to display. Ruby, the dressmaker at Hollywood and Las Palmas, draws encomiums from Joan Crawford and Nina Quartaro. The French Bootire claims the proud distinction of being the only shop on the Boulevard with a testimonial from Mary Pickford, who recklessly endorses the product of the store with the inscription on her picture, "To French Bootire, with best wishes." In the same window Kathryn McGuire flies to the support of the store's virtues "with sincere appreciation for style and comfort I have had wearing your shoes."

The work of beauty parlors scattered along the Boulevard draws down odes of praise from the fair ones of the screen. Doris Dawson, Phyllis Haver, Bebe Daniels, Beassie Love and others all give top marks to the "Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe." Weaver and Jackson, the permanent wave specialists, win enthusiastic testimonials from Joan Crawford, Allene Ray, Gertrude Olmsted, Claire Windsor and Ruth Taylor. Joan admits to "deep appreciation for your kindness and goodness," probably thoughtless of the fact that Weaver and Jackson have even deeper appreciation for her kindness and goodness, in having her world-renowned locks waved there. Ruth Taylor thinks the W-J permanent is "splendid," and doesn't care who knows it.

Many of the men's stores display wildly enthusiastic tributes from their clients. The champion in this field is a (Continued on page 104)
Two Idle Idols

Pauline Starke would seem to be emulating the mood and efforts of the statuette she has seen fit to place upon a pedestal, for she has not appeared on the screen since "The Viking." Unless this be a glimpse of her in a new and carefully held secret Chinese story and Pauline is here discovered singing the theme-song, "Chicken Chow Mein, I Love you"
HEELS and Toes

The First Are Feeling The Second, Propelled By Hollywood’s Hosts

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK
Drawings by Eldon Kelley

HALF the souls in Hollywood are heels. For years they have caused silent anguish to the regular fellows among the film folk. With admirable fortitude these have smiled through their tears as perfect strangers have quaffed copiously of their nice, fresh likker. And have greedily guzzled the costly hors d’oeuvres carefully prepared for the delectation of dear, old friends met last Saturday night. And, my dear, what a racket that turned out to be!

The unknown have passed out right on the crosses-which-marked-the-spots reserved for spirited ladies. If you get what I mean. Old family friends, whom even the parrot called “Uncle,” came to but to find themselves completely surrounded by strange blondes. Brunettes. Red-heads. If a high fog, or something, blunted the vision, one couldn’t be quite sure whether the vis-a-vis was Clara Bow, Conrad Nagel, or the cop on the corner. Such a situation resulted in getting one’s stories terribly mixed.

One host lost his identification tag, and was unrecognized by the throng that crowded his house. Gazing at the multitude of unfamiliar faces, he figured that he must be in the wrong pew. He apologized and bowed himself out into the night. They didn’t find him until weeks later. He was living with Peter the Hermit.

Democracy is the cream in the coffee when you can call to the kitchenette: “Oh, Min! Here comes company! Toss another onion in the stew! And throw the coal out of the bath-tub so I can stir up a bigger batch of gin!” But when you get to the point where there’s a butler to serve the buffet supper, democracy’s the hole in the doughnut. That’s why the picture business is Republican. Except Winnie Sheehan, who still casts twenty-four votes for Underwood.

Things have arrived at such a pass that something must be done. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of those who throw parties. Some way must be found to put the boots to the heels. Even though the shoe pinches. Hollywood needs a Moses to lead it from the wilderness of gate-crashers. And the only fellow by that name is too busy over on the Lasky lot to function effectively as a rescuer.

SIGNS OF RESISTANCE

A GENERAL uprising threatens. The most hospitable houses in Hollywood are now scarred with scowling signs which frown the frigid warning INVITED GUESTS ONLY. Homes formerly sure-fire for cakes and cognac have even added a finger-pointing THIS MEANS YOU. Terrifying rumors have spread from Henry’s to the Montmartre that even the popular drop-in resort conducted by Betty Compson and Jimmy Cruze bears the admonition BEWARE THE DOG. And even to heels a hint should be good as a kick. Or an old-fashioned bust in the beeper.

In fact, it was from the establishment of Jimmy and Betty—not to be confused with the tea-room conducted by Bettie and Hattie, an entirely different organization—that the first big gun fired on Sumter. So to speak.

It was a Declaration of Secession from the Ancient Order of Saps. But it masqueraded as a Message of Christmas Cheer. Dam’ clever, these Cruzes. Theirs is an old established firm. For eons they have catered to acquaintances, strangers, their Minnehaha—laughing water, you know—has cascaded into the bottomless pits of thousands of stomachs. Their gravy has spotted the vests of the multitude. A heel once introduced by a friendly soul would audibly wonder how long this had been going on. And would return like the guilty to the scene of the crime. Bringing many little playmates in his wake. The glad tidings spread. And spread. And spread. It was practically decided that Jim and Betty occupied too much room. Steps were being taken to request them to vacate. But the Declaration called a Halt.

(Continued on page 88)
Take it from Bessie Love, it’s the woman who hays. Although it must be said, too, that she enjoys it. At the right Bessie is trying to scrape up some basis of mutual acquaintance with the cow. She has just asked Bossy if she knows Bull Montana, and Bossy is trying to remember...
Both are moo experiences: for the cow, above, to wear Dorothy Sebastian's hat, and for Bessie Love—at the left—to play milkmaid. Indeed, the nervous strain on Bessie is so great that it's quite likely if Bossy kicks the bucket, Bessie will, too.
There's nothing unofficial about either the name Sally Blane has taken for herself or the name she has won for herself. The law has approved, with seals and hereunto's and whereas's, the change of her name from Betty Jane Young; and her stardom is no less impressively documented. The Wampas, in congress assembled, have designated her as a Baby Star.
Cutie Stuff
Sally Blane Has Plenty Of What It Takes

By DOROTHY MANNERS

SHE'S no Aileen Pringle at dominoes, but I bet, at that, she wouldn't bore Joseph Hergesheimer. She's no Lillian Gish for Art, with a capital A, but even George Jean Nathan wouldn't be apt to walk out on her.

And those.

And a naughty little smile that's a cross between a baby's and a gold-digger's. She giggles and snickers and chuckles and laughs more than she talks. But with her kind of mouth and teeth, it's more attractive anyway. She wears a long bob with small, tight-fitting little hats with a pin shot through them somewhere. Her eyes are blue and crinkly. Her skirts reveal about three-quarters of a worth-while kneecap. Put that all together and you've got Sally, Mrs. Blane's little girl.

The Wampas showed an unusual burst of inspiration by choosing her as a this year's Baby Star. She qualifies as both the baby and the star. After floundering around doing practically nothing for six or seven months, R. K. O. signed her to a nice contract, and there's a lot of talk about featuring her in the same sort of thing that put Clara Bow and Alice White where they are today.

In an off and on way, I've known her a long time. Two or three years at least. She used to be even more of a cutie then than she is now. At that time she and Joan Crawford were inseparable pals. They looked alike, they dressed alike, they talked alike, they went everywhere together. Half the time Joan lived at Sally's house and the rest of the time Sally lived at Joan's. They'd galloping over to the Cocoanut Grove with their respective beaux and get home tired but enthusiastic about one or two o'clock. For the rest of the night they'd sit up and giggle over "what I said to him," and "what he said to me." They were both constantly and continually in love and they suffered and wept on each other's shoulders when that all-important Somebody didn't call up, or stepped out with another girl.

For a while they lied everybody into believing they were cousins. "Meet my little cousin, Sally," Joan would say, and Sally would obediently look as much like Joan as possible. As a matter of fact, the resemblance between them, from constant association, was so startling they could have passed for sisters. The only hitch was that Sally had two luscious sisters in the persons of Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young, and a family of four such optical pippins would have been a strain on the imagination. They don't come in fours like that—in one family. At that time Sally's name was Betty Jane and she was doing extra work in the movies.

She got a job as one of the rah-rah girls in the Universal series of "Collegians." It was a happy spot for her. She was born to wear sweaters and socks and wave pennants at football games. In between pictures she consumed innumerable hot dogs, with extra service of mustard; and read books that were lurid enough to give her indigestion if she had more than half understood them. She was so cute with her turned down socks and her hot dog sandwiches that she finally attracted the attention of Wesley Ruggles, a feature director on the lot.

He called Sally to the attention of the front office and the front office was equally impressed. They offered Sally (Continued on page 104)
OUR MODERN MAIDENS

SILENT
Admittedly a sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters," this glimpse into the life of the jazz age teaches us that what our modern maidens need is parents, instead of bootleggers. Anita Page, as one maiden, spends a moonlit evening with a friend's fiancé and proves that the modern code has old-fashioned Consequences. Joan Crawford, as the other maiden, learns of the Consequences an hour after her wedding and gallantly departs on a solitary honeymoon, allowing the world to think that a former indiscretion of her own has lost her her bridegroom. To give a modern atmosphere, the seductions, confessions, etc., are played in a cubist setting of nouveau art decorations. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, does some remarkably clever imitations of different movie stars. Rod La Rocque is a trifle actory and florid. The picture leaves one with the feeling that what our modern maidens need is a good old-fashioned spanking.

THE LETTER

The fact that it is a faithful transcription of Somerset Maugham's stage-play is at once the strength and weakness of this photodrama. All the virility of the original version has been retained, but nothing has been added in the picturization. The story depends upon dialogue rather than action for its progression. Which is a theatrical attribute, and the antithesis of motion picture technic. While it portrays far tender drama than either "The Doctor's Secret" or "Interference," "The Letter" falls naturally into the same category as its worthy predecessors because of its obvious genesis in the theater. A cast of stage players is headed by Jeanne Eagels, who scores a brilliant triumph in the rôle of Leslie Cobbe. Synchronization and voice reproduction are the best yet. Director Monta Bell has made a creditable copy of an inspired work. Eventually the talkies will bring us better pictures.

THE WILD PARTY

DIALOGUE
Ten million movie fans will breathe easier when I tell them that Clara Bow's voice will not disappoint them. She not only has it and looks it but she sounds itty. "The Wild Party" is the first picture with a college locale which doesn't look as if it had been written by the graduate of a correspondence school. People who have attended an institution of learning will not rush from the theater babbling with rage. It is plausible college atmosphere, and clever college dialogue—and as for the plot, it must be good because it has been written so many times. A girl takes the blame for a wild party to shield her friend—that's the plot. There are a lot of charming girls, including a blonde who is a runner-up for Lilyan Tashman, and a young professor, played by Fredric March, who would have crowded classes in any woman's college. But, it is Clara's picture—and I am delighted that Clara is controlling her cuteness.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Another of those So-and-So pictures which makes you wonder just why it was written. A few points that were good but mostly crowded with situations which you forget before you have left the theater. Too bad to waste the beauty of Mary Astor! She's a poor little gal with a sick baby brother. She hasn't any money until she finds a good-looking guy's wallet, plays George Washington; he gives her a hundred for returning it to him. Another good-looking chap offers her a job in his gambling house—for a price. The first handsome lad, played ably by Charles Morton, arrives at the house of the second one, interpreted by Earle Fox, just in time to run to the rescue. In the meantime an outside gangster comes in with a gun. Who did the murder? The girl proves, by another wallop, that it wasn't the nice lad, so they celebrate Christmas on New Year's Eve and bring the kidde home a lot of belated presents and live happily ever after.
SHOW BOAT

DIALOGUE

Although it is lacking in the epic qualities which should have distinguished such a theme, Universal's film version of Edna Ferber's story—or is it Florenz Ziegfeld's show—provides palatable entertainment for the populace. It is an odd admixture of inspiration and the ancient bokum which insists that every dramatic moment be played with a downpour of rain as its background. Apparently hearts are heavy only when the heavens open. Time lapses are covered with startling, almost confusing rapidity. But this at least adds something to the swiftness of the drama. The picture would be stronger with its ordinary clinch tag eliminated. But imagination is again disinheritied, as nothing is left to it. Each individual performance is excellent. Joseph Schildkraut is a convincing and colorful Ziegfeld and contributes a drunk scene which is one of the highlights. Laura La Plante attains new histrionic heights as Magnolia.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

DIALOGUE

Here's your chance to hear Richard Dix say, "I love you," without benefit of subtitles. Having been on the stage before going into pictures, it isn't anything new to Richard to be heard as well as seen. He is inclined to overact at times but no one is supposed to take a farce seriously anyway. Aided and abetted by Louis John Bartels and Ned Sparks, two boys who have proved themselves on Broadway, he is very amusing. And there is Helen Kane. You've heard her over the radio and on records, but she has to be seen to be appreciated. She's a howl, and Paramount should sign her before anyone else gets the chance. The picture starts out slowly but hits its stride after the first reel. You can imagine the complications when a young man promises to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, for twenty-four hours. Dorothy Hall as the feminine lead is colorless. William Collier furnished the wise-cracking dialogue.

POINTS WEST

SILENT

Years may come and go, the picture business may be revolutionized but the Hero Riding to the Rescue is still good for cheers in any neighborhood movie house. Hoot Gibson's latest horse opera has little new to offer in the way of situation, except the delightful sight of Alberta Vaughn taking two baths. Even the scenic backgrounds of great rocks and snow-covered peaks have become familiar through years of Westerns but Hoot's smile is as boyish as ever, if otherwise he is beginning to look older, and the situation where the villain and his gang give the hero three minutes to live while the faithful cowboys thunder over the landscape to the rescue can still stir even the blase moviegoer. Perhaps this proves that motion is, after all, the greatest asset of the movies. At any rate, this opus of the old school manages to provide better entertainment than many a more ambitious and subtler picture. Perhaps because Hoot does what he does well.

THE HOTTENTOT

TALKIE

Some actors become a cult. No matter what roles they play, their devotees are satisfied. This is the case with Edward Everett Horton, who plays the timid man who is mistaken for a famous horseman in the film version of this farce. It doesn't matter that the lines are not funny, or that the gags are worn—all that counts is Eddie. His whimsical expressions have never been quite enough to make him the screen hit that he is on the local stage. Now that the talkies have added his inimitable inflections to his pictures he ought to become one of the most popular comedians on the screen. The picture has some dizzy horseback riding, which is good for a few thrills, and Patsy Ruth Miller has a good voice. But, its only excuse is Edward Everett Horton, to whose cult I belong. And I'm inclined to think that after you've seen him in this one, you'll make out an application for membership. The story's been done before. But not as amusingly as this time.
**Current Pictures—Silent**

**Dialogue**

After her double decade of stardom in the silent drama the voice of Mary Pickford at last may be heard by the multitude who dubbed her "America's Sweetheart." And a very pleasing voice it is, despite the handicap of a high-and-hominy accent affected for the purposes of the picture. For "Coquette," be it known, is a very liberal screen translation of a play dealing with the quaint old Southern custom of assassinating gentlemen suspected of trifling with the "honah" of womanhood. In making the photoplay censorship-proof, it emerges slightly ridiculous, featuring a series of absurdities which scarcely may be believed by an adult-minded audience. Mary, does admirably in emotional sequences far more difficult than she has attempted during her remarkable career. Johnny Mack Brown makes a handsome, dashing, Southron, and John St. Polis a stern, if somewhat theatric, father. The important thing, however, is that Mary has satisfactorily passed her talkie test. With high honors.

**Coquette**

**This Is Heaven**

Vilma Banky's first talkie, oddly enough, is chiefly notable for the fact that it is Sam Goldwyn's best exploitation to date of his blonde importation's pictorial beauty. Vilma has never, even in her most elaborate period costumes, looked more lovely than she does in the simple modern garments she wears here. Nor has she ever done so much really good acting, cutting down on her camera tricks and putting the greatest sincerity into her work. No insignificant feather is to be placed in the cap of Al Santell for inspiring in La Banky what is far and away her best performance yet. Vilma's talking is done with a cute Hungarian accent which is quite charming, and it is certainly a disappointment when she starts speaking sub-titles—and they, for some reason, all written out in perfect English. After we’ve said this much, we’ve said everything. We can’t hand the story much; it’s just a long-drawn-out version of "Cinderella," with Jimmy Hall as an estimable but hardly romantic fairy prince.

**Voice of the City**

**Talkie**

This will help reconcile you to the talkies. It is so well directed and acted, you don’t care that the story is anything but new. Hardly a face in the cast is familiar to movie audiences but don’t let that worry you. Robert Ames and Sylvia Field will meet with your approval. Ames is natural and unaffected and his wistful, boyish face should earn him many fan letters. Miss Field is interesting to look at and listen to. But it is Willard Mack to whom the picture belongs. As author, director, and actor, the stage veteran proves that he knows something about realistic dialogue and how to make actors behave like human beings. A youngster gets mixed up with some gangsters and is sent up for murder. With the help of his sweetheart, sister and underworld friends, he escapes and is hidden by them. "Dipper Don," a high class crook with designs on Ames’s girl friend, equals. The boy is innocent, of course, and how he proves it is for you to find out. Mack as a hard-boiled detective is excellent and John Miljan is suave and sufficiently villainous. If you like your underworld drama (and don’t we all?), be sure to see this.

**She Goes to War**

The first talkie of the World War owes none of its entertainment value to the talking sequences. Most of the dialogue and sound is obviously put in afterward and synchronized as best it could be. On one occasion a roomful of soldiers is supposed to be singing "There Is A Happy Land," and not a mouth is open. There is just enough spoken dialogue in the picture to make it impossible for the audience to accustom itself either to it or to the sub-titular periods. Talkie-silent controversy aside, however, the picture should not be missed by anybody who’s on the lookout for movie thrills. The war scenes showing soldiers advancing in tanks through liquid fire are about the most exciting thing ever seen on the screen. The picture has other virtues, not the least of which is Eleanor Boardman, giving a remarkable acting performance. John Holland, a newcomer, is magnificent as Eleanor’s leading man. There is moderately good comedy from Al St. John, and there are moments when the old directorial genius of Henry King shines through the dull mechanics of Rupert Hughes’ story.
ALL TALKIE  The depths of banality to which Maurice Chevalier's first American picture descends, after an opening bright with promise, must be seen and heard to be believed. Paramount's most lavish claims in behalf of its French importation do not overstate the charm of his personality; but this deliciously light and airy customer from the Boulevards has been put in a story that combines all the worst points of "The Singing Fool" and "Coquette." The triumph is all the greater for Chevalier, who, in spite of everything, registers 100%. Some of his early scenes, notably where he sings a little boy's tears away, are among the rarest gems ever contributed to the screen. He sings six songs, only one of which is particularly striking, but he neverthess manages to infect them with his irresistible charm. The spell that the picture exerts in its first twenty minutes is broken when the star addresses the audience from the screen. From that point on, it's just a matter of agonizing through stretches of more and more ridiculous action and dialogue.

SYNCOPEATION

SOUND  Barbara Bennett thought Jan Hunter, the kind night-club backer, asked her to supper just for art's sake. Stock movie heroine number one is back amongst us in the talkies, but so well surrounded is she by colorful music and sets and wittily written dialogue that she almost seems like a stranger. This new musical talkie, taken by and large, is a pretty good piece of entertainment. The most competent cast of stage players yet recruited to talkies interprets it with an engaging dash. Even though the heroine wasn't "that" kind of a girl, she has the entirely novel attribute, for one interpreting a dance rôle on the screen, of really being able to dance with considerable grace. Musically, this debut of the new RKO company into the film field is particularly good. It contains five or six numbers especially written for it, notably one called "Do Do Something," which has the earmarks of a hit. Waring's Pennsylvanians, who are starred, contribute enough and not too much jazzy orchestration. The story is really the same as "Broadway Melody" at bottom, but you might say the characterizations are better drawn.

THE DESERT SONG

Important as the initial venture of the singing-screen into the realm of musical comedy, this production, regarded as a motion picture, fails to merit undiluted praise. Lighting and photography are poor. The story fails to the point of collapse. The direction uninspired. And the faults of the stage version lamentably emphasized. Yet, this celluloid copy excels the original in those sequences where it transcends the limitations of the theater. Its greatest fault is that with all the camera's opportunity of moving from one point to another, "The Desert Song" in pictures is confined for the most part to three stage settings. The lure-like lyrics of Carlotta King, plus John Boles's warm tenor tones, elevate the picture from a slough of mediocrity. Their rendition of the score will cause music lovers to regret the absence of encores. And those wedded to old-type film-fare will glean chuckles from the superb clowning of Louise Fazenda and Johnny Arthur. This is the screen debut of Carlotta King, a recruit from radio, the dramatic and concert stages.

MADAME X

To say that this is the greatest motion picture the reviewer has seen sounds extravagant, yet forty-eight hours after seeing it in the studio projection room, that is the impression which lingers. Practically the whole world knows Pauline Frederick's former stage play, "Madame X," with its plot centering upon a woman who leaves her husband for another, returns for one last glimpse of her four-year-old son and is turned out into the world with only her body to depend upon for a living. Every pain, every yearning, every remorse which a woman can suffer is hers. In the hands of the wrong person, the play would become maudlin rather than dramatic. With Ruth Chatterton it rises to heights unprecedented in pictures. It's her voice, of course, almost more than her acting which does it. And the fact that she dares to look positively ugly in the eyes of the camera. The picture proves that beauty as one of the main screen attributes is passing. Lewis Stone, Holmes Herbert, Raymond Hackett do equally well in their supporting positions. Make every effort to see it.
It was the proficiency in aquatic sports, gained in the waters of the North West Arm, near Halifax—shown below—that enabled Cecil Carlyle Cooke—at the left—to obtain his inside knowledge of Hollywood studio life.

“The Canadian public is more naive to the screen than the American public,” young Cooke, a dark-haired, dark-eyed, rather serious fellow explained. “Distance lends the enchantment and the illusion, even though we do read the movie books up there and try to post ourselves on the inside stuff.”

“We up in Canada read and read of the humanness and reality of the players, such as Mary and Doug, but we can never quite convince ourselves of the fact. We make wide allowances for Hollywood. It seems to be a little world by itself ungoverned by the rules and laws that hold other places. When a player breaks out, in a bit of sensational news, Canadians are not so quick to condemn the offender as the Americans. We shrug and think, ‘They are actors, magic people; they cannot help what they do.’ Of course, a trip here dispels the myth. After you’ve bucked Ruth Roland in a business deal, and I have, you begin to understand that movie people are not only human, but very practical.”

DIVER’S QUALIFICATIONS

Perhaps a word more about young Cooke would not be amiss. A few months ago he made his home at 49 Seymour Street in Halifax, Nova Scotia, which is on the northwest arm of that famous peninsula. At the time he left for Hollywood, with his family, he was a member of the North West Arm Rowing Club, and was on the club’s junior rowing team. Of course, everyone in Nova Scotia is a water sports fan and most of the boys his age are great swimmers and divers. But Cooke was only fair at these sports—that is, only fair in Canada. Since coming to Hollywood, however, he has discovered that a fair diver in Canada is apt to be one of the best divers in Hollywood—and that is just what he is today.

One of the best reasons for choosing Mr. Cooke to represent Halifax in this series of stories is the fact that his “fair” Canadian diving ability has made him in great demand as a stunt high diver in Hollywood motion picture studios. Having played in a few pictures as a star’s double, he has seen more of the inside Hollywood than the average person.

“One of the main questions in my mind, when I was still in Halifax,” he continued, “was as to the innumerable changes of locale that appeared in Hollywood pictures.
High-lights of Mr. Cooke’s Comment:

If you’ve ever bucked Ruth Roland in a business deal, you’ll find movie people are not only human, but mighty practical.

Hollywood chooses an oatmeal snow-storm before a real one

The difference between Canada and America is that we like the Princess Pat, and Americans, Clara Bow.

Halifax will never forget Hollywood’s generous help in the time of our disaster.

Hollywood is based upon fake and counterfeit.

In Canada we like genteel personality more than sex-appeal.

One picture would depict the Canadian Northwest with its snow and mountain background; the next would be a tropical island story with the hot sun and palm trees; the next, possibly, a story of New York, the metropolis; or the setting might be San Francisco’s Chinatown or waterfront. How could Hollywood have all these within the range of a short camera jaunt? It was a question that my friends and I talked over many times.

ALL IN THE COUNTY

As a matter of fact, Hollywood has all of these natural settings within the county of Los Angeles. Just two hours from Hollywood Boulevard and its perpetual summer sunshine may be found snow and mountains. Arrowhead Lake and Big Bear look for all the world like a scene from Lake Louise. Only twenty minutes from the studios in a westerly direction lies the Pacific Ocean with its Deauville-like beach-clubs. An hour’s ride in the opposite direction leads you to Los Angeles harbor—fishing smacks, yachts, barges and battleships of all kinds await the back-to-reality call of “Camera!” Los Angeles is adorned with its own Chinatown—no need of even a five-hundred-mile trip to San Francisco. Small-town atmosphere can be obtained first-hand at Sherman, a typical small town five minutes from Sunset Boulevard.

Halifax is as different from Hollywood as the Majestic Theatre—shown at the top of the page—is from Grauman’s Chinese on the Boulevard. A general view of the Nova Scotian city appears in the center of the page.

True, the two towns are much alike in a number of aspects. They each have small buildings, a main street, and a harbor, but the atmosphere is quite different. Hollywood, with its perpetual sunshine and palm trees, seems more like a tropical paradise, while Halifax, with its snowy winters and Misty air, seems more like a cold, northern city.

(Continued on page 112)
The new dance, "The Joy Street Drag," as Lois Moran and Rex Bell execute it, starts with the customary collegiate huddle, as in the upper right hand picture. But the team soon resorts to more open play. And—it goes without saying—scores within a few seconds. It's not so easy to learn as to look at, of course. Lois and Rex practised many an hour—a demonstration of to what degree they both possess syncopatience.
The Heavy-Lover
Can't Ivan Lebedeff Be Promoted From The First To The Second?

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

SOMETIME I suppose some producer will wake up to the fact that in the person of Ivan Lebedeff he has a available a leading man who might make a wonderful success of romantic rôles. This intelligent young Russian artist came to Hollywood and happened to play the role of a heavy, since which time the perfectly dumb industry looks upon him only as a heavy. He has everything that a romantic actor should have." (From The Film Spectator.)

Which raises the intriguing question: just what should a romantic hero have? What are the elements which, fused, make a great screen lover? Our neighbors or relatives are never romantic. We know them too well. Their lives are too much like our own. We do not want to think of our screen heroes as harassed by milk bills and toothaches and other familiar woes. The first requisite for a romantic idol is a colorful background.

Naturally a foreign actor is more glamorous than one from Oshkosh, and so it happens that most of our screen lovers have been born under other skies: Valentino, Novarro, Colman. Though press agents have been industrious in inventing imaginary backgrounds for home-grown heroes, no press agent could have invented such an unusual and eventful history as Ivan Lebedeff has had.

CRUEL, CRUEL, IVAN!

A MAN'S story begins with his ancestors. Mr. Lebedeff's may have begun centuries ago when the Tartar horde swept over Russia, for in his long eyes, there is more than a hint of the East. Perhaps that accounts for the remark that a woman made to me the other day, "I imagine that Ivan could be very cruel. He could give a woman who is in love with him heaven or hell." D. W. Griffith once made the statement that Mr. Lebedeff had more power than any other man he had ever met.

In St. Petersburg—before it became Petrograd—his father held an honored position under the Czar, similar to that of our Secretary of the Treasury. His childhood was spent on a great estate where he and his brother and sister spoke French, German and English on week days, and only on Sundays were allowed to talk in their own tongue. His schooldays were passed at the Imperial Lyceum of Alexander the First where only the sons of the nobility might go. When the Bolshevists came into power, the family were forced to flee for their lives. Everything they possessed was lost in the Revolution except a pocketful of jewels with which they escaped. One of these—a great ruby—glows on the finger of Ivan Lebedeff today. (Continued on page 110)
visited in Pasadena for one dollar a roll after we discovered that none of the other twenty-one places carried any which was better.

**MARKETING FOR APPROVAL**

ALL New-English. Charlie even had to go shopping in Tuluca Lake to get permission to build a house which was all Cape-Codish. For, of course, California runs to Spanish. Many of the residential areas are restricted to this architecture. He purchased an acre in Brentwood, then found there were certain limitations. He purchased one in Tuluca Lake, not far from his pal, Dick Arlen, and discovered that there he must also build Spanish. Then he shopped for public approval. With a petition under his arm he went from door to door, asking property owners to sign their names to:

"Please say I may build a New England home in this section." It took several months to win them all over. But—well, let's go through the house and see if we can find anything Spanish about it.

Take the dining-room as a beginner. Those curtains. Will I or Virginia Valli, either, ever forget the days we spent hunting for that ship motif? All the ships which they showed us featured the boat which Columbus made famous.

"But I don't want a Columbus ship." Charlie would wax emphatic. "I want ships like those which sail in the coves off New England. I want them like the ones which were in our curtains at home when we were youngsters. I want—." And the clerks would look askance and wonder

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**CHARLIE FARRELL** started shopping for the furnishings of his house six months before he began its construction. Naturally I didn't go to Pendleton, Oregon, with him to choose the bed blankets which he selected from the mills in that city, not only because they were cheaper at the manufacturers, but because he could invent the design and have them woven to order. You will see one on the captain's bunk in the ship's room. Each one of the dozen he purchased has a central figure intermingled with strips in warm matching colors.

But I did go with him when he went chasing wallpaper, I say chasing, because going with a woman to make purchases may appropriately be called shopping, but with a man—whew! Even chasing is a word a bit modest. He began in Pasadena, wound through lower Los Angeles into the center of the city and hence to Hollywood Boulevard and the houses there featuring wallpaper. And we didn't miss one paper vender, I'll wager. Twenty-two stores in one day and too many wallpapers even to discuss the subject. And still we had not pleased Mr. Charlie. All because his house must be strictly New England. His wallpaper must represent the kind his mother and dad and aunts and uncles had on their under-the-gables walls in Cape Cod, when he was a youngster. Behold what he chose as typical in the picture of his bedroom at the bottom of this page. And we chose it in the first store we
where we came from or if they chanced to recognize Charlie or Virginia, you could see them laying our eccentricity at the door of "thim actors."

Twelve stores on this mission. At last in a famous furniture emporium, Charlie's eyes caught some very striking drape material at two-fifty a yard. "Those aren't exactly right, but they'll do. At least they didn't bring over Columbus."

The dining-room furniture was a problem. Charlie wanted a ship on the old-type sideboard. Codish, he had to be content with a Columbus. "One such ship isn't so bad since we have the other in the curtains," he finally conceded.

The dishes we didn't have to search for. At the conclusion of "Our Daily Bread," F. W. Murnau made Charlie a present of his dishes. Lovely old flower and print designs. You can probably remember when your grandmother used to have just such plates in plain view, so every one could see them. You can get some like Charlie's for about two dollars and fifty cents apiece.

Charlie really has only two or three genuine antiques in his house. "Just enough to give a touch and not make the pressure on the purse too heavy," he told us. They're in his bedroom: the bed and the chiffonier, or whatever they call them in the Atlantic-edge country. And really Virginia Valli deserves all the credit for this discovery. She hunted all over the city for just the right one and all Charlie and I had to do was go and look at them. And the bed's so antique that when Charlie got it home, he had to send for carpenters to build under-braces so it would hold up the mattress. The picture on opposite page shows the bed and chiffonier. Please note the rag rug, also. These are scattered throughout the house. Again, can't you remember when granny used to make them and make you save all the scraps from your dresses? These were especially made for Charlie but you can buy some very similar for fifteen dollars.

Hunting for bed-spreads for Mrs. Farrell's room proved hopeless. Neither material nor made-to-order spreads could be found anywhere in this city, which pleased Mr. Charlie. But one house offered to send to Kentucky for a special type of dyed-in-oil material which was guaranteed to feature designs typical of the New England of yesterday: calico. Can you remember the days of quilting? This is done in one of the old all-over designs. The wall pictures are interesting—old Godey prints. Charlie didn't shop for those. They came from New England.

You know, he designed this house without any architectural aid, whatsoever. He knew exactly what he wanted, drew his own plans, and told his builder to do it.

(Continued on page 90)
Weddings in Hollywood are not seasonal affairs. That is, we do not break out in epidemics of them in June and October the way they do in other localities. The exigencies of professional life are all against any such formal proceedings.

If two picture people want to be married and have the quaint notion to have a honeymoon, they often have to do quite a lot of figuring to find a time when both of them will be between pictures. Mostly they give up trying to plan for the thing at all and just run down to the justice of the peace informally some afternoon at three when neither of them happens to have a conference, a fitting, a test, a location trip or a permanent wave on the day's program.

Sometimes they manage to get a weekend and then they skip down to Mexico where you don't have to get your license three days before the wedding, as you do in Los Angeles. That saves no end of trouble and publicity.

That three-day-license law has squashed lots and lots of Hollywood weddings. One is so likely to get out of the notion if one has to wait three whole days. Alice White says that she doubts now, whether she will ever marry. "I almost did it twice," she says. "Once I started to Santa Barbara to do it—and changed my mind on the way up. The other time I started to Riverside. If I couldn't stick to it for little trips like those—I never should be able to keep my mind on it for three days. But, of course, I have my career."

BUSINESS BEFORE HONEYMOON

Of course, when people make such a habit of getting married year after year—they can't afford to expend too much time and energy on the thing. I mean—when a friend of mine wanted an interview with John Barrymore recently and was told that he was preparing to go on his somewhat belated honeymoon, she exclaimed, impatiently, "Well, what of it? This is business. And what's a honeymoon more or less to an actor, anyhow?"

That really expresses the general attitude toward weddings and honeymoons. They are no novelty and they can't be allowed to interfere with the important business of getting on in pictures. No one except an actor as solidly established as Barrymore would have thought of such a thing. And as for
mere engagements—nobody pays the least attention to those. Not even the people who are in them, so to speak.

I doubt whether they, themselves, can even keep track of them. Now and then a girl gets a nice ring. "But rings get so monotonous," one petite actress was heard to remark. So Hollywood engaged young men say it with diamond bracelets and Rolls-Royces and police dogs. A girl wants some variety, for goodness' sake!

As for the weddings, themselves—well, when we do break out and have one, we do it largely and in the best Sid Grauman manner. With props. You see, with studio prop departments to draw upon, there is no reason why we shouldn't have all the trimmings. Arches of artificial apple blossoms—you know, those branches under which the leading man and lady kiss in the fade-out?—silk hats for the ushers, white ribbon to line the aisles, lilies and so on.

PROP TURKEYS

FOR one large wedding, whole roast turkeys were rented from a caterer to rest in untouched grandeur among the sandwiches provided for the supper. And they were returned to their owner intact. And the wardrobe department furnished old shoes, artificially aged, for the guests to hurl after the departing blissful couple.

When Ruth Roland was married to Ben Bard only the other day, she had a spotlight follow her down the aisle. The effect was so much like that of a star making a personal appearance that the congregation automatically broke into applause and Ruth bowed and smiled left and right in acknowledgment of the tribute as she progressed toward the altar. It was just grand!

Our well-known sense of humor gets the best of us sometimes—even on these more or less solemn, according to how you view them, occasions. At one wedding where the bride was a successful and prosperous actress and the groom a good-looking chap, younger than she and with no very apparent source of income, the organist broke into, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby!" as the ring was placed on the lady's finger.

I don't know whether some wag had bribed the organist or whether he thought of that delicate and appropriate touch himself. But it made quite a little sensation.

Of course, so many of our marriages are repeats, and when one has been married off and on before and can't wear a long white veil and what-not, that sort of takes the zest

(Continued on page 100)
The circumference of the table is, of course, enchanted to have Dorothy Mackaill within it. And so too, more than likely, will audiences be when they see Dorothy next time in a play of fortnight-life, "Two Weeks Off"
How this Penetrating Foam Cleans Your Teeth Better

... and only 25¢. The famous 3.5 oz. 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.

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 mucus 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.

*Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Creatively milled picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, single toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the roots of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleaning it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.
98% of the on the screen are cared for with

“Lovely skin is the most appealing charm a girl can have,” say 39 leading Hollywood directors

IT ATTRACTS you instantly, whenever you see it—a skin that is exquisitely smooth and lovely.

In Hollywood, where loveliness and magnetism mean success, they realize this so well. “I don’t know a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has been able to win enough popularity to become a star,” says William Beaudine, Fox director, voicing the experience of leading directors.

“Exquisitely lovely skin is the greatest asset a star can have,” the screen stars say. And especially is this true now that the huge new incandescent “sun-spot” lights pour

CLARA BOW, famous Paramount star, says: “Keeping one’s skin flawless for the all-seeing eye of the camera means constant care. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin in perfect condition.”

MARY DUNCAN, Fox star, says: “Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin silken-smooth.”

BETTY BRONSON, Warner Brothers—“I find Lux Toilet Soap wonderful for my skin.”

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, famous for her lovely skin, says enthusiastically: “Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin a screen star must have.”
lovely complexions you see
LUX Toilet Soap
down on face and arms and shoulders when a close-up is being taken.
Notice the exquisite texture of Mary Brian's skin the next time you see her in a close-up—or of Clara Bow's, Dorothy Mackaill's, or Eleanor Boardman's.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use this white, fragrant soap, and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for dressing rooms.
You, too, will be delighted with the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps your skin satin-smooth. Buy several cakes — today. Made by the famous French method, it lathers generously, even in the hardest water.

Mary Brian, Paramount star, has perfect poise under the searching eye of the new "sun-spot" close-up lights. She keeps her skin flawlessly smooth with Lux Toilet Soap.

Dorothy Mackaill, First National star, in the modernistic bathroom built for her in Hollywood. "So much of a star's charm depends on soft smooth skin—especially for a close-up. Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin."

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

Poplar Sue Carol says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin gloriously smooth."

Sally Eilers, Sennett-Pathé—"Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such velvety smoothness!"
STEP Tells All He Used To Steal Whatyoumaycallems; Now He Steals Pictures

By Elisabeth Goldbeck

When the two-man vaudeville team billed as Step and Fetchit came apart, the surviving member carried on with a single name that combined both: Stepin Fetchit. Which was permissible, for Step is indeed a whole show in himself.

On the opening night of "Hearts In Dixie," the first all-negro picture, nobody could find Stepin Fetchit in the audience. Stepin is to "Hearts In Dixie" what Al Jolson is to a Shubert revue. So the next day someone at the Fox studio remonstrated with him.

"Where were you last night, Step—the star of the picture?"

Step grinned. "I was there, suh. I was upstairs in the gallery where I belong."

That's Step. Nothing fancy. Nothing educated or emancipated. He typifies his race. All the traits and talents that legend gives to colored people are embodied in him. He has their joyous, childlike charm, their gaudy tastes, their superstitions. And as for singing, dancing, and strumming a mean banjo—he does them all. And would probably steal chickens if he hadn't promised the Lord never to do anything illegal again.

Step is a great comedian, and he avails himself of some of the privileges of genius. He isn't exactly temperamental. He's just a little unreliable. If the studio wants him to start work at nine o'clock, they give him a call for seven, and consider themselves lucky if he gets in before noon. His whereabouts are always a bit mysterious. The only time they were absolutely sure where to find him was during the first four days of "Hearts In Dixie's"

run. Step was sitting in the theater, watching himself on the screen, and laughing like everything.

ME, IN BIG LETTERS

When his name appeared on the posters advertising "The Ghost Talks," Step spent the better part of two days standing in front of a billboard gazing at it. "Oh boy!" he kept saying. "There I is! That's me! In great big letters. Oh, boy!"

He was always a great entertainer. "In fact," he said modestly, "seems like everything I did, I was very good at it."

Now he's Court Jester at the Fox studio, as well as the idol of Central Avenue—the Harlem of Los Angeles—and having a hard time keeping the women away from him.

Oscar, the Paramount bootblack who breaks into pictures every now and then, is all broken up over the flash Step is making. Oscar used to be the big hero on Central Avenue. He was known as The Cute Kid, in the days when he was Wally Reid's valet and used to change his costume five or six times a day. Oscar is a pretty rich man himself. He owns his car and his real estate. But he's conservative. He can't approach the magnificence of Stepin. There's nothing of the nouveau riche about Oscar. He lives in a small house, saves his money, and invests heavily in insurance, which is every negro's way of promising himself a grand funeral.

Not so Step. He spends every cent he earns. He has a fleet of gorgeous Cadillacs. He has a suite in Central Avenue's grandest hotel, with two extra rooms for his secretary and his chauffeur. And as for insurance!

"I don't need no insurance," says Step scornfully. "When I die, jes' throw me out in the street."

"Jes' a plain damn fool!" grumbles Oscar. And Step goes out and buys another Cadillac.

(Continued on page 92)
"The soft, natural wave in my hair has aroused such enthusiastic admiration that I am happy to say that it has been made possible through Frederics Vita-Tonic Process. No other method is like it for producing such smooth, wide, flowing, natural waves."

Marian Nixon

... reveals the reason for her lovely, lustrous, wavy hair

For sheer loveliness—nothing can rival the soft, lustrous, natural wave in the coiffure of this charming film star. Of course, anyone would think that these charming waves are natural.

Marian Nixon knows that she must always possess a permanent that is perfect. One that will always preserve those delightful, flowing, natural waves that are so universally admired. Any woman can now easily obtain a permanent like Marian Nixon's if she will insist upon the New Frederics Vita-Tonic Method of Waving.

Every shop that gives Frederics Vita-Tonic waves has trained Frederics operators who are especially skillful in producing a permanent wave that is unsurpassed. Be sure to get the real Frederics Vita-Tonic wave, however. Look for the name

"Frederics Vita-Tonic" on the wrapper used on every tress of hair.

Send for Free Booklet "The Glorious Gift of Lovely Hair" which will tell you how to care for your wave. You also get a free introductory tube of the New Frederics Hair Trane Cream for keeping your wave set, for finger and water waving, and for training straight hair. Fill in and send this coupon.

E. FREDERICS, Inc. 235-247 East 43th Street, Dept.17 New York City

Please send me—Free—the booklet "The Glorious Gift of Lovely Hair", also a free introductory tube of the new Frederics Hair Trane Cream.

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City ______________________ State ___________________
Trader Duncan

Renaldo Swaps The Hazards Of Hollywood For The Quiet Of The African Jungle

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

THEME SONG: "Trader, I'd round the Horn for you, baby."

I've traveled to pretty nearly every part of the world," said Duncan Renaldo over lunch the day before he left for Africa; "and I assure you, after Hollywood this is going to be a nice rest."

Duncan is the lad who was picked for the juvenile lead in "Trader Horn." Half an hour after he'd made a test at M-G-M, they told him he would be leaving for Africa in ten days' time for a seven months' stay.

"Life here is about as hectic as you'd find anywhere, in many ways," he went on. "Of course, it has its tremendous glamour. Today you're too broke to buy a soda. Tomorrow you're riding down the Boulevard in a Rolls—if you're lucky. All the chances seem to be against you; but the spoils to be won are so big that you can't let yourself give up.

"I came to Hollywood a year ago, you know, as a writer—the work I'd been doing in New York. At one period while I was here, the concern I was with temporarily folded up under me and I was dead broke for six weeks. Then things were straightened out; I did some more scenarios for one- and two-reel pictures; and I drifted gradually into acting—first with Tiffany-Stahl, later with M-G-M in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." I hadn't finished that long when I heard I was to spend seven months in the East African jungle. At first, of course, I was a little excited at the idea of the trip. But now, I'm perfectly calm. I once spent two and a half years traveling around the world as an assistant captain on a Brazilian boat. There aren't many places I haven't been to—and Africa isn't one of them.

DAILY INOCULATIONS

"As I say—in many ways it'll be a nice rest. So far as my career is concerned, I'm just putting all my eggs in one basket. If 'Trader Horn' is a success, I shall be made. If it isn't, then it'll be just too bad. But at least I shall be able to forget this hectic business of carving out a career in Hollywood—for nearly a year. That will be quite a relief.

"Not," he continued, sighing, "that the seven months in the jungle will be any picnic. But could it be worse than my last ten days in Hollywood? Every day I've had to report to the studio to be inoculated against some disease. I'm now supposed to be immune against typhoid, malaria and heaven knows how many others. This afternoon I get a dose of serum to deal with black fever. When we arrive in New York, we get the final shot—vaccination against smallpox. Meanwhile, I'm a physical wreck. I'm so full of serums I'm a walking hospital.

R. H. Louise (Continued on page 120)
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. If in harmony, beauty was entrancing.

**New... 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 Compion, 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 red-head, 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 alluring, fascinating charm of your personality. Fill in coupon, tear out, mail today and you will 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**
ME—You refer to Kenneth Thompson who played in "The Street of Illusion." Barry Norton is twenty-four years of age. He is playing in "The Exalted Flapper," starring Sue Carol. Irene Rich and Albert Conti also in cast. Junior Coghlan was the boy in "The Country Doctor." Latest picture is "Square Shoulders."

SALLY LA MOUNTAIN—Thanks for the bouquet. I believe the checkbook is the college student's favorite book. Richard Dix is playing in "The Wheel of Life." "Alimony Annie" has been changed to "The Glad Rag Doll." Dolores Costello, Ralph Graves, Audrey Ferris and Arthur Rankin have the leads.

QUESTION BOX—Them's kind words. Laugh a little now and then, it brightens life a lot. Ruth and Estelle Taylor are not related. Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny, Anita Page, Pomares, and she is not married. Charles Rogers' new picture will be "Magnolia."

STENOGRAPHER—How's the notes comin'? I still have my beard, Warner Baxter has quite a few new admirers since playing The Cisco Kid in "In Old Arizona." He had pictures in the Feb., 1928, Merton Picture and Classic, showing him in the role of Alessandro. You may secure these copies by writing our circulation department, at this address.

ANGIE—Clara Bow is playing in "Dangerous Curves." Watch 'em, Clara. Lewis Mason was Jorge, the bandit in "Revenge." He's married to Rita Carewe. Mary Brian is born Feb. 18, 1908, Dorothy Gulliver, Sept. 6, 1909, Glenn Tryon, Sept. 14, 1899. "Cross Roads" was the theme song in "Show People."

A MOVIE STAR FAN—America's new diplomatic slogan is: Say it with Flyers. Billie Dove is married to Irvin Willat. Gary Cooper is still a bachelor. Buddy Rogers, who has already mastered four musical instruments, has now learned to play the saxophone. The others were the piano, trombone, trumpet and drums. If he keeps on, he'll be an orchestra in himself. Corinne Griffith once won a beauty contest at the annual Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Reginald Denny was champion boxer of the Second Corps of the Royal Air Service.

A SOPH—Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill., Oct. 30, 1907. George Bancroft, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 30, 1882. Evelyn Brent, Tampa, Fla., in 1889. Marion Davies, New York City, Jan. 2, 1900. Richard Arlen was in the Royal Flying Corps during the war, and after the big scrap became an instructor at the St. Paul Athletic Club. Then went off to the oil fields of Texas and Oklahoma. Later went to Los Angeles with the idea of doing some screen work; he got his first job, because he could swim, in an undersea picture. That's how Richard became a film actor.

ADIMRER OF NEIL HAMILTON—You're right, Neil did play in "Desert Gold," which was released in Feb., 1926. Shirley Mason, William Powell and Robert Frazer also appeared in this picture. Neil

Clara leads again. Following Clara Bow are Charles Rogers, Janet Gaynor, John Gilbert and Nancy Carroll, winners in the order named was born in Lynn, Mass., Sept. 9, 1899. He is five feet eleven, weighs 155 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Married to Elsa Whitner. Latest picture, "The Studio Murder Mystery."

WHOOPEE—And Boom, Boom. Don Alvarado plays opposite Lily Damita in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." David Lee is about four years old. William Boyd,
Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim... no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's arords... no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer... and with Princess Pat beauty aids you may.

"Summer-Proof" Make-up

Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a "summer-proof" make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty. For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. 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.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for just 25c (postage). Only one set per customer. Envelopes with blank set to each. The set contains a month supply of Almond Base Powder and 81 other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated hardcover box. Please send promptly.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

81
PAIN THAT'S PAYING

By
WALTER RAMSEY

The movies are turning down the corners of the biggest mouth in the history of Ricketts. Just as the audiences of New York's many sophisticated musical comedies have been forced to roll in the aisles at the vision of Joe's pan—his laughing pan—the one where his upper lip kisses the lobe of his ear; the audience of Hollywood's talkies will be forced to sob in the privacy of their own seats at the vision of Joe's new pan—his tear-dimmed pan—the one where his lower lip gently brushes the first balcony of his chin.

No more trying for laughs. No more hunting for gags. No more billing as New York's greatest straight comedian. Joe E. Brown has entered the movies and the movies are making him cry.

And it's just as easy for him to cry as it is for him to laugh. He's had plenty of experience at both. A sense of comedy is often born of the most tragic circumstances, and Joe is that kind of comedian.

A little nine-year-old boy sailed forth one day from Holgate, Ohio, to make his fortune. He was a wiry chap with a serious determination in his blue eyes and a wistful twist to his wide, homely mouth. His dream, the dream of all the gang in the neighborhood, was coming true. He was going with the circus.

The circus, with its fascinating contact with elephants, lions and tigers; the fat woman who mended the hole in your sweater sleeve just as your mother might have done; the sword-swallowers showed you how to make up your bunk so that the covers wouldn't come loose—it all filled him with awe.

WHIPPED FOR ONE MISTAKE

Joe was billed as the younger brother of a trio of high trapeze artists. One day he made a mistake. It was hardly noticeable and he quickly recovered his balance, but after the show, outside the tent, a whip lashed his thin shoulders and the big, red-faced man who wielded it cursed until the words cut deeper than the whip itself.

That was the beginning of days of torture. Far from home and always moving farther and farther across the continent. There were days of hunger, hours of lashings and that faint feeling as he hung by his heels and somersaulted to the glee of a great audience.

In 1906 the circus reached San Francisco. They set up their show in the Haymarket Theatre. One day that hall was reduced to a huge pile of wood and plaster and all around it fire rose like the crater of a huge volcano. The earthquake had pulled its world-famous act, and out of the inferno that resulted, one boy, his eyes haunted by the death and misery all around him, managed to make his way to safety. It was Joe Brown, taller and thinner than the self-confident youth who had started out on a life of adventure, but with a new look of tragedy etched in his sensitive face.

Back to New York on borrowed money. Back to another traveling troupe, another brute of a man in charge of the kids. Joe suffered in silence for about a year, and the climax was reached when the trainer hurled him across an enclosure and broke his leg.

It seemed like a tragedy but it was really the beginning of fame. The years of suffering and misery had given Joe the spirit of a true comedian—the spirit that says, "Nothing is so black that you can't find humor somewhere." The broken leg removed him from the show but was directly responsible for a personal and professional friendship with Frank Prevost which resulted in "Prevost and Brown," vaudeville headliners.

TIME OUT TO CRY

At this point in his story Joe was called back to the jury room set of his newest picture, "The Midway," which is the third he had made for Tiffany-Stahl. For an hour he cried through a scene of heart-felt pathos that

(Continued on page 114)
And Why Not—When You Can Learn So Easily?

NO one asks you if you speak French any more. It is understood that everyone who really matters has mastered the city's graceful accomplishment. French phrases are used in conversations here just as they are abroad. You hear them daily—and if you cannot answer them in French you lose countenance—perhaps with the people who mean the most to you, in your social set or in business.

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**Address.**

**City.**

**State.**

Instead of the French Course send me a 14-lesson Hugo Course for the language checked below:

☐ Spanish  ☐ Italian  ☐ German
Glancing only at the occupation of Richard Arlen in the upper left-hand corner, you might come to the conclusion that hizzoner was hod up for exercise. But his work with the hammer, at the left, and with the spade, above and to the right, proves the contrary. He is seen above with Charles Farrell, looking very firemanly in his regalia; and at the right surveying the district of Toluca Lake, which he has elected himself to govern.

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Dick Arlen Is Mayor And Charlie Farrell, Fire-Chief Of Their Suburb
Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

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85
Kismet Street or Allah's Alley they have called it for ten years or more in the town where a month is an era. Now this picturesque replica of a desert town is being removed to make way for a new sound stage. From the time when it was first built for Otis Skinner's "Kismet" the background of lath and plaster has served as a canvas for many a colorful picture. It soon will be as much a part of the past as a subtitle.

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And now we are going to let you try this marvelous new Health Developer in your own home for 10 days—without the slightest cost or obligation. Just mail the coupon below and we will at once send you full details of this extraordinary FREE Trial Offer. We also will send you our informative booklet, Health—Beauty—Fitness Through Scientific Exercise, which describes in detail this remarkable new low-priced invention. Gives full details of our Partial Payment plan which enables you to purchase this wonderful exerciser on small monthly payments if you wish. Send the coupon at once—find out how only a few minutes a day will bring you better health, a young vital figure, and a more attractive appearance.

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You'd never know from Leslie Fenton's attitude here that Baclanova is impersonating the title character of a new photoplay entitled "The Woman Who Needed Killing"

Heels and Toes

(Continued from page 55)

Another well patronized all-season resort is referred to as Bill-and-Nan's. Bill is William K. Howard, the director. The K being for Kerrigan—God bless the Irish! Nan is Bill's missus. Her house is sweet as she. Its hospitality as broad as Bill's smile. It's homey as your mother's arms. But when more than three or four brigades pass its portals, the premises are a bit crowded. There's always room for one more at the Howards'. Or ten, for that matter. But, after all, there's a limit to almost everything. And when they come in regiments, unbid, unannounced and unexpected, it's not so simple to run around to the delicatessen for an extra cow or a few lambs. Nor is Bill's booze piped direct from bonnie Scotland. So the INVITED GUESTS ONLY sign swings in the breeze on Howards' hilltop.

HE LAUGHED IT OFF

A TALE is told of a star accosted at a soirée by an uninvited member of the Why-Buy-When-You-Can-Eat-Free Club. "You don't get around much," said the heel. "I never see you at any parties. I was surprised to see you here." "Well, you see," apologized the star, "this is my home and my party. Otherwise I probably wouldn't be here." Laugh that one off.

The guest did.

At one of Marie Prevost's delightful affairs, several strangers were caught with the goods—wet goods—in the very act of eating out with a case or so. Several others succeeded in making a getaway. But virtue was triumphant, for the Wilkebrandt Wanderers smelled out the hooch hounds and knocked 'em for a gool. The top to this gag is that they then telephoned Marie to get them out of the house-gow. You can bet the KEEP OUT sign is prominent on the various Prevost residences.

Three of Hollywood's bustling hostesses combined to hurl a super-special shindig. They expected a lot of guests. Say twice as many as were invited. But when the happy heels kicked in by hundreds—literally hundreds—to consume caravans of caviar and truck-loads of whoopee water—well, it's a long worm that has no turning, or whatever that adage may be. Now there are three more spots where you have to be identified by the doorman if you forget to bring along your invitation.

These community celebrations bring joy to the soul of a heel. Of those who inaugurate the gathering each believes that one of the others has given the strangers their bids. And by the time a check-up is possible, there's nothing left but the caterer's bill. And a lot of empties for the Salvation Army.

EVERY PIANO A WASTE-BASKET

IT is not only the initial investment in entertaining uninvited guests that has caused Hollywood's hosts to take a stand. There's the upkeep to be considered. And the wear and tear. For, strange as it may seem, the invading heel is far from a shrinking violet. He is neither careful nor considerate. Oriental rugs are merely receptacles for cigarette stubs, according to his code. The deeper the nap, the farther they may be ground into priceless fabric. Likewise, he's seen the advertisement in which the tiny tot, wise beyond its years—though wet behind its ears—advises Mommy not to worry about what is spilled on the highly polished table, because So-and-so's preparation will remove the stains. And it is really interesting to see whether Scotch or Bourbon will eat deeper into the mahogany in a given period of time. If ashes are spilled in your drink, there's always the grand piano to pour it into. Here, too, is the ideal spot for discarded salad, or olive pits.

And as for glassware and the likes—whoops!—you have no idea what a merry noise ensues when a tray is upset with one of those Shanghai gestures. And glass in Hollywood is apt to be worth many times its weight in gold. But the attitude is akin to that of the fellow on the sinking steamer who remarked, "Let it sink; it's not my boat." The INVITED GUESTS ONLY signs mean just what they convey. It's going to be lean picking. And business in the nickel coffee joints should improve.
"Don’t spoil the party!"

... someone called when I sat down at the piano

a moment later they got the surprise of their lives!

I was just about to enter the room when the sound of my name caught my attention. Just in the nick of time, I have Dan with us again!" Bill was saying about me.

"Maybe it’ll seem too much like old times!" came the laughing rejoinder. "You’d better lock the piano!"

"TheMORE! He won’t have the nerve to play after what happened the last time!"

"That was a shabby trick. I almost wish we hadn’t pulled it..."

How well I knew what they were talking about! Yes, it was a shabby trick they had played on me. But, looking back, I really couldn’t blame them.

Let me tell you about that last party. Jolly, informal—all the guests old friends of mine. I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing some popular numbers.

But before I had played more than two or three pieces, I noticed an unusual stillness. I stopped playing, turned around, and saw the room was empty!

Instead of entertaining the party, as I had fondly imagined, my halting, stumbling performance had been a mark of disdain.

burning with shame and indignation I determined to have nothing more to do with the "friends" who had left me make a fool of myself—when suddenly it ocurred to me that there was a way in which I could turn the tables.

Carefully avoiding the "crowd" parties, I had bided my time until I was absolutely certain that I could play my plan over. At last, tonight, the moment had come.

Calmly walking into the room I pretended not to notice the guilty expression on Bill’s face as he welcomed me. Every one seemed overjoyed to see me again—obviously glad that I had evidently forgiven and forgotten last year’s trick.

Suddenly I turned to Bill and said, "Hope you’ve had the piano tuned, old boy. I feel I’ve missed too much of it."

Instead of replyng, I struck the first bars of "Sundown." And how! Easily, smoothly, with all the verve and expression I had always admired for me last year!

Gone was the halting, nerve-racking hesitation. I had formerly made my playing a torture to the listener. Now wonder the guests rallied with amazement. Fascinated, scarcely believing their ears they drew nearer. When I finished they loudly clapped for me. Time and again, when I would have stopped, they eagerly insisted on "just one more, please!"

How I taught myself to play without a teacher!

When they finally allowed me to leave the piano I turned around and said:

"Just a moment, folks! I want to thank you for what you did for me last year!"

The eager, laughing faces turned red with embarrassment. One or two of the boys murmured an apology. Seeing their confusion, I continued:

"I mean it! If you hadn’t opened my eyes, I’d still be a dud at playing. I went home, I was angry, that night, I’ll admit. But it taught me a lesson. And believe me, folks, when I think of the real pleasure I get out of playing now, I’m only sorry you didn’t pull that trick sooner!"

Before letting me go home that night Bill cornered me and said: "Listen, Dan, I want an explanation! How did you do it?"

I laughed. "Why, I just took advantage of a new way to learn music, that’s all."

"What do you mean ‘new way’? Didn’t you take lessons from a teacher?"

"No! I taught myself!"

"Absolutely! You’ve heard of the U. S. School of Music, haven’t you?"

"That’s a correspondence school, isn’t it?"

"Yes. When that trick showed me up last year, I sent for one of their Free Demonstration Lessons. Well, it proved to be so much easier than I had hoped for, that I sent for the complete course. And believe me, I’m mighty glad I did! There wasn’t any expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons are estimated at costs, it was a godsend."

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This story is typical. The amazing success of the men and women who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music as simple as A-B-C. Even if you don’t know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You simply can’t go wrong. First, you see how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. This you actually teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right in your own home. With-out any long hours of tedious practice. Without any dull or uninteresting scales you learn how to play real music from real notes.

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City State
Shopping with Charlie Farrell
(Continued from page 65)

THE SECRET AREA

"I WANT a ship’s room which has an outside entrance and also one from my bedroom, which is completely hidden. Sort of a secret awayroom compartment such as you find in so many real old houses in New England," was one order.

The picture of the passage-way on page 65 shows an example as photographs show, how this was accomplished. The first door, visible from Charlie’s make-up room, adjoining his bedroom, leads to a clothes-closet. There, as if by magic, there is a panel, which looks like a panel, takes you into a second closet. You can see the light-string hanging between the clothes-bars in this compartment. If you press past this you are in a third closet which is all panels, and this is the end unless you chance to know that you’re in the ship’s cabin. There’s a regular captain’s bunk, if you please. With a ship’s light above it and pictures of ship’s decorations. Charlie’s determined to own a sailing boat some day and the drawers of this bunk contain sneakers and trousers and sweaters— all the things which he is gradually collecting on his shopping expeditions so he will be ready for the day of his ship, just as he was ready for the advent of his house with his blankets.

The rear door, which you see in the picture, leads to a narrow staircase which furnishes an outside entrance. Guinn Williams has the only key to this, and Charlie of course doesn’t know whether ship-mate Guinn has decided to stay overnight until he sees the Jap passing through his room, using the same panel to carry orange juice, in the morning. There’s a button hidden in each bed which summons the servants from the kitchen. The house is one in design only. It has all the modern fandangles which make modern comfort.

THE REAR PORCH

ALTHOUGH the place faces the street, the real front—garden front, as Charlie calls it—is in the rear and leads to the lake which separates its property from the Lake-side Golf Club. A mild afternoon, and Charlie boasts when explaining the length and depth of his lot—seventy-five feet by two hundred. There’s a ‘front porch’ in the rear where, on summer days, boys get his breezes fast. The flagstone is another of the boy builder’s innovations. "I never saw them used for anything but grass flagstones out here, but I couldn’t get New England stones, so I decided to try these. People thought I was crazy, but they look pretty good, don’t they?"

A canoe lolls in the ripples of the lake at the foot of the garden front. I didn’t help shop for that, thank goodness! Nor for the swan, which paddles its way to the shore every morning and sets up for some extra goodies from his master’s pockets. The ducks are community property of all Tulea Lake landowners.

Perhaps I’ve deviated a bit from a straight shopping story. But this house which was designed and built is the main pride and joy of this screen-hero in truth. He’s patiently waited, practically expended his fortune right to the last to get it. But I must tell you about his victrola. You see, by the time Charlie came to this his pocket-book was— well, the house had cost $12,777 without the furniture and the lot. With these added in—Charlie decided he’d get a good expensive "phone" as he calls it. Another long day, covering most second-hand stores in the city. And if you know your Los Angeles, you know that there’s nothing like real estate dealers for the most space in the district. Finally—it was nearly five in the evening—we found what we wanted. A nice hundred-dollar "phone"—all everything you want. The case was a bit worn, but the boy wanted it antiqued anyway, so that didn’t matter.

"Who owned it?"

The clerk didn’t know but he inquired. Another hour and a lot of high pressure under the name of Charlie Farrell and we discovered it had been on "final evening." "Let you know tomorrow," Charlie answered. That night Victor told us that the machine was a peach, and made excellent music but we should be able to get fifty dollars sliced from the price. The next morning the slice was made, once more under pressure, and the machine sent to the antique’s.

THE GIRLS KNEW HIM

Aid ships are径 haven’t been finished, although now that this is finished, I’m frank to admit I’m dropping out of the picture. Virginia Valli is a woman, and one woman is enough to help any man make his selections. Besides, we’ve been on from the East to spend the summer— if he needs another assistant house-furnisher. They’re hunting for andirons. In fact, they’ve been hunting since the day the house was started. Charlie has his own idea on these, too, and if he has to wait until he gets back to Cape Cod where andirons are andirons, he’ll wait, before he buy a substitute for them.

Did they recognize Charlie on all these shopping expeditions? At some places, such as the big stores in the city, yes; in others, on the side streets and by-lanes, no. The girls did the most recognizing. I remember one in particular. She was looking at ice-creams with her mother.

"Oh, there’s Charlie Farrell!" And it wasn’t even a stage whisper exclamation. "He’s been shopping around, bowed and gave his best Chico smile to her. She came over and shook hands and chatted a moment."

"Charlie!" the woman and Charlie took five minutes to chat with him about pictures, autograph his cap, and ask what he was planning to do with his future.

One day—the day we hunted for attic-style wallpaper—we were stopped so many times that it was a wonder we could find any time to suit us. But Charlie never failed to pay any attention to each one who spoke to him. Which made me realize the opening I had attended with a party which included Buddy Rogers. He, too, had talked to Charlie and made the same impression on the girls as different from the women stars with whom I had been shopping. They didn’t like it and if possible pay no heed to the strangers who approached. The boys—well, they get a kick out of it.

Perhaps that’s one reason why, to be perfectly honest, I’d a bit rather go shopping for the girls, although I’ll have to admit that Charlie is the best shopper of my acquaintance. And his house is the only all New England one in this city.
All For One Dollar

New faces, the most popular stars in latest poses for your album, your room or den. Subjects given below. Here is a chance to get this fine set of twenty-four pictures absolutely free. All new subjects in this set, sepia finish, suitable for framing, size 5½ x 8½. Tell your friends about them.

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Music of a higher sort can be played on the ukulele, so long as it comes from the hilltop home of Bessie Love. And so long as Bessie does the playing.

Step Tells All

(Continued from page 76)

He has "Stepin Fetchit" emblazoned on the rear tire in huge letters, and below, "William Fox Star." In front sits a Filipino chauffeur in an elegant leather coat. And if you think all this extravagance is folly and vanity, wait till you hear Stept's philosophy of life, and you'll change your mind.

He came into the studio handsomely arrayed in a polo coat, a polo shirt, and a winning smile. He has the most ingratiatingly dumb face. To know Stept is to love him, immediately. He talks in husky persuasive tones, with an engaging manner and a Southern dialect that can't be reproduced in writing. That makes Stept the first actor who has caused me to thank God for the talkies.

He was in a confidential mood. I guess he always is. Reticences and inhibitions are things Stept never heard of. He insists on Telling All. And leaves you with a desire to hurry home and write a novel.

I asked him just one question. An hour and a half later he finished answering it, and had thrown in his entire life history, his views on philosophy, religion, women, money, and whatnot—jumping up every now and then to illustrate his remarks with songs, dances, and imitations. His cap somehow kept creeping up onto his head only to be snatched off chivalrously a second later. He was so eager to get on to the next subject that he couldn't bother to finish sentences. They trailed off indistinctly into "and so—whatyoumaycallum—" or "and all that sort of stuff." But the spirit was there.

HOW HE GOT HIS NAME

He told me about his early childhood in Florida—poignant as a negro song. About the dentist who adopted him—a man with a diploma from Columbia University, who couldn't read or write. About the hospital where he took care of white men who had shot off their own toes to avoid serving in the war. About the beautiful lyric voice he had, and how he ruined it by trying to make it deeper when the other boys called him a sissy. He explained how to get the kink out of your hair with concentrated lye, gesticulating vaguely with incredibly long fingers. He chanted hymns in Latin. He outlined the best ways to steal diamonds and how to get out of jail if you're caught. He showed me his false teeth—backed with gold—

which replace those knocked out by a sheriff who wanted to know where the diamonds were hidden. He quoted long passages from the Bible, and interpreted them. He described life in a traveling carnival—the Minstrel Show, the Fat Lady, and the Thin Man merely blinks for the skin games of chance that were its real source of revenue. He described the racehorse named "Stepin Fetchit," who once saved him from losing everything he had, including his fifteen dollar sombrero. Stept wrote a song in his honor, which he and his partner sang in their first vaudeville act. They billed themselves as "Step and Fetchit," but when the partner formed the habit of being in jail more often than in the theater, Step shortened it to "Stepin Fetchit" and carried on alone. That's how he got the name which captures everyone's imagination and gets him past doors locked to almost everyone else—"jes' for the humor of it."

Step's life began in Key West, most disgracefully. "I used to steal so bad," he said, shaking his head dolefully. "I'd steal anything, even if I had to throw it away. I couldn't seem to help it. Sometimes I used to get down on my knees myself, and pray to God to keep me from stealing."

THE MINSTREL MANAGER

But prayer didn't work. Step went to school, changed his religion from Episcopal to Catholic, blacked boots, peddled liquor, danced in vaudeville, and finally at the age of twenty achieved the exalted position of manager of the carnival minstrel show—and he was still stealing. He had progressed from chickens to diamonds by this time, and had added an accomplice.

"I met up with a nice little girl," he said, artlessly, "and I thought before all the fellows would get hold of her and ruin her, I'd take care of her. I was jes' like a father to her. She used to help me steal. Everything was great until that day they were caught and thrown into jail. Stept didn't hesitate in that crisis. He knew just what to do. As soon as they stopped beating him and knocking his teeth out, he got down on his knees in that cell."

"I prayed to God to get me out, and I promised Him that I would never steal again, and never have anything to do with illegitimate money, and never do anything illegal."
"And I kept my promise to God. It was lucky that happened, 'cause I might have gotten worse and gone on to killin'. It was hard for me, living on my fifteen dollars a week after all the fine things I'd had. But I did it, and since then everything has come out marvelous. Why should I steal? Now I make seventy dollars a day lyin' right in my bed."

BETTING ON HIMSELF

HE found a partner, wrote a vaudeville sketch, and in no time at all they were doing their act in the West Coast Theatres. From there to the movies was an inevitable step. When he applied for his first job at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the director was a little dubious. Step made him a sporting proposition.

"Give me a chance," he said. "If you don't like me when the picture is over, I'll pay you three hundred a week. If you do like me, you pay me three hundred."

And did they like him! Now Step is practically a star. His next picture is being written around him, based on the always colorful if sometimes imaginary events of his own life.

But the height of my ambition," he confided, "is to be a Catholic priest. It is always, and it still is. But I know now that I'm too experienced, too no-account, for that. A priest has to be what you might call a pure man." He drewl the adjective softly.

"But I figure I can do nearly as much good by living right myself, and telling other folks about it. Lots of men will go to church with me, jes' because they like to be seen with Stepin Fetchit. The priest can reach people through me that he'd never get to talk to otherwise. Why, some of the worst characters on Central Avenue have been to mass with me!"

Step is the most persuasive evangelist in the world. He's so gay and debonair about his preaching, and yet so sincere, that even a hardened atheist has a few pangs of piety.

"And I want to make a big name for myself because the bigger I am, then what I say about my religion will have more influence with people.

HIS BASIS FOR FAITH

EVERYTHING that's bad in my life, it offers up a mass—and it comes out good every time. That's why I don't save my money. Most Christians love a bank account better than God. But money can't save you. It can't keep you from dyin'. God can do that. And God will take care of me when I'm old. I've gotten all I have by trusting God, and I know he'll look out for me if I'm good. If I'm let out of the picture business, something else will come up. It always has."

He smiled brilliantly.

"Maybe if it ever failed me, I'd stop believing all that. But it never has. And it's a mighty good feeling."

I hastened to more worldly topics, feeling at a loss before this boundless faith.

"And what about all these women, Step? Are you going to weaken and get married?"

"No," he said, "I don't want to—if I can live as a single man. If I can. But I'm not sure about that. You know there's a law in my religion against having sweethearts, like we do. Well—I jes' stumbles through that.

But I don't want to marry if I can what-you-maccallycallen—"

And that settled that. Step thanked me for the interview, though he hasn't much use for publicity.

"What you've done in some other picture ain't going to help you in your next one," he explained. "You got to keep on being good. It's not what you have been, it's what you is, that counts."

With that, Evangelist Fetchit closed the meeting, leaving one completely captivated convert.

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**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.

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.

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.

---

**For Your Protection**

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."
HERE, GIRLS,

Is a Hint from Hollywood

We've gone to the casting directors of the musical shows and to the men at Hollywood who weed out the movie hopefuls—and they all say the same thing. A girl must have natural hair—true, loving hair—"poofy" hair—before she can be really beautiful.

Lustrous hair is a flattering frame for every face—whether its features are good or bad. And lustrous hair is possible to everyone—thanks to Hennafoam.

The secret is the tiny pinch of henna in every bottle of this marvelous shampoo. It doesn't change the color, Oh, no. There's not nearly enough for that. But it does light the natural fires in your hair in a truly marvelous way.

You'll be delighted with Hennafoam merely as a shampoo. But it's after the last rinse that lustre comes—and what a difference! At dealers everywhere—or we will mail a sample on receipt of 10c. Just write Dept. 7-M, 511 West 42nd Street, New York City.

When they look like this and they're not posing for a breakfast food ad, that's happiness. And it really is, for they are Mr. and Mrs. Mal St. Clair. Mal is directing Harold Lloyd in his present comedy production.

I Am A Renegade In Hollywood

(Continued from page 50)

black gowns. Gloves. An enunciation acquired in finishing schools and salons. An assurance blooded and then bred. A savoir faire not to be dented by an II Duce, an II Miller nor any other potentate.

These may be some of the reasons, plus the fact that Ruth originally came to Hollywood not because she particularly craved Hollywood but because, she says, the theater is declining. It is conceivable that the day may come when there will be no theater. They are not doing her kind of thing any more. It is becoming increasingly difficult for her, for Ethel Barrymore, for the very few others of the same ilk, to find plays. The theater has gone in for realism. The ugly realism of the back-fence and the outhouse.

ALL THE BROTHERS WORTHLESS

I said, "Are the movies doing this to the theater?" And Ruth Chatterton said, "Yes. The talkies."

And we were both silent, because we were sorry. I was sorry when I thought of the Empire Theater and the Henry Miller and this very Ruth Chatterton in Barrie's "Marie-Rose," in "Come Out of the Kitchen," in "Moonlight and Honey-suckle," in "La Tentresse" and other—well, fantastically immaculate things. Old theater, so soon.

Ruth is a descendant of the French Bourbons on her father's side. The men of the line, she said, were all charming and entirely worthless. A usual and a fatal combination. They talked with the tongues of men and angels, read everything, were artists, linguists, lovers. They were adored by all women and contributed heartbeat and nothing else to the members of their immediate families. Her own father she resented as a child and enjoyed as good theater later on. When she married Ralph Forbes, he sent her a large and very festive box of candy. She regrets that it was perishable, feeling that it should be preserved for posterity.

She was expensively educated, thanks largely to the shifts and expediences of her mother. And she went on the stage on a dare. She doesn't recall that she ever consciously planned a Thespian career or any career at all. Though she could read all of the Shakespearean roles when she was some abnormal age like eight or nine. On a moment's notice she could have given Ophelia or Lear's daughter. She says she probably postured before a mirror, too, but would rather I didn't mention it.

SHE TOOK THE DARE

When she was in her teens, she was visiting in Washington, D. C. A girl friend dared her to go into stock. She took the dare and the stock company took her. That was the beginning and things went on from there. Before so very long she was supporting her mother in a style to which her father had never accustomed them. And before very long at all she was the toast of New York. "Merely Mary Ann" was the play, I believe. You simply weren't—well, you simply weren't, if you hadn't seen Chatterton in her latest. And the most precious spirits of the most precious inner circle of the theater claimed her as their own.

No wonder Hollywood wonders, resents a little, doesn't quite understand.

Perhaps she first began to go movie when she married Ralph Forbes. One of those whirlwind, violent things. Young, and thrusting things aside, old ties, old friends. She came to Hollywood with him. And in Hollywood, after a time, they separated and rumor got busy after the best Hollywoodian fashion. Ruth scalped rumor and told me the truth. Like Aileen Pringle she believes that "only the middle-class are careful of what they say." The quotes are Pringle's.

"We began to lose our sense of humor," she said. "We'd both had so much, been able to laugh at everything, ourselves, each other. There came the time when we couldn't laugh any more. Every little thing mattered enormously, out of all rightful proportion. We were critical, inclined to be carping. Something alive and lovely was going.
"When a married couple reaches that stage, a rift is inevitable. And most married couples do. If they have only moderate means, they usually drift apart under the same roof. There is no point of contact. Sometimes things work out, sometimes not. If they are independent, the one of the other, as we were, they can try a year or so apart. We did. There was no other man, no other woman. There was no ill-will. On the contrary, we were good friends, we met at parties and even went out together now and then, a dress to discover that we had better times together than we ever had apart. We had more fun when we were together. We had recovered our sense of humor. We could laugh again, even at ourselves. And so, here we are—furnishing a new home—happily in love. Prophecy of futures is idle business, but I dare believe that we may be together for always.

The Looseness of Hollywood

"People tell me the separation was due, in some mysterious way, to Hollywood. There are so many separations here. Divorces, too. Perhaps because the people of the screen have too few outside interests. Are too exclusively actors and actresses. Or there may be, perhaps there is, something loose in the air. Money has come to them too swiftly, at too young an age. They are aware only of their own desires, their own gratifications.

"Are they different," I wanted to know, "different from the people you knew in the theater: less charitable, less moral?"

"Let us say—more thoughtless." And Ruth Chatterton smiled that tea-at-the Ritz smile of hers, implicit of so many unsaid things. So much cleverer than words. So much too clever for most of Hollywood. The people of the stage," she said, "have had to work for their success and for their money. The money, compared to Hollywood, has been negligible. When I was reported to be 'The Toast of the Town,' I was earning about two hundred and fifty a week, plus a percentage of the house, which was necessarily small. The people of the theater seldom arrive overnight. They have been over hard roads. They have lived on Poverty Row. They are well aware of the stony road and that meager thing called doing without. Both because most of them are well-bred and also because they were poorish they had one or two evening gowns for a season. Few things. And that very state of affairs made them aware that other people have things to go through, too, things to go without. There is more charity among the people of the theater, for all their lesser money. They know. They share. They give. They're often superstitious about it. They wouldn't dare to refuse the urge of charity."

The Value of Voice

And apropos of this particular line of conversation I learned that Ruth Chatterton herself has adopted two young mothers, educated them, sent them abroad, cared for them. And on a salary that would have made Clara Bow laugh herself to death. The footlights are closer to the earth than the Kleigs.

And the moral of this may be that whatever the attitude of Hollywood to Ruth, Ruth likes Hollywood. She is interested. She believes that the talking pictures are destined for a tremendous, powerful and influential future. They may, and probably will, demolish the stage as we have known it. The inroads are being made now. She believes, too, that the human voice is the chief appeal in any one. What do you notice first about almost any individual? The voice. What would Barrymore be without her voice? What is John Barrymore without his? It is her voice that Ruth Chatterton [

The Hosiery Favorite Of Screen Stars

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has been charmed by this exquisite, long wearing stocking... One of the famous "Dancing Chiffons"

$1.65 per pair

O N the 'act' in feature productions! For tea at the Montmartre! At the famous Cocosnut Grove! In fact, for every occasion, a new-type of hosiery is now being worn almost exclusively by Screen Stars.

For these arbiters of style have discovered the remarkable difference this hosiery makes in Shapeliness of ankle and leg. How it is responsible for gracefulness not found with ordinary stockings.

Anna Q. Nilsson has been charmed by one of the famous Allen-A Dancing Chiffons."

Clear, sheer chiffon silk is everywhere revealed, from top to toe. Clinging ceaselessly to the leg, due to special fashioning. And the lovely silk

en foot, cunningly reinforced at heel, sole and toe, never seems to wear out.

You will find the Dancing Chiffons' at your dealer's. In the newest shades—and with either the modish pointed heel or exclusive Panelcurve heel.

Ask for this Allen-A creation by style number 32315 if you prefer the pointed heel; 32785, if you prefer the Panelcurve heel. Either $1.65 the pair. If your dealer can't supply you, simply send us your name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

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The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave., at 35th St., and other New York Stores, are available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced $1.50 to $3.00 the pair.

Allen-A Hosiery

For Men, Women, and Children

95
Hello, Duchess
(Continued from page 48)

The Duchess smiles.
"I have been here ten days," said the Duchess, fingerling the pearls at her throat; the crystals burnished by platinum hung placidly on her kaffa colored dress. "Tomorrow I leave for Burlingame to visit there—a motor is being sent for me, but first I will stop at Santa Barbara, perhaps, for a little golf at Cypress Point. Mr. Fairbanks tells me there is no better course in America."

"But I have been ten days," eyebrows performing a questioning arch. "Mrs. Fairbanks is so kind—she makes me forget how rapidly the days pass. She is always doing something for my comfort, planning dinners and little entertainments. She is always thinking of surprises."

The Duchess has slim patrician fingers and brown eyes. A grandmother was an Englishwoman and Vittoria Colonna speaks the language flawlessly.

"Charlie Chaplin has given a little dinner to me, and has been here. I find him charming. He is indeed what you would call a genius. I also find most charming Miss Lillian Gish, whom I have met, and Miss Joan Crawford, who is engaged Joan Fairbanks' son. And Lon Chaney, too, is most delightful."

The drawing-room is slowly emptying. The four young women in lengthily-skirted silken frocks pack their music. The harp is set to one side and the full beauty of a great piano, painted with the gay figures of the Italian peasant boys. The harpsichord is a tulipwood table, ormulu trimmed, and there is a Sévres vase. On an inlaid stand is ripe fruit laid on waxy green leaves.

"Isn't there a train to the Continent in this gracious room, Duchess?"

MARY, ALWAYS THE CHILD

"Yes, very much; and in the view I see from this window. California reminds me of Italy. I notice here, too, you have the loral or holm oak tree, which looks like holly. In Italy we call it querco. And the curve of your rolling hills is like Italy's."

Another Vittoria Colonna, four centuries ago, wrote the words: "Oh, when the tender breeze in my sweet night.

Across the room Mary, weak, sank to the floor on a cushion hastily secured by small Mary Pickford and Lottie's child. Mary looked as child and childlike as her niece. She chatted with the last of her tea guests.

"It is her genius to be childlike and yet to be wise," said the Duchess, "for if they adore her, they adore her as much as they do in your country. And Mr. Fairbanks, too, they worship. I was with them one night when Mrs. Fairbanks made an appearance at a Roman Theater and made a sweet talk in French to which they cheered wildly.

It is splendid to see the interest she takes in everything. At Aguad Caliente where we were for a few days last week she joined us at golf but admitted she had little time for the sport at all. Fairbanks is an exceptionally fine golfer."

"How does Agua Caliente compare with Monte Carlo? You cannot compare them. In Caliente I am in Mexico. Everywhere you have that feeling that you are in a casino in Mexico. And the sums of money that are risked are much smaller than those that are on the table at Monte Carlo. No, each one is delightful in its own way, but you cannot say they are alike."

Mary arose and the Duchess joined her. Covers in the mirror-panelled dining-room were laid for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke, the English novelist, and Joan and young Douglas. The tension seemed to relax. Mr. Pickford swung back to its usual tenor.
"Even outdoor girls come to me with this problem"

—Says a woman athlete about this phase of feminine hygiene

A 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, it 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—5 times more than cotton itself.

Buy a box . . . 45¢ 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.

SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

Formerly 90¢—Now 65¢

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 is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,287.)

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which Deodorizes

97
Do you know that thousands upon thousands of mothers never have a bit of trouble with their little ones from the beginning to the end of the teething period?

At the very first sign of soreness or pain in baby's gums, they apply the safe prescription of a famous specialist, and continue to use it until the last tooth has appeared.

**DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion**

is cooling and healing and contains no narcotics. You can use it every day, as often as needed, without the least harm and you will feel that baby actually smiles when he sees the bottle!

"I never knew what a cross baby was while teething, as long as I used your teething lotion," writes Mrs. L. C. Danley, of Elgin, Ill.

Mrs. James Kearney, 254 South 5th St., Columbia, Pa., says, "I have found Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion the best in the world for a child that is cutting teeth. I have never lost a night's sleep while my baby was teething.

And another happy mother, Mrs. Ralph Heim, of Williamsport, Pa., has this to say: "Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is one of baby's best friends. It is cool and refreshing and seems to relieve the aching gums the minute it is applied. They also like the taste. One of my babies has 8 teeth and she other 4, which they cut one right after the other with no trouble because I used Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion constantly."

You too, can know the joy of a happy, contented youngster during this trying time. Start now to use Dr. Hand's and see for yourself how quickly it stops the pains and aches of teething.

---

Send for Free Trial Bottle
Hand Medicine Co., 1015 No. 5th St., Dem. 446, Philadelphia, Pa. 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

---

A woman not only of culture, but of horticulture, is Louise Dresser. One reason why she has gone into the movies is that it gives her a spell of relief from the really serious business of making her garden one of the most beautiful in Hollywood

**I Was Never Temperamental**

(Continued from page 50)

the director said it was not only the best picture he had made, but the best he ever hoped to make, although he is still a young man."

What an odd and amusing spectacle! One slender woman having surprised the moguls by refusing to be thrown out of her profession, they, hailed from the security of their feudal film baronies before a greater power, immediately revert to yes-men and trip on one another's heels to pay adulation to an enemy with guns. From president to prop-boy they loaded Jetta with laurels! Her crown of thorns was changed to sweet alchemum. So sweet. Too sweet.

The director referred to in the ruling of the austere judge is William K. Howard. The photoplay mentioned is his marvelous canvas, "White Gold." Bill and Jetta clashed steel on steel during its making. But they respect one another with a truly chivalric spirit. The battle passed, they doffed their plumes to worthy adversaries, each knowing the other fought for his conception of right. Howard hadn't hesitate to repeat in public what he has frequently declared in private. His testimony seemingly impressed the Court. He helped Goudal. Perhaps one day she will help him make another "White Gold." There would be more strife. But another good picture.

Let us listen again to the voice of the law: "... the estimates of the finished product by professional critics were of the same character. It was testified that no artist is so earnest about her work, so desirous of appearing to best advantage. This was the motivation of the suggestions that were made by her. Many of them, the very men who now testify to her temperamental deficiencies, admit they followed."

Get that, my children. It could only happen in the movies. In no other line of endeavor would the leaders thereof commit the folly of appearing in the public eye as part of such a hilarious horseplay—to bray their asininity from the courthouse steps.

But—back to our muttons, our poor, shorn sheep. Judge Yankwich continues judiciously from his judicial chair:

"It was to her interest as well as the interest of the defendant, that she be at her best. The defendant was immediately interested. But she had an even greater stake—her entire future career. She was not a 'hack' actress, but an artist receiving what (even in theatrical circles) must be considered a very substantial remuneration, increasing each year. Her value lay, one must assume, not in her ability to obey directions slavishly for the humblest extra can do that—but, in the ability to inject the force of her personality, experience and intelligence into the acting.

... there is no more personal art than the dramatic art; none that depends so much upon the whims of the public. A dramatic actress... may by one false move, by one appearance in a play inferior in character to those of her previous repertoire, destroy and ruin her artistic reputation and see the effort of years turned to naught. Shall we then say, that when an actress of admitted ability demurs to certain scenes in which she is required to act, ... that she is guilty of such disobedience as to justify her dismissal? We believe not."

Bravo, Your Honor! How strange a "No" must have sounded to these opportunist rulers of a plundered kingdom. These men who pride of art and martyr artists. Those sublimated strutters who prostitute a mighty medium for their petty aggrandizements.

"We believe not," opines the Court, "at any rate, not when, from the very beginning of her employment by the defendant, she was led to believe that her suggestions would be welcome... and when such were asked... nor when, her objections being overruled, she performed as directed and the play, as a whole, was accepted as praiseworthy by all, including the directors with whom the arguments were had."

And to make a long story fit the confines of a magazine, Jetta took the thirty-one thousand, curled her lips into that strange smile of hers, and murmured, "Now we shall see."

The remuneration referred to in the Judge's opinion as being substantial,
Thanks to ZIP

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Not new! The merits of ZIP were proven years ago.
There are many ways to remove hair temporarily, but ZIP is the way to destroy it, with the roots ... Unlike depilatories.
You are not interested simply in delaying the reappearance of hair. What you want to do is get at the cause and banish it entirely, so that your superfluous hair worries will be at an end.
The wonderful part of it all is that while ZIP permanently destroys hair, it is absolutely harmless, contains nothing to irritate even a baby’s skin, and is easily applied. And then — this will appeal to you — it is fragrant. Beware of harmful imitations.
The ZIP formula is secret. ZIP is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.
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amounted to almost three thousand dollars weekly. Since then this remarkably fine actress, in a sincere and humble attempt to prove herself amenable and to disprove the accusations born of short-sighted press-agentry, has played secondary roles for less money. She permitted her somewhat haughty self to be burlesqued in a rather slap-stick farce. And, a star of considerable magnitude, she accepted relegation to a feeder’s part in a play of the sort that is so engrossed with the “personality” of “that amusing child,” Lupe Velez, has made the least effort of humility. Her mental processes are such that she cannot conceive of minds too blunt to recognize her gesture. If it passes unnoticed, she will be convinced that the slight is intentional. She is born to the rapier. The bludgeon is foreign.
The case of Goudal is becoming something of a cause célèbre in Hollywood. People are beginning to take sides. It is a little dangerous to introduce Jetta as a topic of conversation. There is liable to be an immediate division of an assemblage to one side or the other. Recently a director walked out on a superb assignment, because he considered Goudal the one actress capable of portraying the picture’s femininity. In another instance, high words were exchanged over Jetta’s action in offering, with all sincerity, to play a part for nothing rather than to accept the gratuitous insult offered in the form of ridiculously inadequate payment.
It is admitted that this slow-eyed siren is not exactly bovine. If they desire to make pictures starring contented cows, Goudal’s knell has sounded so far as the cinema is concerned. She may, of course, return to the stage in which she had her genesis. But it does not seem possible that the artists, industrialists, business men or racketeers (select your own designation) of motion pictures, can commit such frightful sabotage as to jettison so precious a cargo.

Meanwhile She Waits

A horse that wins races is a valuable property. Some require the spur at the barrier, others a touch of the whip as they thunder down the stretch. Others need only a whispered word for them to leap to the forefront. Whatever is needful is done. The horse is ridden to win the race. That is the important part. To win.
As Jetta herself points out, if this is true of a thoroughbred, how much more it should apply to a player of unusual talents and unusual intelligence whose box-office potentialities are greater than that of a cup-winning racer. But unfortunately there seems to be but one standard practice for the jockey-directors in the movie handicaps. It is rigorously adhered to, whether the player be Goudal or Karl Dane. To teach a dog tricks one must know more than the dog. Never was there a more striking commentary upon the low average of intelligence in the picture business than that evidenced in the treatment of this high-class player.
There must be those who are sufficiently perceptive to appreciate her artistry. And who are not so obsessed by an inferiority complex that they fear to touch the gold of her talent, preferring to dawdle along with the dross of mediocrity. Even for far fainter hearts there is small risk. For if she makes a great picture, they may take credit. And if they make a poor one, her small, squared shoulders may be made to carry the blame. She is the perfect all-around horse.
And now she waits. Her slender, purple-robed fragrance curled in a grey chair with a mile-high back. Her sooty hair sliced to the contour of a small nape. Her eyes, changing color in the flicker of an open fire. Her strange, small, scarlet lips curving to an enigmatic smile, as she whispers, "Now we shall see."
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Can be Secretly Removed!
YOU can remove those annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly
and quickly, in the privacy of your
own home. Your friends will wonder
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them out while you sleep. Leaves the
skin soft and white, the complexion
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natural coloring. The first jar proves
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STOP-RUN

Pure But Not Simple
(Continued from page 42)
TAKING the count: Jeanette Loff and Dorothy Appleby are, of the number of times
Eddie Quillan has missed the ball. And Eddie is as a result of his performance

TAKING back your JOULS!
"BUT hasn't anyone invited you toward
the Downward Path?" "M-m-m. Once
I received very ardent letters from a Span-
ish nobleman—at least, he said he was
noble—a duel something or other. He
sent me perfectly beautiful gifts, really ex-
pensive jewels. I wanted terribly to keep
them, I had so few luxuries. But of course
I couldn't. I sent them back each time, and
always something just as lovely came back.
I was intrigued—and scared. Then one
night, the mysterious gentleman made an
appearance back-stage. My knees shook as
I went up to meet him. Gosh, he was a
stunning looking man! Tall and dark and
very correct. I told him sadly that I was
married and had five children. So after
that he wrote very formal letters, addressed
very respectfully to 'Señora.' It's rather
romantic to look back upon.

"Perhaps marrying at an early age kept
me out of mischief. I'm so busy. Eleven
pictures in fourteen months. And when
you've got nine brothers and sisters, you
don't get any grand ideas about yourself.
Nobody spoils me because I happen to have
a little fame and earn more money than the
rest of the family put together."

Nancy didn't mention her baby. Babies
of youthful stars aren't for publication.

"How did you happen to leave steno-
graphing on Wall Street for the Shuberts?"

INVITED TO WIN
"SISTER Terry and I rehearsed a sister
act which we did at parties. We entered
several home-talent nights at local theaters
and won the prizes. Then the managers
of the different theaters who had amateur
ights would call us up and say, 'Come on
over and win a prize.'

"So we got to thinking we were really
good and tried out before J. J. I guess we weren't
so hot after all, because though we were
given a specialty in 'The Passing Show' it
was cut out before dress rehearsal, so we
remained as chorus girls. But it was, speak-
ing of temptations, if a girl wants to go gay
there's plenty of opportunity in an office.

"Joan Crawford was awfully ambitious.
She didn't let anything get in the way of her
ultimate success. Every time there was a
little number one of the chorus could do,
Joan would go down on her knees before
J. J. and beg him to let her do it. She has
softened a lot, don't you think? She isn't
as reckless and hard as she used to be.

"Jimmy Hall was the juvenile in the show.
We're on the same lot now. Nice, isn't it?
J. J. used to say he was going to
make a star of me. I didn't care particular-
ly. It is more the desire for money than
ambition that has urged me ahead.

"When the show went on the road I
told Shubert I might consider going along
if I got a good enough part. I had no infe-
riority complex, you see. J. J. said, 'Sure';
and I was all set to leave the family home-
stead when mother said, 'No.' So I got
married and came to the Coast. Jack went
into the scenario department at Paramount
and I got good roles in musicals. My biggest
opportunity was 'Chicago.' The week be-
fore we opened some writer said some dis-
couraging things about me in her column.
Poor Nancy! She never could play such a
difficult rôle. Way above her head. That
sort of thing. Made me furious. I studied
hard and got excellent notices.

HER SECRET YEN
"MY first screen test for Fox was terrible.
I resigned myself to remaining on the
stage. Then I was tested for 'Abie's Irish
Rose.' With the help of a good cameraman
and make-up artist I wasn't so worse.

"Pictures aren't so much fun as the stage,
but I like them. We do most of our work at
night, now. It seems natural to be sleeping
during the day again. But I'm prouder of
my husband than anything I've done. He
called me up the other day from New York
and said, 'Darling, what shall I do? Every-
one wants my play... Isn't it marvellous?'
She leaned forward confidentially.

"Listen, I've got a crazy ambition. You
know how every chorus girl on Broadway
considers the Follies her ultimate goal?
Well, I've still got a yen to appear in the
Follies! I want to be one of those gaudy
girls strutting across the stage. Funny,
ain't it, when most Follies girls are dying
to get into pictures. Life is like that, huh?"
and sailed haughtily in to prove that there was one of his lady-pupils who would not make a fool of herself about him. I did everything I could to make it uncomfortable for him. One day I popped a paper bag while he was lecturing. He sent me home. I was delighted and said so. Finally it came to the point where I wouldn't open a book for him. He'd keep me after school and make me study until I could answer his every question. That started talk—"teacher's pet"—and, oh, you know the usual high school lingo. I realized I was making a fool of myself just to be different, for spite. I decided to turn the tables. I would vamp him and show the girls I could do it. I started going around to parties with him. Then—well, he kissed me. What does a girl of sixteen know about kisses? Although he was still repulsive, his kisses fascinated me. Probably every woman has had that experience—some man whom she knows she doesn't really like, yet who, through his very repulsiveness, casts a physical spell over her. One night after a party, he said, "Ruth, today is pay-day. Let's run away and be married."

WAKE THE SKIN AS BEAUTIES DO

CLEAR IT...CLEANSE IT...MAKE IT GLOW

Remove the Blemishes—Combat the Faults

Movie stars and stage stars by the scores have paid high tribute to Boncilla classic pack. Many send their pictures. Some people think that we pay for such testimony, 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:

A radiant glow
A clear, clean skin
A soft, smooth skin
An animated look

It demands the removal of blackheads and blemishes, of dead skin and hardened oil. To nourish and revile the skin, the blood must be drawn away from the surface. A youthful look demands that little lines be eradicated. Wrinkles must be combatted, sagging muscles must be firmed. Enlarged pores must be reduced.

Results are Quick

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 classic pack is available wherever toilet goods are sold. Tubes, 50c and $1—Jars, $3.50. Or send the coupon with 10 cents for an introductory packet of the four chief Boncilla aids, including a liberal sachet of the new x-ray beauty powder. A week's supply of all of them. Clip coupon now.

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---

Estelle Taylor, Lon Chaney and Lloyd Hughes in the thrilling horror scene in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's recent sensation, "Where East is East". At right—Estelle Taylor applying Boncilla classic pack.
3 days
... when Mum means most

Most women have discovered the need of Mum to guard the underarm from all taint.

But protection from the odors of perspiration is only half the story!

*Mum performs its most important service on the sanitary napkin!*

For Mum is a true deodorant. It neutralizes the most unpleasant odors as fast as they arise. Not the least offensive vapor can penetrate a protective film of Mum. Just spread it lightly on the napkin. You'll be serenely safe—all day. If you rely on anything short of this positive protection you are almost certain to offend.

There are numerous ways Mum can contribute to daintiness of person. But none is so vital as this napkinal use—to neutralize odors which the sheer dresses of today cannot confine. Use Mum at this trying time, and remain your confident self. This snowy cream is quite harmless to the most delicate skin or fabric.

Mum is not expensive; especially in the 60c jars which give you almost three times the quantity of the 35c size. All druggists.

Although her early environment was anything but like that of the sophistication of the Parisian Suzanne Lenglen's, there is between that celebrity's appearance and Ruth Elder's a distinct resemblance—even to the bandeau about the hair income month after month to keep her in the University of California, had married his chum. My sympathy, for I understood, brought us together. In a few weeks our dual pasts had been forgotten. They had merely been training schools for our present undying passion. We would meet at dawn and stay together until late evening. Swim. Sun on the sands and bask in the happiness which we knew could never be broken.

Panama. The lure of that place—the lure of romance as we pictured it for one another. He followed me back to the States and we were married.

The story of my marriage with Lyle is the story of a woman who gradually sees her heart breaking. Oh, the bitterness of it. Will love such as that ever return? Will another man ever bring such illusions and longings? Bah! I think not. All love is like the waves. It blusters in and dies out. It— but I must not picture too vividly cynicism as I have learned it. Perhaps I am mistaken. I hope so. I should hate to feel that all women must feel this way about it.

**FALLING FOR FLORIDA**

As long as we were in Panama we were happy. We lived in a cottage by the sea. He had a fairly good job. I had a little boy named Billie who belonged to a neighbor, to interest me while he was working. But above all, we had each other. Why, oh, why, can't people be content with the happiness which God gives them at one time or another? Why can't a man and woman who love be satisfied to save and have children and lead a normal existence? Two men came to visit. They had cleaned up in Florida real estate. Lyle felt he could do the same thing. I begged him, "Don't do it!" But—we packed up and left, our meager savings the only security between us and starvation. We went to North Carolina for the summer, in the wake of the tourists. He tried to sell real estate and when he couldn't I tried it. My first customer let me talk to him for hours and then said, "Well, little girl, you'd better go back where you came from—you don't know what this is all about." And I answered, "But I must sell something. We have to make a living."

We were down to one hundred and twenty dollars. Some chance friends were going to Florida. I begged him to go—but he thought he could put at least one deal over. I divided the money evenly with him. At Lakeland, where we landed, I got a room for three-fifty a week. Did I say a room? An old iron bed and a mottled white dresser and a door which opened into a dingy hall that led to a bathroom—which was co-operative.

I believe I went to every store in that city asking for work. Finally a dentist just opening shop gave me a job at $12.50 a week. I sent the balance of my sixty back to Lyle and asked him to join me. He secured a position—but was hired in a week because he knew more than the people who hired him.

**WHEN RESPECT GOES**

THERE'S really no use in going into details. Perhaps you think that money has no place in love-life. Would that it didn't! It isn't how much a man makes—if the woman's a sensible woman. It's his attitude toward it. And a man who is willing to let his wife work while he sits at home and reads magazines—even though they are about aviation. Ah, the old saying is only too true: when respect leaves there is not even the shell of the old love to hold a man and woman together. I didn't leave him. How could he have lived if I had? We just didn't live together as man and wife. When respect goes, that is impossible. I started taking aviation lessons. Lyle's interest in aviation did do that much for me. I went out to the field at noon and at night. Fifteen minutes at a time at first. Perhaps it was because I was so desperate, so disillusioned, that I liked the air so. Up there, I forget. With the wind blowing against me.

George Halderman was my instructor. At first he had scoffed at the idea of a woman in aviation, but he soon saw that I was desperate enough with life on earth to make a success of it in the air. Then came the Lindbergh flight. I saw in it a chance for a woman. I was determined to be that woman. If I died, what did it matter? If I lived—overnight I would be made famous and given an opportunity to pull myself out of my present impossible position. All staked on one throw of life's dice. Forced to it by my love-life experiences. We had a terrible time getting a backing, but finally
some friends in Wheeling put up the money; and you know the rest of that story.

LOVE, PLATONIC AND FRENCH

I SUPPOSE I'm the only woman in the world who spent two entire nights with a man and never had my motives questioned.

George crossed with me and we flew two nights together. George is that one great platonic man-friend whom every woman should have. His wife and I are intimate friends. It hadn't been for George, Ruth Elder as a flyer would have been out of the question. Of course, I love George and I can wish no woman more happiness than to have one man in her life whom she can love in this one hundred per cent brotherly, pal-

ship fashion.

In Paris, well, there was a French minister of aviation—Bokowski. He is dead now. He made such beautiful love to me. And I have cared for him, too. Only— I couldn't take him seriously. Frenchmen have such a beautiful way of making love to you, but I was still too disillusioned to take his love from the surface and enjoy it. Frankly, my thrill was from having men meet me as an aviatrix and stay to like me as a woman.

THIS TIME MORE CAUTIOUS

IN New York there was a man, a million-

aire whom I won't mention, because his family has recently been in the papers. He offered to pay for my divorce; he showered everything which love and money can combine upon me. He wanted marriage. Per-

haps I was foolish, but I was afraid. A woman is careful after she has once burned her fingers with matrimony.

Hollywood. Well, when I first came, my name was in all the newspapers. They were even running a column on what I ate—re-

member? And Hollywood men like to be seen with celebrities. You can't blame them. It's good publicity for them. I went out with one after another.

No, I didn't go out with Richard Dix, but I wouldn't have gotten through that first picture without Richard. How that man did help me! I adored him for it. Yes, she hesitated a moment, when here was a name-

tion Richard did do a little incidental love making. What actor doesn't in this city? It's as natural to them as driving a plane is to me. But Richard was really in love with someone else and I was still suffering from lost illusions.

THE INEVITABLE BEN

BEN LYON has said, I hear, that he
doesn't like to be named as the in-

cidental man in these love-lives. Well, he

isn't incidental in mine. He's the best
friend I have in the city. I went with him a long time. Of course, we were reported en-

gaged. You can't poke your head out of a car in which there is a man, here, unless the

newspapers pick it up as a romance. And I was fond of Ben and he was fond of me. No, nothing broke it up. We are still fond of each other and I am hoping he and Bebe will find happiness together.

Hoot Gibson?—she smiled softly—Hoot

saved my life—my professional life. I was

through here until I met him and he gave me my chance again. I know all the rumors,

and who pays any attention to rumors, here? Don't you think Hoot and I have had enough trouble without trying to make up a

love-story about us?

No. I am twenty-four and I'd hate to think that real love for me had flown for-

ever. But, who knows? Perhaps tomorrow I may step from my hotel and meet a man on the street and be reborn again as I was in Panama. It takes men to give a new birth to the life of a woman. Let's hope it may come to me and to every similarly dis-

illusioned woman.

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

LINA BASQUETTE'S

Famous Feet

"The old phrase 'to have and to hold' may be full of lovely senti-

ment...but not where corns are concerned. Not with Blue-jay to bid them goodbye."

Common sense asserts that Blue-jay is the same and safe way to remove a corn at home. That's why for 28 years it has been the leading way.

Self-paring is dangerous. Blue-jay is scientific. Each Blue-jay is a stand-

ardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn. In an improved pack-

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CHAUCEY DEPEW STEELE PROPRIETOR

BROCHURE ON REQUEST 103
The whole country was set talking a month or so ago by Charlie Chaplin's attack, published in MOTION PICTURE, upon the talkies.

Charlie said they killed the three most magnetic elements in pictures: the art of pantomime, beauty and sex-appeal.

And everybody got so wrought up over it, either agreeing with the famous comedian or differing with his views, that we decided to get another and equally accomplished artist to give his opinion.

And we did. And how he gave it!

We hardly need tell you his name. He's the man who made the talkies. The man who made mummy songs and sonny boys famous.

Al Jolson, of course.

Al got all excited when he talked about what Chaplin said. And he not only came out with the belief that Charlie is all wrong, but he came out with a reason for Charlie's prejudice against films that you can hear.

Pretty hot stuff! Pretty interesting stuff! Pretty authentic stuff, too. For if there's anybody who knows what people want in entertainment and if there's anyone who knows what talkies are worth, it's Al Jolson.

He said, at the end of his remarks on Charlie's comment and the reason for its trend, that they wouldn't make Charlie feel like Sonny Boy and climb up on his knee. Not on his knee.

It's not that Jolson's against Chaplin. He's one of his most fervid admirers. But Al does have to say what he thinks. And he knows how to, so that it hits.

And you'll find it does hit, too, when the August issue of MOTION PICTURE comes out: the 28th of June. Watch for the date and your copy. The article, "Al Jolson Answers Chaplin" is—alone—worth twice the price of admission.
Playmates, even though they are grown up: Cliff Edwards, known as Ukulele Ike, picks out the chords and Bessie Love strums them, in an interval between scenes of a new revue they both appear in traditionally to tango music. They do elaborate and complicated steps with serious faces, their heads close together.

"We've gone together so long," Sally said, "Two years. We ought to dance well together by now, honey."

For Christmas he gave her one of his Dad's snappiest models of a roadster. It's got two and a half colors. It's a perfect setting for Sally, who manoeuvres it in and out of traffic without hitting a thing, but nearly. When you suggest that there might be something serious to the romance, Sally only shakes her head.

"He's a wonderful boy. We have simply marvelous times together, honey," is as far as she will commit herself.

She refuses to commit herself that is, upon any but the more superficial aspects of the affair. She will relate outward incidents but she will not take you down into her innermost feelings.

PREMIÈRES AND PICTURES

"Of course, there are a lot of little things that we don't agree on. Tommy simply hates to go to premières. I love them myself. He says he feels like a fool walking down that long line of people. But I feel it does a girl in pictures a lot of good to be seen at those affairs. Besides, I like to watch the other players. I'm always so busy looking around over the audience I never more than half see the picture. Tommy always grumbles, 'What did you come for, anyway, if you aren't going to take a look at the screen now and then?' But you can go to see a picture any old time. And you can't always see the people.

"Joan Crawford looked simply wonderful at the opening of 'The Iron Mask.' I think she is getting prettier and prettier all the time, don't you, honey?

"No, I don't see Joan much any more. She's working so hard and she doesn't go around much any more like she did before she fell in love with young Doug. I think it is wonderful that they are so happy together. She's really a wonderful girl, honey."

Just then four men stopped by our table at the Montmartre and as Sally said, we didn't get much of a chance to "interview" after that. But she wants me to drop over on the set sometimes and see the pretty clothes she wears for the first time since she's been in pictures. I'll bet she will be an eyeful for a close-up, if you know what I mean, honey.
For Mary has always cherished an earnest desire to play tough parts on the screen, but has never been allowed to attempt anything even approaching such a character because her appearance is spiritual and saintly in the extreme.

But Mary has a husky, low-pitched voice, attractive enough, but not at all what you would expect from the madonna type she has played so often. Doubtless make-up will help her to look the way she sounds and Mary will be playing Bowery Nells from this time on.

No one knows exactly where he stands. Bryan Foy, who has been responsible for making more talking pictures, to date, than any other director in Hollywood, and who is now making all the one-and-two-reel talkies for Warner Brothers, predicts that most of the shining lights of the silent screen will be looking for work six months from now.

"Only people who have had stage training are going to make good," says Mr. Foy, "The quality of the voice does not matter. It is the ability to put over lines convincingly that counts. And that thing is a matter of years of training. Screen looks have not had it. We shall have to get people who have."

Jack Warner, whose company fathered the talking picture, does not agree with Mr. Foy.

"Eighty per cent, at least, of the people who have been successful in silent pictures will get across in talkies," he says. "The biggest difference it will make is that it is going to take brains to work in the new type of pictures. It will not be enough merely to look nice and walk through scenes like puppets, as it has often been in the past. If you are speaking lines, you must make them convincing. And you cannot do that unless you have an intelligently-aided idea of what you are talking about."

THE STAGE A HANDICAP?

AND Robert Milton, prominent stage director who has come to Hollywood from New York to assist in the production of talking pictures at Paramount, finds that stage training may be as much of a handicap as a help to a player who is essaying talking picture roles.

"For instance," says Mr. Milton, "I was making a test of a scene with Charles Rogers, Mary Brian and Chester Conklin. The two youngsters were rank amateurs—and knew it. And yet there were badly frightened and had to be reassured and soothed before they could speak their lines with the requisite ease. With them it was simply a matter of making them feel at home, working up the proper emotion and then recording it.

"But Chester Conklin had had stage experience. He left the stage twelve years ago to enter pictures and had reason to feel that the stage technique of twelve years ago was a very different one from the modern method. Not only that, but the technique of talking pictures is a different matter still.

"Conklin labored under far greater difficulties than did Mary and Charles. He had to unlearn.

"Talking pictures, it would seem, are going to thrust Chester Conklin into dramatic roles instead of the comedy he has played for so long.

Buddy Rogers apparently has nothing to fear from the noisy form of pictures. Not only does his voice register beautifully, being smooth and sensively expressive, but Buddy has two accomplishments besides which have meant nothing in pictures here-tofore but will be great assets in the sound films. He plays the piano and the trombone with skill.

It’s just no fair: That lad has everything.

ACENTS ARE NOT ASSETS

MARY Brian surprised everybody with her early tests. For the voice of the screen’s gentile ingenue became deep, resonant, mature and sophisticated on the screen because it would seem that Mary will have to change her type to suit her voice.

And accent of any kind will narrow one’s opportunities. One will have to play accentéd rôles. Emil Jannings, Nils Asther, Victor Varconi and Lily Damita will be playing broken English or some time was spent in France. And Renée Adorée, who already sings her dramatic parts, views with dismay the prospect of a long series of the rôle of French maid in bedroom farces.

On the other hand, an accent may be very useful. Johnny Mack Brown found his Southern drawl an asset when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were looking for a leading man for Norma Shearer’s picture, “The Little Angel.”

Johnny wanted the part very much, but his producer knew that unless he could regularly good until word went forth that the young man in the story was a Southern gentleman. John stepped forward and strutted his drawl. And he got the part.

Raymond Griffith seems to be in the worst spot of anyone. For Ray has no voice at all. He lost it years ago, doing a shouting scene on the stage. So Warner tell part out in a whisper. And they made a test of Ray’s husky whisper and that it comes over well, every word being distinct and clear.

SING, RAMON, SING

RAMON Novarro is another player who has reason to be pleased with the new form of pictures. For Ramon has always wanted to sing and has been torn for years between the desire for a grand opera career and a career in pictures. Now he can combine the two.

For a singing voice is important. In fact, Al Jolson’s singing voice is really responsible for the wave of talkies. There had been talking pictures and sound pictures for two years or more, but no one had taken them seriously. "They can’t last!" had been the reply of Those Who Knew—or thought they did.

Then Warners brought out Jolson in “The Jazz Singer.” The Big Boys went to see it—and they were filled with contemptuous and perhaps amused. They came out of the theater, muttering to themselves, ‘Look what’s happened to us.’ And went home to send for experts to draw up plans for sound stages to be built at once.

Al Jolson did it. With his Mammy songs! And we’ll never be the same again.

TONING DOWN PAULINE

THEN there is Pauline Garon, who looks like a tiny Dresden figure—and has a voice as a newel post. There is a problem for the sound experts. We should hate to lose Pauline. Can they make her sound the way she looks?

There is the sophisticated Irene Rich—whose voice comes over with a naive tinkle—tinkle which will never fit the ladies with—ahem!—shall we say, pasts?—which she has played in a few years. No lady with a past should tinkle.

Norma Shearer complains that she chirps—as does Louise Brooks. Both are studying voice awaiting professional. She will not.

Greta Garbo’s slow, accentuated, low-pitched speech seems quite in keeping with her screen characterizations.

Can they sound the way they look? Is it a reassuring, perplexing question.
In and Out of Focus

(Continued from page 30)

And the Answer?

WHEN ESTELLE TAYLOR got off the train at the Los Angeles station, a reporter stepped up. "Please, Miss Taylor, answer one question: Are you and Jack going to get a divorce?" Estelle's eyes flashed, but she laughed, "I'm ashamed to think California is so behind the times," she said. "Fancy! A reporter asked me the same question when I left two months ago."

And Who Are They?

A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR lives in the same apartment house where a struggling character man and his wife have their home. It came to her ears that the couple was practically starving and she dropped in to see them. A basket of provisions followed on the heel of the visit. "And," said the character man gratefully, "she didn't just send us food. She included a package of bird seed for the canary."

Meet the Family

RUSSELL GLEASON dropped in at Henry's the other evening, expecting to meet his father and mother. Not seeing them anywhere, he made for a vacant table in one corner. "Sorry, boy, but you can't sit there," said the boy genially. "That's reserved for some famous actors, that is. The Gleasons. If you'd like to stand over by the door, I'll point 'em out to ya when they come in."

Boosting His Own Stock

I SURE HOPE this picture is a success," Al Jolson said into the radio transmitter at the opening of "The Desert Song." "Maybe then the Warner Brothers stock will go up. It's low enough now. I know because I own some."

Her Relentless Public

At FRANCES MARION's farewell party in her beautiful home, now sold, Polly Moran stood in the center of the drawing-room singing grand opera lustily without a pause in the conversation about her. At the end of the song she clutched Buster Keaton's arm. "Oh, make them stop recalling me," she begged. "Make them have mercy and not encore me again."

The Mistake of His Wife

MAY I SPEAK to the supervisor?" asked the blonde of the new secretary of the movie company. Certainly; he's always pleased to see pretty girls like you," replied the genial secretary. "Is that so?" said the blonde freezingly. "Well, tell him his wife is waiting for him."

Safeguarding His Crown

THE WIFE of a screen sheik was speaking of her husband's hair treatments. "He has to be awfully careful," she confided. "He has such a beautiful scalp, you see."

The Biggest Thrill First

THE "TRAIDER HORN" COMPANY has at last departed for darkest Africa. They do say that Natalie Moorhead and Elissa Landi, chosen as the leads by a process of elimination in which the candidates for the parts were subjected to tests for their nerve, the severest being to have Lon Chaney paint their nails and shoot them from behind the casting office door.

Sleepy But Willing

THIS WAS AT ONE of those wild Hollywood parties. Everyone was in a hilarious mood. A girl who writes scenarios had just confessed an ambition to meet a cer-

D R Y and odorless armpits are an absolute necessity to all well-groomed men and women. No one can be at ease or comfortable who is a victim of armpit perspiration and its disagreeable odor.

Dry and odorless armpits are easily and quickly available. A few drops of NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) applied to the underarms will keep them dry, odorless and sweet.

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Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any drug or department store and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles, and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst cases.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

A million dollar secret

A PRICELESS beauty secret for every blonde who wants to keep her hair light, bright and lovely. All you do is use a special shampoo when you wash your hair. This new shampoo for blondes only is called Blondes. Keeps hair from darkening—puts new life and sparkle in dull, faded hair. Acts in safe, natural way—no dyes or harsh bleaches—fine for scalp. Already used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.
THE most marvellous discovery has been made—a way to make eyebrows and eyelashes annually grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

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 cent advance payment. It is not “OK,” it is not “maybe.” It is a new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

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 threads. Read what a few of them say. I have made out before a notary public that these letters are voluntarily written. From Miss Hefflin, 240 W., “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 Nancy O’Toole, 437 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, Jeannette, Penn.: “Your eye- lash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous.” From Petri Provo, 294 Taylor St., N.E., Minne- apolis, Minn.: “I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful!” From Miss Flora J. Corvessa, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: “I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxuriant.”

Results Noticeable in a Week
In one week—yes, in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful and fringe longer. The darling little upand-down curl shows itself in the mirror. If not absolutely and trackless—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any 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 gumble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

LUCILLE YOUNG

Lucille Young, the famous New York Playgirl, has returned to the stage. She has been in Los Angeles recently, where she has been appearing in a variety of plays. She is reported to be in excellent physical condition, and will no doubt continue to give her best efforts in all her future engagements.

The Price of Prosperity
SAM HARDY has his own picture printed on his checks. “And that’s why he’s laying up money,” his press agent declares. “Everyone would rather have a check with Sam’s picture on it framed than to have it cashed.”

Trans-Atlantic Note
THEY were talking about the present European tour of Florence Vidor and her husband, Jascha Heifetz, the violinist. It was clear enough that Florence, in Paris, would be frantically busy buying clothes. How would Jascha engage his spare moments? His wife never came from an unknown assailant, “Oh, he’ll probably just fiddle away his time.”

Nature’s Mistake
THE NEW STUDIO ARTIST of the modernist school was deluged buying a gar- den set he had just designed for a techni- color picture. “But,” objected the director, “you have the roses blue and the lilies green.” That at least two garden outside the window.” The artist glanced into the studio yard and waved a lolly of hand disdained. “Those flowers,” he said, “are all wrong— absolutely wrong.”

Dared If She’s Not
BILLY BENNETT, so we are told, is about to advertise fresh

Lipstick and Cheese
LOUISE FAZENDA is the most original girl in the movies, without a doubt. The other day the set she began to rum- mage in her make-up box, among the eye- brow pencils, eyebrow beautifiers, and lipsticks, and produced something wrapped in a square of oiled paper. “Have some,” she offered. “It’s good.” It was a piece of Swiss cheese. Maybe she had saved it. You might meet a mouse later in the after- noon,” we murmured. But we ate it all the same and it was good.

The Dog Dyes
THEY TELL ME that Reginald Denny was approached in the lunch room at University by a man who had a dog for sale. A remarkable dog of strange color and with a ruff of long hair about its neck. “A dog,” the owner said, and Reggie agreed and purchased the dog for much money. On the way home it rained, and when Reggole called Bubbles to come and admire his rare dog, they eyes met a distressing sight. The beautiful golden color had washed off, likewise most of the long hair, leaving pure mongrel behind.

Fame
THE AL BARNES CIRCUS is in town and among the freaks is one who adver- tises in huge letters. The Man Who Doubled for Lon Chaney’s Legs in “The Unknown.”

Secret Courage
AT AGUA CALIENTE the other day a woman stood and tossed thousand-dollar bills negligibly upon the table. She held a yard-long cigarette holder. She wore a backless gown and she was oh, so sophisticated. But in her perfumed hand-kerchief we saw, as we leaned over her shoulder to see a Friday dollar bill on the baize, she had hidden a tiny bottle of old- fashioned smelling salts.

The Picture of Prosperity
MONEY FOR YOU

Mrs. Wilson, West 100th, Chicago, Ill., writes: “Sent your word on the 15th. Have just received the book and want another. I have another woman who will live to do the same. She is with me now at the store.”

MRS. WILSON

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out of planning a big wedding over again.

The marriage of Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque a couple of years ago still stands out in local marital annals as Hollywood's greatest wedding. Sam Goldwyn planned and executed it almost said "presented"—the affair, and Sam is a great showman.

THE GREAT BANX WEDDING

Well do I remember the constellation of one newspaper reporter who had written her story of the wedding the day before, depending on information furnished her by Sam's press agents. She had opened her account with the words, "Happy is the bride who can smile!" And that night it rained the proverbial pusses and paws. She was in a terrible state of nerves and didn't recover until the weather cleared about an hour before the ceremony. Which just shows you what influence will do.

Anyhow, Vilma and Rod honored all the old customs and ceremonies and superstitions that anyone could suggest. Vilma wore an old bit of jewelry, carried a borrowed hankie; her wedding gown, of course, was new, and she wore a blue--just chemise. She refused to don her wedding gown—even for publicity pictures—until time for the wedding. And when they returned from the honeymoon, they followed the old tradition and carried her across the threshold of their new home.

I must say it seems to have worked, for the two are still happily married and Vilma even threatens to give up her film career and settle down to the more interesting business of being Rod's wife.

In the case of the majority, conventional weddings seem to take better in Hollywood than the impromptu ones. Colleen Moore and John McCormick were married in church, with due regard for all the old ceremonies and superstitions. And they have been married for more than five years without a rumor of a rift.

Esther Ralston and George Webb, Billie Dove and Irving Willat, Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen, happily and apparently permanently wedded couples, all were married, if not with glares of publicity and amid the popping of flashlights, at least with some semblance of ceremony and decorum. All the girls were pleased to following some, if not all, of the old superstitions and to having rice and old shoes hurled at them after the wedding was over.

BETSY'S GARTER

Reginald Denny's new bride, Betsy Lee, is an efficient young lady. She made one small garter answer all the requirements of the old jingle. It was borrowed from Mrs. George Crow, it was old and it was blue. The rest of her wedding attire fulfilled the need for something new.

And, speaking of superstitions, Evelyn Brent told me that she also bought a scorned garter and refused to observe any of them at her first wedding, to Bernie Fineeman. And moreover, that she was not worried in the least when it poured down rain on her marriage morn. But you see the first marriage failed to take and she divorced Bernie some time ago. So when she was preparing to go to Mexico to marry a second time a few months back, she admits that she took nearly all the traditional precautions.

However, I couldn't enjoy my wedding at all," she related. "Because at the last moment Dorothy Herzog suggested that I put a dime in my shoe—for riches, you know. That was one I didn't have the stomach for. But I agreed and the thing made me so

(Continued on page 111)
H A I R

L O V E L I N E S S

—truly your own!

(Here’s how to have it—always!) Is your hair exactly the same shade and texture as that of your friends? Of course it isn’t! Why, then, should you shampoo it exactly as they do?

Every shade of hair has its own peculiar needs—hence each requires its own special treatment. The problem is to find the shampoo that suits your hair; the one that will banish all dullness and dandruff and bring out its own natural beauty.

That’s why so many women prefer the new Golden Glint Shampoo. It’s truly individual! Simple directions tell how to shampoo your own particular shade of hair to give it that fashionable “tiny-tint” and bring out those rich hidden undertones. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! 25c at your dealers—or send for free sample.

J. W. KOBÍ CO.
Please send a free sample.

Name
Address
City
State
Color of my hair

Let Me Develop

YOUR

Form

Like This

Before

After

Are you flaxen-haired? Do you, nagging times tell you of your \(3^{rd} \) rate? Just the application of our formula, \( x \) "a little cheap perfume, \( y \) a bottle of Eucalyptus Oil..."

FREE Demonstration, free instruction, free toning! Out for your latest thriving, stroke proportions included with your jar of Miracle Cream!:

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Picture in Colors

of JOSEPHINE DUNN

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Motion Picture

K E E P Y O U R S K I N Y O U N G

Teak treatment unnecessary if the soap used for daily cleansing is

Resinol

110

True Hollywood Ghost Stories

(Continued from page 20)

behind the bushes laughing at you, probably.

N E W S  O F  T H E  D E A T H

“U X T R Y! Uxtry! All about the turmbel accident.” The newscaster was making a return trip, and Betty went out to meet him. He came back with a white face, handing Betty the paper with the glaring headlines:

“Aviator Storms to His Death as Crowd Looks On,” she read. “Emory Rogers, 25, Killed by Mystery Accident. It is believed that some part of the plane must have given way without warning.”

Emory Rogers had made the plane himself. He was passionately proud of it, proud enough perhaps to come back from the far place where he had gone to defend it.

A location trip to Truckee is always tiresome, and the company making “Over the Border”—significant title—found the evenings endless. The men of the company could yawn over poker in the back room of the hotel where they were billeted, but the only two women along—Betty Compson and the script girl—were bored to the point of desperation at the end of the first week.

It was the script girl who suggested making an ouija board out of a playing card and a lettered sheet of paper and asking it questions, just for something to do.

The card, an ace of hearts with one end pointed, slipped aimlessly over the paper under manicured finger tips, refusing to answer their jiggling queries as to the future of husbands and success in pictures until, just as they were about to give it up, suddenly it began to move slowly and purposefully among the letters spelling out amazing words.

“I am Lieutenant Philip Rust of Wheeling, West Virginia. I was killed in the World War.”

T H E  G O U L I S H  G A L L A N T

T H E two girls stared at each other. In the room beyond roared laughter from the poker players sounded suddenly faint and far away. The polished pasteboard moved again under trembling finger tips. I saw you in a picture. And they saw you for us in France,” it said. “I fell in love with you then. If I had not died I would have come here and found you.”

The pointers went on, picking out the letters, forming ardent words. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He had gone to his death thinking about her picture. And yet, as if to add, that even a ghostly suitor should have references, he spoke of his family, his education at the University of West Virginia, begged her to write him his mother.

“I made inquiries,” Betty says. “I found there was a wealthy family named Rust in West Virginia, and then—I didn’t go on any further—I was afraid.”

“H-how did you get killed?” muttered the script girl presently. Her voice sounded weak and silky against the masculine tumult in the room beyond, but the pointer answered her simply. “I was shot down in an aeroplane by a German Fokker.”

Betty spoke then. “I had a friend who was killed kind of like that, six months ago. Do you know—have you met—”

How should one talk to ghosts? “His name was Emory Rogers.”

“I don’t know him,” Lieutenant Rust said. “It’s a bit difficult to find people here. But I’ll try if you’ll be here tomorrow night.”

As soon as they touched the pointer the next evening, it began to talk in evident excitement. “I’ve got Emory! He’s a great chap. I’m certainly glad you told me about him. Both being aviators, and both dying the same way, has made us friends already. He wants to speak to you.”

“I’m—h-hello, Emory,” faltered Betty Compson.

The pointer was moving very differently now, darting more swiftly about the board with a jerky motion. “Hullo, Betty,” it spelled. “Why’s your head? Gosh! How I do love you two fool kids.”

The tears sprang to Betty’s eyes. His way of phrasing things—she could not mistake! “Emory,” she whispered. “What happened to you on that flight?”

H E  R A N G  I T

“I fainted,” he answered. “But nothing happened in the plane. Betty. She was going as sweet as a song. I wish you’d tell them that. It was my old sinus trouble. I didn’t feel like going up at all. Remember that, Betty Compson?”

“I remember,” she nodded. “There’s another thing I remember too. I asked you to drop in at my house on your way home and have a little meal. And the door bell rang—three times!”

“I rang it.” The pointer was moving like a live thing now, picking out the letters almost too swiftly for them to see. “I thought I’d stop in and ask you about the races.”

“But,” Betty spoke with lips suddenly dry, “that was after the accident.”

“Yep,” said the pointer with dreadful matter of factness. “You see I didn’t know that I was dead then.”

No ghosts! But you and I know better, you and I and Betty Compson who sat in that dark and windy mountain cabin and talked with a friend who had died. In the old slangy, clipped phrases he told her that people went on with their work wherever they were. He was making a marvelous new model of an aeroplane now. Betty really ought to take up and try it. It was all quite commonplace talk, if there had been a young aviator sitting there beside them. But there was no one.

H O W  H E  K N E W

O N E thing more she asked him. “How did you find out that you were—dead, Emory?”

“I met my Aunt Elinor,” the pointer spelled. “She died when I was a kid. When I saw her coming toward me I knew that I must be dead.”

“I called up Emory’s mother when we got back to Hollywood,” Betty Compson says quietly. “I asked her if she had ever had a sister and she told me, ‘Yes, one. Her name was Elinor and she died twenty years ago.’”

Was she afraid of whatever stood beside her that night at Truckee? Betty Compson shakes her head, “They were so young—such nice boys. Emory just wanted to tell me that his plane hadn’t failed him. And Philip Rust?—I never gave a hoot. It made me smile. After all, why shouldn’t a ghost, a gallant young Southern ghost, come back for the purpose of making love to a pretty lady? Somehow I feel certain that Betty Compson will take her ouija board and listen to Lieutenant Philip Rust again some day.”
And So to Wed
(Continued from page 109)
uncomfortable that I could hardly keep my mind on the ceremony enough to an-
swer the questions.
Lillie Fazenda's tootsies gained her, too, when she was married. So as soon as the ceremony was over she calmly removed her shoes and stood in her stocking feet to receive the felicitations of her friends. Goodness knows she deserved that privilege. She was working in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" and had to report to the studio early the next morning to take a funny fall.

TWIN RINGS
MAYBE John Barrymore had tired feet at his wedding, too. I am told that he went quite sloppily while he was being united in marriage with Dolores Costello.
The Russian actress, Baclanova, who married Nicholas Soussanin this spring, has native superstitions to observe which differ from ours. They used a double ring ceremony and Baclanova was horrified at the idea of having jewels in a wedding ring. Each wears a wide, heavy gold band with the name of the other engraved inside it. They must never take them off. Nor wear jewels of any kind upon that hand. Russian marriage, you see, is a serious matter.

One wonders if a real wedding doesn't seem rather anti-climactic to these people who marry so often and so gorgeously in make-believe, before the camera. They must know all the ritual by heart and the tulle and gardenias must feel like working apparel. The bride has assumed that dewy-eyed look and the gown that expression of tender, gallant protectiveness so many times in close-ups—at so much money per week. Don't they feel a little lost without the director and his megaphone on these occasions?

Drop a little tear, somebody, for these poor human puppets to whom even the rituals of romance have become automatic through long, workaday habit.

Diamond-Studded Whims
(Continued from page 35)
For Christmas last year Forrest Halsey gave Corinne a complete set of exact repro-
ductions, in cut, weight, and size, of all the famous historical diamonds of history. The reproductions are in crystal. There is sup-
posed to be only one other duplicate collection, and that in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Now do you believe in Santa Claus?
Norma Talmadge rests between satin, hand-monogrammed sheets. Violet and rose ones for her town house. Beige and blue ones for her beach place. She cannot rest between lowly linens. On her dresses gleam Lalique-backed combs, brushes, mirrors, bottles and flacons made of the tears of Renaissance nuns. On her walls hang tapestries bearing the princely tag of Gobelin. In her wardrobe hang fur coats stripped from the back of every creature that ever entered the Ark, from the white ermine to the darkling gleam of sable. She sinks into Rolls-Royces, one model for the opera, and one for the tennis courts.

$2,000 A MONTH
HAROLD LLOYD pays $2,000 every month of his life for the casual comfort of maintaining a staff of Great Dane dogs. They afford him the pleasure of ownership. I believe there are from forty to sixty of them in all and if you try to feed one Great Dane for a day you'll be able to figure it.

STORIES SUITABLE FOR THE SCREEN

CASH AND TALKING PICTURES FREE
YOUR bring many times as much as for maga-
azines. "We know Studio demands and
FOTO- make personal submission of Msus." Full
PLAY particulars without obligation.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CO.
505 Western and Santa Monica Bldgs. Hollywood, California
drug and a host of interesting and wonderful people. But if you stop to analyze the two towns, their founding fathers were radically opposed as to be almost opposite.

"Hollywood is based on face, on counterfeit, on sham and an impressionistic setting. On the other hand, Halifax is founded on ancient, picturesque and historical backgrounds. As you know, the original name of Nova Scotia was Acadia. Acadia and the locale known as Grand-Pré is part of America's best literature. It was the home of Evangeline. As Longfellow so aptly described my home.

"This is the forest primeval,
The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
Throes clasped in the twilight."

"Nova Scotia, and its principal city, Halifax, are both old and honorable in the history of the world. Its landmarks and families are referred to with deference and pride. Just across the bay from my home is the estate of Sir Sanford Fleming, the man who standardized time for the United States. Near to this famous monument to the Duke of Connaught, the one-time Governor-General of Canada and the father of Princess Pat, the idol of every Canadian.

"Now, just for a moment, compare the Princess Pat with Clara Bow, one of the idols of the American people. Princess Pat, besides being a great artist, is an aristocrat in every sense of the world. A gentlewoman, cultured and charming, famed for her intellectual and athletic prowess. Her popularity is based on the lasting and time-honored qualities as intellect, tradition and family. Clara Bow, on the other hand, is a girl of modest family, meager education, and a meteoric rise to fame. She has been no more lasting than that of most ingenue stars, but it is temporary at best. Five years from now Clara Bow will be forgotten and Princess Pat will continue to reign supreme. Clara Bow's popularity is founded on such intangible and fleeting elements as screen personality and youthful It—that is the difference between the idols of Canada and America."

DIGNITY BEFORE SEX

"But, you say, isn't Clara Bow the movie idol of Halifax? I will have to say no. Being first-cousins to the reserved Londoners, the Canadians, as a people, are naturally conservative. The shallow stars of Canada are such players as Alice Joyce, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor, Clive Brook, Percy Marmont and that type of player. High class acting and genteel personality are appreciated in Canada more than sex-appeal.

"Of course, we Canadians like our own people on the screen. Many of Hollywood's most famous stars are from Canada. Such names as Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Wallace McDonald, and a host more, appear on the list of our favorites."

Loud-Pedal Love

(Continued from page 31)

greater degree of safety. But safety and sentimentality have gone out of style in Hollywood love.

Making love with a jazz band has been introduced by Tom Mix with saxophone serenades played by Lee, his new enthusiasm. No quiet, out-of-the-way places for Tom and Gwen. Not so you could notice. They chose the background of the变幻莫测 in their more tender moments. The hour was noon. The
Diamond-Studded Whims

(Continued from page 111)

It is reported that the Harold Lloyds are to adopt a small girl as companion to their own baby. There are so many meagre little children with rickety legs, you know.

It is known that Marion Davies spent $4,000 in one month on gowns, wraps, and shoes, and before another two weeks had passed by another $1,000 had gone the way of all wimmies. This was in one shop. And Marion is, by common consent, one of the least extravagant of them all.

Wallace Beery took a fancy to aeroplanes. He indulged it by buying himself one. He paid $35,000 for it. It has a lounge upholstered with hair-of-the-cow and water tanned.

It is said that Ruth Roland gave Ben Bard a million dollars for a wedding gift. That may not be true. On the other hand, it may—for this is Hollywood. Her own wedding gifts would keep ten families in preposterous luxury for years. Solid silver luncheon services. All-crystal dinner services. The glemings of the Kingdoms of the earth.

Bebe Daniels has on her shelves in her new twenty-eight-room beach shack some once-tasted and many bottles of priceless perfumes. Bebe does not like perfume. She never uses it. But it amuses her to collect it. It is a whim.

STAGNANT TREASURE

EVELYN BRENT has a similar collection. She doesn't know how many bottles she has. They are all unopened. Ever see a little stenog get a two-ounce bottle of Coty at Christmas time?

When it is necessary and it often is—for Emil Jannings to eat caviar on the set, it must be of the twenty-dollar-a-pound variety. No careless delicatessen caviar for Emil. Twenty dollars a year, you see, may be the price of a pound of caviar. It may also be the price of a man's life.

Estelle Taylor's last Christmas gifts alone would keep an ordinary family in food, rent and pleasures for several years. A diamond necklace. A fur coat. Twenty or thirty other little odds and ends. All from Jack.

So now here's a laugh—owns three Cadillac cars and gives orders to his own Filipino butler. Where else but in Hollywood?

There are all sorts of more trifling items: Lupe Velez pays one hundred dollars a pair for her shoes.

John Gilbert's new dressing-room on the Metro cost $25,000. A nice family home could he had for less. Very nice indeed.

Joan Crawford has two hundred pairs of shoes. Have you ever had to buy shoes for children? Thirty every week for a year, you know. She has one hundred.

Little Chester Conklin has a massively installed organ in his new French chateau. He has, also, a swimming pool built in replica of the old swimming hole where he paddled about as a lad.

RAGS—but SILK, TOO

ESTHER RALSTON pays more than a high school teacher's salary, plus interest, to the best Chinese cook in California. Lillian Gish has it stipulated in her contract that when she must wear a beggar's rag she must, at the same time, wear spun silk next to her skin.

She was paid $8,000 for one of the original Shakespearean folios. This is one of the few discriminating luxuries. An investment as well as a luxury. You can sell first editions. Very few sell Filipino butlers or perfume collections.

Clive Brook owns the finest collection of antique crystal ware in the country.

But why go on? I'm raising a temperature as it is.
Pain That's Paying
(Continued from page 82)

bore out the story of his early life more deeply than any words could express. Inci-
didentally, it is a story dealing with circus life. Maybe he was working from memory.
“After I got out of vaudeville,” began the big mouth after the sobs from the pre-
ceding scene had died away. “I went into burlesque and then to the musical comedy stage. Now I am in pictures and I guess my twenty-seven years of trouncing and strug-
gling will stand me in good stead.”
“I came to Hollywood more as a vac-
tionist than anything else—escorted by a
successful musical comedy from Broadway
calling ‘Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star’. While
playing Los Angeles, I received my first offer
to go in pictures. They wanted me to play in
a picture called ‘Molly and Me’ and I turned it down. When you consider TOLLY was anxious to get in the movies, that may sound funny. But I figured it this way:”
“Realizing that it had taken me twenty-
seven years of hard work to master the
rudiments of the stage, I didn’t think it
possible that I could step into pictures as
a featured player without any previous train-
ing before the camera. So I suggested to them
the opportunity to try myself out in a minor part in a story called ‘Crock’s Can’t Win’, which was made by the same
company. It was the best bunch I ever had.
“Did you ever stop to think of the little
breaks that either boost you up or down
in pictures? Making a picture is almost a
psychological affair. No matter how good you
are, you’ve got to make your entrance at
the opportune time. For instance, I could
be featured in the greatest characteriza-
tion in the world, but if it followed ‘The
Birth of a Nation’ or any other masterpiece
into town, I’d be lost in the shuffle. On
the other hand, I could just be fairly good in
a fairly good picture and if there wasn’t any
local competition I’d stand out big in con-
trast. See what I’m driving at? That’s the
secret back of some of your unaccountable
flops. They were hits at the wrong time.

That was just one of the things I had
figured out was wrong with Hollywood,
among a lot of other things. I had made up
my mind that I wouldn’t like Hollywood.
I had come to the conclusion that it would
be a town jammed full of egotism—and
egotism is the one thing I have no use
for. As a matter of fact, it has less than any
town I have ever hit. You know the reason?
“After a star or featured player has made
a good picture, let us say his first extra-
ordinary success, he feels big and important.
But three or four months of waiting and
idleness almost always follow and it is
that wait that knocks the egotism out of him.
After several of these a jolt the old big I falls
to show up even the day after the picture is
finished. Kid Egan has found its equal in
Battling Suffering: pride and the high-
hat is knocked from the ring!”
“I can’t imagine why the movies should
take me, a featured comedian on Broadway
who has never done anything but pull gags
and try for laughs, and put me in pictures as
an out-and-out tear-getter. But I’m not
trying to understand it or even explain it
because I’m beginning to love it. Anyway
there are many stage comedians—and only
one screen comedian, I mean Charlie
Chaplin. Who am I to compete with such
genius? I’m glad to be a part of Hollywood
in any niche they want to put me.” Suddenly
he interrupted himself with that famous
crow-on-the-roof smile, and then, if I were
an authentic movie star now and this is an
authentic interview, why don’t you ask me
some questions about my private life or my
love life? All movie stars seem to love
them! Right here I want to say that I have
the swellest love-life in pictures. I’ve been
married to the same woman for thirteen years.”
Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

The Garbo is admittedly lovely, but she is more attractive and more lovely when her clothes become her. "Wild Orchids" left me with a broken heart. The plot which was weak, dangled on indefinitely, and Greta was a sore sight. (A thousand brickbats to the great dress designer, Adrian.) She was dressed in very ill-fitting clothes and to me seemed to have lost a certain sweetness or softness of look and action, and in its place acquired an unbecoming hardness. I wonder if others feel as I do?

O. M. B.

BOSTON, MASS.—Several times I have thought of writing you on the subject I am about to mention; it is this: At the beginning of a picture you announce the cast, during the showing of the picture, one sometimes forgets the names of the different actors, would it not be a good idea to announce the cast at the ending as well as at the beginning? Has this been brought to your attention?

Mrs. E. Forster.

A Lupe Fan

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—I’ve been reading MOTION PICTURE for quite a number of years and I just have to state my opinion of Lupe Velez. I had the most wonderful opportunity to see Miss Velez in person, imagine it! at the Mastbaum Theater and I mean to tell you I didn’t allow it to slip. Does the movie colony know what a wonder they have? Really, Lupe is a wonder. I feel so sorry for the people who have not had the pleasure of seeing her, because the screen does not reveal her remarkable beauty. I always liked her, but I never thought her the most beautiful of the younger stars. Now I do.

It is quite impossible for me to express my thoughts of her, unless you have seen her, then you can understand this letter.

I have seen many beautiful heads of black hair, but none compares with Lupe’s. It is so silky and glossy that I don’t wonder Gary Cooper is madly in love with her. I wish I were him.

Lupe appears to me as if she does things when they “pop” in her brain. She never did the same things over, that is to say, not during the three times I stayed through the performances. She came on the stage as if she knew everyone there, and she had such a fascinating air about her that I named her as my favorite.

I certainly think Lupe should be placed in roles of her country. I imagine she would be very clever. She has all the fire and spirit of the Spanish and oh, what an admirable accent! Thomas McLachlan, Jr.

Doug and D’Artagnan

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.—Douglas Fairbanks has brought to life again the men of the robe and the sword in his masterpiece, “The Iron Mask.” He has the agility that Dumas put into D’Artagnan. I have read “The Three Musketeers” and its sequels. The description that Dumas gave D’Artagnan fits Douglas Fairbanks perfectly. This is one of the factors that helped make the picture a success.

Although the picture somewhat differs from the story, it has the old Dumas touch. I express the general opinion of the fan, by saying I regret to hear that this is probably Doug’s last picture.

Arthur William Costantino.
The Heavy-Lover
(Continued from page 67)

A great estate, a great city, a great court of the court of the court! a fitting background for a romantic hero.

But the perfect hero of romance must have more than family traditions and glamour upbringing. He must be able to handle the gamut of life's experiences. This young Russian, at an age when most Americans feel that life is just beginning, has known victory and defeat, love and poverty, hate and sacrifice, love and disillusion—all that chaotic and passionate Russia lived through. He saw his family plumaged from luxury to poverty and back again through war and terror. He lived and fought in the trenches and led special troops through the enemy's lines where dishonor and death. He sat in a prison cell and watched the sunset reden on the stone floor knowing that before another day dawned he was condemned to be taken out and shot. You might almost say that among Ivan Lebedeff's experiences is that of death.

And only the other day, in a Hollywood hospital, a half world away from the spot where it was fired, a surgeon removed a German bullet from his side.

The ideal romantic hero, I must think, is he himself. The ideal romantic hero must have a flair for life in all its different phases, must seek experiences outside those which naturally come to him. In other words, he must go adventuring.

When Ivan Lebedeff was a student in the Imperial Lyceum, he went away to a strange city during his summer vacation, changed his name, and apprenticed himself to a clothing store. "I actually worked with my hands," he relates, gesturing with his long artistic fingers. "Here in your country perhaps that is not unusual. But I was a Russian who received an education learned a trade. But I wanted to find my human worth. And I learned much from my fellow workmen—and my employer, too, for his own plane thought deeply about life."

BREAKING BLACK BREAD

At another time he spent riotous days in a great hotel,TPPLZCICINING their life and their black bread and their philosophy.

In the two years he has lived in America numerous other opportunities have opened to the man. His connection with international banking and the war, his diplomatic training, his several degrees from the University of St. Petersburg—any one of these offers a deal for him. He tells you frankly that he has refused better financial offers to go into business than most picture people receive.

"But why should I be bored for money?" he asks. "This interests me. There is nothing I wish so much as, as you say, 'to make good.' Nothing? Yes, perhaps, one thing. If I might gather a company of fighting eagles and go back to my country and fight to free it from those who torturing it now?"

All the romantic heroes of the screen whom I have ever known have had an air of mystery about them that seems to separate them from the average lot of mankind. In Valencia this quality of aloofness was so strong that everyone who worked with him felt it. He himself must have unconsciously realized this. I have heard him use the royal past tense. "We thank you" when speaking of himself.

Ivan Lebedeff has something of this characteristic. No one would think of going up to him and asking him on the back of a "Hullo, old top, how are you?" Although friendly and easy in his manner, he actually makes for formality in the most informal atmosphere in the world, that of a movie studio.
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

about spooks on a dark, rainy night, or about bears when you are alone in a forest. You refer to Edward Everett Horton, who played in "The Terror." Marion Byron, heroine in "Steamboat Bill, Jr." Pola Negri was born in Bromberg, Poland, Jan. 3, 1897. She is in Europe. Walter Byron hails from Leicester, England. He has light hair and blue eyes. He's twenty-seven years old.

JUST ME.—And the man in the moon. Eddie Quillan is not married. Adolph Menjou is a graduate of Culver Military Academy, and of the Cornell University school of engineering. Anyone desiring to join the Silk-Kenyon Fan Club may communicate with: Ann Power, 76 Lincoln Blvd., Hempstead, L. I., N. Y. Tom Mix Fan Club, Fargo Farmun, 1623 Ludlow Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

MIRIAM.—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 5, 1895. Married to Jessica Sargent, April 20, 1925. Dick is five feet seven, weighs 138 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Finished his education in Trinity College in Hartford, Conn. Was discovered by D. W. Griffith. First great hit was in "Broken Blossoms." Latest picture is "Drag." Lila Lee and Alice Day are co-starring.

BLUE EYES.—Jack Holt was born May 31, 1888. He is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. Married, has three children. You will see him next in "Father and Son." That is Clara Bow's real name. Arthur Lake is still a bachelor. Marceline Day in "The One Woman Idea."

PATRICIA.—Glad you like our magazine and this department. I never get tired answering questions. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., May 3, 1906. Ben Bard, John Boles and Robert Elliott played...
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A Rush of Film to the Head

Every actor in the country has it, of course. But that's not all. The playwrights responsible for the biggest Broadway shows, the song-writers who turn out the tunes you dance to, the wise-cracking paragraphers of the country's greatest newspapers—they all have it.

They're going to Hollywood in droves in their covered Pullmans.

And the result is that, with the old guard trying to hold its own against this new and excited horde of genius and talent and ability, Hollywood has never in its colorful life been more interesting.

There's gold in them there hills that look down upon Santa Monica. And the rush to California in the days of '49 is a piker's pilgrimage compared to the stampede for riches taking place today.

What's going to happen? Can the stars of last year survive? Or will this onslaught from the east turn out to be merely a flash in the pan?

Predications can be made. But things are happening so fast that events are keeping a little ahead of prophets.

And anyone who's ever been even slightly interested in the screen before will find the transformation it's going through now will endow it with a new glamour.

And anyone who's interested in the screen today will naturally turn to the publication which is known as the brightest and most commentator on it:

Motion Picture Classic

To know what's happening in Holly-
wood—and what's going to happen next, read the Classic. On the newstands the 12th of every month.

Motion Picture Classic

"It's the Magazine with the Personality"
Loud-Pedal Love

(Continued from page 112)

place was packed with the Wednesday devotees. Gwen looked lascivious and blithe and regal. Tony looked Western amoral. The rest of us looked on. What cuts they were! Gwen tenderly pined her corsetage on Tom. He patted her hand and laughed at other. So did Ruby, the hand that had reined Tony beckoned toward the orchestra. The violins, the saxophones came trotting. Even the bull fiddle. Ruby went and tuned it up and made music. Besides Gwen, two hundred other people got the benefit of the serenade. It reminded you of old Spanish nights and strumming troubadours; it was so different.

PUBLIC PETTING

No, the madding crowd in any way shows through the Нотs of Doug Fairbanks and Joan Crawford. Movie stars aren’t used to privacy. Not even for poetic moments. Which may explain a lot. Anyway, the world has full benefit of their tender regard for one another. They trek down theater aisles hand in hand, arm in arm. Sometimes she rests her head on his shoulder. He presses his cheek against her red, bobbed hair.

More or less secluded on a studio set with only a couple of hundred extras to look on, she sits on his lap and sure do some Jimmy things to one another. They speak their own language, a sort of affectionate variation of pig-Latin. The world may look on—and it can’t listen in, of course, the world understands pig-Latin. “Dodo,” she calls him. “Billy,” he calls her. They gaze deeply into each others eyes while the extras make notes of what to write the back home about being in love in Hollywood.

As for Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, they’re liable to go into a tap-dance right after a soul kiss. Lordy, lordy, how big a Broadway man loves that little Broadway girl. And does he care who knows it? He does not. He splashes all through town ordering her fur coats and diamond rings. One of the coats cost $25,000, but what of it? Al and Ruby are in love. Al wants Ruby to be happy. Al wants Ruby to have everything her little heart desires. What if the diamonds make the neighbors gasp? What if Ruby can hardly get wrapped into her sables and ermines?

KISSING HER SLIPPERS

There’s the gentleman who falls at the feet of his lady love and tenderly kisses the buckles of her dancing slippers. This however is usually saved for the drawing-room and seldom takes place in theater foyers or cafes.

There’s the snippy little kid who simply can’t resist tweaking the ear of a certain snide gentleman even though he has a wife in the background.

There’s the boy who spends hundreds of dollars sending poems over the wires to a girl in love, and never takes place in theater foyers or cafes.

Then there’s the dashing, but penniless suitor who cries “Princess!” every time his dashing, but not so penniless, fiancée enters the drawing-room.

Nor is it in its blooming the only season of demonstration. The tender emotion oftentimes dies violently. Dick Grace took it pretty bravely to the parting with Alice White. He made a concentrated effort to drown his sorrows in everything but water and then spent the rest of the time reciting “Alice.” Once the little jazz baby was awakened in the middle of the night to bail him out of jail. New York headlines, reporters, curious onlookers, yes, even the police of Hollywood pretty much as we fall into it, loudly and funnily.

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I feel so weak I can hardly walk. And according to Bernard Shaw, I am likely to catch the diseases now as when I started. "The part I look forward to most is the big-game hunting. I never killed anything certain terrifying than a wolf, but I certainly want to have a try at some lions. I have no doubt that there will be good sport, in the mosquito-hunting department. That I'm accustomed to. When I was in the South Sea Islands ten years ago, I became an expert."

And in this sort of way Duncan Renaldo half laughed off what, for any of the other young men who tried desperately to get the part, would have been the most wonderful and most thrilling opportunity of his life.

**JUST ANOTHER WORLD-TOUR**

IT seemed almost a shame that this plum should have fallen to the semi-surfeited lap of Renaldo. He is probably the only young man in pictures who has travelled at all extensively. To him it was just another setting out for the other side of the earth—very pleasant, to be sure, as a change from the daily Hollywood grind—but nothing to lose sleep over with excitement. Next day he was leaving for New York. Two weeks later he would be stepping on the *Ile de France*, the most luxurious liner on the Atlantic route to Paris. In six weeks he would have sailed through the Suez Canal and would be in the heart of the African jungle, surrounded by pygmies, lions, and mosquitoes. Not only would every conceivable expense for the trip be paid for, but he would receive a salary in addition, from the day he left Hollywood. He will do something for the average gangling, inexperienced, untravelled Hollywood leading man to dream about!

But for Duncan Renaldo, it was just a pleasant mania of the resumption of his wanderer's life where he had left it off two or three years before. It appealed the desire to wander that is in his fifty per cent Spanish. His fifty per cent of Scotch maintained his unfruffled exterior.

Duncan, you must know, is a very charming fellow—for which reason one rejoices that he was the lucky one selected to go on this, the longest and biggest location trip ever made from Hollywood. He is quiet and unconscious, yet inwardly brilliant. He has read much and seen much of life. He speaks seven languages, and a few little things like that. He stands out from the herd of Hollywood's young sheiks—when you get to know him—as amazingly profound and mature.

**POOH AND AGAIN POOH**

DUNCAN denies that to test people for the parts in "Trader Horn" they had Lon Chaney jump out at them unexpectedly from behind doors, to see how easily frightened they were.

He also pooh-poohs the reported statement of W. S. Van Dyke, the director, that he was doubtful if he would bring the whole troupe back alive. "Unless somebody gets black fever," says Duncan, "everything will be all right. Living for seven months in a sheltered temperature of 120 degrees or so is all right when you get used to it, and when one has measured everything one for two or three weeks one doesn't even notice it. The only other trouble would be, according to Duncan, if some of the natives decided to carry off two girls who tried for the part—Edwina Booth, the leading woman, and the script girl. This would be rather unfortunate."

"Tell you the truth," Duncan said, "I can't understand how any girl could take on this job—going without a maid or anyone to help, into the jungle for seven months. Edwina Booth must have got a nerve."
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If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man, then you don't need to read "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU KNOW About Love?
Do you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with few, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unhappily on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Elinor Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sincerely that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

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''Recently I discovered a way in which the success of my work as beauty specialist could be increased. I recommend to my clients Palmolive—the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value—and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective. It supplements excellently the effects of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1.''

FOR many years the elite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists who now carry the great Payot methods to cosmopolitan centers throughout the world.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

**Madame Payot’s discovery**

''I found,'' she says, ''that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing.

''So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc.

''The difference was immediately apparent,'' says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. ''This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1.''

**Her 2-minute treatment**

- Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

- For a dry skin, a touch of cold cream before adding powder and rouge; for oily skin, an astringent lotion.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in America, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other soap.