ADOLPH ZUKOR and JESSE L. LASKY

present

"BEAU GESTE"

A Herbert Brenon Production

with

RONALD COLMAN

(By arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn)

THE CAST

Michael "Beau" Geste_____________ RONALD COLMAN
Digby Geste______________________ NEIL HAMILTON
John Geste_______________________ RALPH FORBES
Lady Brandon____________________ ALICE JOYCE
Isobel ___________________________ MARY BRIAN
Sergeant Lejaune_________________ NOAH BEERY
Major de Beaujolais_______________ NORMAN TREVOR
Boldini__________________________ WILLIAM POWELL
Maris___________________________ GEORGE RIGAS
Schwartz_________________________ BERNARD SIEGEL
Hank____________________________ VICTOR MCLAGLEN
Buddy___________________________ DONALD STUART
St. Andre_______________________ PAUL McALLISTER

This book sold only in theatres showing "Beau Geste." It may be purchased in quantity from AL GREENSTONE, 1547 Broadway, N.Y.
Herbert Brenon - Producer

Ranking high among the great directors of the screen world, Mr. Brenon produced such classics as "Peter Pan," "Daughter of the Gods," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "The Street of Forgotten Men"—and now "Beau Geste," acclaimed his masterpiece. Mr. Brenon is one of the many who entered dramas as an actor and later turned producer with large success.

Adolph Zukor & Jesse L. Lasky present a Herbert Brenon production

'BEAU
GESTE'

with

RONALD COLMAN

(by arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn)

ALICE JOYCE, NEIL HAMILTON, NOAH BEERY, MARY BRIAN,
WILLIAM POWELL, NORMAN TREVOR,
RALPH FORBES, VICTOR MFLAGLAN

From the novel by Percival C. Wren. Adaptation by John Russell and Herbert Brenon. Screen play by Paul Scholder.

A Paramount Picture

Major Percival Christopher Wren
Author

Direct descendant of Sir Christopher Wren, the author of "Beau Gestes" served in the French Foreign Legion and is Oxford graduate, sportsman and world traveler.
The All-Star Cast of "Beau Geste"

The Characters
"Beau" Geste — Ronald Colman
Digby Geste — Neil Hamilton
John Geste — Ralph Forbes
Lady Brandon — Alice Joyce
Isobel — Mary Brian
Serg't Lejaune — Noah Beery
de Beaujolais — Norman Trevor
Boldini — William Powell
Hank — Victor McLaglan
Buddy — Donald Stuart

The Children —
"Beau" — Maurice Murphy
Digby — Philippe de Lacey
John — Mickey McBan

The picture also employs several thousands of horsemen with mounts, two hundred camels, Arabs, Legionnaires, etc.
A RELIEF detachment of the French Foreign Legion arrives at a remote fort in the African desert. The field glasses of Major de Beaujolais, in charge of the relieving force, reveal that in every embrasure in the walls a soldier is standing, rifle in hand, ready to fire upon the enemy.

A bugle call elicits no response: not a man stirs, and the gates remain closed. Riding close to the walls the Major discovers that the men in the embrasures are all dead. A hardened campaigner refuses to scale the walls. Then the trumpeter asks and is granted permission to enter the fort. He is never seen again. After an interminable time, and fearing a mutiny, the Major himself scales the walls.

He finds the dead body of the adjutant, Lejaune, who had been in command, pierced through the breast by a French bayonet. Near him is the body of a Legionnaire, and, as before stated, every man in the embrasures was dead.

Obviously, Lejaune had been murdered by one of his own men. As the Major takes a crumpled note from Lejaune's clenched hand, he promises to avenge his death, and removing the Croix de Guerre from his own tunic, pins it on the breast of the dead man.

The Major reads the note, then examines the other body, showing great surprise. Finally, getting no response to his frequent calls to the trumpeter, he rejoins his men, this time ordering some of the company into the fort. Refusing to go, the men disobeying are put under arrest and the Major asks for volunteers. Two volunteer, then a few others follow suit.

The detachment enters the fort where the Major is astonished to find the bodies of Commandant and Legionnaire have both disappeared.

Subsequently, as punishment is about to be pronounced on the rebellious Legionnaires, the fort is seen to be on fire, and immediately thereafter, there is an alarm of Arabs. In pursuit of the supposed enemy, the matter is shelved.

The story shifts back to rural England, and to Brandon Abbey, where the childhood of our main characters, Michael, Digby and John Geste, is spent. As a boy, Michael, or "Beau" Geste, overhears his aunt, Lady Brandon, make a secret sale of the "Blue Water" — a wonderful family heirloom sapphire. She does this in order to educate and bring up the children, whom her dissolute husband wishes her to repudiate. The stone is replaced by an imitation.

Then a day comes, several years later, when Lady Brandon's husband demands the sapphire he sold to pay off his debts. He is going to stop off at Brandon Abbey to negotiate the sale. At this juncture the imitation stone is stolen, and a very stern aunt tries to discover which of her "children" is a thief. Failing, she sends for Scotland Yard detectives.

Beau, Digby and John, the brothers, in turn, disappear, each leaving a note to say he is the thief, each knowing that the other is warding off family disgrace by a "gentleman's lie."

John and Isobel, a ward of Lady Brandon's, have a touching farewell.

There follows the enlistment of the three boys in the French Foreign Legion. After many painful experiences, Beau and John serve under the brutal Sergeant Lejaune at the Sahara desert fort, Zinderneuf, and Digby is the trumpeter at another desert post many miles away.

The gallant Major de Beaujolais is an old friend and suitor of Lady Brandon's. Hence his surprise on recognizing in the dead Legionaire — "Beau" Geste, and on finding that the bit of paper in Lejaune's dead hand was a confession by Beau of the theft of "Blue Water."

What really happened at the fort is shown in several powerful sequences:

Lejaune's men, owing to his intolerable cruelties, were about to revolt. A handful of them including Beau and John, refuse to join the mutineers. Lejaune, meantime, has heard of the proposed insurrection. He also hears that Beau and John are jewel thieves and that the former has a valuable sapphire hidden on his person. He gathered this false information through hearing the boys chaff one another.

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The last stand of the survivors at the Fort.

Who stole the $100,000 sapphire? Could it have been the gallant "Beau"?

(Below)

Even as children, Isobel and John were sweethearts.

(I've got you two where I want you now," cries the enraged Lejaune.

(Below)

Lejaune makes the dead man fight.

(Below)

From the four corners of the earth to join the Legion.

Ill-fated Fort Zinderneuf, scene of the Legion's heroic stand.
Lejaune determines to get the sapphire. But he is a soldier first and he sets about to quell the revolt, and to punish the leaders therein. This process is interrupted by an Arab attack, and the marvelous defense of the fort, most of Lejaune's men being killed early in the engagement but each being propped up in his place by Lejaune, and the survivors firing from behind each until the Arabs think those within the fort bear a charmed life.

From one embrasure to another, and one wall to another, rush John and Beau, and the strategic genius, Lejaune. Finally Beau is apparently killed and Lejaune sends the exhausted John below for coffee, the Arabs seeming to have retreated before what appears an impregnable defense.

John warns Lejaune not to touch Beau's body but Lejaune, after the sapphire, pays little heed to the warning. He is going over Beau's body, rifling his pockets, when John returns, and is about to attack him with a bayonet.

Lejaune draws his gun, and John sees doomed, when the supposedly dead man, by one convulsive movement, clutches Lejaune's feet, and enables John to run his bayonet through Lejaune.

Then Beau rallies sufficiently to say farewell to his beloved brother, and the latter escapes on the approach of the relieving force into the stifling, blinding Sahara.

Digby Geste, the trumpeter of the relieving force, on seeing Beau's body, had remembered his promise of a Viking funeral, a promise made solemnly during childhood play at Brandon Abbey. He had put a dog (in the body of Lejaune) at the feet of the "Viking" (Beau) and built a funeral pyre that also burned down the fort.

Digby then lets himself down over the wall and finds John on the desert. They play "Arabs" by firing from different directions, and decide to escape together. They go through innumerable hardships. Digby gives up his life for John, who finally gets back to home — and Isobel.

Herbert Brenon Achieves His Life-Long Ambition

The ambition of every motion picture director's life, the casting of a motion picture in exactly the way he wishes, with the entire field of players from which to select, was realized by Herbert Brenon in filming the many roles of his newest production.

The picture is the screen version of "Beau Geste," P. C. Wren's thrilling mystery novel of the French Foreign Legion with the most important of its locale laid in the African Desert. Brenon was given a free hand in casting this Paramount film.

Ronald Colman, who became famous with his first picture, "The White Sister" and who has been adding to that fame ever since, was placed in the title role of Michael, or "Beau."

Alice Joyce was the director's choice for one of the two feminine leads, and Mary Brian, whose first screen appearance was made in Brenon's "Peter Pan," his other.

Noah Beery was given the greatest role of his career, that of Sergeant Lejaune, "the cruelist beast and bravest soldier" in the French Legion.

Neil Hamilton, whom D. W. Griffith brought to fame, and Ralph Forbes, a young Briton who played leading roles in "Havoc" and "Greater than Love" on Broadway were chosen by Brenon as Colman's younger brothers.

William Powell, "the handsomest villain," and Norman Trevor, New York stage favorite, were also given featured parts.

John Russell and Herbert Brenon collaborated in adapting "Beau Geste" to the screen. Paul Schofield wrote the scenario. Three of the six months devoted to making the picture were spent on the Great American Desert in Arizona, 30 miles from civilization.

More Than Two Thousand Horsemen in "Beau Geste"

A greater number of marvelous horsemen than probably ever before were gathered together to appear in a single motion picture, are prominent figures in "Beau Geste."

The riders are western cowboys and Indians who appear as Touaregs of the African Deserts in this thrilling mystery story of the French Foreign Legion.

Water — Cheap At A Dollar Per Gallon

One dollar a gallon for drinking water was the cost of H2O when delivered to the consumer in the huge Arizona desert camp built by Paramount to house 2000 men and 1800 head of stock during the filming of "Beau Geste."

While a well had been sunk with a capacity of 50,000 gallons a day this water was not used for drinking. That — was brought from Yuma, 30 miles away, by automobile, mule pack and desert sledge to the isolated camp.
Handsome Ronald Colman is an ideal "Beau" Geste.

With a last dying effort, "Beau" saves his brother's life.

Off to join the Legion.

Alice Joyce as Lady Brandon.

The deserters beg the stern Leona for mercy.

A ticklish moment.
At the Fort
Herbert Brenon simply had to keep working for he couldn’t reach anyone on his desert telephone except his “Beau Geste company. Even the phone is foreign. Realists, these movie folks

Desert Stuff

The Greatest “Location” in History By Dorothy Spensley

Modern science waved its wand and a city of 2000 men arose from the scorching wilderness of an Arizona desert.

Plank roads stretched across the trackless wasteland. Water was coaxed from arid ground.

Telephones were conjured by the magic. Electricity bowed to the will of the genie.

$10,000 worth of meat and $25,000 worth of groceries were devoured by the hosts of Aladdin.

And then with a puff of smoke and fire the city disappeared, mirage-like, and there remained only the eternity of the shifting sands.

This is the story of the most colossal undertaking ever made in the history of motion pictures when the burning sands and wastes of rolling wilderness thirty-five miles southwest of Yuma was transformed into a North African desert for the locale of Paramount’s “Beau Geste.”

Actors demand baths even in a desert. Three water tanks holding enough water for eighty-two daily showers, were erected. That’s Ronald Colman doing the hat waving

Semaphore the mob. Military tactics were used in directing the horsemen and a broadcasting set aided Brenon in hurling his words to the throng. The oasis is an import.

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HAVE just returned from a wonder spot. A modern miracle. I have seen what the great genii Motion Picture has done with a wave of his wand. How he has created on a barren ground, tenanted only by lizards, coyotes and reptiles, a city of two thousand people with all the comforts a city can boast. All this was done in two months time. It is tremendous. It is overwhelming in its vastness. And to tell of it in a few words is to cut a glorious tapestry to fit a small serving tray.

For the construction of this movie city, first arrived the carpenters—two hundred strong. The valley rang with the song of their hammers, the screech of boards being laid into tent floors, the whirl of rattlesnakes being dislodged from nests in the roots of scrubby mesquite trees. Then began an exodus of the poisonous reptiles—the deadly orange and black gila monster, the crab-like scorpion of toxic sting, the treacherous side-winder that does not coil before it strikes. All these denizens of an age-old desert departed with hiss and whir.

The securing of water was the first problem that confronted the invaders. An eight-ton well rig was brought in on a board track, a squad of men taking up the boards as the truck passed over them and laying them down again in front. Tireless energy. They drilled for fifteen hours and struck water in that arid wasteland at ninety feet.

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Desert Stuff

(continued from page 13)

But they continued to drill to the 133 foot level. Fifty thousand gallons of water daily were pumped from the well and distributed through eighty-eight shower baths, through faucets outside of each one of the hundreds of tents and into the kitchens. Water for drinking purposes was transported from Yuma.

And when I say transported you may think of an easy spin along macadamized roads. It is — for twenty miles — dotted on either side by squat houses of Yuma Indians. Then comes five miles of one-way corduroy road. And a corduroy road, should you not know, is made of logs, without benefit of plane, laid side by side. If this washboard roadbed does not jar your molars, there is still another roller-coaster thrill that only a trusty car can navigate. It is a plank road laid by Paramount that leads over sand dunes for nearly four miles and ends at the top of a wind and sand swept dune overlooking the camp in the hollow and the imposing set of the fort, standing like a mural crown, on the opposite side of the valley.

But that is not all. There follows a joyous slide down a chute of five hundred feet, after which the cargo is loaded onto a mule, a dray or perhaps a tractor that has been fitted with broad knife-like paddles, especially constructed for use in the sandy valley bed and for scaling the shifting dunes.

After the carpenters were finished, the tents went up. Many hundreds of little ones. Big tents, like those of carnival time, housed the main mess hall, the property department, the wardrobe, the hospital, the carpenter shop, the harness and blacksmith shop.

In the two thousand people who came to the location, every type of individual was represented. Eighteen nationalities were represented.

Cowboys came, too. Just droves of them. Tall, short, lean, sunburned, bow-legged, eager to don the awning-striped costume that was to disguise them as Arabs — the attacking hosts who would besiege the fort. Stars of the rodeo — champions of the range — broncho busters—“bull-doggers” — ropers — men from “Color-ray-do,” as Tom Carter advised. Men who have scored at Pendleton rodeos. Men who have ridden the ranges of the old west, like Ashley Lebrier, who for six months did not see a human face. And men like Bill Hurley, who can handle a horse or a ukulele with equal facility.

Daytime bristled with activity and the grim battlements of the fort on the distant dune, with its man-made oasis of palms and grasses, imported from the Hollywood prop room, were overrun with Hollywood Legionnaires in their jaunty blue and tan uniforms, dealing mock-death to their deadly Arabian enemies.

Ray Lissner and Bob Lee, assistants, rode the surrounding country in execution of Director Brenon’s commands to the hundreds of mounted men flung as far over the billowing dunes as the eye could see. Roy Hunt, the cameraman, yelled orders through the microphone of a broadcasting set.

There was time for a laugh at the attacking Arabian hosts.

“Every Arab who falls from his horse at the first volley from the fort gets an extra pay check!” Brenon called into the microphone.

And at the first discharge from the Legionnaires’ rifles every Arab in sight toppled from his horse to the ground. Dead!

Then there were guns furnished by the industrious prop man whose duty it was to supply bullets for the Legionnaires’ weapons.

“Whose cap pictol is this?” he bellowed, pointing at a deserted firearm propped against an embrasure.

“Mine!” a valiant Legionnaire called.

“Then why don’t you stand by it? Remember . . . a good soldier always sticks to his gun!”

It is like cutting a battle canvas to locket-size trying to tell the story of this greatest movie location. One must necessarily omit so many glowing details, so much absorbing information.
Part of the thousands of horses used in "Beau Geste."

Noah Beery grooms his mount for the battle scenes.

The Most Amazing "Location" in the History of Motion Pictures.

Neil Hamilton's army training helped him.

A section of the mammoth mess hall tent.

The Gestes — otherwise Messrs Colman, Hamilton and Forbes.

Director Brenon instructs his cast.

Bringing supplies by tractor across the Arizona desert.

Brenon directing with the aid of a loud speaker.
Personalities

RONALD COLMAN. a native of Richmond, Surrey, England, went to France with the original British expeditionary force of 160,000 in 1914. Wounded at the battle of Ypres, he was invalided home. Recovering, he made his debut on the London stage. He came to New York in 1920 and appeared in spoken plays with Henry Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Fay Bainter and others. His first screen appearance was in "The White Sister," starring Lillian Gish. He also played in "Romola," "Tarnish," "A Thief in Paradise," "The Supreme Moment," "The Dark Angel," "Stella Dallas," "Kiki" and other successful pictures. Colman declares his role in "Beau Geste" the finest he has had since "The White Sister."

ALICE JOYCE. Born in Kansas City, Mo., Miss Joyce was the first of the famous Vitagraph stars. Following a brief retirement from the screen she came back by popular demand and was signed by Paramount. She has appeared in "The Little French Girl," "Mannequin," "Dancing Mothers" and several other pictures. She is 5 ft. 7 in. high, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

NOAH BEERY. Born in Missouri on a farm, this popular character actor went to school in Kansas City with Jesse James Jr. He received his first stage experience in stock with William S. Hart, Wallace Beery and other famous actors. He has been in pictures for over ten years and has played some of the most famous roles on the screen, notably in "Wanderer of the Wasteland" and "The Vanishing American."

MARY BRIAN. Born in Dallas, Tex., Miss Brian leaped into fame overnight when she played "Wendy" in "Peter Pan." She first came to the attention of screen producers by winning a Newspaper popularity contest. Since "Peter Pan," she has played in "The Air Mail," "The Little French Girl," "Street of Forgotten Men," "A Regular Fellow" and many other Paramount successes.

NEIL HAMILTON. A discovery of D. W. Griffith's, Hamilton was first seen by picture-goers in Griffith's "The White Rose." He played the leading role in the same director's "America" and "Isn't Life Wonderful." After his success in these parts, he was signed by Paramount. He was born in 1899 at Lynn, Mass., and lives in Pelham, New York. His stage experience includes tours with De Wolfe Hopper in "The Better Ole" and with Grace George in "The Ruined Lady."

RALPH FORBES. Like Ronald Colman, Forbes is an Englishman. He played on both stage and screen in England and came to this country to play the lead in "Haroo," a stage play at the Maxime Elliott Theatre, New York. While playing in a musical comedy with Ruth Chatterton, he married this popular young actress. He was signed by Paramount to play in "Beau Geste" following his appearance in a stage play, "Stronger Than Love." He is 6 ft. tall and weighs 165 pounds.

NORMAN TREVOR. Born in Calcutta, India, Trevor spent his youth as a tea planter in the Himalayas. He was a member of the English Olympic team in Paris and won over a hundred prizes in athletics. He started on the stage with Sir Charles Wyndham, the eminent English actor. He came to America in 1915, playing among other roles, the policeman in the stage play "A Kiss for Cinderella." He made his film debut opposite Doris Keane in "Romance." He has signed a contract with Paramount for his exclusive services in pictures.

VICTOR MCLAGLAN. Born in London, Eng., forty years ago, McLaglan is 6 ft. 4 in. in height and achieved considerable success as a heavyweight boxer before starting his dramatic career. He spent four and a half years during the war fighting with the British in Mesopotamia, being discharged with the rank of Major. He came to America at the request of J. Stuart Blackton to play the title role in "The Beloved Bride" on the screen. Besides playing an important role in "Beau Geste," he has been cast for the part of "Captain Flagg" in "What Price Glory?"

WILLIAM POWELL is 6 ft. tall, weighs 160 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. After leaving school, he became a member of a New York theatrical company presenting "The Ne'er-Do-Well." He played on the stage in support of Leo Ditrichstein and other noted stars. His first screen role was in "Sherlock Holmes" in which John Barrymore played the title part. Following his excellent work in "Dangerous Money" and "Too Many Kisses" and other pictures he was signed to a long term contract by Paramount and has since appeared in "Sea Horses," "Desert Gold" and other successes.
The Legion hears Lejaune pronounce verdict on the two deserters.

Noah Beery as Lejaune, a brute but a magnificent soldier.

(Above) Lejaune confronts the mutineers.

John (Ralph Forbes), Isobel (Mary Brian), Digby (Neil Hamilton) and Beau (Ronald Colman).

The toy boats of the Geste children in battle.

The Geste on duty.

Lejaune hears the dread cry, "Arabs! Arabs!"
The Man Who Wrote "Beau Geste"

MAJOR PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN

has just written a new novel of the French Foreign Legion as chock-full of thrills and mystery and glowing color:

BEAU SABREUR

The amazing adventures of Major Henri de Beaujolais, dashing French Hussar of "Beau Geste" fame, told in an action-plus story guaranteed to hold you fascinated to the last word. If you like "Beau Geste" you certainly will want to own and read "Beau Sabreur."

$2.60 everywhere books are sold!

A Suggestion: After you've seen the picture, "Beau Geste," go to the nearest bookshop and buy a copy of the novel, "Beau Geste," so you can have the whole story of the gallant Beau in permanent form to read and lend to your friends. And ask to see Major Wren's splendid earlier tales of the Foreign Legion — "The Wages of Virtue," and "Stepsons of France."

Publishers
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
New York
THE LEGION OF STRANGERS

Tales of valor, adventure, and almost unbelievably reckless bravery have been told and retold all over the world about the world’s most famous and most severe military organization—the French Foreign Legion. Decorated countless times by the French Government, it has achieved an unique distinction unequalled by any military organization of the world.

As early as 1792 a regiment of Swiss Guards, devoted to the French King, became known as the Legion Etrangere. But it was not until after Napoleon’s downfall that Louis the XVIII officially created the Royal Foreign Legion. Later, in 1831, the French Chamber of Deputies decreed the Foreign Legion should not be employed on the soil of France, so the Regiment was sent to Africa, with headquarters at Sidi-bel-Abbe’s on the Algerian desert.

History has been made by the legionnaires on the Isle of Madagascar. They fought against the pig-tails in Indo China, they marched to Peking during the Boxer troubles and fought against the women warriors of Dahomey. Every French fight away from the soil of France finds the Legion in the fore. The most dangerous positions, those that require maximum bravery, endurance and fighting skill, are entrusted to the Legion. The legionnaire feels himself a personage. His comrades have suffered and died by thousands to gain the position the regiment holds. Each living member gives his all to maintain that record. That they have done so is evidenced by a typical Legion citation by a French general:

“The folds of your banner are not large enough to write your titles of glory, for our foreign volunteers live and die in the marvellous. It is to the imperishable honor of France to have been the object of such worship, of all the countries, and to have grouped under her skies all the heroes of the world.”

The hardships, strict discipline and the severe punishments for infractions of discipline all are taken as part of the day’s work by a legionnaire. He has been molded by the fierce, almost inhuman training period from which emerge hard living, hard fighting and hard dying soldiers.

Obviously, five sous a day, a cent a week in American money at the present rate of exchange, is not the attraction by which the Legion recruits its personnel. Some join for glory, others for adventure. Some seek refuge from a prison sentence or even the gallows! In the legion no one asks questions. Millionaires, paupers, clergymen, college professors, royalty, thieves, disappointed lovers, murderers and every other conceivable type of human creature in the ranks.

No man is known by name in the “Legion of Strangers.” Upon enlistment he is given a number and from that day until the day of his discharge he is addressed as “Legionnaire No. ______.”

The life is so hard and exacting that the recruiting officer often advises a day of thought to strengthen or weaken the candidates’ resolve to join and stick it out for five years. They are reminded that the penalty for desertion is death before a firing squad.

A legionnaire becomes familiar with the rules and regulations immediately upon his arrival at training camp. There it’s a case of “dog eat dog” and “hell take the hindmost.” Before the newly arrived recruits have had an opportunity to change from civilian clothes to uniform they are pounced upon by veteran legionnaires, their pockets rifled and shoes stolen in a rough and tumble fight. The next morning at reveille, instead of having a complaint to register they are placed under arrest for losing part of their equipment. They are told that equipment often stands between them and death—it must not be lost under any conditions. Thus the first day the recruit learns, forcibly perhaps, to hold his own.

Sneak thiefing in the barracks, however, is entirely different. If a man is discovered in such an act his comrades hold “kangaroo court” in which they decide his guilt and fix the penalty—usually 30 lashes with a lead-tipped, cat-o-nine-tails.

The usual soldier’s routine takes up the legionnaire’s day from five in the morning until 4:30 in the afternoon. His menu is as fixed as the stars. Breakfast consists of black bread and coffee sweetened with honey. Vegetable stew and coffee, as much as he wants, is his lunch. For supper—coffee and vegetable stew. Following roll call at 9 o’clock he is off until ten when all lights must be extinguished. “Midnight leave” is granted every other day. On these evenings he is permitted to return to camp as late as 12 o’clock. His usual amusement on “midnight leave” is to watch the dancers and mingle with the natives. This is encouraged by the French officials to further amicable relations, superficially as they may be.

Expeditions against native uprisings are a joy to the legionnaire. Sometimes they come four in a week. Sometimes the Arabs have something else to occupy their minds and for a month or two a comparative peace sets in.

While on an expedition the legionnaire wears no socks. The terrific heat on the desert causes socks to chafe the feet badly enough to cause unbearable pain. Usually on these expeditions a newcomer into the Legion is attacked with prickly heat and small boils. He has to endure also the bites of swarming mosquitoes during the night. The recruit is given no mosquito netting for two weeks of his first expedition.

There is a feeling of deep respect mingled with hate between officers and men—a feeling hard to define. The officers do not know their men. They are utterly uninterested in them as individuals. They live away from the barracks and when, at times, it becomes necessary for an officer to take a meal at the barracks he has a “dog-rober” test his food for possible poison.

During a skirmish the Legion officers never stand in front of their men. The discipline is so strict and the punishments meted out so severe there is possibility of being shot as the result of a real or fancied grievance held by one of the men. Even with this precaution an officer not infrequently is hit by a French bullet. The entire offending company stands court-martial, is arbitrarily found guilty and sentenced to run around the drill field carrying full equipment of 150 pounds for periods of from 12 to 14 hours.

Even with this constant undercurrent of conflict an officer will sometimes sacrifice half his company rather than leave a dead or wounded legionnaire on the field. Never is a comrade deserted, left to the mercies of the Arabs. Death—rather than capture.

All in all the legionnaire lives in constant romance and adventure, fantastic and horrible in turn. He leaves the Legion glad to have lived with men who do things, who neither give nor ask favors. No matter what he was when he entered, he comes out — a man!
"A KING CAN HAVE NO MORE"

No more? No monarch in all history ever saw the day he could have half as much as you!

Paramount has entertained the world with more photoplays of a better kind than any other company. Leadership has brought to Paramount the greatest talent of all the world, eager for the greatest reward and the chance to thrill world-wide audiences. You are always safe when you choose to see a Paramount Picture because "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town." A King can have no more!

WATCH FOR THESE BIG PARAMOUNT SPECIALS COMING

A James Cruze Production
OLD IRONSIDES
By Laurence Stallings

D. W. Griffith's
SORROWS OF SATAN
with Adolphe Menjou as Satan

Florenz Ziegfeld's
KID BOOTS
with Eddie Cantor

A Victor Fleming Production
THE ROUGH RIDERS

WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW
with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
TIN GODS
Allan Dwan Production

Paramount Pictures
Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City:
IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!