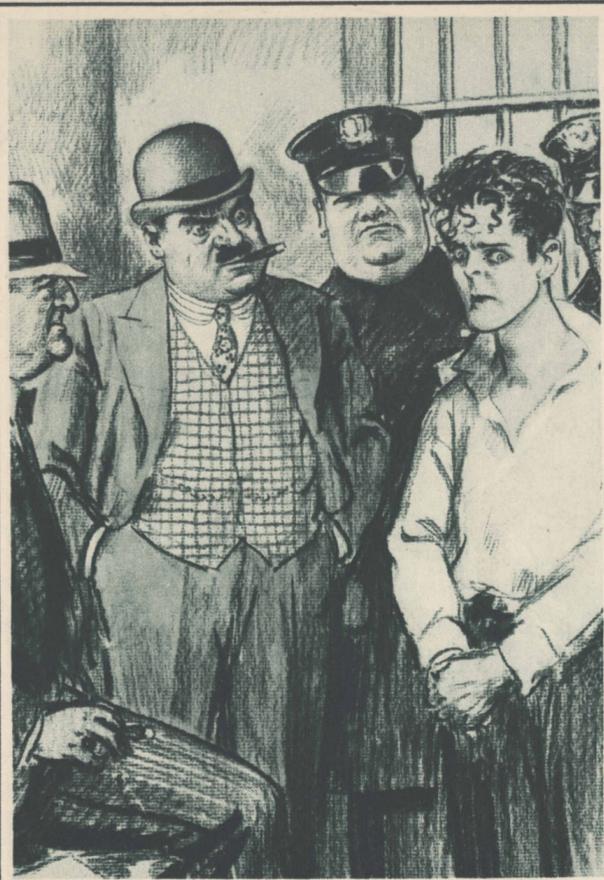


# The Underworld Film By W. E. Hill

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The third degree. Things are looking pretty drab for Paul, the hero. The police are out for information concerning the beheading in cold blood with a meat ax of Soft Spoken Annie, the coke addict, in the apartment of Golden Gate Grace. The detectives know anyone as handsome as Paul could never have done so foul a deed, but they are going to question him. Paul, as you no doubt have guessed, is protecting Grace's unsullied name by his silence.



The local color. Showing denizens of the underworld sneering and snarling at the officers of the law. O, how they glower and glare!



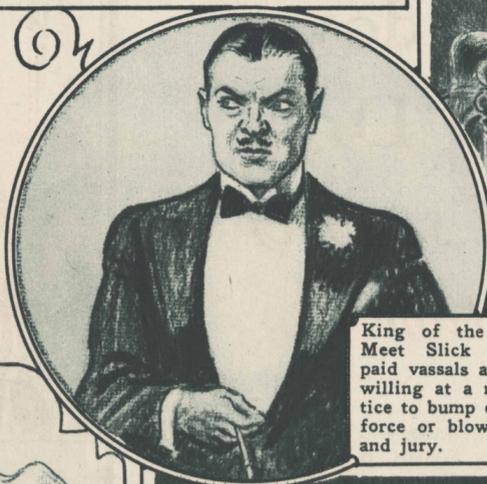
The dawn of love. Babe, the bank robber's girl, and Hard Boiled Logan, the plain clothes man, are casting the dirtiest looks at each other. Such epithets as they are hurling hither and yon! Never mind, if we know our films, this is just the prelude to love's young dream.



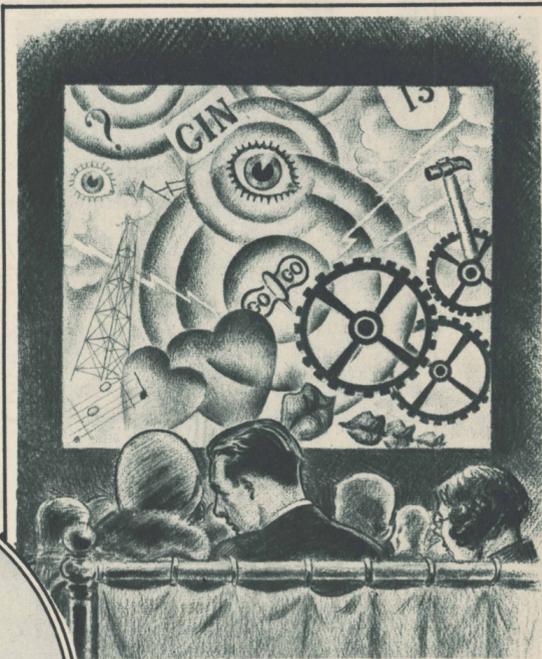
The closeup. Just an underworld heroine looking wistful and wishing she could go straight. O, how she longs for a little home in the country and the love of an honest man whose only jewels are the drops of honest sweat which glisten like pearls upon his brow—and some sweet little kiddies playing around.



Going straight. Two Gat Gertie and Slippery Al cared for each other in a big way, so they married and tried, O, so hard, to go straight. But Al missed the racket and kept wanting to go back. And one night when Pie Eyed Percy, pal of the old days, stopped by and invited him to help bump off a couple of fresh district attorneys, it was almost too much. If little Gertie junior hadn't piped up and said (closeup), "Poppa, my dollie is sick; don't leave her and I alone tonight," there's no telling what would have happened. And, just to make doubly sure, Two Gat Gertie shot Pie Eyed Percy in the liver. "I had to do it, Al," sobbed Gertie; "we gotta go straight!"



King of the bootleggers. Meet Slick Sam, whose paid vassals are ready and willing at a moment's notice to bump off the police force or blow up a judge and jury.



The German influence. "Kiss me, you fool," said Red Lottie to Harold, the police captain, whom she had come to love madly. And this is a closeup of their first kiss. It shows you the spirit of the thing, and not the old fashioned closeup of two great big faces in contact. Hot stuff, if you like your films that way.



"Stick 'em up, boys!" A thrilling bit in "Manslaughter Preferred," where Cowhide Helen (alias Pin Head Patsy) cows three members of the force with the handle of a saucepan, while Rat Faced Bernie makes his getaway.



"My Gawd! the bulls!" Here's the carload of fierce cops from out the black night, all set to shoot up the gangsters' nest.