

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY^{N.S.E.}

DECEMBER
25 CENTS



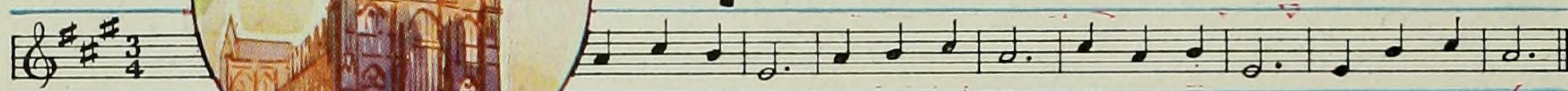
THE MICROPHONE—
THE TERROR
OF THE STUDIOS

YOU CAN'T
GET AWAY
WITH IT IN
HOLLYWOOD

*Norma
Talmadge*

*Earl
Christy*





"old world Witchery" in

JOAN CRAWFORD'S Home

"Thank you for the exquisite chime clock," enthuses Joan Crawford, acknowledging our gift to one of screenland's most fascinating stars.

"Its soft lingering melody seems to soothe one's tired nerves after long exacting hours in the studios. If there really is such a thing as a magic spell, I believe this enchanting clock achieves it. Its influence in my home is positively beautiful...A remarkable clock!" Thus does the fascinating star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's great produc-

tion, "Untamed", describe the almost magic old world witchery of Sessions Westminster Chimes... Listen!

Catch them yourself *today*, through your radio receiver. Choose your station from the list on this page. Hear the mellow haunting melody broadcast directly from within a Sessions Clock. As you listen, remember that at a nearby store where good clocks are sold you can select from a wide variety, a Sessions Westminster Chime Clock to perpetuate that charm in your

home. And they are actually inexpensive... *twenty-eight to thirty-nine dollars!* Our free booklet, "*Chimes That Cast a Spell of Old World Witchery*", is yours for the asking. The Sessions Clock Company, Forestville, Connecticut.

TUNE IN ON ONE OF THESE
(See local program for time)

In the EAST, WBZA Boston, WBZ Springfield, Mass., WOKO Poughkeepsie, N.Y., WOR Newark, N.J., WIP Philadelphia, WPEN Philadelphia, WRVA Richmond, Va., WWVA Wheeling, W.Va., WSAZ Huntington, W.Va., KDKA Pittsburgh, WAPI Birmingham.

In the MIDDLEWEST, KYW Chicago, WORD Chicago, KMOX St. Louis, KMMJ Clay Center, Nebr., WDAY Fargo, N. D., WRBQ Greenville, Miss.

In the WEST KGO Oakland, Calif., KOL Seattle KOA Denver, KDYL Salt Lake City, KGRS Amarillo, Tex



Sessions Clocks

WESTMINSTER CHIMES

Does your tooth brush ever "show pink"?



Neglected GUMS are a needless threat to your teeth

EVEN an occasional tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush should be taken seriously and corrected promptly.

For that little weak spot on the walls of your gums cannot be permitted to bleed—unheeded! It might be the forerunner of trouble far more serious.

As your dentist will tell you, unhealthy gums are responsible for the loss of thousands of good teeth. The host of gum disorders nearly always start with a slight bleeding—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, occasionally even the dreaded pyorrhea may follow!

Don't wait for gum troubles, prevent them

Ideas of oral hygiene and dental care have changed radically during the past

few years! And it's common sense to use a tooth paste that guards your gums while it cleans your teeth.

Thousands of dentists personally recommend Ipana. For Ipana keeps your teeth immaculate. It tones your gums at the same time—sends the fresh blood coursing through them, to purify and strengthen the millions of cells!

Gum troubles attack when you least expect them. They are caused by creamy sauces; luscious, tempting salads—by the soft foods you eat and prefer. The modern diet gives the gums too little exercise to keep them firm and sound!

But Ipana is scientifically compounded to prevent damage. It stimulates the gum tissue, speeds circulation through the tiny veins. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating the gums.

So get Ipana and play safe. Its double protection makes it a wise economy, even though you pay a few cents more for it—with gum troubles the danger they are—with gum neglect the risk that dentists tell you it is!

Send the coupon for a 10 day sample of Ipana if you wish but, better still, get a large-size tube from your druggist. Tonight, begin the full month's test! Within 30 days your teeth will be cleaner—whiter; and your gums firmer—harder—sounder.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-129
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

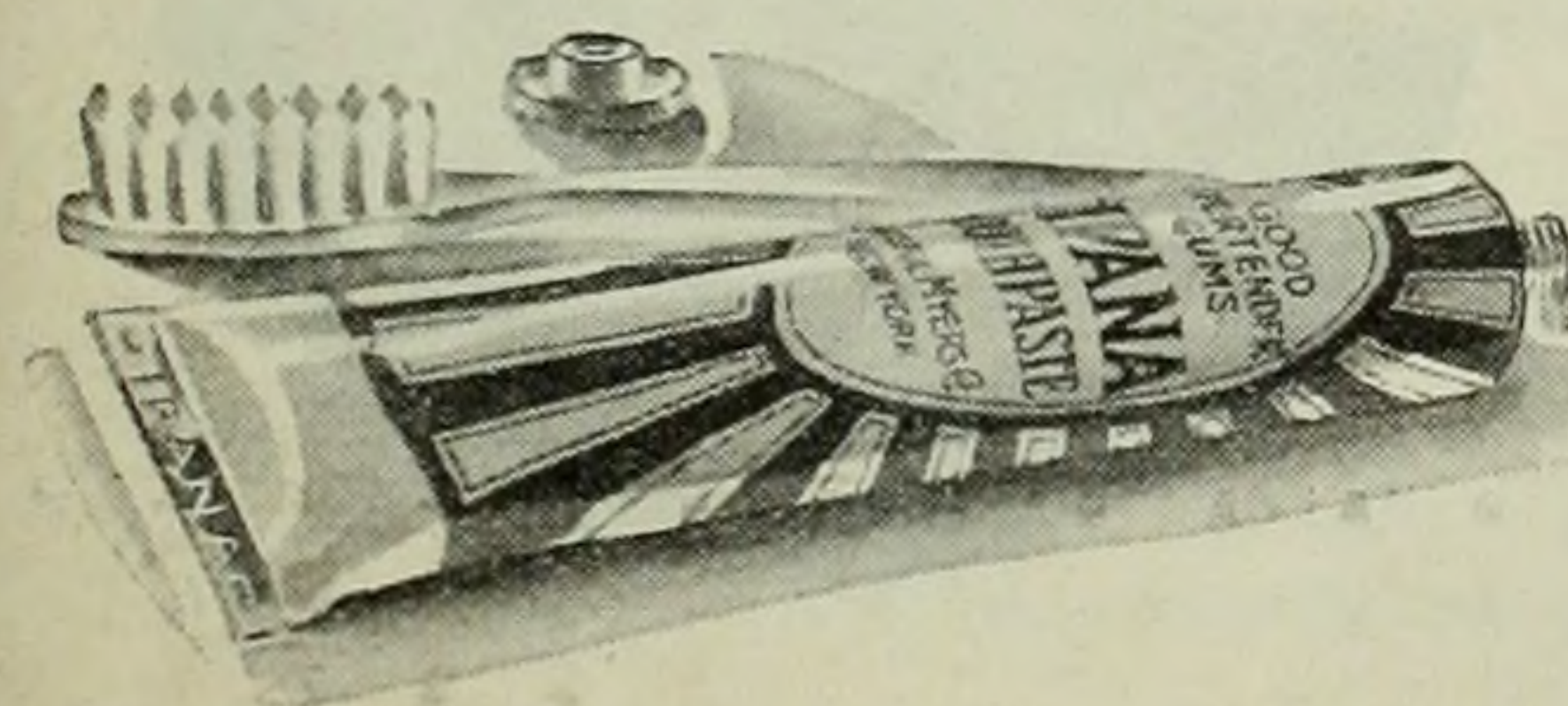
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

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

© 1929



IPANA Tooth Paste



LIKE AN ALL-TALKING "COVERED WAGON"!

Your Theatre will be playing "The Virginian" soon. Ask when you can see it, and other Paramount Super-Shows of The New Show World — the greatest entertainments of the greatest name in entertainment! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

ALL THE TENSE DRAMA OF THE BOOK PLUS

Settings of stupendous beauty — where you see and hear thousands of bellowing cattle, cowboys singing as they ride range, gunfights, campfires crackling, hair raising drama, rich humor, warm romance



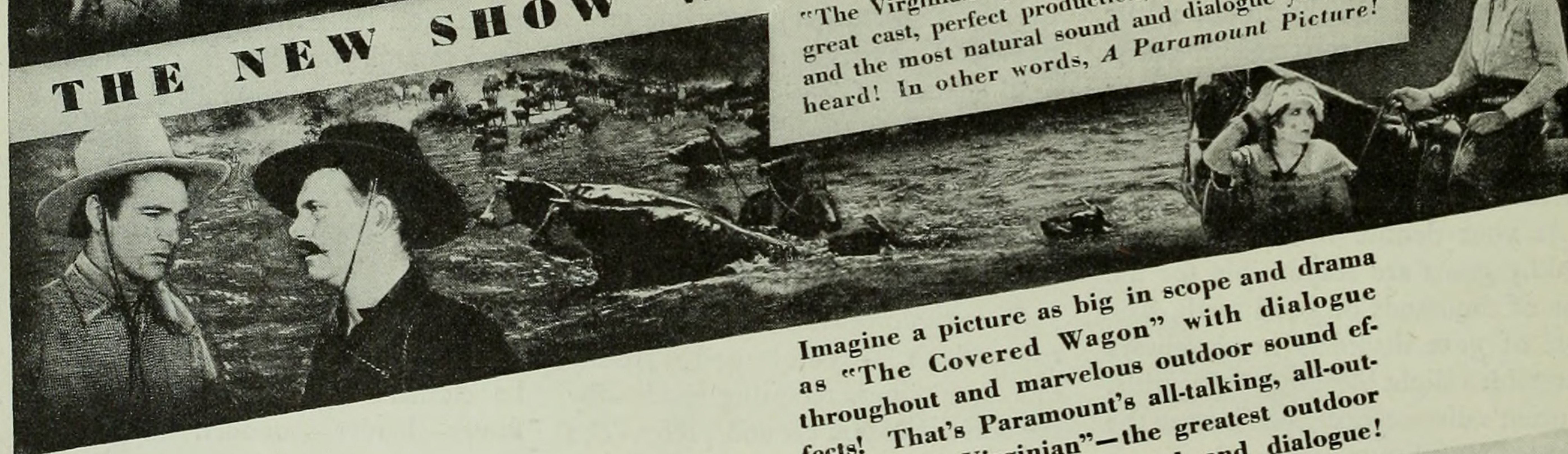
"THE VIRGINIAN"

FOUR GREAT STARS: Gary Cooper in his first all-talking role, ideally cast as "The Virginian," Walter Huston, Mary Brian and Richard Arlen. Directed by Victor Fleming. By Owen Wister and Kirk La Shelle.



THE NEW SHOW WORLD IS PARAMOUNT!

"The Virginian" proves it anew! A great story, a great cast, perfect production, marvelous settings, and the most natural sound and dialogue you ever heard! In other words, A Paramount Picture!



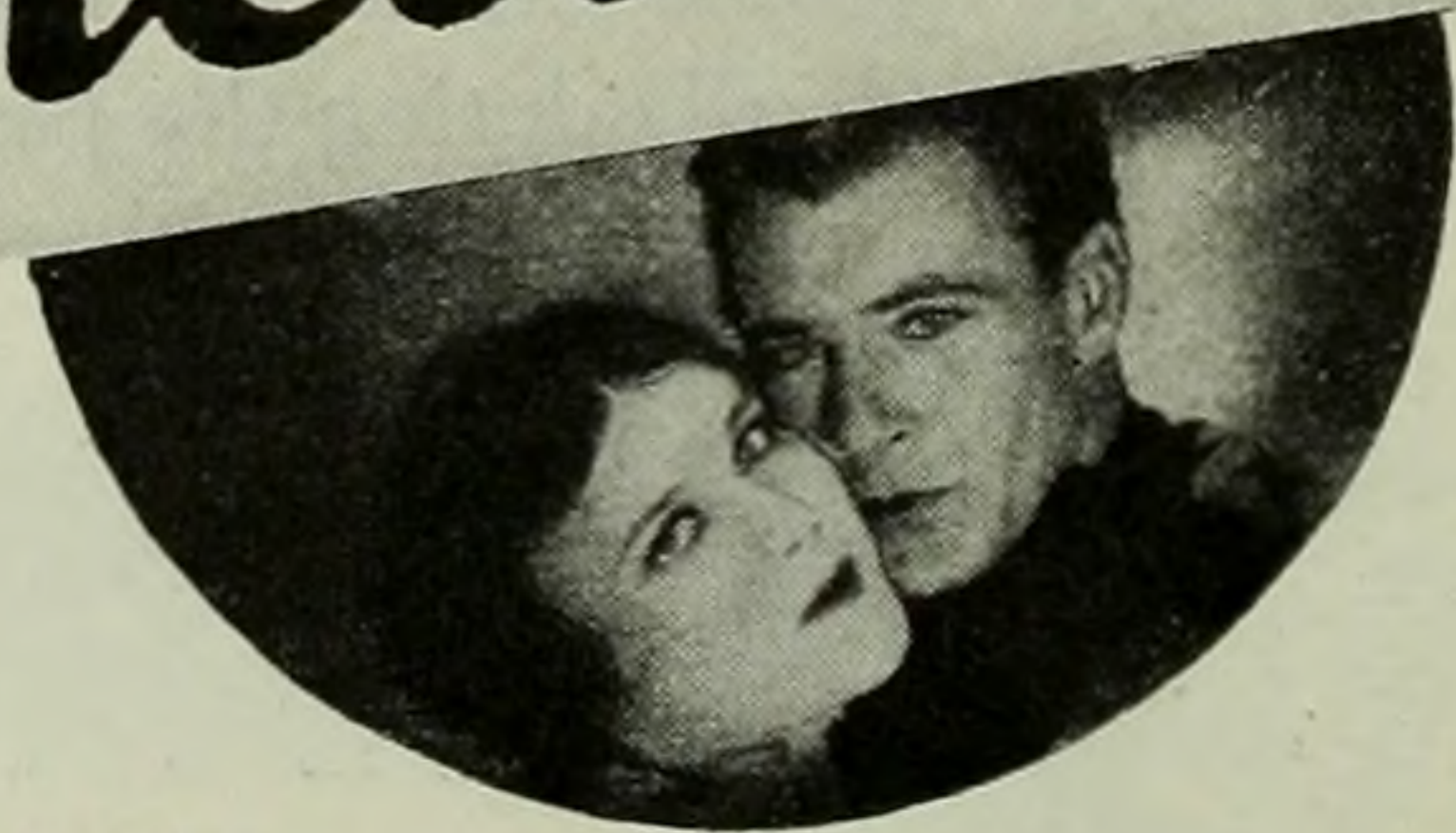
Imagine a picture as big in scope and drama as "The Covered Wagon" with dialogue throughout and marvelous outdoor sound effects! That's Paramount's all-talking, all-outdoors "The Virginian"—the greatest outdoor drama ever filmed in sound and dialogue!

Paramount



Pictures

TUNE IN! Paramount-Public Radio Hour every Saturday evening, 10-11 P. M. Eastern Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The High-Lights of This Issue

Cover Design Norma Talmadge—Painted from Life	Earl Christy	Two Aces and a Pair of Queens This Winning Hand Is Composed of Irene Bordoni, William Bakewell, Robert Armstrong and Norma Terris	Cal York	40
As We Go to Press Last Minute News from East and West	6	Oh, It Is, Is It? The Masculine Side of a Celebrated Controversy	Charleson Gray	43
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures A Guide to Your Evening's Entertainment	8	The New Extra Girl She's Pretty and Pert	Roland Francis	44
Brickbats and Bouquets The Voice of the Fan	10	Gossip of All the Studios What the Film Folks Are Doing and Saying	Cal York	46
For the Festive Season PHOTOPLAY'S Famous Cook Book Has the Recipes You'll Like	13	The Disliked Girl Folks Picked on Alice White, but Her Gameness Won	Grace Thornley	51
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems PHOTOPLAY'S Personal Service Department	Carolyn Van Wyck 16	The Shadow Stage Reviews of Latest Sound and Silent Pictures		52
Close-Ups and Long Shots The Editor Tells You What's What and Who With- out Fear or Favor	James R. Quirk 27	Olive in Quest of Her Soul The Story of a Girl Who Learned to Be Natural	Helen Loring	59
The Microphone—The Terror of the Studios This Demon Is Making and Breaking 'Em	Harry Lang 29	The Other Side of the Story Tragedy and Misfortune Have Stalked Many Who "Got Their Chance with Griffith"	Marquis Busby	60
Just a Crazy Kid He's the Despair of Pueblo and the Sensation of Hollywood	Janet French 31	"I Raised My Boy to Be an Actor" J. C. Nugent Talks About Elliott	Elaine Ogden	63
How to Become a Hollywood Hostess And Keep Peace at the Festive Board	Katherine Albert 32	You Can't Get Away with It in Hollywood What? Oh, Anything	Basil Woon	64
Cornering the Sister Market Famous Pairs Who Are Cast in a New Revue	34	Reeling Around Tidbits Served with a Dash of Spice	Leonard Hall	66
3 Fur Coats They Started the Story of Sue Carol's Imaginary Millions	Eugene Earle 36	Do-Re-Mi-Fa-Sol! PHOTOPLAY'S Theme Song Record Department	Maurice Fenton	70
She's Dynamite That's Kay Johnson, Who Drives to Her Openings in a Taxi	Stanley Burton 37	PHOTOPLAY'S Style Forecast from Hollywood <i>Edited by Katherine Albert</i>		74
Pickles and Pictures (Fiction Story) A Great Story of Love and Business	Jerome Beatty 38	The Big Parade of What's Being Worn and How		
		Questions and Answers What You Want to Know About Films and Film Folk	The Answer Man	96
		Casts of Current Photoplays		142

A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 14

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

Publishing Office, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

JAMES R. QUIRK, President

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. **Caution**—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1929, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago.

As We Go to PRESS

Last Minute NEWS from East and West

YOU don't have to be Elinor Glyn to guess that the star of a picture called "Station S-E-X" is Clara Bow! Clara will make two more pictures before vacationing in Europe.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS now belongs to the small and gilded group at the top of the motion picture industry. Under his new contract, which runs until 1933, Dick will make only two pictures a year and get paid approximately ten thousand dollars a week for doing it.

LON CHANEY has overcome his microphone phobia. One of his first talkies will be "Cheri-Bibi" by Gaston Leroux.

BUSTER "BEEP BEEP" WEST and his father, John, have had their contracts renewed by Christie's for a series of all-talking pictures. Buster and Virginia Cherrill are likely to get married any minute now—if they haven't already.

THE Hays ban on "They Knew What They Wanted" has apparently been lifted, for it will be produced by M-G-M, and Sam Goldwyn has loaned Vilma Banky for the starring rôle. Sidney Howard, author of the play, is writing the adaptation.

LOOKS as if gray's the popular shade at First National. Both Lawrence Gray, who wowed 'em in "Marianne," and Alexander Gray have leading rôles in "Spring Is Here."

MARIE DRESSLER plays the old drunk in "Anna Christie," the eagerly awaited Garbo talkie.

AFTER sitting around the M-G-M lot for five months waiting for a suitable rôle, Carlotta King has returned temporarily to vaudeville. Her contract has seven more months to run.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD'S first picture for Samuel Goldwyn will probably be a version of his successful "Whoopee."

BACLANOVA returns to the Coast this month to make a last stand against the demon microphone. If, in her final picture for Paramount, she proves that she has mastered English, her contract may be taken up.

ERNST LUBITSCH scored a big success with "The Love Parade" and will make at least one more picture for Paramount.

NOAH BEERY emerges in a new rôle. Warner Brothers have placed him under a two years' contract because of his remarkable singing voice.

WILL ROGERS' next will be "By the Way, Bill," by Ben Ames Williams, said to be the story of Will's life. William Howard will direct.

WARNERS have signed Alice Gentle, the grand opera star, for a series of rôles in 1930, due to her outstanding work in "Golden Dawn." The singer, contrary to all operatic traditions, is now svelte as a co-ed.

REGINALD DENNY has been signed by Sono Art to do a series of four pictures.

RUTH CHATTERTON has finished filming "The Laughing Lady," at the Paramount Long Island Studio and will return to Hollywood.

Last Minute Reviews

"Glorifying the American Girl"—Paramount.—This long fussed-over picture about the little girl who breaks into the Ziegfeld "Follies" is an anti-climax to all the back stage stories. Mary Eaton tries hard, but the only punch is a brief comedy bit by Eddie Cantor.

"His Glorious Night"—M-G-M.—John Gilbert does well in his first talkie love story—one of these mythical kingdom romances. Watch for Catherine Dale Owen, as a cold young princess, and Nance O'Neil, as a merry old queen.

"General Crack"—Warners.—John Barrymore is debonair as usual in his uniforms in this tale of 18th Century romance. A beautiful Technicolor sequence and John's first all-talking picture push him up the ladder again.

"Paris"—First National.—Irene Bordoni and accent are a success in the talkies. The oo-la-la girl is beautifully photographed, and sings in French and English. Her imitation of Al Jolson is amusing. Jack Buchanan, English, is her leading man.

"Applause"—Paramount.—Helen Morgan, the toast of New York musical comedy and night club life, débuts in a dramatic rôle in her first talkie—another back stage tearjerker. Simply elegant in spots.

"Lilies of the Field"—First National.—Corinne Griffith, the Orchid Lady of the Screen, dances on the piano with a champagne glass in her hand, and she wears tights. My dear, you have no idea! A pleasing combination of comedy and drama.

"Love, Live and Laugh"—Fox.—The fine directorial hand of William K. Howard shows here. It is a tender, rueful little story about a hurdy-gurdy man. The keynote is pathos, but never maudlin. George Jessel plays the Italian boy and Lila Lee is the sweetheart.

"The Long, Long Trail"—Universal.—Hoot Gibson hits another bull's-eye by the charm of his smile and his indifference to women—even such lovely girls as Sally Eilers and Kathryn McGuire.

IT is probable that Richard Dix's first starring vehicle for Radio Pictures will be the famous George M. Cohan play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Joseph Allen, who played the hermit in the original Broadway production, will repeat for the talkies.

MARION DAVIES is soon to make "Fair and Warmer." The silent version will be recalled as one of May Allison's most popular pictures.

BASIL RATHBONE, one of the first Broadwayites to do a covered wagon when talkies came in, has just had a new contract signed by M-G-M.

THE Mary Brian-Rudy Vallée flareup seems to have been but a flash in the pan. Mary is going places with Matty Kemp and Rudy is seen about with a youthful and unknown vamp.

THE Lenore Ulric (Sidney Blackmer) have finished their picture engagements and left for New York to do a new play, "The Sandy Hookers." Blackmer has already been signed by First National to return to the phonoplay.

AS a nice sugar plum for being a good girl in "The Devil May Care," Dorothy Jordan draws the feminine lead in Novarro's next phonoplay. It's to be an original by Josephine Lovett, titled "Song of India."

GET a load of this—Ruth Roland's first all-talkie will be a big special for Sono Art called "Reno," based on Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, book. Wotta combination!

PATHE is grooming Eddie Quillan for stardom—which means no more minor parts. The title of his next story has been changed from "Romeo's Juliet" to "Breezy."

JEANETTE MACDONALD has left for New York, and if she doesn't marry her manager while in the big town the rumor hounds are going to be that disapernted!

PATHE'S "International Television Review" is being done in five languages. A platoon of directors and a regiment of stars are working on and in it.

AARTHUR LAKE may go to M-G-M to make "Billy the Kid."

THE last word in titles is "Vagabond"—no really chic title is complete without it. Harry Richman's picture for United Artists has been definitely monikered "Broadway Vagabond" (a hangover from last season's "Broadway" rage); Rudy Vallée is making "The Vagabond Lover" for Radio; and Dennis King has just completed "The Vagabond King" for Paramount.

GRETA GARBO may star in "Ex-wife," sensational novel of adventures after divorce, published anonymously, but written by Ursula Parrott, former New York advertising woman. M-G-M has bought it for filming.

GLORIA SWANSON has taken a pent house apartment in New York and seems to be settling down in the East for a spell.

make this your winter of SUPREME LOVELINESS through PRINCESS PAT

Make-Up and Skin Care
Are So Important

Winter . . . cold, nipping winds, pastimes that take you in and out of doors . . . zestful, brimful days of shopping, of dances, of pleasure, but so hard upon your skin . . . so disastrous to the very beauty upon which your social success and keenest enjoyment depends.

And winter brings your beauty to closest inspection . . . places you under the brilliant lights of the ballroom . . . the contacts of your bridge game . . . all the countless hours of indoor pleasures. Yet notice how different are the complexions you see — some beautifully soft and velvety, some roughened and hardly smoothed to a semblance of beauty. Just chance? Not likely, for the smart, sophisticated woman of today leaves nothing to chance.

Princess Pat Beauty Aids Guard Your Skin and Give You Supreme Loveliness

Just the soothing caress of Princess Pat powder *helps wonderfully*. Its famous almond base, of course, protects against winter's winds and cold. Not a bit like the usual powders of *starch base*. Instead of harshness — when the skin is drawn with cold — Princess Pat almond base powder gives smoothness and pliancy. It protects the pores. And when you go out of doors — go from hot to cold — there is not the same shock to your skin.

Then there is Princess Pat Rouge. It, too, has a base of precious almond. 'Tis a further protection to your skin to use this most fashionable — and most flattering — of all rouges. You'll love Princess Pat Rouge, for

no other rouge can possibly glorify your natural beauty as does Princess Pat. Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret "duo-tone" process. Consequently — where old fashioned rouges are dull, flat and artificial, Princess Pat Rouge is alive and glowing with *more than natural beauty*. Seven significant shades, including *Summertan* and *Nite*.

Another (and very important) beautifying touch is Princess Pat Lip Rouge. It colors the inside surface of the lips, too, and is of such perfect consistency and such ideal color that the true Cupid bow lip is yours without fail. You cannot imagine — but must *experience* — the effect to know how beautiful your lips can be made.

And, of course, creams! There are the three Princess Pat creams to keep your skin smooth and pliant during the most severe trials of winter weather.



Lupe Velez, famous screen beauty, registers delight—the rouge is Princess Pat. At the left Lupe is seen applying Princess Pat Cream (skin food). Her gesture very aptly suggests the caress of this marvelous cream.

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, and lip rouge. The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base 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 promptness.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get
This
Week
End
Set—



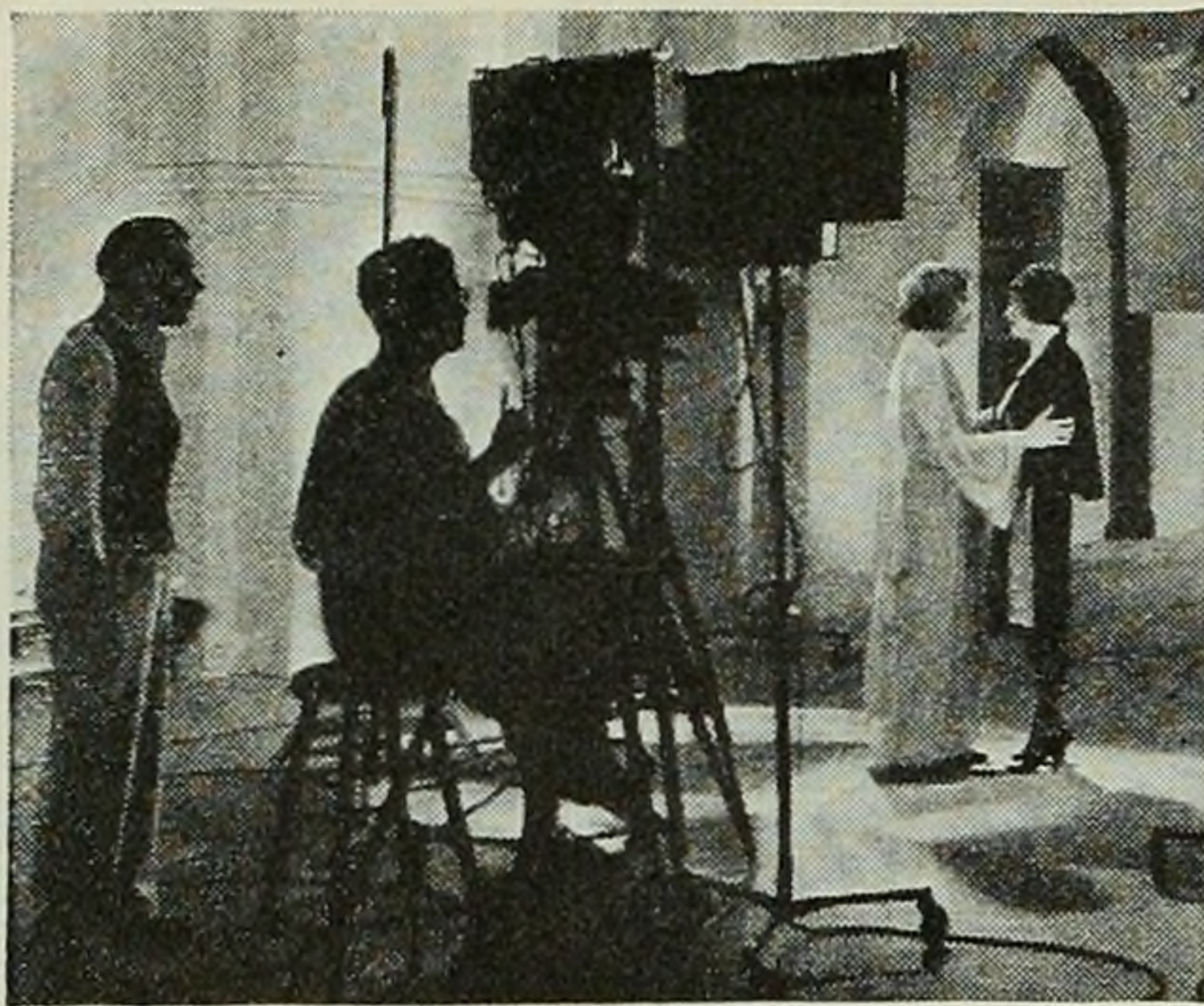
SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 56-C Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....
Street.....
City and State.....

.. | PRINCESS PAT | ..

PRINCESS PAT, LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ALOHA HAWAII—All Star.—Unusual production based on Hawaiian legend. With native cast in Hawaiian settings. Silent. (Aug.)

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

★ **ARGYLE CASE, THE**—Warners.—Fascinating mystery story with a swell performance by Thomas Meighan. All Talkie. (Aug.)

★ **AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Pathe.—Delightful Ina Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. All Talkie. (Oct.)

BACHELOR GIRL, THE—Columbia.—Dull love triangle, but nicely acted by Jacqueline Logan and William Collier, Jr. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN—Fox.—Well done but rambling mystery melodrama well acted by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Sept.)

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

BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE—FBO.—Cowboy Mix in a fast and thrilling one. Silent. (July.)

BIG NEWS—Pathe.—Another, and obvious, story of an unhappy young reporter, with pleasing work by Bob Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Sept.)

BIG REVUE, THE—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year-olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

BLACK MAGIC—Fox.—Another priceless title gone wrong. South Sea life—and very dull, too. Sound. (Oct.)

BLACK WATCH, THE—Fox.—Extravagant melodrama of India, which just misses being one of the best. All Talkie. (Aug.)

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

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

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

★ **BROADWAY**—Universal.—The original and best night club melodrama. In spite of its grandiose settings, the story will get you. And some good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

BROADWAY BABIES—First National.—Alice White as a chorus cutie at her best to date. Fred Kohler steals it as a big beer and booze man from Detroit. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND**—Goldwyn.—United Artists.—Great melodrama, intelligently produced and with a fine performance by Ronald Colman. Don't miss it. All Talkie. (July.)

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

CAMPUS KNIGHTS—Chesterfield.—Life in a fashionable boarding-school—as it isn't. Don't waste your money. Silent. (Aug.)

CAREERS—First National.—More intrigue and scandal in a white colony in Asia. Pretty good. All Talkie. (Aug.)

CHARMING SINNERS—Paramount.—Well acted and intelligent drama. All Talkie. (Aug.)

CHASING THROUGH EUROPE—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (our error!) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct.)

CHINA BOUND—M-G-M.—Messieurs Dane and Arthur in a Chinese revolution. Fairly funny. Sound. (June.)

★ **CHRISTINA**—Fox.—Slender and improbable story made beautiful and worth seeing by the inspired acting of Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (June.)

CLEAN-UP, THE—Excellent.—A noble newspaper fellow cleans up the bootleggers. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

CLIMAX, THE—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as an old maestro in a picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **COCK EYED WORLD, THE**—Fox.—Further disagreements of Sergeants Eddie Lowe Quirt and Vic McLaglen Flagg, with Lily Damita the chief trouble-maker. Highly seasoned. All Talkie. (Oct.)

COCOANUTS, THE—Paramount.—Filmed version of the Marx Brothers' musical show. Some hilarious moments. All Talkie. (Aug.)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Cock Eyed World"
"Hallelujah"
"Hollywood Revue of 1929"
"The Dance of Life"
"Bulldog Drummond"
"The Broadway Melody"
"Alibi"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. All Talkie. (Nov.)

COLLEGE LOVE—Universal.—"The Collegians" elaborated and improved. Lots of fun. All Talkie. (Aug.)

COME ACROSS—Universal.—Just a round-up of discarded movie plots. Part Talkie. (July.)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Gainsborough.—English production of a fine novel, told with taste and intelligence but badly photographed. Silent. (Aug.)

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

★ **DANCE OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in an all-talkie made from the famous backstage play, "Burlesque." Grand. (Sept.)

★ **DANGEROUS CURVES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow in tights in a love story of a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept.)

DANGEROUS WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Reviewed under title of "The Woman Who Needed Killing." Tropical and torrid drama of the South Seas. Not for children. All Talkie. (June.)

DARK SKIES—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. All Talkie. (Nov.)

DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN—All Star.—Nicely done Chinese picture, with Lady Tsen Mai, prominent in "The Letter," in lead. Silent. (Sept.)

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

DEVIL'S CHAPLAIN, THE—Rayart.—Adventures of royalty in America. Fairly entertaining. Silent. (July.)

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

★ **DRAG**—First National.—Dick Barthelme shines in a quiet domestic story, with Lila Lee a sensation in the film. All Talkie. (Sept.)

DRAKE CASE, THE—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. All Talkie. (Nov.)

DUKE STEPS OUT, THE—M-G-M.—Lightweight but amusing story of the romance of a cultured prize-fighter. Part Talkie. (July.)

★ **DYNAMITE**—M-G-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. All Talkie. (Oct.)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—Reginald Denny in a farce that manages to amuse in spite of its hoary plot. All Talkie. (Sept.)

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

★ **EVANGELINE**—United Artists.—Beautiful and touching film version of one of America's best-loved poems. Worth your while. Sound. (Aug.)

EXALTED FLAPPER, THE—Fox.—A princess turns flapper and upsets royal traditions. Frothy but funny. Sound. (July.)

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal.—Old-fashioned movie thriller. Silent. (July.)

FALL OF EVE, THE—Columbia.—Rowdy farce of the buyer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. Ford Sterling, Patsy Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

FAR CALL, THE—Fox.—Piracy in the Bering Sea. Plenty of action for your money. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **FASHIONS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou with a French accent. Amorous and amusing farce. All Talkie. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

WILLIAM FOX

presents

the first Viennese Operetta

A Song Romance with music by

OSCAR STRAUS

composer of

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER



with

J. HAROLD MURRAY

BROADWAY STAR OF RIO RITA

and **NORMA TERRIS**

BROADWAY STAR OF SHOW BOAT

Walter CATLETT
Lenox PAWLE

Tom PATRICOLA
Irene PALASTY

John GARRICK

WHAT THE NEW YORK PAPERS SAY:

"...One of the loveliest of all the melody films, the most exalted score yet to be sung in the audible pictures... Audiences are going to find it a thing of joy."

—QUINN MARTIN, *World*

"...An especially fine example of vocal recording... adroitly interspersed with joviality and extremely clever photographic embellishments. The principal songs are charmingly rendered."

—MORDAUNT HALL, *Times*

"...it recalls sweet and pleasant theatrical memories... it is of such stuff as dreams are made of... glorious music."

—IRENE THIRER, *News*

"...boasts big sets, mob scenes, elaborate color sequences... has been produced on a very lavish scale."

—ROSE PELSWICK, *Journal*

"...the most mellowing stuff that has made its way into the movies since Von Stroheim lifted the Merry Widow's face... principal waltz is pure delight."

—JOHNS. COHEN, *Sun*



Broadway contributes the stars, Hollywood the lavish and splendid settings, and Vienna the enchanting melodies of her greatest living composer, Oscar Straus—to make "MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD" the most glamorous song romance ever conceived for stage or screen!

Here is \$6.60 Broadway entertainment—plus! Leading stars of song and comedy, bevy of Hollywood beauties, settings that stun the vision with their magnificence, a plot that would have delighted George Barr McCutcheon himself and surrounding it all, a haunting, enchanting musical score by the world famous composer of the Chocolate Soldier!

"MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD" will be at your favorite theatre soon. Don't miss this musical Movietone!

Directed by
MARCEL SILVER



Brickbats & Bouquets

YOU FANS
ARE THE
REAL
CRITICS

Give Us Your Views

*\$25, \$10 and \$5
Monthly for the Best Letters*

This is your department. Come right in, hang up your hat and pat or spat the players. Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, and don't spank too hard, because we want to be helpful when we can. Limit your letters to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address attached, don't write. All anonymous letters go straight into the wicker. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come in—you're always welcome!

interesting plot, even if the heroine isn't so good.

Personally, I do not approve of shady women or even murderesses—ho hum!—but when one can dramatize the part like Miss Eagels did—well, let's have 'em bad.

W. M. C.

So There!

Gloucester, Mass.

I read with interest the letter by Mrs. M. Bates on Talking Pictures. I was surprised at her attitude.

A real musician would, in my mind, always wish to continue in the field of music. It was due to the number of musicians who, like Mrs. Bates, "sawed through thousands of performances" and "watched with impersonal interest" both the picture and audience, that musical scores in Vitaphone and Movietone became possible.

The successful theater musician, who is still working at his profession, never "sawed" through a picture with "impersonal" interest in either the picture or the audience. Instead, he tried to become involved in feeling with the story being unfolded on the screen and endeavored to interpret the emotional acting and dramatic points musically. He also had a very personal interest in his audience, trying to heighten the enjoyment of the photoplay by providing a proper, well-fitting musical background.

I confess that I like the talkies, particularly so if they have succeeded in removing those musicians from work who had no personal interest in their art and in the art of entertaining the public, their audience.

HARRY J. JENKINS, Organist.

Censors, Take Note

Denver, Colo.

Much is being said of the harmful effects of movies on children, but I believe that the good effects overbalance. It's up to the parents to help the child select the good from the bad as in everything else.

Our young son might read and re-read descriptions of big ocean liners, the ocean itself, airplanes, different animals, etc., but let him see them in pictures and they become fixed in his mind as they really are.

He saw and heard Edison give his speech to the forty-nine boys—saw the Graf Zeppelin, and although he had heard descriptions over the radio, the pictures gave him a more exact idea. At the same time he saw "Big News" and was so disgusted with the "drunk" that he said, "I'll never drink if that's the way it makes you act."

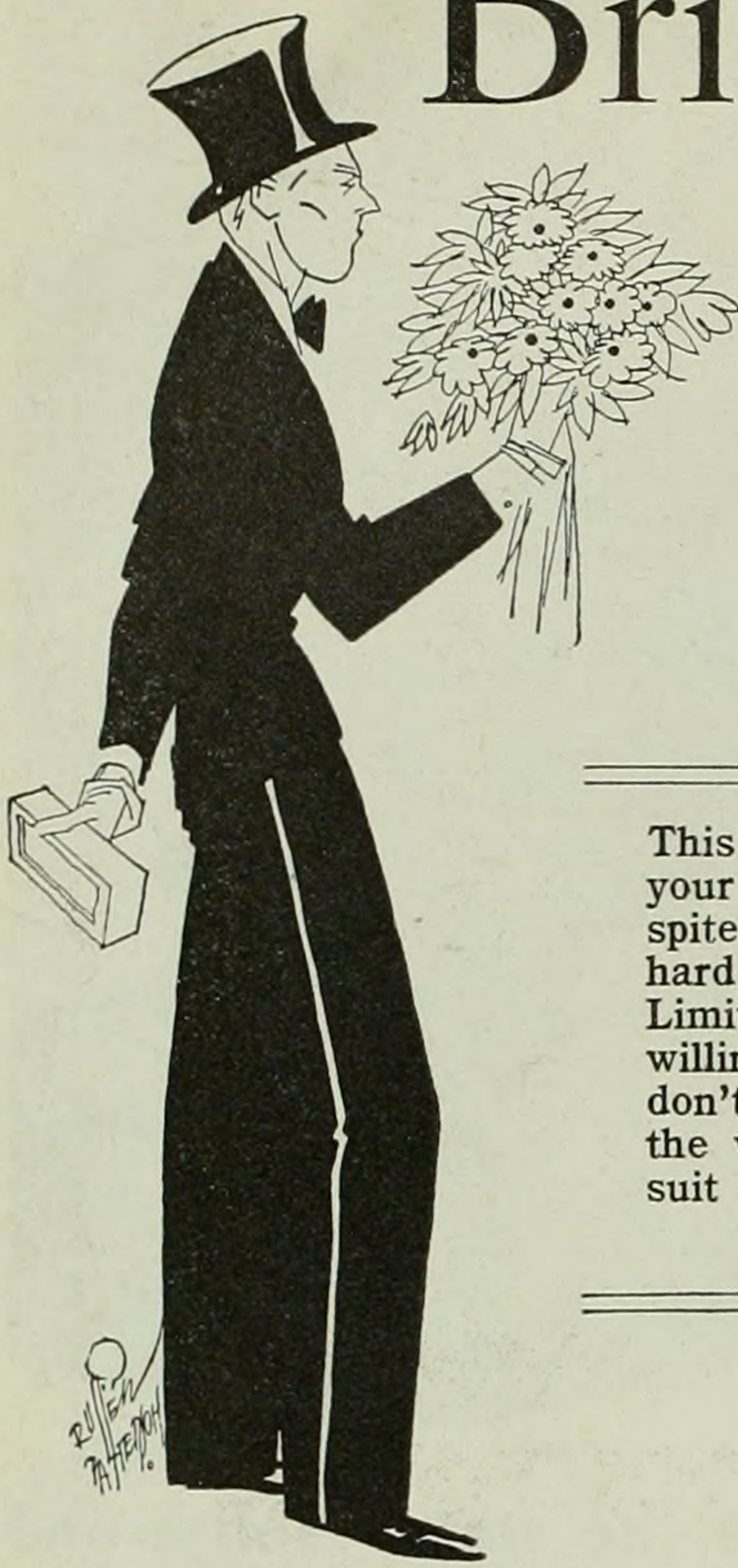
EVA M. DENST.

The Voice of a Trouper

Richmond, Va.

Why is there so much hard feeling between the real original "Hollywooders" and those just in from Broadway?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



How You Feel About Things

GETTING hard to please, you fans! You know what you want and you ask for it in no uncertain tones. But who has a better right?

Looks as if the standard of taste has been raised by the talkies. In the main, fans are demanding meatier and more original stories. There has been a note of rebellion this month against the flood of backstage, gangster, courtroom and "Pagliacci" themes. Fans are crying out against the deluge of cheap imitations which follows every big success.

They're still interested in the action of the phonoplay (talkie) on the deaf and blind.

Mothers are acclaiming the talkies a boon. Subtitles no longer have to be read aloud. And the talkies, especially the newsreels, aid in education.

Many still bewail the rout of Jannings and other foreign actors by the demon microphone.

There is much wailing over the Broadway invasion of Hollywood. Yet some of the newcomers from the stage are rivaling the old silent favorites in popularity.

Garbo and Boles still occupy the throne—although Ruth Chatterton has received almost as many huzzas as the Glorious One herself. Bill Philo Vance Powell is running second to Boles. Fans were all worried about the recent illness of Lon Chaney and his microphone shyness.

Upward and Onward Via the Talkies

The \$25.00 Letter

Newark, N. J.

I'm just an ordinary personage, like the thousands more of American citizens about me, whose homes are commonplace and ordinary, where everybody's radio seems to blare louder than the other after the evening meal.

We toil and push, getting nowhere, and to the greater number of us the motion picture talkies are an outlet—a dream world, and a real educational help. The talkies reach more

of the population than any other educational institution; they uplift us to broader thinking, better speaking. Help us to keep correct American pronunciations and correct wording; we need it so! Gosh, we hear enough slang and high-hatting in our everyday existence.

We don't want to be just "ordinary" always; we want to break away, to get ahead. Our American slang way of speaking often keeps us from better positions, but we do not wish the English way of speaking either. No, no, never—we want good true American speech—no frills, but correct.

TESS.

A Movie-Made Man

The \$10.00 Letter

Washington, D. C.

All my life I was lonesome for companionship. When I reached twenty-one, I felt the lack of it more keenly than ever. Then, one day I picked up an issue of PHOTOPLAY. As I read through its pages, I became conscious of the idea that if others could have friends and joyous times, I could, too. Shortly afterward I began attending a number of movies.

I studied the ways and manners of the young men on the screen before me, and tried to embody their most likable and attractive qualities. Soon after that people began to notice me, and frequently I overheard someone say that I was "likable," or "well-dressed." The change was uncanny. But when the girls took notice of me, I realized that I was not dreaming!

Today I am happy. I have friends where I used to have acquaintances, favorable attention where there was indifference.

JOHN LANDERS POOLE.

Wilder Women, Please!

The \$5.00 Letter

Baton Rouge, La.

Well, for once in my life I'm glad to say I've seen a picture where the heroine in it, namely Jeanne Eagels, in "The Letter," was allowed to be true to life to the end.

The usual expensive layout and the sweet heroine picture is all right for a pastime, but for a real enjoyable evening I'm all for the show that gives us some real acting and a little more



Something to it.

There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years. Listerine Tooth Paste, 25¢.

"The same advice I gave your Dad... LISTERINE, often"

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm, gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright, kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it!

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old-timers—bless their souls

—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Used full strength, Listerine kills, in 15 seconds, even the virulent *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government. Three well-known bacteriological laboratories have demonstrated this amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Yet it is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full-strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



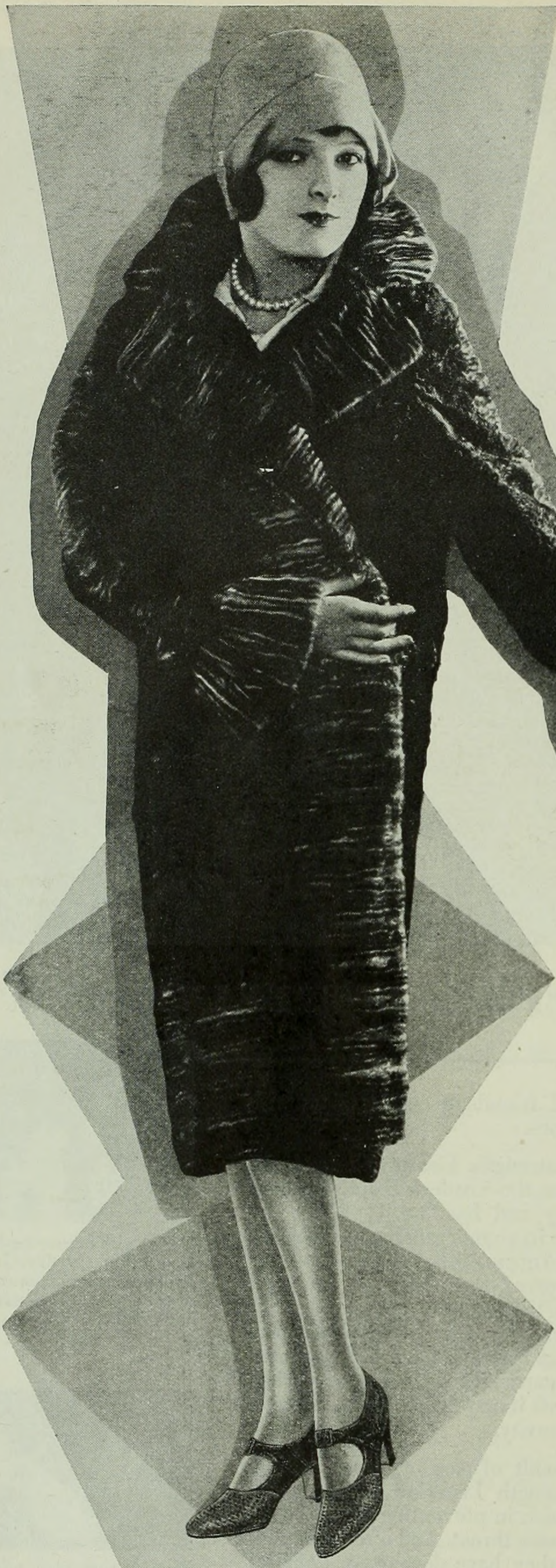
Gargle with full-strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.



How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs ever-present on them.

It checks SORE THROAT quickly

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS



Marian Nixon

“ ”
says it with

THE NEW

Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

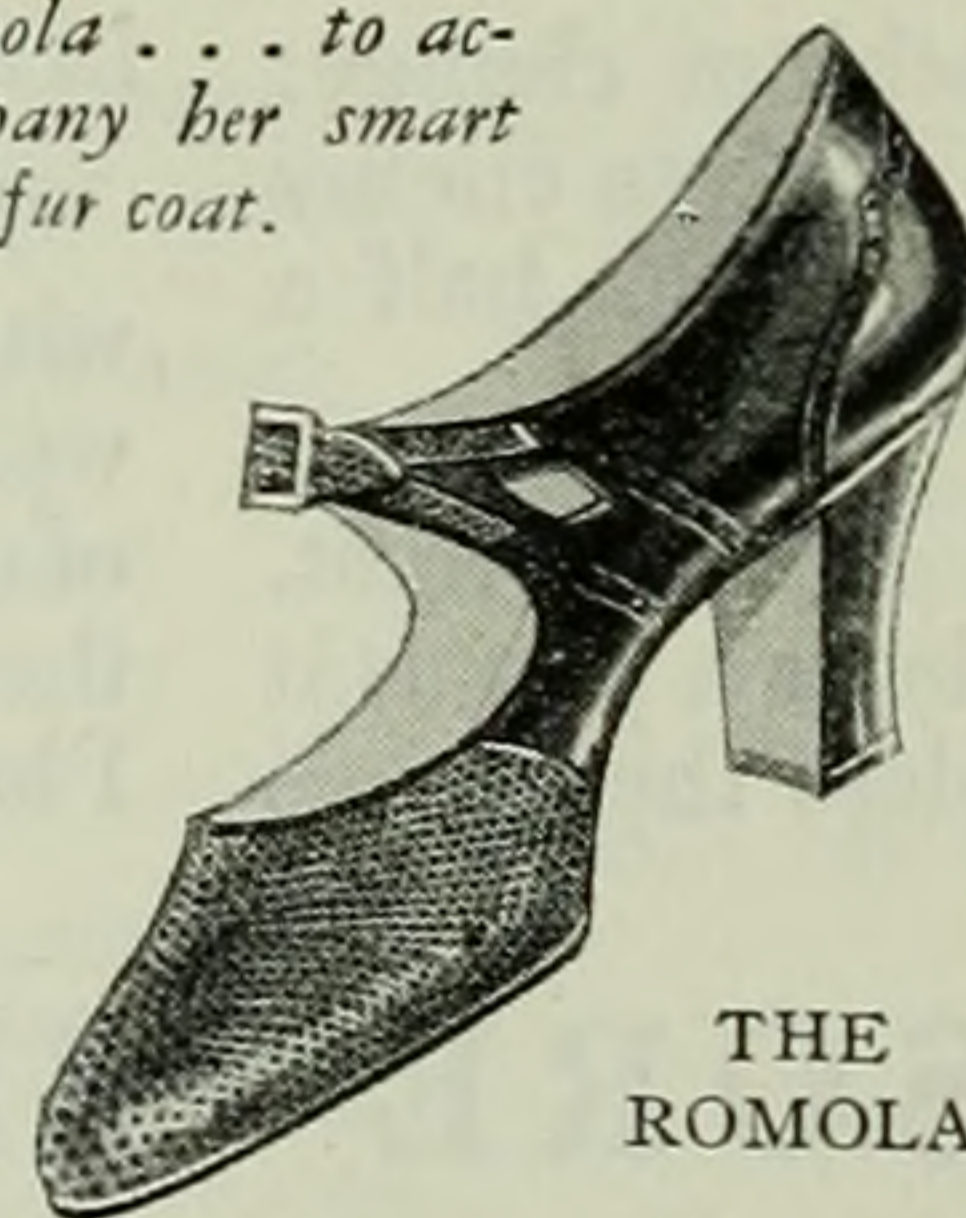
THE easy, girlish grace which is bringing Miss Nixon so many admirers in "Say It with Songs" and "General Crack," is a natural expression of feet that are energized with the smart new Selby Arch Preserver Shoes.

Your foot, too, will respond eagerly to these hidden Arch Preserver stimuli of youthful activity . . . the arch bridge that prevents all awkward strain, the metatarsal support that keeps the step elastic and light, the flat crosswise inner sole that permits complete freedom of action to nerves, muscles and blood-vessels.

These wonderful features are available only in this genuine, original Selby Arch Preserver Shoe. They assure the freedom of motion necessary to easy, graceful, natural carriage of the body.

You will enjoy wearing the new Paris models in Selby Arch Preserver Shoes. Styles for every occasion \$10 to \$18. Selby Arch Preserver dealers everywhere will be glad to show them to you, and demonstrate how the Selby exclusive method of heel-to-ball fitting achieves perfect unison between shoe and foot.

Miss Marian Nixon, the latest fashion in leading ladies, as evidenced by her success with Al Jolson in "Say It With Songs" and with John Barrymore in "General Crack," herself selects the latest fashion in shoes . . . the Selby Arch Preserver Romola . . . to accompany her smart new fur coat.



THE ROMOLA

A smart center buckle, with cleverly placed cutouts and perforations. Autumn brown genuine snake. Kid-skin to match.

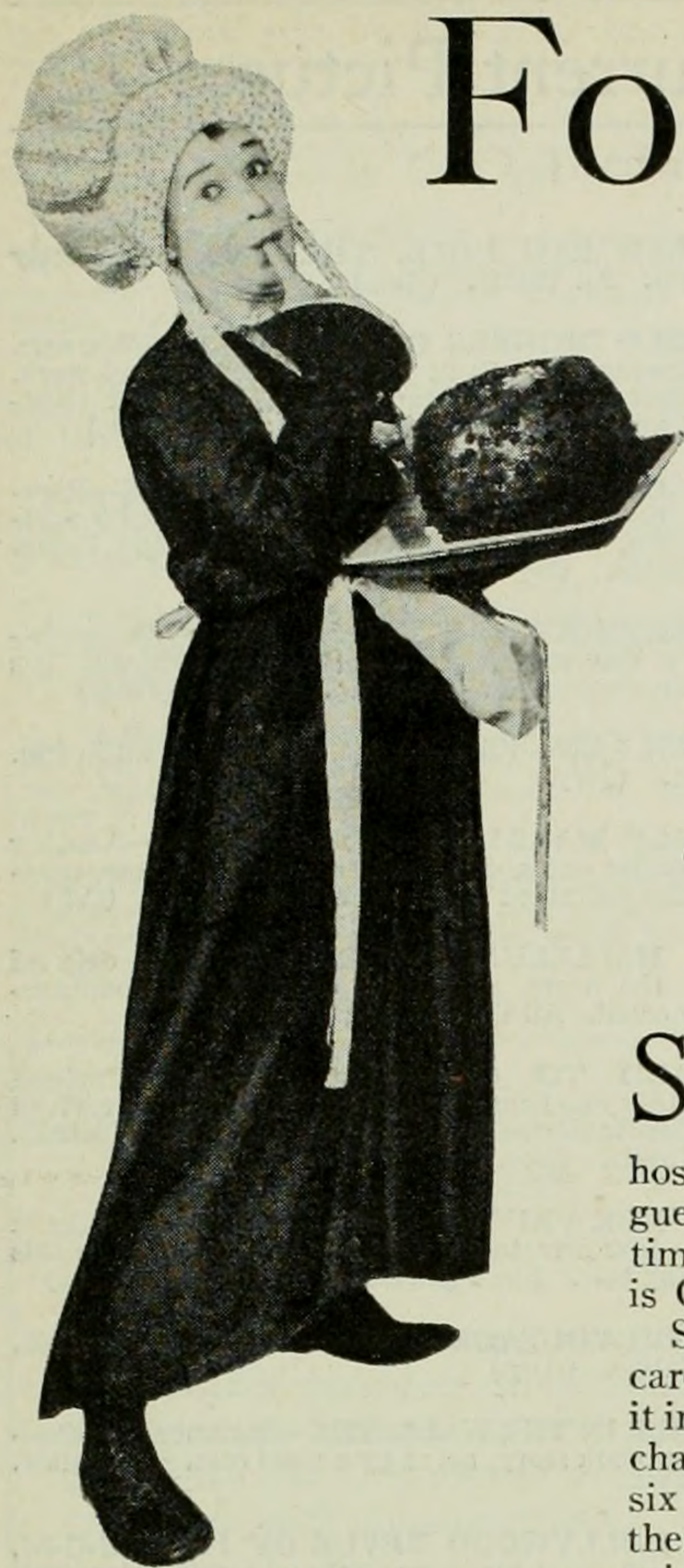


There is only one Selby Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. Identify the genuine by this trade-mark on sole and lining. Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Rockland, Mass.

Mail this coupon or write to the Selby Shoe Company, 185 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new Free Booklet No. P-85, *The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress*, dealer's name, and pictures of the latest shoe styles from Paris and New York.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....





Harry Langdon, all dressed up like a hausfrau, may not know a skillet from a dishpan

cooking sherry and is basted constantly until it becomes a rich golden-brown color.

MAYBE Harry Langdon did cook this grand Plum Pudding, but the chances are he just couldn't resist the opportunity to do some clowning. There's nothing funny, however, about the recipe he sent us. The results are genuinely soul-satisfying. The ingredients are:

1/4 cup butter
1 cup sugar
3 cups soft bread crumbs
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon mace
1/4 teaspoon cloves
1/2 cup nuts, cut in pieces
1/2 cup grape juice

3 eggs
3/4 cup scalded milk
2 tablespoons chopped orange peel
2 tablespoons chopped lemon peel
1 1/2 cups raisins
1/4 cup currants
1/4 cup chopped figs

Cream the butter and sugar together; add bread crumbs, baking powder, salt and spices. Add beaten eggs, and mix thoroughly. Add scalded milk. Add orange and lemon peel, raisins, currants, figs, nuts and grape juice to the first mixture, and beat thoroughly. Fill greased pudding mold three-quarters full, cover tightly, and steam for four hours.

It will then be ready to serve with orange or hard sauce.

For *the* Festive Season

Some plain and fancy recipes to delight the holiday hostess



But Olive Borden can name her own price to cook our meals and serve at our table

STOWED away in the Sicebox, a Baked Ham is a life-saver for the hostess who has unexpected guests for meals and little time for preparation. This is Olive Borden's recipe:

She first scrubs the ham carefully, and then soaks it in water forty-eight hours, changing the water five or six times. The ham is then boiled, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. When thoroughly cooked, she skins and sprinkles it generously with brown sugar, adds a dash of black pepper, and sticks it with cloves. It is then baked in

CLARA BOW'S Chicken Charlotte shares in the "it" with which its sponsor has been credited. Unlike many party recipes, it has as much appeal for the so-called stronger sex as for us girls.

Mix well 1 cup of cooked chicken, minced fine, with 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon onion juice, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons tomato juice and 1 beaten egg. Add a dash of pepper.

Grease a charlotte russe or pudding mold, lining it one inch thick with boiled rice. Fill the center with the chicken mixture, and cover the top with rice so that the chicken is entirely covered and the mold is full and even.

Cover and cook in steamer for 45 minutes. Serve it with tomato sauce, poured in the dish around the form, not over it.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN has sent me a recipe for real Southern Gumbo, the kind they make back in Johnny's home state, Alabama.

1 chicken
1 tablespoon flour
2 dozen oysters
1 1/2 quarts water
Salt and pepper

1 large onion
2 dozen boiled shrimps
4 small pieces of ham
Chopped parsley
Rice

Cut up a young chicken and sear in hot lard. Add the sliced onion, flour, shrimps, oysters and ham. Fry all together, and when brown add water and let boil for an hour. Season with parsley, salt and pepper. Serve in tureen, with plain rice, cooked dry.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

THE housewife should remember that variety is the spice of the menu. Every family enjoys an occasional surprise at mealtime — a brand-new dish that quickens the appetite and saves the meal from monotony.

PHOTOPLAY'S monthly page of recipes helps you to plan nourishing breakfasts, dainty lunches, and appetizing dinners. It gives you many new ideas for serving—ideas furnished by the foremost hostesses of Hollywood, who are thoroughly schooled in the art of serving and entertaining delightfully.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

A Christmas GIFT Twelve Times

HERE are several reasons why a subscription to Photoplay Magazine is such an ideal Christmas gift. Not only does it continue its presence month after month—long after the holly and mistletoe are forgotten—but its welcome is absolute. You know it will please the recipient.

In these days when everyone is interested in motion pictures, the gift of a magazine that reveals the inside of the art and industry—every month—is assured the keenest welcome. Photoplay has the brightest personality stories, the most appealing illustrations and the most reliable information about the stars and their pictures.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or to the recipient of the gift.

When you return coupon, attach a Postal or Express Money Order or a Check. Better hurry.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. 12-CS

750 No. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Christmas Subscription COUPON

Year, \$2.50. Six months, \$1.25. Canada, \$3.00 per year. Foreign Countries, \$3.50 per year.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 12-CS,
750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find \$.....

for.....
(Length of subscription)

Send to
—Name.....

Address.....

From
—Name.....

Address.....

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FAST COMPANY—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

FAST LIFE—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. All Talkie. (Nov.)

FATHER AND SON—Columbia.—Doing right by Dad. With the inevitable "sonny boy" motif. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

FLYING FOOL, THE—Pathe.—Hit-the-sky melodrama with Marie Prevost crooning a theme song—and how! All Talkie. (Aug.)

FOUR DEVILS—Fox.—Talk has been added to last part of F. W. Murnau's good circus film. You'll hear Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **FOUR FEATHERS, THE**—Paramount.—The story of a coward's regeneration grafted on a nature film shot in the Soudan. Excellent film, with Richard Arlen fine. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES**—Fox.—Lots of good tunes, swell comedy by Stepin Fetchit and the good-looking girls that go with any revue. All Talkie. (July.)

FROZEN JUSTICE—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

GAMBLERS, THE—Warners.—Well acted story of high finance with a pretty theme song. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS**—Paramount.—A newspaper story that is a knockout. Fine performances by an all-stage cast. Check up this as one of the hits of the talkies. All Talkie. (June.)

GENTLEMAN PREFERRED, A—Supreme.—From cowboy to earl in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Sept.)

GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE, THE—First National.—The glassed-in gal, in case you wondered, is a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young. Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

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

GIRLS GONE WILD—Fox.—Plenty hot and plenty fast. Sound. (July.)

GLAD RAG DOLL, THE—Warners.—Mostly hokum. All Talkie. (Aug.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—Warners.—Showing the gals at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **GREENE MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Another fine Van Dine murder mystery film, with Bill Powell an elegant Philo Vance. All Talkie. (Sept.)

GREYHOUND LIMITED, THE—Warners.—Not a dog story, but a railroad melodrama. It's speedy, exciting and good fun. Sound. (June.)

GUN LAW—FBO.—A lot of shooting, all in fun. Silent. (July.)

HALF MARRIAGE—Radio Pictures.—Another and duller one about companionate marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **HALLELUJAH**—M-G-M.—Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. All Talkie. (Oct.)

HARD TO GET—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! All Talkie. (Nov.)

HIGH VOLTAGE—Pathe.—Stupid and morbid. All Talkie. (Aug.)

HOLE IN THE WALL, THE—Paramount.—Confusing crook story, acted by a good cast. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929**—M-G-M.—A great big merry girl and music show, with all the Metro people from Gilbert and Shearer on down. All Talkie. (Sept.)

HONKY TONK—Warners.—Story of a night club mamma with a heart of gold. With Sophie Tucker and her songs. All Talkie. (July.)

HOOFBEATS OF VENGEANCE—Universal.—Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvelous horse star, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

HOTTENTOT, THE—Warners.—Hilarious farce comedy. You'll like it. All Talkie. (July.)

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

	Page		Page
Behind the Make-Up—Paramount.....	108	Mississippi Gambler, The—Universal.....	108
Blackmail—Sono Art-World Wide.....	54	Mister Antonio—Tiffany-Stahl.....	108
Call of the Circus, The—Pickwick Prod.....	110	Night Parade—Radio Pictures.....	108
Dark Streets—First National.....	108	One Hysterical Night—Universal.....	108
Darkened Rooms—Paramount.....	108	Racketeer, The—Pathe.....	110
Delightful Rogue, The—Radio Pictures.....	108	Red Hot Rhythm—Pathe.....	108
Disraeli—Warners.....	54	Rich People—Pathe.....	55
Doctor's Women, The—World Wide.....	110	Saturday Night Kid, The—Paramount.....	55
Evidence—Warners.....	110	Sea Fury—Supreme.....	110
Faro Nell—Paramount-Christie.....	54	Senor Americano—Universal.....	110
Flight—Columbia.....	55	Side Street—Radio Pictures.....	108
Footlights and Fools—First National.....	53	Song of Kentucky, A—Fox.....	108
Great Gabbo, The—James Cruze Prod.....	55	Sunny Side Up—Fox.....	53
Handcuffed—Rayart.....	110	Sweetie—Paramount.....	108
Honor—Sovkino.....	110	Tanned Legs—Radio Pictures.....	110
Jealousy—Paramount.....	108	They Had to See Paris—Fox.....	52
Kiss, The—M-G-M.....	55	Three Loves—Moviegraph.....	110
Lady Lies, The—Paramount.....	53	Trespasser, The—United Artists.....	52
Love Parade, The—Paramount.....	52	Untamed—M-G-M.....	54
Married in Hollywood—Fox.....	108	Welcome Danger—Paramount.....	55
Men Are Like That—Paramount.....	108	Woman to Woman—Tiffany-Stahl.....	110
Mighty, The—Paramount.....	54	Young Nowheres—First National.....	54

IDLE RICH, THE—M-G-M.—Literal translation of the stage play, "White Collars," with good acting. All Talkie. (Aug.)

ILLUSION—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **INNOCENTS OF PARIS** — Paramount. — Inconsequential plot made delightful by the charming personality of Maurice Chevalier. All Talkie. (July.)

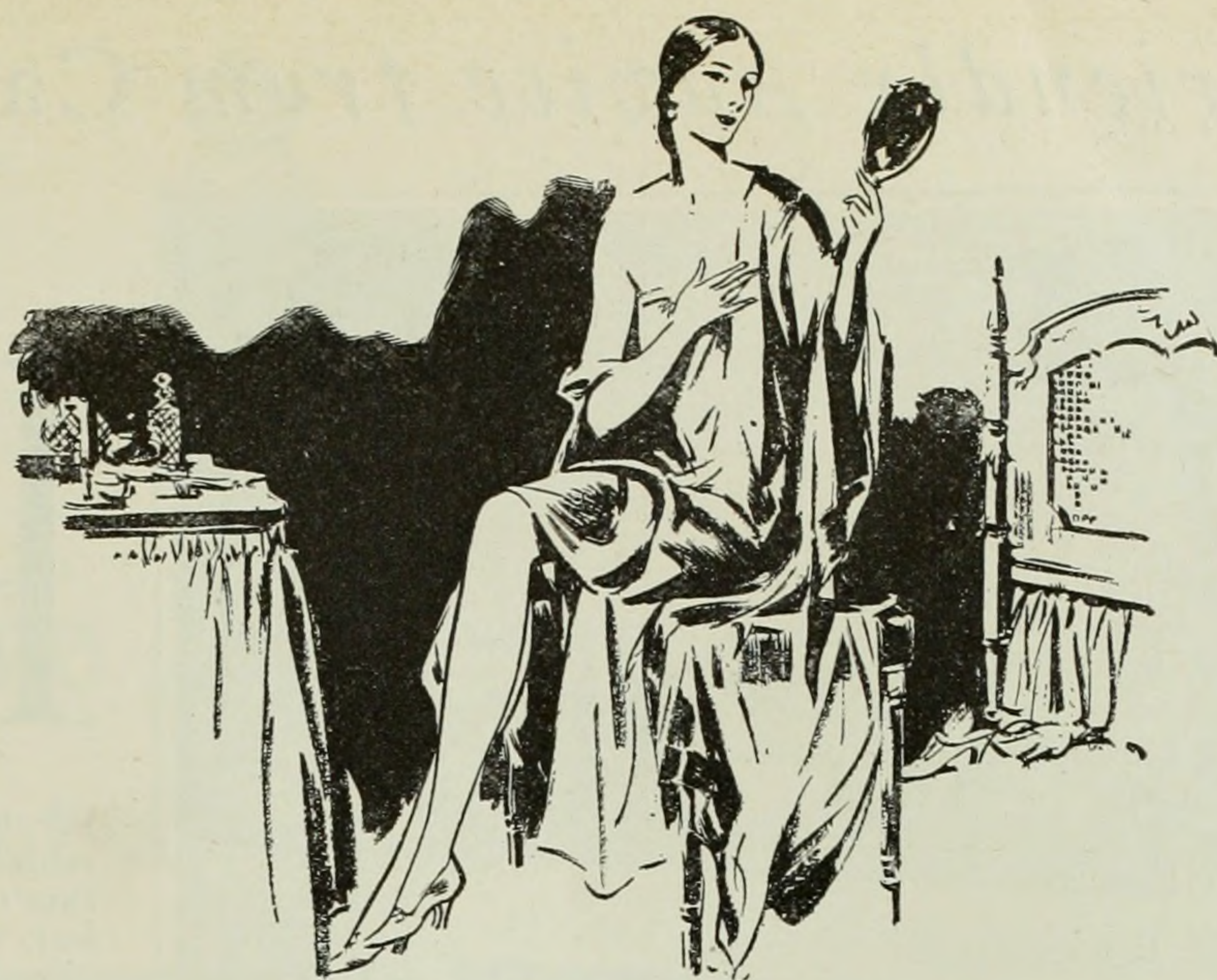
IN OLD CALIFORNIA—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. All Talkie. (Nov.)

IT'S EASY TO BECOME A FATHER—UFA.—The German idea of a funny farce about an American gal running wild abroad. Silent. (Sept.)

JOY STREET—Fox.—Oh, how the kids carry on! Younger generation stuff and possibly you'll like it. Lois Moran, Nick Stuart. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. All Talkie. (Nov.)

KITTY—World Wide.—First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)



Diet for slimness if you want to—but be sure you protect your health

PHYSICIANS everywhere are warning against unwise reducing diets. Hundreds, thousands, of girls have ruined their health from diets that were too extreme.

The trouble with many diets now in vogue is that they lack roughage. As a result constipation occurs. Its first symptoms often appear during the first few days of dieting. These are dizziness and headaches.

By adding Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to any diet, the ideal roughage is obtained to relieve and prevent constipation.

ALL-BRAN does not add fat to the body. It just sweeps the intestines clean of poisonous wastes. Its regular use restores health and, above all, priceless beauty and charm.

Don't trifle with pills

No pills or drugs can play the part of ALL-BRAN in a reducing diet. Their dose has to be constantly increased and they do not produce the natural results that ALL-BRAN does.

You will like the appetizing nut-sweet flavor of ALL-BRAN. It can be enjoyed in many ways. In soups. On salads. Soaked in orange, prune or fruit juice. As a cereal with milk or cream. Delicious with honey added. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases with every meal.

If you mail the coupon we will gladly send you a valuable booklet on the subject of safe reducing. It contains many approved diet suggestions which promote beauty as they help you reduce. Grocers everywhere sell ALL-BRAN. Be sure to get the genuine—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Served in hotels, restaurants and dining-cars.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Send for this SAFE REDUCING BOOKLET

KELLOGG COMPANY,
Dept. P-2, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet on Safe Reducing Diets.

Name _____

Address _____



Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

- Educational Page 141
- First National Page 145
- Fox Film Corp. Page 9
- Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . Page 149
- Paramount Page 4
- Pathe Page 154
- Warner Bros. Page 153

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer as a charming and wily lady crook who plies her trade amongst Britain's blue-bloods. All Talkie. (Oct.)

LAST PERFORMANCE, THE — Universal. — Conrad Veidt as a magician in a much over-acted and over-directed film. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

LAUGHING AT DEATH—FBO.—Bob Steele, the Western actor, in curls and ribbons as one of these mythical princes. Whoops! Silent. (Sept.)

LAWLESS LEGION, THE—First National.—A cowboy story, with Ken Maynard, that is good enough entertainment for anybody. Silent. (June.)

LIGHT FINGERS—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. All Talkie. (Nov.)

LOVE DOCTOR, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

LOVE TRAP, THE—Universal.—Laura LaPlante, with little help from Neil Hamilton, proves that chorus girls are good girls. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

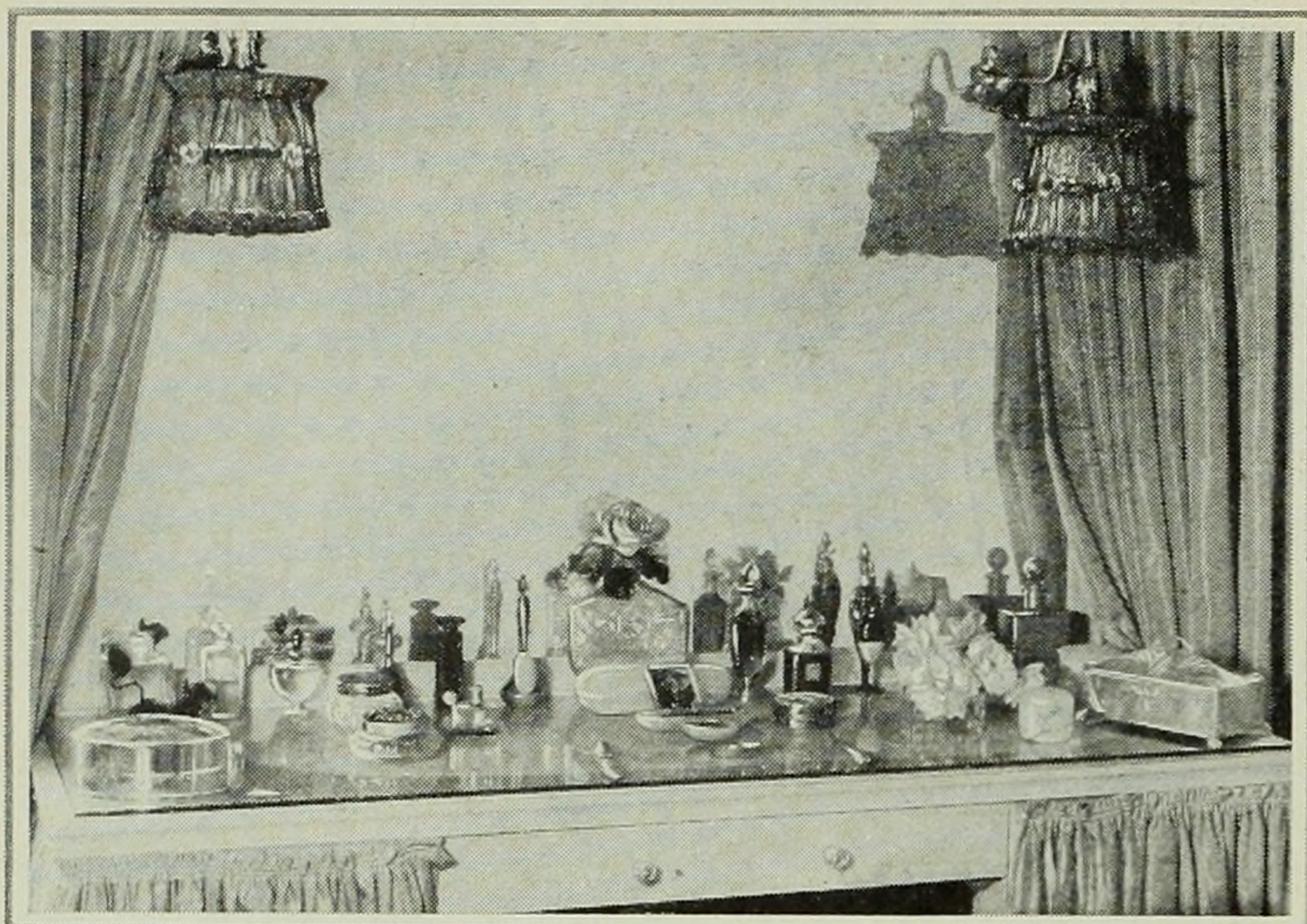
LUCKY IN LOVE—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. All Talkie. (Nov.)

LUCKY LARKIN—Universal.—A typical Western and a movie that actually moves in the good old style. Ken Maynard and a trick horse. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **LUCKY STAR**—Fox.—That immortal duo, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in a gentle and charming story. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 148]

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck



ON

Girls' Problems

For beauty and health, your dressing table ranks next to your dining table. Don't buy inferior toilet preparations, but, remember, high cost does not always indicate merit

THE intelligent use of cosmetics has routed many an inferiority complex and made a timid, self-conscious girl into a glowing, self-confident young woman.

When a girl knows she is well-groomed, when she has done her utmost to bring out her best points, her less attractive ones fade into the background in her own mind and in the minds of others.

We have all learned that beauty is not mere perfection of feature. That would be too simple for the very few who can boast of chiseled features, and too difficult for the vast majority who have to blaze their own trail to loveliness. But it is a journey that pays you rich returns as you go.

On my desk is a letter from Evelyn E. Like all other girls, she is seeking the things that aid in developing charm and attractive appearance.

As the result of her experimenting she has found several excellent beauty preparations that keep her skin glowing and fine-textured, her hair shining and healthy, her hands well-groomed and supple.

In short, she seems to have discovered the beauty aids that best suit her special requirements. Some of these preparations are rather expensive to use constantly, and she asks if there aren't some cheaper substitutes I can suggest.

THEN there is Mrs. J, a young married woman, who asks me to help her make a decision. She writes that in one of the shops in her city she has seen a dahlia velvet evening frock that might have been designed especially for her, it so perfectly suits her in line and color.

Her one evening gown, bought last season, lacks the chic, the new and becoming lines, of the dahlia frock, but is still in good condition.

Most of her social activities are informal, but she attends a few formal parties during the winter and could use a second frock to good advantage, although she usually manages with one.

Mrs. J has saved enough from her housekeeping money to buy this dress without encroaching on her budget. But with Christmas so near, she feels it would be selfish to spend the extra money on herself for something she could do without. This in spite

of the fact that donations to Christmas charities are a substantial part of her holiday spending.

Her husband thinks she is generous enough with her Christmas giving—that she should occasionally indulge herself to the extent of buying something she wants and doesn't actually need.

AFTER reading Mrs. J's letter my first thought was, "Why not buy yourself a Christmas present?"

Christmas is the season for giving, when we open our hearts and purses and remember that living is something more than a bread-and-butter struggle. But in remembering our duty to others we need not lose sight of the fact that each of us owes something to herself.

If Mrs. J were going to neglect those whom she usually remembers, if she were spending money she should use in bringing holiday cheer to those who look to her for it, I should certainly advise her to forego the joy of wearing a new and becoming gown at the expense of a troubled and unhappy conscience.

Because she isn't taking away one needful thing from anyone, and because the coveted dress will bring so much pleasure to her, which in turn will be reflected in her husband and in some degree in all those around her, I strongly advise her to indulge in the new gown.

The whole tone of her letter shows me she is not a woman who needs to be discouraged from selfishness. She is the type of careful housekeeper who makes her dollars do their utmost. She is not a spendthrift, who is

easily snared by attractive displays to buy things she neither needs nor can afford. She is plainly a careful and conservative shopper with a good, old-fashioned conscience about spending money unwisely.

A new dress, or hat, or a bottle of delightful perfume is not always such an important addition in itself. It's that intangible something it stands for that often makes it have value in our eyes.

Mrs. J's new dress will mean more to her than just that. It will mean that her husband wants her to look her best, that he is interested in her appearance; that while he probably appreciates her thrift he will not take advantage of her selflessness.

The consciousness of wearing a color which she knows is flattering, of being dressed in lines that are fashionable and becoming, will give her increased poise and charm, and will add pleasure to all the activities of the winter season.

AND that's just the way I feel about Evelyn E. If the beauty aids she has bought have helped her to preserve the gifts of complexion, of hair, and of physical charm generally with which she has been endowed, it is money well spent. And the cosmetics that have corrected or covered up deficiencies can never be termed extravagant. It seems to me they are almost priceless!

If Evelyn has given time and money to experimenting and has found the preparations that best meet her needs, I think it would be poor economy for her to change. In a few cases there may be cheaper substitutes, but perhaps they will differ just enough to be less effectual.

There are many cosmetics that are comparatively inexpensive, and yet are of high merit, and if Evelyn has discovered some of these she will do well to continue in their use, rather than change to higher-priced preparations whose efficacy is no greater. There are also some excellent products which, if made to sell at a lower price, would have to sacrifice quality.

It is true that women collectively spend what seems like an enormous sum for cosmetics in the course of a year. But when that money purchases preparations that are actual aids in pro-

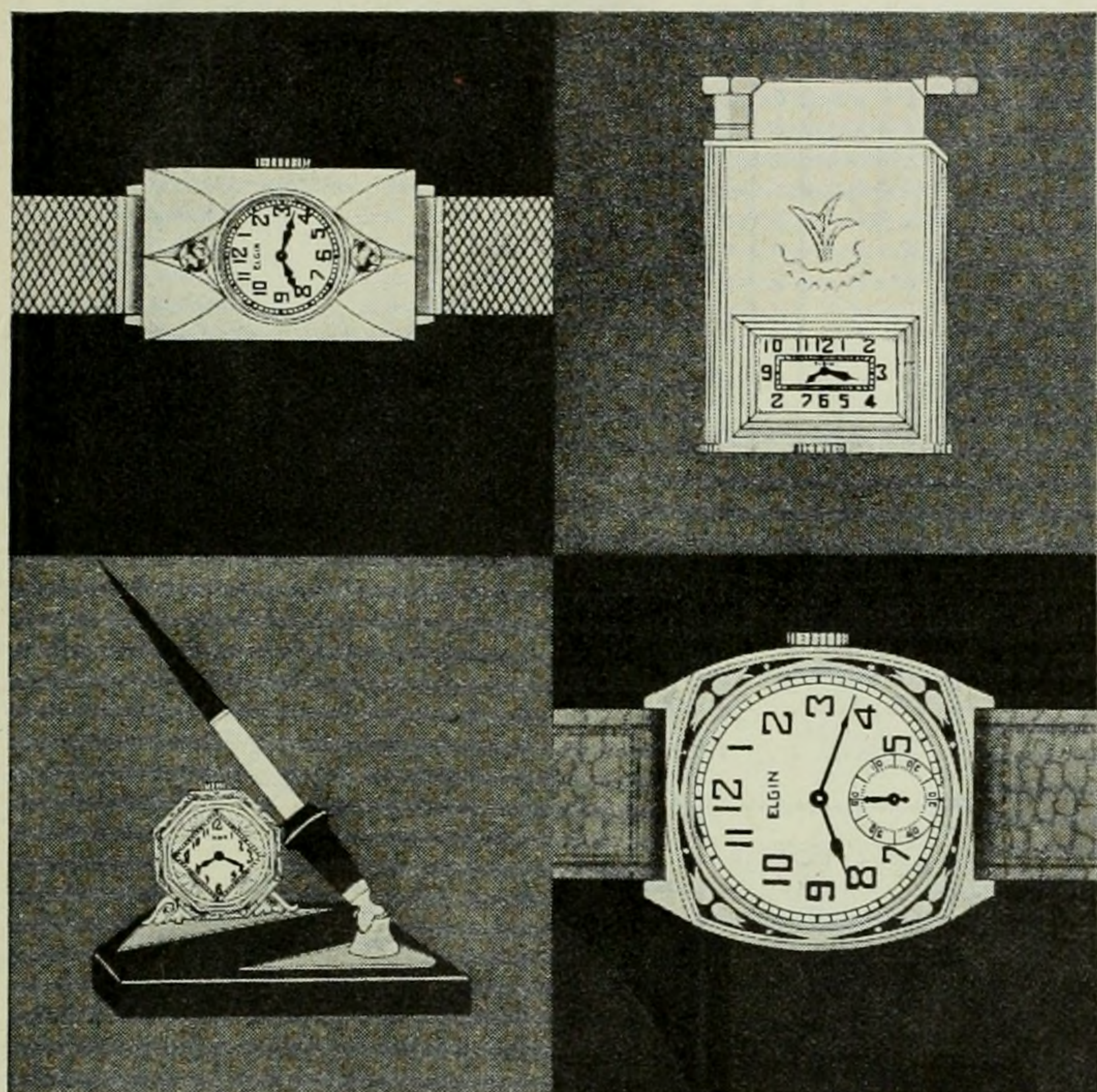
Buy Yourself A Christmas Present

HAVE you been wanting some toilet accessory that doesn't cost a great deal but seems high-priced because you feel you can do without it? Is there a hat that beckons to you from a certain shop window, so that you have to cross the street to escape temptation? This is not a brief for extravagance, but rather a hint for the wise investing of Christmas money in beauty and charm.

My reducing booklet and complexion leaflet are yours for the asking. Write me about your problems, and I will answer your queries with a personal letter in the order of their receipt. Please enclose a stamped, self addressed envelope with every request. Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. CAROLYN VAN WYCK

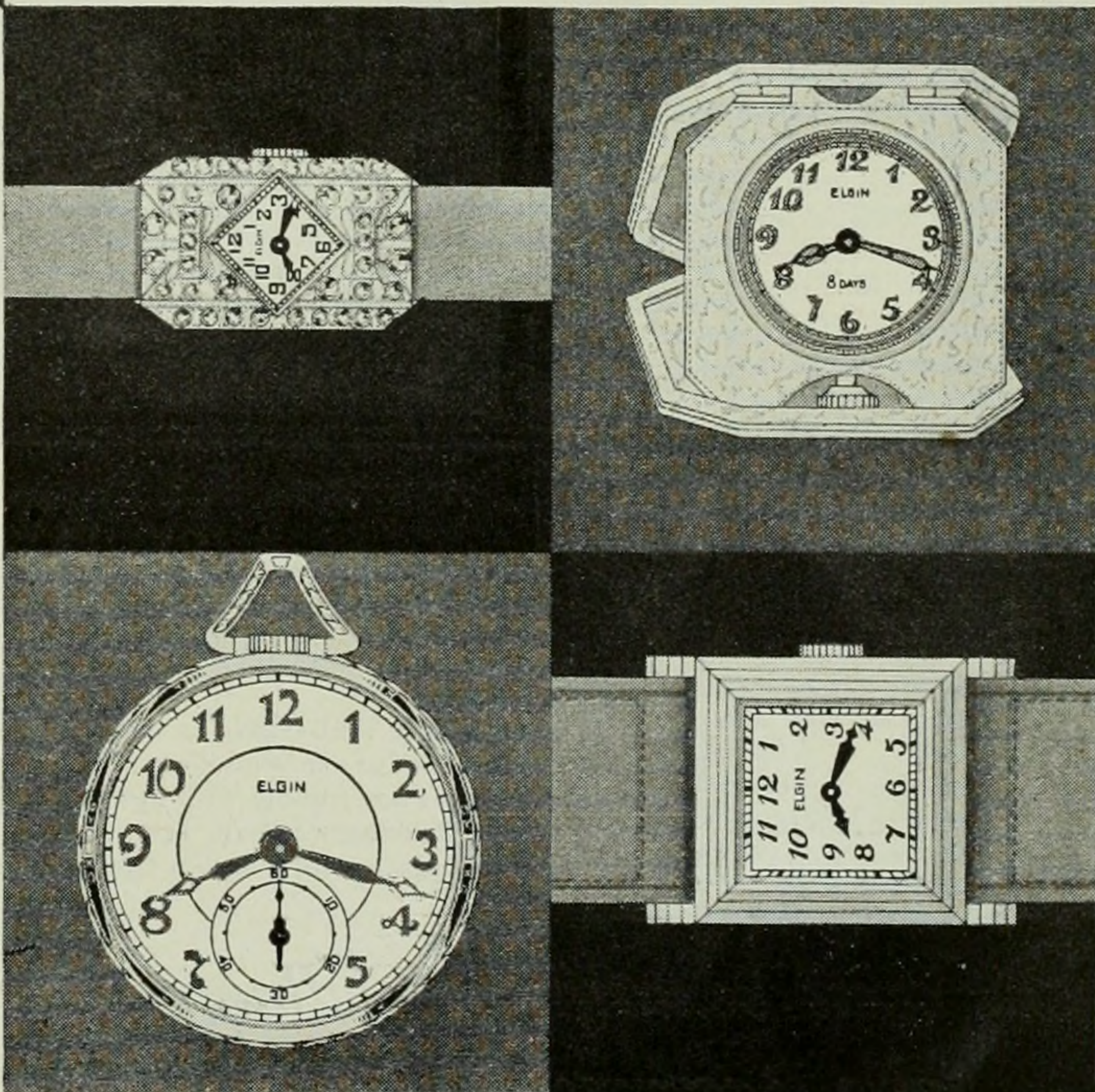


It's your Move and you can't lose if you give or get an Elgin for Christmas



Christmas came long before watches, but ever since the two have been on earth together . . . they've been together inseparably, it seems . . . For somehow a watch is the perfect way of saying to those you love, all the things that bubble up inside you when the mellow Christmas season comes along. Perhaps it's because a watch carries your present sentiments long into the future, saying with every beat "may every hour I record be happy as this Christmas day of my presentation." . . . And this is the best Christmas in sixty years for choosing an Elgin. More styles. More new shapes and sizes. Prices in a closely ascending scale, from \$15.00 to \$650. New combinations of metals and enamel. New settings of precious gems. A new Elgin watch family, the largest in the world, but still backed by the old Elgin tradition of fine timekeeping, accurate, faithful service and an unconditional guarantee.

In the four squares above . . . (Upper left) Parisienne watch designed in Paris by Callot Soeurs. Set with two selected diamonds . . . \$75.00. (Upper right) Sterling silver cigarette lighter with 15-jewel Elgin watch in the case . . . \$65.00. (Lower left) New Elgin clock, mounted in fountain pen set . . . \$37.50. (Lower right) The Elgin Legionnaire . . . a peace time strap watch of war time strength . . . \$19.00. And now in the checkerboard to your right are four more examples of Elgin's fine craftsmanship. (Upper left) Forty-two diamonds set in a platinum top case. Accurate, 17-jewel movement . . . \$500.00. (Upper right) Smart new traveling clock in blue, beige or black leather tooled with gold . . . \$25.00. (Lower left) Elgin pocket watch in ultra-modern case with green and black enamel . . . \$65.00. (Lower right) And the new Lord Elgin . . . 15-jewel movement . . . \$50.00.



© ELGIN 1929 ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE ALL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

You can keep YOUR skin LOVELY as THEIRS

by using this famous 3-step Woodbury Treatment

THESE beautiful types were chosen from thousands of entrants in forty-eight States as the loveliest, the most alluring Woodbury users.

What Woodbury's Facial Soap has done for them it can do for you.

Whatever the condition of your skin is today—if it is excessively oily, or rough and dry, or if blackheads and blemishes embarrass you—do not be discouraged. Your skin is constantly changing—old dead cells are being replaced by new ones. Let Woodbury's make this new skin what you want it to be. Let it make *you* more attractive, more desirable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and give your skin the famous Woodbury treatment described above. This treatment was developed by a celebrated

I
Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to open the pores.

II
With tips of fingers work a rich, antiseptic lather of Woodbury's Soap and warm water well into the skin to dissolve all dust, powder and rouge. Wash away with clear, warm water.

III
Rub a small piece of ice lightly over the face to close the pores and tone up the skin. If your skin is very thin or dry, do not use ice. Apply Woodbury's Cold Cream and leave on overnight, to keep your skin soft and vital.

skin specialist after years of experience in treating all types of skins. It cleanses and stimulates the skin just as the beauty treatments of the famous salons do. Follow it faithfully and watch your skin gain in clearness, suppleness and fineness of texture until you, too, possess "a skin you love to touch"!



"A DEBUTANTE has to have a good skin. That is why I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face. It keeps my skin just the way I want it to be."
—Natica de Acosta, *prettiest debutante*.



"I LOVE the feeling of my skin right after I have used Woodbury's—refreshed, invigorated—deliciously smooth."—Julia D. Evans, *most beautiful woman in the arts*.



"IT'S TERRIBLY HARD to keep your face clean in Chicago. Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing; it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. We love it!"—Lois V. Dodd and Helen E. Dodd, *prettiest co-eds*.

"ALL THE GIRLS in New Orleans are beautiful. And nearly all of us use Woodbury's. We think it is marvelous. If a girl has any trouble with her skin—she goes right after it with Woodbury's Soap. It surely helps to keep your skin lovely and smooth!"—Lolita Gladys Gelpi, *loveliest sub-deb*.



"WOODBURY'S is wonderfully cleansing, yet with a special delicacy and mildness that I've never found in any other soap."—Mrs. George Franklin Hester, *most beautiful young wife*.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, O.
© 1929, The A. J. Co.

Six most beautiful Woodbury users chosen by
John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

New Pictures

HOW do you like the new Blanche Sweet? You don't even have to answer—there's only one reply possible! The mike is doing marvels for our perennial blonde favorite. She has leading rôles in two big pictures, "The Night Hostess" and "Always Faithful," and there'll be plenty more





Vandamm

*F*OX has given this little girl some great big parts, and the fans have done the rest. Marguerite Churchill stepped from the theater to the big sound stages on the Fox lot and made good in a very impressive way. Her work in "The Valiant" and "Pleasure Crazy" made her scads of friends, and many more good things are in store for our Marguerite



RUTH CHATTERTON, the stage's greatest gift to the screen. For years a much beloved star of the theater, the coming of the phonoplay brought Ruth a new and even greater career. "Madame X" and "The Doctor's Secret" gave the fans her glorious voice, and her popularity is enormous, even rivalling that of the great Garbo. Next—"The Laughing Lady"



Elmer Fryer

THE newest Mexican tamale, destined to rival Velez and the rest as a pretty sizzler of the screen. Armida is her name, and she is a discovery of Gus Edwards, who gave her her first film chance in his short musical films. Then she graduated to an important rôle in "General Crack," John Barrymore's new picture, and a lead in "Under a Texas Moon"



Elmer Fryer


*H*ALF Hollywood calls her the prettiest girl in pictures. The other half is divided among other candidates. Need we add that this is Loretta Young, only seventeen and already one of First National's most prized leading women? In addition to all this, she is the girlfriend of Grant Withers, and so one of the most envied of Hollywood's younger set



OF all the meteors that have flashed across the Hollywood sky, none in history has ever scooted brighter and faster than John Boles. It took him a long time to get started, but when the mike turned loose his splendid voice in "The Desert Song" our Answer Man began to spend sleepless nights answering questions about his hair, eyes and heart condition

The Gossard Line of Beauty

PARIS PAYS HOMAGE To The PRINCESSE



Gossard has created a charming all-in-one foundation for this feminine era in fashions. The caressing softness of striped satin tricot uplifts the bust, accents the waist and restrains the hips to subtle curves... The back is low cut for evening decollete... Model 3643 — only \$5.

Other designs up to \$25.

The new Silhouette can also be achieved with Gossard girdles featuring nipped-in waistlines and Gossard uplift brassieres.

"It is the mood of youth itself!"

says PHYLLIS HAVER

"Moods . . . so often come stealing out of a perfume bottle . . . One . . . stately . . . One languorous . . . One . . . demure . . . And one . . . for many years it had escaped the perfumers . . . it was the mood . . . of youth itself! . . . Yet one day . . . lucky day for me! . . . I found it! A younger mood! I could scarcely believe my nose . . . 'Why what is it?' I asked the girl who proffered it . . . 'It has a name just like its fragrance' she smiled . . . And it has! . . . It's called . . . SEVENTEEN!"



Seventeen



A New Mood . . . and
... a new Perfume
SEVENTEEN

Moods . . . glorious things . . . if you play up to the roles that they create in you! And youth . . . gayety . . . laughter . . . they're all in Seventeen! It's as modern . . . as tomorrow . . . as young . . . as a snatch of a song! It is full of elfin mischief . . . It is filled . . . with Eve-ish things . . . never was there a perfume like it! So subtle . . . So breathless . . . So young . . . as SEVENTEEN!

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you will find it wherever fine toilettries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen*! The *Perfume*, in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder* so new and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water*, like a caress

. . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury . . . and the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brilliantine* . . . and the *Compact*, gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will adore them all!

PHOTOPLAY

December, 1929

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

PHOTOPLAY has fifteen candles on its birthday cake this month. Thank you.

THE show must go on. "Died from an overdose of chloral hydrate."

"Alcoholic psychosis kills actress."

Such were the newspaper headlines. Her body lay in a Broadway public funeral parlor. A few old friends and five thousand morbid curiosity seekers. Five thousand dollars' worth of *with sympathy* floral scenery. Across the street the electric lights of a theater blazoned "Jeanne Eagels in her greatest picture, 'Jealousy.' "

The show was going on.

STAR! Success! Fame! Fortune!

Behind that stage front, years of pain and suffering with tuberculosis and neuritis of the optic nerves. Struggle, from tent shows to Belasco star. Worry. The merciless battle to keep alive and keep going. Unhappiness. Envy. Gossip.

Pitiless driving of harassed soul and broken, pain-racked body. Making fortunes and giving them away. Hemorrhages. The show must go on. Stimulants to help drive the poor helpless body. Sedatives to deaden the blinding agony.

Temperament, they called it.

Courage, I call it.

The show must go on.

DOGGONE if those British film fellows haven't made a splendid motion picture, and a talkie at that.



The name is "Blackmail," and it is well worth seeing. It is the first English-made picture to win a star rating—one of the best of the month—in PHOTOPLAY.

English film editors, who are always squawking that we are agin their pictures, please copy.

You make 'em, Tommy, and we'll star 'em. Fair enough?

THE screenpecker is the strangest bird in the Holly Woods. It flies around the studios, alighting on motion picture problems, or what seem to it to be problems, and pecks away for dear life.

The difference between a woodpecker and a screenpecker is that the woodpecker knows what he's pecking about, and the screenpecker doesn't.

The woodpecker is born to his job. His father and mother were woodpeckers. He has natural equipment and instincts to guide him. The screenpecker is not so fortunate. He lacks instinct for guidance and pecks at any old thing that smells of celluloid.

The woodpecker is drilling for food. The screenpecker digs for the pure cussedness of pecking.

WILL HAYS was recently made the object of a vicious attack by Welford Beaton, editor of "The Film Spectator."

Beaton was not satisfied with just publishing his spleen in his paper, which is read principally in Hollywood and by motion picture exhibitors.

He wanted it to reach beyond his own circulation. So he went to the trouble and expense of wrapping up his poison in pamphlet form, and mailing it wherever he thought it might bring in subscriptions from folks who like to read this sort of thing.

Of course, he has a perfect right to his editorial opinions, but as one who has been a close observer of Mr. Hays' problems, I have an entirely different opinion.

Beaton has three delusions. He sees himself the one true prophet and salvation of the motion picture. He looks upon the talking picture as a failure. He cannot think of Will Hays' salary without foaming at the mouth.

HE called Hays everything except a drunken bum, a torch murderer, and a moral leper, and blames him for everything except the World War, the loss of the battle of Bull Run, the kidnapping of Charlie Ross, the murder of Stanford White, and the failure of prohibition.

He forgot to accuse Hays of beating his mother, and doing crossword puzzles.

I have studied psycho-analysis only casually, but it does not take a psychiatrist to diagnose the trouble with my fellow journalist.

He's plumb nuts!

A FEW weeks ago Beaton told me in mournful tones that the talkies were succeeding in spite of anything he could do, but his face and voice lightened up with great glee when he said that he was going to publish an attack on Hays.

I asked him what all the shooting was about, and the one logical reason I got out of the conversation was that Hays is getting \$100,000 a year as head man of the picture business, and Beaton's pickings are considerably smaller.

"Whom would you nominate for his job?" I asked.

I was disappointed and had a distinct feeling my old friend was slipping, when he didn't have nerve enough to nominate his omniscient self for the salary and the oak-panelled Fifth Avenue office.

That's the reason some fellows don't get everything they deserve—they lack confidence in themselves!

LADIES and Gentlemen of Greenville, Texas: PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE bows its head in shame, scrapes its high, white forehead in the dust, and begs your pardon.

Even if PHOTOPLAY were too unfair and stubborn to apologize on the grounds of fair play, it would be forced to by the avalanche of denunciation in letters and newspaper clippings from your justly irate citizenry. You folks certainly have civic "it."

Seems that Janet French pulled a boner in a story about John Boles, who is getting to be a big camera and microphone shot in Hollywood. She said his home town, Greenville, was a hamlet, that its streets were a

mess, and warned tourists to avoid it in rainy weather.

Janet was only a hundred per cent wrong in her information on Greenville. She must have been thinking of a couple of other cities. Twenty thousand souls live in Greenville. I have heard from every single one of them, so I know. It has thirty-five miles of perfectly paved streets, fine railroad service in all directions, and is one of the chief commercial centers of northeast Texas. In fact, it is everything that Janet said it wasn't.

JANET has been spanked and sent to bed without her grapefruit. She will be given two hours home work every day until she knows the geography of Texas backwards and forwards, and can call off the population of every city, town and county from memory. She's really a nice girl, but she's been on that confounded eighteen-day diet.

The editor again apologizes in his usual Chesterfieldian manner, and offers to set them up for the entire city. No, no, it's too big for that. But the next time I get to Texas I pledge myself to stop at Greenville and go right up to the city hall and tell the Mayor we're sorry and it won't happen again.

Everyone on PHOTOPLAY's staff knows Greenville now.

DISCOVERED: One woman in the world who doesn't float off into a state of innocuous desuetude at the very mention of Rudy Vallée's name. The gal? None other than li'l Alice White.

Alice was dining with a boy friend at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood when a photographer tapped her on the shoulder and said: "Will you please step outside for a moment and have your picture taken with Rudy Vallée?"

"Sorry," said Alice. "Otherwise engaged."

"But Mr. Vallée has requested it particularly," insisted the amazed photographer.

"Still sorry," said Alice. "Still otherwise engaged. What were you saying, Sid, before we were interrupted?"

SPEAKING of children:
"Numerous studies made by scientists have failed to establish any appreciable contribution to delinquency from motion pictures but we find them to be helpful in many ways.

"The motion picture is perhaps the most useful of all present mediums of expression in the inculcation of generally accepted standards of morality and behavior."

Statement of Dr. Phyllis Blanchard, psychologist of the Philadelphia Child Guidance Clinic, at the International Congress of Psychology which was held at Yale University.

Facts vs. Poppycock.



The Microphone—*The Terror* Of *The Studios* By Harry Lang

Mike, the demon, who sends the vocally unfit
screaming or lisping from the lots

THIS is a story of Terrible Mike, the capricious genie of Hollywood, who is a Pain in the Larynx to half of filmdom, and a Tin Santa Claus to the other half!—who gives a Yoo-Hoo-There Leading Man a Voice like a Bull, and makes a Cauliflower-Eared Heavy talk like Elfin Elbert, the Library Lizard!—and who has raised more hell in movieland than a clara bow in a theological seminary.

Why, you can't even begin to write the half of the story of Terrible Mike and what he's done. You can only take a heap of ha-ha's here, and boo-hoo's there—laughs and sobs, heart-leaps and heart-aches, sudden wealth and sudden ruin, funny things and tragic things and howcum things—and try to string 'em together into some semblance of yarn.

And even then, every Hector and Hectorine that struts the streets of Hollywood will read it and say: "This guy ain't said NAW-thin' yet. . . ." And they'll be right—but here goes.

* * *

IN the first place—or is it? but let's put it there—young John W. Microphone, to give Terrible Mike his family name, has made the leading lady of the screen a LADY in fact as well as in name. Not that she wasn't ALWAYS a lady—no one'd EVER go so far as to say that. But look—

Before Mike crashed the studio gate and brought in his lady friends, what was little Miss Starlet like? You know. Ya-da-da-DA-poo-POO;—let's GO!!!—THAT'S what she was.

Little and hot, like a red pepper—and the Mexes were the hottest. She thought poise was just the label they put on imported canned peas, and *savoir faire*, she'd guess, was just the French name for a chocolate cruller, huh? She was a cute kid or a jumping bean from over the border, and Sex-Appeal and "It"—whatever THAT was—were her everything.

AND so Clara Bow says she's planning to take a year's trip abroad when her present contract with Paramount ends, and Ruth Chatterton is knocking 'em dead in the talkies. Mona Rico, for whom they had to fireproof the films, is God-knows-where, and Pauline Frederick flares into first-magnitude stardom.

Alice White is thanking Allah that she can sing, besides being cute, while Winifred Mrs. Bill-Hart Westover comes out of obscurity and wows it in "Lummox"!

Terrible Mike has cooled down the incandescent flapper—he's giving her an awful kick, and is putting Poor Old Lady Has-Been back on the throne.

Miss Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall;
Miss Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall—
For all of her "S. A." and all of her "It"
Just couldn't make her in talkies a hit!
—from "Mother Goose in Hollywood"

Consider Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow. Envision for yourselves a see-saw. One end goes up; the other end goes down. Bebe is on the end that's going up, and Clara is—well, er, let's confine ourselves to her own admission that she's going to take a European trip by and by because she's tired.

"I've been working hard for years," she told a Hollywood friend the other day, "and I need a rest. So I'm figuring on going to Europe for a year or more, when my contract expires." It expires in about thirteen or fourteen months, and not a soul at Paramount has said it'll be renewed.

And at the same time, Mr. Paramount is kicking himself all over the lot because of Bebe Daniels. Bebe, you see, bought up her own contract with Paramount not so long ago because they didn't think she was worth two toots in talkies. They

were paying her a fat salary, and using her in ordinary pictures. They couldn't afford to spend much on her productions, was the excuse, because her salary under contract was so big that they had to skimp on her pictures to make money. When they wouldn't give her a talkie chance, Bebe slapped down \$175,000 and bought back the contract that called for her to make three more pictures.

And now what?

WHY, just this: Bebe Daniels, as this is written, has just finished the lead in "Rio Rita" for Radio Pictures. And there isn't a doubt in the world, say the wiseacres of Hollywood, that that talkie will be one of The Big Shots of the talkie year. Bebe's work is one of the biggest sensations of the millions of sensations Terrible Mike has pulled.

Strange, too. Bebe has a voice that you wouldn't think twice about, ordinarily. Nice voice, and all that, but no power—no force. Now that's just where Mike does his stuff. He took all the nice things in Bebe's voice—and there were plenty of 'em—and added the thing she didn't have—POWER. And boy, what a voice it gives her on the screen!—you'd even fall in love with a strabismic wart-hog if it had a voice like that.

On the other hand, Clara Bow's voice certainly didn't lack power. Her first all-talkie—"The Wild Party"—proved that. Her first scene called for her to dash into a dormitory full of girls and greet them with, "Hello, everybody. . . !" Well, the sound-mixing gentleman in the monitor-room above the stage, not being familiar with the—ah—er—vibrations of Clara's voice, didn't properly tune down his dials for Clara's words.

She burst in, told them "HELLO, EVERYBODY!!!"—and every light valve in the recording room was broken!

Little Miss Starlet, in ermine and scarlet,
Getting a thousand a day,
Along came the talkies, revealing her squawkies—
And put poor Miss Starlet away!
—from "Mother Goose in Hollywood"

How'd you like another contrast—even more startling than the case of Clara and Bebe? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

See the
Sensational
New Styles
from
Hollywood
In This Issue

HOW am I going to discover what is smart? How many times have you asked yourself that question!

The most style-wise stars have posed especially for PHOTOPLAY readers in clothes actually designed and made in Hollywood by the foremost fashion dictators. They have been beautifully photographed by a well known artist.

Pajamas, evening gowns, dinner frocks, sports costumes, street dresses and hats are included in the collection. Each ensemble has been carefully selected and each one is typical of the film center, which has become the broadcasting agency for world styles. The clothes appear in both the personal and professional wardrobes of the stars—a complete forecast of the new trends followed by all chic women. As every type of gown has been selected these pages have an appeal for every woman.

Look for the Winners of the \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest—in the January Issue, Out December 10!

Grant Withers, the despair
of Pueblo and the
sensation of
Hollywood!



Just a Crazy Kid

By Janet French

Well, here is Grant! For once, the Hollywood people and the fans all over the country like him. Do not mix Withers with the party of the second part!

WHEN I am old and grey and little children cluster about my octogenarian knee, lisping sweetly for a story, I shall tell them of the time when it bored me to yawns to dance with Grant Withers.

And now Grant is the sensation of Hollywood. Screen stars chuck their nice husbands for one date with him. Ga-ga little girls huddle together and giggle with excitement when he passes by. Elderly matrons send discreet notes to suggest that they would not turn down a dinner invitation.

It is safe to say that no youngster has ever before caused such a stir in the sensible, sedate film colony. If you saw him in "The Time, the Place and the Girl" you saw something of the real Grant Withers.

But I recall a certain monthly Saturday night dance, at the Minnequa Country Club, in Pueblo, Colorado. I had gone with Grant's brother, Newton (the family car having been borrowed for the occasion), and was feeling very grand in a blue chiffon dress that showed all of six inches of my spinal column. Lord, but I was *risqué!*

I was sixteen. Grant was two years younger. A mere child. To be tolerated only because he was escort's brother. Condescendingly, between yawns, I gave him one dance because it was expected of me. What was the good of an old, sophisticated woman of the world like me wasting music on a kid? How was I to know that he'd turn out to be the favorite Beau Brummel of the gold coast?

Pueblo's one Man About Town committed a heinous crime that night. At the local theater a group of Mack Sennett bathing beauties were making a personal appearance. They weren't good swimmers, nor were they exactly beautiful, but other accomplishments made up for that. Our Man About Town brought them *en masse* to our ever-so-nice club dance.

We girls were furious. The *risqué* qualities of my blue chiffon paled beside their—shall I say bizarre?—costumes. We huddled together in little groups to talk about them and the chaperons raised their lorgnettes and looked horrified. It was town scandal for months.

I WAS dancing with Grant when they hove on the scene. His mother stopped us right in the middle of the floor. She eyed Grant suspiciously.

"Look here, son," she said; "don't you let me catch you dancing with one of those girls." And then, turning to me, "Please, Janet, see that Grant doesn't dance with them."

I complained to Newton about it later. "I can't stop him from dancing with them," I said. "I think it's rather unkind of your mother to ask me."

Newton laughed. He had an eye on the little blonde in the flame-colored dress, but he knew he didn't have a chance with Grant around. "Grant always does everything he wants to," he said. "He's a crazy kid and he'll dance with them if he likes, even if he knows he'll catch the devil at home."

Grant danced with them. He caught the devil at home. But that's Grant Withers. He has always done everything he wants to do. And when he wanted to run away from military school and come to California, he did, leaving his nice, conservative family in an uproar.

But there's no changing the kid. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



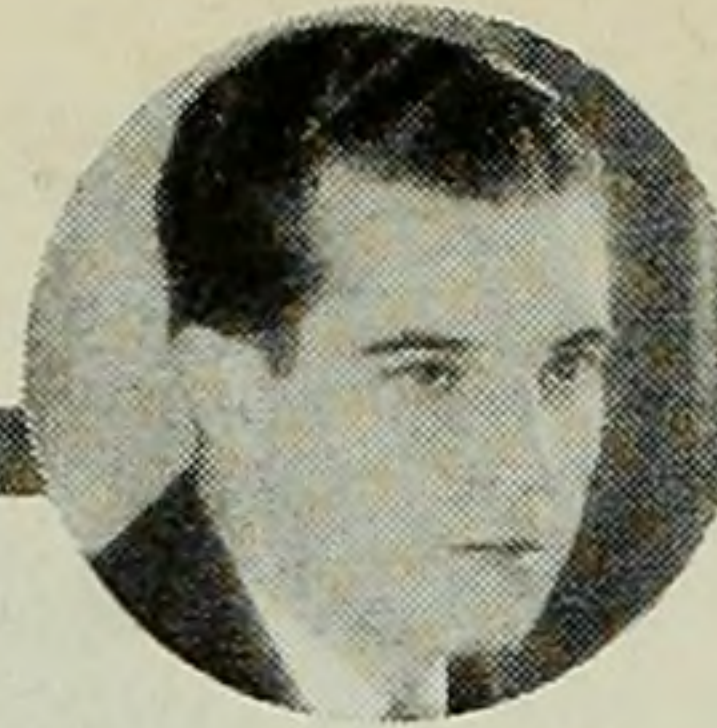
Norma Shearer



Ben Lyon



Bebe Daniels



Ramon Novarro



Mae Murray



Gary Cooper

The Host

How To Become A In One Easy Lesson



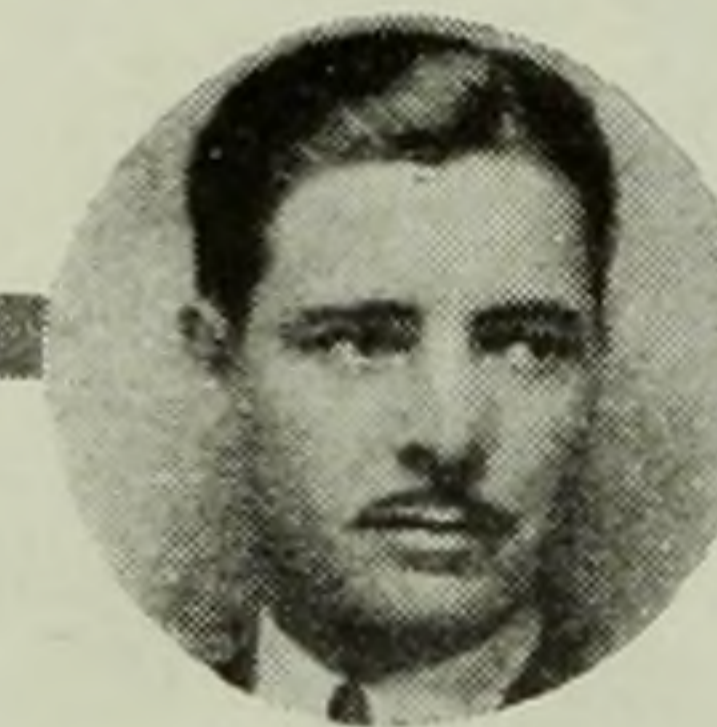
Corinne Griffith



Walter Morosco



Joan Bennett



Ronald Colman



Mary Brian



Buddy Rogers

THEY laughed when I said I wanted to be a Hollywood hostess. Then I told them I read PHOTOPLAY. It seemed to make everything all right.

Do you want to be a big success in the film center?

Do you want the stars to beg for invitations to your palatial home?

Do you know all the romances, quarrels, friendships in Hollywood?

Would you know how to seat your guests so that nobody would throw bottles at anybody else?

If you think you're so smart, figure out this problem.

These guests have accepted an invitation to dinner:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith).

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer).

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford).

Miss Mary Brian.

Miss Lupe Velez.

Miss June Collyer.

Miss Loretta Young.

Miss Constance Bennett.

Miss Joan Bennett.

Miss Mae Murray (the prince was indisposed and couldn't attend).

Miss Jetta Goudal.

Miss Bebe Daniels.

Mr. Buddy Rogers.

Mr. Ramon Novarro.

Mr. Grant Withers.

Mr. Gary Cooper.

Mr. Ben Lyon.

Mr. William Haines.

Mr. Ronald Colman.

Mr. Eric von Stroheim (Mrs. Von was not feeling well).

Mr. Nils Asther.

Of course, this is all make-believe. These twenty-four people would never accept *en masse*. But never mind.

Imagine you're the hostess. You have a host (as all really well-bred hostesses have). You sit at the foot of the table. Your husband is at the head and twelve people are on either side.

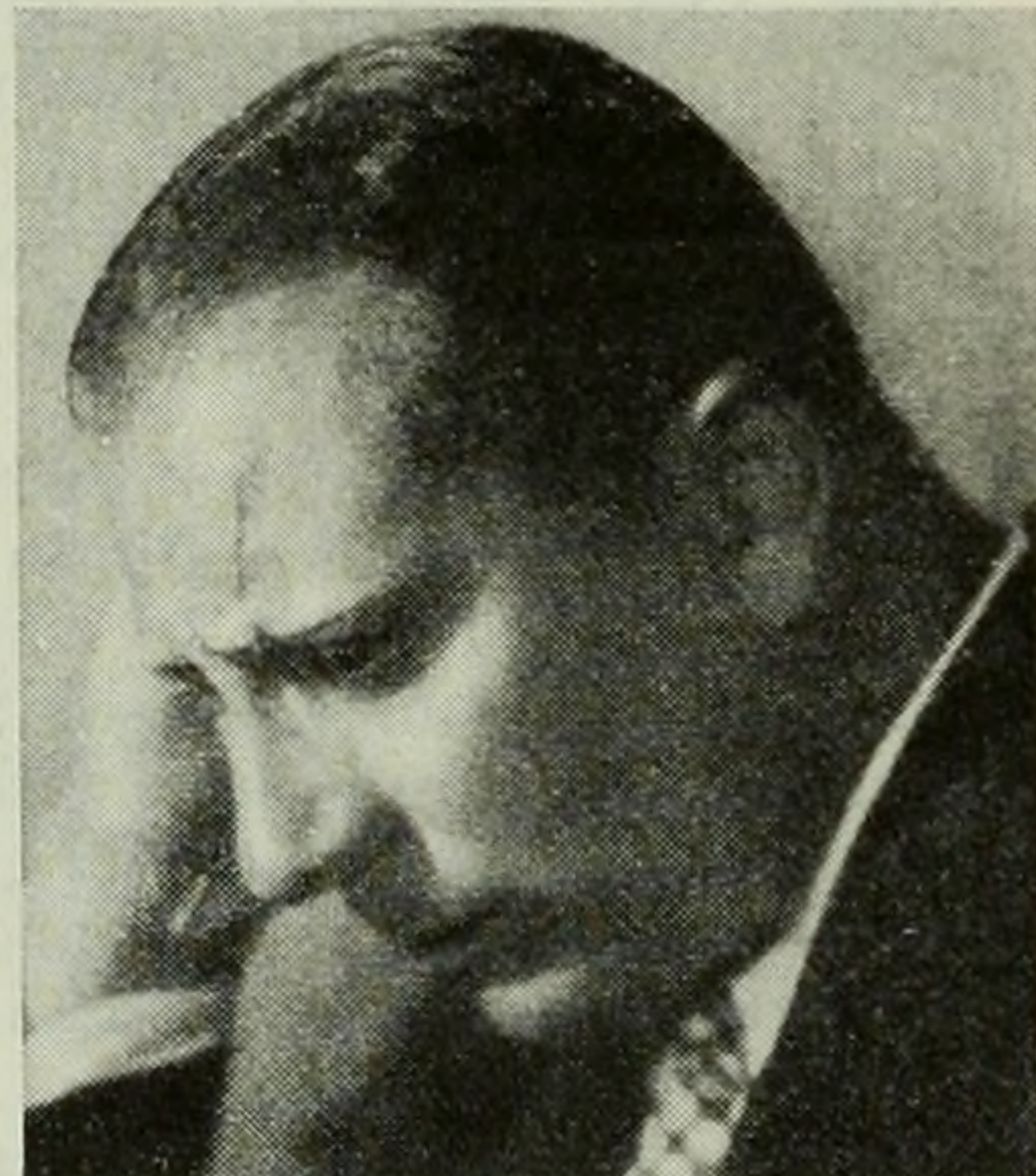
Now here's where the problem comes in.

AS you might imagine (as WELL you might imagine), there are reasons why certain of your guests must not be seated next to or across from each other. Hollywood, like Kentucky, has its feuds. Some people must be seated near each other for, strange as it may seem, there are friendships in Hollywood.

Glance at the list. You see Corinne Griffith has accepted. So has Norma Shearer. Both are social leaders. Which will have the place of honor? (Ah-ha, you thought it was easy, didn't you? NOW will you behave?)

Well, what are you going to do about it? You should be able to figure it out all by yourself, but if you get stuck the answer is right here.

We'll do even more for you. We're not going to be as mean as Emily Post. SHE would give you such a problem and then go away to play tiddle-de-winks with the bishop and forget all about you. But we're not Emily Post.



Oh dear no, Mrs. Whiffletree! Under no circumstances seat these two stormy petrels together, or even within glaring distance! Mae Murray and Eric von Stroheim, you know, my dear. Perfectly adorable people, mind you, but there was that little trouble while they were making "The Merry Widow," you remember. So not TOO near, Mrs. Whiffletree!



Lupe Velez



Billy Haines



Jetta Goudal



Nils Asther



Constance Bennett



Irving Thalberg

Hollywood Hostess

The Hostess

(Apologies—and all that sort of thing—to Emily Post)

By Katherine Albert



June Collyer



Grant Withers



Loretta Young



Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



Joan Crawford



Eric von Stroheim

Oh, my, no! You could tell by looking at us. We're just an infallible Hollywood hostess and we know how these people must be seated, but to help you out we're going to give you inside information on your guests. You may come to Hollywood some day. You, too, might be a hostess.

Corinne Griffith—the orchid of the screen. Doesn't like wild parties nor potato races. Is a social leader herself and married to

Walter Morosco—her manager. Talks on any subject, but is most fluent about his wife.

NORMA SHEARER—the patrician of the screen. Is also a perfect lady and may be held up as an example to young girls. Married to

Irving Thalberg—the young genius of filmdom. Drives his workers at the studio, but is pleasing and courteous in a drawing room. You can rest assured he won't eat with his knife.

Joan Crawford—the hey-hey gal has turned to cooking and sewing and selecting the proper candles for the silver candle-sticks since her marriage to

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—Douglas Fairbanks, the actor, is his father.

Billy Haines—well, of course, Billy is a difficult guest. He might trip the butler when he comes in to give you a discreet message that causes you to jump up in the middle of the soup course and run out on everybody.

Billy tells stories. Some of them you wouldn't tell your grandmother. Or maybe you have that kind of grandmother. I don't know. Suffice it to say that Billy is very gay.

GARY COOPER—one of those strong, silent men, born on a Montana ranch. Unless you're disconcerted by a far-away gaze in his eye, he's a good listener. He looks as if he had a secret sorrow, but maybe it's just a birthmark.

Buddy Rogers—his engagement has been announced to a lot of different girls. That makes him interesting, doesn't it, unless, of course, he starts telling you that he lives his screen rôles.

A perfect Hollywood dinner table. Your problem, and Miss Albert's, was to seat happily and comfortably these twenty-four famous Hollywoodians at a festive board. This is her solution. The story below tells just why who was seated next to whom

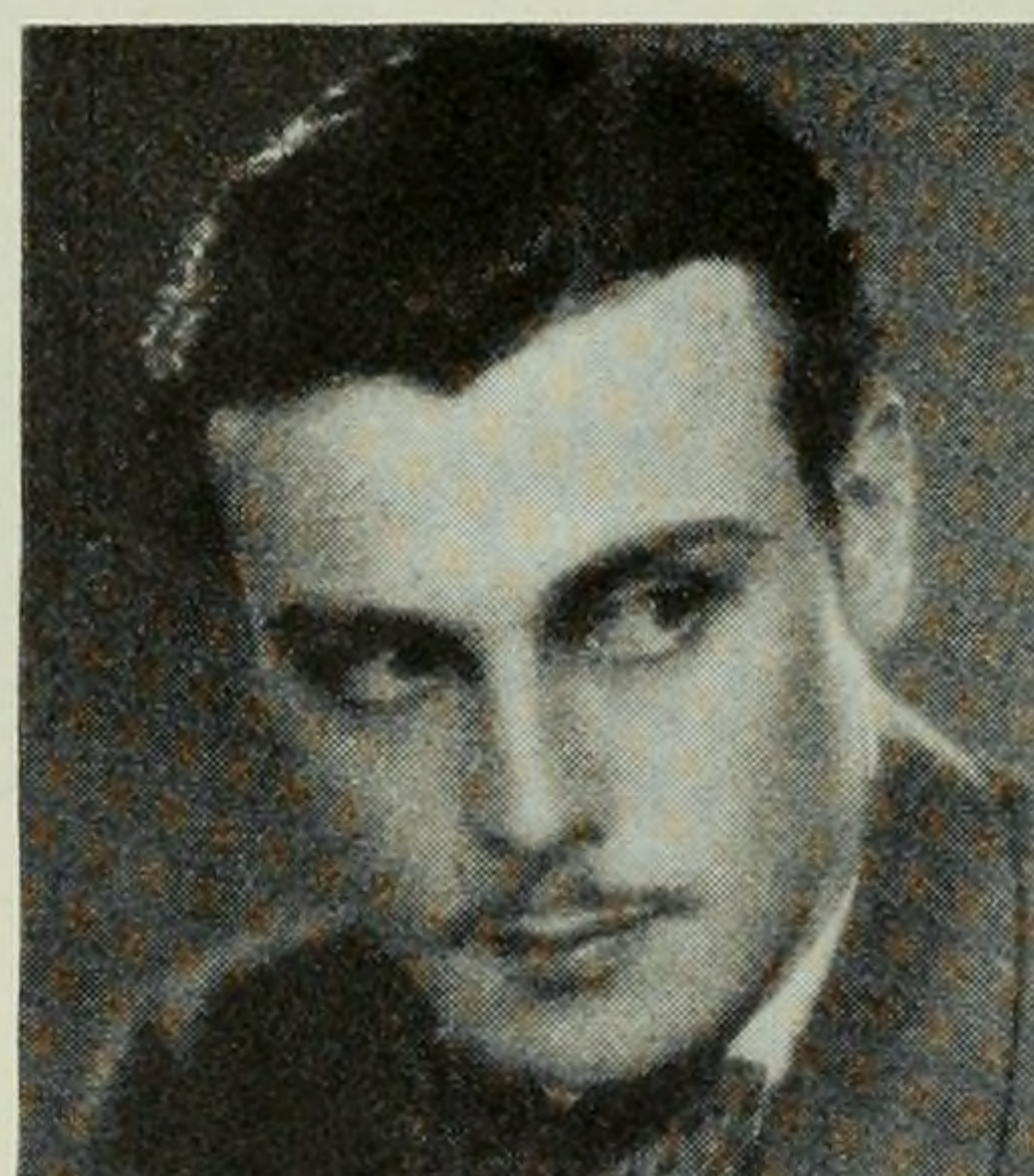
Ramon Novarro—the proper unattached young man to have at any party. Is interested in music, art, good books and is the most polite man in town.

Grant Withers—what hostess doesn't like to have a hero at the festal board? The story goes that Grant did some plain and fancy rescuing during the Pueblo flood.

Ronald Colman—the mystery man of Hollywood. Seldom attends parties. Won't discuss his love-life. Runs from inquiring females.

Eric von Stroheim—stormy and temperamental on the set, but very well behaved at a banquet. He, too, knows a cocktail fork from any other kind of fork.

Ben Lyon—his loves are, of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]



Two perfect answers to every hostess' prayer, Messrs. Nils Asther and Ramon Novarro. These nice boys are one hundred per cent fine diners-out. Both members of this club, everybody likes them, and they get on well wherever you put them. They charm the old ladies, fascinate the girls and talk he-language to the men. So always invite Nils and Ramon

Cornering

Six Famous Pairs Who Sing (Tra la!) and Dance (Hey! Hey!) in a New Revue

IN "The Show of Shows," Warner Brothers' Mammoth Aggregation of Cinematic Marvels and Motion Picture Mastodons, the famous sister acts of the screen warble their prettiest and point their toes—one! two!

Here are pictures of six of the fifteen or thirty star-spangled sister teams who will make the fans forget the old crack about good things coming singly. Each pair will wear the native costume of a different nation, and taken all together they will spell "Hollywood" in a great, big international way.



Glorifying Old Glory's little girls. Dolores and Helene Costello, who glorified the photoplay 'way back when screen silence was considered golden, add their scintillating bit to this singie-dancie-talkie



"The top of the mornin' to you, sister." Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil, a couple of captivat' colleens who do a sisterly turn in this big revue. They jig, they sing, and they smile with those Irish eyes



Two cute Dutch dolls—sisters Shirley Mason and Viola Dana. We can't be certain, but they probably sing a song of windmills, tulip time in Holland, and the course of true love in the land of the Zuyder Zee

the Sister Market

Over this colossal collection of native and foreign beauty Mr. Richard Barthelmess, accompanied by his best boyish blush, will preside as screen master of ceremonies.

This is undoubtedly one of the ace numbers of the revue, which contains everybody from John "Profile" Barrymore to the littlest and most freckled bat boy on the lot. Now if they could guarantee us Lillian and Dorothy Gish doing a hot black bottom, the world would be a better place to live and love in!



The prettiest girl in Hollywood (some say) and her pretty sister. Loretta Young (right) and Sister Sally Blane, as the French sisters. Loretta and Grant Withers are reported on the verge of marriage. What verge!



Just two little Bohemian girls, trying to get along. You know the Days, Alice (left) and Marceline. As representatives of the land of Pilsner beer and beautiful skies, they'll do their bit in the big show

And now for Rule Britannia! As representatives of the Mother Country we have Adamae and Alberta Vaughn, reading from left to right. You know Alberta. And Sister Adamae is an up and coming young player!



*They started the
story of
Sue Carol's im-
aginary millions*

3 Fur Coats

By
Eugene Earle

BY rights the title of this story should be "The Poor Little Rich Girl," but Eleanor Gates or someone else always thinks up the good titles before a fellow can get around to them.

The heroine of the story is Sue Carol, who has been hounded from childhood by riches she did not possess. There are people in Hollywood today who believe that Sue's personal fortune would make Hetty Green's roll look like a baby's bank.

Sue, almost from her first days in pictures, has been pointed out as the great Chicago heiress, who made her debut at the Blackstone Hotel. Well, Sue is a Chicago heiress. But an heiress can be an heiress without having a surplus of two or three odd millions hidden in the sock. Her fortune is best described as "comfortable."

Hollywood expected Sue to live up to those imaginary millions. There were countless demands for her money. Contracts were offered to her at a smaller figure than a less moneyed girl would get.

She determined to live on her own earnings, but she was always subscribing to this fund and that. And like anyone else living beyond their income, she went into debt. Her salary check, at first, was not large. Only in the last year has she cleared off the indebtedness.

IT has always been that way—the Nightmare of millions that existed only in the imagination of her friends and acquaintances.

"When I was little, if I had a dollar to spend, my playmates always thought I had ten. That was bad enough, but it was so much worse when I grew older. If I liked a boy, and he liked me, people said nasty things—that he was only after my money. It wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't heard the whispers. Boys that I wanted to be friendly with kept away because of the money I was supposed to have. I've cried myself to sleep more than once on this account.

"My grandfather had a great deal of money. That much is true. I received the major bequest in his will, but people did not realize that much of his fortune had gone to other people and to numerous charitable institutions. It was said that I was a very wealthy girl on account of that will. All of the money is in a trust fund. I can't touch a cent of it. Perhaps I never shall. If I ever have children, it will go to them.

"I came to Los Angeles to visit friends. I remained with a girl I knew when mother's trip was cut short. She had an apartment in a small, unpretentious building in a not too fashionable district. When I visited Janet Gaynor at the studio she did not mention the money. I thought that here my troubles were over. That [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



Sue Carol had to live up to a million she didn't have. Here she is, dolled up for film purposes. Don't believe it—she's only modestly in the big money

She's Dynamite

*Is Kay Johnson,
and she drives to
her openings in a
taxicab*

By

Stanley Burton

KAY JOHNSON is the first person I've met who didn't insist on telling me about her operation. She's just had a perfectly elegant one.

During the making of "Dynamite," Director De Mille, the C. B. one, arrived on the set early one morning. Everything was in readiness for a full day's work. The telephone rang and John Cromwell's voice came over the wire. John, be it known, is Mr. Kay Johnson.

"I have some bad news. Kay was taken suddenly with acute appendicitis. She was operated on last night and it will be three weeks before she can return to the studio."

"Well, that's that," said C. B. as he hung up the receiver. "Tell everyone that there will be a three weeks' vacation. Does anyone know where the fishing is good this time of year?"

When Kay returned in three weeks everyone was prepared to coddle her. Comfortable chairs were provided, and they wanted to shoot scenes where she was sitting down. But not for Kay. She wasn't going to be an invalid. She plunged right back in the picture, and worked fourteen hours a day to make up for lost time. She forgot all about that incision of hers.

During her teens Kay had looked forward with keen anticipation to an operation. It seemed the final touch which distinguished a woman of the world from an ordinary, prosaic person. And then there was that day of days, or maybe it was night of nights, when her tonsils came out. She could scarcely wait to go to a bridge party.

WHEN she did, and proceeded to go into her operation, everyone listened with bored politeness. The hostess finally informed her tactfully that her three-year-old daughter had also just had her tonsils, as well as her adenoids, deposited in a bottle of alcohol.

Kay was terribly hurt about it all, but she had learned her lesson. No one will be forced to listen about the time she had her appendix out. The incarceration in the hospital was not unpleasant, however. There was a peach of a nurse, for instance, who sneaked in cookies to her.

A godsend it was, too. Kay discovered that hospital food has the amazing faculty of tasting exactly alike, whether it be fried onions or *pate de fois gras*. Supposing, of course, that you get such things in a hospital.

It's quite a studio joke—Kay's appetite.

When she was making "Dynamite" she would begin asking about the lunch call at 11 o'clock. When it was finally called, De Mille would say—

"Everybody can go to lunch now, excepting Miss Johnson. I want her to stay and pose for some stills."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



Kay, the "Dynamite" girl, was one of the New York theater's smartest leading women. Now, on the strength of this first hit in pictures, she is set in films

You may skip helter-skelter from page to page in PHOTOPLAY. But pause here, gentle reader, and read this great story

Pickles

By Jerome

THERE were few men in this world who had the regal manner that was Henry K. Nottingham's. It is not often that you find a bachelor of forty-three who is so sure of his footing upon the pinnacle of success.

Now and then extensive search will reveal a husband who fortunately is possessed of an admirable wife who appreciates and understands him, and whose constant genuflections inspire him to appraise his genius at its true worth. But bachelors are an inferior race and usually act that way.

If Henry K. Nottingham strolled down Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morning—or, for that matter, down Wall Street on a Friday afternoon—and someone behind him shouted "Hey, you!" Mr. Nottingham would not pause in his stride, nor turn his head.

Would you yell, "Hey, you!" at Napoleon? Or at Mussolini? Or at John D. Rockefeller?

Henry K. Nottingham was tall and broad, without a grey hair. His extensive but conservative wardrobe included five silk hats. Few persons but Mr. Nottingham could distinguish between the one that was the thing for the opera and the one that was to be worn only at formal weddings.

He played bad golf, and admitted it, but in spite of the fact that he kept the caddies chasing through the rough, they liked to carry for him. He never lost his temper; he never blamed them for his bad shots. His bridge was as ragged as his golf, but men sought him as a fourth. He was a good loser and, whenever the opportunity offered, a good winner—eager to learn, thankful for criticism, kind, companionable.

BUT his business was his life and in business he was a different Henry K. Nottingham—shrewd, piercing, firm, believing in the infallibility of his judgment and his balance sheets and his figures. Perhaps it was not entirely his fault, this sublime confidence in his own ability. There was a woman, closer to him than any other living person, constantly beside him, ever advising, forever singing hosannas to his prowess—Miss M. L. Oleson, his secretary, better known as M. L.

Business men are moulded by their secretaries, and M. L. was much to blame for the fact that Henry K. Nottingham, in business, thought he was quite a fellow.

Life outside of business was one thing. To be successful in social pursuits you had only to be yourself, Mr. Nottingham knew. But, as M. L. so often pointed out, sentiment must never be allowed to break through into business. Business was something else, calling for a certain state of mind that had to be cultivated—a game played under a definite set of rules that would bring success.

M. L. was pretty, in a way, as an express locomotive is pretty: efficient, powerful, capable. The only feminine thing about her was her dark brown hair, waved and unbobbed.



Mr. Nottingham, President of Marvel Pictures Corporation, was feeling much as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in all his robes might feel, if hit in the eye with a spit ball

That hair bothered Mr. Nottingham. In the many years that she had been his secretary, through his struggles as president of the Mid-Continent Cement Mixer Corporation, through his triumphs as chairman of the board of the United & Amalgamated Pickle Company, through the period in which she changed from Mary Oleson to M. L., he tried to think of her as being of neuter gender. But as long as she had that hair she was distinctly feminine.

He had suggested, diplomatically, once or twice, that she should have her hair cut like a man's, but she just laughed. Those laughs made him uneasy. As the lion instinctively

& Pictures

Beatty



On the other side of the rope a short, fat man in a soiled golf suit was actually shouting at him—at Mr. Nottingham himself! “Get offa that set, ya fat head. Can’t ya see that sign?”

knows when hunters are approaching, so did Henry K. Nottingham know that M. L. had decided to marry him. He had no idea of marrying M. L. nor anyone else. The thought frightened him.

She dominated him, he realized, but she was invaluable. Her judgment in pickles and cement mixers had been sound. Much of his success was due to her keen advice. But whenever he made a calm analysis of the situation—which lately had been often—he always came to the same conclusion. He was being hunted. He must get rid of her.

But he lacked the courage to face the scene that would

It took a snappy scenario writer to teach Mr. Nottingham that Hollywood Boulevard and Wall Street are different alleys

result from the order, and the courage to gamble that even after weeks of agony he could find and train a paragon who would possess all of M. L.’s virtues and none of her vices.

IT was the only time in his business life that he postponed a decision. After all, it was not of great importance—that was his excuse.

Henry K. Nottingham had made a success of pickles and cement mixers. And so the bankers, who found themselves with Marvel Pictures Corporation on their hands, believing that a factory is a factory and overhead is overhead—pickles, cement mixers or movies—took him from a dignified office in Wall Street and moved him and M. L. into a tall building covered with electric signs on the edge of Times Square and told him that he was president of the corporation.

They intimated that they would give him one year to make some good pictures and to get the business out of the red.

Mr. Nottingham had one flash of doubt as R. W. Nelson, the noted banker, made the offer. Mr. Nottingham did not know much about the movies. He did not like them.

But Nelson slapped him on the shoulder and declared, “You can do it, Nottingham!”

It was the first time the great banker had seemed so friendly. Mr. Nottingham felt as if he had been knighted.

“Of course I can,” he said.

Mr. Nottingham told M. L. about it.

“It is the easiest task you ever had,” she predicted. “When this is done, do you realize what is next? A partnership with Mr. Nelson.”

Mr. Nottingham pinched his chin, nervously.

“But one failure—you know Mr. Nelson’s rule—one failure and a man is through forever.”

“Failure?” M. L. scoffed. “Ha!”

Mr. Nottingham was himself again.

“Of course, of course,” he said.

Mr. Nottingham had been president for three days and had come to several definite conclusions. One was that the overhead was too high and that salaries were outrageous. For instance, as M. L. had pointed out, there was Agnes Callahan, scenario editor, at \$500 a week. It was absurd to pay any woman that amount!

MR. NOTTINGHAM’S rule was to proceed with caution. He would discharge no one until he was sure of his ground, and not then until he could put his hands on capable replacements.

In the meantime, he was feeling his way along, learning the business through conferences with department heads.

M. L. entered.

“Miss Callahan is here,” she said without enthusiasm.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]



IRENE BORDONI

IRENE BORDONI is the hot sauce of the movie menu. She is small and "Fr-ranch," volatile and vivacious. Her naughty eyes have delighted audiences from Bangor to the Golden Gate. She has just made a talking picture version of her recent stage success, "Paris," for First National. This winter she will return to the stage, and, according to present plans, be back in the spring for further pictures.

The Bordoni's arrival in Hollywood was nothing if not impressive. She came quietly into town, accompanied only by a secretary, a chauffeur, a chef and two maids. Bordoni was going to be comfortable. In addition to her ménage in Beverly Hills, she maintains a home just off Park Avenue in New York, another in Paris, and a villa on the French Riviera.

This interesting singing comedienne was born on the Island of Corsica, in Ajaccio. She is not the only Corsican to sail from her native shores and conquer the world. Napoleon first saw the light of day on that island. Her great grandmother was the sister of Millet, the famous artist.

AFTER stardom in the music halls of the Continent, La Bordoni scored instant success in America in "Miss Information," a revue starring Elsie Janis. Her name soon appeared in electric lights on Broadway. Her particular forte has been versions of spicy French farces, in which she sings both in French and English.

In this day when many foreign stars have been compelled to leave the screen on account of accents, the greatest charm of the Bordoni is in her quaint handling of English. She has no desire to lose it. Bordoni without an accent would be applesauce without apples.

She is one of the most distinctively unusual women to enter pictures. Her presence at a première is noted with interest. She dresses with individuality and sometimes with startling effect. Yet, she is not an extremist.

The oo-la-la Bordoni's domestic affairs have been in one of those trying states of flux for the past year or so.

She was for a good many years the wife of E. Ray Goetz, theatrical producer and promoter. Then harsh words began to be spoken, which rose to near-screams when Goetz produced a play starring that hardy perennial, Peggy Hopkins Joyce. At last reports an armed truce prevailed.

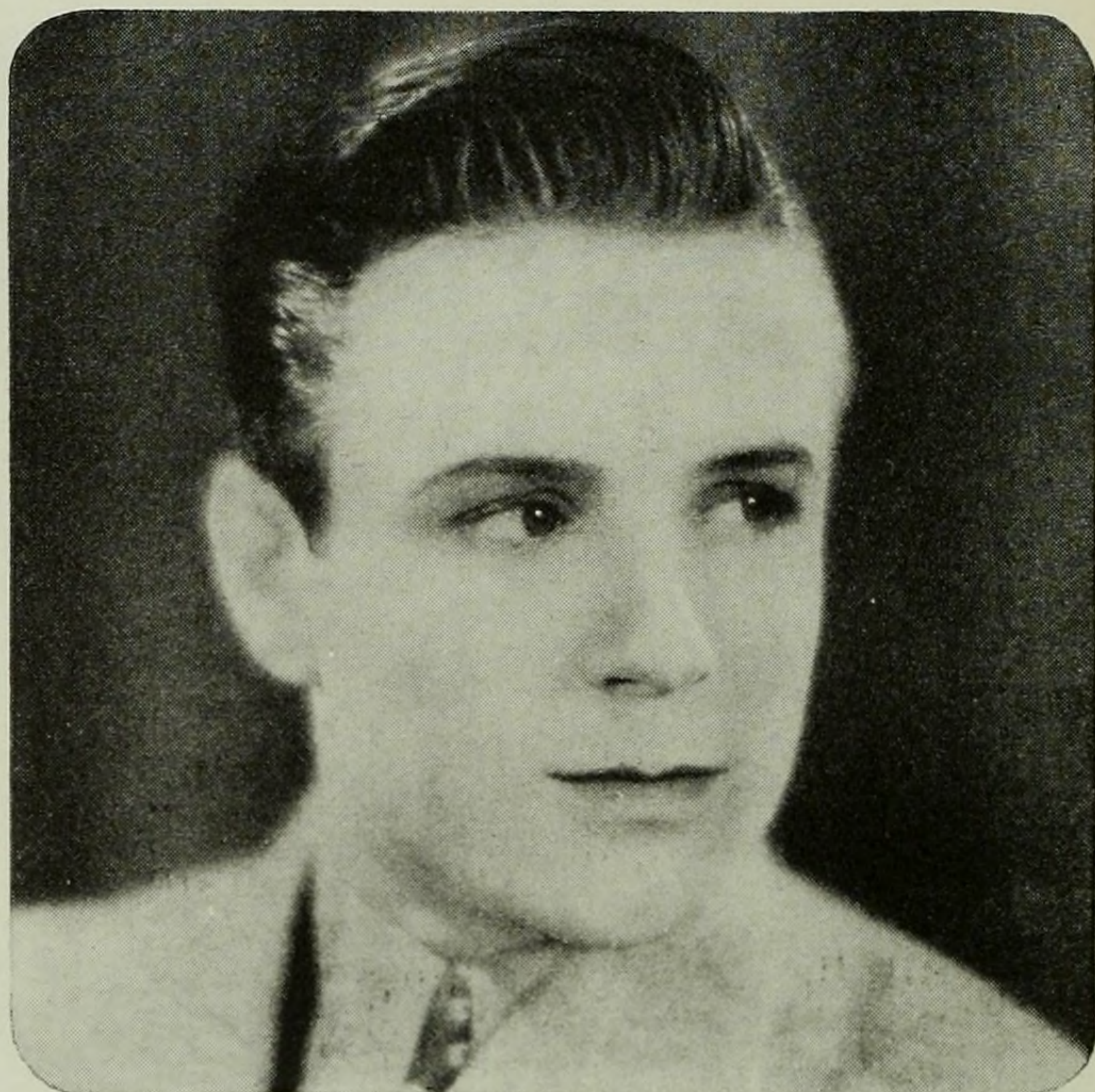
Bordoni has been, throughout her American career, a good every-season bet at the box-office. She has capably furnished our Gallic spice in the place of the lamented Anna Held, bowling over sophomores of seventeen and seventy, year after year.

So be prepared for something glittering and alluring when you go to "Paris."

Irene will get you, even if you watch out.

Two Aces

By Cal York



WILLIAM BAKEWELL

WILLIAM BAKEWELL reached the ripe old age of twenty-one last May, the age of indiscretion.

Most young men of twenty-one are blasé and "tired of it all," even if the pose is a bit hollow. Billy takes it big. The world is a grand place. All the stars in Hollywood are "nice," and he can't even think of a malicious exception or two. He has been successful in talking pictures, and before that he was successful in silent pictures. There is nothing to worry about as long as his pal, Arthur Lake, doesn't have more dates with Mary Brian than he himself has.

This young man with the green eyes was born in Hollywood. Until he made location trips to West Point and Annapolis he had seen very little of the world which exists beyond the Hollywood mountains. The weekends in New York and Washington were events. He met Ex-President Coolidge.

BILLY is one of the most popular of the screen juveniles. He played the dual rôle of the two princes in "The Iron Mask," and spoke out like a trouper in "On with the Show." He has a voice with a personality, or sex appeal, or whatever a screen voice is supposed to have. He was Alice White's "sheikie" in "Hot Stuff," and they were such a good team that Billy will make love to Alice again in a new picture at First National. He is also to be featured in five pictures at Warners. The first was "The Gold Diggers."

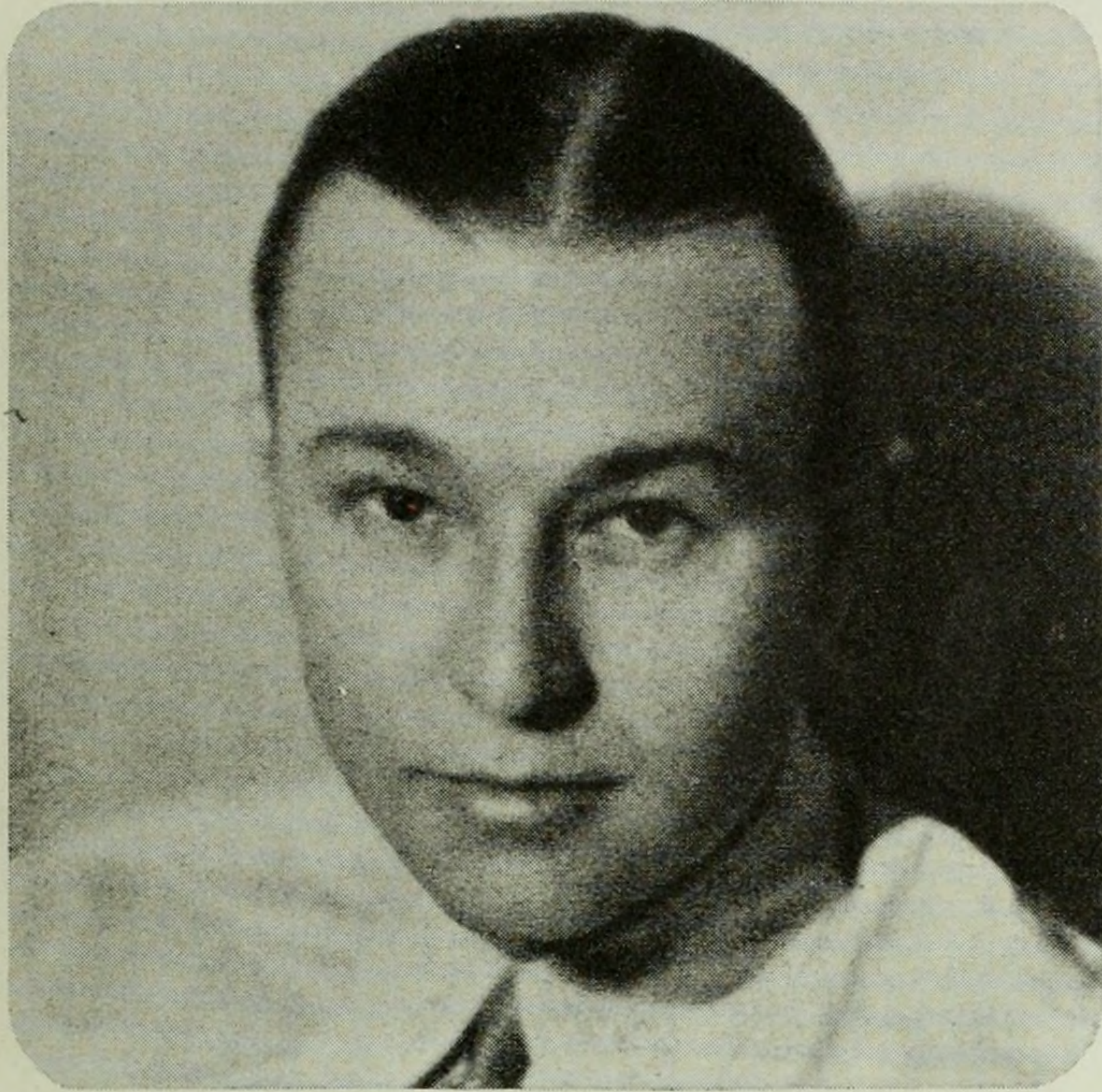
The next time you meet Billy at a party ask him to do his imitation of John Barrymore, or the one on Harry Langdon. They're both very funny. The imitations, of course.

Young Master Billy is one of the leading members of Hollywood's younger set, which includes Arthur Lake, Alice White and other pert youngsters full of ginger and pep.

Anywhere else they'd be howling around the streets in stripped Fords. But being what they are, their dashing is done in fancier cars.

Bakewell seems set for bigger and finer things. His work with Fairbanks in "The Iron Mask" indicates that young master will go far fast.

and a Pair of Queens



ROBERT ARMSTRONG

ROBERT ARMSTRONG is an actor (and a pretty darn good one, according to rumor and box-office) but he doesn't begin every sentence with "I." Nor does he believe that the little woman's place is in the home. He thinks his art is perfectly elegant on Saturday night when he opens that modest little pay envelope.

The nephew of the illustrious Paul Armstrong has done right well in the fillums. He slipped into pictures just at that psychological moment before talkies, when stage people were still invited out, and could drink their coffee without worrying about ground glass in the bottom of the cup.

Bob had every intention of becoming a lawyer. He was going to study at the University of Washington, but once, after a hectic session with a pair of musty tomes, he had a bright idea for a vaudeville sketch and three months before graduation presented it at a theater in Portland. Somebody saw it and Bob found himself in New York, minus a sheepskin, but well satisfied with a tube of greasepaint.

IT was in "Is Zat So?" that he found his first real stage success. He and Jimmy Gleason knocked 'em for a row of lead boxing gloves both in America and London. In Hollywood he deserted the footlights for the kleigs. From then on he's been stepping from one picture to another until he's punch-drunk. He has played in three dozen films. "The Racketeer" and "Oh, Yeah!" are his latest.

Bob is married to Jeanne Kent, an actress. They live in Beverly Hills, entertain pleasantly, get invited out to smart dinners and make all the other gestures necessary to screen success.

His closest pal is Jimmy Gleason—they think, act, toil, play as one. Their teaming, personally and professionally, is one of the great friendships of the stage and screen. Perfect mates in business—perfect foils at telling gags. Damon and Pythias, Bob and Jimmy, allee same thing.

All of which doesn't hurt the Gleason-Armstrong starring pictures one bit.



NORMA TERRIS

THOSE hard-boiled cynics who'll tell you that Tom Mix's horse uses a double, thought it was a studio publicity gag when Norma Terris married Dr. Jerome Wagner just as she warbled the last high C in "Married in Hollywood."

"So," said Norma, "we took the stigma off it by having the ceremony performed in Beverly Hills."

And right after the wedding the presidents of the trans-continental airplane companies rubbed their hands together and called it a big day. For Norma, one of the latest recruits from Broadway, and Dr. Wagner will commute between Hollywood and New York.

Norma is different from most of the film gals. She's quite tall and, although her hair is dark brown and her eyes are black, hers is not the conventional type of brunette beauty. But you're so used to beauty in Hollywood.

There is something else, you know—mostly a voice, and Norma Terris has that.

For two years she was *Magnolia* in Ziegfeld's "Show Boat."

Because she had not been long in Hollywood her marriage didn't cause a ripple on the sound wave, yet it was one of the most spectacular that has yet been recorded in the annals of film romances.

TWO years ago she met Dr. Wagner. In June she came to Hollywood. He followed, begging her to marry him. She refused. He returned to his stethoscopes and sphygmomanometers, but he spent most of this time on the long distance telephone. And then Norma said "yes" so, in case she'd change her mind, he hopped a plane and married her right away at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mack, dignified for the tired member of the "Two Black Crows," and his little woman.

Because there were arteries hardening in New York, the couple jumped on a plane again and winged their way to the Eastern city. But there's a contract waiting for Norma in Hollywood that has to be fulfilled.

The doctor can't give up his practice. And that's how airplane companies get rich.

Norma had a glamorous rise in the show world, topping it off with this slam-bang marriage.

It was "Show Boat" that made her famous, and it is "Show Boat" that will mark her as long as she trills on stage or screen. "Oh, yes," our youngsters will say, "Daddy took me to see her play *Magnolia*." Up to the moment that magnificent Ziegfeldian bolt struck her for fame and fortune, she was just another young leading woman, forever on the make for jobs on Broadway. Now she's a personage.

Yup—it's forever just like the old song says—

"Mix the lot—what have you got?—MAGNOLIA!"



Ruth Harriet Louise

WOULD you recognize in this seductive girl with the come-hither-or-I'll-come-after-you eyes, that demure little ingénue, Anita Page? Anita always plays the sweet young thing whose mother didn't tell her. Maybe the M-G-M producers were only experimenting in this picture



OH, IT IS, IS IT?

So Hollywood Is a Manless Town, eh? The Masculine Side of a Celebrated Controversy

By
Charleson Gray
 *

SO Hollywood is a manless town, is it? And the picture girls lean on their chins and sigh wanly for a romance unsupplied by local lads, do they? Whilst their bright and languorous eyes inspect incoming trains for boy-friends not connected with the film racket, is that it?

Boy, my howitzer! My black-jack, machine gun, and kris! My Big Bertha and bullet-proof vest! We sally forth to talk back. The starlets have bitten the hands which feed them. And they must be shown that the hand which feeds may also spank.

The complaint by the glittery gals that the men of the town are indifferent to romance, is but another demonstration that this is the age of frankness. Nowadays we don't call a spade a spade; it's a dirty old shovel. We are outspoken. Bald. Even ribald.

Consequently let us be done with this hoey surrounding the film cutie. Let us strip her of her glamorous trappings, bring her into the light of criticism, and show her for the shameless hussy she is. The sort who drains a fella for years; and when he at last becomes wary, casts him aside with the crack that he was a good kid while he had it.

With such creatures rampant on the moving picture crest, is it any wonder that the boys are ducking at the first faint whiff of perfume?

The answer is, no. Sadly but truthfully.

The Hollywood girl is beautiful. She is beautiful with the beauty of the last illusion, perfection caught at a translucent moment and quickened into

flesh. With the new and simple elegance which lately has marked her clothing (the influence of such sartorial wows as the Bennetts and Kay Francis), she has become capable of causing the angels up in the sky to weep with desire. Which is a hell of a thing for an angel to have to do.

BUT we live in, after all, a rather sharply regulated world. And if the angels have teary moments because they can't contact the most dazzling of the earth-maidens—well, they'll never have to cry over alimony, Christmas, Whitsuntide, and Valentine's Day presents, the constant flow of minor (miner?) gifts necessary to keep in good standing, or any of those menacing excursions when Baby wants to go buy-buy.

And herewith we approach the heart of our brief. The movie girls have designated a number of reasons, personal characteristics for the most part, why the film male is becoming increasingly wary of the fimmale. They have pointed out that some are too abstracted, some too smart-cracking, some too this, or too that.

But woman-wise, they have side-stepped the *reason behind* these seemingly calloused attitudes: i.e. self-protection. Or—

Money! Money! MONEY!

How, for instance, can a kid like Billy Bakewell, just out of the military academy, get more than a casual nod from the clerks in Milnor's?

How can Matty Kemp, Buster Collier, Hugh Allen, or Rex Lease, trodding the precarious path of the free-lance, feel the same way about diamonds that Peggy Joyce does?

Mine eyes are still lame from [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

***Editorial note:** Katherine Albert's article in the September PHOTOPLAY, "Hollywood—A Manless Town," caused a storm of indignation among the males of the celluloid city. At a torchlight meeting attended by all the brothers not between pictures with laryngitis, Mr. Gray (spelling champion of Toluca Lake) was assigned to prepare the brief of Cutie versus Morality Clause: or It's Cheaper to Play Pool.



Billie Dove, the Ziegfeld girl of days of old, with sweeping lines and classic features, meets Maxine Cantway, the Ziegfeld model of 1929—the modern hey! hey! chorus girl of stage and talkies



Chorus girls at work. Larry Ceballos, dance director of film revusicals, is showing the gals how to hit the high spots. Looks like the answer to the old query, "How high is up?"

The New Extra Girl

By Roland Francis

SHE goes to work at 8:30, and she's on time. She toils all day, and sometimes far into the night. She lives with the old folks at home, and when she isn't toiling she goes to bed long before midnight. She is a hard worker, and isn't too frivolous in spite of the fact that she is just high school age.

Now guess who?

Not Pollyanna.

Not Elsie Dinsmore.

You'd never guess.

She is the movie chorus girl, and she is as different from her sisters who gladden the eyes of the t. b. m. as is Peggy Hopkins Joyce from Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

One of the pleasanter features of talking pictures is the arrival of the 1929 model lady of the ensemble. There are more than two thousand of them living in stucco bungalows and apartment houses in Hollywood. None of them dwell in the familiar theatrical boarding house, so common in New York.

You can find in Hollywood a Hindu Yogi, a white elephant, and a boulevard where apparently your car rolls uphill, but durned if you can find a theatrical boarding house.

The chorus miss has taken the place of the more improvident, and, by the same token, more colorful extra girl of years past—the type of extra girl you met in "Merton of the Movies." At that, these young strangers in our midst are a self-reliant bunch,

even if they wouldn't know a stage-door Johnny from Peter the Hermit.

Where are her "extra" sisters of the old silent days? Now they belong to history. Their beauty and ability to wear clothes with the necessary dash were not sufficient requisites for the talking screen. They couldn't dance, and they couldn't sing "Mammy." They had to find work in other fields. Some of them are waitresses now, others are manicurists. A few of



She Must Dance! She Must Sing! She's Pretty and Pert, and So's Her Old Adagio!

Chorus girls at play. Talkies have brought a new era for these chorines. No more backstage waits in a stuffy theater. Sun-baths, instead, on the green grass of "the lot"

dance routines for another. Champagne and lobster after midnight produce headaches the next morning, and a chorus girl who came to the studio all fagged would meet herself going out the gate.

Not many of them come from New York. Most of them have lived in and around [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

the more fortunate are successful secretaries, salesladies, and buyers for stores. You may meet the old extra girl anywhere in Hollywood. Most of them are just "waiting around" for a return of the silent picture.

There is nothing wrong with the pay of the new extra girl. It assuredly beats typing and clerking. The old extra girl, if she had drawn such a salary, would have had illusions of grandeur and snubbed Gloria Swanson. The girls who display the epidermis in the screen all-talking, singing, dancing and what-have-you productions make, on the average, \$75 weekly. During rehearsals they make \$40. Not bad money for any miss in her 'teens. And not bad money for the highest paid chorus girls in New York.

The studio chorines have to work and work hard. They must keep in training like athletes. Quite likely they will be working in one picture and rehearsing

Seven little tonics from the chorus of M-G-M's "Hollywood Revue." The talkies are universal in their appeal. Even the tired business man is not forgotten!



GOSSIP *of* All



Hollywood did everything but call out the militia when Rudy Vallée crooned into town to make his first talkie, "The Vagabond Lover." Here's the band leader at the station, with his papa and mamma, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vallée, and a few loitering chorus maids

*Janet Gaynor, wed and gone,
Sees the soft Hawaiian dawn.
Loves her husband, too, by heck!
Not a bushel, but a Peck!*

JEANNE EAGELS, that grand actress but wild and untamable star, dropped dead in a doctor's waiting room in New York not long ago at the age of thirty-five.

The way of her tragic passing told many things about her stormy career during the last few years of her life. She had grown increasingly hard to handle in the theater, and when she turned to the studios after having been banned by the actors' union, she increased the problems of her directors by her wilfulness and irregularity.

But poor, poor Jeanne! She's gone home, and all is forgiven. She had all the instability of a temperamental player in wretched health. She could not save herself. She left the American theater the imperishable memory of her *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain," which she played for over four years. She left the screen one monumental performance in "The Letter," first of the adult talkies.

So the blonde girl, hurled about by the storms of life, bequeathed us these memories. Cal will never hear "The Wabash Blues," or the pounding of steady rain, but he will think of *Sadie Thompson* in her cheap finery, and the tom-toms beating in the hills of Pago-Pago, and the *Rev. Davidson* wrestling for her soul.

HO hum! Remember how Ellen Frank, Pittsburgh dancer, sued Harry Richman, Mr. Bow-elect, for \$250,000?

How she charged that he shut her up in his compartment on a train to Cleveland and beat her, etc.?

Well, that's off. Richman says he settled out of court for \$700. "I told them to get rid of the matter because it was a nuisance," says Broadway Harry. "But the charges were ridiculous."

Again, ho hum! For \$700, a beating? Hardly a tiny slap!

CLARA BOW is waging a terrific battle to keep down the pounds. She is in far from satisfactory health and has been warned by her physician.

She has a natural tendency to take on weight, and to meet

Our little Janet Gaynor decided to Go Away on a honeymoon, and naturally needed a Going Away outfit. Platinum grey crepe Elizabeth, it is, trimmed with platinum fox. The hat is of grey soleil. The duds were grey, but the sun bright, and Lydell was crazy about it all



this peril she abstains to the point of under-nourishment.

In addition she uses a vacuum device to break down fat cells, and electrical treatments are used on her hips. It's a heck of a life.

Hollywood remembers how too many pounds almost ruined the career of Molly O'Day, and her heroic and unavailing struggle to become slender. What will happen to Clara?

TWO independent producers met over the noonday herring. "Well, Max," said one, "how much do you think I made last month?" The other gave him a sour look, and this answer—"Half!"

THE lucky colleen has been chosen. Director Frank Borzage, directing John McCormack's first Fox single, looked all over Erin for Jawn's leading woman. His eyes lighted on a pretty

The STUDIOS

By
Cal
York

It's in the old Garbo blood, for Greta's brother is an actor, too! His name is Sven, and he is here shown rocking the boat in a scene from "The Robot," a new Swedish film. The young lady is Miss Karin Gillberg, another argument for better ship service to Scandinavia



International

A little checking up showed that the same voice had asked for all the service—and it was a male voice.

Alice, being one of the best, wouldn't give the name of the sweet-natured lad she suspected. But Cal bets she wouldn't mind getting behind him with a baseball bat for about two minutes.

THE happiest, cutest and coyest little bridegroom in all the West, not long ago, was Bull Montana—wrestler, actor and known to fame as the boy with the elephant ears.

For the Bool had married again—had married a girl named Mary Poulson, described as a widow, a blonde and about twenty-five. Somewhere around here is a picture of the pair, and you can see for yourselves what a peach Mrs. Bool No. 2 really is.

It's not so long ago that Montana came crying to the law courts, complaining bitterly that little wife No. 1 had beaten and lacerated him, body and soul. He seems to have been freed in plenty of time to corral this pretty blonde he has honored with his storied name.

A nice quiet wedding, they say. Hardly any one was hurt, and if any good red vino flowed free, the public at large never heard of it.

And so Big Bool, the boy with the mainsail ears, and his Little Mary, go hand in hand toward the sunset—together. (Fadeout.)

AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSON, smart scenarist, has the bridge prize racket lashed to the mast. She gives knit underwear to the lucky lady or gent.

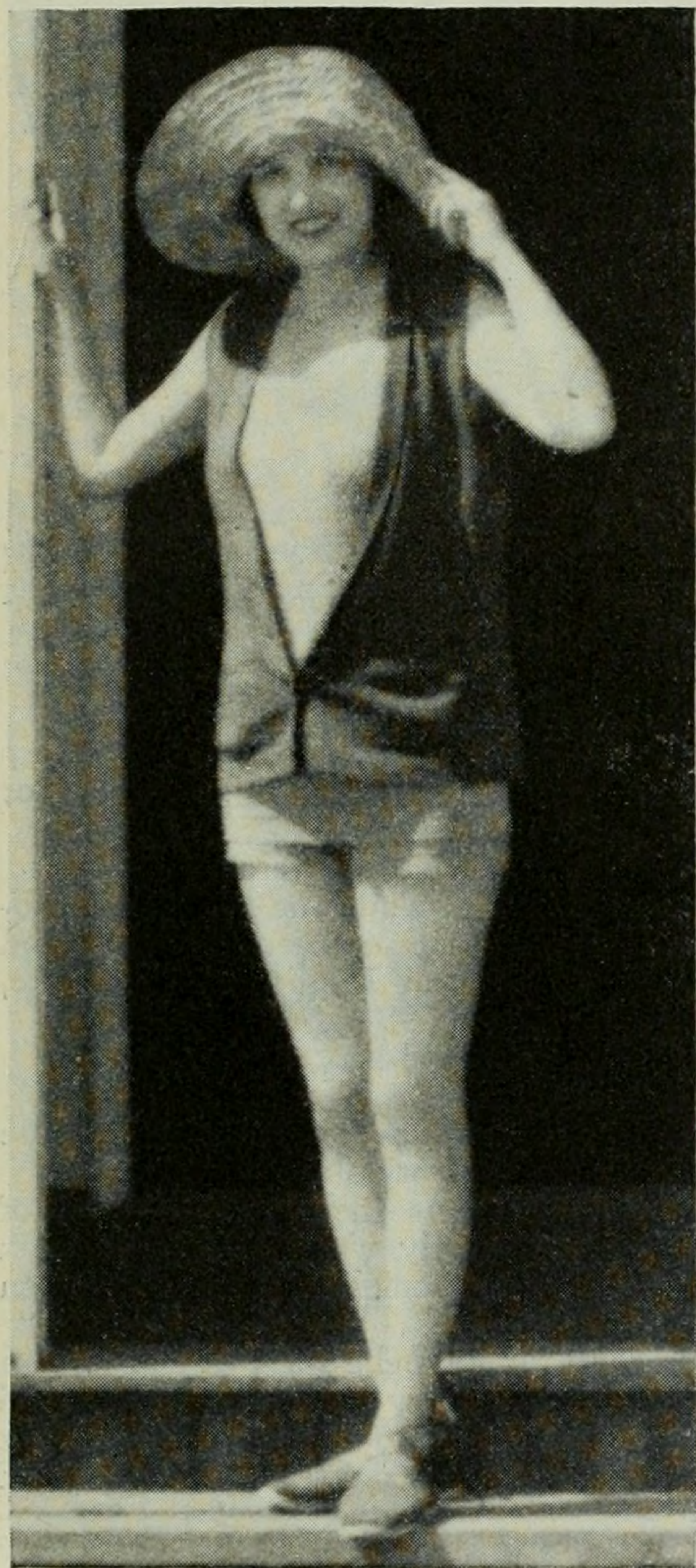
Two reasons. 1. It's cheaper. 2. The prize lasts all season. No one will lug the darned stuff home!

THE romance between Dolores del Rio and Teddy Joyce, the Pittsburgh master of ceremonies, booms along, reports our Romance Reporter.

And there's a reason for it all.

Joyce makes del Rio laugh! He's a jolly, clowning sort of kid, and keeps the dark star in stitches all the time they are romping around together.

Remember that Dolo married in her teens, and married a man older than herself—a dignified Mexican gentleman full



Lured to the door of her beach house by the plaintive wail of a hungry little microphone, our fiendish cameraman snapped this charming informal picture of the queenly Alice Joyce at play. And when one gets a photograph of Alice on the romp, one has something nice

eighteen-year-old lass named Maureen O'Sullivan. Whipping a contract from his pocket, he had her on the dotted line for five years before you could say Brian Boru Finnegan.

She's a bobbed-haired brunette, and is now in Hollywood.

ABUSTED heart and an ornery nature caused Alice Day a lot of grief some nights ago.

At eleven in the evening a lad left Alice's apartment with a broken heart and a cantankerous spirit. At midnight a taxi driver came to the door. "The cab you ordered, Miss!" said he. But she hadn't.

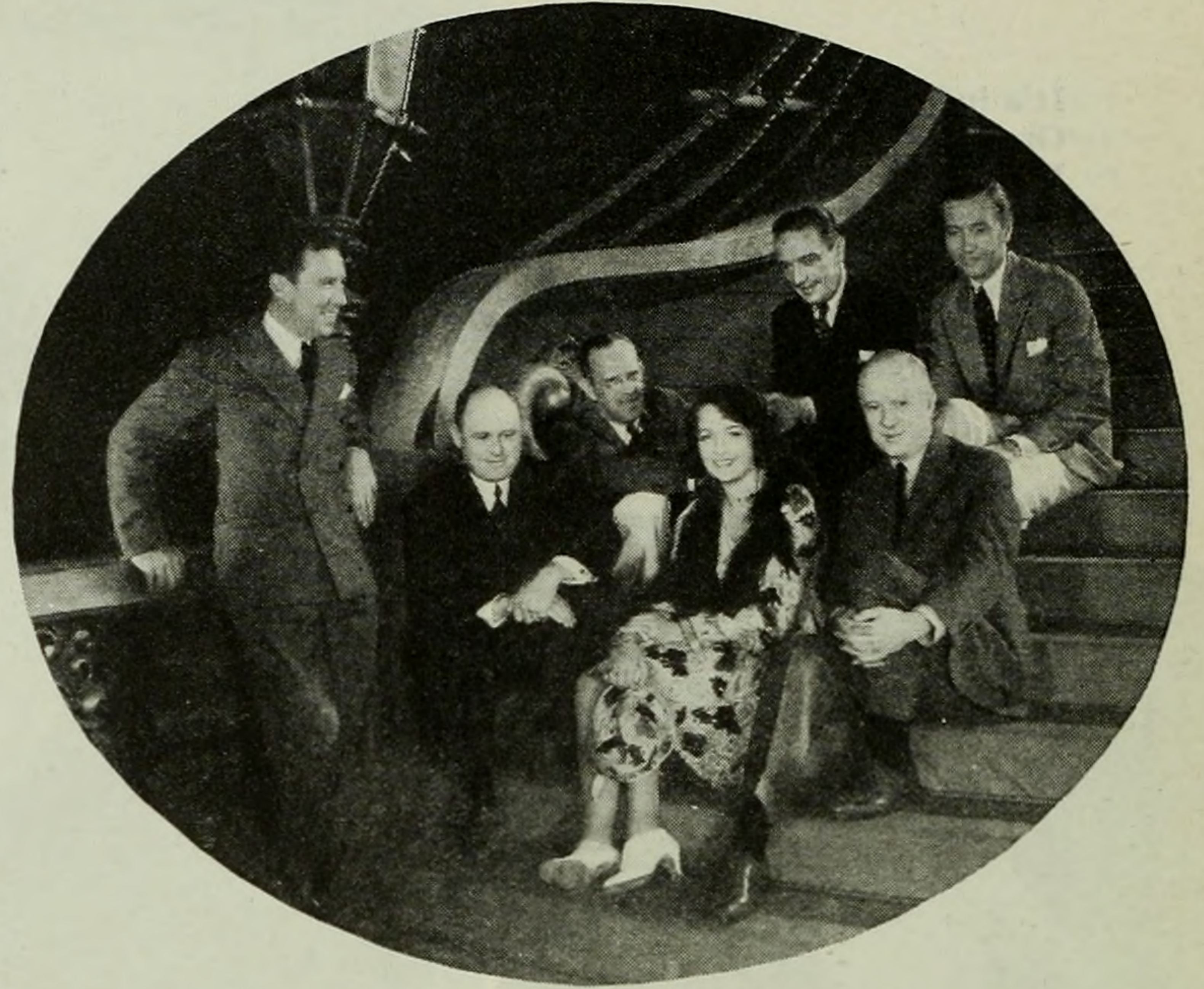
In the course of the next few hours two ambulances, two limousines, nine taxis, a police surgeon and several assorted cops had come screaming up to the Day home on hurry calls.

Alice had only wanted a little peace and quiet, but she got a four-alarm fire with all the trimmings.



International

Kid Cupid and the little blonde bride have a headlock clamped on Bull Montana, and in about two grunts his shoulders will be flat on the mat. The Old Bool and Mary Poulson, the day they got the license that would make her Mrs. Bull Montana Number Two



Meet the merry-makers of "Rio Rita." Seated in front are Hiram S. Brown, president of Radio Pictures, Bebe Daniels and William Le Baron, producer. Harry Tierney, composer, is standing. Others: Luther Reed, some swell director; Victor Baravalle, music, and Max Ree

of family traditions, and all that. If there was a romance with Edwin Carewe, which both deny, it was with a man who had a daughter as old as the star.

Now she's found a young fellow who can laugh and tell gags and make Dolores whoop and guffaw, and old Cal, for one, can't help but be for it, somehow. He can even forgive her putting bangles on his wrists, and buying little pieces of sentimental jewelry for both to wear.

The person who doesn't get a lot of laughs as he or she totters dizzily from the cradle to the tomb is getting badly gyped. Why shouldn't del Rio collect her share?

THE month's bad news, from our special Bad News Reporter.

It was Hollywood's greatest summer for weddings. Lovebirds twittered all over the place, and we were all saying how Hollywood was the happiest, lovey-doviest place in the whole world. Well, we might have known it was too good to last. For a flock of divorce suits suddenly hit Hollywood like a ton of gold brick.

Saddest of all, perhaps, was Lewis Stone's suit. He charged his wife, Florence Oakley, with extreme cruelty and lack of consideration. They were married in 1920.

We weren't surprised when Blanche Sweet sued Marshall Neilan. That had been coming on for some time. A property settlement has been made.

Then blonde Jeannette Loff sued her spouse, Harry K. Rosebloom, for divorce, charging him with jealousy, physical cruelty and desertion. And Doris Dean Arbuckle sued Fatty for the second time, elaborating on her charges of cruelty.

Altogether, an unhappy month, and one that took all the joy out of the numerous marriages of the preceding weeks.

"**W**HAT is a 'dude ranch'?" some soul asked Gary Cooper.

This is right up Gary's alley, as he owns a big and well-paying one up yander thar in Montana, among them purple mountings.

"It's a place," explained Gary, "where the cows are just accessories."

LEAVE it to some of the foreign stars to give out the white-hot interviews fit to dethrone kings and break the bank at Monte Carlo!

Twenty newshounds of the American press surrounded the

booful Lily Damita in her New York hotel. They chinned themselves on every word—their jaws were on their wishbones as the great star spoke.

"Miss Damita, what do you think of the talking pictures?"

The Damita paused for two minutes' thought.

"I like them verrreee motch!" she answered.

"And," quavered an interviewer, "have you a message for your great public?"

More thought by the star. Then she answered:

"Tell my pooblic," said Damita, while the reporters scribbled furiously, "that I nevvrrr wear stockeings! See?" and she held out one of those immortal Damita stems—quite, quite bare.

In such pulsing moments is world history made!

THE DAMITA, by the way, is giving up the mike and the camera and going on the New York stage, for a while.

She is being loudly mentioned as the leading woman of "Carry On," a new musical comedy which is to star Jack Donahue, the great singing and dancing comedian, last seen with Marilyn Miller in "Rosalie."

This should be duck soup for La Belle Lily, as she was an ornament of the Parisian merry-merry before she fell for the camera and the men behind it fell for her. And she's just deposited a trust fund of \$100,000 for herself in a New York bank!

YOU'VE all heard of the stars laboring in four pictures and juggling six pop bottles at one and the same time. Now hear the tale of the grand actress who never faced a camera.

A year ago a big-eyed youngster named Zita Johann scored a great hit in New York in a play called "Machinal." M-G-M snapped her up as star material, and she came to Hollywood with a twenty-week contract calling for \$500 every payday. For five months she slithered about the lot, mentioned for that picture and this, but never assigned. The other day she went back to New York for another big stage rôle, having earned \$10,000 in beautiful Hollywood without croaking a note or making one face at a camera. Add it to "Overhead, Talking Pictures," and let it go. Lucky little Zita!

CARLOTTA KING may beat this record, and at the same studio. After the singer's "Desert Song" hit, she went to work on a six-month contract at \$750 a week. As this is written, Carlotta has collected checks for four months without

A billion dollars' worth of artists having fun. Dick Barthelmess is host to the group on his yacht "Pegasus." The others are Florence Vidor, Mrs. Barthelmess, Jascha Heifetz and Beatrice Lillie, the British comedy star who has made some pictures



International

turning loose a single high C. All of which shows that now and then an actor gets a break and the manager takes a rap. Who said anything about an actors' union in Hollywood? Bah!

"I'VE met some high pressure salesmen in my time," says Director George Fitzmaurice, pulling at his long white whiskers.

"But the king of them all," says Fitz, reaching for his crutches, "is the guy who sold the electric sign to the Hollywood shop that advertises 'Books for the Blind.'"

THE boss made a little mistake in the October issue, and all Texas rallied round to correct him.

In "Close-Ups, and Long-Shots," he said that the Saturday night business of Temple, Tex., was moving forty miles to Paris because the movie theater in the latter town had talkies and the Temple house was still silent.

First to reach us was a note from Margaret Lindley, of Terrel, who remarked that as Paris was some 250 miles from Temple, it would be a little hard for the good citizens of the latter to jog over to Paris to shop and to hear a phonoplay. She suggested that the town we meant was Waco, some forty miles away.

And it is so ordered. Until the Temple manager gets his sound equipment, that's our story, and we're stuck with it.

JUST an old Hollywood custom. Headline—"Film Beauty to Wed Scion of Millions."

This time it's little Blanche Mehaffey (of the old California Mehaffey's) and the lucky boy with the well-lined pockets is Mr. Arnold Wallace Staunton of Massachusetts (of the old Back Bay Stauntons).

WHO'S that blonde gal over on the Hal Skelly set, where they're making "The Show Off"?

What? No! Yes, it is, too. Helene Chadwick, enjoying her first job in a big studio for four long, lean years! Hello, Helene, glad you're back, and all that sort of tosh.

The talkies did it. Where was the mike all Helene's life?

WRITE in the name of your pet hate, and go for this. A supervisor bought a play called "The Optimist," but didn't like the title.

"Why not?" pleaded his story editor. "It's a good name!"

"I know," said the supervisor, "but I'm afraid of it. You



Another high-strung, nervous Southern lady makes her bow to the camera. The child in arms is Miss Harriet Jane Brown. The other two people in the picture are merely a couple of proud and doting parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown of Alabama, suh!

know what an optimist is, and I know what an optimist is, but the man in the street, y'understand—does he know it's a guy that makes glasses?"

Oh, probably not, at that. Let's just drop it.

CLARA BOW has figured out a smart way to get the boy friend on the dot for any and all dates.

She's just given Harry Richman, the current ball of fire, a diamond-studded wrist watch guaranteed to split the seconds square in the middle.

WATER stuff very nearly did for Monte Blue.

Shooting off Laguna Beach, Monte was riding a raft. Along comes a big comber and knocks him kicking and yowling into the sea.

Net result—three broken ribs and numerous cuts and bruises for the star.

Not to mention, probably, some high class and elegant language by the lacerated Mr. Blue.

THE Prince Mdivani, the one who has been married to Negri, may get a new wife. She is Mary McCormick, American opera singer who is a protégée of Mary Garden.

But—there are two catches.

First, the princelet must become an American go-getting business man, preferably in Texas. Second, he must give up his title and change his last name to McDivan.

Just two trifling changes. But if that laddie makes 'em, it's sure true love. In the meantime, all Princey has to do is finally get his divorce from perilous Pola.

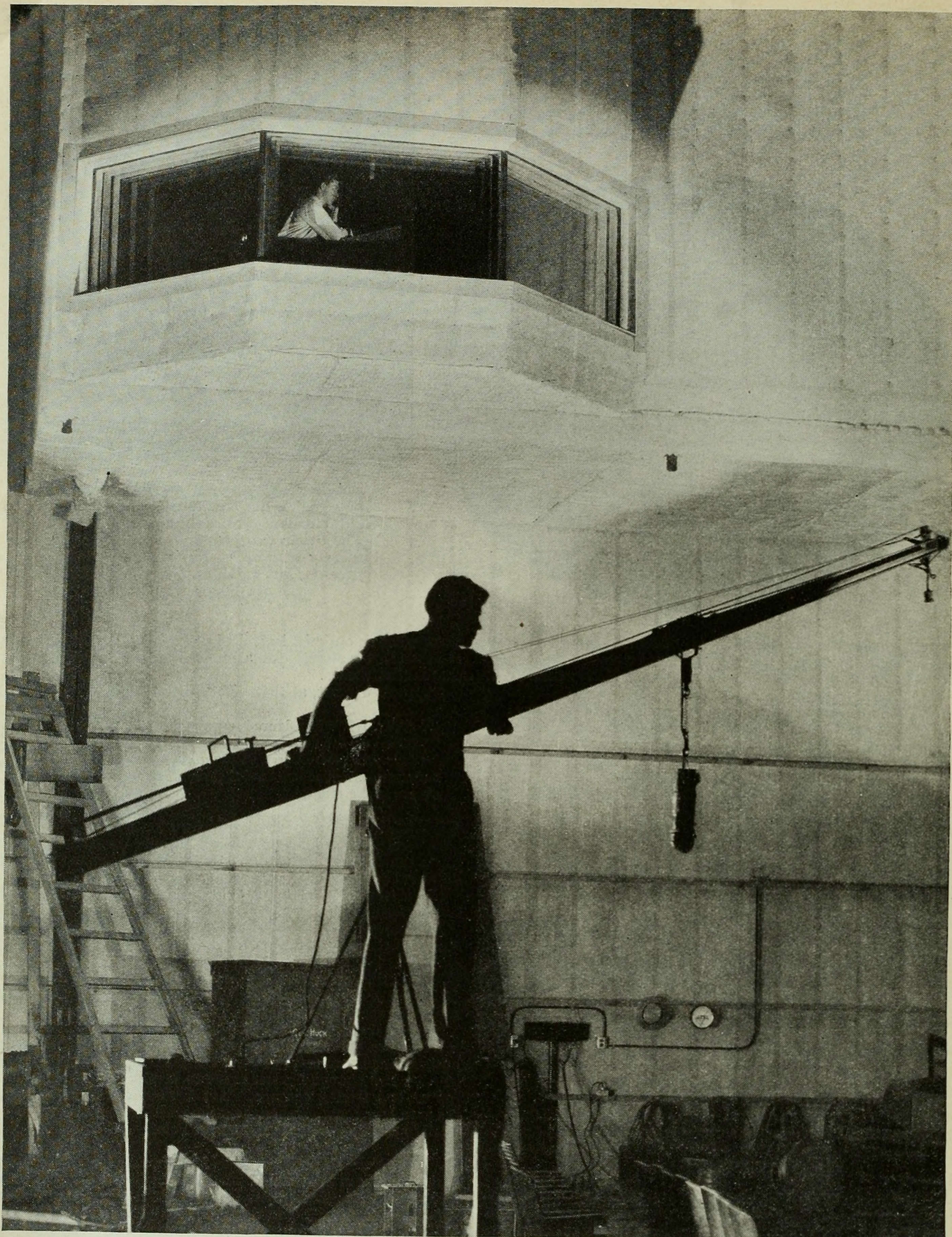
IF Rudy Vallée takes Hollywood by storm, as his press agents have promised he would, it will be because of his indifference rather than his graciousness. This famous saxophone tooter is making no effort to win the praise of the Hollywood scribes.

He was being interviewed by a writer last week and he reclined gracefully and comfortably on a chaise longue in his dressing room. His eyes were closed and he bore every evidence of comfort until compelled to give some monosyllabic reply to the writer's questions.

Finally he said, "I believe I will go home and go to bed and have you interview me there."

The young lady, without batting an eyelash, calmly replied, "The last man I interviewed in bed was George Young."

"Who is he?" queried Rudy. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]



Abbe

A BEAUTIFUL thing of light and shadow—and a picture of a great sound stage in action. In the foreground one of the crew is adjusting a microphone arm for a talking scene. And high above, seen through the window, sits the monarch of the phonoplay, the Man in the Monitor Room—that all-powerful technician who regulates the flow of sound from actors' lips

The Disliked

Girl

Folks picked on
Alice White, but
her gameness
won

By Grace Thornley

ALICE WHITE—blonde, cute, hard-boiled—is the most disliked girl in Hollywood!

She's had to fight for everything she has. The suave diplomacy of the more cultured stars has remained an enigma to her. She has not learned the value of a tear-filled, abused look and a gentle word neatly placed. Standing up for her rights, and doing that vociferously, has been her only weapon. But it has been a double-edged blade. And she has been deeply wounded by it.

Other girls gather together in corners to whisper about her. Wives draw away at a discreet distance when she enters the room. And the most pitiful part about it is that Alice White knows it. Her funny, tempestuous little soul has been hurt.

"I know they hate me—and I don't know why," she said fiercely, drawing a nervous hand through her tousled blonde hair. "I've tried to help people—I actually have. But nobody's helped me. I've had it tough all my life. I've had to fight for everything I've got. I've been on my own. No man has had anything to do with my career. I've fought for everything I've got—whatever it is I've got."

A strange, elemental little creature, she has done the only thing she knew how to do. She has battled with a bitter tongue, a fiery eye and a grim determination as her aids. Her path has not been easy. She has struggled for every triumph.

Perhaps the old bromide, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," explains the situation. Alice was too well known in Hollywood. "Alice White a star? Oh, that goofy little script girl? I remember her. She—trying to be a star? Oh, yeah!" You know that sort of an attitude? She's just had to show 'em what she could do. She's had to face daily those skeptical eyes.

HER battles began before she became an actress. Once she worked as a stenographer in the publicity department at the Pickford Studio. Mrs. Pickford never liked her. "The girl doesn't wear enough clothes," she said. Alice had already discovered the penalty of being young and cute and full of pep. Bosses' wives had her fired several times because she was too attractive.

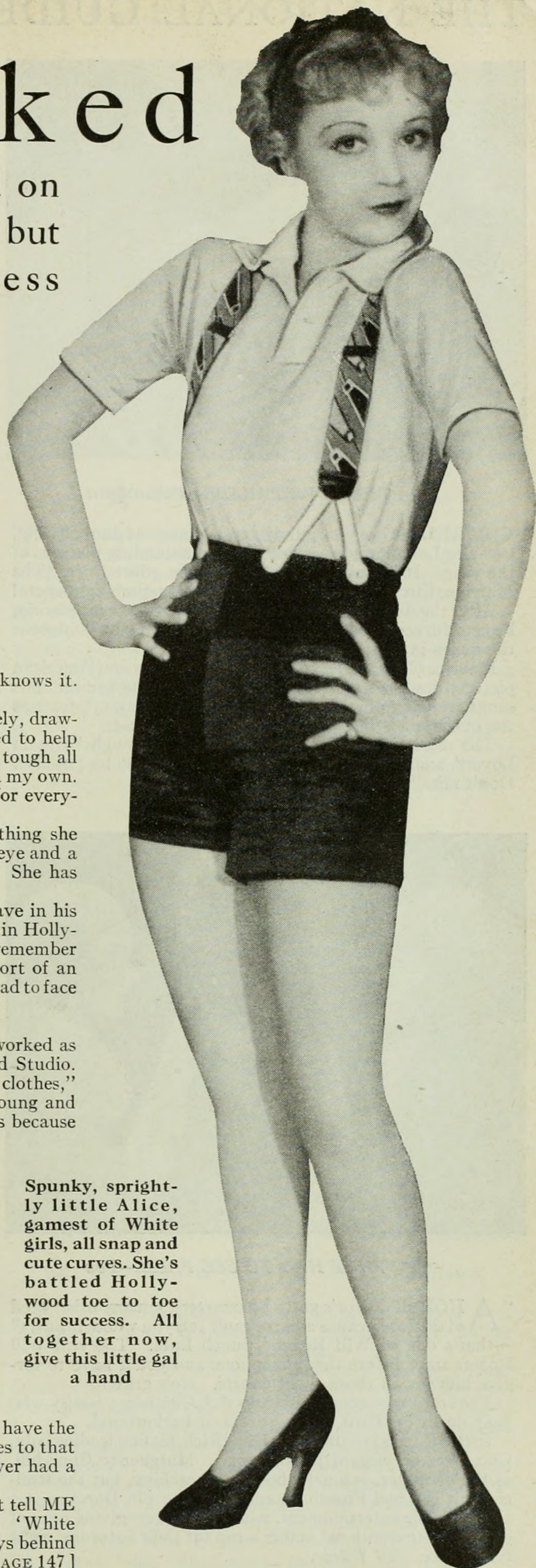
The curse clung to her when she signed a contract as an actress for First National. The critics invariably noticed her, to the tune of several paragraphs of encomiums. And exhibitors often featured her name above the star. This is not the best way of bringing about a "big, happy family" feeling at a studio.

But the exhibitors liked her because the fans did. She brought in the money at the box office. Twice First National was on the verge of letting her go and twice the theater owners themselves stepped in and demanded that she be kept.

The kid has box office. No matter what she does, no matter what sort of part she plays, no matter how bad her stories are—the public likes her.

"And my stories have been bad enough," she said. "Oh, but I've had plenty of disappointments. They told me I was to have the lead in 'The Patent Leather Kid.' They sent out publicity stories to that effect. I was thrilled with it for, when you think of it, I've never had a big—a really big—picture. I'm just the stepchild.

"Well, for weeks I kept hearing things about me. They didn't tell ME a word, mind you; they just kept saying things behind my back. 'White hasn't got the feeling.' 'White hasn't enough depth.' But always behind my back. I don't talk behind backs. I wanted [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147]



Spunky, sprightly little Alice, gamest of White girls, all snap and cute curves. She's battled Hollywood toe to toe for success. All together now, give this little gal a hand



★ *THE LOVE PARADE*—Paramount

SPARKLING as Burgundy, and almost as intoxicating, "The Love Parade" is one of the outstanding pictures of the year. It is Lubitsch's most brilliant effort since "The Marriage Circle." The little director here conquers light opera!

After the dashing nobleman marries the *Queen of Sylvania*, he gets durned tired of constantly obeying. So he bludgeons the queen into letting him be head man.

Maurice Chevalier, a great favorite after his first American picture, despite a weak story, is grand as the prince. His songs are triumphs. Jeanette MacDonald is an eye-feast as the queen, and sings well. Lupino Lane amuses.

The music is relatively unimportant, although "Dream Lover" and "Nobody's Using It Now" may be popular. Don't miss "The Love Parade." *All Talkie.*

The
**Shadow
Stage**
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE TRESPASSER*—United Artists

YOU'LL paste this baby in your memory book. Gloria Swanson, in her first all-talkie, is a sensation.

After the "Queen Kelly" disaster, it became imperative for Gloria to rush a phonoplay into the market. Edmund Goulding and the star hurled this picture into production. The breakneck speed with which it was made might have ruined it. Instead, it gave "The Trespasser" superb pace.

But the star! The glorious one never looked more beautiful. Her voice does every trick demanded of it, and she sings two songs like a meadow lark. And what clothes!

Swanson plays *Marion Donnell*, a business girl who is snatched from the side of her husband, a wealthy youngster, by his father, soon after the wedding. She and the resulting infant have lean days until her millionaire employer takes her under his protection. Crisis follows crisis, until she finds happiness in the arms of the estranged husband. The story reeks with hokum, but nobody minds.

Gloria gives the greatest performance in her career. The whole cast is keyed high, too. Kay Hammond is stunning as a crippled wife. William Holden is the best heavy father in history. Robert Ames, Henry Walthall, Purnell Pratt—all good. And Wally Albright, last in "Wonder of Women," is a stage kid you don't want to strangle.

"The Trespasser" is an achievement. *All Talkie.*



★ *THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS*—Fox

"A HORSE doctor's gotta be smarter than any other kind of doctor because a horse can't tell you where it hurts"—that's one of Will Rogers' punch lines. The real Will Rogers steps before the microphone and you'll have to forgive him for all those silent efforts. He's great!

The story concerns a suddenly rich Oklahoma family who bear down on Paris for culture and background.

In this Rogers is reunited to Irene Rich, his first leading lady, who gives an elegant performance. Marguerite Churchill, as the daughter, is a gal who bears watching, but the feminine hit is a real French "mamselle," one Fifi Dorsay.

This is big entertainment, with Will Rogers giving some of our first rate emotional actors a run for their Saturday night remittance. *All Talkie.*

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE TRESPASSER SUNNY SIDE UP
THE LOVE PARADE
THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS THE LADY LIES
FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS FARO NELL
BLACKMAIL YOUNG NOWHERES
DISRAELI

The Best Performances of the Month

Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser"
Janet Gaynor in "Sunny Side Up"
Marjorie White in "Sunny Side Up"
Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade"
Jeanette MacDonald in "The Love Parade"
Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris"
Irene Rich in "They Had to See Paris"
Walter Huston in "The Lady Lies"
Claudette Colbert in "The Lady Lies"
Colleen Moore in "Footlights and Fools"
Louise Fazenda in "Faro Nell"
Donald Calthrop in "Blackmail"
Richard Barthelmess in "Young Nowheres"
Marian Nixon in "Young Nowheres"
George Arliss in "Disraeli"

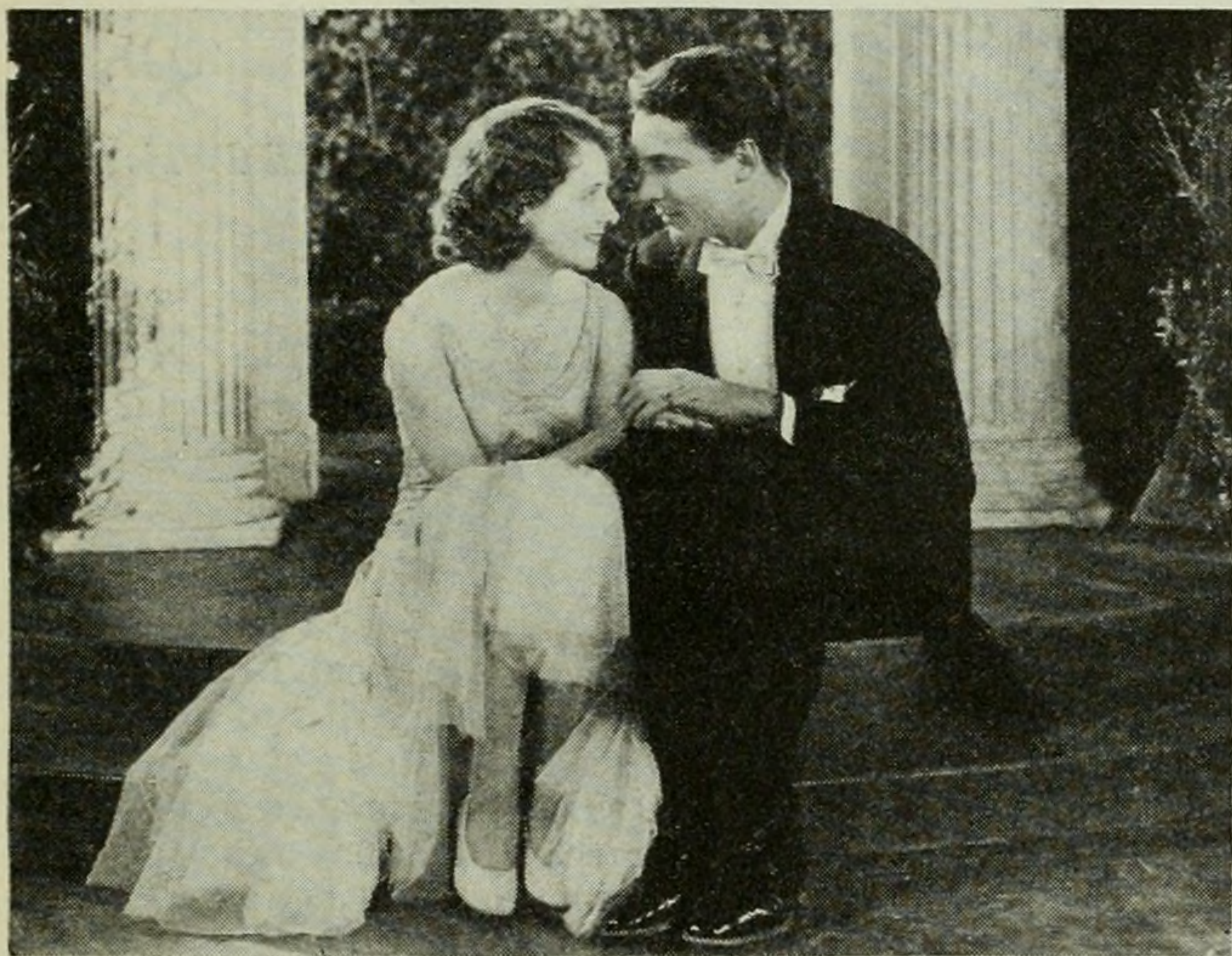
Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 150



★ *THE LADY LIES—Paramount*

THIS magnificently staged and acted drawing room comedy is another milestone in the talkie's progress. Critics of the baby talking picture said the phonoplay would be good only for action melodramas and the more obvious sort of story. This picture makes them look silly.

Here is a smart, sophisticated little comedy of New York life that tingles with punch, done with much imagination by Director Hobart Henley. It is the story of how two growing children hurled themselves into the lives of their father and his pretty shopgirl sweetheart. It has stinging drama and it has a storm of laughs—many furnished by Charles Ruggles as a gently stewed friend of the family. Walter Huston and the beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning as the lovers. Claudette wears gorgeous duds. *All Talkie.*



★ *SUNNY SIDE UP—Fox*

YOU'LL eat this one up, and it furnishes its own cream and sugar. Janet Gaynor turns loose her cute little singing and speaking voices in a story of high life and low in New York, and Charles Farrell is on hand to woo her with more than gestures.

"Sunny Side Up" is another Cinderella yarn, with the rich young Farrell finding the poor young Gaynor at a block party on the New York East Side. This will never do, thinks Charlie. Before you know it, Janet has cut out the rich girl friend, played by Sharon Lynn, and the Gaynor-Farrell love team scores a thumping old touchdown in the last minute of play.

El Brendel, Fox favorite, furnishes a lot of laughs, as does Marjorie White, a pert little piece from the musical comedy stage. The De Sylva, Brown and Henderson music is particularly gay. Janet pipes the theme song, and nearly everybody has a tune or two in his system.

Something new for Janet and Charlie, after their royal line of sobby little love stories. But they came through like good troupers, and you'll care for the result.

The bright little picture shows that we can have our songs, dances and loves without going backstage for them. And don't forget to keep your eye on the White girl. She should go far. *All Talkie.*



★ *FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS—First National*

UNQUESTIONABLY this is Colleen Moore's best picture since "We Moderns." Talkies have given her a curious break which she's taken big.

Her voice is pleasant and versatile, and the story standards raised by talking films permit her to chuck the synthetic program stuff and turn to something bigger. This is it. The story, by Katherine Brush, is a skilful combination of sophisticated humor and poignant emotional drama.

New York's musical comedy sensation, *Mlle. Fifi d'Auray*, is a temperamental French whirlwind before the footlights. Offstage, she's little *Betty Murphy*, who loves a boy who's a rotter. As *Fifi*, Colleen wears a hundred mad gowns and wigs, and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. As *Betty*, her piquant self. Both ways, gorgeous! *All Talkie.*

Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

FARO NELL
—Paramount-
Christie



All Talkie



IT takes something hot in the way of a two-reel talking comedy to break into this fast company of best pictures, and this Louise Fazenda howl is the bright baby. "Faro Nell" is a scream—an airtight, perfectly acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller. Louise, in long yellow curls, is a panic. This is just what we've long wanted—a two-reel talkie we could bellow at.

BLACKMAIL
—Sono Art-
World Wide



All Talkie



AT one bound the British picture makers jump among the leaders in the talkie race. British International deserves much credit for this splendid phonoplay. Love and murder combine in the story, with a shopgirl, a dastardly blackmailer and a lad from Scotland Yard as the key characters. Some excellent acting by Donald Calthrop as the miscreant. A few such will deliver British producers from their inferiority complex.

YOUNG NOWHERES—
First National



All Talkie



IF there is today a successor to the simplicity of Griffith, it is Frank Lloyd. He has proved it by "Young Nowheres." This is unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. A night elevator boy in a large apartment house in New York falls in love with a little maid-of-all-work. Richard Barthelmess, as *Binky*, gives a poignantly humble portrayal. Marian Nixon rises to new heights here. Fine.

DISRAELI—
Warners



All Talkie



THIS Vitaphoning of a play about the great British prime minister introduces the beloved George Arliss to the speaking screen. The *Disraeli* rôle is duck soup to the star—he made his American reputation in it. His performance is brilliant. Distinctly a one-man show, for the others haven't a chance. They include Joan Bennett, Anthony Bushell and Doris Lloyd.

THE MIGHTY—
Paramount

All Talkie



THIS is Bancroft's greatest rôle to date. He is not only the he-man, but a handsome one as well, with all sorts of sex appeal. From a gunman drafted into the war, he returns a major, with all the honors his town can offer. His first job is to clean up the city. What a pineapple for the crooks! "The Mighty" has comedy, drama, and heart interest. Great entertainment.

UNTAMED—
M-G-M

All Talkie



JUST a little jungle flower getting wilder every hour. When Joan Crawford strikes oil in one of those Latin-American republics she moves into a mansion, and falls in love with a young engineer. He won't marry her on account of her money, so she shoots him. Then he says yes. Joan gives a grand performance. Robert Montgomery, the hero, is in for a load of fan mail.

First and Best Screen Reviews Here

RICH PEOPLE—
Pathe

All Talkie



EDWARD GRIFFITH directs another sophisticated comedy drama that should make D. W. watch his namesake. Who said riches bring happiness? Constance Bennett disproves this conclusively. She should do it convincingly, having turned down millions in real life. The picture makes you glad you are poor and can be wooed and won by the man of your choice. Guaranteed to delight an intelligent audience.

THE KISS—
M-G-M

Sound



SWEDEN'S gift, Greta Garbo, makes silent pictures and you like them or else. But you like them. "The Kiss" is a stereotyped triangle yarn, but it is distinguished by another compelling performance by the mysterious Garbo. The story involves the loves of three men for a woman. The husband is shot and the wife goes on trial for her life. Conrad Nagel is the "honorable" lover.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID—
Paramount

All Talkie



CLARA BOW is sweet, self-sacrificing and plump in this picture. She's a misunderstood gal who darns her sister's socks and makes the gambling debts good. While she is about this highly commendable work, the sister, played by Jean Arthur, successfully steals the picture. Beware, Clara! A trick headdress can't hide the double chins and your scenes haven't got the punch they once had.

THE GREAT GABBO—
James Cruze
Prod.

All Talkie



THIS is a bitter disappointment. Director James Cruze tried to cross a fine Ben Hecht story of an insanely egotistical vaudeville ventriloquist with one of these Hollywood musical revues, and both suffer. Only a fine performance by the bullet-headed Eric von Stroheim and a good one by Betty Compson save the pieces. Cruze seems to have lost his sense of humor, and the lighting and scenario are terrible.

WELCOME DANGER—
Paramount

All Talkie



THIS is the film that converted Harold Lloyd to talkies. It should. His voice is excellent, and Barbara Kent boosts her assets a thousand per cent. Story is about a young botanist who is mistaken for a famous sleuth and forced into detective service. Being afraid of a mouse, he would "welcome danger!" Not a gag of any age is omitted, but we wager you will laugh continuously.

FLIGHT—
Columbia

All Talkie



THE first flying talkie, and one of the best of the air pictures. A tale of marine corps fliers in Florida and Nicaragua, with a romance involving Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. Holt is fine as a hardboiled flier, but honors go to Harold Goodwin, as a young airman. The air shots are grand, and credit goes to Frank Capra for direction and dialogue.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Anton Bruehl

WAITING, waiting, waiting—until camera and microphone are perfectly adjusted. A film star must know how to double for Patience on a monument. Here's Corinne Griffith, sitting on the edge of the camera booth, between scenes of "Lilies of the Field"—waiting

Chuting the Chutes with Sally

By Marquis Busby



The seamy side of Hollywood night life. Exclusive boot-legged pictures showing Sally Eilers and PHOTOPLAY'S fiend in human form looking on the pop when it's pale pink

Photoplay's Literary Lothario says it doesn't take a Rolls and a roll to entertain the stars

TAKE heart, you fellows who would give your best shirt for a date with a movie star. It doesn't take much more to step out with a proud screen beauty than with Mayme Glutz, who lives in the next block in the Bronx of New York and works at the nickel and dime.

It's an exploded theory that it takes a Rolls-Royce, a Chicago bankroll, and an Arrow collar profile to make whoopee in Hollywood. Your salary is probably sufficient, but of course there's the little matter of getting acquainted with the stars. That's something else again.

After weeks of delving into the gay night life of dear Follywood, returning to my Simmons in the cold dawn, I've completed my social survey. Hark! Hark! Hark!

Example number one. Sally Eilers, one of the prettiest and most popular girls in Hollywood, and with more beaux than Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

My date with Sally cost just \$6.10. You spend that much on Mayme Glutz! And it was a swell evening. We had fun at the beach. There must be something that corresponds to a beach in your neighborhood.

But be original. Don't all of you take Sally to an amusement pier. She'd like to go to the Coconut Grove and the Biltmore once in a while. But, at least, she doesn't expect you to shoot the whole week's salary in one evening.

Of course, you couldn't take every movie girl to the beach.

The girl has to have a love of informality and a good sense of humor, to say nothing of a sizeable hunk of democracy.

I know girls that shut their eyes tightly, and pull out the cologne bottle, when they just drive through the beach. The sight of a hot dog would make them ill—to eat one would cause permanent disorder.

If a dance hall Apollo tried to flirt with them they'd call out the militia and write letters to their congressman. Not every girl, star, society, or stenographer, has sufficient *savoir faire* for the beach.

Now, with Sally, she likes an occasional hot dog. If anyone tries to flirt with her she can take care of the matter. Sally is no back number herself when it comes to a little harmless flirting. She laughs with you. She even laughed when the stout German lady changed her infant's laundry, where all the world could see. Sally is young and gay, vivid and vivacious, and always has a good time.

She is just the sort of girl you've taken to college proms and Sunday school picnics. You've played tennis with her, gone swimming with her when she's beaten you to the raft, and sat in the porch swing with her and looked at the moon. In other words, she's a real girl.

And I found out that you could step with Sally to the tune of \$6.10. Of course, in all honesty, I must confess that the price was slashed considerably by dining at her house.

By the well known grapevine circuit I learned that papa and mama Eilers were going out Thursday night. I managed to make the date for Thursday night. At times I show signs of intelligence.

I arrived at Sally's pleasant and unpretentious home at the hour set. A colored maid ushered me into the living room. Sally shouted down from upstairs to know if it were I. I was pretty sure that it was, and said as much. She came tripping down the stairs. No waiting for half an hour. Most girls would have finished the chapter at least.

A dinner, *tête-à-tête* with Sally, glorious thought. Alas, poor wretch, that was what I thought. There were nine telephone calls during dinner, nine men determined to ruin my evening. All I could do was to eat fried chicken, corn on cob, new peas, hot biscuits and honey, and strawberry shortcake—and listen.

"Oh, I thought you had forgotten me," Sally said into the telephone. (It's a sort of formula, like "hello.") "No, I'm going out tonight. Tomorrow? I've got to see about wardrobe for 'She Couldn't Say No,' over at Warners. Call me the first of the week." She returned to the table.

"THAT was a boy I was engaged to. I accepted the ring just a year ago. No, the engagement is off, but it's a sort of anniversary." (What a break, to help celebrate the anniversary of some fellow's broken engagement.) "I gave the ring back. I don't think a girl should keep engagement rings."

The remainder of the dinner table conversation was casual, with frequent loud squawks from the telephone. I had known Sally for a long time. Even if this were the first meeting I would have been at ease.

Before we started for the beach Sally declared a five-minute



Two snorts of Scotch, Sally Eilers and Mark "Heavy Sugar" Busby

recess to put on a hat, a light silk coat, and to do something in front of the mirror, necessary to the happiness and peace of mind of all girls, Hollywood or Hoboken. Mayme Glutz often takes much longer.

It was nine o'clock when we arrived at the beach. It was a big night in the home town. Lots of people, lots of noise, and lots of lights. There were girls in sailor breeches who had no business wearing them, and sheiks with their hair parted in geometric precision.

"Let's do everything," said Sally, breathing in the atmosphere. "I haven't been at the beach in a long time." (See, not pretending that this was a slumming tour to the humble, lively beach.)

The first thrill was the chute the chutes, memories of Coney. A thrill that cost twenty cents, and an added thrill that cost nothing. On the big slide Sally hung onto me for dear life, just like any other girl that knows her business.

For the uninitiated, the chute the chutes is a hundred foot slide in a boat into the inky waters below. The boat is pulled to the top by cables.

"Golly," I asked Sally, "wouldn't it be funny if the cables broke?"

The middle aged lady in front, a bit dubious about such hellish contraptions, turned around and glared.

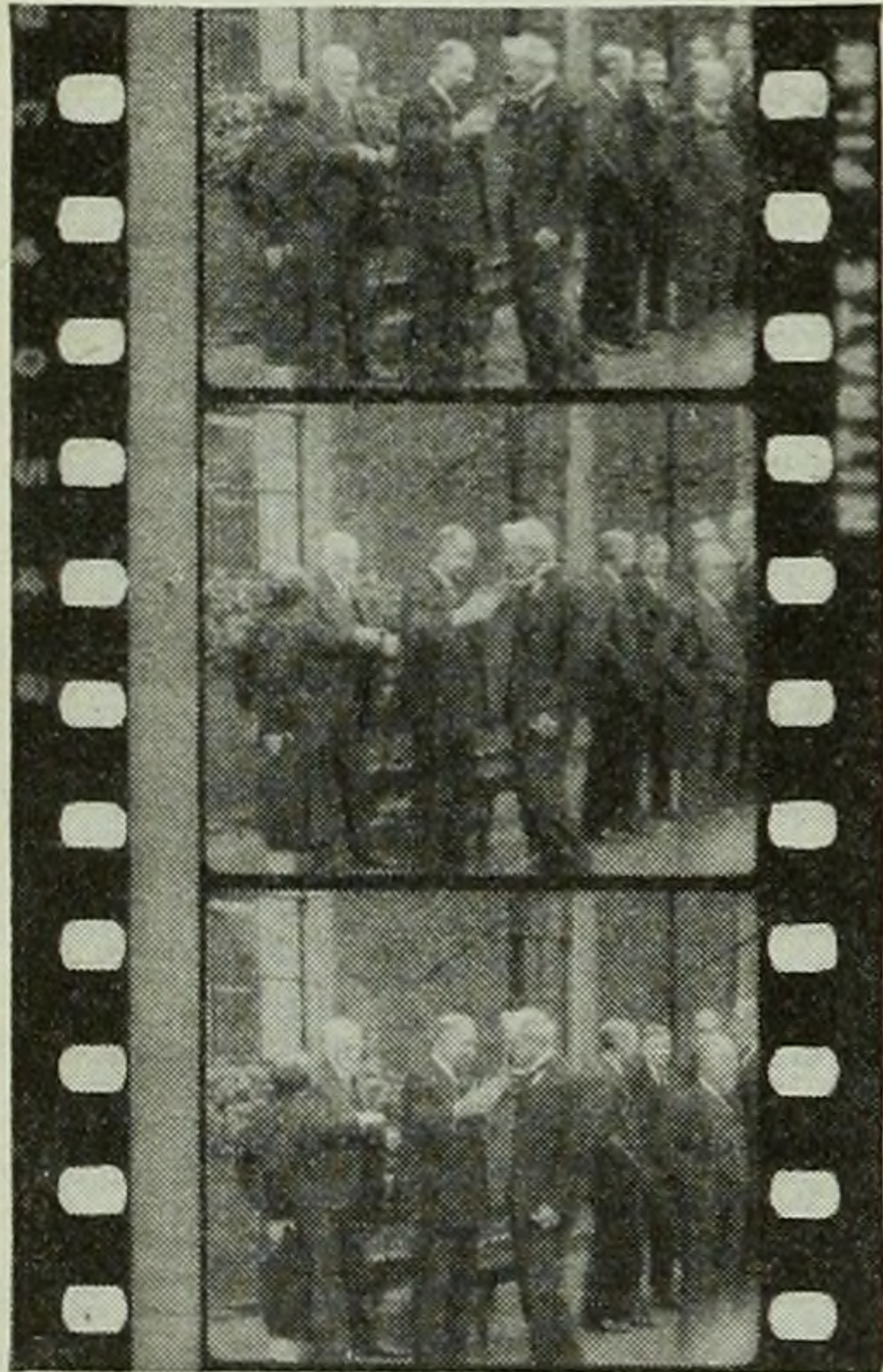
"D'ja know any more jokes?" she snapped.

"Yeah," was my snappy comeback.

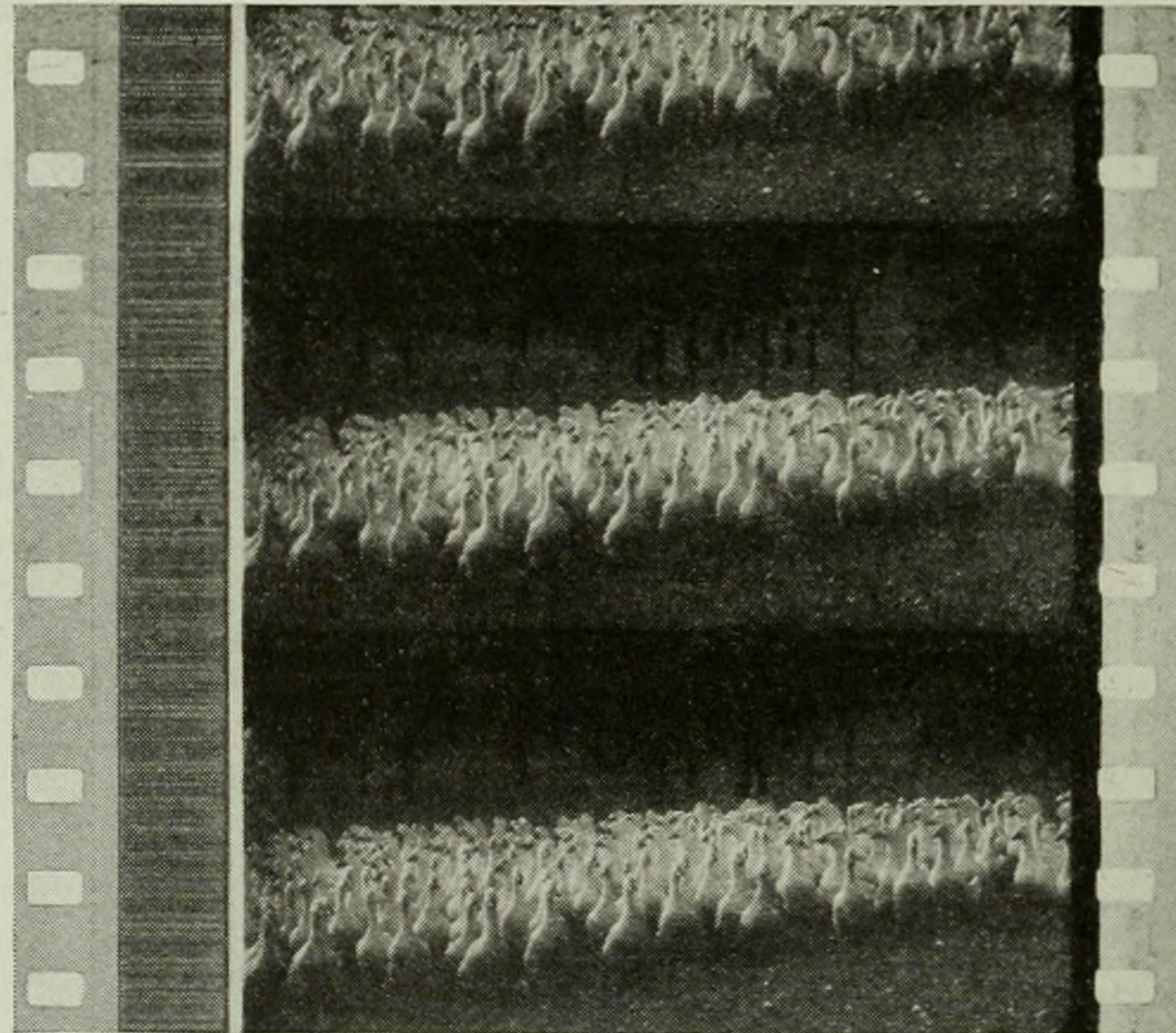
"Not another word out of you," Sally commanded. "You can see she had you there."

A sign caught our eyes. "Why Girls Go Wrong" for Ten Cents. We both wanted to know why girls go wrong for ten cents. The feature attraction [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]

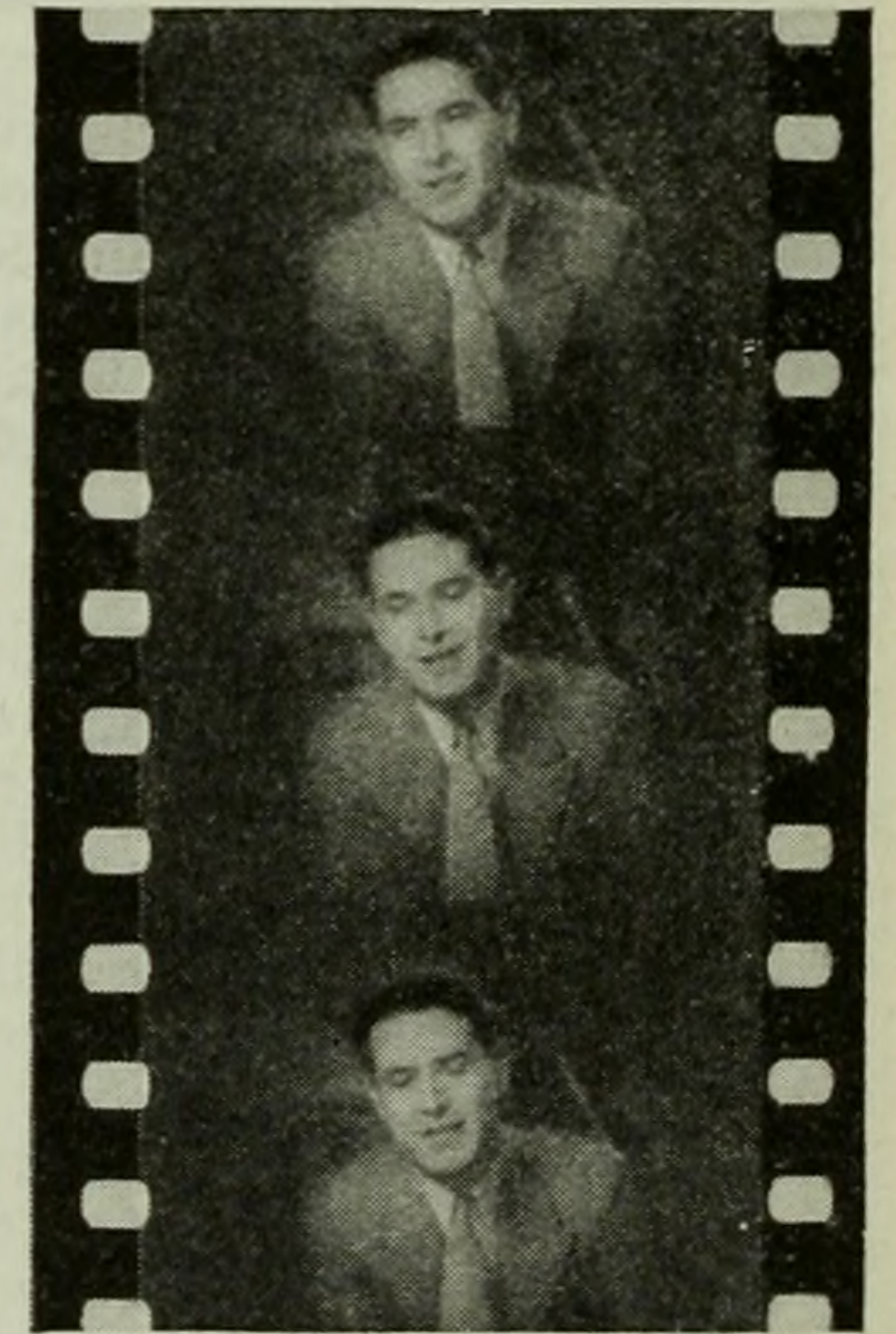
The Film of the Future



Standard Movietone film of Premier Ramsay MacDonald. Note the sound track at left



The new Fox Grandeur Movietone film. It is seventy millimetres wide, or twice the width of standard film. Hear the geese honk



Old fashioned standard width film, still used when sound is recorded on a disc

NOT long ago an astonished audience in New York saw the first showing of a new film which is going to revolutionize the making and showing of motion pictures—Grandeur Film.

The new film, with its wide sound track, is twice the width of the old-fashioned film, and requires a wide camera lens and a new type of projector. It is thrown on a screen forty feet wide

and twenty feet high, or one about twice as wide as the sheet we know. It was perfected, after three years, by the Fox-Case Corporation and General Theatres Equipment, Inc.

Astounding effects are possible with Grandeur. Fox showed a Movietone News and a version of the "Movietone Follies," and thrilled a hardboiled audience. Grandeur's possibilities are limitless. It is the film of the future.



Today—Miss Borden says: "I can't believe that a year ago I was such a little idiot"

Olive In Quest of Her Soul



One year ago—High hat, temperamental and every inch a lady. And a daughter of old Virginia

By

Helen Loring

*The story of a girl who
learned to be natural*

A GORGEOUS French limousine drove up in front of the Fox Studio. Automatically the gateman straightened his tie. As he made this gesture a brisk, liveried footman sprang from the front seat beside the chauffeur, opened the gleaming door and stood at attention.

Out stepped a little French maid bearing a large powder puff. You could tell she was a maid because the footman did not so much as touch her arm. Immediately following her was a neatly dressed, intelligent woman who carried numbers of letters and a heavy account book. The footman did not move.

Next came a well dressed middle-aged woman. The footman helped her to alight but he did not touch his cap. They all stood rooted to the ground while, with much doffing of cap and with many flourishes, the owner of the elaborate entourage, herself, was assisted to the humble pavement.

She was not a visiting princess, nor the wife of the most high executive. But she might have been a combination of the two, so elegant was she in appearance and mien. Although she was expensively gowned in sables and velvets, she was just a young girl.

As she passed through the gates the assistant directors, the gardeners and the extra people took off their hats and bowed slowly from the waist. Everyone heaved sighs of relief.

OLIVE BORDEN had arrived! Some two or three years ago Fox Film Corporation gave Olive Borden \$2,000 and a black lace negligee and told her to be a lady. The money arrived weekly. Seductive garments were created for every picture she made. The act was supposed to be permanent—like a wave.

It all came too suddenly and it ended disastrously.

Olive took on the responsibility of being grand, unreservedly. Two thousand dollars a week is enough to make any girl, still in her early twenties and with little education, go ritzy. Besides, it was a royal edict from the powers that be.

Being a lady, according to old fashioned movie standards, consisted in developing those muscles of the back of the neck that elevate the nose to an angle of 45 degrees. One must also avoid pleasantries with electricians and prop boys. Those who speak to people are known as "good scouts." They are never ladies. You have to readjust yourself completely to get into the mood of the thing.

Olive set about the task of becoming a lady. Her first gesture was to build up a background. As she already had a

Southern accent, a natural one, she suddenly became a scion of an old Virginia family with no blot on the family 'scutcheon.

Next she built an elaborate home in Beverly Hills and manned it with six or eight servants. She gave startling orders to her social inferiors.

Sometimes Olive forgot. Once she spoke to a hairdresser. She had to pull herself together the next day and remember everything she had been told.

Maids trailed her from her dressing room to her set and while she was at work she was surrounded by a group of satellites who told her how lovely and charming she was.

When she was interviewed she shrugged a ladylike, alabaster shoulder and spoke of her duty to her public.

Olive was too young to know herself. She was grand for two reasons. In the first place she was told to be that way. Secondly, her high and mighty airs were what the psychologists call defense mechanism.

WITH all her money and all her grandeur, as timid as a prize fighter at an afternoon tea. Her timidity expressed itself in hauteur.

The truth of the matter was that Olive was afraid. She was not capable of living up to her pose.

Vaguely, she knew she was unhappy. She knew that her pictures were bad. The defense mechanism was shattered when she saw one of her new opi, and every time she left the projection room the grand lady of the films wept disappointed little girl tears.

The company offered her a forty week contract. She had had a fifty-two week one. This gave her an out. There was much talk between lawyers. Olive was left out of it. She was not consulted. Until one day she found herself in the inner of inners of an executive's office. She was quite alone and quite determined.

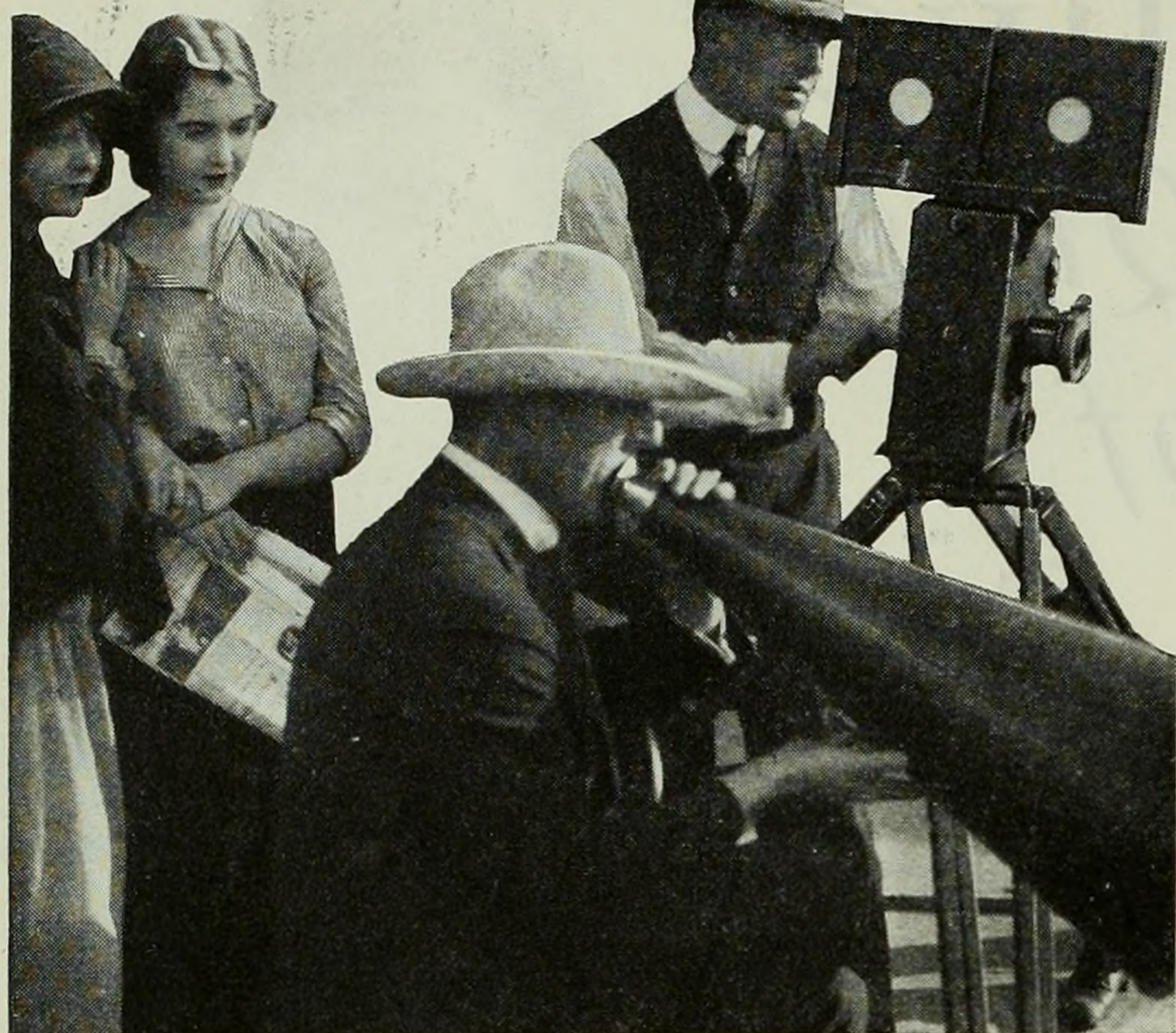
In an hour and fifteen minutes she was re-born. She made the first decision she had ever made all by herself. She gave up the \$2,000, the negligee and the grandeur.

When she left the studio she declared that she was through with pictures forever. Olive was still proud. One doesn't stop being a movie lady in a day.

With one grand gesture she sold the Beverly Hills home, cut her many servants off her payroll and moved into a small cottage at the beach.

But because she had played a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

The OTHER



A historic picture. D. W. Griffith, the Old Master, wearing his famous panama, at the megaphone. His great cameraman, Billy Bitzer. Behind him, Blanche Sweet and young Dorothy Gish

Tragedy and misfortune have stalked many who "Got their chance with Griffith"

fickle fancy of the public. Perhaps he will stage a comeback in his forthcoming production of "Abraham Lincoln." It will be an idyllic story, the sort of thing he best understands. It is the drama of a great and noble figure, one that has always interested him, and about which he has studied for years. Most important of all, it harks back to his first deathless masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation."

IN ten years the brave and splendid ranks of the Griffith players have been thinned. Like the Gray poem, the paths of glory have led but to the grave for some of them. Tragedy has laid cold fingers on the lives of others. Few of the much-envied Griffith "discoveries" are successful on the screen today.

After being schooled in the Griffith technique it was usually difficult for a player to become accustomed to the methods of another director. His players were wont to explain patiently to other captains of the megaphone that Griffith "would not do it that way."

WHEN a movie star kneels down in his little nightie and offers up a prayer he says—"Please let me do a picture with Griffith. Amen." Ever since "The Birth of a Nation" these fervent prayers have been wafted skyward.

All actors were firm in the belief that David Wark Griffith, THE Great Griffith, THE Master Director, would get the utmost from them—more than any other director could achieve. It was, and is, true.

Popular favorites of the screen have offered to work for nothing in his pictures just to gain the advantage of his training. Griffith stars were the most envied people on the screen.

It meant much to be hailed as a Griffith "discovery." It was almost an assurance of success. To appear in a Griffith picture meant as much as to appear in a Belasco play. Actors who played extra rôles in "Intolerance" boasted of being Griffith "discoveries."

There are about as many people in Hollywood today who will tell you impressively that they were with Griffith as there are descendants of "Mayflower" Pilgrims in the United States. Griffith was a man of magic. He had the rare quality of revealing the souls of his people.

EVEN today when he casts for one of his infrequent pictures Hollywood waits breathlessly for his decision. Even today you hear—"Oh, if I could only do a picture with Griffith."

But there is another side of the story. Has it really meant so much to do a picture with Griffith? What about the trail of misfortune that has followed so many of his players?

It has been little more than a decade since the golden days of Griffith. His pictures were the greatest and his players were the most famous. And yet—where are most of them today?

And Griffith himself, for a time at least, has lost his leadership, overlooked by the



Two of Griffith's young people whose lives ended in tragedy. Clarine Seymour and Bobby Harron in a scene from "True Heart Susie." Both died as fame loomed

SIDE *of the* Story

By Marquis Busby

Professional jealousy has never been an unknown quality in Hollywood. It usually meant a long, black mark for the players. Then, too, it was jarring to the pride of a director to realize that Griffith got results from them that no one else could.

THE Griffith technique was undoubtedly different. His heroines were delicate, fluttering girls, helpless and virtuous. His heroes were noble and pure, and poetic looking. Other directors did not want fluttering girls, and too poetic men. And usually, unfortunately for the players, Griffith's stamp was indelible.

About this time the adolescent picture industry made the discovery of sex. Was it Elinor Glyn who explained the secrets of life? At any rate it was the general opinion that the Griffith players did not have sex appeal.

However, there was a brief period of great fame for the Griffith people, and then, usually, the gradual withdrawal of the cup of success. Perhaps it was better so. Sweeter a short

The Little Colonel, in the costume of the greatest of Griffith films, "The Birth of a Nation." Those were the grand days of Henry B. Walthall, before illness ended his romantic career



The Blanche Sweet of the Griffith era. This is the beautiful Blanche as she looked in one of the early films of her Fine Arts days, now ten years past

time on the highest plane of all than years on a more prosaic level.

That drab little fellow, *The Jinx*, has always hidden in corners of the Griffith studios, no matter where it was. He trailed the master of magic as well as the players.

Death cut short the careers of Wallace Reid, Clarine Seymour, Robert Harron, Charles Emmett Mack, Gladys Brockwell, Fred Turner and Porter Strong.

TRAGEDY has dogged the footsteps of Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Carol Dempster, Eric von Stroheim, George Walsh, Mildred Harris, Henry B. Walthall, Miriam Cooper, Dorothy Gish and Winifred Westover. Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess have been more successful, but their success has not been without the attendant hand-maidens, trial and unhappiness.

Not many are left on the screen today from the marvelous "The Birth of a Nation" cast. Nor are there many from "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World" and "Way Down East."

Wallace Reid achieved a vogue that no other male star has held, with the single exception of Valentino. Yet big, handsome Wally, who attracted so much attention as the heroic blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation," died a tragic death at the height of his career, a victim of his own weakness.

George Seigmann, the hated villain, *Gus*, in "The Birth of a Nation," died while still a young man.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



A CAMERA'S eye view of a group of very leggy young ladies from the chorus of "Painted Angel" in what looks to our unskilled eye like an extremely uncomfortable pose. Luckily for fans, people just will go on suffering for their art—or somebody else's art

"I Raised My Boy To Be An Actor"

By

Elaine Ogden



"I'd rather see my son in his grave than to have him get the smell of grease paint!"

Off and on for the past—er—several years, we'll say, I've been having troupers tell me that. Claire Windsor's little boy was always guarded like the wedding silver. He was never allowed to see a studio for fear he might be lured by make-up. Raymond Hackett, I believe, has anything but theatrical plans for his son. There seems to be a concerted action on the part of Thespian parents to keep their children out of the profession.

But not all parents. Not, for instance, J. C. Nugent, who actually reared his boy to be an actor. With all the subtlety he had learned in the theater, he instilled in the lad the tradition of the stage. His heart, I believe, would have snapped right in two had Elliott become a typewriter pounder on a newspaper, as he thought once of becoming.

And now Elliott is one of the most promising of the stage stars in Hollywood. He has covered himself with glory in "Kempy" and "College Life," and is now cast as Marion Davies' leading man in "Dulcy." His first stage appearance took place when he was at the momentous age of four years, at the old Orpheum in Los Angeles, on Second and Spring streets.

But he was not, like so many theatrical kids, raised in the tray of a trunk. He had always known a home, a conservative, dignified, old fashioned home in Dover, Ohio! Of all places!

And in that living room, that mid-Victorian living room, with the family album actually on the center table, Elliott and Ruth Nugent learned the art of Booth and Barrett.

The story really begins before they were born.

J. C., who had worked in factories when he was a youngster, came to the conclusion that the only profession with anything like a big reward open to a young man with no practical education was acting.

YET there was no such necessity for Elliott. After his father had imprisoned himself in vaudeville to give the boy an education, there was enough money for him to have been a lawyer or a doctor or a bootlegger or even a bank president. But J. C. knew the fascinating thralldom of grease paint and the joy of giving a good, sincere performance. He wasn't going to have Ruth and Elliott missing it!

Years before they were born, J. C. found himself stranded in

**Bang goes tradition!
J. C. Nugent, actor,
shown above with son,
Elliott, deliberately
steered his children
into stage careers**

a cheap hotel in Ohio. There was nothing to read but the Gideon Bible. He gathered his resources together—the mental far outnumbering the financial—and presented himself in Dover to direct one of the ubiquitous little theaters that were just beginning to get in your hair.

One of his most promising pupils was a Dover girl, named Grace Fertig. She promised to become his wife. And did. And, although she toured the states with him as an actress, her heart was with the family album on the living room table in their home. So J. C. went on the road alone and she taught the children charm and grace and love.

When he was not on the road the father taught them other things. That quaint, old living room and the sturdy dining room (I'll bet there was a still life of a fish and an apple on the wall) was the scene of the most thorough course in dramatic art that two kids ever received.

J. C., with his love of the theater, with his ideals about "the grandest profession," talked "shop" continually. They saw plays together and analyzed every movement of the actors. The broad, general aspect of the art was brought to their attention as well as the small intricacies.

HE taught them how to rise from a chair, with the weight on the front foot so that there would be no awkwardness. He showed them what words to emphasize in a line. He instilled into them the fact that acting must be honest and sincere, and that the actor must not resort to tricks and buffoonery. He gave them all the tools of the trade that later made their fame.

And, during this time, he was writing and selling vaudeville sketches, and asking Elliott's advice about every situation to teach him to be a writer as well.

Elliott reached college age. They chose Ohio State. The family spent many week-ends at Columbus at a comfortable hotel. Elliott went out for everything journalistic and theatrical. He spent his summer vacations on the road with his father.

After graduation, J. C. stood before his son and asked him what he wanted to do with his life.

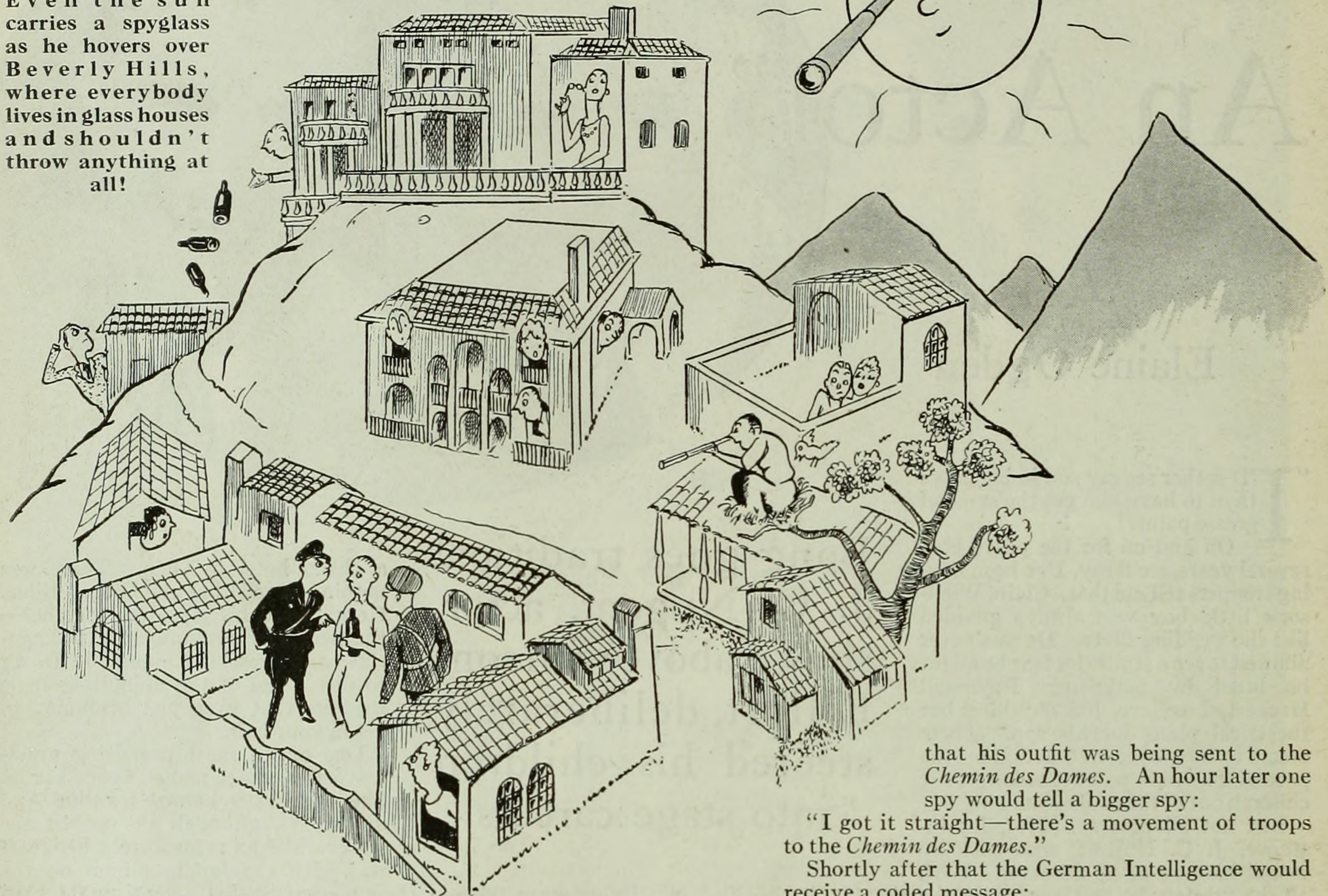
"I'm going to be a journalist," said Elliott.

And the hopes of a lifetime lay in little broken bits at the father's feet.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

You Can't Get Away

Even the sun carries a spyglass as he hovers over Beverly Hills, where everybody lives in glass houses and shouldn't throw anything at all!



IN New York or in Paris it was easy. All I had to do was telephone and say: "I'm terribly sorry, darling, but I shall be a little late tonight. It's a nuisance I know, but that fool Jones-Smith says he *must* see me—and of course it *is* business. . . . No, you'd better not wait. If I'm not home by eight, you eat dinner and I'll get a snack somewhere."

When I got home, about two A. M., that devil Jones-Smith got a piece of her mind from the missus.

"Keeping you out so late," she'd say, "and you working so hard, too. I'd like to *meet* that man once, just to tell him what I think of him."

She never did meet him. Jones-Smith kept coyly in the background. But you can't get away with anything like that in Hollywood.

During war days in Paris all public rooms and vehicles had a big sign reading:

TAISEZ-VOUS!
MEFIEZ-VOUS!

LES OREILLES DE L'ENNEMI VOUS ECOUTENT!

If I had my way I'd translate this warning and transpose it a little and hang it up in the lobby of the Roosevelt and the Coconut Grove and the Russian Eagle and the Pom Pom and Frank Sebastian's and Montmartre and the Brown Derby and all beach and other party houses indiscriminately:

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
BE CAREFUL!

THE EARS OF THE GOSSIPS ARE LISTENING!

Gossip was a snowball during the war, as the German Intelligence found out to their cost. A drunken *poilu* would divulge

that his outfit was being sent to the *Chemin des Dames*. An hour later one spy would tell a bigger spy:

"I got it straight—there's a movement of troops to the *Chemin des Dames*."

Shortly after that the German Intelligence would receive a coded message:

"YOUR AUNT'S WHISKERS SO LONG AM AFRAID SHE MUST SHAVE."

That, of course, meant:

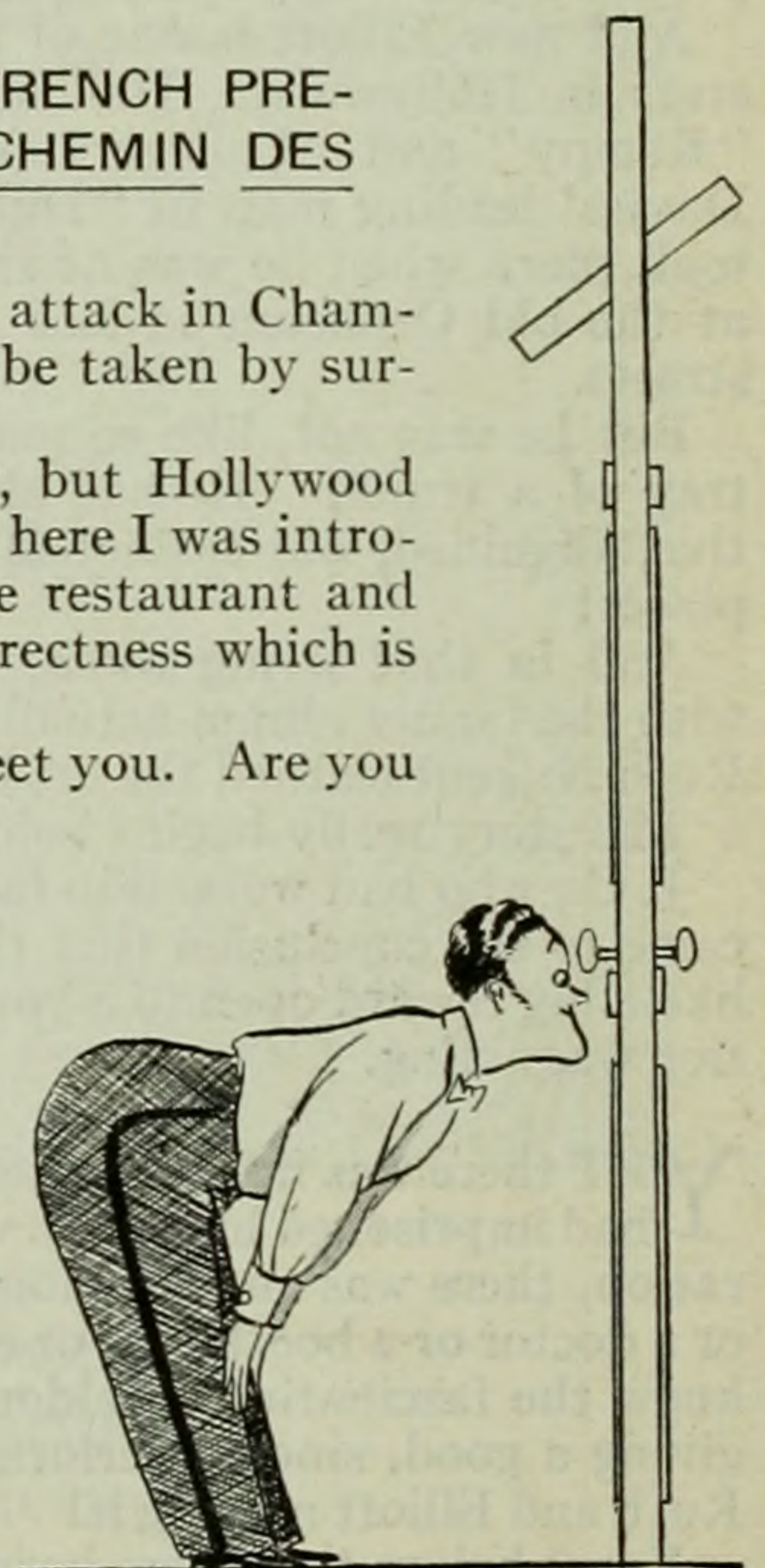
"RELIABLY INFORMED FRENCH PREPARING BIG OFFENSIVE CHEMIN DES DAMES."

Then the French would really attack in Champagne, and the Germans would be taken by surprise on the flank.

It may seem a bit surprising, but Hollywood is like that. The first day I got here I was introduced to a lady in Montmartre restaurant and she said, with that charming directness which is such a feature of the girls here:

"Basil Woon? Pleased to meet you. Are you divorced? Is that woman with you your wife? Are you in the pictures or oil? Isn't the Scotch in Hollywood terrible? Have you a good bootlegger yet? Did you hear Douglas Fairbanks and Mary

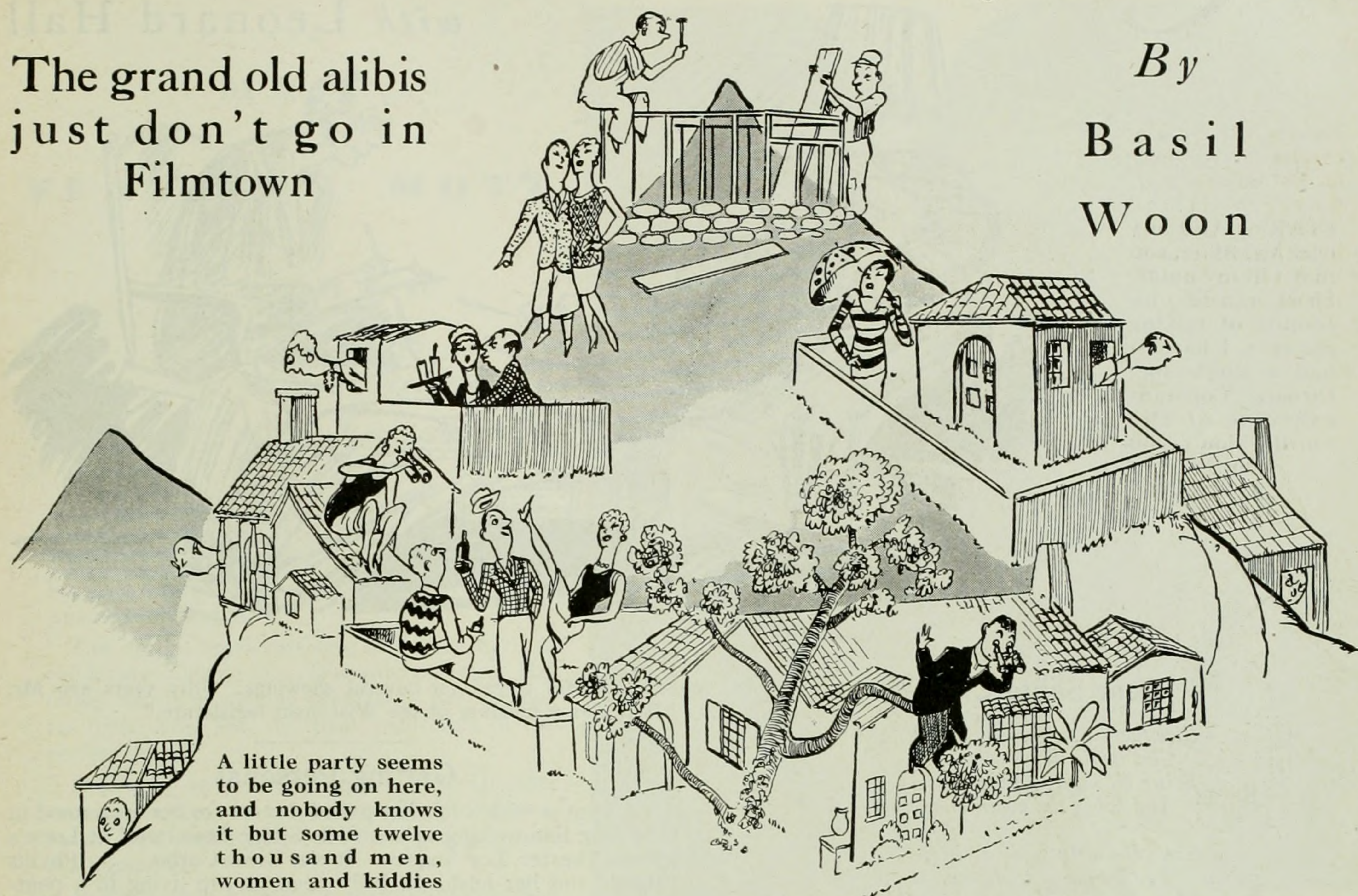
Hector Snooparound, the Keyhole King of Hollywood, is digging up a few rumors for the regular luncheon dishes—



With It *in* Hollywood

The grand old alibis
just don't go in
Filmtown

By
Basil
Woon



A little party seems
to be going on here,
and nobody knows
it but some twelve
thousand men,
women and kiddies

Pickford are going to separate? Have you a cigarette?"

"The woman is my wife I am not divorced yet I am not in pictures oil or otherwise yes the Scotch is worse than that no is there such a thing well but you can't believe all you hear no I don't smoke," I replied, in the casual manner which is so much the thing in Hollywood.

Later that day a mutual friend came up with a pleasantly shocked expression and, drawing me aside, said:

"So it's happened to you, too, has it? What was the trouble, old man? You know you can speak frankly to your old pal."

"You forgot to say whether it has five letters or six and whether it is a flower or a bird," I said.

"Aw, you don't have to kid me. It's all over Hollywood that you and the wife are going to divorce."

"Now isn't that wonderful," I exclaimed. "I wonder how they got the news so quickly?"

"Well, I think Laura Blink told me. She said she got it from her manicure who said that Mary Bunk told her. I think she said that the manicure said that Mary said she got it from Susie Snoop."

—While Patricia Peekaboo,
Queen of the Transom-
Gazers, dredges the news
that Hec is just peeping
around again

Now, Miss Snoop was the lady of the questions at lunch. I saw her later. I said:

"Susie, how in the world did you know my wife and I were going to divorce?"

"My dear man," she said, patronizingly, "you forget—you told me so yourself."

"I told you so?"

"Well, you *intimated* it. You said you were not divorced yet. And of course anyone would know what that meant."

MEETING Bugs Baer in the lobby of the Roosevelt, he suggested having a little fun that evening.

"What am I going to tell the wife?" I asked him.

"Aw, 'phone up and say you've got a business appointment with Jesse Lasky or Winnie Sheehan," said Bugs, efficiently. Bugs, too, is new to Hollywood.

I 'phoned and told my wife about having to go out to Culver City and see Irving Thalberg, and she said that was wonderful and would I be back to dinner. No, I said, I might not make it back quite by dinner; in fact it might be nine o'clock before I got in. I'd just get a snack at the studio or somewhere.

So the next morning she said to me:

"What sort of man is this Mr. Thalberg?"

"Why, he's a big, hefty, red-headed feller with lots of pep," I said, "and let me tell you, he's one grand guy—why, he simply wouldn't hear of me going home last night—took me over the studio personally and then brought me to his place for dinner—lemme tell you about that house of his—it's—"

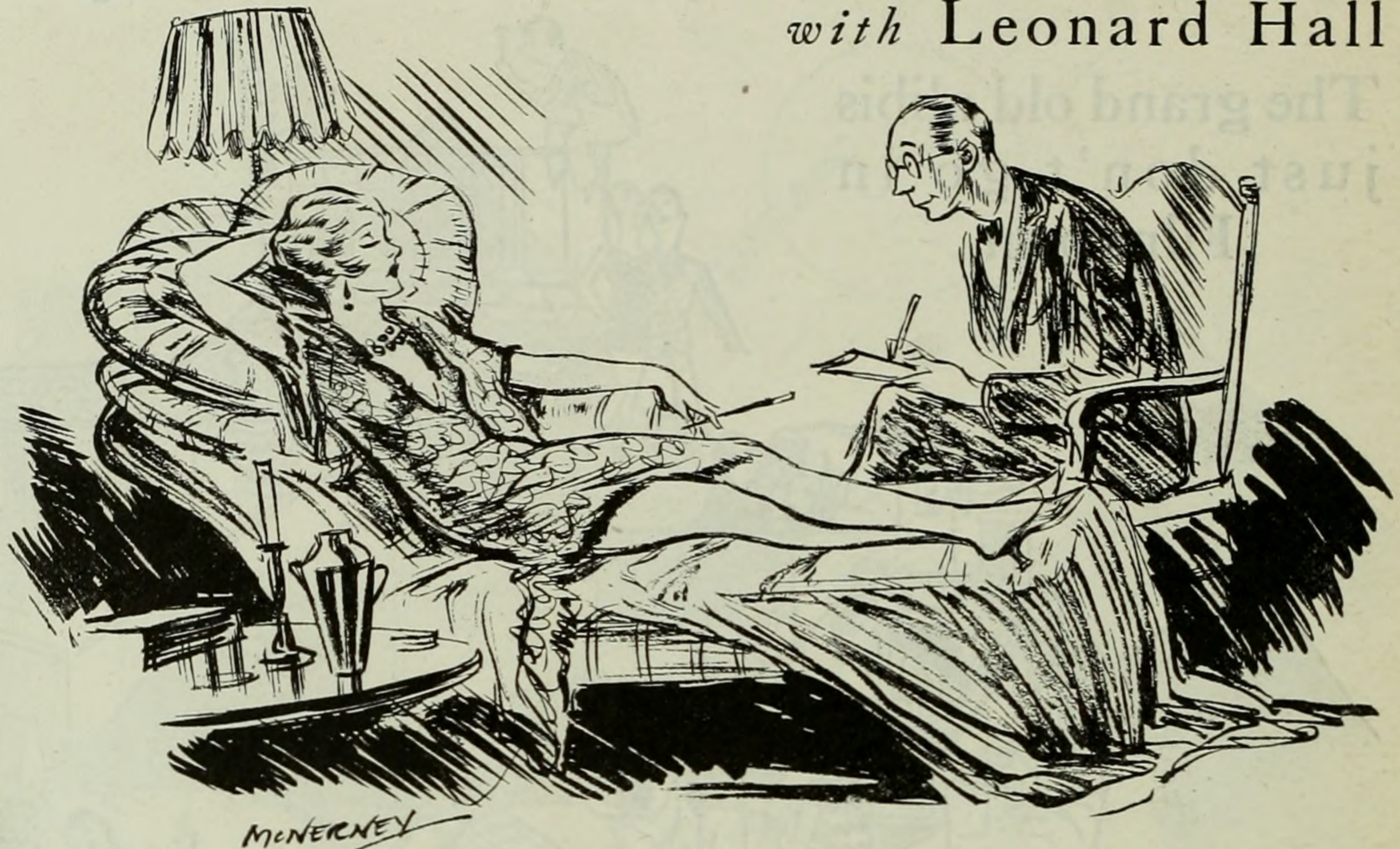
"What you did," said my wife, "was to leave the Roosevelt with that terrible Bugs Baer. You got in a Cadillac with two girls in it. One of them was Lucille Lush and the other was Bridget Brilliantine. You were with Bridget. After that you went over to Bert Wheeler's with Tom McNamara, and you had a lot of drinks. Then you and Tom and another girl named Helen Hugg went to Billy Hayne's place at the beach, and Billy kicked you out because

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Reeling Around

with Leonard Hall

STAR—"And my dear Mr. Blotz, you may tell my public that since the coming of talking pictures, I haven't had a single sore throat. Constant exercise of the tonsils, don't you know!"



Dear Santa Claus—

*Give the kiddies woolly lambs,
Give the ladies beaus—
Bring all hungry people hams
And bring the mean ones woes.*

*Give all lonely souls a ring,
And let the cruel freeze.
Me? Why, Santa dear, just bring
Me Greta Garbo, please!*

Good Mean Fun

Guy Bates Post, the veteran stage star, asked Warners for \$10,000 to make a five minute Vitaphone prologue—and the man can't even sing a "Mammy" song! . . . Speaking of mummies, we at last know who Al Jolson's is. It's Louise Dresser, who will play the mammy in "Mammy" opposite the star, and no doubt have a little shack in Alabammy with morning glories 'round the door. . . . They asked for a new title for John Boles' big picture, "La Marseillaise," at Universal, and some daring soul suggested "Marseillaise in the Cold, Cold Ground." . . . Joan Marsh, fifteen, got a Universal contract because she resembles Dolores Costello, Anita Page and Esther Ralston. Throw in a dash of Wally Beery and we'll fire the whole pack in Hollywood. . . . The last illusion goes. Santa Claus is only Uncle Joe in red flannel pants. Now it comes out that Noah Beery sings tenor. . . . Lily Damita's New York apartment had seven mirrors. One fit of fierce French temper and heigho! for forty-nine years bad luck. But think of no less than fourteen Damita legs in one apartment! . . . I wonder if it makes any difference to Gary Cooper that Lupe Velez' real name is Guadalupe Villabolos? If it doesn't, it's love. . . . Some French-Canadians call talkies "views that speak." All I can add is "when the machine works."

Welcome to Films, Neighbor!

An Associated Press dispatch from Superior, Wis.—

"Peter Dale, eighty-four, of Cornucopia, near here, was a most amazed man when he saw his first 'picture show,' a talkie, last

night. He stayed for several showings. Fifty years ago Mr. Dale was a member of the Wisconsin legislature."

Getting Personal

A woman with a felt hat pulled down over her eyes stood in the long line waiting to see "The Single Standard" at Loew's State Theater, Los Angeles. It was Greta Garbo. . . . Phyllis Haver and her husband, Billy Seeman, are living in a penthouse on a roof-top in Greenwich Village, New York. "Sky Hye Farm," they call it. Remember "Miss Dupont," the blonde mystery who played in "Foolish Wives," and other pictures? Well, her first name is Patty, she's married to Syl Stokes of Virginia, and has been visiting in Hollywood. . . . Dolores Del Rio has had a slave bracelet welded to the wrist of Teddy Joyce, her master of ceremonies. . . . Fazenda, Louise's last name, is Portuguese for "farmer." . . . While Jack Gilbert was in Paris honeymooning, his Scotch terrier wandered away from the Beverly Hills home. . . . The only stage shows given in Alaska the past year were two performances by the Elks Lodge in Juneau. The talkies have swept the big towns of the territory. . . . I hereby tender my apologies to His Majesty's dominion, New Zealand. I said it had no talkie theater, but Jack Goadman, of Taihape, writes in to say that there are several, and that some night he means to ankle some 300 miles and see-hear his first phonoplay. . . . Minnie Palmer Marx, sixty-five, mother of the Four Marx Brothers, comedians, who made their first screen hit in "The Cocoanuts," died suddenly in New York. She was largely responsible, by her wisdom and enthusiasm, for their success in the theater. . . . Nancy Carroll is just one of twelve children, and I wonder if there are any more at home like her. . . . No talkies yet in Buenos Aires, say reports. Now I'll wait for the letter telling me the town is full of them. . . . Leatrice Joy married Jack Gilbert on the thirteenth of the month. . . . Mary Eaton, the blonde musical comedy star, and one of the famous yellow haired Eaton children, has just bought her mother a \$35,000 home in Beverly Hills. Her father has been a proofreader on a New York newspaper for years. . . . No matter what she eats, Colleen Moore always weighs 108 pounds. . . . President and Mrs. Hoover were presented with gold, lifetime passes to all Stanley theaters. . . . Bebe Daniels has been made an honorary colonel in the U. S. Air Corps. Yes, you guessed it. In the Pursuit Group. . . . The eleven Technicolor cameras in Hollywood are so precious that they are carried from lot to lot in armored cars. They never did that for Pola Negri!

An elite Bostonian of dark distinguished beauty

MRS.
FRANKLIN MOTT
GUNTHER

*is a leader in the Diplomatic
Circles of three Continents*

LONDON, The Hague, Rome, Washington, Cairo—have all acclaimed the charm, the chic, the dark distinguished beauty of Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the well-known American diplomat.

Tall and of regal carriage, Mrs. Gunther has the lovely coloring of a Velasquez portrait. Her dusky hair is in striking contrast to her wonderful topaz eyes and the clear pale olive of her perfect skin.

Aristocrat in the true sense, Mrs. Gunther comes of a fine old Boston family, the Hunnewells. As a young girl, she went abroad to finish her education.

In Paris, as in America, a beautifully-kept skin is the first essential to chic. Mrs. Gunther chose the famous Two Creams to keep her own skin smooth and clear!

"I have used Pond's," she says, "ever since I was a young girl. For Pond's Creams are utterly wholesome, and I believe the skin should receive simple care." Now Mrs. Gunther finds Pond's two new products delightful. "The Freshener tones the skin so gently," she adds, "and the Tissues are the only immaculate means of removing Cold Cream." This is the



MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER, wife of the distinguished American diplomat, is a gracious hostess, whose hospitality has delighted hundreds of travelers abroad.



Pond's four famous products used by beautiful and distinguished women everywhere—Cold Cream for cleansing, Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone, and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.



(left) A brilliant sportswoman, Mrs. Gunther excels at golf. During her residence at The Hague she was a familiar figure on the links and two years carried off the amateur championship honors of Holland.

complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin:

First, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times a day, and always after exposure. Pat on generously with upward, outward strokes, letting the light, pure oils sink deep into the pores and bring the dirt to the surface.

Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. These new Tissues economize towels and laundry.

Next, after cleansing dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck. It closes the pores, firms, invigorates the skin, leaves it without a trace of oiliness.

Last, smooth in a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, removing with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Z

114 Hudson Street New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company



Irving Chidnoff

LILLIAN GISH, whose name is a synonym for vague and fugitive loveliness, has been absent from the screen all too long. She returns to us as the princess in a talking version of Molnar's brilliant play, "The Swan"



“Please tell me ...”

JEAN CARROLL'S *Page on Hair Beauty*

“What shall I do for dry hair?”

Dear Miss Carroll: Please give me some advice. My hair is very dry—and is sticky after I wash it.—Mrs. G. M., Canton, Ohio.



Over-dry hair isn't healthy hair, and it doesn't look its best—it's usually dull and brittle. So I'm going to tell you about a special shampoo for dry hair that will make your hair softer, and won't leave that sticky feeling either.

You can go to any drug store and ask for *Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*—a lovely golden colored liquid just a tiny bit fragrant. This shampoo is made of pure olive oil and other vegetable oils. It doesn't make your scalp sting, or leave your hair harsh to the touch because it is safe and gentle, and contains soothing, softening glycerine. Use this olive oil shampoo about every ten days or two weeks, and you'll see how much softer and more manageable your hair is. Then massage your scalp and brush your hair every day to make it shine.

(You noticed that sticky feeling probably because the soap you used didn't rinse off your hair completely—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo rinses very easily.)

Oily hair—and its special care

Dear Jean Carroll: I have naturally wavy hair and it's very soft and pretty when it is just washed, but a few days afterwards it becomes oily and falls in strings. I would greatly appreciate it if you would let me know if there is anything I can do—and please let me hear from you as soon as possible because I have a *great* deal of faith in your ability.—M. Y., Caldwell, N. J.



Dear M. Y. I can't help being a little flattered when you express your confidence right out like that. And I love kind words, like everybody else. It is true I do try to give the soundest advice possible. Everything I say has the approval of a real dermatolo-

gist (and that means a doctor who has specially studied the skin and hair).

Your particular trouble is one I hear about many times every day. More women seem to be bothered by oily hair than by any other hair problem.

For this reason the Packer Company, with whom I am associated (they make the famous Packer's Tar Soap) make a shampoo especially good for oily hair—*Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*. This shampoo is safe and pure and gentle (don't ever use a strong shampoo to “dry out” your hair), but it is also a little astringent. It tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands. Use this Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first—it's easy to use because it lathers and rinses in the quickest and most delightful way possible.

Don't wait for your hair to get oily and stringy and unbecoming—shampoo often enough to keep your hair fluffy. And if you use the pine tar shampoo regularly, and massage your scalp a little every day, you'll probably soon be able to lengthen the intervals between shampoos.

Don't neglect dandruff!

Dear Miss Carroll: I'd like to ask you a few questions. I heard you talk over the radio about a week ago. I really have nice hair, but it is beginning to fall. I have quite a bit of dandruff, and my hair doesn't shine as I would like it to. What can I do for it?—Mrs. A. N., Kent, New York.



I have a personal feeling of hatred for dandruff germs—they're such trouble-making, beauty-destroying little things. They make hair fall, they take away the shine and lustre, cause the scalp to flake, and they usually go on getting worse and worse unless something discourages them.

For years doctors have been urging Packer's Tar Soap as a very effective way

of overcoming these invisible germs. So I'm going to suggest this for your hair: Get a cake of *Packer's Tar Soap* and start right away to give yourself a shampoo every two or three days to begin with. This sounds like a lot of washing, I know, but think of it as medical treatment. Massage the lather well into the scalp—the good, rich piney lather has a gentle antiseptic effect.

Even after the first shampoo, your scalp will feel healthier and your hair will look healthier. And after a month's time you ought to notice a decided improvement.

JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty, every Friday 11:45 a.m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 16-L), 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose _____ cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

- Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
- Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
- Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

DO-RE-MI-FA-SOL!

By Maurice Fenton



PHOTOPLAY'S Tune Critic Tells You All About the New Movie Music

SOPHIE TUCKER seems to have been having some home-coming weeks. She doesn't have to go very far to celebrate one of these things, for Soph seems to be equally at home in these U. S. and London, in musical comedy, vaude, revue, the talkies or on records. For without a doubt her voice has "IT," which is proved when you listen to it over the old musical box without her inviting grin behind it. In other words, the voice with the smile of its own.

Her "Honky Tonk" numbers, recorded by Victor, are the best signs current for the continuation of this column—but more of that lower down the page. "He's a Good Man to Have Around" and "I'm Doing What I'm Doing for Love" are the more characteristic items. In the same series comes, "I'm Feathering a Nest for a Little Bluebird."

While on the subject of Sophie, which, after all, is quite a large one, another release of hers might as well be noted. When she chants, "I Don't Want to Get Thin," we entirely agree with her and are even willing to join in the chorus. But don't expect too much for your boodle here. On the back she informs us, to a second rate tune, "That's What I Call Sweet Music." Sweetish, maybe, but not so hot.

FROM down near the bottom of the drawer we have dug up four Columbia records which are going to have a run before the end of the year. There never is a real back number, and Moran and Mack are due for a few extra dividends on an investment made over two years ago.

When these were first unloaded on the market the publicity department labeled them "the funniest series ever recorded." With "Why Bring That Up?" doing what it is, the "Two Black Crows" discs, eight sides of twelve inches, are going to be brought up again to paralyze the fans. They were made by the new electrical method, and as most of the stuff these two black faces pulled in vaudeville has been crammed into their first talkie, they are thoroughly up to date. Which proves that you might as well keep those bonds in the safe—you never know when they'll come back.

ALL the recording companies have tried kicking in on "The Dance of Life." That is, they have recorded two of the numbers and omitted the one which is any good at all.

"True Blue Lou" needs Hal Skelly and the "Pagliacci" situation to mean anything at all. Coming all by itself down the unromantic funnel of a machine, it matches the title of its companion—"The Flippity Flop." This other is a good, whole hearted accompaniment for a soft shoe prance, but will get on your nerves if you have not got plenty of others to play between repetitions. Seeing the picture, we got the idea that the best part of it was "Ladies of the Dance"—musically, at least. No one, to date, has bothered to put it on record. We should

like to hear it in cold blood and see if we were right. We probably shall.

THE more Helen Kane sticks to talkie material, the better for business. This time we have "He's So Unusual," from "Sweetie," and it stands out like a work of art—which, of course, it is in its own sweet way. A beau has to be something out of the ordinary to catch Helen's eye, apparently, and this sheik was that way. And behind it all is a distinctly pleasant little *too-toodleoo-too-too* melody which deserves to be heard a little better. Perhaps the pick of the bundle this time.

Perhaps the pick, because the numbers we have talked about so far are not strictly Theme Songs. In fact, if there are not some signs of bullishness in this market before long, the bottom will fall out of it. Try this trick: Hypnotize yourself into thinking you had composed some of this month's offerings yourself and then see if you feel proud. There must have been some blushing composers hiding in the shadows of projection rooms recently.

HERE are some of the incidental crop: "How Am I To Know?" out of "Dynamite." Put out by all the recording houses in various forms, but though all the orchestras do their darndest they cannot make a silk purse out of a whateveritis. The catch

in the thing is supposed to be, "Lyrics by Dorothy Parker." Not the best Dottie ever wrote by a long stretch, but still worthy of more trouble from the music department.

"After the Clouds Roll By" from "Half Marriage." The idea seems to have been that half a marriage only deserves half a tune. If so, the management have succeeded. Saxophones *doodle-doodle-doo-doo* in no particular direction but (it's a ten incher) actually do get to an end somehow.

"Waiting at the End of the Road" from "Hallelujah." Stand by for Opus Umpteen of Irving Berlin, and then doubt your ears. It was a long road that was being waited on, and the interval was extraordinarily like any other—at a couple of moments in it we thought of other tunes we had heard somewhere else.

"Lovable and Sweet" from "Street Girl." This is more like it. If you must have a theme song, and

apparently you must, why not have it molded to match your theme? This one does to some extent, and consequently does not disappoint. More than that, it might actually set you dancing. Sydney Clare and Oscar Levant, who put this together, are our best bets in the business, at present.

"When They Sing the Wearin' o' the Green" from "Lucky in Love" and "Smiling Irish Eyes" from "Smiling Irish Eyes," are recommended as sure things. You can twist any series of Irish musical phrases into any conceivable shape and display the result as a winner—or so we are told by someone who is living on the proceeds of just such a trick. Further, these are—if nobody is getting tired of our theme—Theme Songs. They mean what they say and provide the required atmosphere for the screen story.

HOWEVER, we are not giving up all hope. Rumors from the studios have almost got us het up over what we are to hear during the next few weeks. The Theme Song business is still at its experimental stage, with everyone clinging to the back of the wagon for dear life, whether they deserve to be there or not.

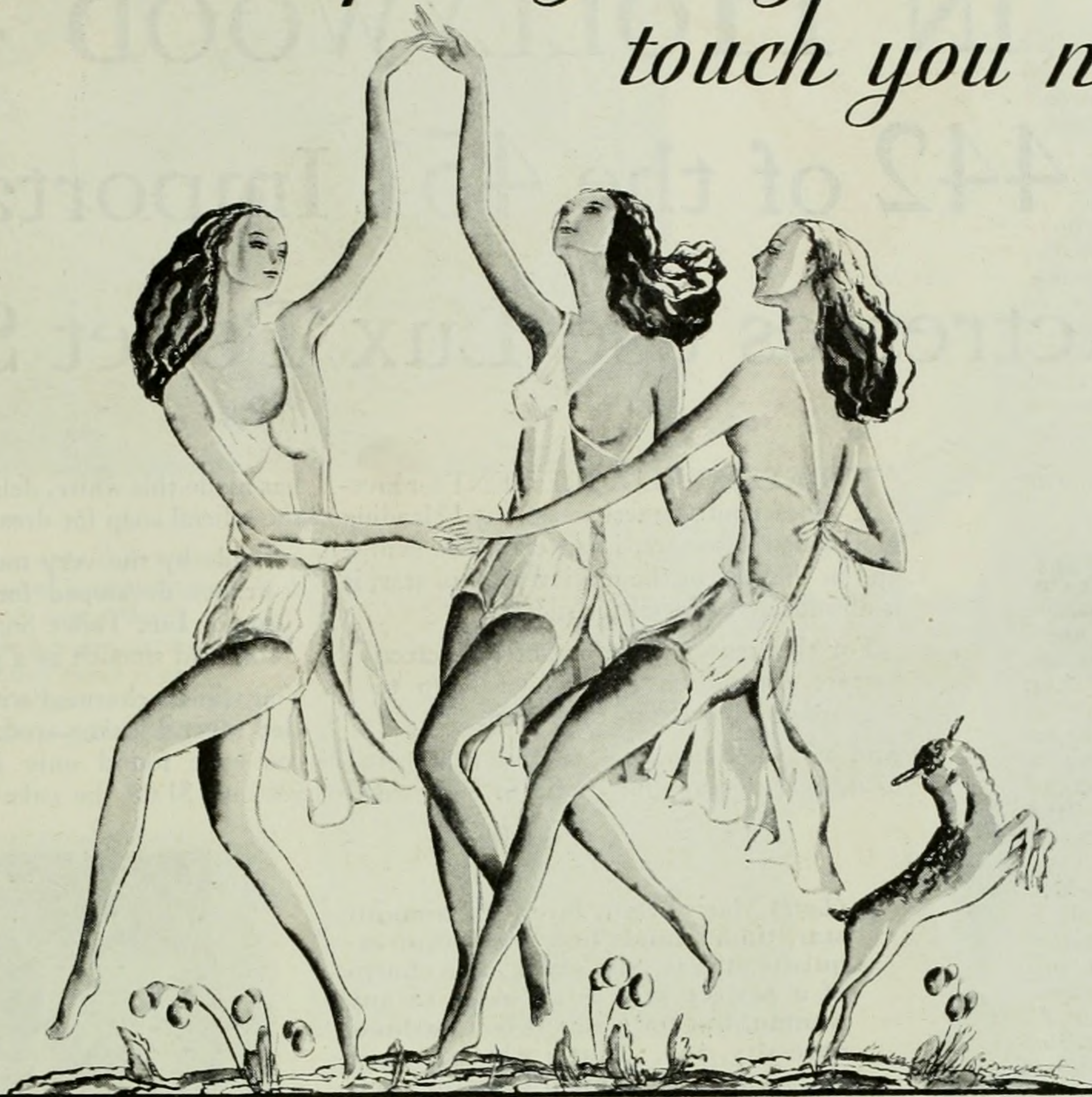
SIGNING off with a complaint recently heard from a distinguished Indian movie-house owner, who visited these hospitable shores in search of reels to show his dusky audiences.

He was in despair about the talkies and felt he was on his journey over the hill to the county farm. "My audiences are Gujerati, Hindustani, Bengali, Urdu, Telegu and Hindi. How can they understand American voices or listen to American music when they cannot understand each other?" The "American-American" part was touching from a man who is loyal to the British.

So we asked about the possibilities of his troubles being settled by the English. "Not for years, twenty-five, maybe. So far they have been unable to make pictures for themselves. What hopes for us?"

In this monthly service department Mr. Fenton will help you fill the old family record album by scouting the newest phonoplay discs

The years that pass you by and touch you not!



ALL of us know women whose faces make fibbers of their birthdays. Some women at thirty seem to fade, while others of fifty are never, never taken for their age. For their eyes are clear and bright, and their complexions are fine, fresh and blemish-free!

Are these latter women possessed of a special birthright? Sometimes, but not always, they are. For, either nature has endowed them with a system that keeps itself clear and free from acids and poisons, or they have learned for themselves the benefits of keeping internally clean!

To arms, then, against birthdays! Enlist to your aid Sal Hepatica. There is no better way of cleansing a system of aging and beauty-stealing poisons than this famous saline method. By purifying your bloodstream and banishing constipation, Sal Hepatica routs

the dullness and the blemishes of the cheek. It keeps you young and exuberantly well!

In Europe, women of wealth and position regularly visit the famous springs and spas, where they freshen their complexions and tone their sys-

tems by drinking freely of the saline waters. Physicians everywhere—our own and the European—strongly advocate, for the correction of many human ills, the famous saline method.

COLDS and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication give way. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G-129, 71 West St., N. Y. Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.



★ ★ ★

Sal Hepatica

© 1929

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

442 of the 451 Important Actresses use Lux Toilet Soap

THE FIRST REQUIREMENT for loveliness and attractiveness, say 39 leading Hollywood directors, is an exquisite skin—and in the case of the motion picture star, it is absolutely essential for success.

For this reason, nine out of ten screen stars depend on Lux Toilet Soap to guard the beauty of their skin.

And because the screen stars are so devoted to it, every great film studio in Hollywood

has made this white, delicately fragrant soap the official soap for dressing rooms.

Made by the very method beauty-wise France developed for her finest toilet soaps, Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin soft and smooth as a gardenia-petal.

You will be charmed with Lux Toilet Soap. Get several cakes—today. Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

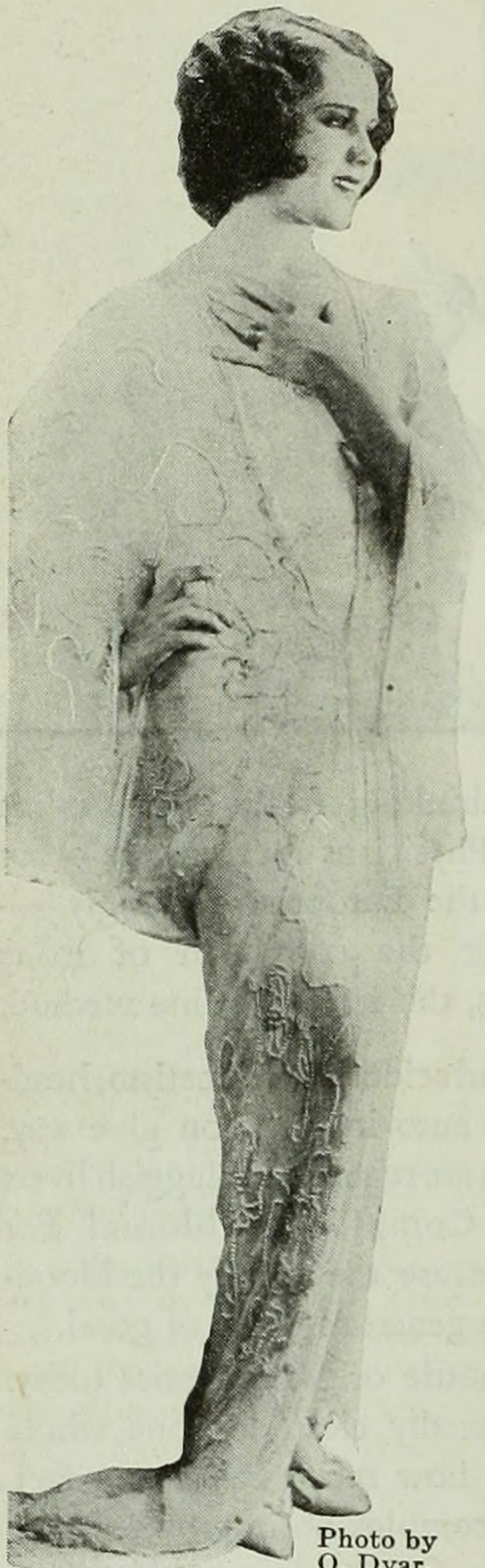


Photo by
O. Dyar,
Hollywood

(Left) Mary Brian, lovely Paramount star, understands how important exquisite skin is. She says: "The charm of a perfect skin is an asset to any woman, but for a star it is a business necessity, too. That's why so many stars guard the smoothness of their skin with Lux Toilet Soap—certainly it keeps 'studio-skin' in perfect condition."



Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood

(Right) Dorothy Mackaill, First National's beautiful blonde star, in the unique bathroom built for her in Hollywood. She says: "So much of a star's charm depends on soft, smooth skin—the close-up takes the true measure of her beauty. Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin."



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Renée Adorée, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famous star—in the very distinctive Hollywood bathroom which forms such a charming setting for her appealing loveliness. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only the finest French soaps could give. It is certainly a lovely soap. I enjoy it."



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Eleanor Boardman, a screen star whose delicate loveliness captures hearts everywhere, uses Lux Toilet Soap both at home and in her dressing room on location. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin a screen star must have . . . Such a very good soap!"



Joan Crawford, popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says: "Never have I found anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

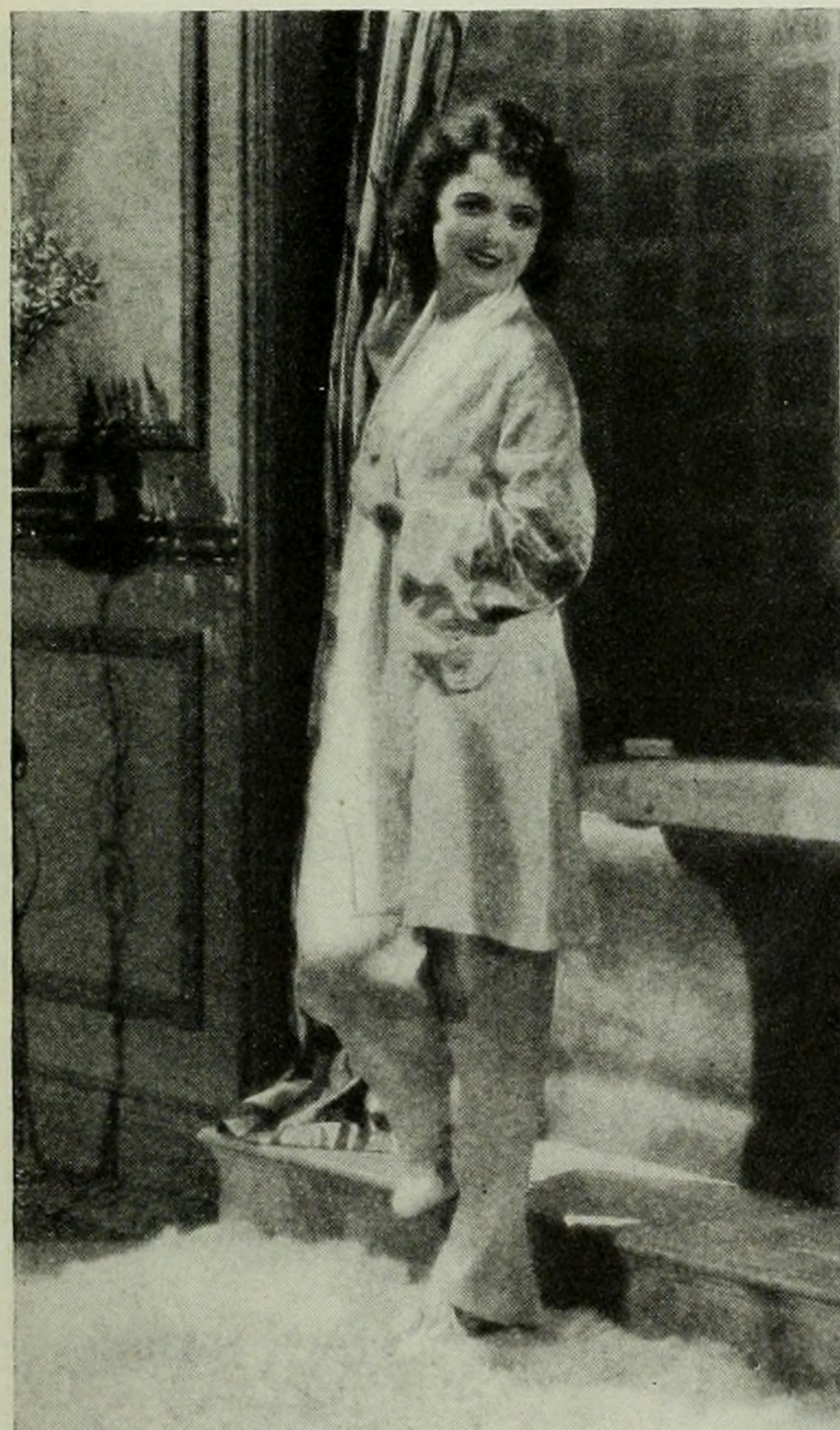


Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood

Janet Gaynor, Fox star, is one of the most beloved of screen actresses. She always has perfect poise under the high-powered incandescent close-up lights—her skin is flawless. She says: "There's a caressing quality to Lux Toilet Soap that I have never before found except in the finest French soaps—my skin feels so soft and smooth."



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

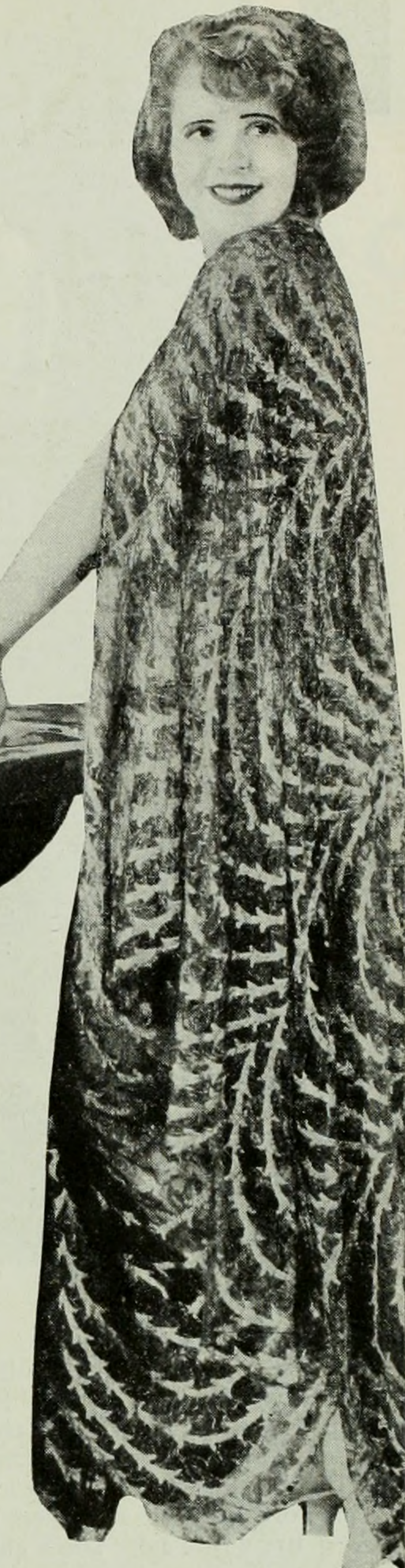


Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

Clara Bow, world-famous Paramount star, says: "A beautifully smooth skin means even more to a star than to other women. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin in perfect condition."

(Left) Esther Ralston, Paramount's attractive star, is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "In their close-ups, stars are more closely observed than women in any other profession. Their popularity largely depends on the beauty of their skin. Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."



Paris calls this a new line. The dress was designed in Hollywood by Howard Greer and it conforms to the mode that has prevailed in films for the past seven years. It's just another indication that Hollywood leads in fashion. The Empire feeling is new, but the curves are the same. Margaret Livingston wears it. It is made of black chiffon, trimmed with a single rhinestone ornament

KNEES are as scarce in Hollywood as silent movies. Figures are figures this year. Our old friend, the Hollywood line, demanded by producers to give sex to their pictures, and scorned by all the designers, has come into its own. For four years Clara Bow has been tugging her dresses in at the waist and pulling them tight around the hips. For four years designers have screamed with rage when Clara passed by. But now she's showing Paris what the well-dressed woman wears.

We are wearing photographic clothes, whether we know it or not, because Hollywood tells us what to wear. Alice White, another horrible example in the matter of dress, has always pushed her little hats off her forehead. A cameraman hates a brim like De Mille hates a tin bath tub. The electricians can't do anything with a face half concealed by a drooping *chapeau*.

Well, look at the smartest hats this year. They're right back off the face, with the noble brow as conspicuous as the candidate for mayor on the day before election. And if you let a wisp of hair show, nobody speaks to you.

Paris calls the fitted figure line and the brimless hat new and original, and the best houses include them in all collections. Hollywood can laugh up its fur cuff. It's been wearing them for years. And the Paris designers who have scorned the Hollywood mode are gnashing their teeth and rounding in their seams.

On the following pages are the best that the Hollywood dress-makers have to offer. Howard Greer, Sophie Wachner, David Cox, Jean Swartz and Edward Stevenson design and execute their gowns in Hollywood. And they're doing original models. Let France take a look at them for a change.

The screen is the broadcasting medium for fashion. The new lines, the new modes, the new note is on the screen. Hollywood has the last word. You take your fashion orders from the films, young woman—and like it!

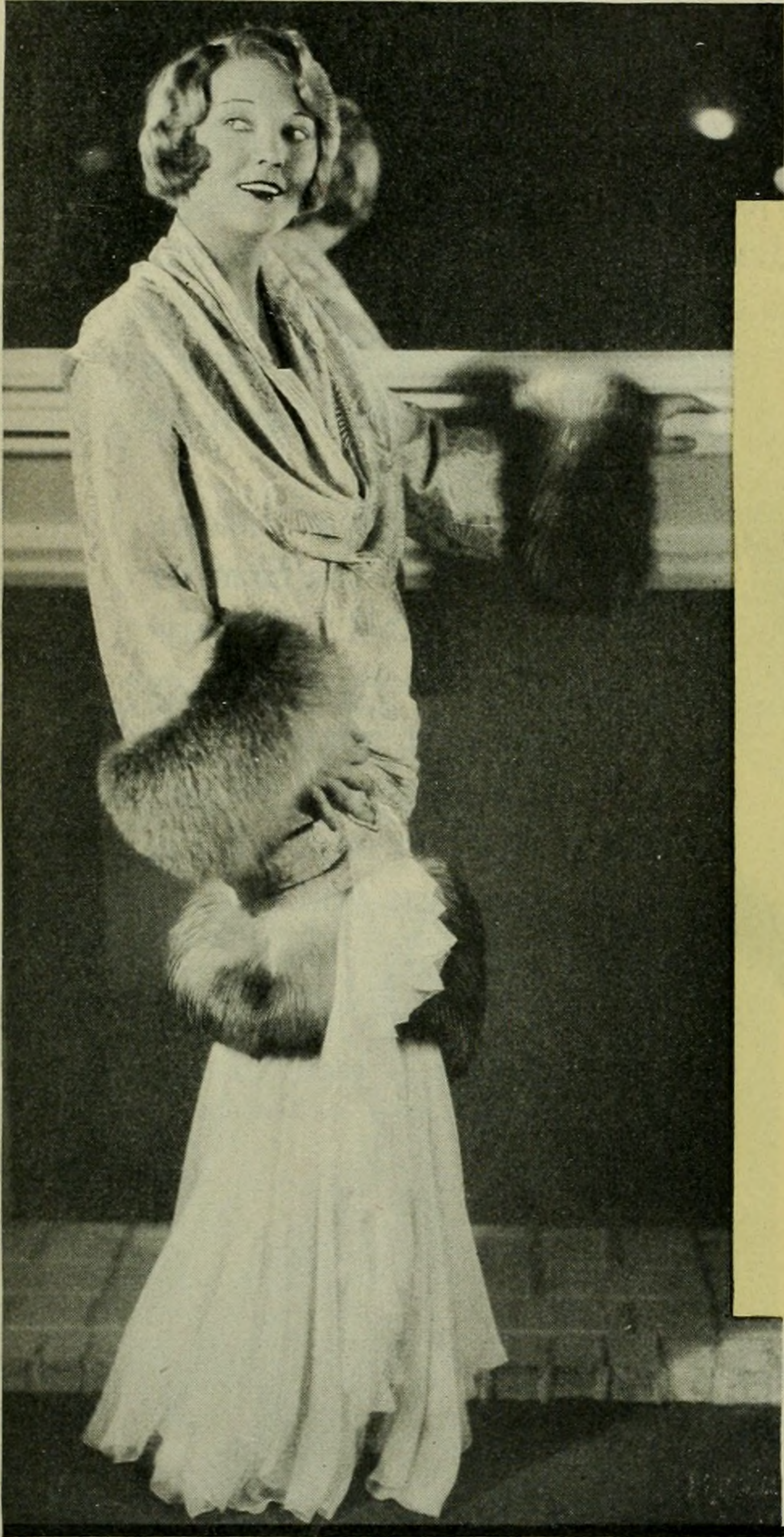


The new Hollywood hat trend. Lilyan Tashman wears this one of grey brushed wool with the sides rolling like a coffee cake. It is pushed back off the forehead without a wisp of hair showing. Even for sports she uses a veil

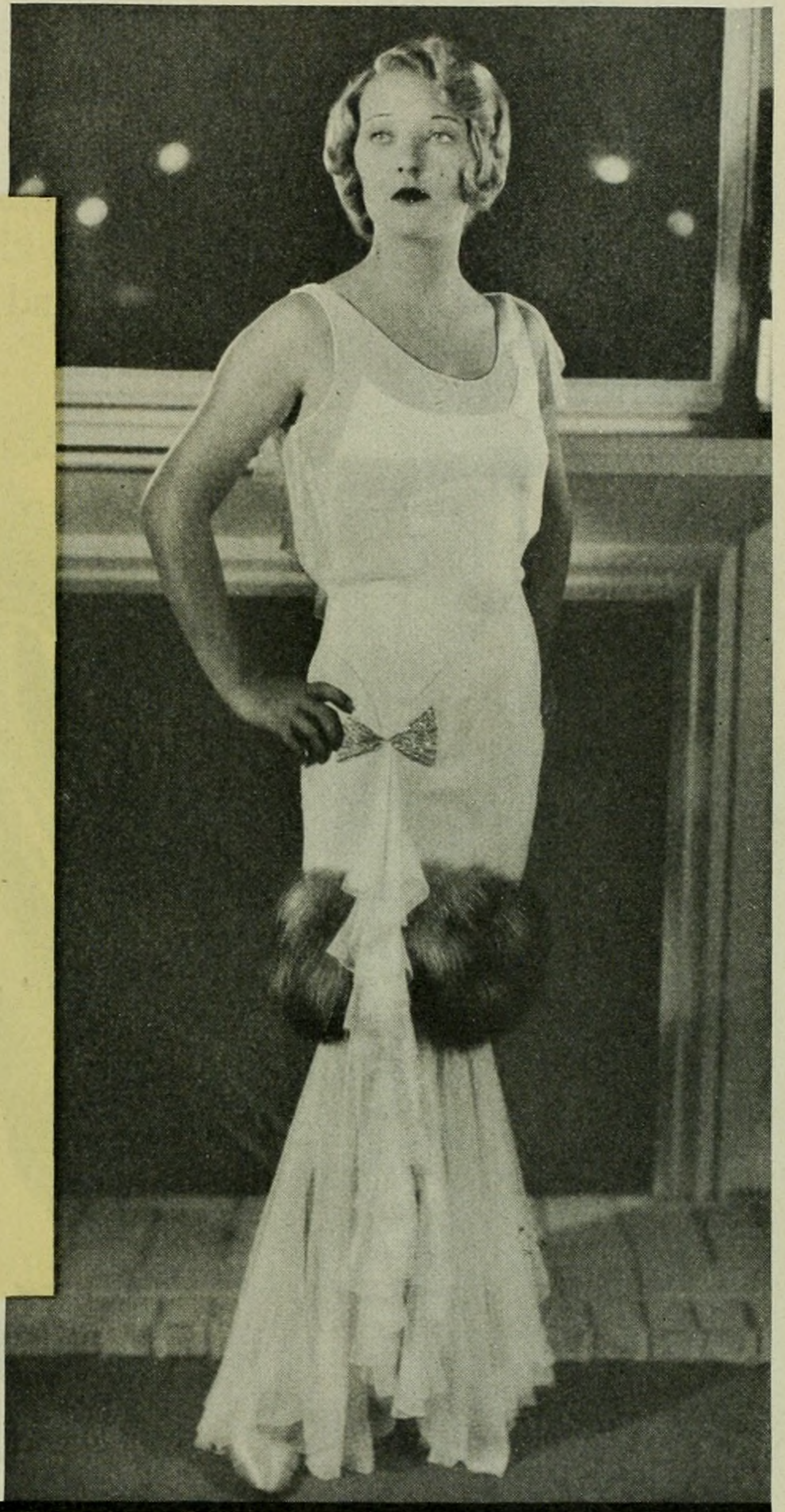
Photoplay's Style

Forecast from Hollywood

Edited by KATHERINE ALBERT



This is the most sensational costume in Hollywood this season. When it was displayed at Howard Greer's exclusive opening, gentlemen gasped and ladies fainted. Here Dorothy Mackaill wears what looks like a simple white chiffon frock with a gold lamé coat generously trimmed in red fox fur. But wait!



The coat is removed, but the wide band doesn't go along with it. Instead, the fur remains on the dress. Whoever thought of combining white chiffon and red fox? Oh, anything can happen in Hollywood. This is the most typical film dress of the year, simple in line as it is. It is called "Nuit de Noel"

The better the Fabric the smarter the Frock

STYLE is greatly enhanced by the right material. So leading dress manufacturers are now making their smartest models of Skinner's Crepe Satin.

That marvelous combination of softness and richness found in Skinner's Crepe Satin permits draping effects not possible with ordinary fabrics. The new shades and styles are irresistible—and when you buy a frock of Skinner's you can depend upon its *wearing quality*.

Identify these beautiful dresses by the Skinner ticket or label. In buying by the yard, always look for the name woven in the selvage. If you write us, we will tell you of store near you.

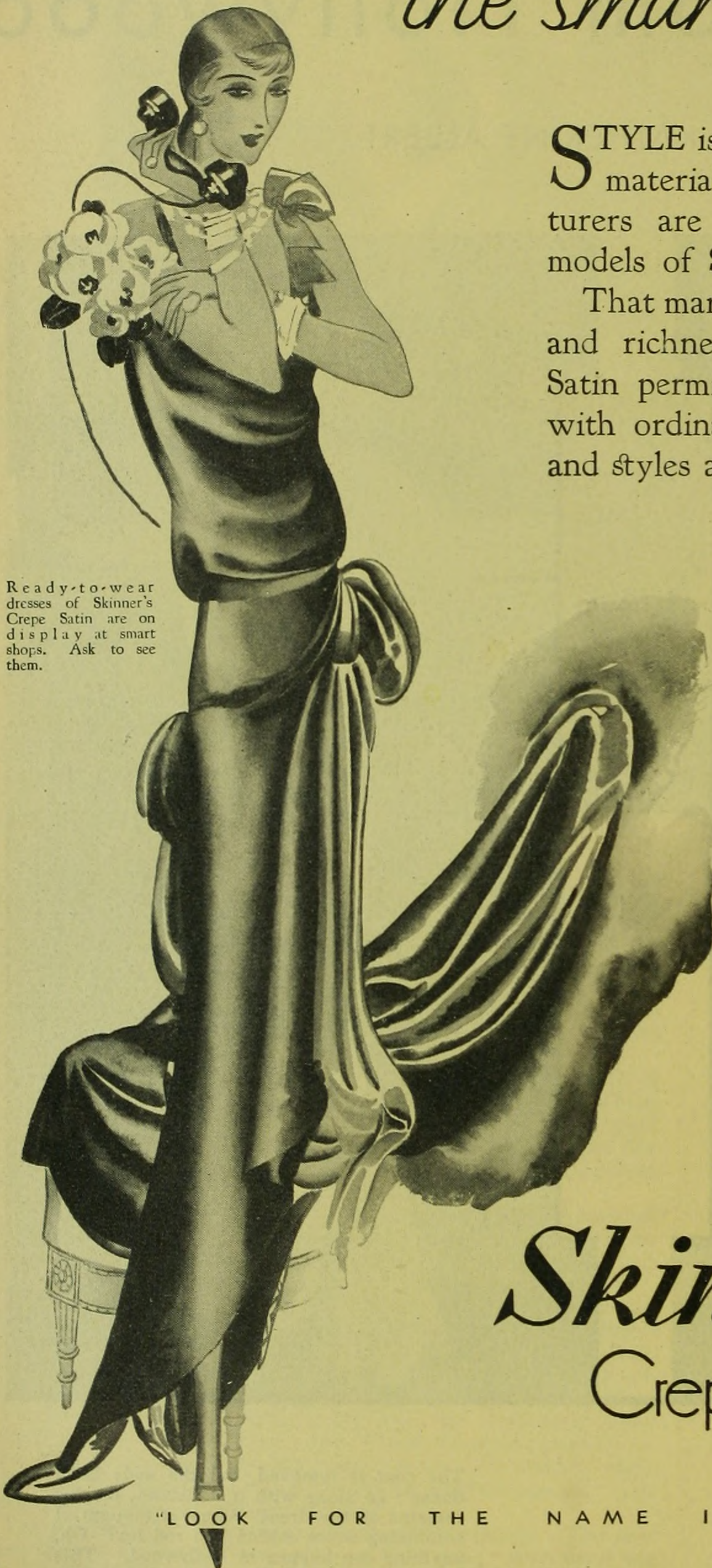
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco

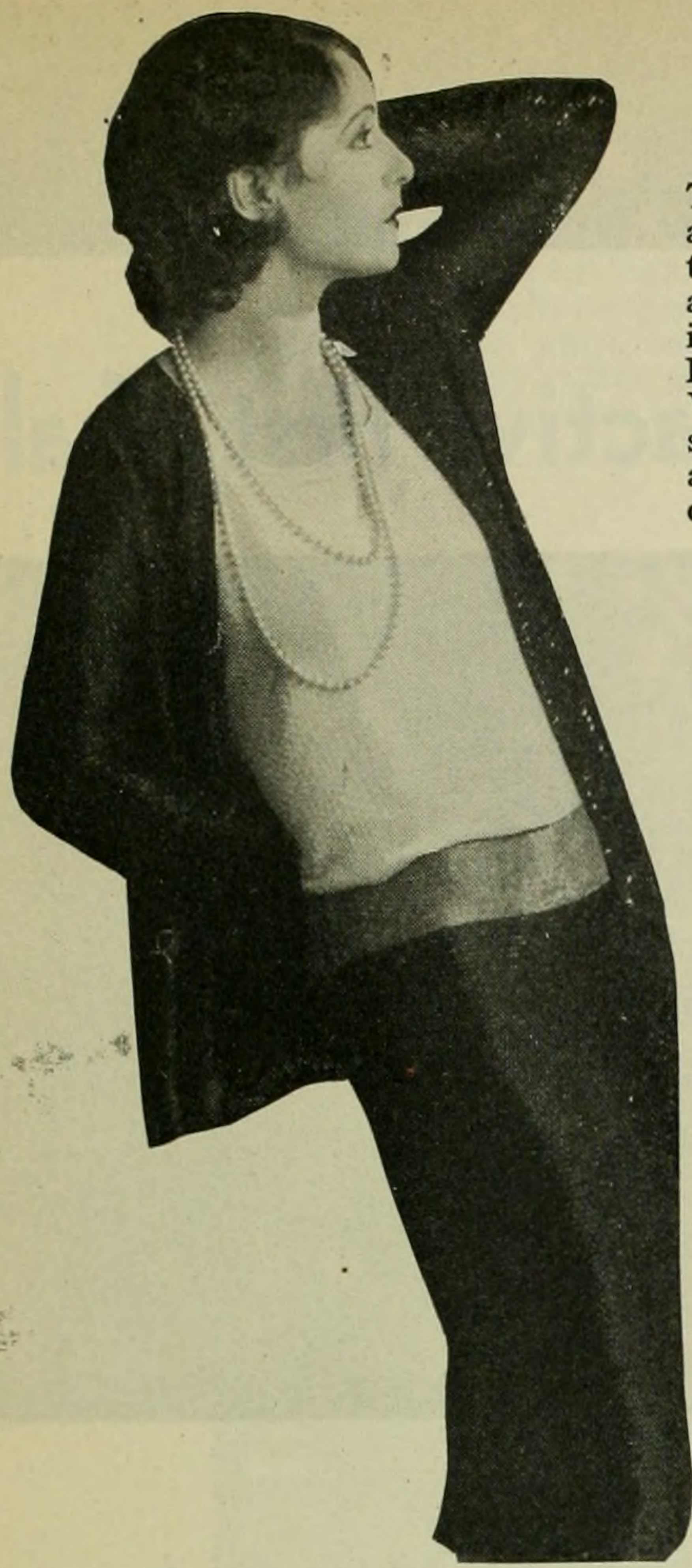
Mills: Holyoke, Mass. Established 1848

Skinner's Crepe Satins

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

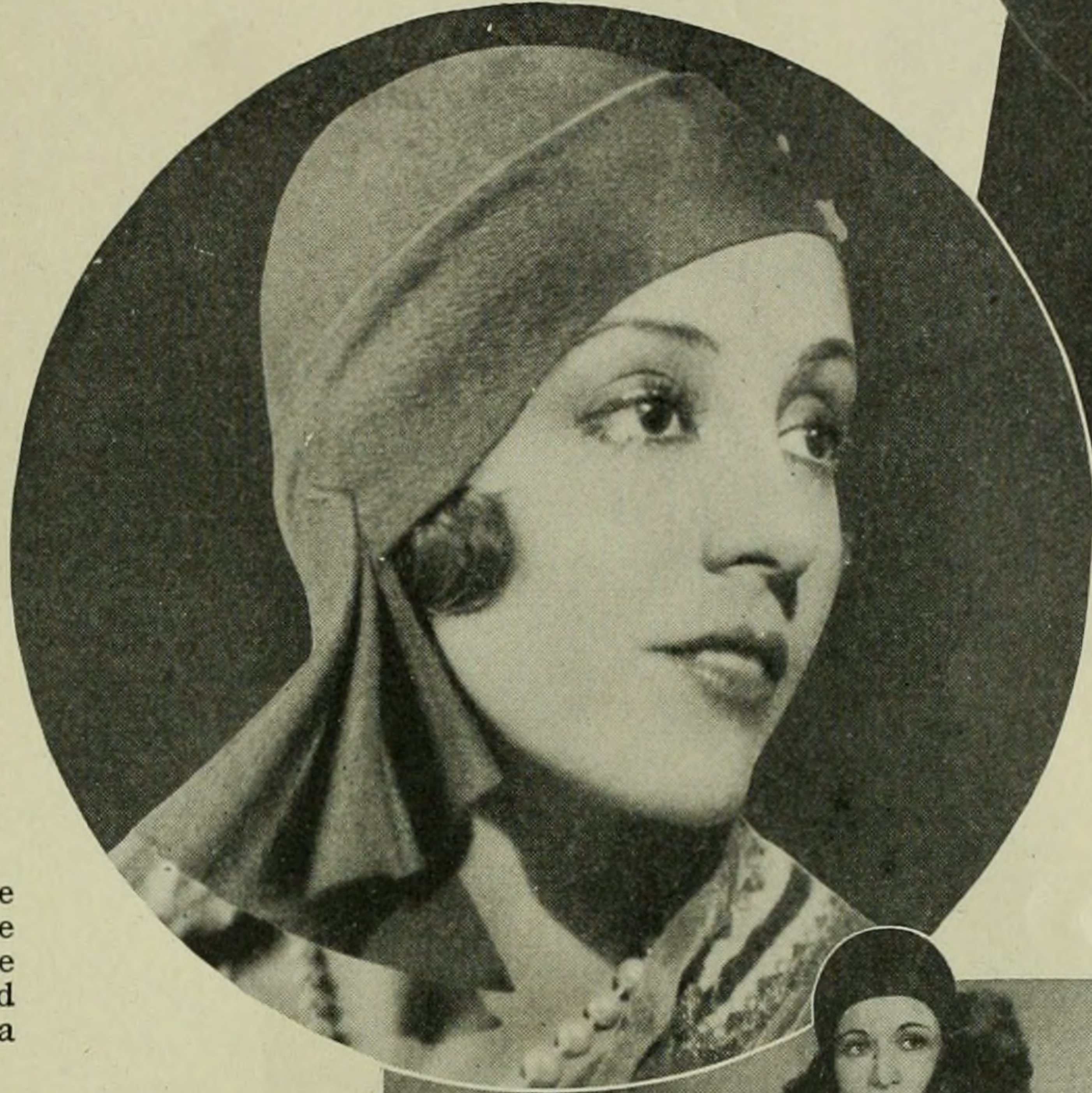
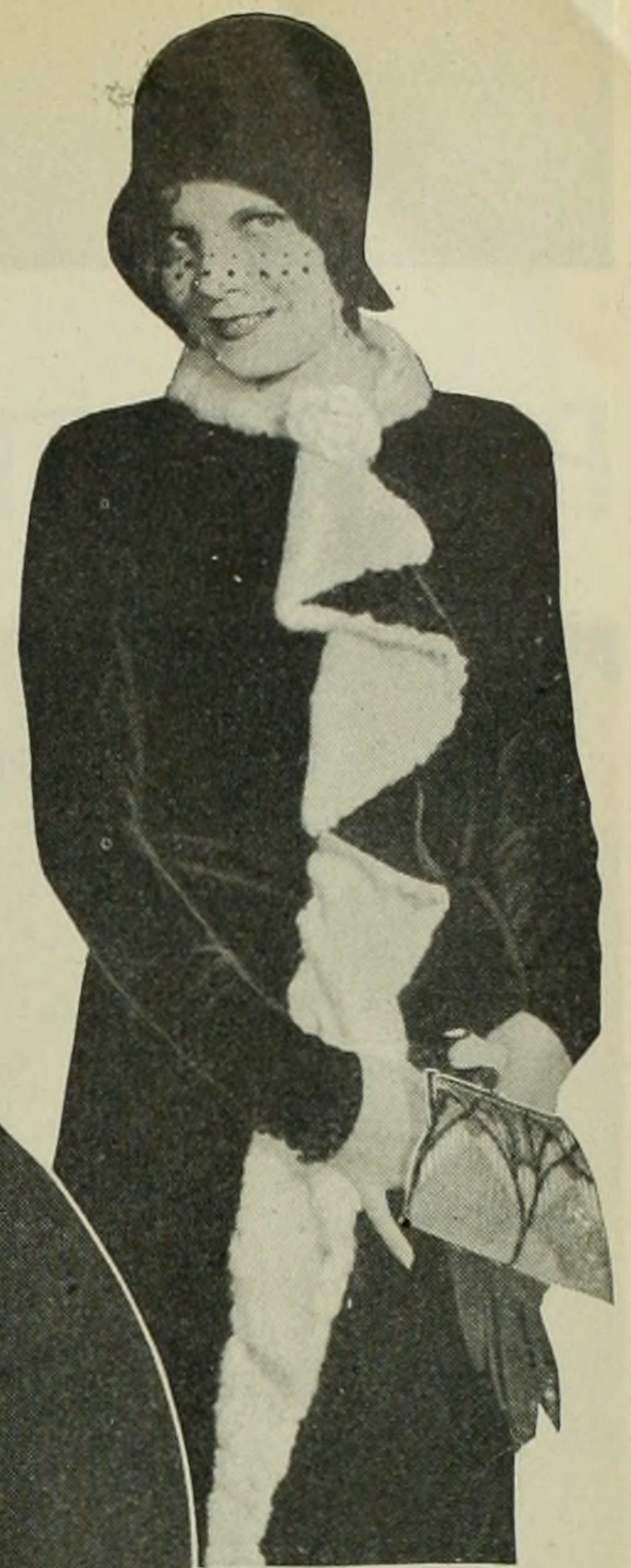


Ready-to-wear dresses of Skinner's Crepe Satin are on display at smart shops. Ask to see them.



The afternoon frock at the left weighs a ton or two, but it's all for dear old fashion's sake. Sharon Lynn wears it. Sophie Wachner of Fox designed it. Tiny black and white beads cover it completely. For the smart tea

Ermine again, and black velvet, with a gardenia at the throat, all elegant simplicity. Vera Reynolds selects this gown from Jean Swartz and accents its smartness with a snappy mesh bag and a veiled hat



Ethelind Terry wears this green soleil hat (at the left) right off her forehead with no hair showing

See what happens when a nice gal like Margaret Livingston wears a gown like this (below) from Howard Greer. The Egyptian influence is in the multi-colored blouse. The skirt is black tulle. And a \$10,000 antique necklace



Blue tweed, white flat crepe, black fox and fast color suede and kid shoes. Howard Greer calls this "Flirt," and Virginia Valli is ready for almost any sports event

PROTECTIVE ... YES, but attractive first of all



Light, flexible as a soft imported glove,
Shuglovs make lovely ankles appear
their very best on rainy days!

PROTECTIVE footwear that's really flattering? Why not, said Miller designers . . . and created a bad-weather accessory as shapely as the ankle it protects.

The name is Shuglov (pronounced Shoe-glove). Shuglovs are light and flexible as a soft, imported glove. They are cut as smartly as an evening slipper. Lines are slender. Color combinations are intriguing.

Yet, the protective purpose has never been forgotten. Every pair of Shuglovs is waterproof. And even the lightest, daintiest pair gives adequate protection from cold, for they are lined with a warm, fine, elastic fabric.

Ask for Shuglovs by name, in the smartest shops in your city. The authentic Miller creation bears the name "Shuglov by Miller" plainly stamped on the sole. Accept no other. The Miller Rubber Co. of N. Y. Akron, Ohio.

Shuglovs by Miller offer you a choice of two fabrics: dainty moire rubber lightly but warmly lined, and smartly tailored cloth. Two styles: button-over, and concealed Talon Hookless Fastener with distinctive buckle and strap. Both are easily cleaned



SHUGLOV
by MILLER

TIRES • TUBES • ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS • DRUG SUNDRIES • BATHING WEAR
SHUGLOV FOOTWEAR • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

"This Thing Called Love." Thus Howard Greer sentimentalizes over this flowered taffeta dancing frock of pale pink (right). Julianne Johnston wears it and you'll recognize your little pal, the Hollywood line, which has become Paris' last word. Two tiny ruffles give this gown a tone



That wild Russian influence cropping up again in Hollywood. Joan Crawford is responsible, for she has selected these vivid purple pajamas (left) hand-worked in cross-stitch pattern in red, blue and yellow. Satin, by the way, is Joan's favorite fabric



Not little Bessie Love, so very sophisticated and chic! Yessir, here she is, in one of those frightfully plain, vampish hats. Had you thought of cutting off the brim of last year's chapeau? Try it and see what happens



No, no, June Collyer (right) is not playing in a costume picture. This is the Greer creation she wears when she sips tea with Buddy Rogers. Not a solitary panel relieves the severe ankle length of this gown, which is form fitting and generously flared



Costume Bag No. W-152. Entire bag and snake-chain handle wrought with polished 24-karat gold finish, the gleaming Armor Mesh overlaid with a delicate Spanish lace design in black enamel. Silk-lined with pocket and mirror. Frame 5 inches wide. One of many smart models sold at \$4. to \$75.

TOP O' THE LIST FOR HER CHRISTMAS

Any time that "what-to-give-her" problem gets close to being a last-minute panic... steady, m'boy, there's always one sure way to glory! Give her another Whiting & Davis Costume Bag and prepare to bask in the radiance of a woman who is thoroughly delighted.

"No interesting woman ever has too many Costume Bags," said Paul Poiret when he was asked to name the sort of gift most sure to please. They're ever-welcome because of their colorful beauty and the social rating they've gained through long intimacy with charming women... because of that precious quality of jeweler-craftsmanship which has always made each Whiting & Davis Costume Bag a flattering and enviable possession. They're top o' the list for Christmas givers—so shop early.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY

World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags — Makers of Costume Jewelry for Everyone
Plainville (Norfolk County), Mass. In Canada: Sherbrooke, Quebec.

**WHITING & DAVIS
COSTUME BAGS**

MESH
WHITING & DAVIS CO.
BAGS

*For Gifts That Last Consult
Your Jeweler*

Look for this trade-mark in miniature stamped on the frame of every genuine Whiting & Davis Costume Bag. It is the hall-mark of excellence and stands for more than 50 years of creative craftsmanship.

Hand in Hand with Fashion!

See them at Costume Jewelry Departments—made in four types of gold, silver and enameled mesh.

Write to us for a free folder showing in colors the latest patterns inspired by the personal designs of Paul Poiret.

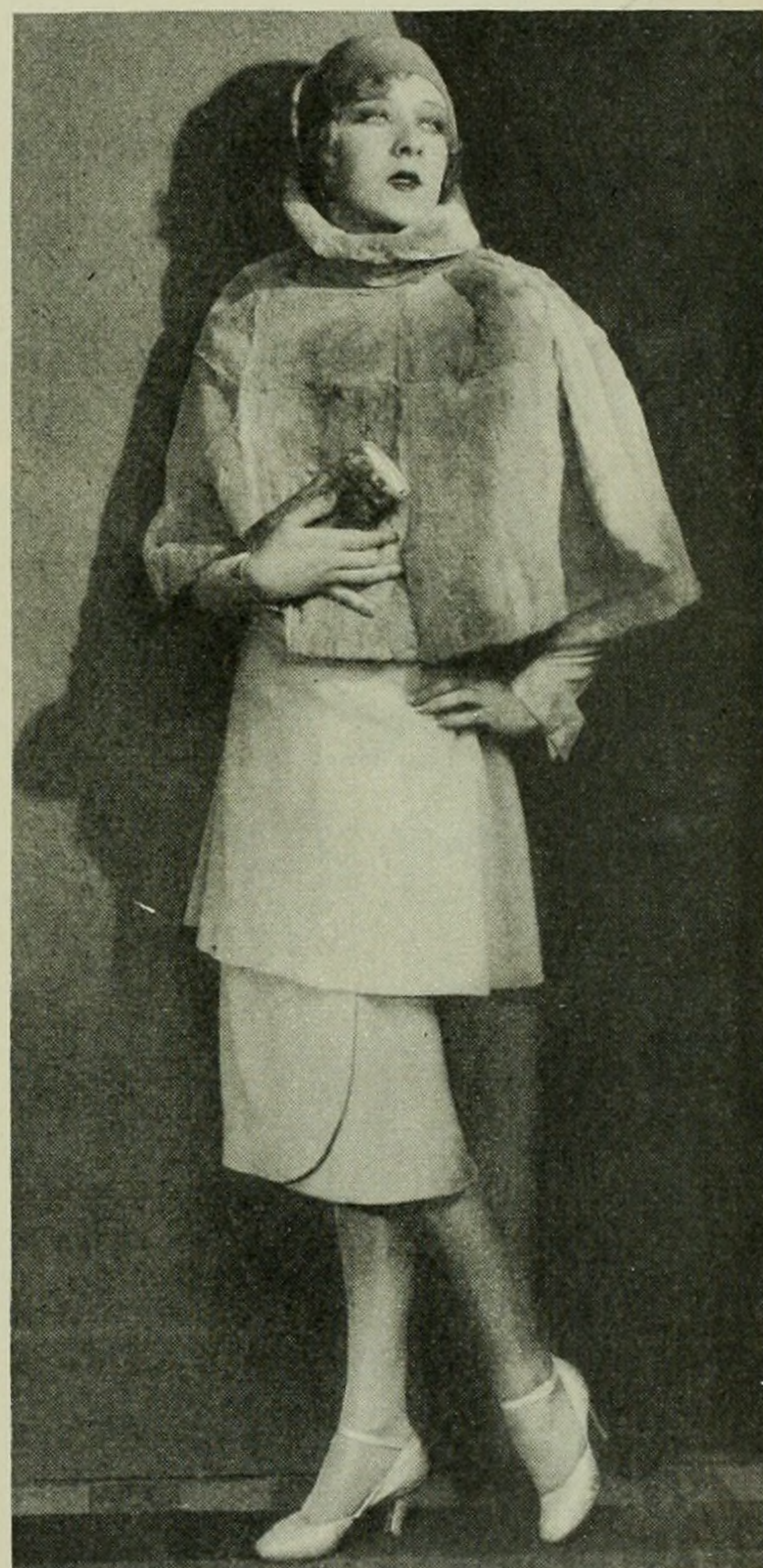




When Howard Greer designed the above dress he threw down his shears and called it a day. This favorite is known as "Jerry," and is made of red chiffon tweed, so soft you can draw it through a wedding ring if there's one lying about.

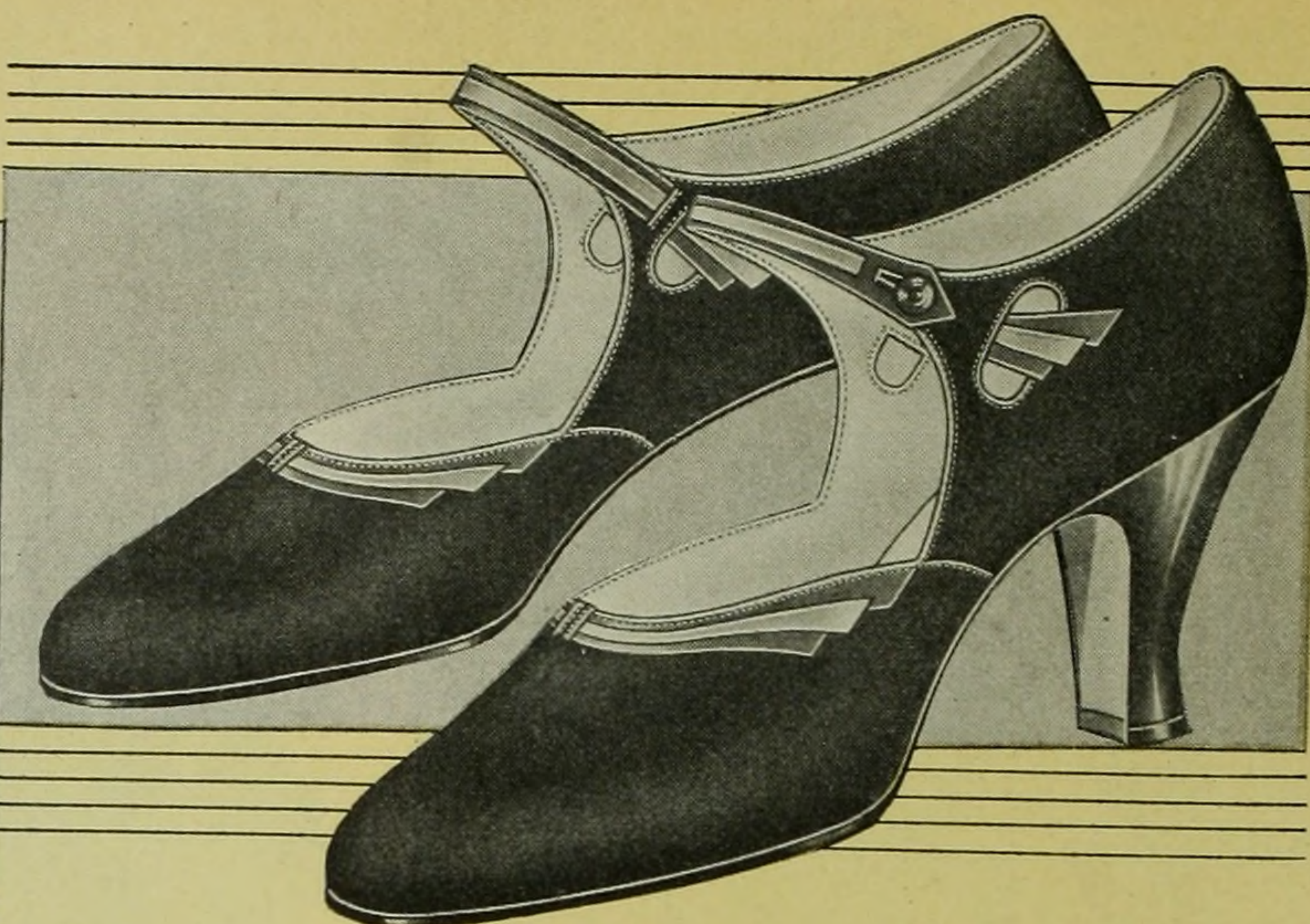
Worn by Julanne Johnston

Joan Crawford did the dinner dress at the right with her own little thread and thimble. Maybe those ladylike lines show the Fairbanks influence. It's long and dignified, with three circular tiers and a cape. You can't go wrong on black satin this year



What-ho, our old friend the rabbit is now called lapin. That's the fur chosen for the cape that is the accent of this beige wool street dress with wool lace. Gwen Lee wears it like a lady. Jean Swartz model

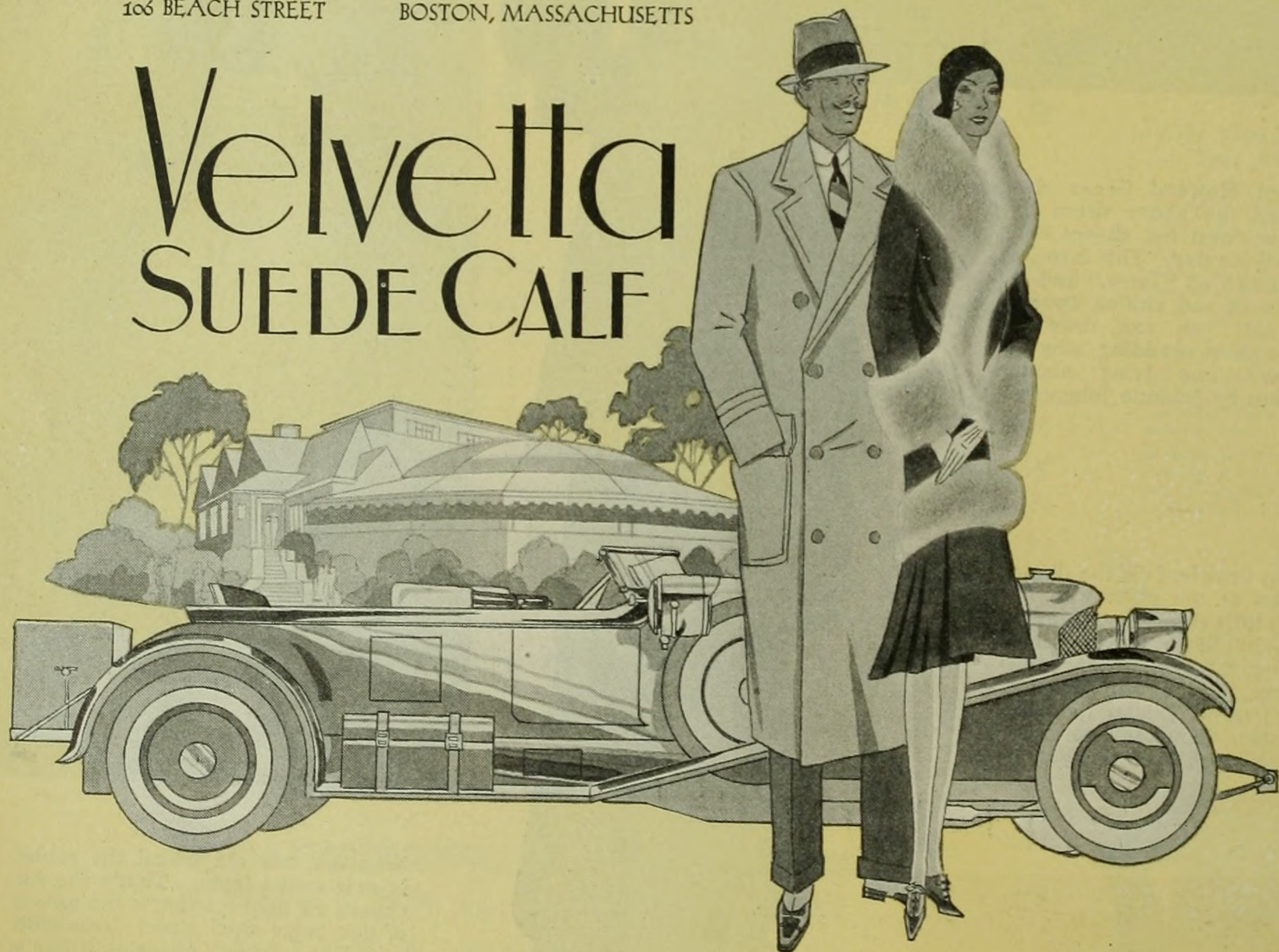
Velvetta Suede Calf
will not crack



At the Central Park Casino where Park Avenue gathers for tea or dinner, where the season's smartest costumes are worn, you'll see many styles in Velvetta Suede shoes. Dressy all-suede models, or calf and suede combinations in one-strap, with leather heels for the tailored costume. And colors—the new Prado brown, Ebony black, striking Marine blue are predominant, with a generous display of Autumn green, Royal purple, and Chianti red in unusual styles. Bags too are fashioned of Velvetta with the motif or applique of the shoe.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER COMPANY
106 BEACH STREET BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Velvetta SUEDE CALF





Who said women aren't getting more feminine? That perky little bow adds just the proper note to Vera Reynolds' red felt hat, at the left. Hollywood considers it smart to wear a brilliant dark hat with a dark suit



There's a new name for this fur, but it's still good old chipmunk. A dash of the pelt is used on the dark yellow tweed frock in a bow and pockets. Margaret Livingston selected it from Howard Greer's *Maison*



Here's our old friend the bouffant (above), considerably tamed by the sophisticated mode. If you're Janet Gaynor's type you can wear this dancing dress of painted pale pink voile, designed by Sophie Wachner. At the right, Corinne Griffith wears a salmon colored velvet and chiffon negligee from Greer, with the waistline raised by a wide girdle. Remember when Lucille did it?



"INNOCENT OF PARIS"

*Being the true story of JACKIE STARR,
designer of YOUNG AMERICAN hats*

Jackie Starr has never been to Paris. But Paris—the fashion of Paris—has come to her!

It is more than two years now since Jackie left art school, where her studies in sculpture gave her such an excellent knowledge of form and symmetry. During those two years, she has held many Paris hats in her hands. She has admired their lovely lines, analyzed their exquisite workmanship. And sometimes she has tried them on her head—only to pull them off again!

As specimens of the creative milliner's highest art, they were perfect—but as hats for Jackie Starr they were disappointing. At first she didn't know why.

One day she read of a talk which the Paris fashion editor of an international magazine had given before a group of America's stylists, manufacturers, and business executives. "In Europe," this editor had

said, "the young woman doesn't count in the mode. The women who influence fashion are the older women. Not one is under thirty. Many are over forty—some are in their fifties, and even older."

Then Jackie realized why these charming French hats did not suit her. They were made for older women.

Paris didn't dare design a hat that would be young enough for a girl of Jackie's age!

You know the rest. Jackie began designing her own hats—simple, bold little things that only a young American like Jackie could wear. The Chief Designer of the great millinery house of Gage saw them—admired them—marvelled that such *chic* could be achieved so simply and so inexpensively.

Soon—for such news spreads quickly—Jackie's designs were being eagerly sought by the smart younger set. They became Hollywood's newest enthusiasm! Today, Gage is reproducing Jackie's designs for you. You'll find them in the shops and department stores, these *Young American* hats that are innocent of Paris, that dare to be young and gay. They're waiting for you in clever, red-white-and-blue boxes and they're priced as low as five dollars!



Jackie Starr. She's blonde, as you can see, with blue green eyes—and she's just 20 years old. Her address is 18 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Write to her. Ask any questions you like. She wants to know what you think of her hats—and she'll be delighted to help you with your clothes-problems.



FOUR **YOUNG AMERICAN** HATS



DESIGNED FOR YOU
BY JACKIE STARR
MADE FOR YOU
BY GAGE
EACH IS \$5 (BOX INCLUDED)

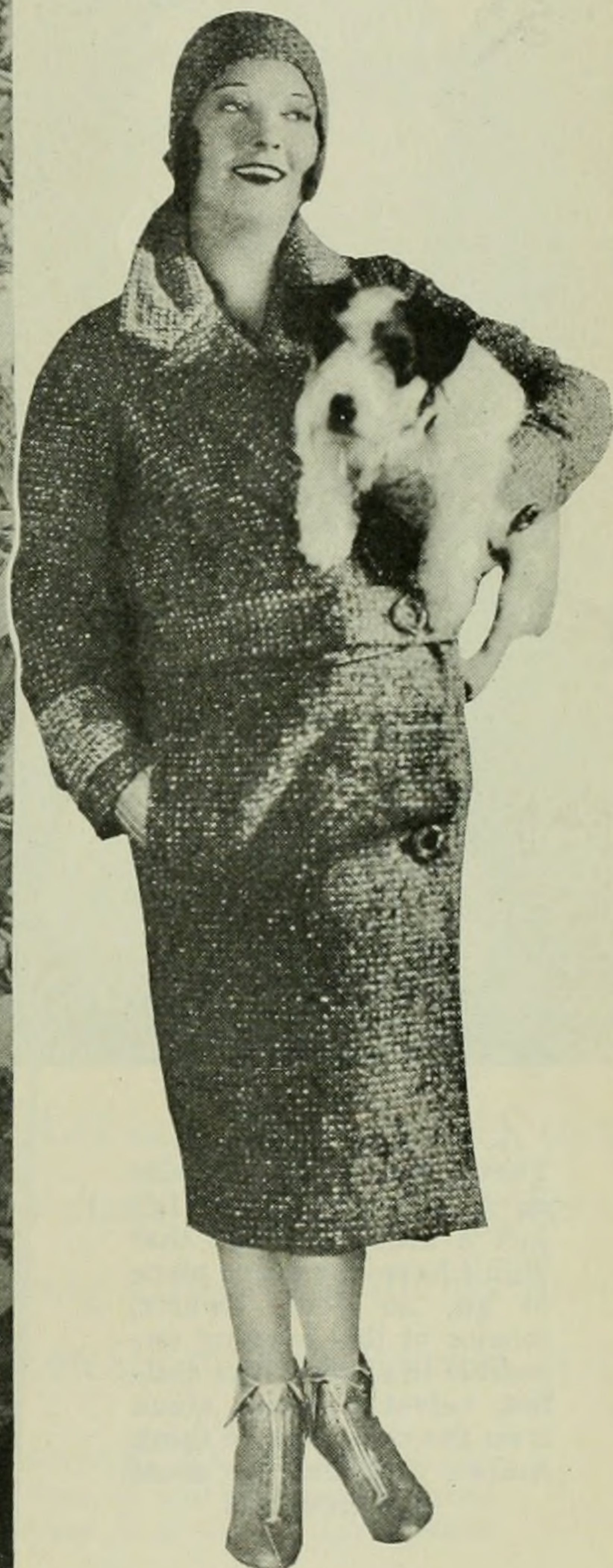


Look what PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE found in Lilyan Tashman's shoe closet. They are old Greek sandals in green and gold. The only modern note is that four inch heel. For evening

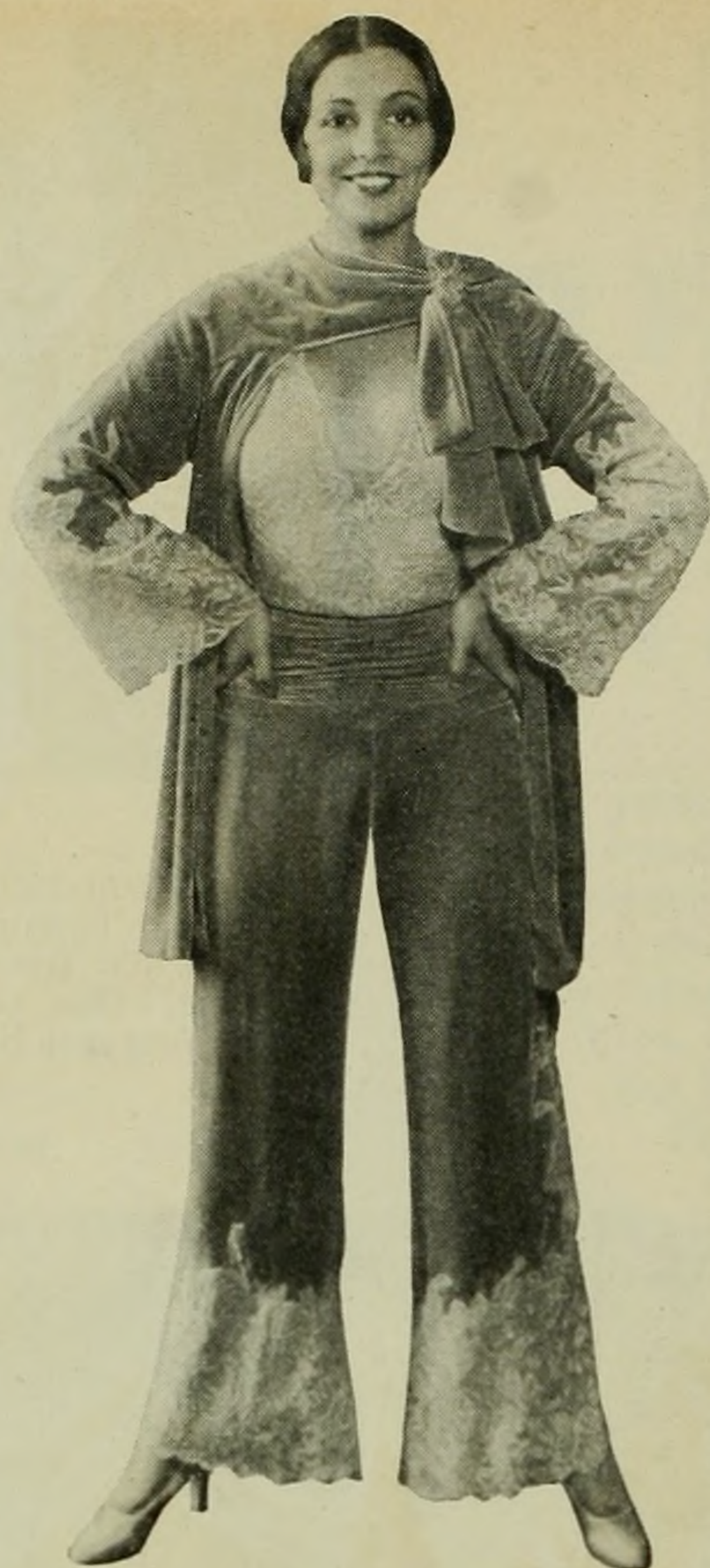
This is as modern as next year's best seller. Covered up knees, raised waist-line, concealed pleats make this sports frock the last rave. Worn by June Collyer. Designed by Howard Greer



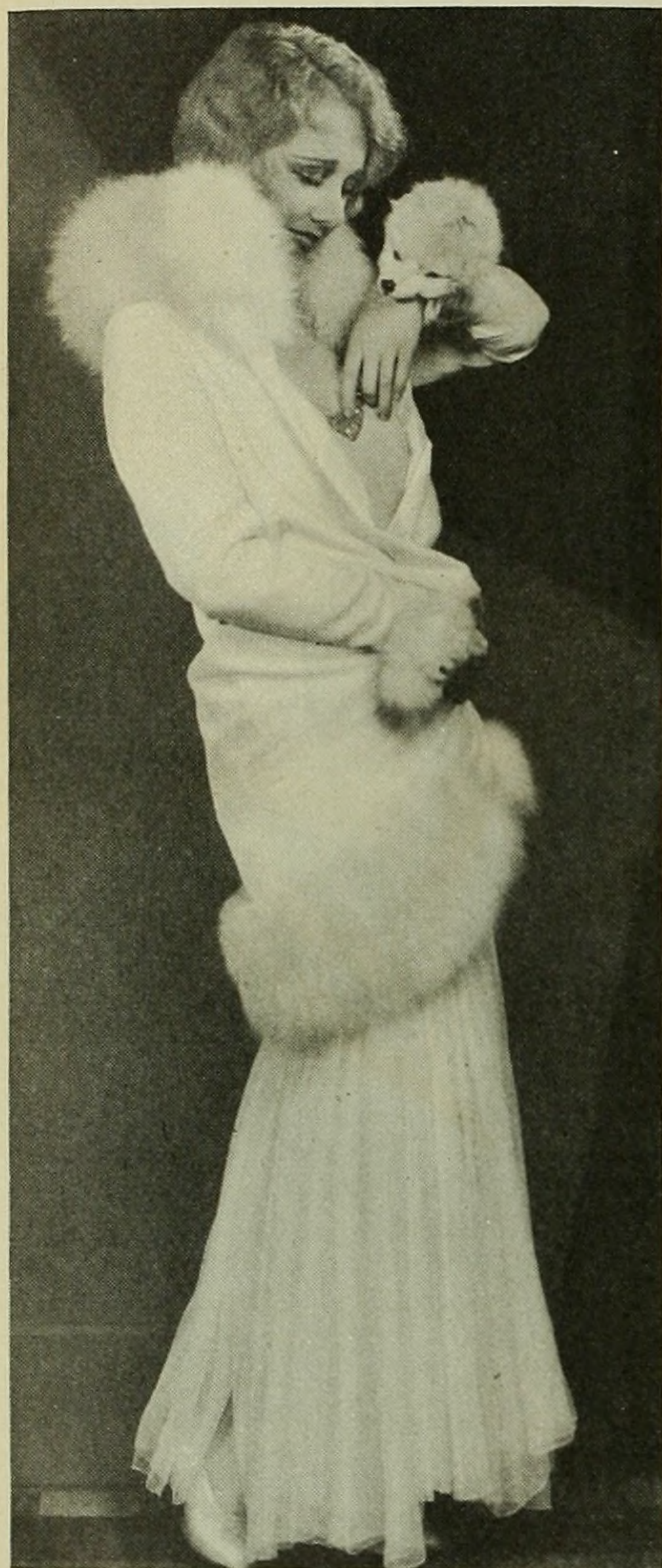
It wouldn't baffle Freud a bit if this gown (right) haunted your dreams. Any good psycho-analyst would tell you your suppressed desire was to look like Dorothy Mackaill. The ensemble? Oh, yeah, it's of blue velvet with a double fox collar in white and silver. Howard Greer created it



Let it rain. Just button up your overcoat (it's called "Wimbledon" by Greer) and be as smart as Dorothy Mackaill in tweed hat to match and Shuglovs in the same soft brown shade



Ethelind Terry is a stage star who came to Hollywood to wear rose velvet and lace pajamas, like the above, designed by David Cox. Below, Olive Borden goes futuristic in black and white satin by Edward Stevenson



That's not a new poodle on Anita Page's cuff. It's just a little fox head that didn't have any other place to go, so Jean Swartz, creator of this evening ensemble in sheer white chiffon, velvet and fur, stuck it on the cuff. And to think Anita's dad feels he must chaperon her!



There's 14-karat gold spun in that thar coat. Actually! Lilyan Tashman couldn't take a chance on having it tarnish on Eddie Lowe's dress suit. The marvelous wrap was designed by Willard George and the fox collar was dyed to match the color of Lil's hair exactly. Neat trick?





An Ostrich swirl adds a piquant feminine note to this brocaded satin Mule.

Exquisite Gift-luxuries

assuring snug warmth
and silken repose



A charming winter version of the Pajama Boot in brocaded silk and white fur



SOFTLY furred pajama boots for cozy fireside evenings . . . glistening leisure-hour d'orsays accented by curling, coquettish wisps of ostrich . . . slim, all-black slippers to wear with smart sophistication when playing dinner hostess . . . lovely brief, crepe de chine mules . . . downy quilted opera boots in which to span the snowy stretch from cab to entrance-way . . .

Of such is the delightful DANIEL GREEN collection—varied, comprehensive. Just the styles to send a Very Young Person into ripples of sheer delight . . . Just the type of fascinating gift to win the warm approval of critical mature women. Daniel Green Slippers, Dolgeville, N.Y.



Pajama Boot of embroidered satin, prettily enhanced with a soft ruff of marabou.



The clever graceful lines of this Bridge slipper will flatter even the most dainty feet. A soft velvet bow lends a charming touch to this crepe de chine and satin model.

You will recognize DANIEL GREEN Slippers in the smartest shops and stores by their distinctive sole-mark which guarantees perfect fit as well as style-rightness.

Daniel Green

Guaranteed
Slippers

\$2.50 to \$6.50 and upwards Sold in every country in the world

Wouldn't you love one of these adorable sets for Christmas?

... your friends will be delighted with them, too



\$2.50
Double oblong compact in gold or silver finish with harmonizing bottle of Charvai perfume. Striking modernistic box.

Smart, colorful compacts

- ... exquisite perfume
- ... beautiful holiday boxes

HERE'S your Christmas gift problem solved right now. Give Tre-Jur sets.

Just look at them. Aren't they beauties? There are others, too, equally lovely, that we hadn't room to show. Single and double compacts in all the newest shades (with lipsticks to match, if you wish). Adorable little bottles of fragrant Charvai *odeur*. Boxes in striking new modernistic designs. What woman would not thrill to open one on Christmas morning? And how she will appreciate the *quality* of these exquisite toiletries created by the famous House of Tre-Jur.

Your favorite drug or department store is showing these delightful sets now. Be sure to see them. You'll be charmed with their beauty—and astonished at the very moderate prices.



\$2.00
Double compact in assorted colors (red, blue, green or black) with harmonizing bottle of perfume and beautiful modernistic box.



\$1.00
Remarkable value! Double oblong compact in red, blue, green or black with harmonizing modernistic box.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price. State color of compact and shade of powder, rouge and lipstick desired. Powder shades: white, flesh or rachel. Rouge and lipstick: medium or raspberry. Address House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th St., New York City.

TRE  JUR



Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



This is almost more than flesh and blood pressure can bear! Lilyn Tashman and Kay Francis, two of our leading menaces, appear in "The Children"! But this is only a friendly game of Blonde versus Brunette on the sands

"Perhaps somebody will be asking the same of you a year from now if you continue this indifference."

"Well, I wish I were where he is," remarked the tired young boy.

"What! So soon?"

"Well, what does it all amount to when I can never have a minute to myself without somebody like you pestering me for interviews and wanting to see me every time I turn around?"

Now let's have a heart and leave the boy alone for awhile and let him enjoy himself!

WELL, if everybody else in Hollywood is mad at Rudy Vallée, Mary Brian still likes him.

Rudy had lunch with Mary two days in succession, which constitutes something pretty serious in this town.

Mary returned Rudy's call by visiting his set at the Radio Pictures studios.

THE Lost Tribes of Filmland still find grief and woe in the African jungles.

The M-G-M "Trader Horn" company has been held up by everything from mosquito bites to tree-climbing alligators. Now pretty Edwina Booth, the leading lady, has been taken ill again, this time with malaria. Shooting was held up for two weeks.

After all the misery Director Van Dyke's troupe has endured, "Trader Horn" had better be a dad-burned good picture.

BITE hard on your bridgework and try hard to bear this.

Hollywood says that First National is plotting a new Alice White picture to be titled—steady, now!—"The Darling of the Gobs."

ALL was not quiet on the Paris front during the visit of Gloria Swanson, say reports from the French capital.

While Gloria and her Marquis "Hank"

de la Falaise were outwardly calm, there was considerable tiffing going on under cover, with family friends called in to pour some oil on the troubled waters.

Tough if, just as Gloria was making the smash hit of her life in "The Trespasser," she and "Hank" should battle to a finish. But, as Shakespeareremarked in his cups, life is just like that.

SHED a tear for poor Old Cal. Whenever business was dull Patsy Ruth Miller's engagement to some new swain could be rumored. And now she's married. To Tay Garnett, director and writer.

The wedding had all the grandeur of such things in Hollywood, with Pat in an oyster white satin gown and a train as long as the first reel of her new picture. Mrs. Daryl Zanuck (Virginia Fox), Lois Wilson and Lila Lee were bridesmaids, with Helen Ferguson matron of honor.

Everything went off as it should, the only near casualty occurring when a fly lit on Lila Lee's eyebrow as she made her dignified march down the aisle.

The honeymoon? Well, they were married

on Sunday, left for Santa Barbara that night and both reported for work bright and early Tuesday morning. Big-hearted executives gave them one day off.

THE Brown Derby, one of Hollywood's better known beaneries, advertises like this: "Our ham sandwiches are made from pleased pigs that have made perfect hogs of themselves." Just the old Bill Mizner touch.

MAYBE Will Hays should look into this, or something.

Ferenc Molnar's play, "Olympia," John Gilbert's forthcoming starring picture, has been given a new box-office title.

Here it is:

JOHN GILBERT
in
HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT
with
Catherine Dale Owen

BESSIE LOVE is back at work after a brief vacation at Lake Arrowhead.

"How's the swimming up there?" they asked her when she returned to begin "Take It Big."

"Dunno," replied Bessie.

"Well, how was the boating?"

"Dunno."

"What on earth were you doing up there?"

"Sleeping. It was grand," said Bessie.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, who became famous in the revues as the girl with the red-gold hair and sea-green eyes, and is now lifting her voice in Paramount pictures, has two engagements.

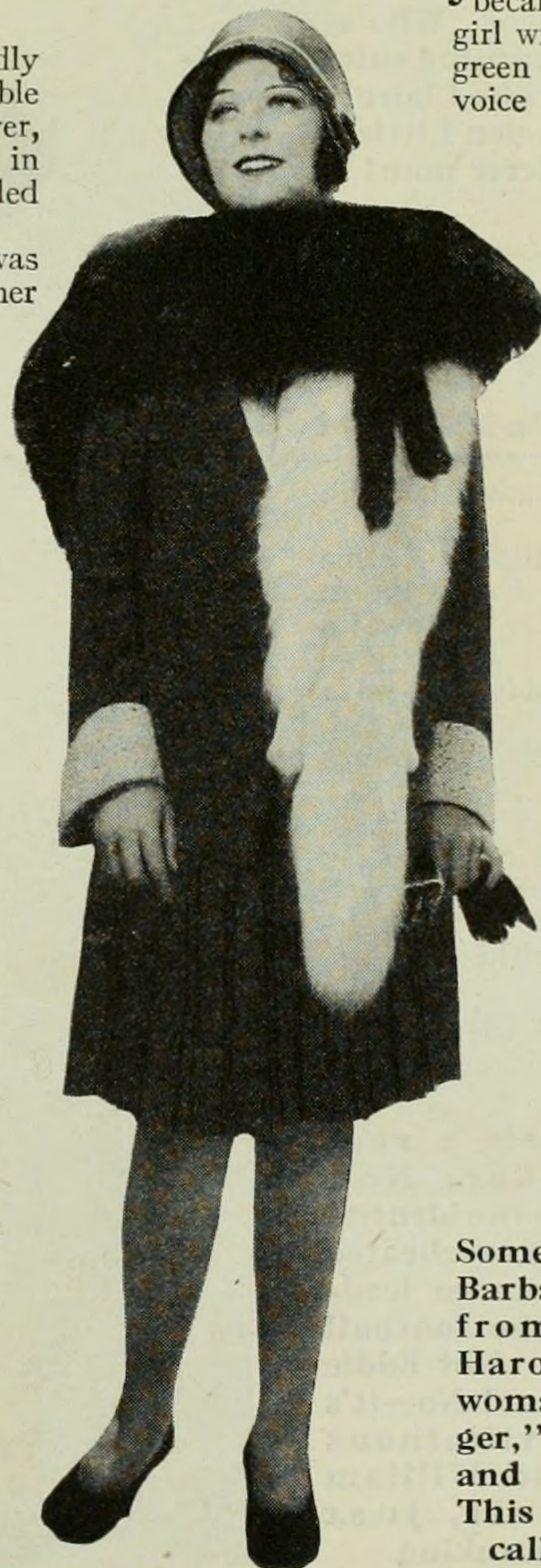
The one with Paramount nets her \$2,500 weekly. The other is to Bob Ritchie, New York stock broker. No date as yet has been set for the wedding.

THEDA BARA, the voluptuous death and destruction of the old Fox vampire drammers, is coming out of a long retirement from the screen to appear in a playlet in vaudeville.

The name of the act is "The Serpent," and it is of the Grand Guignol thriller type. It sounds like something right up Theda's street.

FAME is a Will o' the Wisp in Hollywood.

Pola Negri arrived in Hollywood for a short stay. The latest crop of Iowa tourists attracted [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Something tricky in furs. Barbara Kent, borrowed from Universal to be Harold Lloyd's leading woman in "Welcome Danger," wearing one white and one black fox fur. This is what press agents call a "fashion foible"

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]



JOHN BARRYMORE declares that the arrival of the stork may or may not terminate Dolores Costello's starring career.

"It all depends on how she feels about it at the time," he said.

Another rumor had it that Norma Shearer would present Irving Thalberg with an heir.

Norma denies the rumor, with some annoyance.

THE punch of a theme song is measured by the number of parodies it inspires.

Now some Hollywood head has altered "Singin' in the Rain" to "Rainin' in the Sink," and Los Angeles County has offered a bounty for his pelt.

An interesting bit of information has come to old Cal's ears.

Maybe you have always wondered why directors have such a weakness for playing bits in their own pictures. No doubt you have set it down as another example of the boundless ego of man.

If you saw the "Dance of Life," you may have noticed that Director Edward Sutherland wrote himself into the script—and Co-Director John Cromwell likewise. Eddie played the drunk and John played the bartender in the speakeasy scene. In "Marianne," Director Bob Leonard did a doughboy bit. And we could go on indefinitely listing similar examples.

Now, here's the punch. Contrary to what you probably thought, the megaphone boys are not imbued with a suppressed desire to cavort before the camera. No indeed—they have a much more practical reason than that for donning the grease paint. You see, playing a bit now and then enables them to place themselves on Uncle Sam's income tax archives as actors. And actors are allowed tidy exemptions for make-up, wardrobe, transportation and other traditional Thespian expenses! Wonder if the chap who thought up this scheme needs a partner?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Try your guesser on these. Who's the fly gent in the swimming suit doing the pose with Bernice Claire? Wrong thrice! It's Lucien Littlefield, the staid character man!

no more attention. Other arrivals of Pola in Hollywood, during the heyday of her fame, were attended by pomp and circumstance.

The star who once made the headlines of every newspaper in the country was now relegated to a short item sandwiched between advertisements.

The Polish star wishes to dispose of some Los Angeles real estate, then she will return to London where she is under contract to make pictures.

Her divorce case is scheduled to be heard in Paris early this winter.

It was not a particularly pleasant return to the scene of her greatest triumphs.

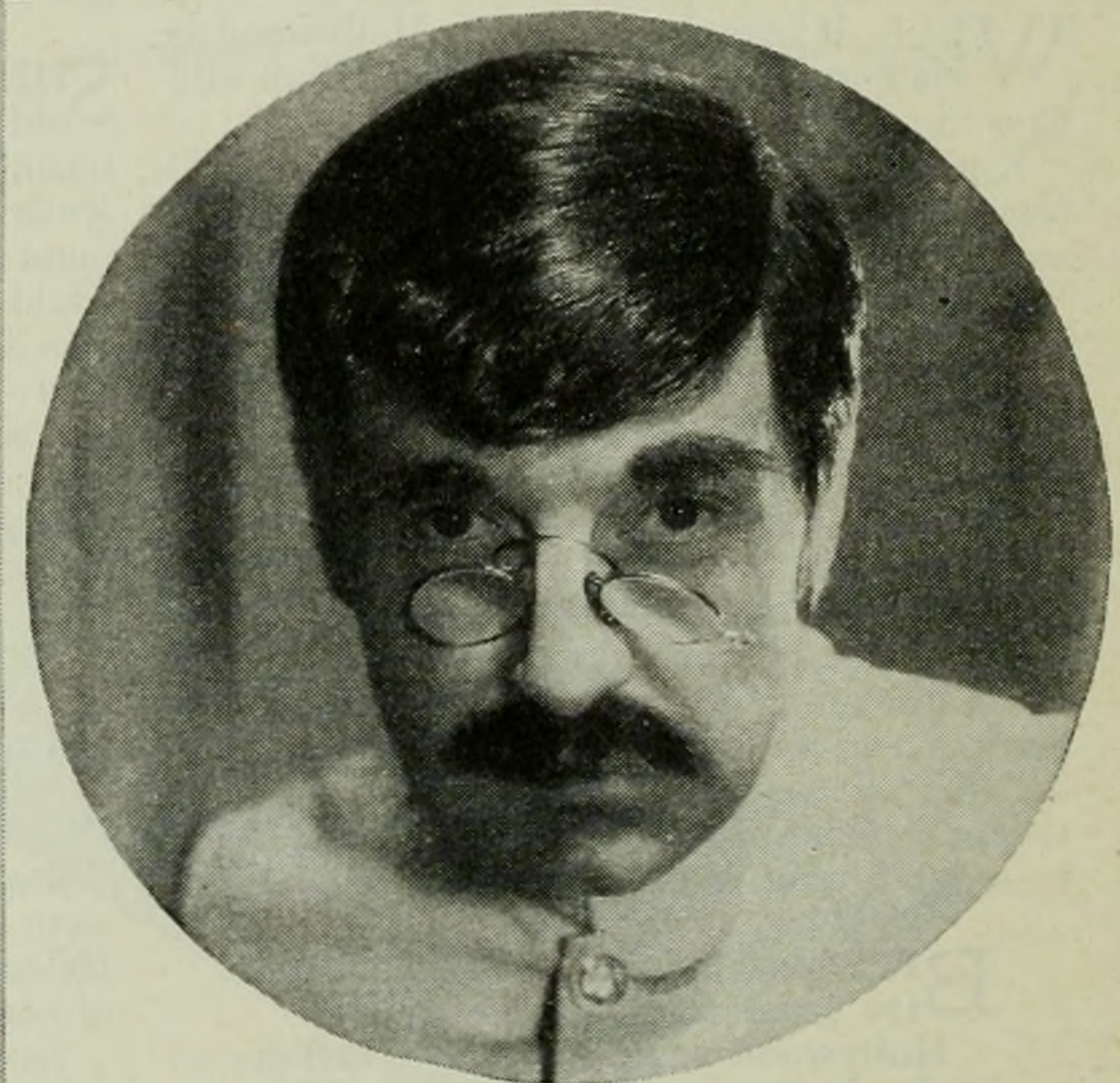
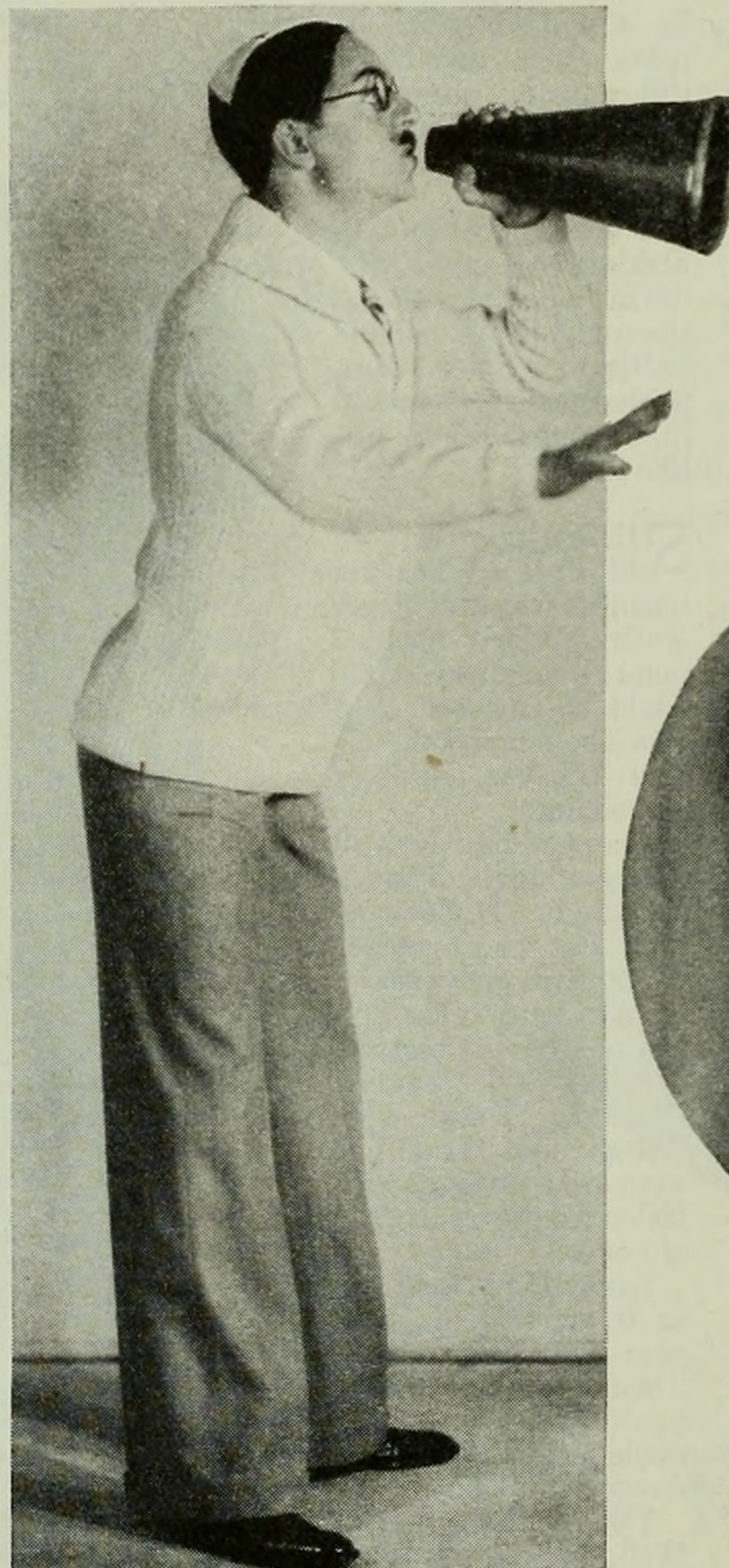
SALLY O'NEIL is practically ready for the poorhouse—all washed up and ready to climb the hill. (As if the poorhouse weren't tough enough without putting a hill in front of it!)

In the past few weeks our gal Sal only worked in five different talkies in five different studios.

Then finding time heavy on her hands she began writing her life story between engagements at the studios.

Oh, gee, what kind of a break does a young well-meaning Hollywood girl get, after all!

Here's a real sticker. Now guess the identity of the overheated sophomore leading the football yells. Not Eddie Nugent! No—it's our villainous friend William Powell, just pranking



And if you think this is Chester Conklin, you take another soda mint. The spectacled fellow behind the gooseberry bushes is Clive Brook, in his new "Sherlock Holmes" picture

A New MAKE-UP SECRET

*Known to the Screen Stars
May Now be Yours*

How Leading Stars Avoid Off-Color and Spotty Make-Up With Cosmetics in Color Harmony...*the Amazing Beauty Discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King.*

TO please your fancy and the fancy of millions who marvel at the beauty of the stars of the screen, Max Factor, Film-land's genius of make-up, has developed make-up into beauty magic.

In the rare beauty of stars like Nancy Carroll, featured in wonderful productions like Paramount's "The Dance of Life", you, yourself, have seen how make-up may become a part of natural beauty to accentuate the fascination of personality. And now you may learn this beauty secret of the stars.

Proved Under Blazing Lights

Make-Up, to blend with beauty naturally must be in color harmony. Cosmetics... powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials must be in colorings to harmonize with the individual complexion. Otherwise, grotesque effects result and make-up appears off-color, loud or spotty. Max Factor discovered this, produced cosmetics in color harmony, and proved their beauty and lifelike realness under the blazing motion picture lights... beauty's severest test.

Make-Up for Every Woman — Every Day

Based on this same principle, proved so successful in pictures, Max Factor perfected Society Make-Up for every day and evening use. Universally, the stars of Hollywood adopted it... Nancy Carroll, Mary Brian, Esther Ralston, and a host of others whose beauty has enraptured you, enthuse about the wonderful lifelike colorings, in the powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials, of Max Factor's Society Make-Up. And each star has her own color harmony, suggested by Max Factor, to blend with her complexion colorings and personality. Now you, like the screen stars, may share this beauty discovery of the age. Max Factor will analyze your complexion and send you your make-up color harmony chart... free.

And in Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" you'll find invaluable beauty advice and make-up hints that will reveal to you the magic of make-up as it is used in Hollywood. A priceless beauty gift, free... so mail coupon to Hollywood and learn the precious make-up secret of the stars.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up
"Cosmetics of the Stars" **HOLLYWOOD**



NANCY CARROLL
In
"The Dance of Life"

Paramount Production
Make-Up by Max Factor

In Paramount's big production "The Dance of Life", the all-talking, all-singing super-feature, even the enchanting loveliness of Nancy Carroll is enhanced with Make-Up by Max Factor.

Nancy Carroll says: "Individuality in coloring... that is the artistry I am enthusiastic about in your wonderful Society Make-Up".

These Paramount Stars Use Max Factor's Society Make-Up

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| Esther Ralston | Baclanova |
| Mary Brian | Fay Wray |
| Jean Arthur | Nancy Carroll |
| Leone Lane | Virginia Bruce |
| Evelyn Brent | Doris Hill |



ESTHER RALSTON, Paramount star, in approving the amazing beauty effect of eye shadow originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, remarks:

"Make-Up when in correct color harmony, as in Max Factor's Society Make-Up, becomes a natural part of beauty... unnoticed, unseen."



One of the striking scenes from Paramount's big production "The Dance of Life"

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS
Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-12-17

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.

Complexion	Color of Eyes	Moist
Light		Dry
Fair	Color of Lashes	
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	Color of Hair	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		Age
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

A WELL known Broadway star, never noted for his self-effacing qualities, is achieving new fame in a motion picture musical comedy. Try and get him away from the front of the camera.

Recently his wife, who hangs about the set to help her spouse get all the close-ups, espied a tiny spot on the back of his coat. She insisted that the spot be removed before the star went on with the scene.

"Will the camera pick up this spot?" the star asked the director.

"Don't worry," replied the long-suffering director, "the camera has never seen your back."

*Happy stars, by two and three,
Face the microphone with glee.
Spout a little, flunk a test—
Go to Europe "for a rest!"*

THERE is a lad, Ward Bond, who plays the part of a roughneck Annapolis upper classman and leads all the devilment of the younger midshipmen in the new picture "Salute," who is worth watching.

He is an undergraduate of the University of Southern California and played this part during his summer vacation.

In spite of offers of five hundred dollars a week he refused to give up his college course.

OLD Cal hopes there is nothing prophetic in the announcement, but Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther state that they will be married at sea, en route to Honolulu.

The Duncans, Vivian and Rosetta, have always been inseparable, but no one thought that they were quite as inseparable as they are.

Rosetta is going along.

WHEN Charles King's little son was handed a \$7.50 pay check after appearing in a scene with his famous father, in "Road Show," he jumped up and down with joy.

"Gee," he exclaimed, "now we're all making money for mama, ain't we?"

CORINNE GRIFFITH was posed just a few feet beneath the sizzling white studio lights. It was a very hot day, anyhow.



International

Mary, Doug and the purp, of course. But the chief reason for handing you this picture is because it gives a good bird's-eye-view of Gwynne Pickford, Mary's much beloved niece—Lottie's daughter—who accompanied the stars on their European travels

Beneath her a group of chorus girls in her production of "Lilies of the Field" were going through a series of cartwheels.

Corinne sighed.

"I may not spin, but I certainly toil."

YOU'll see a cut on Ramon Novarro's lily white hand in "The Battle of the Ladies."

It isn't a fake and a phoney. He got it during one of the fencing scenes in the film.

NOW Bebe Daniels is a Victor recording star. She has just signed a contract with Victor to make records of her "Rio Rita" solos as well as several new songs.

It isn't the first time that a motion picture star has had her voice "canned," but Bebe will probably emerge with the most success to date.

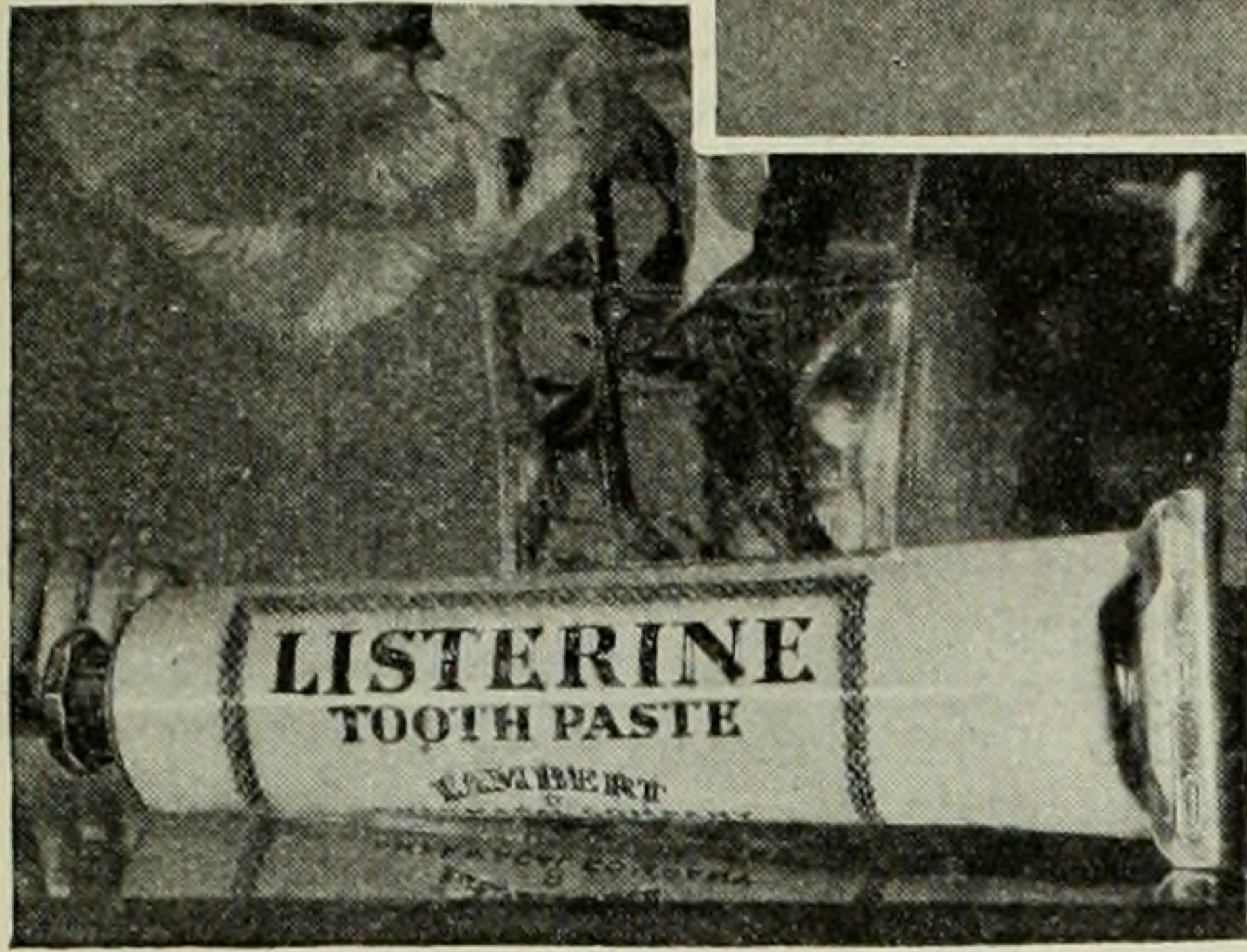
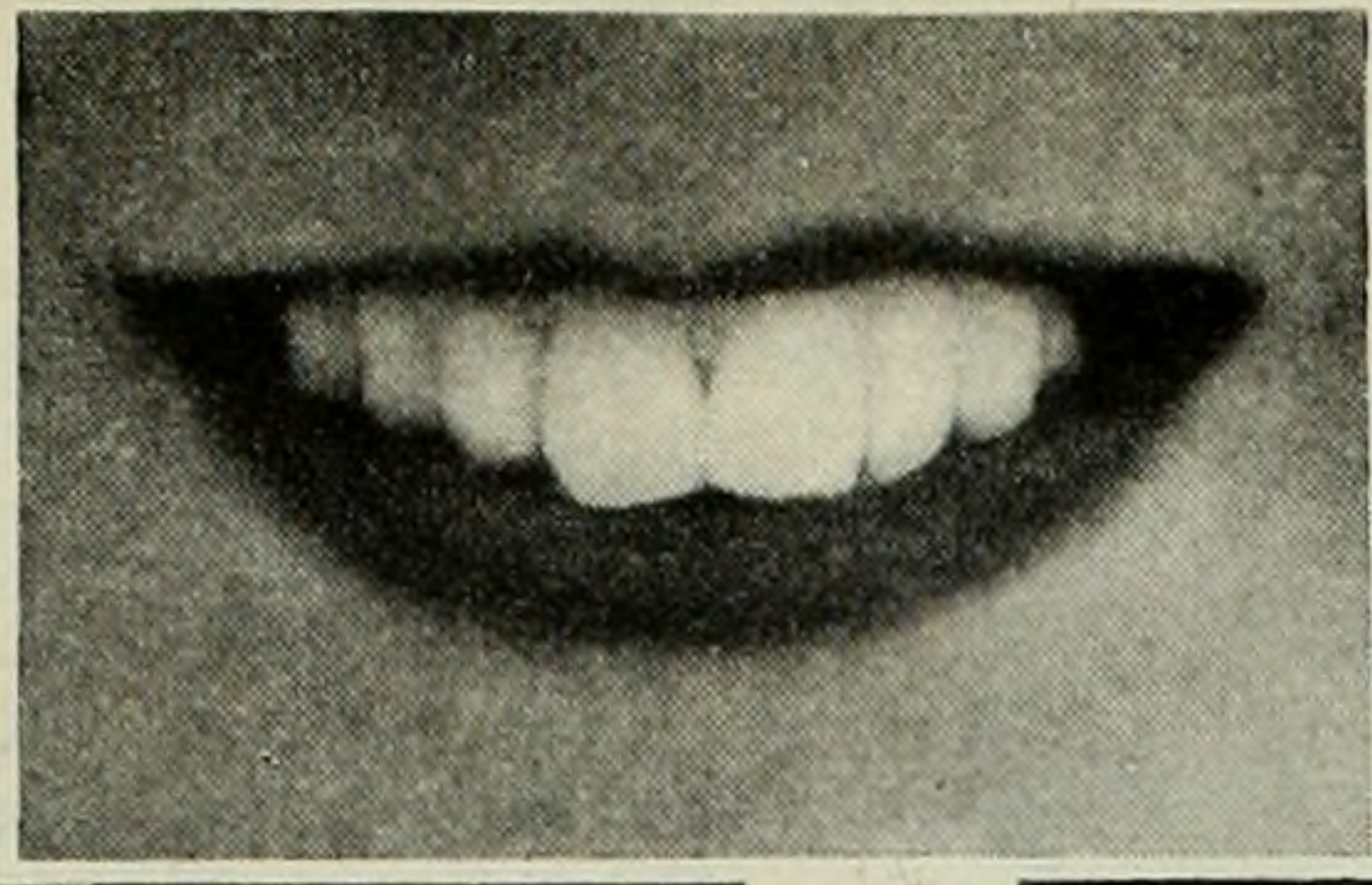
THE children out Hollywood way have a game that has post office and London bridge is falling down backed off the map. It is their delight to imagine themselves film stars. One week Barbara becomes Lupe Velez, and Betty (although a blonde with blue eyes) is Jetta Goudal. The next week Barbara may be answering only to the name of Leila Hyams.

They go even further than this and acquire families. Even if Helen is Corinne Griffith she may still have Ramon Novarro for her [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



First authentic photograph of a moo cow wired for sound. Mr. James Gleason, noted tragedian, is recording the milking of Bossy, while his missus listens carefully to the fatal playback

Don't envy teeth like these



Yours, too, can look attractive

*—this modern dentifrice
is winning millions*

YOU have your favorite dentifrice—but lay it aside for one month while you try this new one which has won more than a million users in the last four years.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name—made by the makers of Listerine. There can be no question of its quality.

Note how quickly it removes tartar and discoloration from dull, off-color teeth. Note how their natural whiteness becomes apparent. See how it makes them glisten—a brilliant luster such as nature intended.

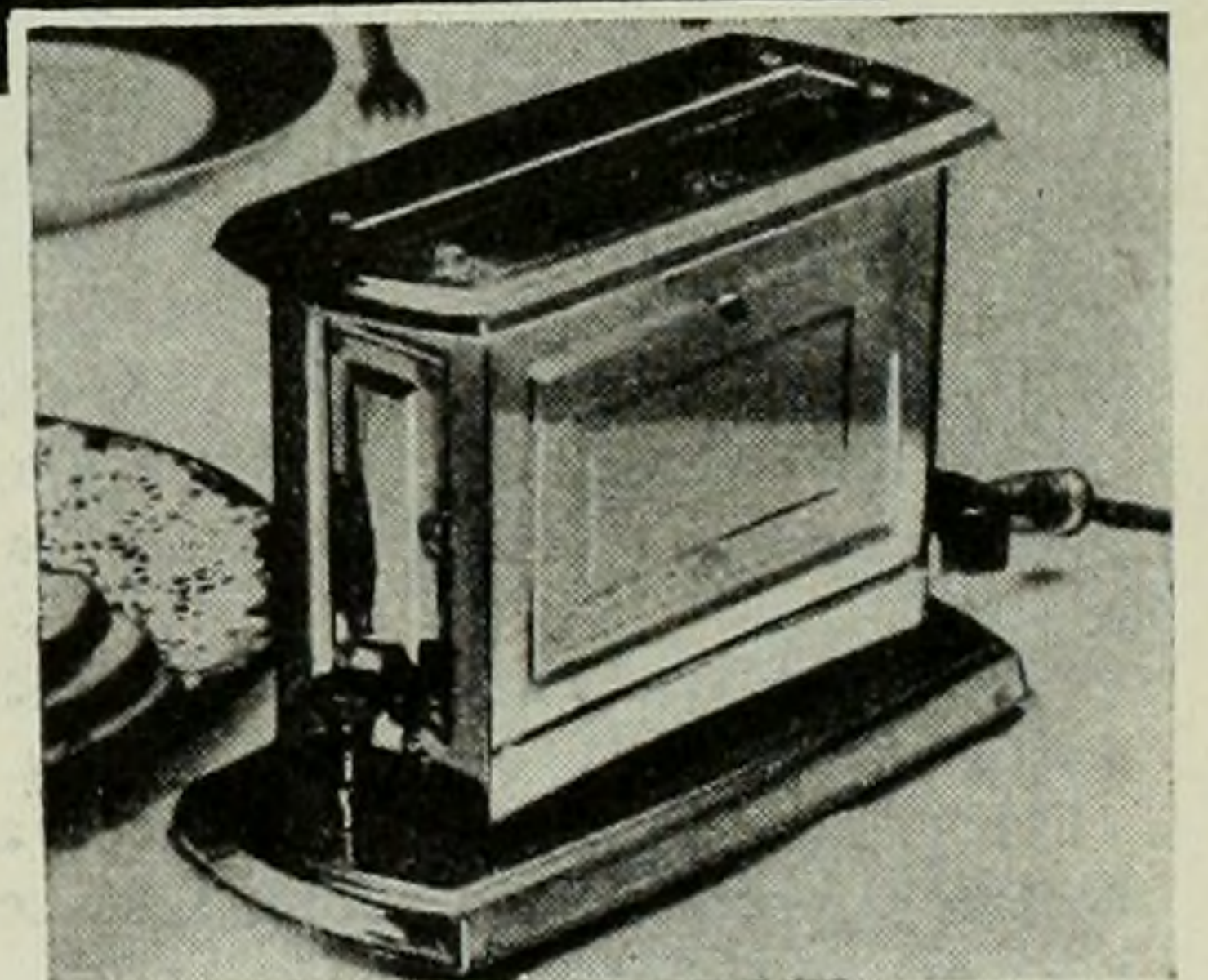
Observe how it penetrates tiny between-the-teeth crevices and washes out matter that causes decay.

And then—note the wonderful, fresh, clean feeling it imparts to the mouth, that sense of invigoration you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Yes—only 25¢ the large tube

Buy what you want with what you save

You can, for instance, get a toaster with that \$3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25¢ a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE.. 25¢

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]



The three pretty ladies leaping at the defenseless cameraman are members of the famous Albertina Rasch Ballet, who will be seen in the next Ramon Novarro picture

brother and William Haines for her husband. Corinne is not consulted in the matter.

Last week Helen was Anita Page. She was taken to see the "Hollywood Revue" and the game had become such a definite part of her that when Conrad Nagel kissed Anita (who was, you see, really Helen) she giggled so loudly that her mother had to take her out of the theater.

JACK BENNY, the vaudeville comic you saw-heard in "The Hollywood Revue," says he was always a master of ceremonies.

"Why," says Jacques, "when I was ushered into the world I introduced my mother to the doctor!"

RENEE ADOREE took a trip on one of Hollywood's sight seeing buses the other day.

She wore dark glasses, pulled her hat over her eyes and nobody recognized her.

Renee, you know, lives in a modest little house in Brentwood.

What was her amazement to hear the spieler say, when he passed a gorgeous white mansion in Beverly:

"On your right is the luxurious palace of Renee Adoree, star of a hundred films!"

"**RIFLES**," in studio parlance, are the big incandescent lights perfected for talking pictures.

A "nigger," in the same language, is a large frame with black canvas stretched over it. This is used to shield light from the lens of the camera.

To "kill" anything simply means to do away with it.

Preparations were being made at Warners to film a scene for "Second Choice," starring Dolores Costello.

"Shoot those rifles over to the other side and kill that nigger," was the order shouted by the camera boss.

Two visiting schoolma'ams hastened from the set, not wishing to witness anything crude.

CHARLES MORTON said the only way to reduce was through exercise.

Mary Astor said the only way to become sylph-like was by dieting.

Charles wagered he could lose twenty pounds in two weeks just by exercising, and eating whatever he jolly well liked. Mary staked fifty bucks that he couldn't.

Every night the Fox white hope trained at the Y. M. C. A., and whenever possible he swam and played tennis.

In two weeks his weight dropped from 190 pounds to 168 net.

Mary anted with the fifty.

POOR old Will Rogers! The gum-chewing wise-cracker, you know, is just an old shoe. Homely, quiet body, Will is. All he wants are the simple things of life—home, kids, hosses, the missus, hymn tunes on the melodion, carpet slippers, Spearmint.

And, this season, \$10,000 for a week's work in a vaudeville or movie theater.

ILKA CHASE, former member of the New York Theater Guild company, and now in Hollywood for talking pictures, has leased Eddie Sutherland's manse in Laurel Canyon.

The *pièce de résistance* of the Sutherland ménage is a swimming pool atop the hill back of the house.

Ilka opened her house with a swanky tea, attended by many of the film élite.

Just as things were going good the pesky pool overflowed, and a wall of water swept down toward the house. The remainder of the afternoon the guests went wading around, trying to find a place to shut off the water supply.

WE are sorry to record that Paul Leni, who directed "The Cat and the Canary," "The Man Who Laughed" and other unusual pictures, is dead.

THOSE bold, bad Los Angeles policemen just walked right on the stage where "Bad Babies" was being presented and arrested the entire cast, including our own baby-faced Jobyna Ralston.

Now Joby's fingerprints are registered in the Los Angeles jail.

She's out on bail.

AL JOLSON is turning off the tear faucets for "Mammy," the picture he is now making for Warners.

There's not a sob in it.

No little children die while pappy sings about little pals.

And mama doesn't run off with a handsome saxophone player.

Al doesn't even do any crying over his mammy.

The famous star is an astute showman. He thought the public has had enough of the weeps as far as he is concerned.

BELIEVE it or not, there's a director on the film coast tagged Eric Waschneck.

But that doesn't mean that he can't turn out big, clean pictures.

ALTHOUGH Eddie Brandstatter, the chief high mogul of the Montmartre, may shed buckets of tears at the business the recently opened Brown Derby has been doing, he is not inactive.

Very soon, now, Hollywood will see the opening of the Embassy Club, which Eddie will manage.

The membership is to be limited to three hundred.

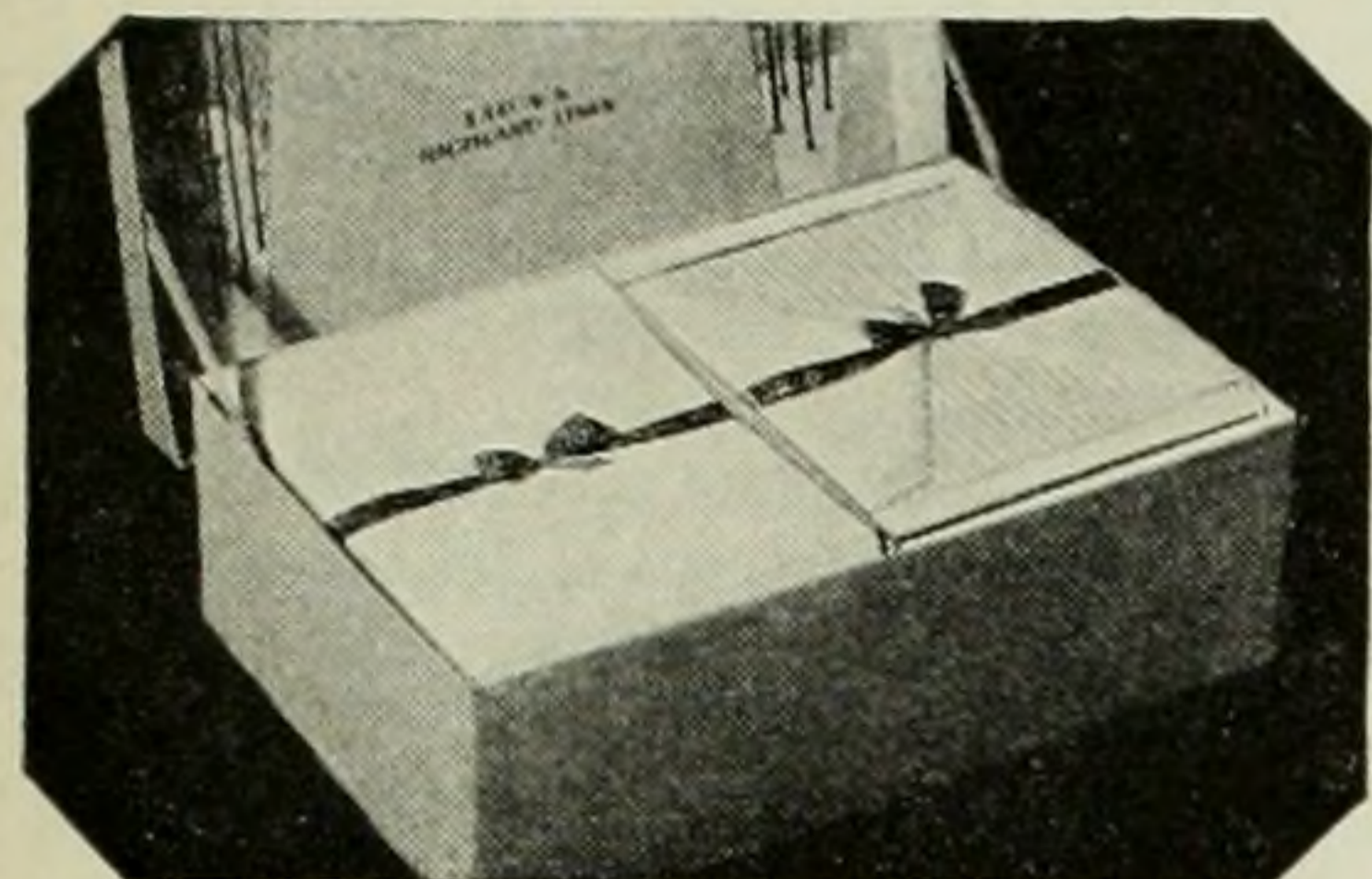
Rupert Hughes is president, Charlie Chaplin first vice-president, and Tony Moreno, second vice-president.

Marion Davies, Evelyn Brent, Gloria Swan-
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

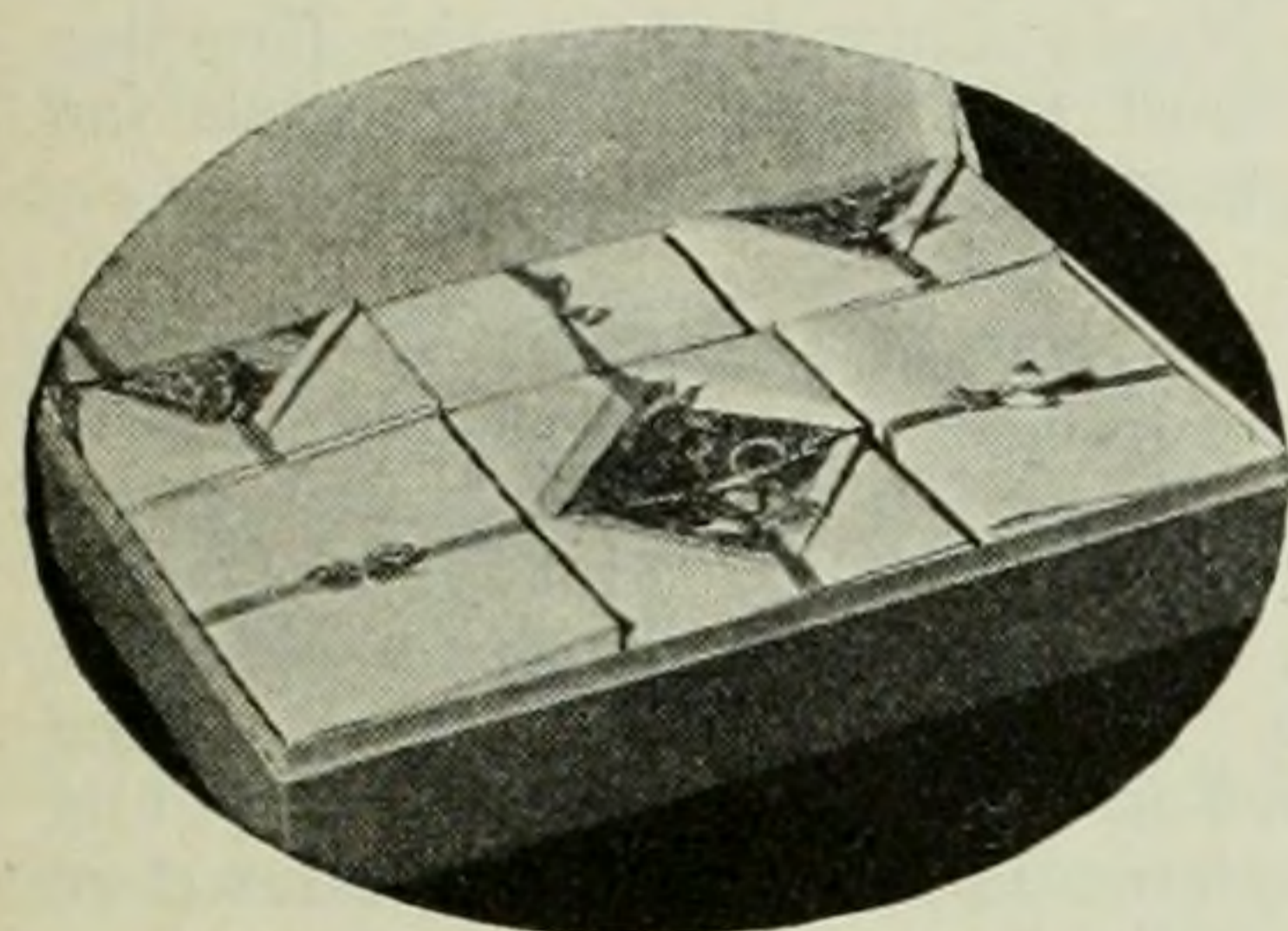


Cute little goal? Oh, all right—let it pass. Helen Kane's next lisper is called "Sweetie" and you'll admit it's an appropriate title

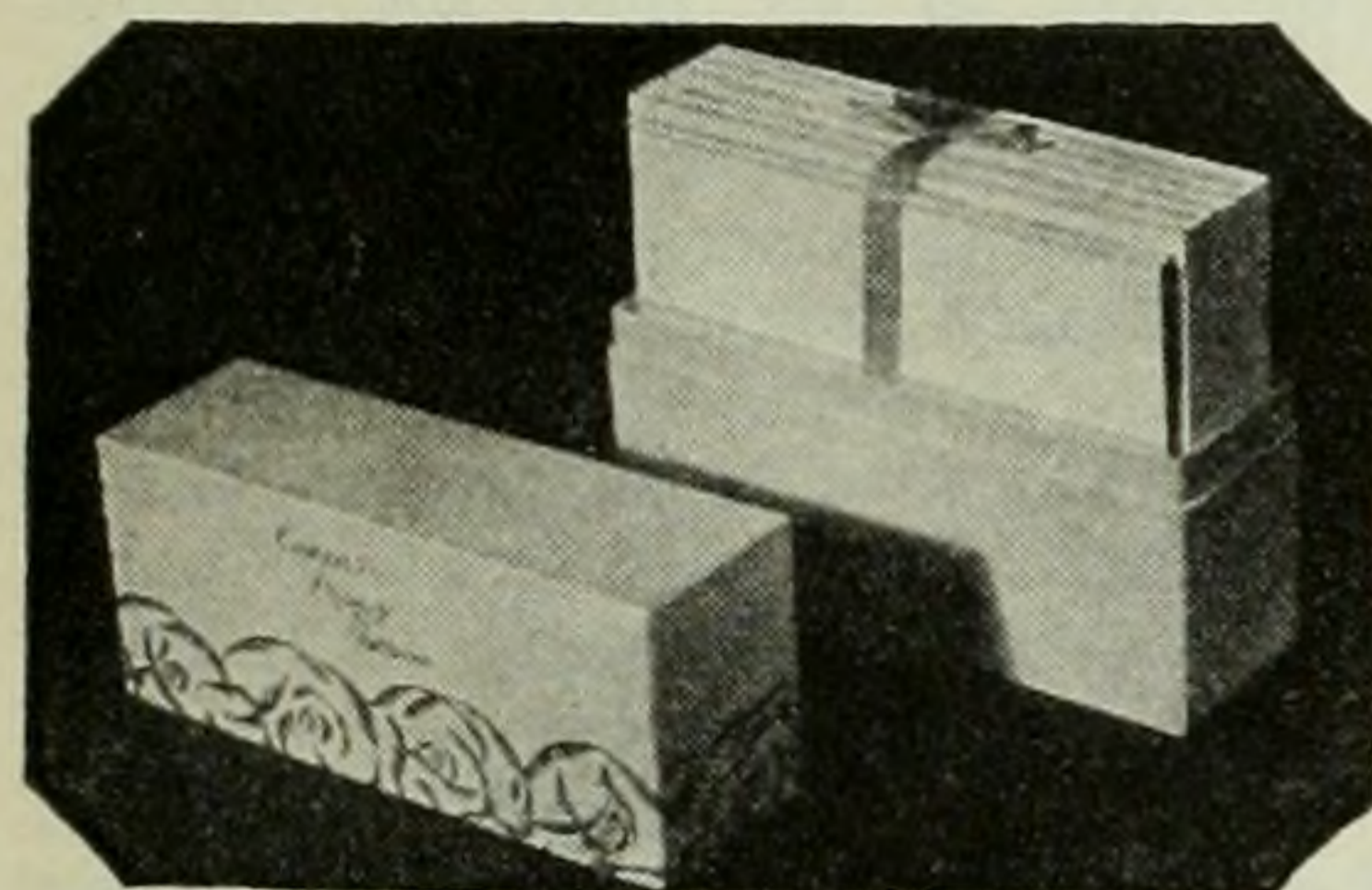
In many charming variations of color and style you may choose these modern writing papers to suit the personalities of your friends



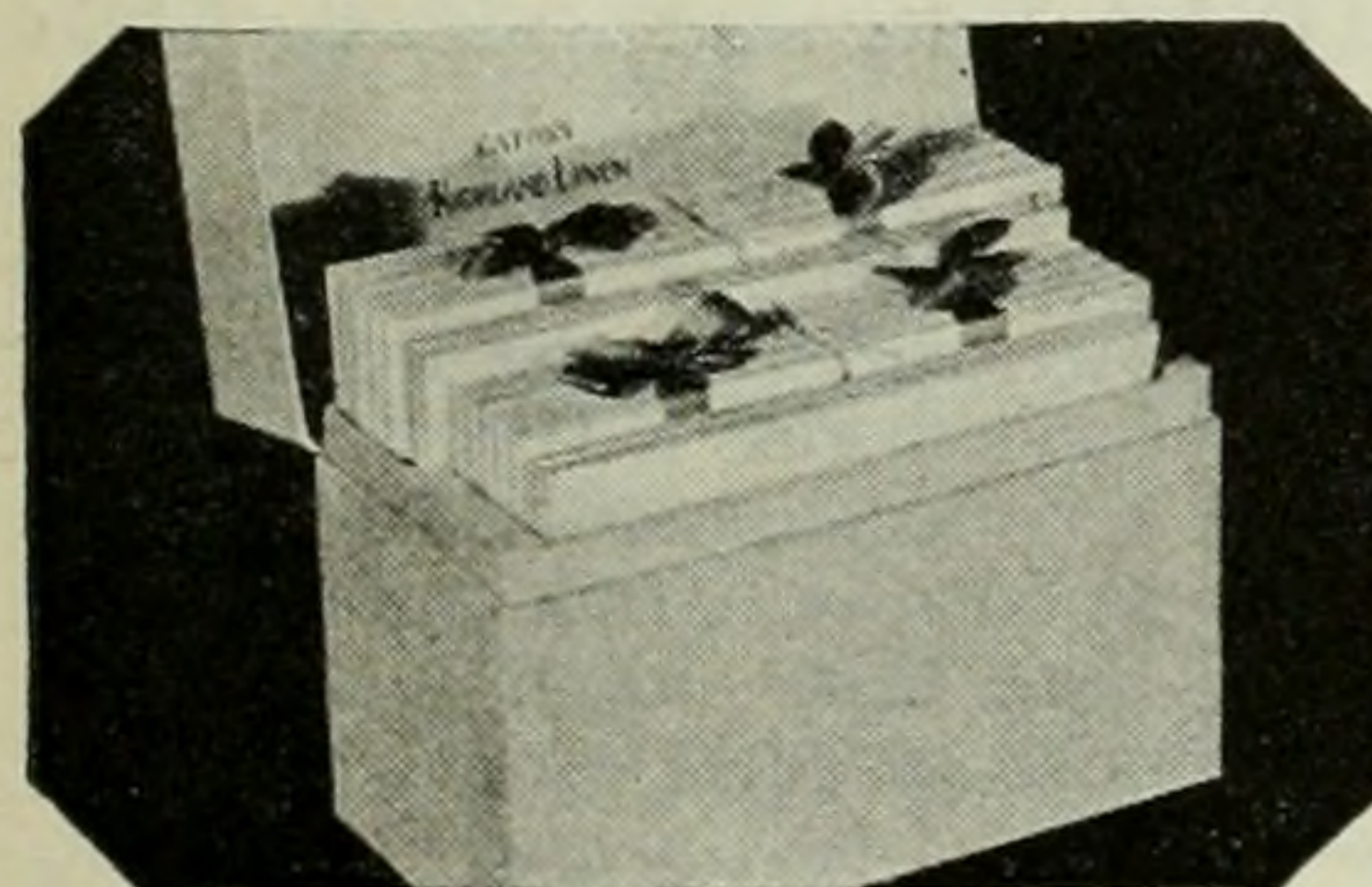
This decorative package of Eaton's Highland Linen will find wide uses; correct for any occasion; distinctive gold edged correspondence cards. \$2.50.



A box of Eaton's Trellis has the charm of a beautiful package. The envelopes are lined with a lovely blue and gold flower pattern. \$7.50.



Another Eaton's Gift Box. This white, medium sized note paper finds wide popularity with men and women for all social and personal uses. 50c.

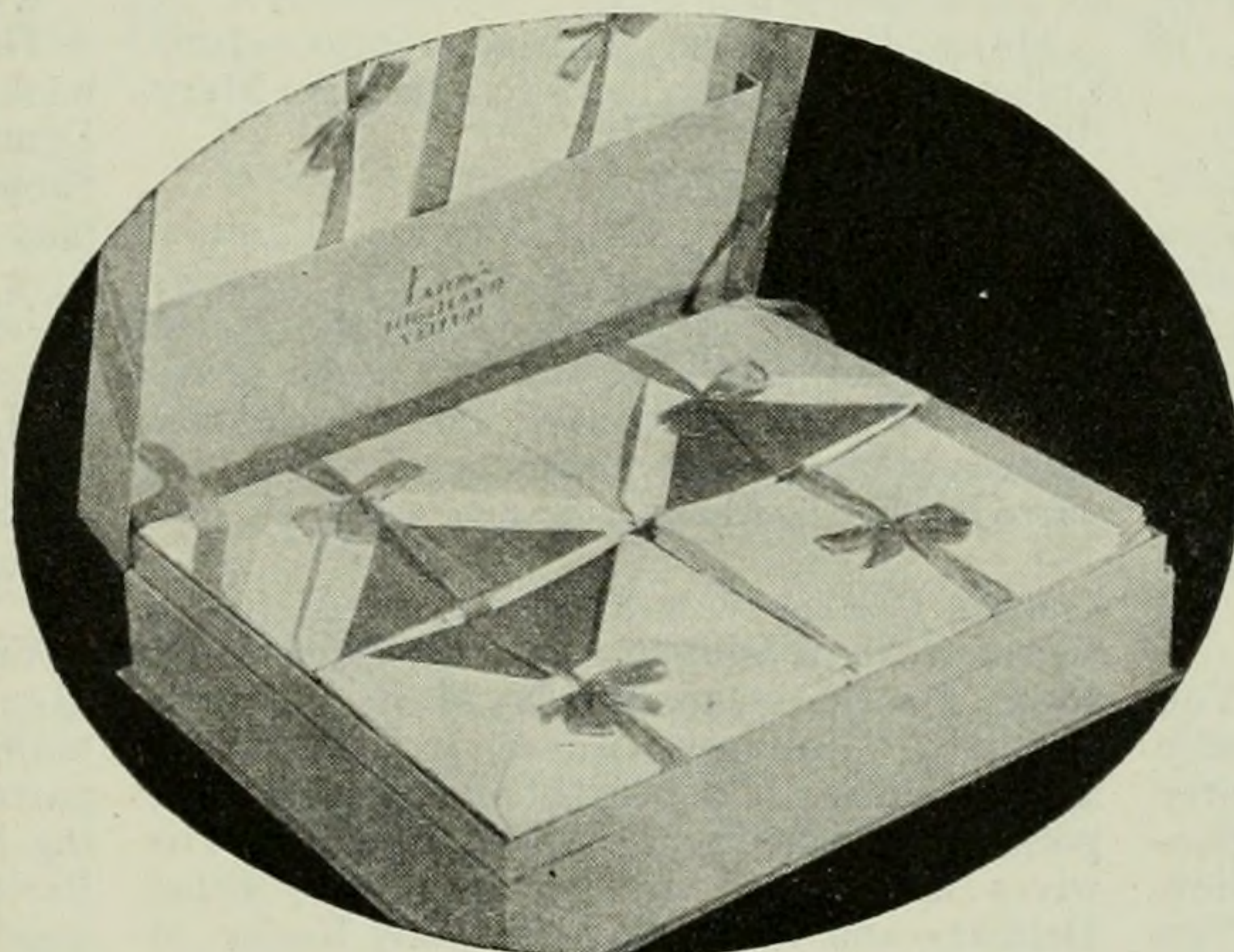


Inexpensive and yet showing taste and thoughtfulness on the part of the giver, this novelty gift box of Eaton's Highland Linen at once pleases. \$1.50.

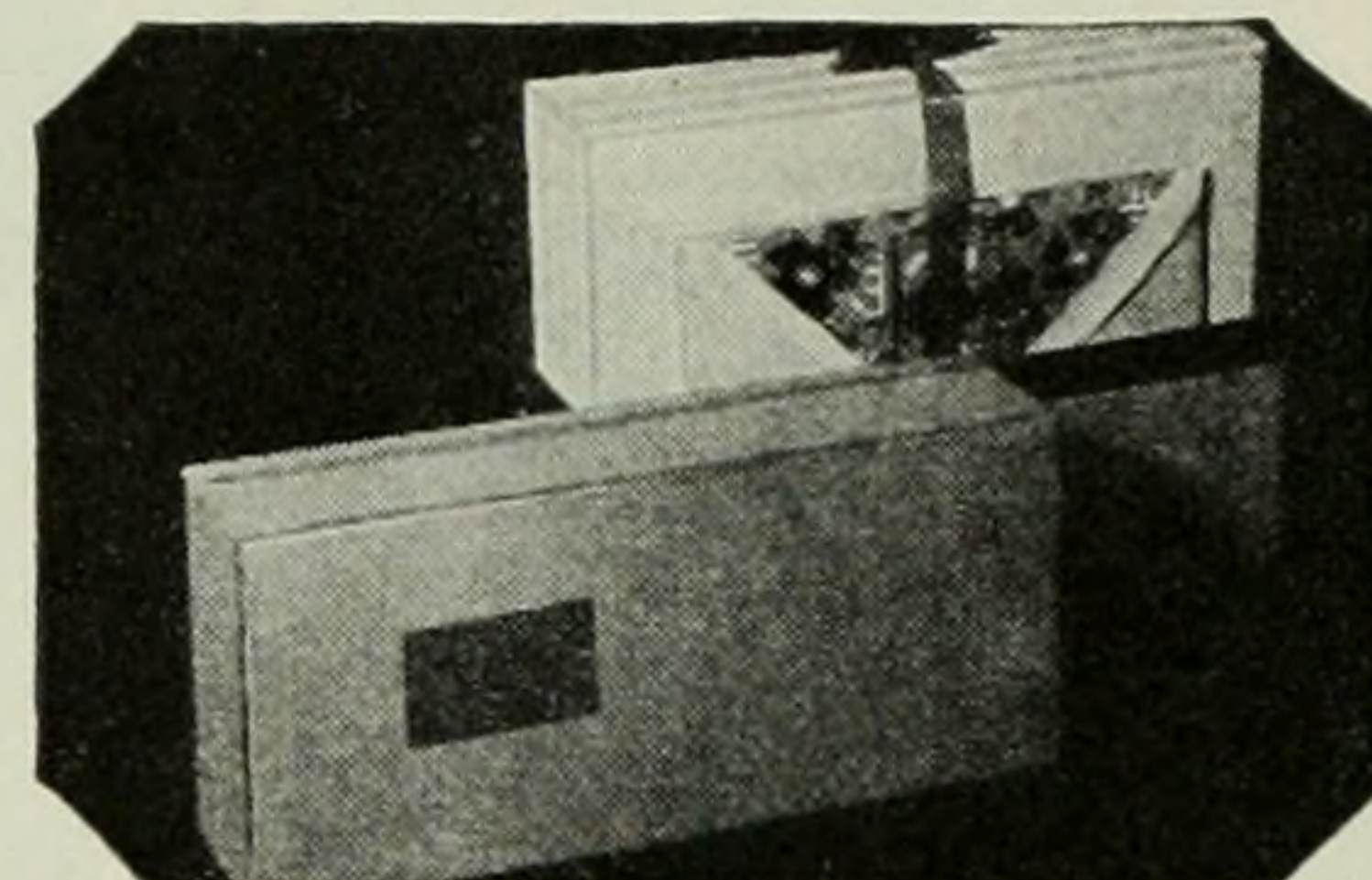
EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM—the new, flat-surface writing paper—will continue to be much the mode during the coming year . . . gay, pastel shades of *blue, grey, silver-grey, green, buff, ivory* and *white* . . . attractive envelopes to match with smart linings in deeper colors. In fact, you will find almost every combination of style, from papers suitable for a young girl to those appropriate to the dignity of the matron.

What a pleasure it is to choose too! For the styles and combinations of Eaton's Highland Vellum (Eaton's Highland Linen and other Eaton papers) are so numerous that you can suit your own whim as well as the personality of your friends. Indeed, that is evidence of good taste in giving—to modify the selection of the gift according to your personal tastes.

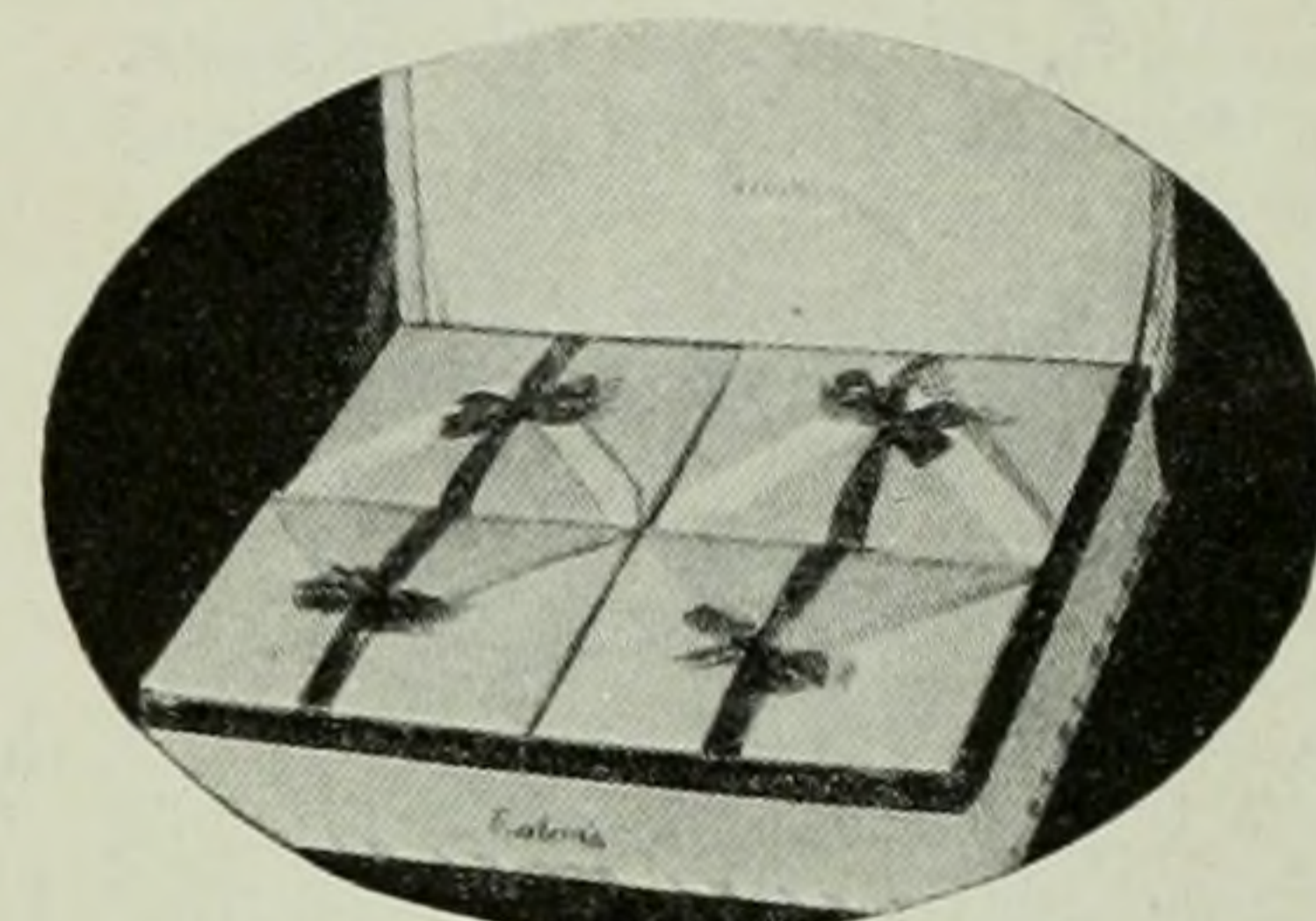
Eaton's Highland Vellum is made by the makers of the famous Eaton Highland Linen, for over 25 years the most popular and widely used writing paper in America. Eaton, Crane & Pike have been quality paper makers for generations. You only have to give Eaton's paper to your friends fully to appreciate the satisfaction and pleasure with which it is received. Look at the many styles pictured on this page, then go to any store where good stationery is sold and choose your gift, *early*. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.



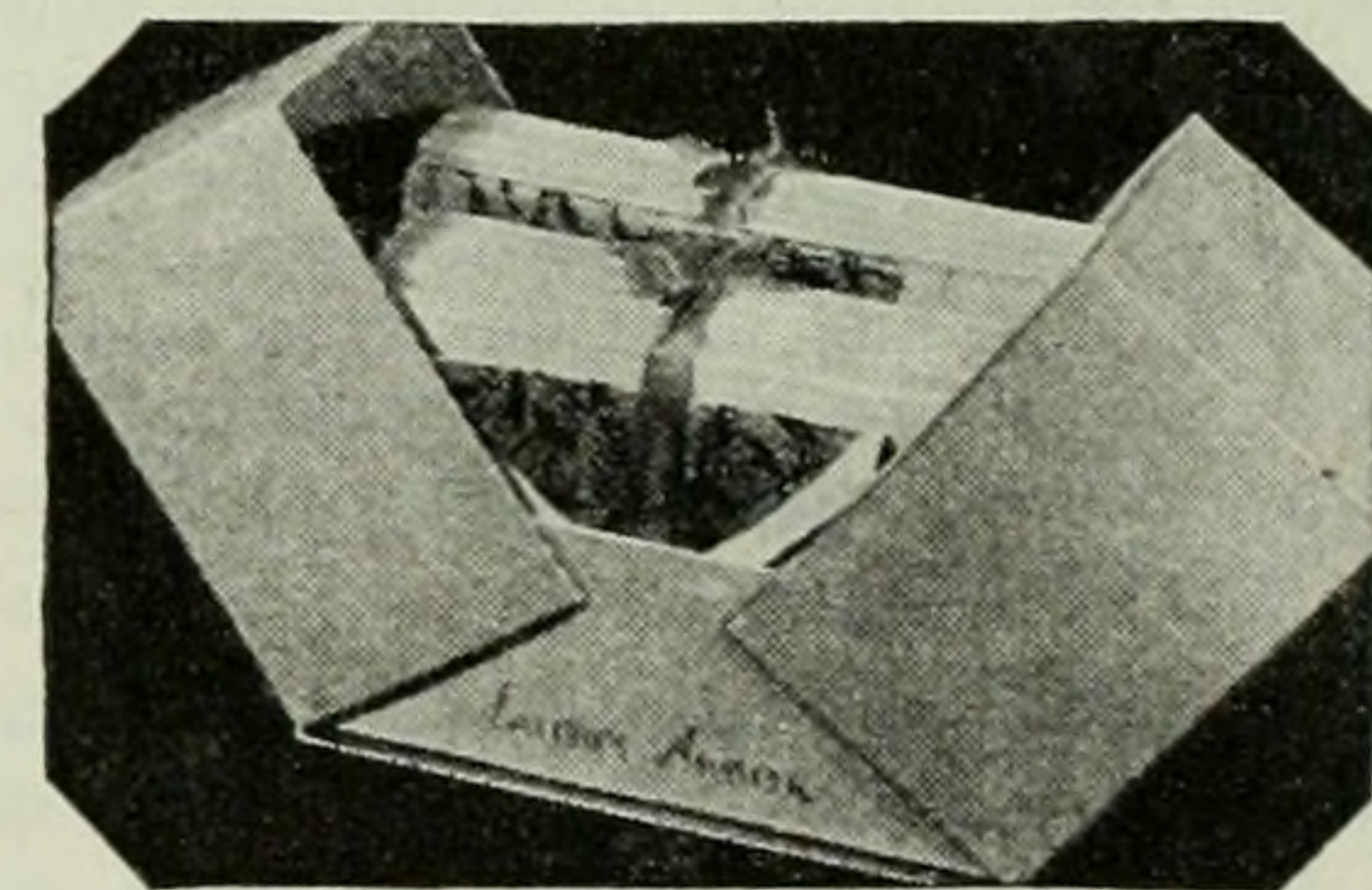
This unusually modish box of Eaton's Highland Vellum is the last word. Its narrow paper has a wide, light-blue stripe down the right hand edge. The envelope lining matches. A very, very smart gift. \$3.50.



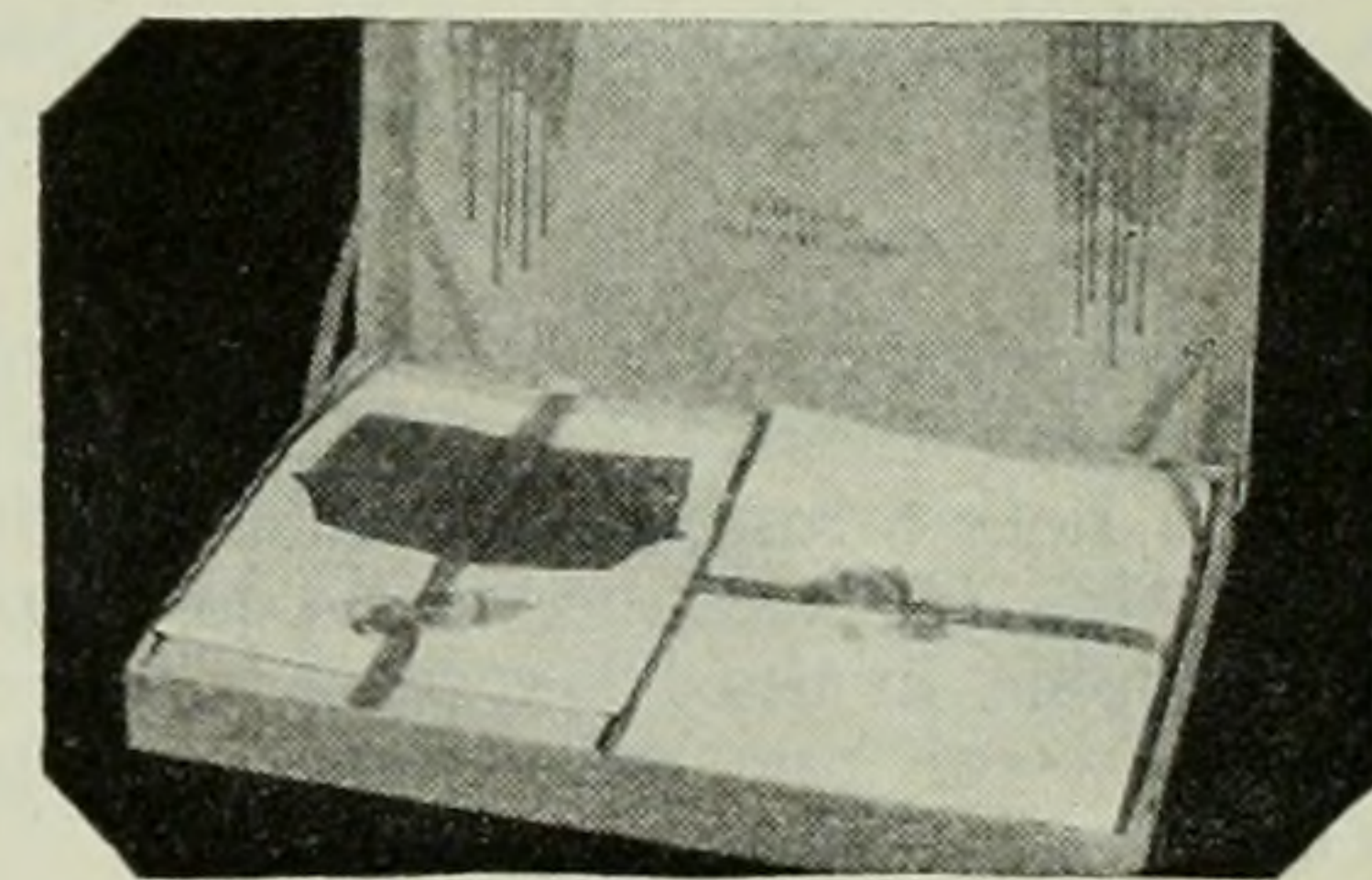
A small package, smartly designed; modern and daintily lined envelopes; a charming gift and at such a saving! \$1.



What girl would not thrill to this Eaton's Fancy Gift Box, with its buff lined envelopes in a tan package with a smartly striped cover at \$3.



Eaton's Arbor is distinctly feminine; very expressive; and the package is a delightful decorative note as a gift. \$2.50.



The blue lined envelopes, the white, correctly sized note paper give an air of distinction and feminine dignity to Eaton's Highland Linen Gift Box. \$1.

EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM • HIGHLAND LINEN

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of **PHOTOPLAY** to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

H. R. D. D., PATERSON, N. J.—Are those initials or college degrees? Lila Lee and Joan Crawford weigh 220 pounds—wait a minute—together, but separately each weighs only half of that. Lila is twenty-seven years old and Sue Carol is twenty-one. Doug, Jr., is Joan's first matrimonial risk. New reports come in every day, but at the moment Miss Jean Rickey, two weeks old, is the screen's youngest actress. Miss Rickey does a crying bit in "Lummox."

BLONDY, ITHACA, N. Y.—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City and we couldn't locate a single Mexican branch on his family tree. Shure an' Virginia Valli's an Irish-American colleen. (I haven't been the same since I saw "Smiling Irish Eyes.") Georgie Stone played *Monkey Face* in "The Redeeming Sin." He was born in Poland on May 25, 1903, and is still single.

AUDREY DAVIS, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—All those questions about John Boles simply boled me over. (Well, somebody would have made that pun sooner or later, anyway.) Mr. Boles is twenty-nine years old. The John Boles whom you saw a few years ago is the self-same young man, only no one had discovered that he had sex appeal in those days. He was scheduled to baritone opposite Farrar at one time, but didn't.

F. KENNETH MAYER, COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Judging by the length of time it must have taken you to think up all those questions you're an old man by now. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. She has medium brown hair and blue eyes. Her next epic is titled "Their Own Desire." Basil Rathbone is six feet, one and a half inches tall and was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. Charles Farrell was born in 1902.

ANITA PEMBERTON, WICHITA, KANS.—You and your mother can kiss and make up because you're both wrong—Neil Hamilton is thirty years old. Helen Kane did *not* do the poo-poo-pah-dooing in the "Dance of Life." Unfortunately for me John Boles was born on October 27, 1899.

BILL LEE, BUFFALO N. Y.—Joan Bennett, youngest, blondest, and in our humble opinion, loveliest, of the sisters Bennett, is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 108 pounds and has blue eyes. Her next picture is "The Mississippi Gambler." Although only eighteen she has been married—to John Martin Fox—and divorced. Leila Hyams is also five feet, five inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and gray eyes. Ronald Colman is separated from his wife.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 140 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs **PHOTOPLAY** advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

J. P. R., SHREVEPORT, LA.—You win the diamond-studded microphone. It was Dorothy Janis and not Raquel Torres in "The Pagan."

ANGELINA SERIO, McCOMB, MISS.—No, Clara Bow is not married. She announced her engagement to Harry Richman, popular Broadway entertainer. You can get excited about it if you want to. You haven't seen Chaplin because he's been doing a movie marathon—making one of those epics that takes years to complete. It's called "City Lights."

MARY E. CHASE, TOLEDO, OHIO.—June Collyer is the gal who looks so much like Mary Astor. You lose.

PENELOPE JONES, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Are you trying to kid me, Penelope? Dorothy Janis' real name is Dorothy Penelope Jones. Bet you knew it all the time! George Lewis married a very attractive non-professional named Mary Louise Lohman. Ramon Novarro has five brothers.

ROSE UDALL, NEW YORK CITY.—Al Jolson was born in Washington, D. C., on May 26, 1886. On the stage he played in "Dancin' Around," "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," "Bombo" and "Big Boy." You might almost say that Al goes in for matrimony as a profession. His wives have been: Henrietta Keller, Ethel Delmar—and now cute little Ruby Keeler, of "Show Girl" fame.

NANCY RILEY, AUGUSTA, ME.—Maine seems to be a little shy on movie celebrities. The only one I know of is lovely Esther Ralston, who was born in Bar Harbor.

G. D., BRONX, N. Y. C.—Chester Morris, the only movie crook on record who never reforms, was born in New York City on February 16, 1902. He is five feet, nine inches tall, weighs 148 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. His latest release is "Woman Trap."

MIRIAM PASSMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of Douglas Fairbanks and Beth Fairbanks Whiting. They are divorced. Mary Pickford is Doug. Sr.'s second wife, and Beth Fairbanks recently married Jack Whiting. That gives young Doug a complete set of parents and step-parents. Savez? In Buddy Rogers' latest picture, titled "Illusion," Nancy Carroll plays the feminine lead and June Collyer the second lead.

VIRGINIA SPEAK, ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Your taste is certainly varied! Jack Oakie was the clarinet comic in "Street Girl," and Ivan Lebedeff was the osculated prince. Morgan Farley, of "American Tragedy" fame, played *Dick Carroll* in "Half Marriage." And young John Breeden was Lola Lane's sweetheart in the "Fox Follies."

GEORGE H., LOUISVILLE, KY.—RKO means Radio-Keith-Orpheum. Here's how it happened. When the Radio Corporation of America decided to go into the picture business, it bought the old FBO company as its producing center and the Keith-Orpheum vaudeville and film theaters through which to release its photoplay product.

WOLCOTT W. SALISBURY, JR., GENOA, OHIO.—The old Answer Man had to brush up on his book-larnin' to answer these. "Bulldog Drummond" was taken from the stage play by Sapper. "Disraeli" was adapted from the play by Louis N. Parker. The play "Three Live Ghosts," by Frederick S. Isham, furnished the story for the picture by that name.

MARIAN WOLFE, TROY, N. Y.—Yes, my child—Betty Compson really played the violin in "Street Girl." Betty used to play the fiddle in vaudeville.

VIRGINIA SPOTSWOOD, ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Maurice Chevalier, eh? Wonder if I'd make more of a hit with the girls if I wrote this department with a French accent. The fascinating Maurice was born in Menilmontant, near Paris. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He came to America in August, 1928, and will divide his time from now on between the American movies and the French stage.

ALICE LOUISE MINEWEASER, BROOKVILLE, PA.—Sally O'Neil was the checkroom girl and William Bakewell the usher in "On with the Show." Sorry to disillusion you, but they don't feel that way about each other off the screen. Grant Withers is engaged to Loretta Young. His next picture is "In the Headlines." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

Picture yourself as my mannequin and learn why

" ONLY A HEALTHY SKIN CAN STAY YOUNG "
Frances Ingram

WHAT benefit can Milkweed Cream bring you that other creams cannot?

This! Milkweed Cream keeps your skin *healthy!* Like all good creams, it gives your skin silky smoothness and morning freshness—but it does more—much more. Study my six-starred mannequin. Then you will see how, by keeping your skin healthy, my cream wards off worrisome blemishes and guards against the lines and wrinkles that strike panic to your heart.

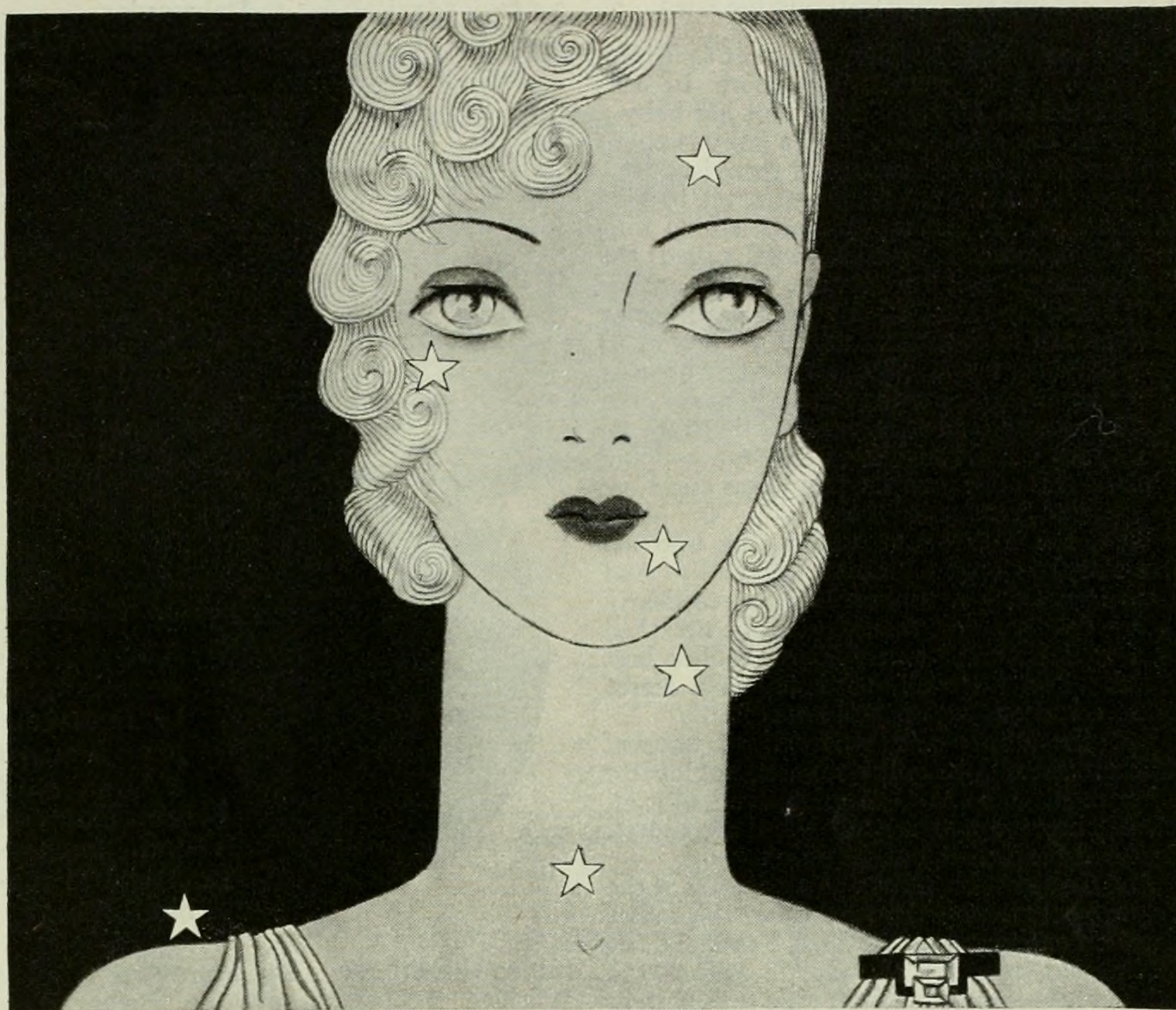
Scrutinize your own skin at the six critical places where imperfections and wrinkles first come. Learn for yourself why the beauty of your skin needs the extra help that Milkweed brings.

AS I said before, picture yourself as my mannequin. You may be older than she or your birthdays may be as few, but remember this—no matter how young you are, lines and defects will stamp your skin with years and, no matter how old you may be, if your skin is kept healthy it is bound to look young.

Guard well the six starred places—the columns to the right tell how—and your skin will respond swiftly with new charm.

Ever so slightly therapeutic, Ingram's Milkweed Cream will care for your skin as no other cream possibly can. It cleanses splendidly and smooths away roughness and blemishes. Tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes soft, clear, altogether lovely.

You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. But I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care; also, if you have any special beauty questions, write me for advice.



- ★ The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- ★ The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming—so traitorous. To keep the skin smooth and supple, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
- ★ The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.
- ★ The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- ★ The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, keeps it lovely, smooth and rounded, and without a trace of flabbiness.

★ ★ ★

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin
 Dept. A-129, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

➤ INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream ➤

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

You Can't Get Away with It in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

you wanted to swim to Catalina Island. After that you and a few other drunks went to the Pom Pom. And then you and this Bridget Brillantine—

"Aw, I give up," I said, hastily. "Say, you know that little hat you were looking at in the Ambassador today—that cute little hat—yellow I think it was—"

"Mr. Thalberg had dinner at the next table to me last night," resumed my wife. "He is a slender, dark-haired boy about twenty-eight years old, and he dances divinely."

It cost the hat *and* ensemble, and since then I've spent my evenings watering the lawn.

YOU can't keep anything a secret in Hollywood. The world's champion in this respect is Mae Murray. She kept her baby a secret for one solid year. And a baby is about the hardest thing to keep secret there is.

Next to babies, the toughest secret to hide is marriage. A few months ago a man intimately concerned with M-G-M called the Hollywood office of PHOTOPLAY.

"Listen," he said, "I know your deadline for next month is tomorrow and I want you to have some big news. But you mustn't breathe it to a soul. You are the fourth person in the world to know, and we are not telling anyone else. Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire are hopping a 'plane this afternoon for Las Vegas and they are going to get married there."

Well, the PHOTOPLAY writer (she told me this story) is only a woman, after all. And there is nothing a woman loves more dearly than a deadly secret that mustn't be breathed to a soul that she can whisper to her best friend. For, after all, what use is a secret unless somebody knows you know it?

But the PHOTOPLAY writer is of unusual caliber. She may be only a woman, but loyalty is her code. The M-G-M executive had said, "Don't breathe it to a soul"—and she didn't. She nearly exploded, but she didn't.

And that evening there was a *première* at the Carhay Circle and the first thing the writer heard on entering was: "Why, I thought Ina Claire was married already!" Before she reached her seat in the center aisle ten different persons told her the news.

"I have never kept a secret since," she said vindictively.

One reason why it is so hard to keep a secret in Hollywood is the hilly nature of the terrain. Everybody looks into everybody else's backyard and tells what he sees there.

This is why the crests of the mountains overhanging Hollywood and Beverly Hills are beginning to be littered with sprawling bungalows, like eagles' nests. The life of a star is becoming a constant effort to build higher than her neighbor.

The prize position in this respect is held by John Barrymore. With very little difficulty, only turning the telescope in a half-circle, he can get intimate views of (a) Frances Marion's hillside home; (b) Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks' Pickfair; (c) Winnie Sheehan's Castilian palace (despite camouflage); Harold Lloyd's little principality; and the pleasant little twenty-room cottage occupied by King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman. On the other hand Eleanor doesn't even need a telescope to look down on Ina Claire, taking a sunbath in the Gilbert home just below.

ON several occasions I noticed Bob Vignola and Eugene O'Brien together, and I was curious enough to ask about it.

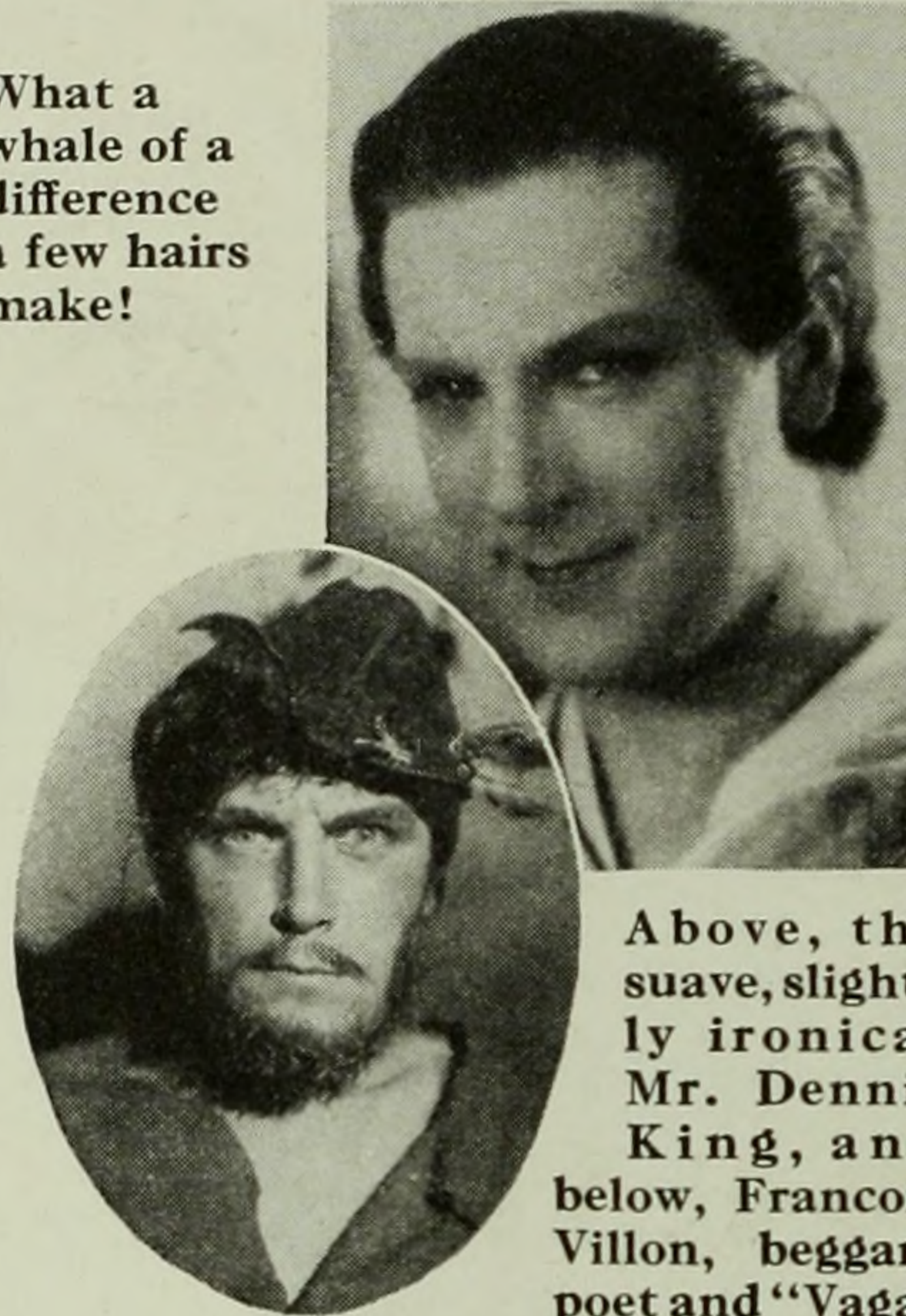
"Friendly with 'Gene?'" repeated Vignola. "Sure. I *have* to be." He took me into the tiny patio of his home on Whitley Heights and pointed upward to where, not ten feet away, a man's silhouette was visible on a balcony. "Eugene" explained Vignola, briefly.

Later O'Brien dropped in—literally. All he has to do is to jump. "I always look first to see whether Bob has the sort of guests I like," he said.

One evening Bugs and Tom and another man and I decided on a quiet card game. We took every precaution we could think of to keep our whereabouts private. We rented room 906 in the Roosevelt in the name of Roosevelt, and room 1006 in the name of Taft. We then left the Roosevelt by separate entrances, at intervals of a minute, and met at the corner of Hollywood and Highland, where we took a taxicab to the Ambassador.

At the Ambassador we took another taxi-

What a whale of a difference a few hairs make!



Above, the suave, slightly ironical Mr. Dennis King, and below, Francois Villon, beggar-poet and "Vagabond King"

cab to the Biltmore, and from there a bus to Wilshire Boulevard and La Brea, where another bus took us to Hollywood and Vine. We then walked back to the Roosevelt, two on each side of the street following each other at forty paces, and wearing false moustaches.

Arrived at the hotel, I went in through the main entrance, Bugs through the coffee shop and barber shop, Tom through the servants' entrance, and the other man by way of the door on North Orange Street. We did not take the elevator; we climbed the stairs to room 1006, where we descended the fire escape to room 906. Just as we were settled and the cards were being shuffled and the bottle opened there was a bang on the door.

"Hey, Bugs!" came a voice. "You guys got anything to drink in there?"

It was, of course, a song writer. Song writers have every ability of the detective except the flat feet. They can smell a party four blocks and six floors away.

Speaking of song writers and secrets, drastic measures are being taken by the studios to keep theme songs from the melody thieves. The exceptional precautions date from the time a certain company, with a picture finished, was without a suitable theme song. The word was passed to the melody thieves, and for a week following, song writers working for other studios found themselves the center of prodigious entertaining. Fascinating strangers would ply them with liquor brought especially by airplane from Mexico, and at the auspicious moment the subject would be delicately introduced:

"Mannis says the song they've got over to Universal for 'The Big Sap' is a wow."

The Song Writer: "Oh, yeah? Well, he oughta hear the one we just doped out over to Radio Pictures."

The Melody Thief: "Mannie says it ain't so hot."

The Song Writer: "Who gave him a license to know anything, anyway? Say, if I sang that song to you, you'd say it was the best I'll toe-tickler since 'I Ain't Got Anything But Love, Baby.'"

The Melody Thief: "Have another. Aw, you guys make me tired. All of you think you got wows when all you do is write one flop after another."

The Song Writer: "S-a-a-y! Is there a box in this place? Lemme get to them ivories. Now, you just lissen to this—"

A MOMENT later the melody thief would excuse himself and, in privacy, jot down the melody still being warbled by the soused songster. And a few weeks afterward officials of one big company were weeping and wailing and gnashing because their pet theme song was ornamenting a rival release.

So now all the song writers have their choice; they may eat, sleep and compose in the Song Stockade—a large enclosure framed by a twenty-foot wall, topped with barbed wire and broken bottles, with living quarters, ice boxes and a selection of pianos; they must sign and keep the Pledge; they must allow the company to assign to them a Special Melody Watchman, equipped with a gas mask, which he affixes the moment the song writer shows symptoms of humming his latest composition; or he may live with Joe Schenck under the latter's personal eye. The latter, of course, applies only to those composers signed by United Artists. At this writing only one composer has chosen Mr. Schenck's hospitality—Irving Berlin.

When I say you can't get away with anything in Hollywood, I mean anything, from walking out of Mr. Mizner's delicatessen without paying the check to trying to be private with a blonde. Your Night Out in Hollywood is merely the Beauty Parlor's morning laugh.

There was the case of the famous dialogue writer who got himself involved with a certain equally famous female star, and they decided on a six months' contract to see whether they'd hit it off. Neither wanted to marry, partly because the dialogue writer was married already. So they hunted the Hollywood Hills until they came upon a dark, lonely canyon somewhere north of the Beverlys, and far up in this forbidding place they found a hunter's shack, abandoned to the elements by the hunter who, finding nothing to hunt, had gone to Catalina to fish.

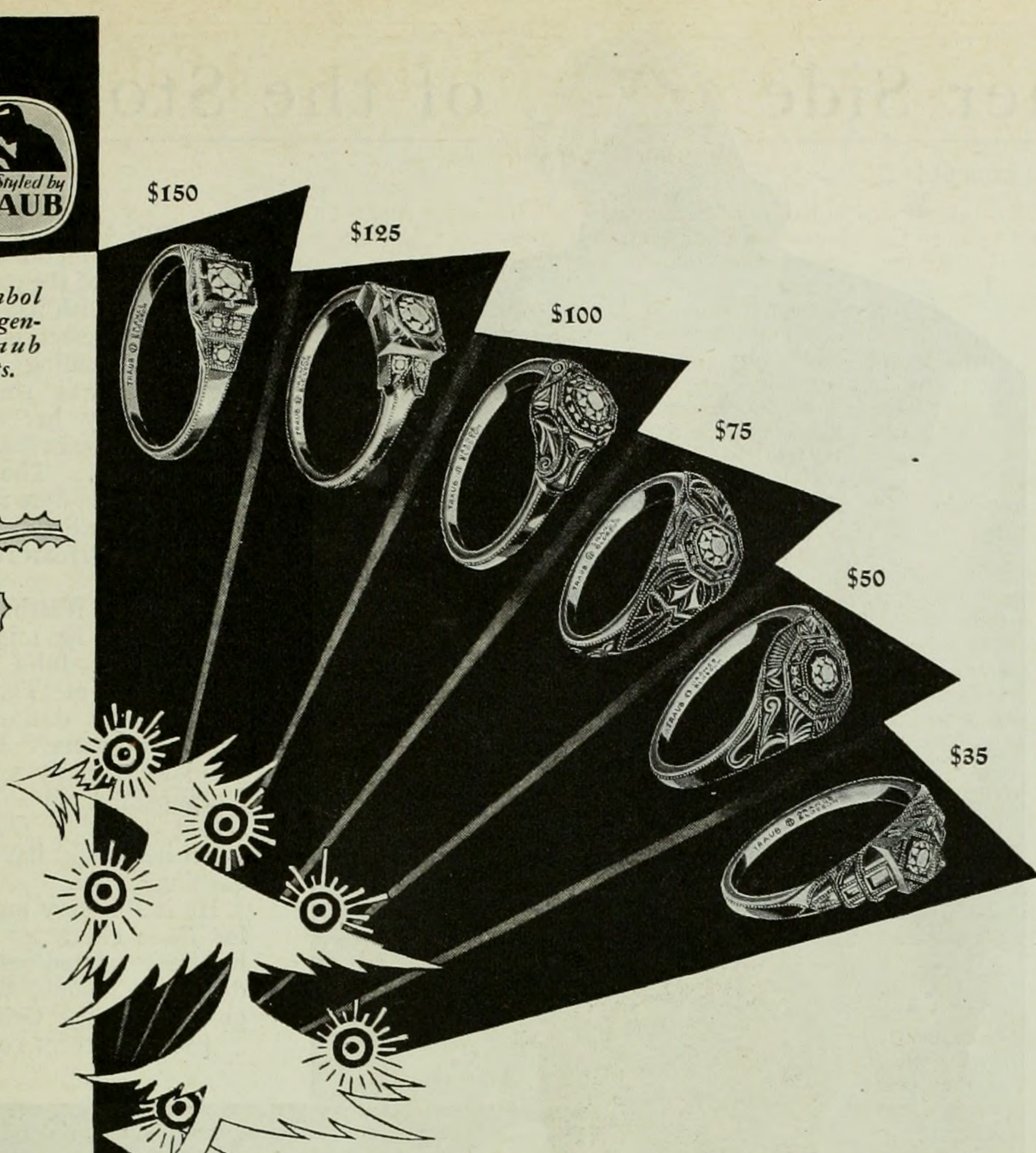
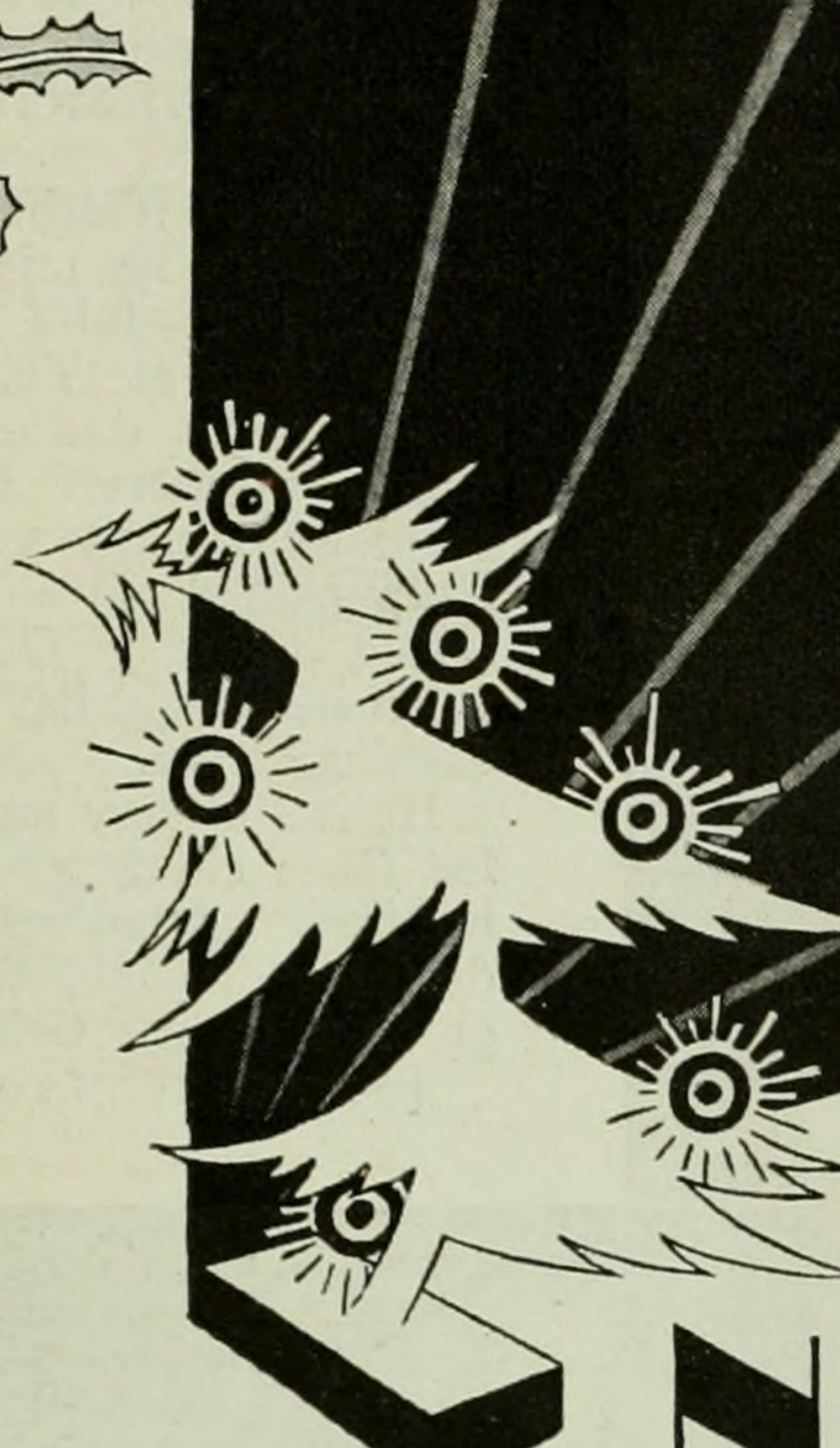
AND they fixed this shack up with a bathroom and a six-car garage and they moved out to it, without breathing to a single soul their whereabouts. And that very night their Love Nest was the talk of the boulevard, having been exposed by (a) a telephone lineman called to hook up the automatic; (b) a fire ranger stationed with a telescope on a neighboring hill, and (c) a fellow dialogue writer who lost control of his Stutz driving down the canyon, and who entered the Love Nest by way of the kitchen wall.

No; it can't be done. And to anyone who says it can and who will prove it by presenting to me a good, washable, sound-proof alibi for use in emergencies when I don't want to come home for dinner, I will send my photograph, personally autographed with the rubber stamp I purchased on arrival here, and the address of a place where a silver frame can be bought at five per cent discount.

But I have no hopes. "Going Hollywood" to me means—going home.



This symbol identifies genuine Traub products.



New ♦♦ and exquisite Gift Rings
by **TRAUB** ♦♦ especially created for Christmas



The better jewelers everywhere will display, this Christmas, an exquisite new selection of diamond gift rings by Traub . . . manufacturer of the world-renowned Orange Blossom engagement and wedding rings. These are complete diamond rings . . . and, at prices ranging from \$35 to \$150, represent extraordinary values even by Traub standards. Each diamond is of perfect quality and brilliant blue-white color. The rings themselves are distinctive in design . . . fashioned with the same fine craftsmanship that has maintained Orange Blossom leadership through the years. Here, indeed, is a happy solution of the Christmas problem . . . for no gift is more certain to please, and to perpetuate the occasion, than a diamond ring bearing the Traub name and backed by the Traub reputation and guarantee. Ask your jeweler to show them, when you start the season's shopping.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
New York, 576 Fifth Avenue

Walkerville, Ontario
(192) © T. M. Co., 1929

T R A U B
The Only Genuine Orange Blossom

TRADE ORANGE BLOSSOM MARK

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The Other Side of the Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

Clarine Seymour had but one short year of fame before she fell a victim of the white plague after completing "Scarlet Days." She might have been one of the greatest stars of the screen. She was full of life and youth — the Clara Bow of her day, but more tractable.

CLARINE it was who introduced the shimmy to Los Angeles. The funny wiggle had originated in a San Francisco dive, traveled across the continent to Broadway. Clarine brought it back to the coast, and loved to demonstrate the intricacies of the "shakes" between scenes.

Robert Harron, the boy whose life was an open book, died of a broken heart. The newspapers said that he was shot accidentally. There are many people who will tell you that it was suicide. Bobby's heart was broken when Richard Barthelmess was chosen for the hero in "Way Down East." There had been talk for a long time that Bobby and Dorothy Gish would be married. Johnny Harron is attempting to carry on the name in pictures now. He looks a great deal like Bobby.

Sometimes the resemblance is almost weird, but Johnny lacks that certain quality which made Bobby so great.

In "The Rough Riders," Charles Emmett Mack gave a beautifully poignant death scene. He was carried in the arms of Charles Farrell, his pal in the picture as in life, through a line of sharpshooters, to die. It would be a harrowing experience to see, if you knew that somewhere Charlie Mack was alive and well. It was almost unbearable to watch the scene and know that Charlie had just died, following an automobile crash. "Rough Riders" would have meant the beginning of a great career for him. At least he went out in a blaze of glory, quiet, likeable Charlie.

STRANGELY enough, one of the last appearances made by Gladys Brockwell was in a picture wherein she died. It was the tragic end of a tragic career. After her thorough Griffith training, and a brief period of fame as a vamp, Gladys almost dropped from sight. Talking pictures brought her back. A new and greater career was at hand, but fate willed differently. She died following a dreadful automobile accident on busy Ventura Boulevard.

Lillian Gish, the greatest of the Griffith stars, had a difficult time coming back in other hands. The fragile Duse of the cinema might never have returned but for her wonderful performance in "The White Sister," made in Europe.

Even her later pictures at M-G-M were not great box office attractions. Some of the old spark had gone, and a helpless, fluttering heroine in this modern day of flappers seemed quaint and incongruous. Lillian is the enigma of the screen.



The Mary Pickford of the early, happy days, as she looked in a picture forgotten and unknown. This is the great Mary of the D. W. Griffith period

Even now she may return and reveal herself again as the superb Griffith star of the past.

Dorothy Gish has never been an unqualified success away from Griffith's guiding hand. Even there she was somewhat overshadowed by her sister, Lillian. For several years she has made pictures abroad. The few efforts to reach America were received coldly. Yet, who will forget *The Little Disturber* in "Hearts of the World"?

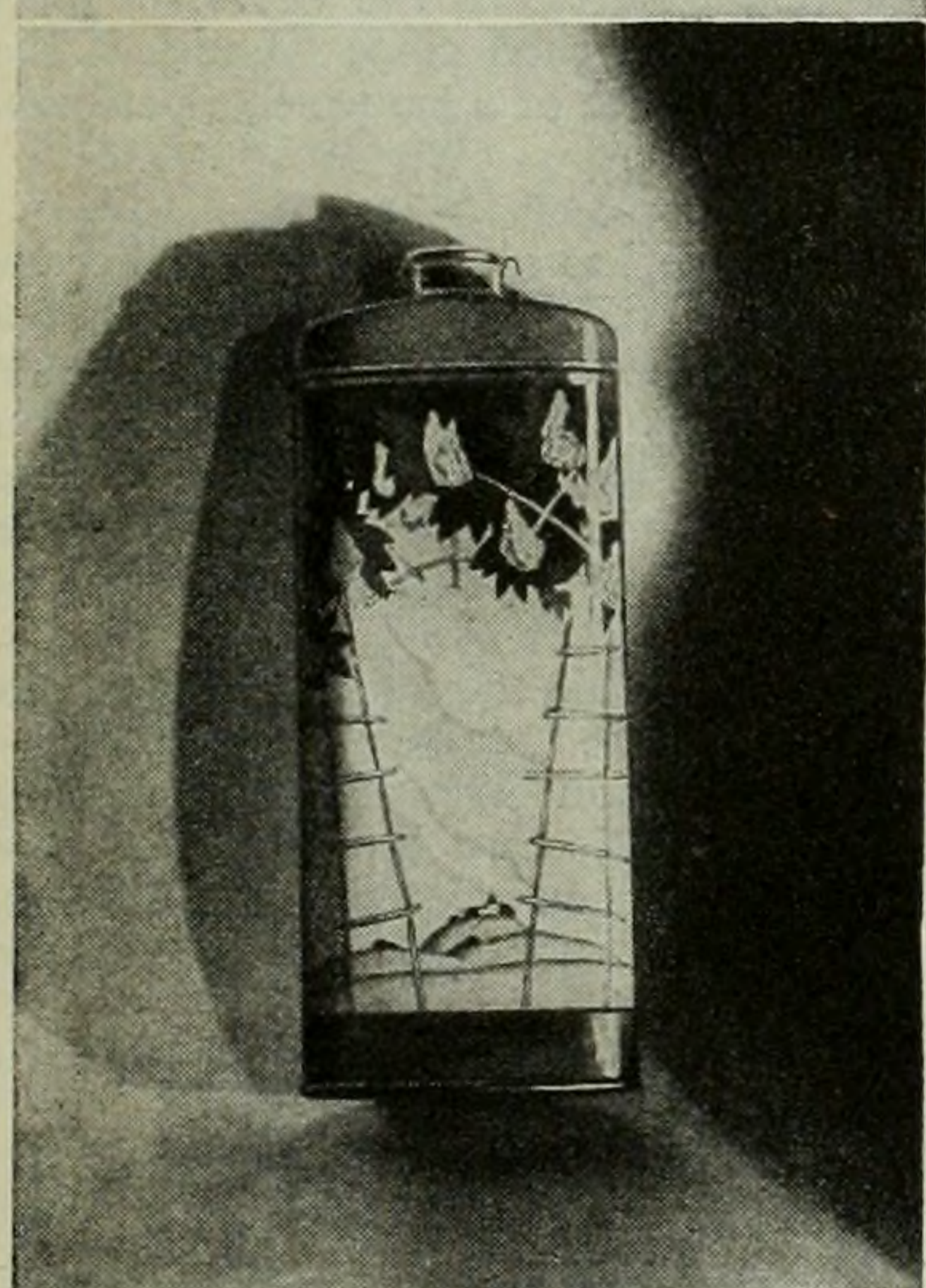
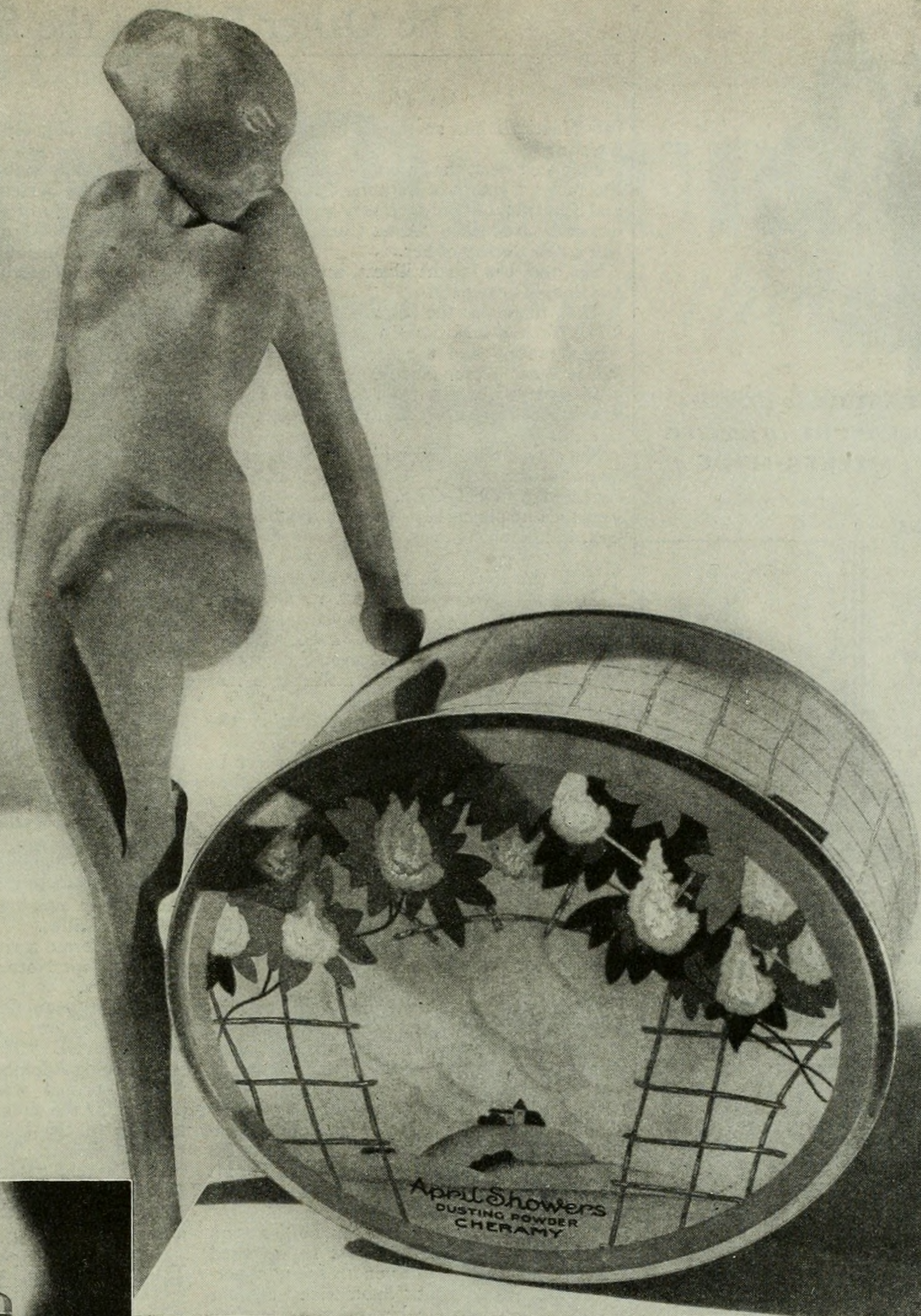
IF Henry B. Walthall had retained this health he might have been greater than John Gilbert. The *Little Colonel* of "The Birth of a Nation" was a dark-eyed romantic fellow, and a marvelous actor. Yet there were many years of illness. He appeared old and ill. He was forced to play character parts, when he should have been cast as dashing heroes.

He is still very much in demand for these character parts, but he has been cheated out of his rightful destiny. To me, Walthall is the greatest of the Griffith tragedies,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



You won't believe this, but it's true. Lillian Gish and H. B. Walthall in an allegorical scene from the famous film, "Home, Sweet Home"



April Showers Dusting Powder \$1.00
 April Showers Talc 25¢

The bath has ended and fragrance fills the room—fragrance from a cloud of soft, clinging particles—filmy powder particles from an oval metal box. It is the Dusting Powder of Cheramy—delicate with the fragrance of at-

traction, APRIL SHOWERS (Ondees d'Avril). Swiftly it spreads over the skin—from head to foot—caressing, soothing, cooling—preserving that just-bathed freshness throughout the active day.

That you may have harmony of fragrance throughout the toilette, there is a Talc of a caressing, refreshing softness—also a Face Powder, Rouge, Bath Salts and the Extract, an exquisitely flavoured Perfume, that ranges from \$1 to \$16.

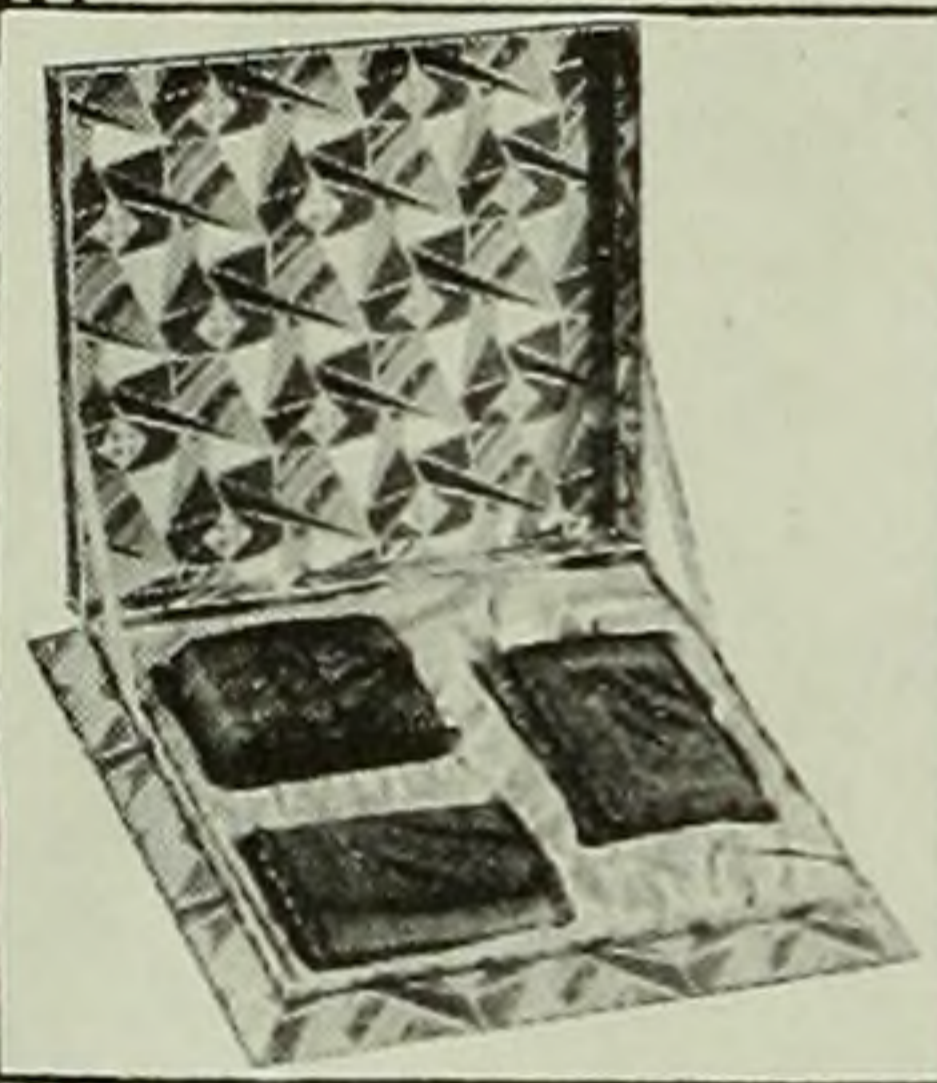
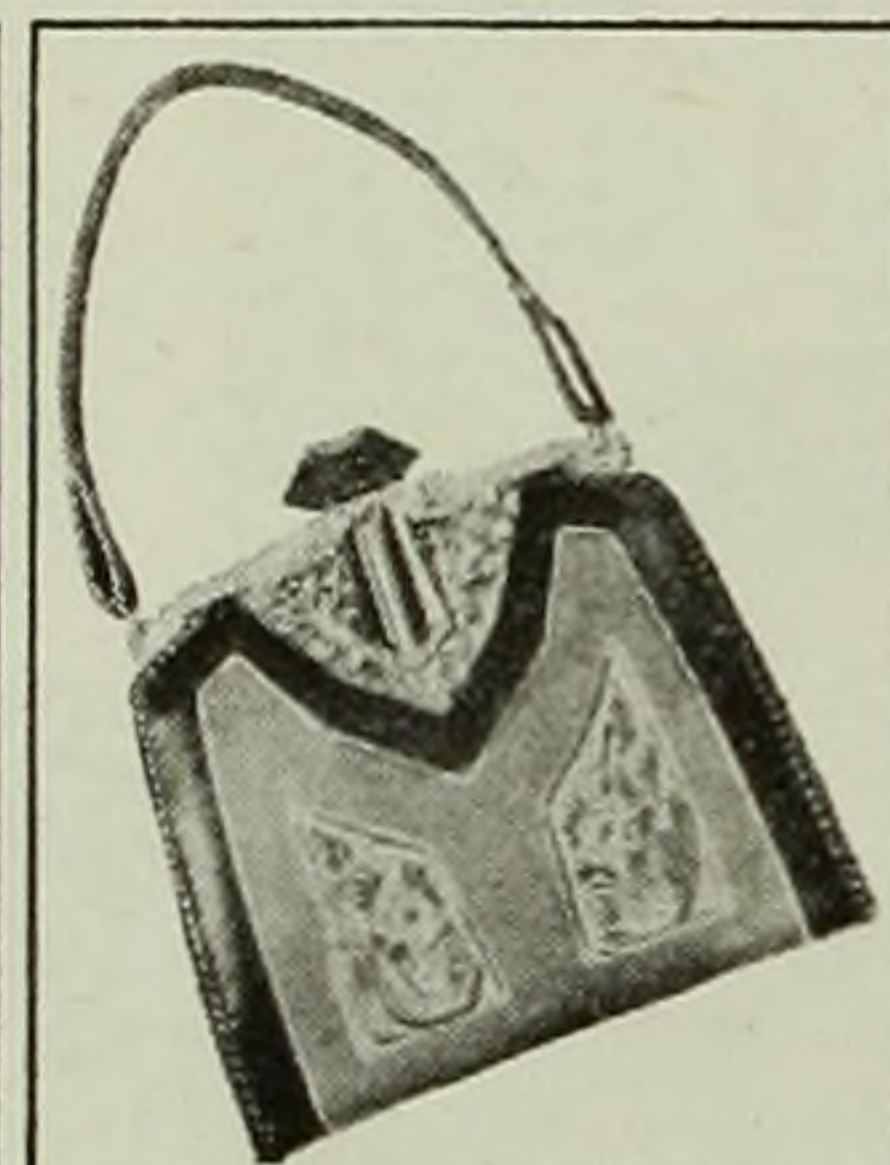
CHERAMY · *Paris*
 380 RUE ST. HONORE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

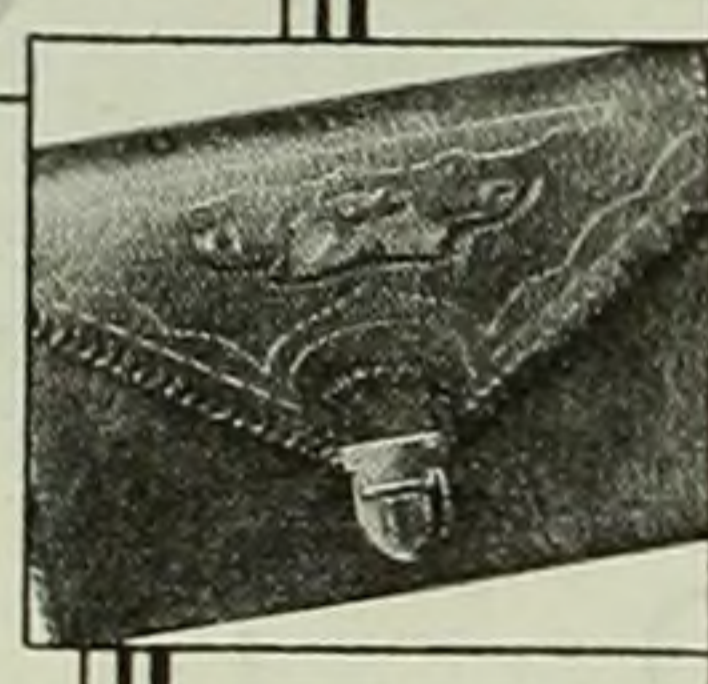
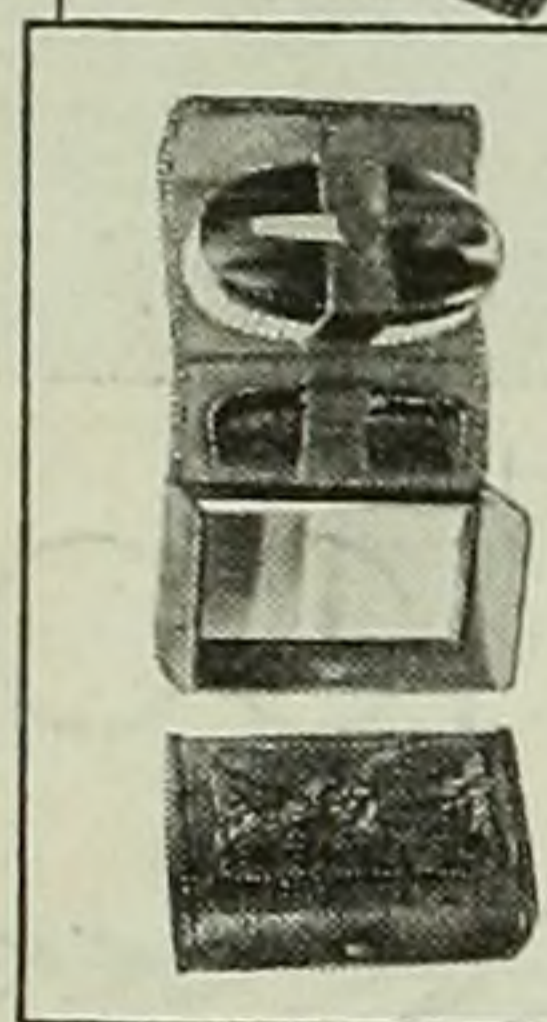
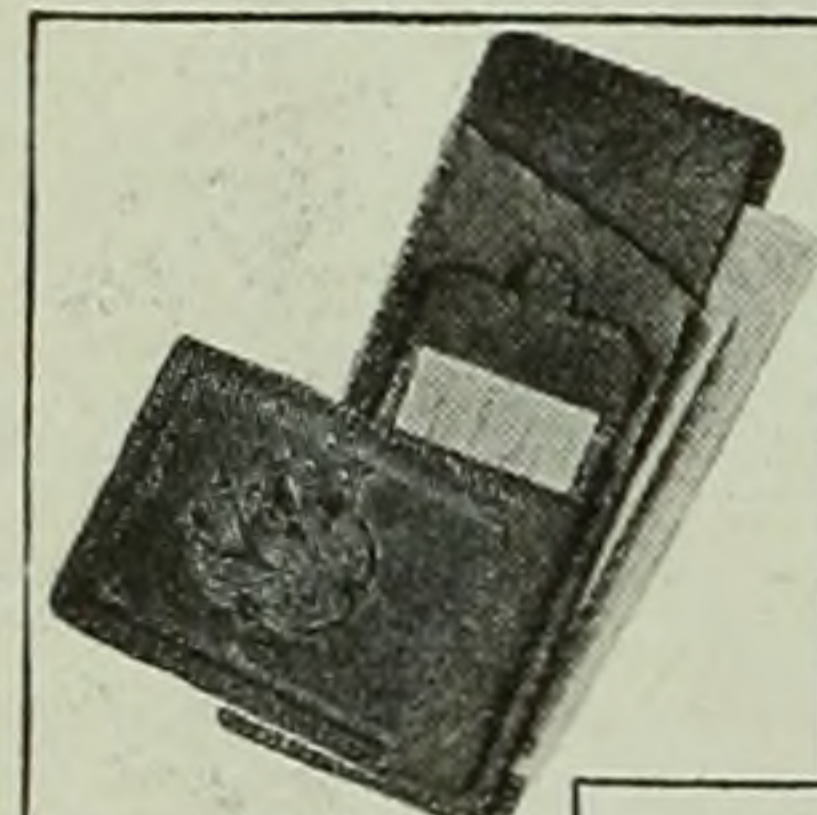


A PLEASURE to give -
a REAL PLEASURE to receive
any beautiful MEEKER-MADE gift

Thoughts now turn toward what to select—appropriate gifts—for the Christmas list. Make your selection from among the things you as giver would yourself cherish. Any Meeker-Made genuine Steerhide leather gift whether for lady or man will truly prove to be just what was wanted.



There is charm in leather. There is added charm about Meeker-Made leather goods—fashioned and tooled in newest-of-new designs, hand-colored and with hand-laced leather edges. In imported Steerhide, Meeker craftsmen have combined the beautiful with the practical. Your guide is the Meeker-Made imprint.



De Luxe and distinctive handbags, underarms and vanities in many smart shapes and styles—new billfolds for new (small) or old currency—initial or emblem billfolds—key cases—matched gift sets—toilet sets—playing card sets—other novelties.

At better dealers everywhere

Made by the largest manufacturers of Steerhide leather goods in the U. S. A.

THE MEEKER CO., Inc., Joplin, Missouri

**MEEKER
MADE**
Genuine Steerhide
Handbags

VANITIES BILLFOLDS

The Other Side of the Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

for Walthall has so much to give to the screen.

Blanche Sweet, the heroine of one of the first spectacles, "Judith of Bethulia," is still young and beautiful, but only recently has she been in demand. Not since "Anna Christie" has she had a rôle worthy of her.

She, too, has fought illness, business failure and domestic tragedy.

Then there was the beloved *Little Sister* in "The Birth of a Nation," the working girl, in "Intolerance," and the frail flower of "The White Rose"—Mae Marsh.

Mae played hookey from school one day to watch her older sister, Marguerite, work with Griffith.

She stayed on to become one of the greatest figures of the screen. Her only genuine successes were with Griffith. Later she went to England and played in pictures, as did Dorothy Gish and Blanche Sweet.

NOW Mae lives in retirement near Pasadena. Her life is devoted to her home and her children. I don't believe she misses the adulation that was once hers. I don't believe she would come back to the screen if she could. Recently she appeared at a fashionable film wedding.

The avid fans, congregated outside the church, did not know her.

Griffith nearly wrecked his own career in attempting to star Carol Dempster. For some reason this clever girl was never popular with the fans. Griffith saw great possibilities in her and was determined not to give up. Carol, I remember, was first famous for her graceful walk. She had been a Ruth St. Denis dancer. Perhaps it was the walk that fascinated Griffith. He made much of small things like that. Do you remember the unusual, sliding walk of Mary Hay in "Way Down East"?

Mary, too, came under the spell of misfortune. Dick Barthelmess and she were very much in love at that time, but their marriage was a failure. Dick had his years of varying fortune after Griffith "discovered" him. Naturally he is not of a particularly happy nature. In addition, many of his pictures were not popular. He came back into his own, for Dick has a very great gift, in "The Patent Leather Kid." Now he is firm on the heights again.

Ralph Graves, despite fine capabilities as an actor, did not win the success he deserved after "Dream Street." Even his splendid performance in the recent "Submarine" has not meant a great deal to him. For some time Ralph has divided his time between acting and directing.

THERE is another example of misfortune and a thwarted career in Eric von Stroheim. Who will ever forget his deep-dyed villainy in "Hearts of the World"? Even during the making of that picture his hard luck had begun. It was war time, hatred was burning at fever-pitch, and he was an Austrian, Teutonic in appearance. He was most unpopular on the set, and the workmen took delight in annoying him in every way.

The von Stroheim luck has never changed. Here is a genius, but a genius who does not think as the rest of the world. His mind runs on strange tangents. He has had trouble in every picture he has directed. Gloria Swanson, a short time ago, shelved "Queen Kelly," the picture he directed for her.

After years of work, and millions of dollars expended, "The Wedding March" was an out and out failure.

There was no question in Griffith's mind that Bessie Love was an excellent actress. Yet when she left him she had years of bad luck.

It was the old, old story of the lack of sex appeal.

Bessie finally took matters in her own hands. She built for herself a new personality. She became the life of every party. She danced and sang and played her ukulele.

Now she is one of the greatest potentialities in the realm of talking pictures.

ALL the world knows the story of Mildred Harris, her tragic marriage to Chaplin and her unavailing efforts to come back. She is now a moderate success in vaudeville. And there is the dusky Miriam Cooper, the Southern girl in "The Birth of a Nation." The name of Miriam Cooper is almost forgotten, but she was an unusually proficient actress.

Seena Owen, the stately queen of "Intolerance," is back on the screen after a period of retirement.

Winifred Westover also retired from the screen after her unhappy marriage to William S. Hart.

She came back to play the name part in "Lumox." You will not recall the name of Marjorie Wilson, yet she was acclaimed as *Brown Eyes* in "Intolerance."

Then there are other names which dimly recall past greatness. Joseph Henaberry, the kindly *Lincoln* of "The Birth of a Nation"; Fred Turner, the scheming carpet-bagger; Mary Alden as the hated mulatto; Fay Tincher, who appeared in the first "Battle of the Sexes," and who, for a time, was one of the leading comedienne of the screen, and Elmo Lincoln, the Griffith strong man.

Constance Talmadge became famous as the *Mountain Girl* in "Intolerance." Her career was a bright one, but Connie made light of her own capabilities.

She preferred a good time to the hard work that has kept Norma Talmadge secure for so many years.

In recent years Griffith has made a series of mediocre pictures. Yet once he was the greatest of them all. "The Sorrows of Satan" came near ruining Adolphe Menjou. Lya de Putti, the sensational woman in "Variety," was pathetic as the siren. And the picture meant nothing to the lovers, Ricardo Cortez and Carol Dempster. There was little to commend in the second "Battle of the Sexes." Jetta Goudal has not-worked since "Lady of the Pavements," in spite of a cameo-like performance.

BUT misfortune has always had a liking for David Wark Griffith, even from the time of "The Birth of a Nation," the picture that made him famous, and at the same time made him many enemies. He has been beset by the jealousy of others, and his own married life was unhappy. Of late years he has not been well.

Now he realizes his mistake in setting out deliberately to make commercial successes.

He must work on inspiration, and with idyllic material. His own formula of picture making has never been equalled—building toward a terrific climax in the weaving of lines of parallel action.

Perhaps he will defeat the old jinx in "Abraham Lincoln."

As for a change in fortune for most of the others—it is too late for Wally Reid, and Bobby Harron, Clarine Seymour and Charlie Mack.

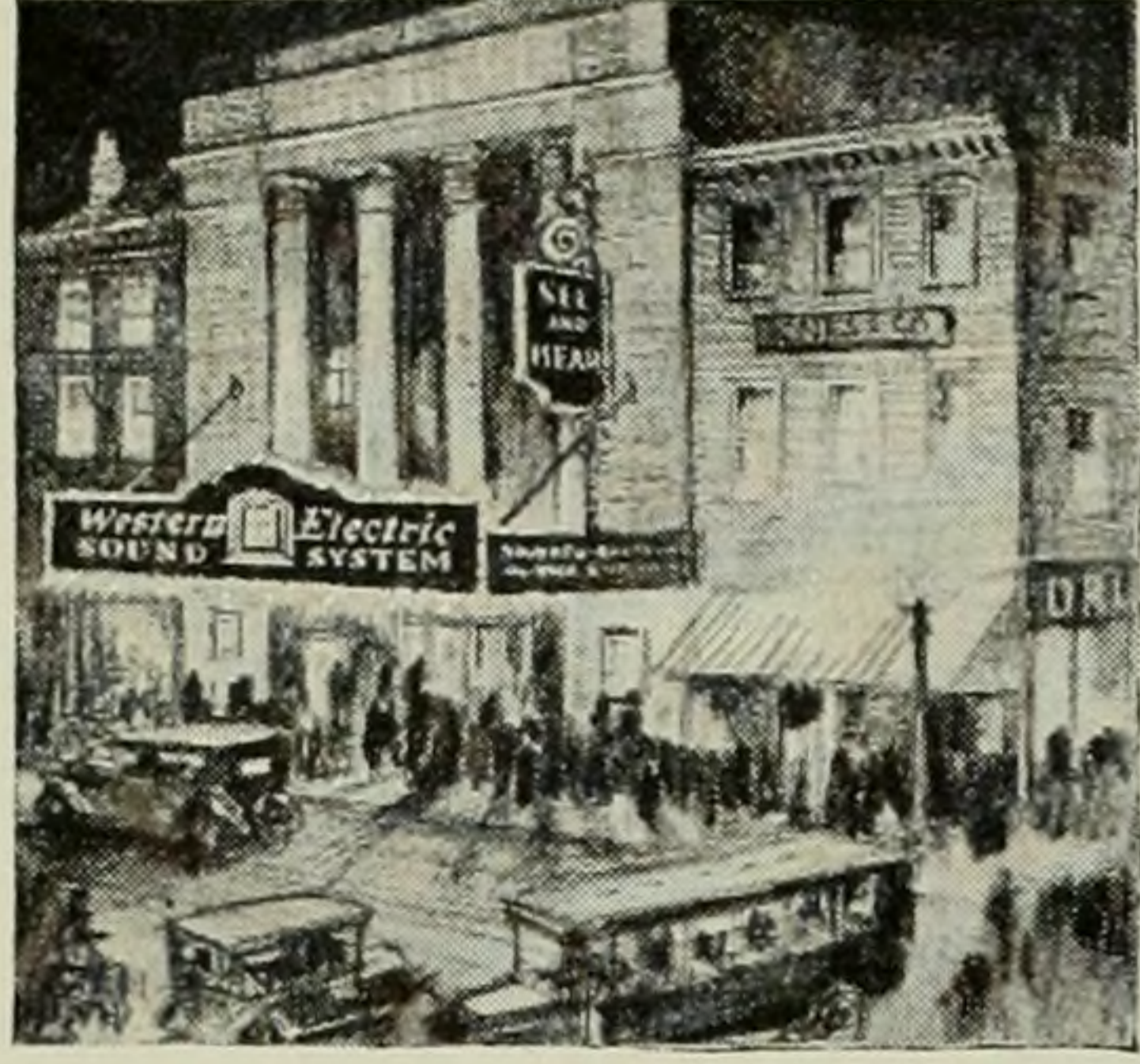
For those who are living, it is too late for Henry Walthall to achieve the heights that were meant for him.

It may be too late for Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh and Dorothy Gish to climb back to great public acclaim.

Perhaps it has been enough—just "to have done a picture with Griffith."

Hear SOUND PICTURES

at their best



Sound equipment will make or mar the finest pictures.

You are sure to enjoy them in theatres using the Western Electric Sound System.

"Do they have good Sound reproduction in that theatre?" people now ask in addition to the familiar "What picture is playing tonight?" and "Who is the star?"

.....

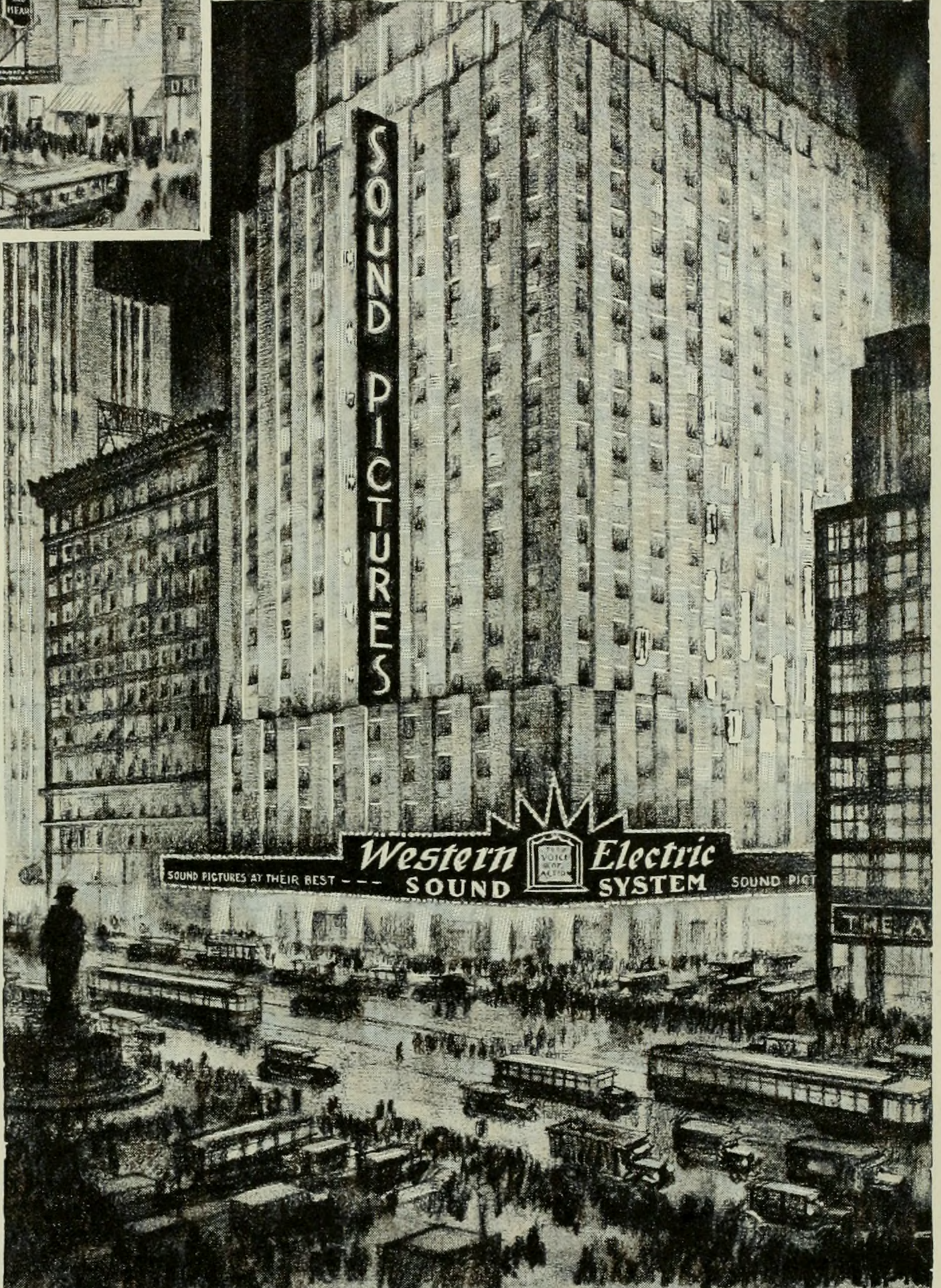
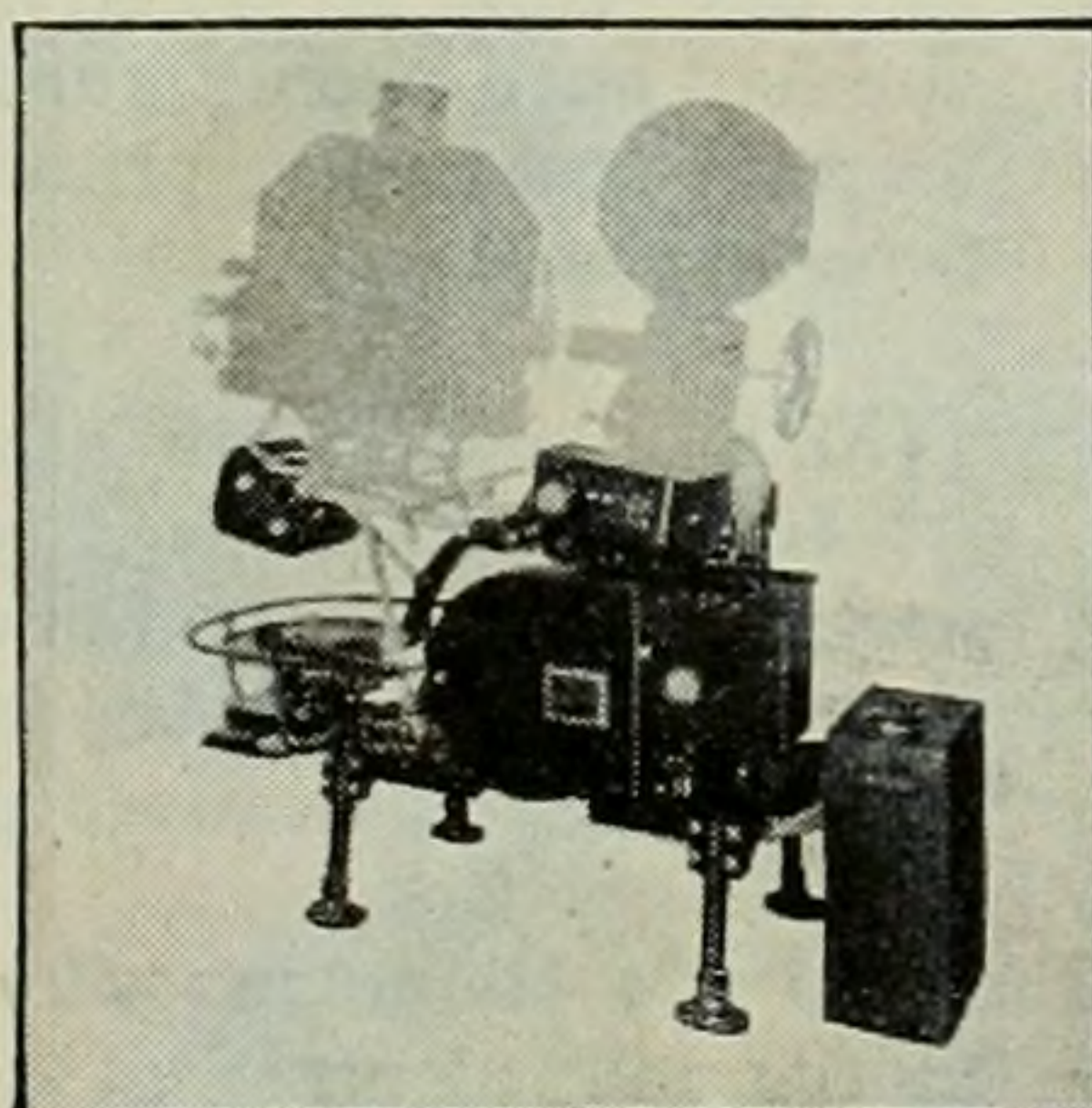
Western Electric, with fifty years' experience in making telephones and other Sound reproducing equipment, was the pioneer and is the natural leader in the development of Sound Picture apparatus.

The country's leading picture producers record their talking pictures with the Western Electric Sound System exclusively. Four thousand theatres all over the world have, by installing it, shown their faith in its superior reproduction.

.....

Your enjoyment of the show depends upon the sound equipment the theatre uses. If it's Western Electric you will hear sound pictures at their best.

Sound mechanism (dark portion) which assures clear, natural tone. Made by the makers of your telephone.



In small neighborhood theatre and big city palace Western Electric Sound equipment is drawing the crowd.

Western Electric
SOUND **THE VOICE OF ACTION** **SYSTEM**

Just a Crazy Kid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

When he ran away from school, he had his personal belongings shipped to the police station as a Pueblo friend of his was a reporter on the police beat for an evening paper. The friend met him at the train in a police car. They roared up Broadway seventy miles an hour, with the siren going wide open.

THAT was Grant's entrance into Los Angeles, and that's the way he's gone ever since. Seventy miles an hour! With the siren wide open! Making whoopee! What did he care if he caught the devil at home!

He caught plenty of it. Married and divorced before he was nineteen. An habitué of all the night clubs. In a rented tuxedo. Some one mistook him for a waiter, once. "Show me to my table," the patron said. Grant did. It became a gag among his friends. "Boy, show me to my table!" Making whoopee! Raising hell! There was just no stopping the boy.

He found a job at a furniture store, but it grew tiresome. So he became a reporter. It lasted until the editor called him in for a rewrite and found he couldn't use a typewriter.

Letters from home arrived, begging him to come back. A couple of years later he did come back. In an airplane. Making personal appearances at seven hundred dollars a week, with a dozen women mad about him. And the town band met him. Just a crazy kid!

During those early mad days in Los Angeles, when he wore rented tuxedos and showed customers to their tables for the laugh, a friend introduced him to Fanchon Royer and her husband, Raymond Cannon. Fanchon watched him. Big, good-looking, devil-may-care.

"You ought to go in pictures," she said. "I'd like to manage you."

Grant laughed. Maybe he even blushed, although that is doubtful. Anyhow, it is history that he said, "Aw gowan!"

But when he got fired from the paper, he thought about it. Fanchon got him a job as an extra with Douglas MacLean. He sat on a suitcase in a hotel lobby all day and they paid him five dollars.

"Whoopee," said Grant, "this is the life. Maybe tomorrow I'll find myself a couch."

He found Elinor Glyn instead. Or, to be more precise, she found him. She asked if he had ever been in the army. Grant said, "Yes." He lied, but it didn't matter. Madame Glyn gave him a bit in one of her pictures and paid him one hundred dollars.

His film career had begun. Fanchon Royer managed him and she can step right up and take a big bow. Managing a career as hectic as Grant's is as difficult as getting jocund with Mussolini. Fanchon got him out of scrapes just in time for him to get into new ones. But she got him jobs, and his work was so steady that his family came on from Colorado.

He had made a picture with Monte Blue at Warners when Daryl Zanuck called him into the office and said, "See here, my boy, how would you like to play the lead opposite Dolores Costello?"

"I've got a couple of other things lined up," he said, lying. "I don't know whether I could get out of them."

He promised to try. He'd see Zanuck later. At the corner drug store he called Newton. "Don't be an idiot all your life," said his

brother. "Take the job quick before they find you out and change their minds."

A few hours later Grant swaggered into Zanuck's office. "Well," he said, "I think it can be arranged."

"That's great and, as an added inducement, here's a five-year contract for you to sign."

He has not had an idle moment since, what with pictures and gal friends. But of his large salary he is allowed only fifty dollars a week for himself. The rest is kept for him. He was given several bonuses, a big wardrobe and a car. And they paid up his debts, which amounted to some four thousand dollars. They think right well of the kid.

"BUT I'm being smart from now on," he says. "The boy's using his head for once. I'm buying a big house in Brentwood, and I'm going to stay in it. Believe me, I'm married to this industry. I'm crazy about it. Honestly—don't laugh—I want to make good. Gosh, I've been lucky. Breaks? I've had a million of 'em. Wouldn't I be foolish to keep on being just a crazy kid? Not much for Uncle Grant. The boy's really settled down."

Really? Maybe yes, and maybe no. It is true that he has reached the advanced age of twenty-four. It is true that he is taking his screen success seriously. But I doubt if he'll ever settle down.

And, for all his success, he's just a crazy kid. And that's why you like him.

P. S. Incidentally, don't be surprised if Grant and Loretta Young have gone into a permanent clinch by the time you read this. Life and Withers are like that!

"No More Family Pictures!"

Says John
Monk Saunders

IN the old hairpin days a gentleman used to possess "a private life," apart from his public career. But that day has passed, along with the stiff collar.

The age of intimacy is upon us. When an Amelia Earhart flies the Atlantic, we want to know her brand of bath salts and the color of her undies.

When a screen actress marries, people want to know what about this fellow, and how they look together. That's how I came to be exposed to demon reporters and fiendish cameramen.

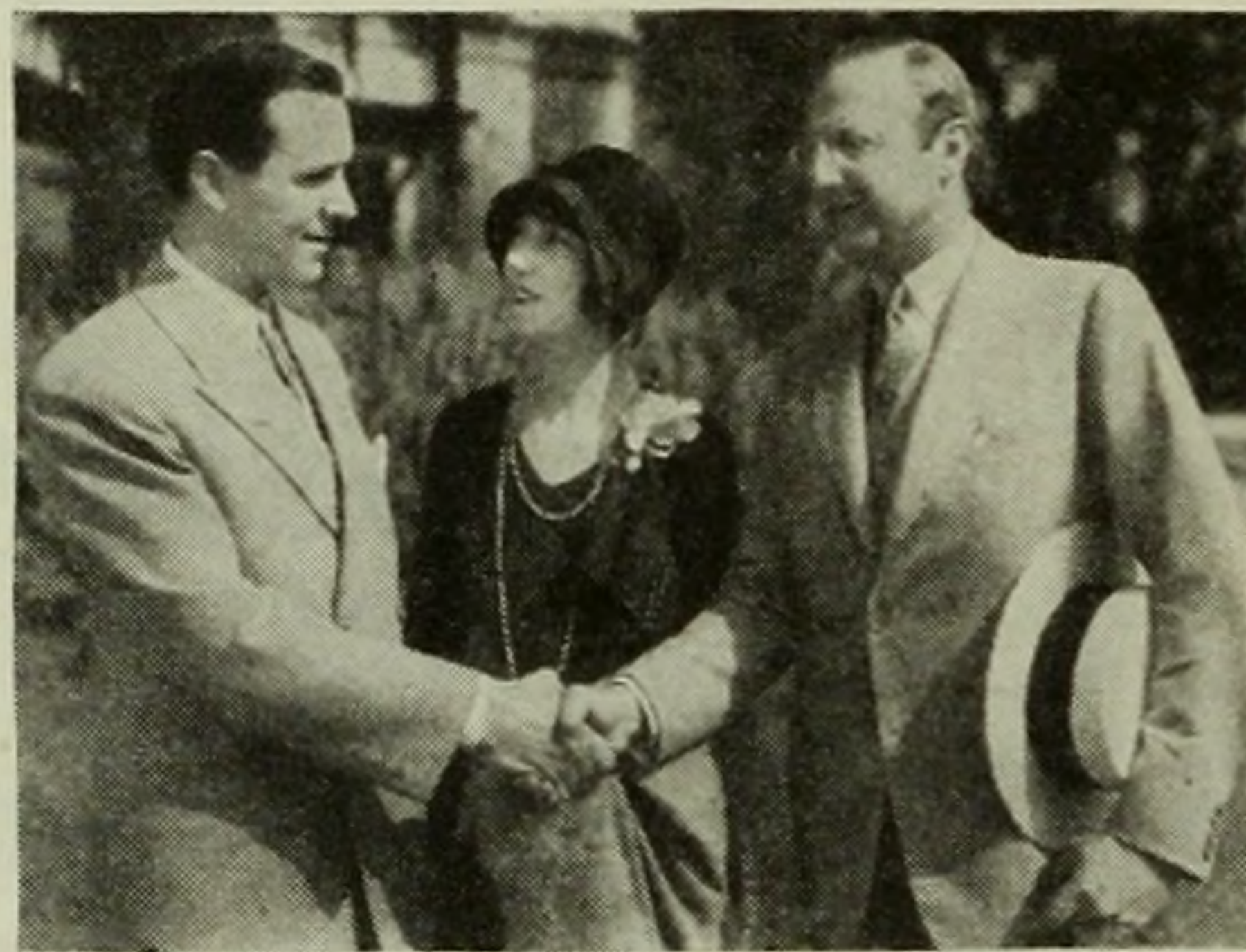
FAY WRAY and I belong to the no-print school. We didn't see how we'd work or feel better if we appeared in newspapers in domestic poses.

So Fay and I decided that ours would not be a movie marriage. We'd enter wedded bliss in a quaint village remote from Hollywood.

That was a noble scheme. See how perfectly it worked out. Rowland Lee decided to take his company to Chesapeake Bay to shoot "The First Kiss," in which Fay was playing. I was sent to nearby Washington to arrange for the cooperation of the Navy Department in filming "Dirigible."

HERE we were in the East, all the elements of our plan at hand. Here was our little Maryland village, with its minister.

I applied for a license in Easton, a lovely spot. I swore old Colonel Hollyday, the court clerk, to secrecy, but he pointed out



Author Saunders wanted no publicity pictures, so they made this one with Big Boss Lasky

that the record book was open to public scrutiny.

Once the names of Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders were in that book, it seemed the news was all over Talbot County in a second. It even preceded us back to location. Half an hour later, when I asked Lee when he would be through with his leading lady, he stopped work and delivered a marriage hymn. Was it cricket, he asked, to slip away and get married? Was it fair to Barney Hutchinson, the publicity man, who had scotched many rumors for us?

I GAVE in. When we set out for the Easton church, Lee, Gary Cooper and Hutchinson—and, alas, a still cameraman—

went along. Thank God there was no camera in the chapel. Those few beautiful moments were sacred.

The mischief began outside. The air was full of rice, and humorous small boys had tied old shoes, tin pans and waggish signs to the car. In a weak moment we allowed Barney to shoot us embracing for the camera. That still picture has haunted me ever since. It has jumped at me from newspapers all over the country, causing me, as lawyers say, anguish, worry, embarrassment and shame.

WHAT grief followed! In New York we were pestered by photographers, writers, jewelers, florists, beauty specialists, insurance agents and wine merchants. The Rolls-Royce people sent nice notes telling about the new models. A race track sharpshooter gave us a hot tip on a crooked bangtail for a wedding present.

And it was distressing to get a note—as Fay did—from an old friend at whose home she had once been a guest, enclosing a bill for that hospitality, "Now that fortune has favored you."

THE climax came after our return to Hollywood, when a young man, desperate for money, tried to extort \$2,000 from Fay with a threatening letter. The police got him, after he caused us much grief and woe.

Do you blame me when I scream, "No more family pictures"?

BEWITCHED!

Again and Again He Found Himself Drawn Back to Her by the Spell of a Haunting Elusive Fragrance . . .

ROMANCE had somehow never seemed to come my way. It was always some other girl in our crowd who was being taken out to look at the moon—who sat out dances in quiet corners—who seemed to have some man constantly at her feet.

It's all very nice to have a man tell you you're "the life of a party"—but I wanted someone to act thrilled and ardent about me—to gaze at me as though I were something precious and apart—to tell me he just couldn't keep away from me.

How did one weave such a spell? How become alluring—fascinating—irresistible?

CHRISTMAS came, and one of my gifts was a gay, sparkling little bottle of perfume. I was going to the theatre that night with a man I liked particularly well, and when I dressed for the evening I used the new perfume.

I found something enchanting about this new odor. Magic and mystery seemed to breathe from it. Something about its fragrance made me think of thrilling tales I had read of tropical nights and jungle flowers.

It happened that the play that night was a South Sea romance, with music on a moonlit beach. During the last act my companion leaned over and whispered:

"Convincing sort of scene, isn't it? But I've just discovered that part of the illusion is in that tantalizing perfume you are wearing. What an inspiration!"

He looked at me as though he were really seeing me for the first time, and—which thrilled me—as though I were a part of the glamour and romance that breathed through the play. Would this mood last through the evening, I wondered.

I was to discover that it would last through many, many



Posed by Ramon Novarro and Shirley O'Hara—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Stars

happy evenings. That when I opened that little perfume vial it was as though I had released a new, bewitching personality. For it was the contents of that magic vial that first made a man look at me as though I were something shining, lovely, desirable. It was the spell of that haunting, elusive fragrance that drew him back to me again and again, and opened wide to me that beautiful door to romance which had remained so stubbornly closed until then.

THIS fascinating perfume is Ben Hur. Send for a free trial bottle. It will disclose to you, too, its thrilling secret. It will add a subtle "something" which men will find haunting—irresistible! And, of course, when you've discovered anything so amazingly potent, you'll *always* want to use it—to make it unvaryingly your own.



Ben Hur Perfume Boudoir Stand—A gift that will delight HER

FREE—Mail coupon today for trial bottle

The Andrew Jergens Co., 5023 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me—free—a trial bottle of Ben Hur Perfume

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Are You Between 17 and 35?

For Young Women



*A Different
Magazine Which
Helps You Get the
Most Out of Life*

HAVE you read it yet?—this new, utterly different and fascinating magazine that in six months has leaped into the hearts of half a million young American women?

Everywhere you see it in the hands of smart, clever, charming, get-ahead girls. You see young women of all ages and classes crowding at the newsstands to get the latest copy. In homes you find back numbers still being saved—*too valuable to be thrown away.*

Why is this? Simply because modern women find in the new Smart Set entertainment, help, common sense, and useful information that no other magazine in America, to-day, can give.

Smart Set is a gay, lively, human magazine that helps you get the most out of life. That tells you how to be the kind of a girl you've always wanted to be; and how to do the things you've always wanted to do.

Smart Set doesn't preach. Its editors are brilliant, fearless and successful young women who have been in the thick of the fight and are in it still. They know life. They know women.

They give you a magazine that is simply pulsing with live, up-to-the-minute, interesting material, dealing with your life, your problems, your interests.

What other magazine but Smart Set shows you how to dress smartly on the average young woman's income?

What other magazine but Smart Set seeks renowned beauties and beauty experts and gets them to tell you the secret of their charm, that you may be more charming?

What other magazine but Smart Set engages great business women to tell you how to make the most of your job?

What other magazine but Smart Set tells you how to keep beautiful—how to win friends—how to develop your personality—how to decorate your room yourself—how to hold your own in any group of men and women—how to be successful in life and career—how to make the most out of marriage—how to choose the vocation for which you are best fitted, and every month tells the story of women who have won financial independence through their own efforts.

James R. Quirk
Publisher of PHOTOPLAY

is also publisher of Smart Set. He has never disappointed you in PHOTOPLAY. Here's his personal message to you:

"I would suggest to every young woman who reads PHOTOPLAY that she buy a copy of the December issue of Smart Set at once. It is one of the most interesting and beautiful magazines I have ever published. Please write me what you think about it."

How to develop your personality.
How to find your vocation.
How to get ahead socially.
How to win friends—and hold them.
How to make the best of your job.
How to cultivate your natural charm.
How to understand and attract men.
How to dress smartly on a small income.
And—
The best fiction money can buy.

*It'll go straight
to your heart*

The New
Smart Set

*on the Newsstands now
25c*

Oh, It Is, Is It?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

the glory of the bracelet which the little boopadooper, Helen Kane—new to Hollywood, but learning fast—crashed at them the other day. "Oh, this thing," she said to my awed look. "It's just a knick-knack. But you should see the one I'm going to get. It's got emeralds so-o-o big."

She pantomimed an egg at least.

Was it strange that Jack Oakie should whiten and creep away? That David Newell should get a laugh—and out?

"I'm a star at \$300 a week" (Buddy Rogers wailing). "The lowest paid one in the business. I can't save as much as I did when I was getting \$65 for playing in 'Wings'!"

IS it any wonder that Buddy should be seen in the company of a young lady who astutely picked out a multi-millionaire father, and thus relieved her young men of the problem of deciding between rubies or tiger eyes?

Phillips Holmes sits in his apartment and reads. "Get out and play," says I. "Can't afford it," says he, on behalf of scores of young men under the six-months-option Sword of Damocles.

There is an erroneous impression current—and strangely it extends to the girls of the racket—that the bill-paying sex of the film industry are (if I may) lousy with dough.

Such, to get things straight, is not the case. They get more money than the usual young man, true enough; but they have a multitude of expenses of which the usual young man knows nothing. They simply can't afford to be romantic away from the camera—in the fashion which the picture lasses consider romantic: terrapin and tiaras, caviar and cluster brooches.

When they get embarrassed and try to swell their incomes to something impressive, try to keep up with the overnight flash characteristic of visiting firemen, they invariably are marks for the gyp artists with which the village abounds.

What to do? Well, there is matrimony. Young Doug, Carroll Nye, Raymond Hackett, Chester Morris and Johnny Mack Brown thus temporarily are safe from the ravages of the local Loreleis.

Or sports. Larry Kent and Charlie Farrell are ardent yachtsmen. Guinn "Big Boy" Williams plays polo. Hugh Trevor is addicted to tennis. John Holland wrestles. Lane Chandler rides.

These young men figure that such exercises are preferable to that of making little ones out of big ones, a pastime promised to Cullen Landis during his recent appearance in court on an alimony-arrears charge.

The American divorce court seems to have been planned by some designing female. One would think, by all the laws of equality now said to be in practice, that if two young people decided that their marriage was a bust, the sporting thing to do would be to kiss and part.

THE parting is done all right; but the token of termination takes the form of a permanent attachment on the side of the lady for a portion of the late husband's wage.

One shudders at the number of lads who fill in regular engagements with quickie jobs down on Poverty Row in order that an ex-wife may not miss her regular luncheon at the Montmartre.

It's not the initial cost; it's the upkeep.

The demands are terrific. "The Hollywood girl," commented Pat Powers, the producer, "is not a gold-digger. She goes after platinum."

And if a magnate squawks as to their preciousness, feel for a boy with an agent, a business manager, a publicity man, a tailor, a haberdasher, an automobile agent, a landlord, and a housekeeper to support; as well as an expensive miscellany of clubs, professional societies, friends having a bad year, relatives, charities, and shops where he must stand for a raised price on everything he buys because he is supposed to be a fool with money.

Naturally the young man of the business gets glassy-eyed in the presence of its young women. Knowing their penchant for ruining the remnants of his bankroll, it is a natural reaction.

THAT opaque stare which the girls hold is now characteristic of his handsome eyes, is far more often caused by fear than by indifference.

Thus the Hollywood male, less deadly than the female, realizes that discretion is the beginning of wisdom. He sticks to his boats, his games, his little theaters, his books, and his hermitages.

When in need of feminine solace, he goes where it is safe—non-professionals unskilled in the mining craft, or a marriage with the one girl who he is certain will not put a permanent wave in his future.

Pity the poor movie kid. There are game laws for every form of animal life but him. Is it odd that he has assumed a protective coloration requisite to his needs?

The defense rests!

Another Fairbanks

By

Phillip Merton

DENNIS KING makes you think of Fairbanks. King is not tall, yet he is so active that you never notice his height. His carriage is erect, and he has Doug's slim grace.

He can do Fairbanks' "stuff," too, sword play and all. Even his voice has that same dramatic quality. Doug has always been a romantic figure. So has King.

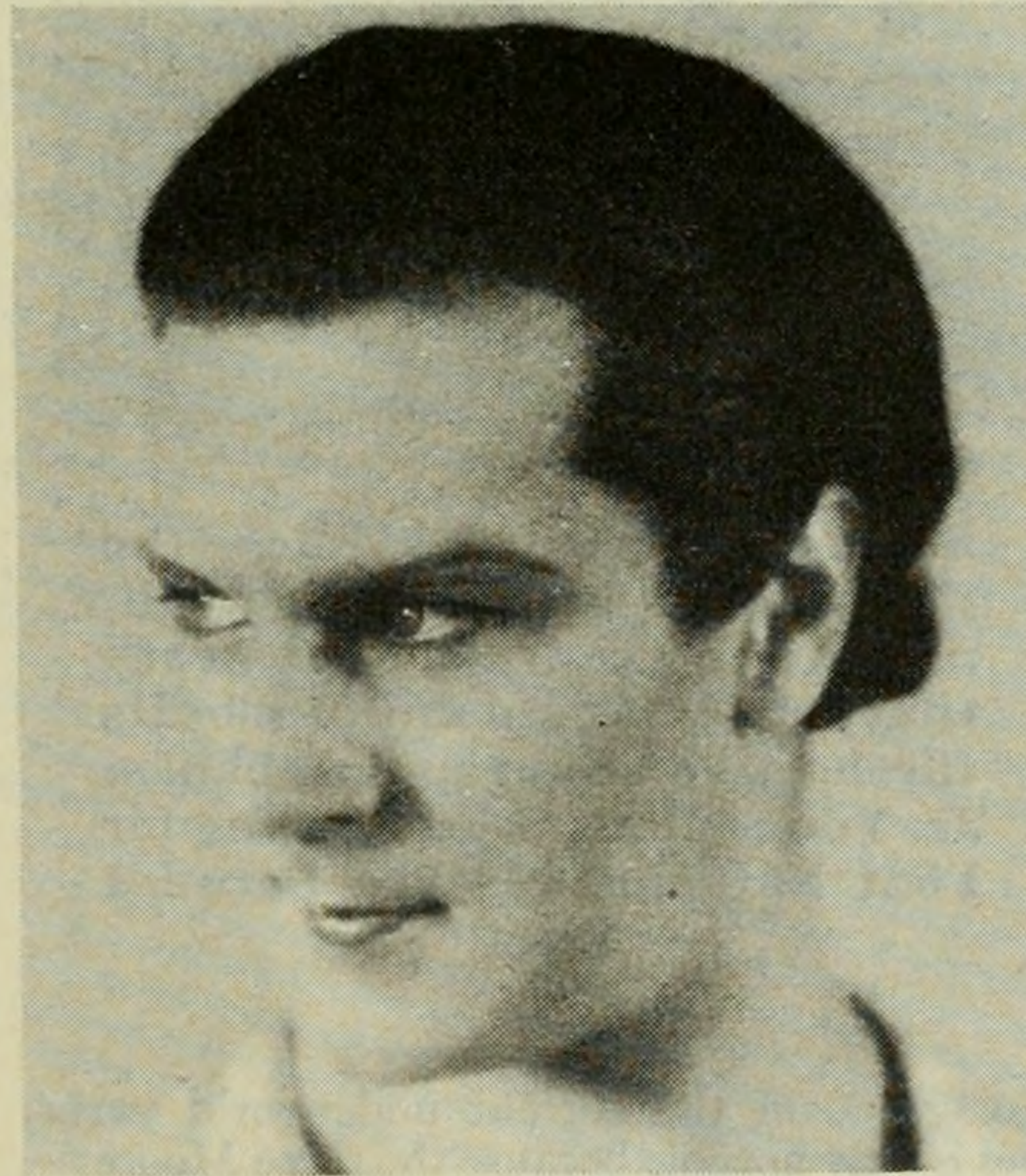
There is a glamor to King that I have felt in few people. That is why I believe he is destined for greatness on the screen. He was a tremendous success in New York in "Rose Marie," "The Vagabond King," and "The Three Musketeers."

His first screen appearance will be in Paramount's Technicolor production of "The Vagabond King," which brings Rudolph Friml's glowing music to the screen. It has been in production for many weeks.

If Dennis King is like Fairbanks, there are times, too, when his resemblance to John Barrymore is startling. And like Barrymore and Fairbanks, Dennis King will always be at his best in costume pictures.

King's boyhood explains that, for he was born in Coventry, England. In the shadows of the spires of Coventry he heard of the good lady Godiva who took a little jaunt through the streets, garbed only in her long hair.

For a romantic boy there is no future but the stage, or



DENNIS KING

writing, or wandering. When Dennis was fourteen he ran away and became a call-boy in John Drinkwater's repertory theater in Birmingham.

THE war delayed his career four years. He lied about his age and joined the conflict. He served for four years and was wounded.

He was beginning to make a small success in England when he came to America with "Monsieur Beaucaire."

One of his early American successes was as *Mercutio* in Jane Cowl's "Romeo and Juliet." He came to Los Angeles, but none of the producers were interested in his camera possibilities.

During the long New York run of "Romeo and Juliet" he took up the study of voice. His singing teacher discovered that he had a splendid voice. Hammerstein sent for him for the male rôle in "Rose Marie." His success was instantaneous. The rest is Broadway history.

His voice is beautiful, a baritone with the lyric quality of a tenor.

Dennis married a young English girl before he came to America. Mrs. King joined him in Hollywood before the picture was completed. Just before he left New York she presented him with a son, their second. Dennis is a great man with a rapier. He'll cut his way to film fame.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Paramount

A SLICE of life, as American as pie. In fact, it's Americana straight from the can, full of homely humor and actors. But you'll love Hal Skelly's thorough characterization of a back-slapping braggart whose trusting young wife believes he's the great man he says he is. Charles Sellon and Clara Blandick give spicy portrayals of Babbitt homefolks. *All Talkie.*

THE DELIGHTFUL ROGUE—Radio Pictures

RADIO is becoming the home of screen comebacks. First it was Bebe Daniels in "Rio Rita," and now it is Rod LaRocque in "The Delightful Rogue." He is all of that. Rod, infrequently seen on the screen of late, comes through with a superb performance as *Lastro*, the pirate. Incidentally, we have been waiting for years for the heroine to give the hero the go-by and marry the villain. At last, in this romance, the heroine chooses *Lastro*, the pirate. We know that, at least, she will never be bored. *All Talkie.*

SWEETIE—Paramount

COLLEGIATE capers provide lively entertainment, although "Sweetie" will not cause the lighting of bonfires. It scores chiefly through its pleasant youthfulness. That li'l "boop-a-doop" person, Helen Kane, romps off with the show. Her songs are grand. Jack Oakie wows 'em with his Alma Mammy college song. This will not mean much to Nancy Carroll, although she is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. *All Talkie.*

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox

BY far the finest thing about this—the first Viennese operetta to hit the screen via sound—is the exquisite music by Oscar Strauss. The story jumps from Vienna to Hollywood to Cinderella to Heaven knows what and where. An all-stage cast performs. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris sing the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola handle the laughs. Good—but somehow it should have been better. *All Talkie.*

MISTER ANTONIO—Tiffany-Stahl

LEO CARILLO'S first talking feature is not only a personal triumph for that versatile stage star, but a distinct coup for Tiffany. Perhaps Carillo had something to say in the selection of this Booth Tarkington play, for his accent more than enhances the rôle Otis Skinner made famous on the stage. As this is Virginia Valli's first talking picture, it places her among Hollywood's fortunate few who sound as well as they look. *All Talkie.*

DARK STREETS—First National

"DARK STREETS" presents the strange spectacle of Jack Mulhall talking to himself. Yessir, it's a dual rôle, and one of the first in the audibles. Jack plays an honest cop and his twin, a gangster. He does a good job of it. Not as much can be said for the picture. It's just one of those things. Lila Lee is the little Irish girl who has a tough time picking the right brother for a husband. *All Talkie.*

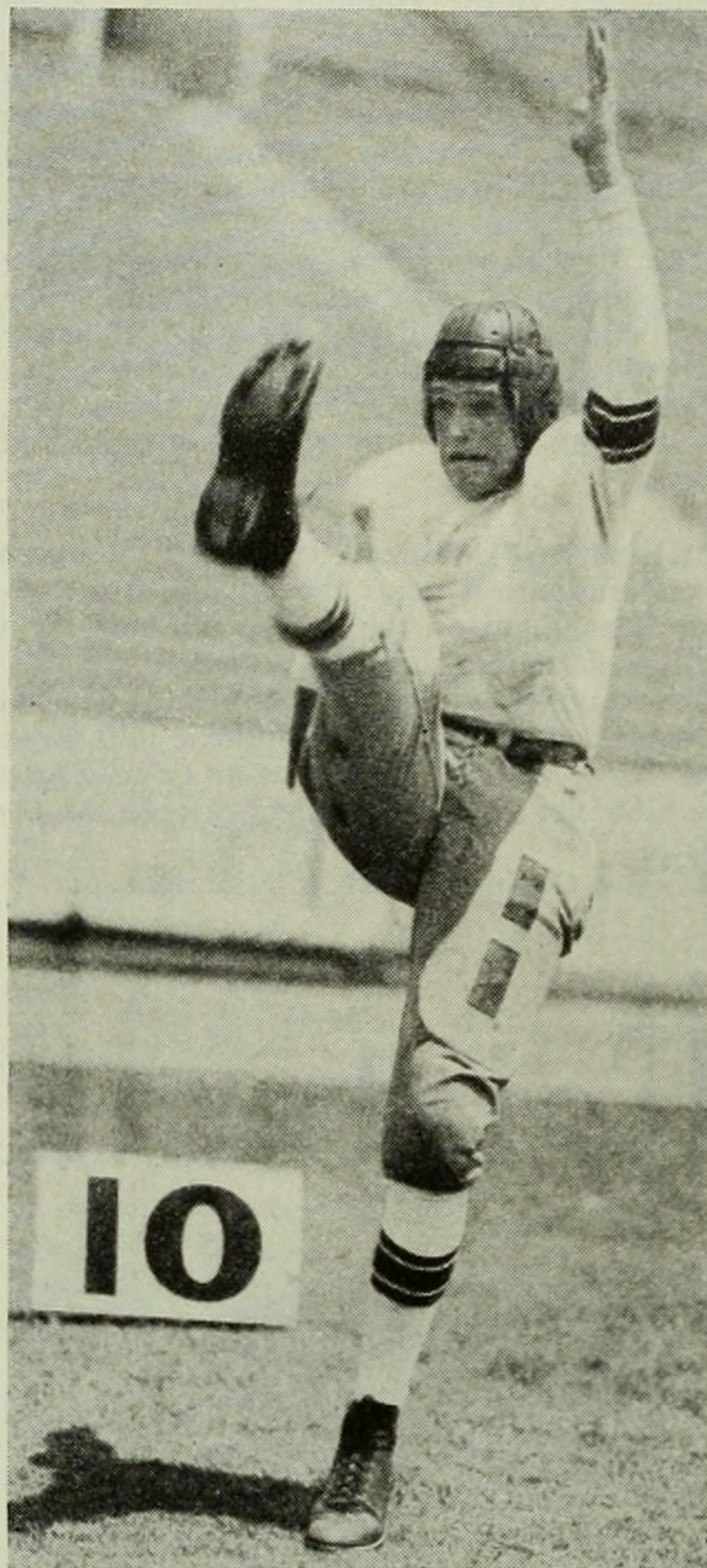
JEALOUSY—Paramount

THIS one is a bloomer. Originally a brilliant two-character stage play showing the tragic effects of jealousy on the lives of two tempera-

mental people, it here becomes a confused and boring talkie with more characters and less punch. The late Jeanne Eagels plays the woman, and Frederic March does what he can with the jealous man. Jean de Limur directed, and badly. *All Talkie.*

SIDE STREET—Radio Pictures

THIS might have been a strong, swift-moving crime story if it hadn't been botched by bad recording, or something. We could hardly hear one word in twenty of the dialogue. It is



Don't be frightened, kiddies—the young man is playing football, not having a convulsion. Beneath that battle-scarred uniform beats the heart of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Young Doug is gridironing for First National in "The Forward Pass"

No. 24689 of the current underworld yarns, and is only notable because the three Moores—Tom, Owen and Matt—all appear in it. It is the first Radio picture to be directed by the clever Mal St. Clair, but he won't brag about it much. *All Talkie.*

DARKENED ROOMS—Paramount

O. HENRY might have written "Darkened Rooms," but he didn't. It isn't such a much, despite light handling and a unique twist. This little comedy-drammer is about a photographer who thinks he's a spiritualist,

and a gal who proves that he isn't. Evelyn Brent is the star, but Neil Hamilton wins the bacon as the photographer. We're starting a committee to find a good picture for Evelyn. It's about time. We're appointing Mr. Lasky chairman. *All Talkie.*

BEHIND THE MAKE-UP—Paramount

DON'T let the title deter you. We're fed up on morbid backstage melodrama of the clown who hides a breaking heart with a cheery smile and finally goes mad and bites himself. We break down and confess all—this is backstage, and it's melodrama, but it's also different and real. Hal Skelly is a restrained "Pagliacci," while Fay Wray gives a versatile emotional performance, and Kay Francis slithers seductively through the siren scenes. *All Talkie.*

ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT—Universal

REGINALD DENNY'S last picture was his swan-song, and this is his post-mortem. He has, however, only himself to blame. He wrote the story and dialogue, both in the worst possible taste. It's not farcical, but revolting and embarrassingly grotesque. Fritz Feld's is the only commendable performance. *All Talkie.*

NIGHT PARADE—Radio Pictures

LISTEN, kid, if you want to be a fight champion, keep away from Aileen Pringle and her new blonde hair. You should see all the trouble she caused Hugh Trevor. If you don't believe your uncle, go and see "Night Parade," adapted from the stage play, "Ringside." Good casting and good acting save a trite string of dramatic situations. The big fight is staged in a downpour. Can't somebody write a theme-song, "Fightin' in the Rain"? *All Talkie.*

RED HOT RHYTHM—Pathe

TECHNICOLOR sequences and cleverly staged dance numbers lift "Red Hot Rhythm" into an importance it could not otherwise attain. The story is a weak sister despite occasional flashes of brilliance. It is about a philandering song-writer. Alan Hale is the star, and he has quite a difficult time choosing between Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn. Golly; wouldn't we all? *All Talkie.*

THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER—Universal

EVEN the most blithe of Mississippi colonels should feel depressed at the assault and battery of the soft Southern accent in this picture. Joan Bennett and Alec B. Francis achieve only a cross between a rich Irish brogue and California British. Putting Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat" was an economic fluke on the part of Universal. At moments the film achieves a certain charm. *All Talkie.*

A SONG OF KENTUCKY—Fox

YOU just can't tell about pictures these days. Now here's one where the favorite pony, "Dixie," doesn't win the race. But don't let that get you all upset. The singing hero wins the gal. They can't be too radical, after all. You may not like Joseph Wagstaff's looks, but you'll care for his crooning in a large way. Lois Moran is the decorative heroine. And the music is nice and sentimental. *All Talkie.*

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Shopping— American Style

IN MANY places abroad shopping is a matter not to be approached lightly. It takes time, and the ability to bargain, haggle and compromise. They *like* it!

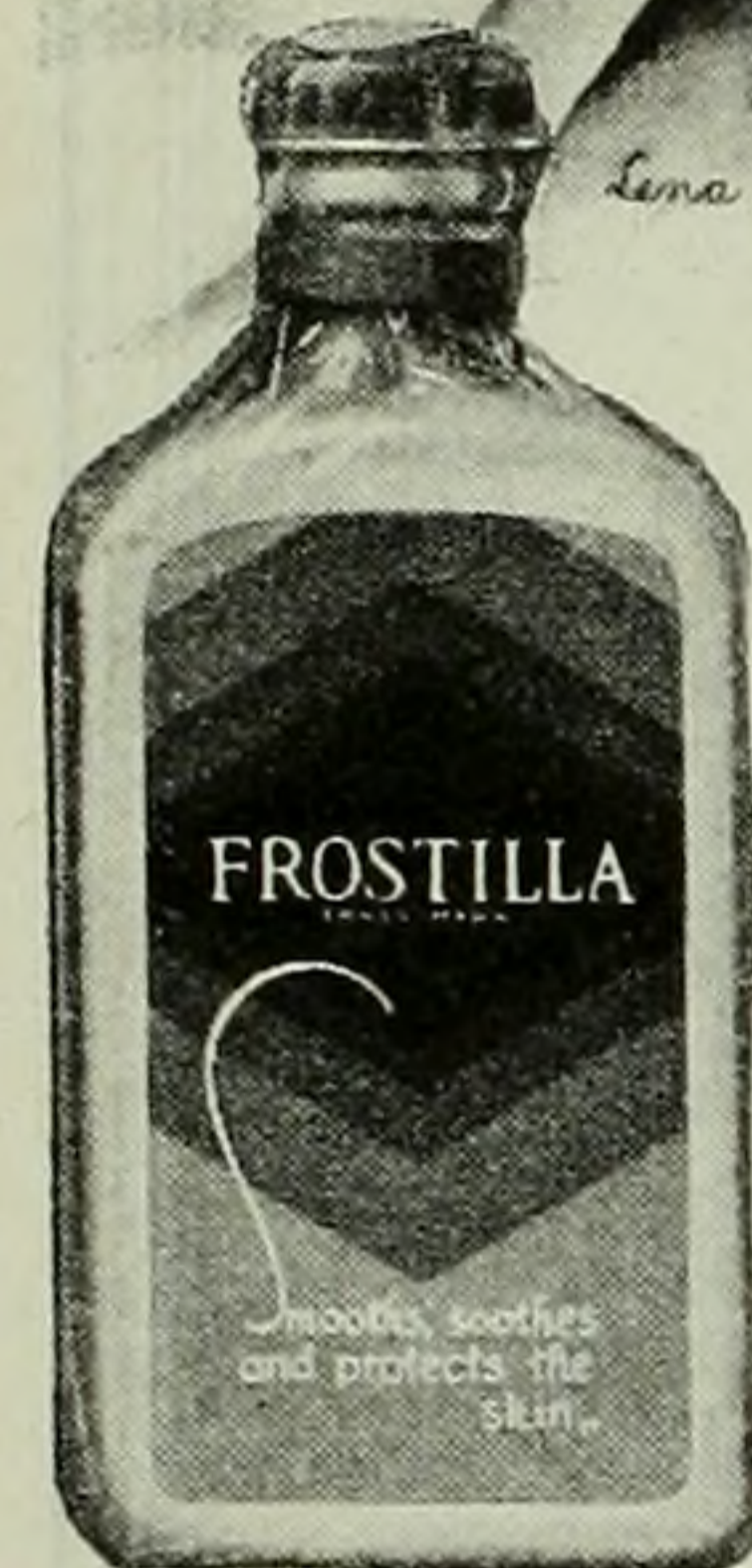
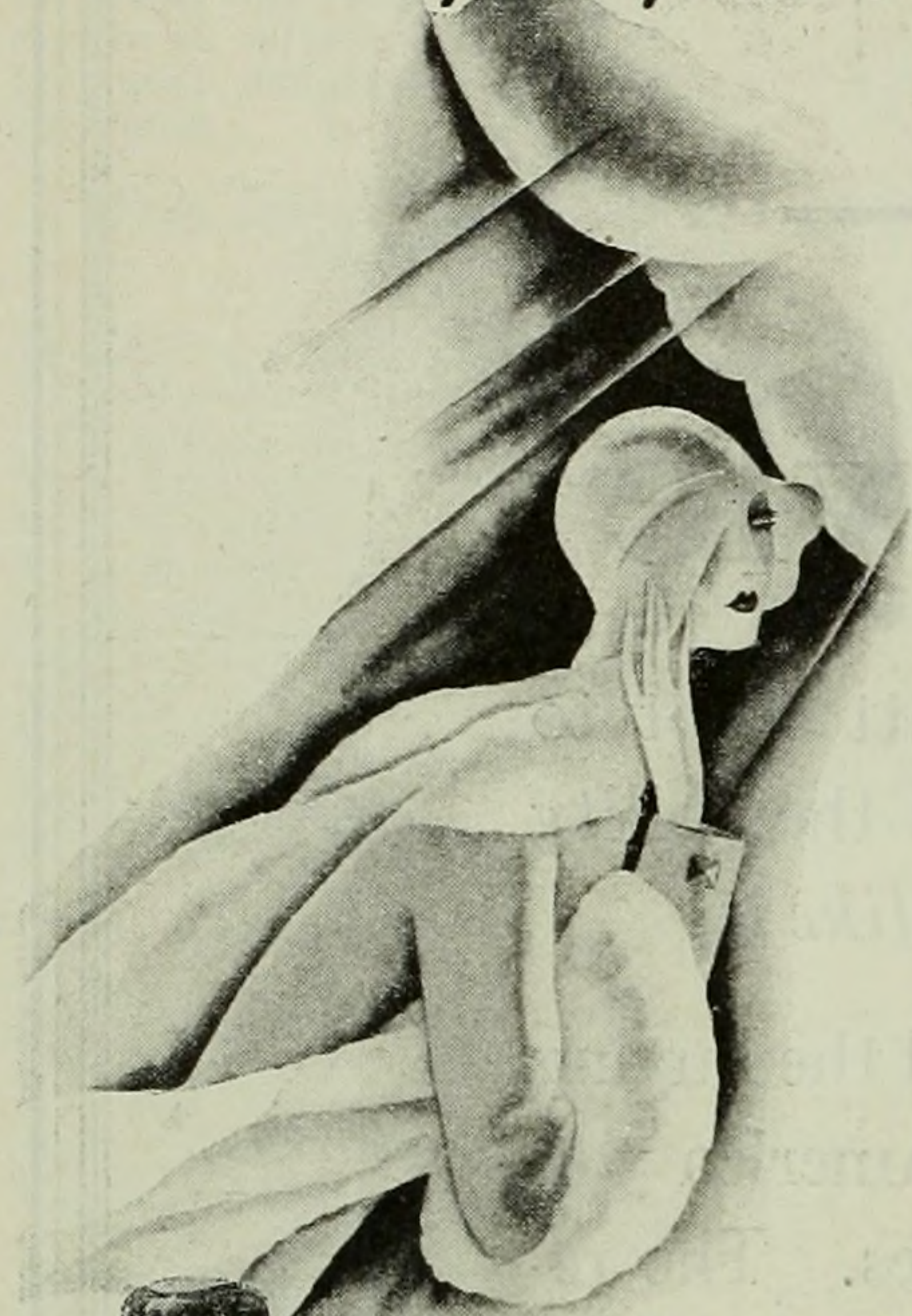
In this country *advertising* has simplified the buying process. When you start out to shop in America you are conversant with quality, brands, values. The reliability of a well-known name is behind most of the things you buy—guaranteeing you satisfaction. And the price is the same to you as to everyone else!

Think of the time and trouble you save by reading the advertisements! How little thought and effort are required in the daily shopping! How well you can budget your expenditures! And how much delightful leisure this decreased shopping time affords you!

Take full advantage of the modern mode in buying. Read the advertisements every day. Have your mind well made up when you start out to shop.

Save...
your skin and you

Save...
your youth!



YOUR skin holds the magic key to youth, and precaution is the safety lock against the ravages of years... Time quickly traces aging lines in your face—around your eyes, your mouth, your chin. Hands

grow wrinkled, withered, shrivelled.

Save your skin and you save your youth. Save it—with Frostilla. A few drops patted on daily will keep it soft, supple, lovely, white and young.

When strenuous weather... keen winds... hard water... have played their pranks—and left their legacy of chapped lips, "starved" hands, a roughened complexion, then you will appreciate Frostilla.

Frostilla's soothing touch is swift benediction. Away goes the smart, the redness. Instead—a radiant glow, a silken skin—a skin that feels young and helps you look it!

Frostilla's blue-labelled bottle is beautiful

Large, generous-quantity boudoir bottles of Frostilla are 50c and \$1 at all drug and dept. stores in the U. S. and Canada. Better class 5- and -10c. stores offer a handy 10c size. Mail orders filled on receipt of price. The Frostilla Co., Elmira, New York and Toronto, Can. (Sales Rep. Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N. Y.)

FROSTILLA
SAVES YOUR SKIN

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

TANNED LEGS—Radio Pictures

THOUGH the story is what happens when a summer fad becomes a movie title, this frothy musical comedy will thrill the Tireddest Business Man. Not only are there Ann Pennington's knees—with Miss Pennington attached—but June Clyde's legs—the prettiest in Hollywood—with eyes and voice to match. Stranger still, she can act. Arthur Lake whoops gaily through the picture in his usual loose-limbed fashion. Exhilarating music. *All Talkie.*

THE RACKETEER—Pathe

THE most elegant gangster with a sumptuous mansion falls in love with a society beauty, just in time to give her up to the man she loves. Beneath their rough exteriors these racketeers have hearts of gold—if you're to believe the scenario writers. Nevertheless, this is a pleasing little picture with excellent performances by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. This Lombard gal, by the way, is going to amount to something in talkies. *All Talkie.*

HANDCUFFED—Rayart

THEY tried hard, but all they have is a glaring example of why Poverty Row should stick to silent pictures. Hackneyed story, stilted dialogue, amateur action, clumsy direction. A girl, married to her father's murderer, falls in love with his supposed murderer. Rotten bad form, we call it. *All Talkie.*

SEA FURY—Supreme

THE producer may have been serious about this, but we can't believe George Melford, the director, was. Now that he's had his little joke on Poverty Row... But this is a ripping pictorial burlesque on ancient salt-water daffy legends which would utterly rout Joan Lowell and Corey Ford. The sap hero looks stupidly on while the leering villain bores holes in the hull; the heroine's gold tresses get tangled in the lanyards. *All Talkie.*

THREE LOVES—Moviegraph

GERMANY is making some good pictures these days. If they get around your way, drop in on them. This one is highly exciting, very romantic and well spiced. Incidentally, it is well directed and acted by Fritz Kortner, Marlene Dietrich and Uno Henning. These names may be Negris and Jannings of tomorrow. The Berlin studios are staging a comeback, and for this reason such films as "Three Loves" bear watching. *Silent.*

HONOR—Sovkino

WE review this because it is a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National film company, and as such

has documentary interest to American fans. It's an Armenian love story, with joy and tragedy commingled, and interesting shots of old Armenian customs. Its leading man, H. Appelian, is a John Gilbert to the life, and its leading lady is named Tatiezan Shahdoodakian, no less. *Silent.*

THE CALL OF THE CIRCUS—Pickwick Production

THE really worth-while thing about this picture is that it gives us an opportunity to hear the voices of Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton and realize what good actors they still are. A suggestion of circus atmosphere, a step toward romance, and a conglomerate opus that is neither fish nor fowl—so we laugh at the most tragic moments. But the crooning melodies of *Sunburnt Jim* will be popular in rural communities. *All Talkie.*

EVIDENCE—Warners

PAULINE FREDERICK gives a fine performance in this old-fashioned drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. We all knew that Polly would be grand in the talkies. If it weren't for a fine cast of stage and screen vets, this picture would creak even worse than it does. Conway Tearle and William Courtenay head an excellent troupe. *All Talkie.*

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Tiffany-Stahl

THE British crack another little joke at the expense of the American movie audiences. Six years ago, Gainsborough made a successful silent version of this picture, starring Betty Compson, but standards have changed with the advent of talkies. What was good melodrama six years ago is burlesque now. Too bad Tiffany failed to reckon with this fact when they exhumed a production which was better off laid away in lavender. *All Talkie.*

THE DOCTOR'S WOMEN—World Wide

WHAT ho! Another Chaucerian expresses ennui. Some unimaginative scribe shoves the Casanova plot in front of the camera, in lieu of a worse theme. This is the usual British clap-trap of the traditional dissipated roué whose manly charms are utterly irresistible. *Silent.*

SEÑOR AMERICANO—Universal

WESTERN pictures will take no drop in popularity if Ken Maynard has anything to say about it. That broncho bustin' puncher tears across the screen in another mile a minute adventurous romance. "Senor Americano" has its setting in California at the time of the raising of the Stars and Stripes. Ken performs miraculous feats of horsemanship and sings in Spanish. Kathryn Crawford is the senorita. *All Talkie.*

Watch for the Winner
of The Photoplay Gold Medal for 1928
Ballots Are Now Being Counted
It's Filmland's Nobel Prize!

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

son, Constance Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Ruth Roland, Jack Gilbert, King Vidor, Harry D'Arrast and Sid Grauman are on the board.

Every Saturday night there will be a big dance.

THE very *crème de la crème* of filmdom's society turned out to witness the wedding of Reginald Barker and Nora Claridge Greiger, one time opera singer.

Barker, you remember, was once married to the late Clara Williams, whose serials used to keep you awake nights.

LEATRICE JOY says she doesn't at all mind portraying a young matron on the screen.

But when they asked her to play the part of mother to someone similar to Adolphe Menjou or Noah Beery she drew the line.

For this reason she will not be appearing in the other three pictures for First National as had been announced.

THE Hollywood boys and girls set a right high value on their carcasses.

They think right well of themselves.

Mary and Doug are insured for \$1,000,000 apiece. So is Connie Talmadge. Norma ditto is on the books for a quarter of a million more than that. Will Rogers and von Stroheim are content with a million each. But Jack Barrymore figures that immortal profile is worth \$2,000,000 insurance.

What was it the Preacher said, in the Good Book? "Vanity, vanity—all is vanity!"

NILS ASTHER was watching a corps of workmen moving a big concert grand piano into the dressing room next to his own on the M-G-M lot.

"What's that for, a dressing table?" he asked.

"Lawrence Tibbett, the opera singer, is moving in," they explained. "They are going to use this for his accompanist when he sings in the shower."

DAVE KEENE tells this on Chester Morris. A scene was taking longer than had been expected.

Everybody noticed that Morris was extremely nervous.

"Calm down. Let's get this scene," said Director Wellman.

And then to Morris he said, "What's the matter with you?"

"It's this way, Mr. Wellman," said Morris, coming up quite close. "My wife's at a bridge party and I promised her positively I would go home at five-thirty to feed the baby."

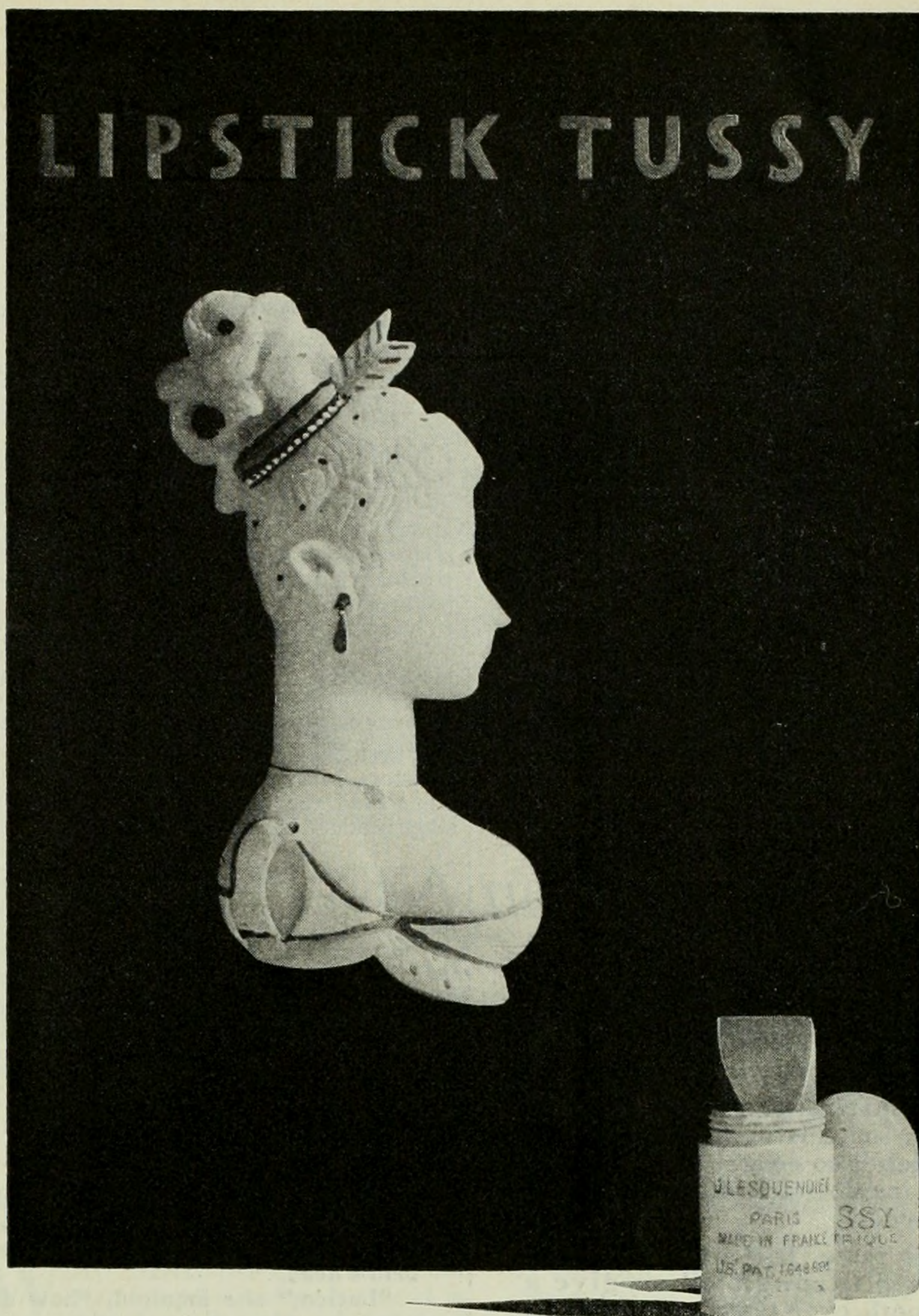
You have to live in Hollywood to appreciate how funny that was.

CHARLIE PADDOCK has announced that he is engaged to Madeline Lubetty of New York, Follies girl and motion picture actress.

Charlie, in addition to being the world's fastest human on the cinder path, was once engaged to Bebe Daniels.

But then Bebe has been engaged to so many famous figures.

Will Rogers once remarked that to make matters complete Bebe should be engaged to Herbert Hoover at election time and to Santa Claus at Christmas.



Why has Lesquendieu created his perfect lipstick in eight distinct shades? Because every woman who follows the caprices of the mode needs at least three different lipsticks to provide the correct accent of color to her costume. Morning, noon, and night, with their varying lights and shadows, also demand subtle changes in make-up. With eight fascinating shades to choose from, every woman will find her three favorites in Lipstick Tussy. This lipstick is a miracle of smoothness, delicacy and lasting quality. It leaves a breath of fragrance on your lips and a smooth touch of the correct color. In the smartest of galalithe containers, Lipstick Tussy comes to you sealed and packaged in France. Lesquendieu, Incorporated, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

COSMETIQUES
LESQUENDIEU

© L 1929



The Lure of a Lovely Complexion

All eyes center upon the woman with lovely complexion—attracted by the smooth texture, the beautiful coloring, the youthful charm of a flawless skin!

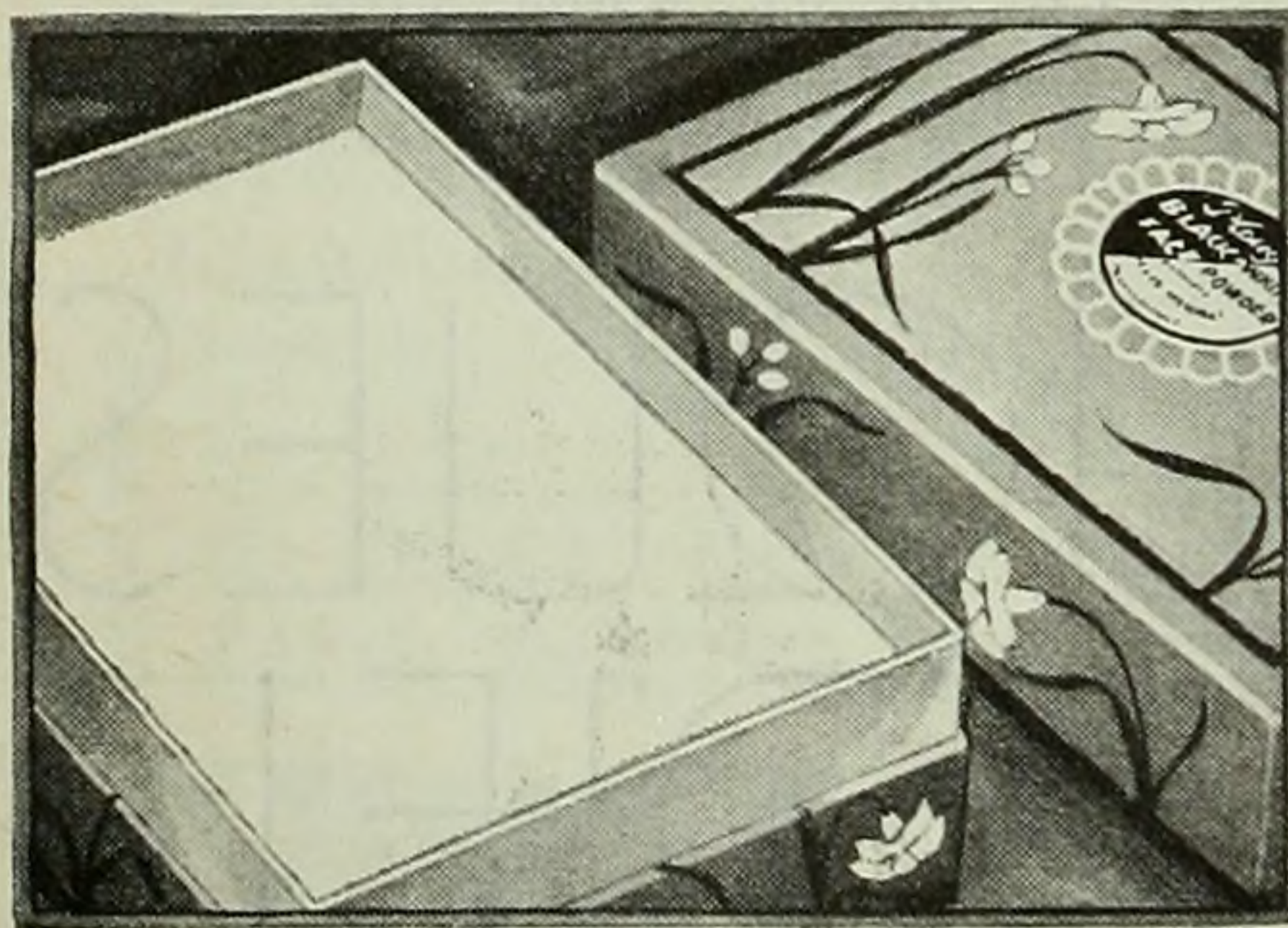
Yet no woman need yearn in vain for this appealing charm which is so easy to attain under the magic touch of Plough's Face Powder!

This pure, fragrant powder is bolted through silk to give a smooth, even texture that blends with the finest skin.

Tinted with an artistry that copies, yet improves on Nature's flesh tones, it brings out the natural loveliness of the skin and lends a radiant, new beauty.

Plough's Face Powder comes in five modern tints, and is attractively packaged in two sizes, each having a distinctive odor and texture, and available at popular prices.

Plough's
BLACK AND WHITE
Face Powder



Plough, Inc.

NEW YORK · MEMPHIS · SAN FRANCISCO

IRVING BERLIN is writing the story for the next Jolson picture and we are told he was paid twenty thousand dollars for four hours' work on this.

Of course we didn't see the check, but it makes a good story.

THE alarming news is broadcast that Lupe Velez will go to Tampa, Florida, to make "The Blood of a Buckaroo."

We always hate to see anybody go to Tampa.

Someone is sure to say that they hope the Floridians will not Tampa with Lupe.

ONE of the picture companies recently signed George Marion, Sr., to play a part in "Anna Christie." A friend of Marion's, knowing that he was receiving every week a salary running into four figures, suggested to a producer that he use Marion to direct a few pictures while waiting for "Anna Christie" to be made.

The producer replied, "Oh, I couldn't possibly allow a man without experience to direct for us."

The friend hadn't the heart to explain to him that Marion was one of the finest of stage directors, having been the first man to direct Anna Held, the man who directed the original stage production of "The Merry Widow," etc.

A TELEPHONE call to Josephine Dunn elicited the following response from her mother:

"Josephine isn't home. She's gone for dancing and singing lessons. How can a girl take dancing and singing on a hundred dollars a week? And how can she keep from playing character parts if she doesn't take dancing and singing lessons?"

We admit this is a problem, Mrs. Dunn, even though Josephine is getting two hundred and fifty a week instead of one hundred.

LILYAN TASHMAN eyed with speculative interest the broad expanse of bald pate atop Lucien Littlefield's head.

"Lucien," she inquired, "how do you know when to stop washing your face and start shampooing?"

WHILE Fay Bainter was appearing in a stage production in Los Angeles, her very small niece was christened. Fay had never gone through the ceremony either, so it was decided to make of it a sort of gala double event.

Ruth Chatterton was the infant's god-mother.

Ralph Forbes was godfather to Fay Bainter.

FIVE real Ziegfeld gals have been collected to work in one picture, "Tanned Legs," at Radio Pictures.

Kay English, Ann Pennington, Anna Karina, Helen Kaiser and Pearl Eaton are among the cast, but the leading rôle is being played by June Clyde, who was never with Ziegfeld, but who was picked for the part because of her beautiful legs.

EACH motion picture set is colored by the personality of the picture being filmed.

Lionel Barrymore is directing Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue's Song," while on an adjoining stage Ramon Novarro is singing "The Battle of the Ladies." The former film is a vivid story of Cossack life, while Ramon is a hero of the dainty Napoleonic era.

On the one stage the atmosphere is roistering and gay, on the other it is restrained and piquant and you feel that if a snuff box were handy you couldn't resist a discreet pinch.

THE little question of avoirdupois is becoming embarrassing to Barry Norton.

The slender, spiritual *Mother's Boy* in "What Price Glory" has developed into a decidedly buxom young man.

He isn't getting any thinner, and Fox studio, where he is under contract, eyes him with considerable alarm.

CLARA BOW has just put in an order for five hundred miniatures of herself.

The artist who does them charges ten dollars apiece.

What Clara intends to do with them after she has them is a deep, dark mystery in Hollywood.

MAURICE KANE, a few years ago, was being groomed for possible stardom at M-G-M. He played featured rôles in several productions, and then "just one of those things" happened to his career.

He was no longer being groomed for possible stardom. He is now an ace cameraman at First National, and is quite happy about it all.

He says he wouldn't change his camera for all the makeup kits on the face of the globe.

IF you want to know how a cowboy spends his vacation, just lend an ear to Ken Maynard's plans. That old gag about the postman taking a nice, long walk on his day off is not applicable to Ken. He isn't taking a horse.



Bay City, Mich.

After widowhood and a financial crash, it had been my pleasure to slip into a dark theater to enjoy a silent picture.

In my sorrow and loneliness all I wanted was quiet and a sweet love story that pieced out a desolate life. Then came the oral picture and I thought my heart would break, for the peace would vanish; the quiet I longed for would be but a clamor of discordant sounds. One night I heard "The Doctor's Secret." Ruth

Chatterton with her deep, soft voice lulled me into keen attention.

Now it is the spoken picture I attend. I can never return to the silent portrayal of life's battles; a storm at sea; or the whispered secret of the heart's inner shrine, for it is like a day without the sun; a garden without a rose; a harp without a string.

There is "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak" (Ecc. 3-7) and this is the time to speak.

Stella Caldwell Hendrick.

Ken and the "Mrs." will take a trip down the Mississippi in a 225 horse-power cruiser, spending a month exploring the bayous of the Gulf region.

Ken hasn't seen that country since he was a cowboy actor, appearing in a singing and roping act on the old "Cotton Blossom" show boat. If you will recall, this is the boat immortalized in Edna Ferber's novel, "Show Boat."

POLLY MORAN is turning flapper! The comedienne visited a beauty shop and emerged with her hair two shades lighter.

"They aren't going to cheat me in those Technicolor scenes," she said. "If you aren't a blonde, you're out."

THIS young man, Ramon Romero, has just directed a two-reel picture that promises something of a sensation.

It is the first talking picture done entirely with the voice and the hands and feet; no face appears on the screen. Dixie McCoy is the producer and she allowed for this production one thousand dollars.

It was made complete in one day. There are four people, two men and two women, in the cast and there are eight sets used in the making.

This unusual opus is called "A Thousand Feet of Life."

The theme songs written especially for it are appropriately called "Weary Feet" and "The Lonely Road."

Dixie McCoy is a well-known manager and has produced some plays, but this is her first venture into the film world. Romero is a writer of some experience who feels that he has something unusual to offer in the directorial line.

HERE'S the new rating for stunt men, as decided by a Hollywood court.

Jumps on horseback into water from a twenty-foot cliff are worth one hundred dollars. Falls from a bucking bronco are worth twenty-five dollars. Falls from running horses, ten dollars.

Reasonable leaps not from horses, five dollars each. I'll take a half dozen reasonable leaps, please.

PRODUCERS are much more generous than they formerly were. We can recall the time that Alice Terry rode around in a Ford coupé before Fords became the fashion and her studio didn't object.

But Warners are funny about their players. It is understood that they presented Al Jolson with a Rolls-Royce and we do know that they gave Alice White a brand new limousine when she started on her new contract.

Not a bad move on the part of the producer to put his star in a good humor.

D. W. GRIFFITH will follow his old formula of parallel action in his story of Abraham Lincoln, which will soon go into production.

Much of the action of the story will center around the life of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin.

ONE foreign star, unhappy in the atmosphere of the Hollywood studios, had the courage to give up the money, that lures 'em all to America, and return to Sweden. He is Lars Hansen who left M-G-M shortly after Mayer had prepared a big publicity campaign for him and selected many good rôles. He played, you remember, with Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter" and with Greta Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil." Contentment meant more to Lars than money.

He writes that he is happier than he has ever been, in the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm.

Only recently he did "Strange Interlude" and "Emperor Jones," the latter, of course, in black face.



"We depend upon Energine to keep garments Spotless."

Joe Raff

in charge of wardrobe

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation

"Energine Cleans Best"

Say Wardrobe Managers of World Famous Studios

WHO SHOULD be able to determine which cleaning fluid is best for all kinds of fabrics? The wardrobe managers of the big movie studios, of course! For, these people are held responsible for clothing, the value of which runs into millions. These specialists insist on Energine because, as they say, "Energine cleans best because it cleans *thoroughly, quickly, dries instantly and leaves no odor.*"

Energine is absolutely harmless. It cannot injure the daintiest fabric.

Energine is a *better* cleaner for dresses, hats, scarfs, suits, coats, neckties, gloves, shoes, curtains, carpets, drapes.

Preferred by Millions

FOR a quarter-century Energine has been used exclusively by millions of particular people who know that there is nothing to take the place of Energine.



Exhaustive tests have been given Energine by many nationally known laboratories such as those maintained by the Delineator Home Institute and the Priscilla Proving Plant and wherever so tested Energine has won the hearty endorsement of the experts in charge.

Sold the World Over

Energine is convenient to use and a small amount does a lot of cleaning. The large, handy can sells for 35c. Double size, 60c. Slightly higher abroad. Sold by druggists everywhere. Ask for Energine! See that you get Energine!

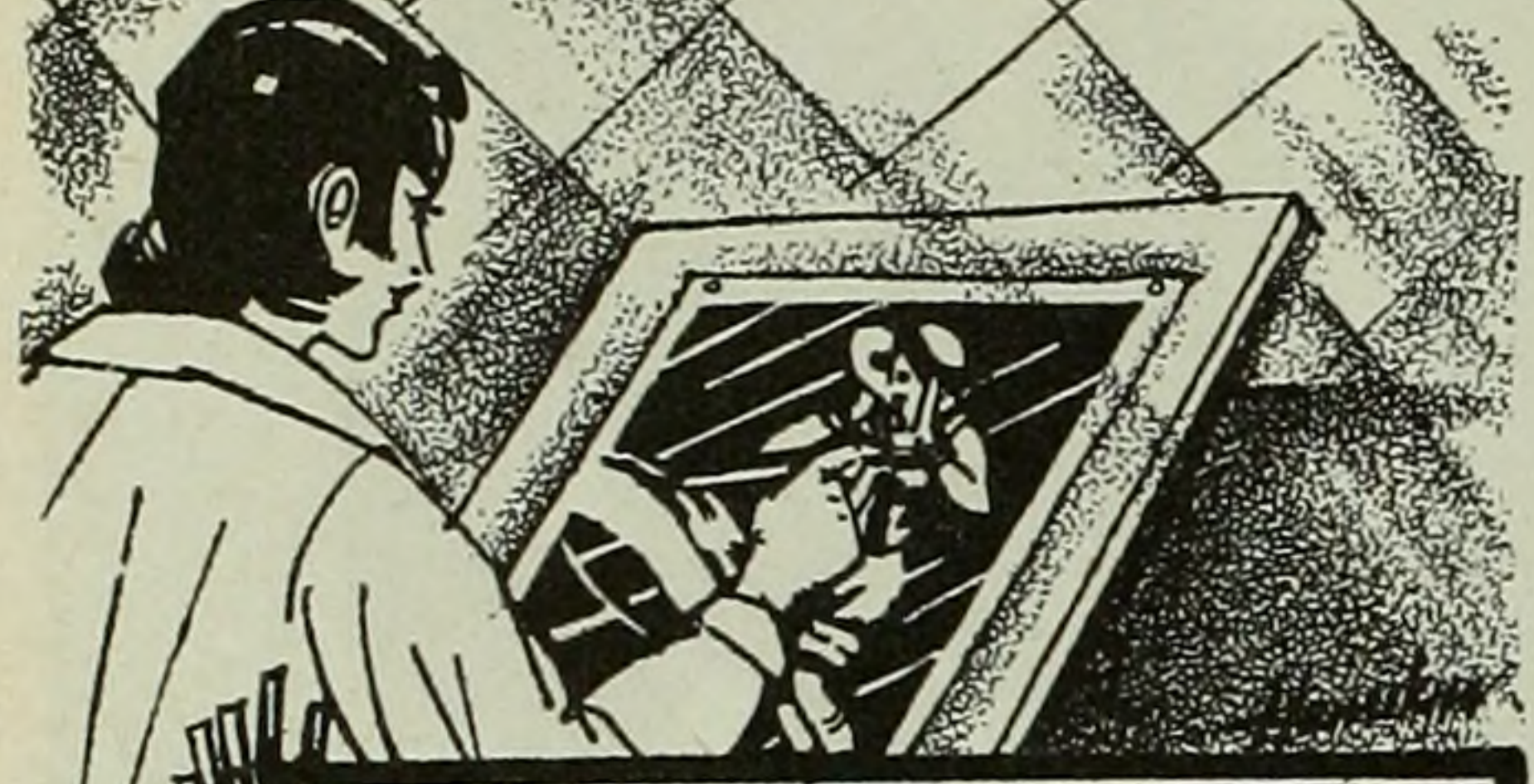
A useful booklet telling how to remove spots and stains at home, gladly sent on receipt of 2c in stamps to cover mailing cost.

THE CUMMER PRODUCTS CO.
Department P
2150 West 15th Street • Cleveland, Ohio

World's Largest Selling Dry Cleaning Fluid



Girls Test Your Art Ability FREE



IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW, here is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. Test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our simple scientific Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is.

Federal Students Are Successful

Many Federal School students—girls as well as men—are making \$2,000, \$4,000, \$5,000, and \$6,000 yearly. In Commercial Art Work you can earn *as much as a man of equal ability*. Millions are paid yearly for illustrations and designs. Learn at home in spare time. The Federal Course contains lessons by the leading artists, gives you *personal* criticisms, and leads rapidly to practical work.

Send for Free Art Questionnaire

By all means get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire—and we will also send our book "Your Future" showing work of Federal Students and explaining the course in detail. Please state age and occupation.

Federal School
of Commercial Designing

310 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send Free Art Questionnaire and book "Your Future."

Name

Age Present Occupation

Address

RICHARD DIX will not work at nights on a picture. That is one rule which he insists upon.

During the making of "The Love Doctor" the director announced that the company would report back at the studio that night. The company reported.

A supervisor came on the set and spoke to Dix. The star seized the nabob's hand and rubbed it vigorously across his face. His makeup was ruined.

"Look," he said in despairing tones, "that supervisor ruined my makeup. Now I can't work tonight. Isn't it too bad?"

The company went home.

POLA NEGRI visited Agua Caliente, the swanky gaming resort below the California border, during her recent visit to the States.

Pola Negri left next day, \$700 poorer.

Poor Pola!

WHEN Technicolor scenes are being made, the cameramen are locked in such sound-proof booths that the prop man has to pound on the sides of the booths with a hammer to let them know the scene is finished.

PART of the necessary "props" in the Universal production of "Three Godfathers," on location in the desert, are three ponies. One of the ponies was a genuine "painted" steed.

One night while the camp snoozed peacefully, some desert wanderers strolled in, and strolled right out again with the ponies.

Universal rushed three new ponies to the location camp, but no painted horsie could be found. A makeup man went along with no other duty than to paint one of the nags. And it was a tough job. As soon as the synthetic spotted pony got hot his spots trickled off.

This is just another reason why studio production managers are considered bad risks for life insurance.

SOME of these Broadway celebrities do not believe in the suppression of impulses.

A famous interviewer visited a considerably more famous musical comedy star on her studio set. As she left she happened to gaze over her shoulder for a parting glimpse of the star. Said star, thinking herself unobserved, had her thumb to her nose with four fingers waving a Shanghai gesture farewell.

ONE of the Western stars, pretty much impressed with his own importance, stormed into the publicity office with a dirty look in his eyes.

"Why don't I see my name in print?" he asked one of the writers.

"Can you read?" asked a mild-mannered member of the staff.

"I'm not going to have any publicity man talk to me like that," the cowboy ranted. "Do you realize that I'm a star?"

"Well," replied the writer, "I don't have to get a horse to support me, anyway."

The Western gentleman doubled up his fists and advanced on the flippant scribe.

"Say, you, I always win my fights."

"So I see by your pictures," was the unperturbed retort.

Then it commenced.

ALITTLE shop has opened on Hollywood Boul' that makes a specialty of anise candy.

And do those talkie actors keep the proprietor's baby in shoes? The candy takes the husk out of husky voices.

AMERICAN manhood gallantly responded when a story called "Hollywood—A Manless Town" was published in PHOTOPLAY recently.

It told, if you remember, of the sad plight of the movie queens who didn't have any boy friends to take them places.

But over a hundred bright young fellows answered the call, via airmail, and offered to come to Hollywood and show the poor girls a good time.

FRANKIE DARRO, aged nine or so, met David Durand, aged seven, on the Boulevard the other day.

"You were great in 'The Rainbow Man,' Frankie," said David.

"And allow me to congratulate you, old man, for your work in 'Innocents of Paris,'" said Frankie.

"HOW did they happen to pick you out for the part?" someone asked Donald Ogden Stewart, who came back to Hollywood to make his debut as a talkie actor in M-G-M's "Dulcy."

"Well the chap I play is crazy," he said. "I was just the type."

WANT to be a telephone operator at one of the studios? Listen to this one.

Came a feminine voice over the M-G-M wire, "Give me Nils Asther's telephone number."

Answered the switchboard girl, "We are not allowed to give out private numbers."

"But I'm willing to pay for it."

"But that doesn't matter."

The voice grew huffy. "But I understand that if you want one of the stars to attend a party all you have to do is to call them up, tell them when to arrive and send them money for coming."

CHARLES MACK, the most important of the "Two Black Crows," gave the old home town a thrill by visiting his childhood homestead in Tacoma. He had three of his own automobiles on the trip as well as two that he hired. Four chauffeurs, a butler, his wife and a maid also made the long trek to Washington.

If Tacoma wasn't impressed with the way a local boy made good, Mack will do it again and double his entourage.

RUTH HARRIET LOUISE, the pretty girl who makes all the portrait photographs for M-G-M also makes quite a ritual of shooting them.

Ruth goes in for catching moods, if she can. For this reason she has a small phonograph in her roof-top studio, and Andrew, retoucher and handy man, keeps it grinding a suitable tune while she poses the subject and works the soundless shutter.

She has a large collection of records—hot jazz for the warm babies she snaps, and soulful tunes for others.

When she snapped old Cal, Andrew played "The Anvil Chorus."

ARTHUR CAESAR, the Broadway wise-cracker who now writes dialogue for Warners, between laughs, was warning Frank Fay against falling into the various pitfalls of Hollywood and musing his marcelle.

Frank is a clever vaudeville comedian and master of ceremonies who, while on the coast with his beautiful wife, Barbara Stanwyck, caught on in pictures.

"Remember, Frank," said Arthur, fixing Fay with the glittering Caesarian eye, "this is just one of those towns where they erect statues to ginger ale!"

NILS ASTHER went to his retreat high in the Hollywood hills and announced to his house boy that he could sleep late in the morning because he wasn't working.

In the meantime the studio changed the call and the assistant director decided that Nils should work.

They got the house boy on the phone. "Tell Mr. Asther that he must be made up ready to work at ten o'clock this morning."

"Oh, no," said the house boy, "Mr. Asther he no work today."

"But I tell you this is the studio. He does work today. Tell him we do the rain stuff."

The boy looked out the window. "Mr. Asther he no work and you must be dam' fool, for it no rain today. Goodbye."

AT a big annual rodeo, held at the Baker ranch, near Saugus, Calif., more than 40,000 people were in attendance. Various people of importance talked into the microphone, but when Bill Hart was introduced, the audience went wild.

Such an ovation has rarely been given any star.

This incident reminds us of an interesting clause that Hart had in his old Paramount contract. Every picture he made was to revert to him, after it had run for ten years. Now many of the pictures belong to him outright and are still being shown at the small houses over the country.

His income from these pictures amounts to about \$12,000 a week.

Is it any wonder that he is soon to enter pictures again?

HOLLYWOOD'S new theme song goes thus: "When it's theme song time in Hollywood, I'll be back on old Broadway." It's a ditty that all of the Tin Pan Alley writers are memorizing these days.

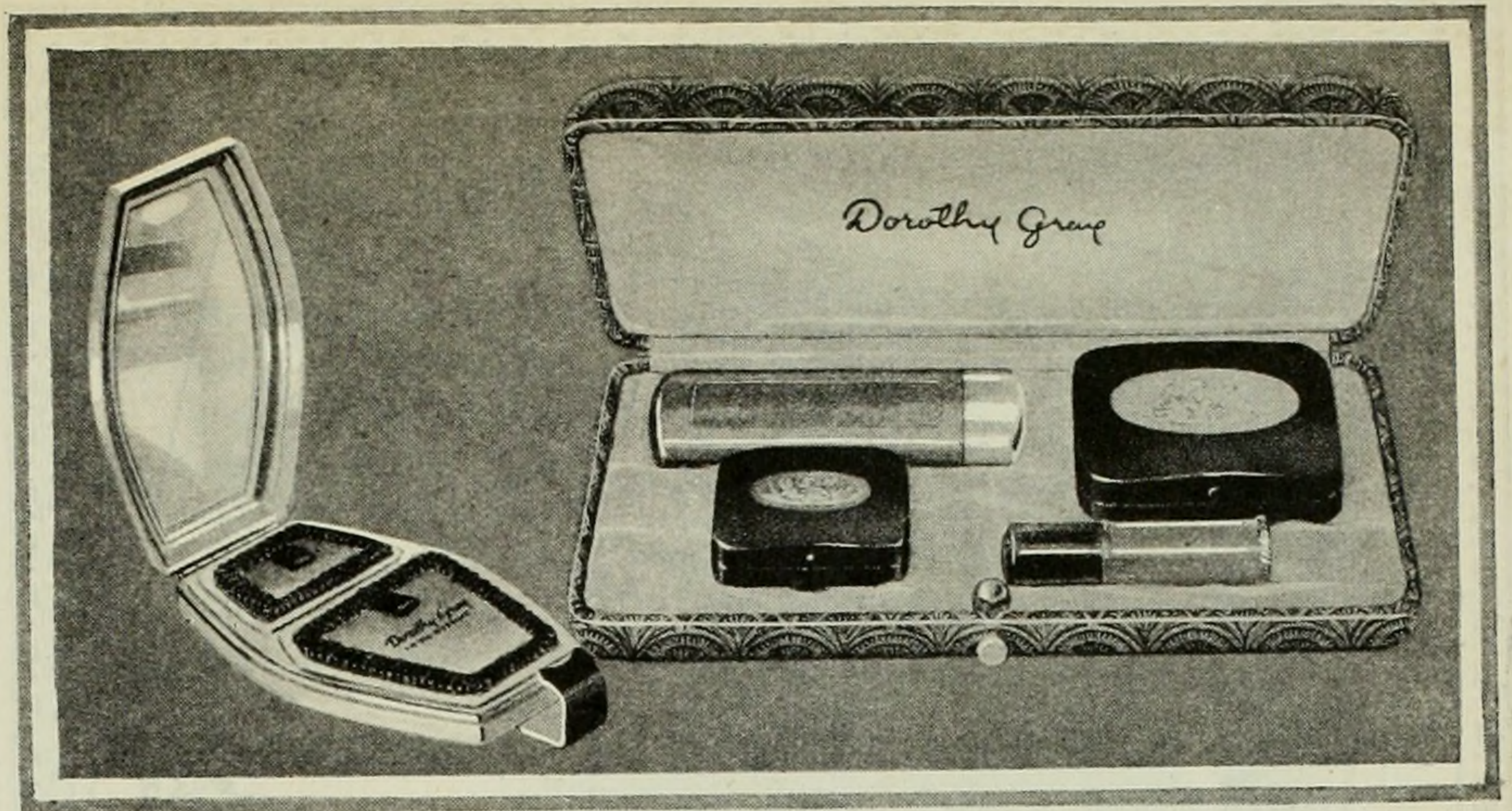
ONE of the big treats of big picture openings in Hollywood these days is watching Mr. Stepin Fetchit, the distinguished ebony actor who turned famous in "Hearts in Dixie."

Mr. Fetchit, in spite of heck and high water, always turns up, and in the best seats in the house. Usually he carries an entourage with him—a couple of pretty cream-colored gals and a gentleman friend.

The distinguished Mr. Fetchit attracted almost as much attention at the opening of "Show Boat" as did Anita Page. Mr. Fetchit's party consisted of two girls and a short, very brunette gentleman in an ice cream suit and



Marion "Peanuts" Byron seems to be lying down on the job, but it's really part of her rôle in "The Forward Pass." Who says these actresses have a hard life?



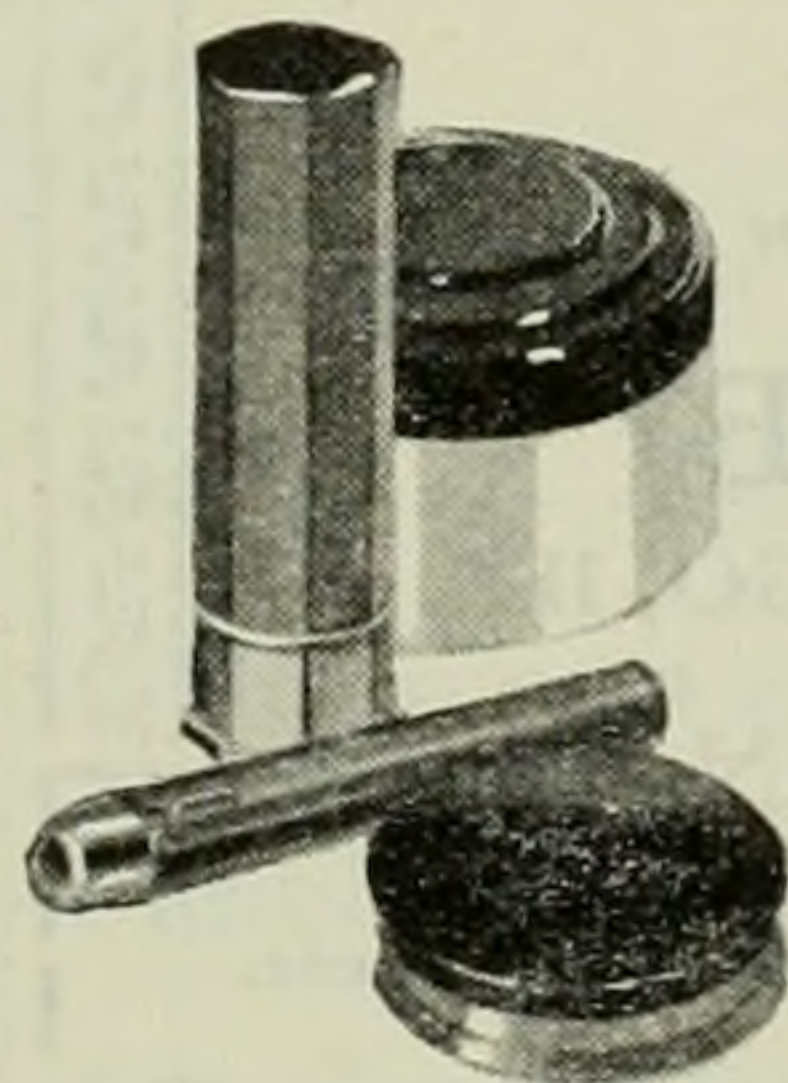
FOR THE TOE OF A FEMININE STOCKING

OF course you have already selected the *important practical* gift for HER. But there is still the *important frivolous* gift that is to be tucked in the toe of her Christmas stocking. An utterly useless nicknack annoys every woman. Give her something she will use—but let there be a touch of subtle flattery about it.

All the Dorothy Gray accessories pictured here are frivolous necessities. The satin-lined blue leather box holds a perfect make-up ensemble: exquisite Dorothy Gray compact powder, compact rouge, creamy-smooth lipstick and Lashique—the excellent mascara for brows and lashes. These four pieces are in metal cases of dark blue, French blue and silver. The compacts, lipsticks, Lashique, cream rouge, lip rouge and eyebrow pencil will delight the most fastidious feminine heart, and bring greater beauty to every lovely face.

It goes without saying that all these Dorothy Gray cosmetics may be had in a wide variety of becoming shades.

They are on sale at leading shops everywhere, and at the Dorothy Gray salons.



Four piece set . . .	\$5.00	Cream Rouge . . .	\$2.00
Double Compact . . .	4.00	Lip Rouge . . .	1.00
Large Lipstick . . .	2.00	Eye-brow Pencil . . .	1.00

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO

WASHINGTON

ATLANTIC CITY



Send Me To Friends For Christmas

I am not just a little Christmas card, or a present that turns green with the spring. You can't lose me because on the 15th of every month I go to your friend's house and say, "Phyllis sent me here again because she wants you to remember me all through the year." I know you will like me because everybody does. I won't allow any season to snuff me out. I am Santa Claus throughout the year. You can't send a more economical or more pleasing gift. Just make out a list of your friends, attach them to this coupon, and send them in right away. You can send one or twenty. There's no limit. Get your Christmas shopping off your mind.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, this artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that Photoplay Magazine will be sent for whatever period you desire.

When you return coupon, attach a Postal or Express money order or a Check

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 No. Michigan Avenue Dept. CS-12-29 CHICAGO, ILL.

CHRISTMAS SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

Year, \$2.50. Six months, \$1.25. Canada, \$3.00 per year. Foreign Countries, \$3.50 per year.
 PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. CS-12-29, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Gentlemen:— Enclosed find \$..... for.....
(Length of Subscription)
 Send to—Name.....
 Address.....
 From—Name.....
 Address.....

wearing a silver watch charm about the size of four silver dollars.

A rumor swept through the crowded house that the boy friend was the pretender to the throne of Liberia. At any rate, Mr. Fetchit and his sepia party caused every neck in the 1,700 to crane, and crane hard.

LONDON movie fans—250,000 of them, representing all classes, including the nobility—recently voted the following women as the most popular actresses on their screen. In the order of their popularity they are: Dolores Del Rio; Betty Balfour (an English star); Clara Bow; Esther Ralston; Vilma Banky; Florence Vidor; Mary Pickford.

The men stand as follows: Ronald Colman, Richard Dix; Douglas Fairbanks; Adolphe Menjou; Syd Chaplin; Charlie Chaplin. Lots of surprises in that list!

THEY'RE telling a funny one on Eddie Quillan, young Pathe comedian. Eddie loaded his family, numbering ten, in the car and started for one of the Los Angeles neighborhood theaters where one of his pictures was to have a preview.

Eddie breezed up to the manager of the theater and explained that he wanted passes for the entire family. The manager couldn't see it that way. The young star reloaded the family in the car and went home. The Quillans aren't Scotch for nothing.

IT'S not just the experienced people of the stage and screen that are temperamental. They have been educated out of it, as a matter of fact. It's only the newcomers that get such ideas now.

While making "Hallelujah," King Vidor hired a boy from the South called "Skimp," just because he could dance and play a harp. A part had to be written into the story for him, but King paid the boy's fare to L. A., and had paid him six weeks' salary without using him a day. When the time came for the boy to dance, it transpired that Skimp had taken the trail to Alabama three days before.

"I just cain't be bothered hangin' round heah longer," he told one of the boys.

Truth is he had made enough to shoot craps on for a year. Why should he care?

IF you want to know what has happened to the congenial cuss who used to lisp the subtitles aloud in those recent nickelodeon days, we can tell you. He's now the guy who sits behind you at a talkie and wheezes, "What's that? What'd he just say?"

HERE'S a little Caledonian one right from the lips of Bill Seiter, who is also Laura LaPlante's right bower:

It seems the pastor had made a plea for funds for the new church and it had been answered to the tune of \$180.03.

"Ah ha!" said the pastor from the pulpit, "\$180.03—well, three cents! There must be a Scot in the congregation."

Whereupon there was a rustle in the back pew, a group arose and chorused:

"There are three of us, sir!"

AT the Brown Derby Restaurant in Hollywood, noonday haunt of many of the picture actors, the head waiter has a strange habit of clapping his hands loudly to call his hired men. The other day, during the crowded luncheon hour, the boss gave some loud applause, and fifteen actors stood up and bowed.

SAM MINTZ, of the Lasky forces, was sitting at the round table, in the studio cafe, where directors and writers wrestle their noonday hambone.

Bill Wellman, director of "Wings," came in steaming because he couldn't sell Producer Schullberg an idea for a great picture.

"Suffering cats!" he groaned. "If somebody around here suggested filming the Crucifixion, they'd want to make it a dream!"
 "Oh," moaned Sam, "If it only had been!"

*Most men must turn to booze or fights
 To make their lives a wow,
 But Greta Garbo's all I need—
 For she's my danger now!*

THERE'S at least one young mummer in Hollywood who has never shown the slightest symptom of going actor, and that is Mr. Richard Arlen, who did not write "The Green Hat."

He doesn't own a derby, nor a walking stick, nor even one spat, let alone a pair. Beside the professionally dandified Menjou, Arlen is just a young fellow who drops in to read the gas meter.

The other day he dropped into a shop to buy a coat for wife Jobyna Ralston. The sales-girls were all broken up over his modest apparel.

"Gee, ain't it a blow?" said one. "He's good looking on the screen, too. Ain't it a pity he doesn't wear classy clothes?"

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

You don't hear any kick from the vaudeville troupe because a film flop wants to earn a living. Their motto must be "live and let live." By the way, no one in New York is trying to freeze Bert Lytell out of the fine show, "Brothers."

MILTON HUTCHINSON.

Rip Van Winkle Wakes

Bedford, Va.

The screen had been airing its gift of gab for about a year when I saw, heard and, alas, suffered over the fact. The pain of the eardrums in this case was attributed to the well known atrocity, namely "Tenderloin."

With the memory of "Tenderloin" not deadened a whit by a year's time, I dubiously bought a ticket to a talking picture. The picture was "Broadway Melody."

That picture made me realize how Rip Van Winkle's feelings were when he emerged from his cat nap. Since then I have seen all the good talking movies.

Now I am going back to school. No more movies for a year. But I can stand it like the Jail Bird of the movies does. For I know at the end of the year, the voice of the talkies, not little Nell, will greet me.

WILLARD MICKLEM.

My, Such Big Words!

New York, N. Y.

Again I passed an almost ineffable evening, reluctantly listening to the much heralded and equally protested "all-talkie" cinema.

In its reactionary stride, the loquacious feature revealed its malefactors. Through mediums of public opinion, animadversion stressed the unmodulated tone together with the phonographic effect, causing unrealistic pictures.

"True" may ratiocinate the producer, but the talkie is in its experimental stage and the realistic effect is our goal and "Utopia."

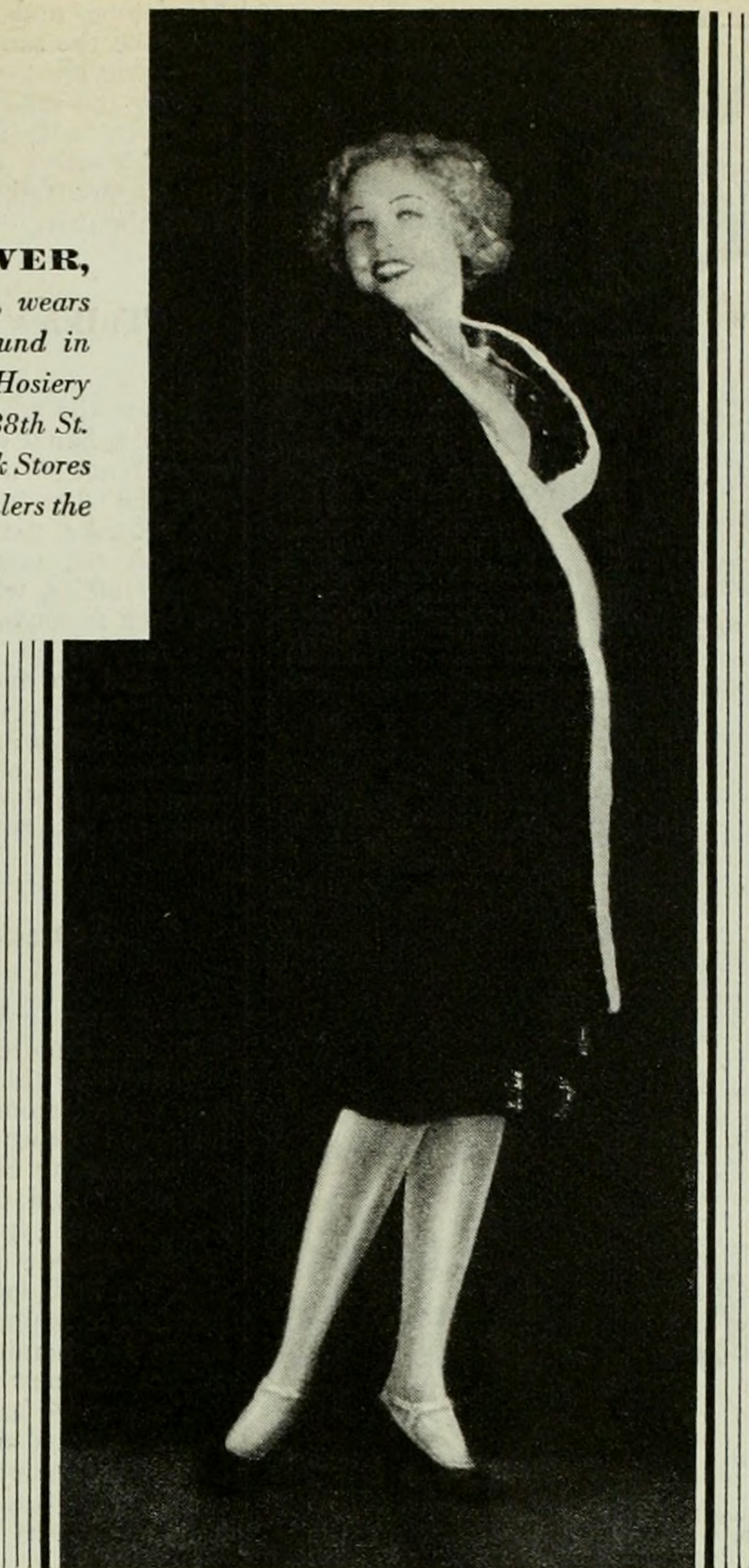
SAM STESSIN.

You're an Actress, Gal!

Decatur, Ala.


The talkies? Oh, they're all right for some folks I guess, but the effect they've produced on me is terrible. I was just another Southern girl with the typical Southern drawl until this talkie thing came along. Well, now I'm wrecked. I've spent so much time in these

PHYLLIS HAVER,
*popular Screen Star, wears
 Allen-A Hosiery, found in
 the smart Allen-A Hosiery
 Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.
 —and other New York Stores
 —and at Allen-A dealers the
 country over*



**THIS
 ULTRA MODERN HOSIERY
 ENHANCES SHAPELINESS
 UNBELIEVABLY**

FOREMOST Screen Stars now favor a bewitching Allen-A Hose that enhances shapeliness of leg amazingly. . . . It is a gorgeous creation in either an extra-fine gauge Chiffon or a glorious Service Sheer. With a "Tipt Picot Top", and a Panelcurve or Pointed Heel. The shades are decidedly new. . . . Ask for the "4000" style series. \$1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles from \$1.50 to \$2.50. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Allen-A  **Hosiery**
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

XMAS GIFTS

Sent for **\$1** 12 MONTHS TO PAY

SAVING PRICES **GUARANTEED QUALITY**

Direct Diamond Importations and volume sales enable us to offer you genuine diamonds, and exquisite jewelry at saving prices.

HOW TO ORDER
Send \$1 with order and your selection comes on 10 Days' Free Trial. No C. O. D. to pay on arrival. After full examination and free trial, pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
Satisfaction Guaranteed. If not satisfied after 10 days' trial, return shipment at our expense and entire deposit will be refunded. Written Guarantee bond with purchase.

All Dealings Strictly Confidential

DR10- \$42.50
Gorgeous lace design hand-pierced 18K Solid White Gold dinner ring; 3 fiery, genuine, blue-white diamonds and 2 French-blue sapphires. \$3.46 a mo.

DR26- \$29.50
Latest style, modernistic effect 18K Solid White Gold lady's ring with new "step" sides; fiery genuine blue-white diamond. \$2.37 a mo

DR1- \$50
Newest Butterfly design of 18K Solid White Gold engagement ring set with sparkling, genuine blue-white diamond. \$4.08 a mo.

DR23- \$75
Modern, square-prong, engagement ring in new "step" design of 18K Solid White Gold; specially selected fiery, genuine blue-white diamond. \$6.16 a mo.

DR25- \$57.50
18K Solid White Gold ring, large genuine blue-white diamond in center; 2 smaller, diamonds and 2 sapphires on sides. \$4.71 a month.

DR28- \$29.50
18K Solid White Gold "Bridal Blossom" wedding ring; 5 genuine blue-white diamonds. \$2.37 a mo.

FREE TO ADULTS
Illustrated new catalog of genuine diamonds; Bulova, Elgin, Waltham, Hamilton, Howard, Illinois watches; fine jewelry and silverware at special prices. **Write now to get your Free Copy.**

DR12- \$48.50
Dazzling cluster of 7 perfectly matched genuine blue-white diamonds; 18K Solid White Gold ring. Looks like \$750 solitaire. \$3.96 mo.

DR9- \$24.50
The "Princess Pat"—14K Solid White Gold hand engraved case, guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Engraved genuine "Wristacrat" flexible bracelet to match. \$1.96 a month.

A Beautiful Gift Box with every order

DR31 \$27.50
Nationally known guaranteed Elgin or Waltham movement Warranted 14K White or Green Gold filled 25-year case. Latest style flexible mesh wrist band to match. \$2.21 a mo.

DR8- \$37.50
Diamond wrist watch. 14K Solid White Gold engraved case; 2 genuine diamonds, 8 emeralds or sapphires. Guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Pierced flexible bracelet with sapphires or emeralds to match. \$3.04 a month.

Established 1895

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

*ADDRESS DEPT. 7-Z, 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Movietone and Vitaphone places that I'll never be the same. I sound like some small boy—you know the kind whose voice refuses to stay the same. One moment I'm my old Southern self—then presto! I've suddenly turned Western or whatever brogue is used in the current talkies. Something's got to be done about it.

Bo.

Talkies Do a Good Deed

Long Beach, Calif.

Before the advent of the talkies both boys and girls hated going to movies with me because I am so nearsighted. Sitting down as near the front as I necessarily had to, to read the subtitles, gave them a headache.

Therefore, imagine my overwhelming joy at the talkies, which permitted my sitting as far back as anyone else wanted.

I now go to movies with both girls and boys and no one suffers, for I can see the actual pictures easily.

If the talkies are hard on the deaf, they're a pleasure to the blind, and an infinitely greater advantage to the nearsighted, who outnumber both the aforementioned groups.

KARALYN PICKETT.

Some Like 'Em Bad

Wheeling, W. Va.

Have you noticed the change? Already there are hundreds and hundreds of people, who used to think the movies juvenile, who now go in legions. It is not any wonder, for the type of thing that we are now getting, such as "Charming Sinners," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and the like are so far removed from the old type of pictures that cultivated people can now go to the shows and not feel that the half dollar was wasted. Something just had to happen, for we were all so tired of seeing the heroine and hero possess all the virtues, and now we have sane, life-like people.

The movies have lost none of their appeal to the average audience and, in the bargain, have gained new fans through the new medium of talking pictures, plus the real talent of stage players, such as Ruth Chatterton.

C. B. V.

Montreal, Canada.

What is badly needed is natural stories. I am sure you imagine how tiresome we are, we poor movie goers, being always sure that the nice boy in the play is perfect, that he will be in time to finish and win the game and that the young goddess will fall hard in his arm.

We need bad people. As they all are. "Nothing is so ugly as an honest man's conscience."

P. BEAUREGARD.

Dry Those Tears

San Francisco, Calif.

I am curious about this sudden desire of our mirth-producing favorites: Al Jolson, Mary Pickford, etc., to turn us into weeping-willows.

Jolson's last two pictures: Sobs, tears, and sniffles, until you were unable to either hear or see what was going on, let alone the dejected feeling and miserable headache we took home. Mary Pickford's "Coquette" had the most disappointing and most heart-rending finish ever heard of; enough to spoil one's appetite for a week.

What has gotten into these people, who have amassed millions by their laugh-producing abilities?

We need "gloom chasers." Down with tragedy!—and—Three Cheers for Maurice Chevalier, our international "Knight-of-Mirth!" (Chevalier means Knight.) More power to him!

H. ANDERSON.

A New World

Fort Worth, Texas.

After years of living in a world of shapes and sizes and things, I suddenly realized that there was yet another world. One even more unbelievably lovely. When I saw my first color movie, "On with the Show," I thought that it was enchanting and gorgeous and then I surprisingly realized—"Why, this is the place we live in—this color world that I have never before seen."

Oh! I had seen broken bits of it, but never before a color harmony. It was as if there was a new dimension of color gorgeousness, always known with the mind, but of which my senses were newly aware. A new world is mine and so I say, "I thank you."

FOREST APPLEBY.

Appreciation for the Newsreel

Sumner, Wash.

I am writing this letter to express my appreciation for the work of the cameramen who make it possible for us to see the important events of the day and all the famous places.

When I am not at school I work on the farm from morning till night, and I have no time to travel; in fact, I have never been outside of the county in which I have lived since coming to America sixteen years ago. But the news pictures which I see at the theaters make me feel as if I'm actually travelling along with the crowd through France or China.

Once more I wish to say that these cameramen who go through many real dangers in order to show us these splendid pictures deserve lots of credit.

HISAYE HASEGAWA.



Indianapolis, Ind.

I work in a factory. Though I have had two years of college, I am fitted for no other work, and the sudden death of my father made self-support necessary.

As a factory worker I cannot afford to run with the old crowds, and I do not want to go with the people with whom I work. So I am left out, and go nowhere.

But once a week I manage to save fifty cents or do without a meal to go to the movies. There, with my old clothes newly and neatly pressed, I may slip in among these people, who I feel are my own kind.

On the screen, too, with the pictures, I can live over the old days, and once more life is to me a joy.

Laine Rogers.

Does She Mean Theme Song?

Stamford, Conn.

A great deal of stress is being placed on the subject of "theme songs." Many want the theme songs discarded. Discard theme songs? And why? The theme song plays a great part in the picture. It gives the picture more importance—more enjoyment is derived from it.

What would "The Lady of the Pavements," "The Wolf Song," "The Man I Love," and hundreds of other pictures be without a theme song?

The theme song is the whole thing! It carries the picture to the hearts of its audience. Hold your own, theme songs!

HELEN AGNES POLTRACK.

Who, Indeed?

Adams, Mass.

In my town there are fifty-five out of every one hundred people who believe that motion pictures are sinful. They say they will make bandits and fools of the children. But as I said in an argument the other day, "Don't the bad men of the plays set an example as to what happens to those who do wrong?"

And now with the coming of the talkies, the most wonderful gift to the movie public, who wants to spend a dark and gloomy life behind prison bars?

JOHN BURKE.

Are Picture Stories Too Sad?

Arrowsmith, Ill.

Which do you prefer—happy or unhappy endings? Believe it or not, those are words heard from the lips of movie-goers nearly every day.

Recently we have been treated to pictures full of tears and heartbreak. After they are over, we go away with red eyes, having a feeling that something has been incomplete. Somehow, we are unsatisfied.

Then we read a great critic's review of the picture. It is called a masterpiece, magnificently acted; we should not miss it, it is so true to life.

And that's just it. It *is* true to life. It shows us broken hearts and ruined lives. We see far too much of that in everyday existence. We go to a movie for recreation and pleasure, hoping to escape from the grim tragedy around us for an hour or two, when, behold! we see the very thing from which we are fleeing acted so realistically before us that we come from the theater depressed and blue. Pleasure? Well, I don't think so. Remember, we are not all discerning critics. I can't see how these heart-rending movies benefit any of us—except the handkerchief dealers.

LOTUS MARSH.

Some Thoughts on Censorship

Chicago, Ill.

Upon its arrival in Chicago, Jeanne Eagel's fine emotional triumph, "The Letter," was promptly restricted by the censors to adults only. An excellent picture shown in our leading theaters was thus placed on a par with a device used by small-time producers and exhibitors to lure the morbid. Does that speak well of motion picture censorship?

Not that "The Letter" was a picture a child should see. It was purely a picture for grown-ups. PHOTOPLAY recommended it as such. So did the local critics. Are we incapable of acting as suggested by experienced reviewers? Are we incompetent in the selection of our own and our children's entertainment? Is this restriction necessary? It seemed to suggest that our judgment is unsound. It is an insult to all Chicago cinema followers.

Who are these censors, anyhow? Why are they empowered to compel us to accept their opinions? Are they of supermentality, and



**"Detained at the office
again!"**

THE world does not always pity the "business widow." She, too, may be to blame. Neglect by the husband is often the result of the wife's neglect of *herself*. She may be indifferent to the delicate problems of feminine hygiene—or ignorant of the means offered by modern science for the protection of youth and health and marital happiness.

with physicians, hospitals and fastidious women. It is reliable. Its strength never varies. Every drop is potent.

Send for the booklet offered below. It was written for women by a woman physician. It is frank and explicit and tells what feminine hygiene really is. It should be read by every woman.

Just mail the coupon to us and this booklet will be sent to you, free—in a plain envelope.

Sole Distributors:

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, New Jersey

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors
Department 221, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name.....

Street.....

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

Lysol
Disinfectant



© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1929

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



The BEAUTY of a clear lovely SKIN make it win your heart's desire

WOMAN'S strongest weapon is her skin. The lovely, clear firm skin of youth is at the command and will of every girl or woman who uses Marilyn's Natural Bleaching Skin Lotion. This favorite lotion of beautiful actresses and society women has the double healthful action of a skin bleach and skin toner.

Marilyn's Natural bleaching skin lotion is specifically intended to remove all trace of streaky, old summer tan, to quickly eliminate ugly birthmarks, freckles, liver spots, blotches, and to completely banish redness and roughness of the skin.

Marilyn Natural Bleaching Skin Lotion leaves the most sensitive skin exhilaratingly fresh, white, and smooth. Use Marilyn's Natural as often as you like without harmful results.



An interesting treatise on modern methods of skin treatment is yours for the asking.

GRAY LABORATORY, INC. 1482 Broadway, New York

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$2.00 for generous sized bottle of Marilyn Natural.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL Dept. 95. Springfield, Mass.

Scientific New Vocal Method

Tangible—Quick—Unfailing Results. Write for free explanation of Correspondence Course

Class lessons \$3.00—Private lessons \$10.00

Helen Brett Studio, Tel. Circle 5420, 205 West 57th St., N. Y. City

are we mere children who need them as guardians? Are they artists, or judges of art? How are they qualified to regulate our morals? These positions are held largely by conservative, reclusive spinsters and egotistic, narrow-minded old bachelors, through political influence more than anything else.

For these reasons I conclude that the celluloid drama will rise to its greatest heights when censorship is abolished.

JAMES B. CAIN.

Minding Their Pros and Cons

J. A. MALLIN, of Detroit, congratulates us on our article, "Truth About Voice Doubling." Says Mr. Mallin: "We all admire honesty. You have done the right thing by giving us the low-down."

A gentleman from the Straits Settlements in the Far East, masquerading under the name PUZZLER announces in big, bold type that the motion picture is a "Saviour of Humanity."

Speaking with a slight accent, he says: "Dramas from Janet Gaynor, Norma Talmadge and Greta Garbo show us the ways to goodness and corruption." In other words, take your choice!

Down in Columbia, S. C., MRS. H. R. STARLING gets all excited over the way the talkies are misrepresenting the true Southe'n accent, suh.

A cheering word for the big boys who never get their women—on the screen. IDABEL OBERG, of Akron, Ohio, can't get a thrill out of the smooth palpitations of the Gilbert-Colman school, but!—"Those big homely darlings like Ernest Torrence, Charlie Murray, Lon Chaney and Lionel Barrymore simply make me want to swim in movies."

In Honolulu a young lady with the witching name FRANCES LOVE LEE (sounds like those things we used to scribble on fences) speaks terse words of wisdom. Says she: "No doubt there are many amazingly beautiful and likewise amazingly dumb actresses there in Hollywood. Let the dumb remain so, though beautiful they may be."

EVERETT ROANE, of Highland Springs, Va., would like to see a picture of the director flashed on the screen before the film is shown.

And JULIA NAPIER, of Atlanta, Ga., suggests that a program including the lines spoken

by the actors be distributed before the picture for the benefit of the deaf. Well, it's an idea!

From Canada comes the cry for bigger and sadder endings. WINIFRED F. E. WHITEHURST cogitates thus: "It seems foolish to expect every story to end like a fairy tale. How could one possibly suffer through a tragic picture if one knew all the time that it would end up happily? I would hate to feel that I had cried for nothing."

"Why is it," whys MRS. EDNA NORGRESS, of Baton Rouge, La., "that when a picture or talkie or even a stage show is put out, and proves to be a success, in a little while the country is overrun by cheap imitations?" We'll bite—why?

T. L. EASLEY, of San Antonio, Texas, has a few harsh words to say against talking shorts—talkie vaudeville acts, he calls them. He says they are so amateurish that he suspects the producers of palming off dependent sons and nephews "who would make better ribbon clerks and clothing salesmen than they would actors." Tsch, tsch,—temper!

DONALD RAWSON, who has left the old home-stead to jog about Europe, writes that in Naples he paid sixty cents for a copy of PHOTOPLAY—and was glad to do it. Tears of gratitude well up in the editorial eyes.

FERMAN ETHERIDGE, of Findlay, Ohio, writes in on borrowed stationery to say that Garbo is unusual in that she is the idol of both masculine and feminine fans. He concludes that it is her personal charm and her marvelous portrayal of unconventionality that attract people.

VIRGINIA LYONS, of Breckenridge, Texas, is heartbroken to read in PHOTOPLAY that Bill Haines wants to go in for serious drama. She says Billy is the most natural person the screen has given us and adds: "I can only picture William Haines a future flop if he undertakes to please his fans with sophisticated rôles which also call for a 'cookie duster'—in other words—that sheikish mustache that makes most of the stars look so conceited. Mr. Haines, change your mind."

NAOMI HULT, of Lincoln, Nebraska, likes the way Ruth Chatterton and William Powell talk. And a good many other fans second the motion. To hear them, says Miss Hult, is an education in "English as she should be spoken!"

Olive in Quest of Her Soul

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

part for so long she was shocked and surprised when executives did not batter down her doors with fat contracts to offer.

For five months she didn't do a scene. For five months she lay on the sands, got as brown as that morning after taste and began to get acquainted with her soul.

But the process of complete reconstruction was slow. It took longer than five months to become a human being when she had, before, been an executive's idea of a lady.

In an hour and fifteen minutes she had taken the first step. She had made her first decision. But it took longer than five months to completely purge herself of black lace and manners.

SO when an independent producer offered her a part in a picture she thought a long time before she accepted work with one of the smaller companies. At last she decided that it was her only way to come back.

She returned to the screen.

Olive had always taken great pride in her long, black hair. It had a habit of winding

so seductively over the nape of her neck. But she felt suddenly, unlike Samson, that its very length was holding her back. She was just the old fashioned vamp type. So she made her second decision. She sat in a barber's chair and watched her long locks fall to the floor.

But she was still afraid. She allowed it to be cut only shoulder length.

IT pleased her but the change was not drastic enough. She felt that with all the exciting things going on inside her soul it was necessary to undergo some vigorous physical change.

She at last made the final gesture of independence. A boyish bob!

An entirely new Olive Borden signed a new contract.

The child is really made over. And she deserves a gleaming laurel wreath to encircle that crisply bobbed head. I believe that hers is as heroic a gesture as has been made in Hollywood. It takes what tennis players call the tournament temperament to do what Olive has done.

Radiant in a pleated sports skirt and a bright blue sweater, she said, "I look at myself in the mirror and I can't believe it's I. I can't believe that a year ago I was such a little idiot. I'm only just beginning to know and understand myself."

It takes the tournament temperament and it takes brains to do what Olive has done. I wonder how many of us would admit to being completely ridiculous. I wonder how many of us would talk about such a period without blushing for shame.

BUT Olive is too direct for blushes. She knows that she was wrong. She realizes that she was living a life of sham and pretense. And she has the will to start all over again.

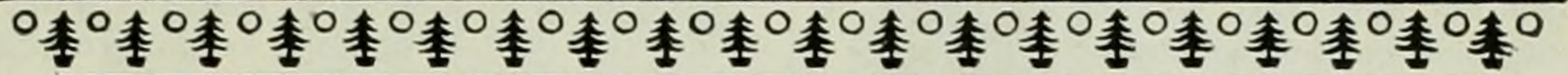
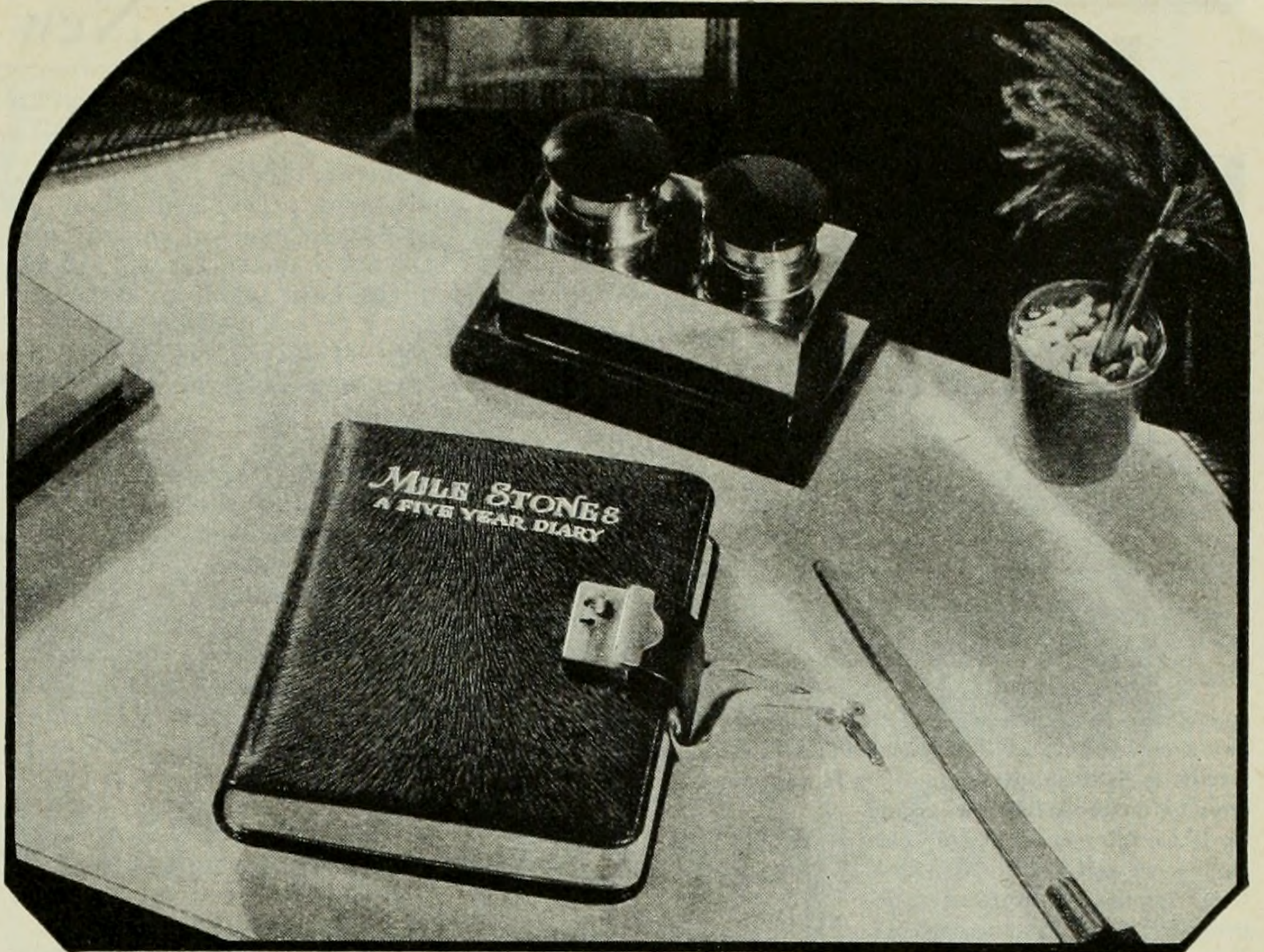
She and her mother have taken a small studio apartment in Hollywood. She keeps a personal maid and that's all.

"It's much nicer being in a little house," she says. "Now I can sit in my bedroom and call to mother and she can hear me. It used to be that I had to write her a note. What's the use of a big house with only two people to live in it? What's the use of all the pomp and ceremony when you're not the type you're playing?"

"Look here, I was never a grand lady. I was always just a crazy kid. I couldn't be what they wanted me to be. And the more I tried the bigger fool I was. How could I have dared to give myself such grand airs when I was making such bad pictures?"

"I'm not that exotic, vampish type. I don't want to be a great dramatic actress. I'm not sophisticated. Why should I try to play sophisticated rôles?"

"I've two ambitions. On the screen I want to be a good comedienne. And off the screen I want to be a real, honest-to-God woman!"



An always-welcomed ❀ GIFT ❀ to those you love

YOU COULD, of course, give many things more expensive. But will they be more appreciated than the gift of happy occasions re-lived over and over again? The occasions quickly jotted down at the time, that spring to life in minute detail, years later, when you see them in a diary?

Standard Diaries offer a choice of diaries for every different person you know. Beautiful five-year diaries with lock and key, like the one illustrated; for the memories of happy school days and the first precious years of marriage, where each day may be compared with its counterpart of the year before, and before that. Annual diaries, as beautiful, with space for more lengthy notes—for friends like clubwomen who must always be

"jotting things down" for future reference. Handy, but very smart, vest-pocket-size diaries for business men.

Stationers everywhere have them, in a choice of exquisite leather bindings in the newest colors, at prices from \$1 to \$5. The coupon will bring you our illustrated booklet of the complete assortment. Should the dealer you regularly patronize not have the diary illustrated, "Mile Stones," No. 1453, enclose your check or money-order for \$5 with the coupon. "Get your shopping done early."

To your dealer or
 THE STANDARD DIARY CO., Dept. C
 26 Blackstone St., Cambridge, Mass.

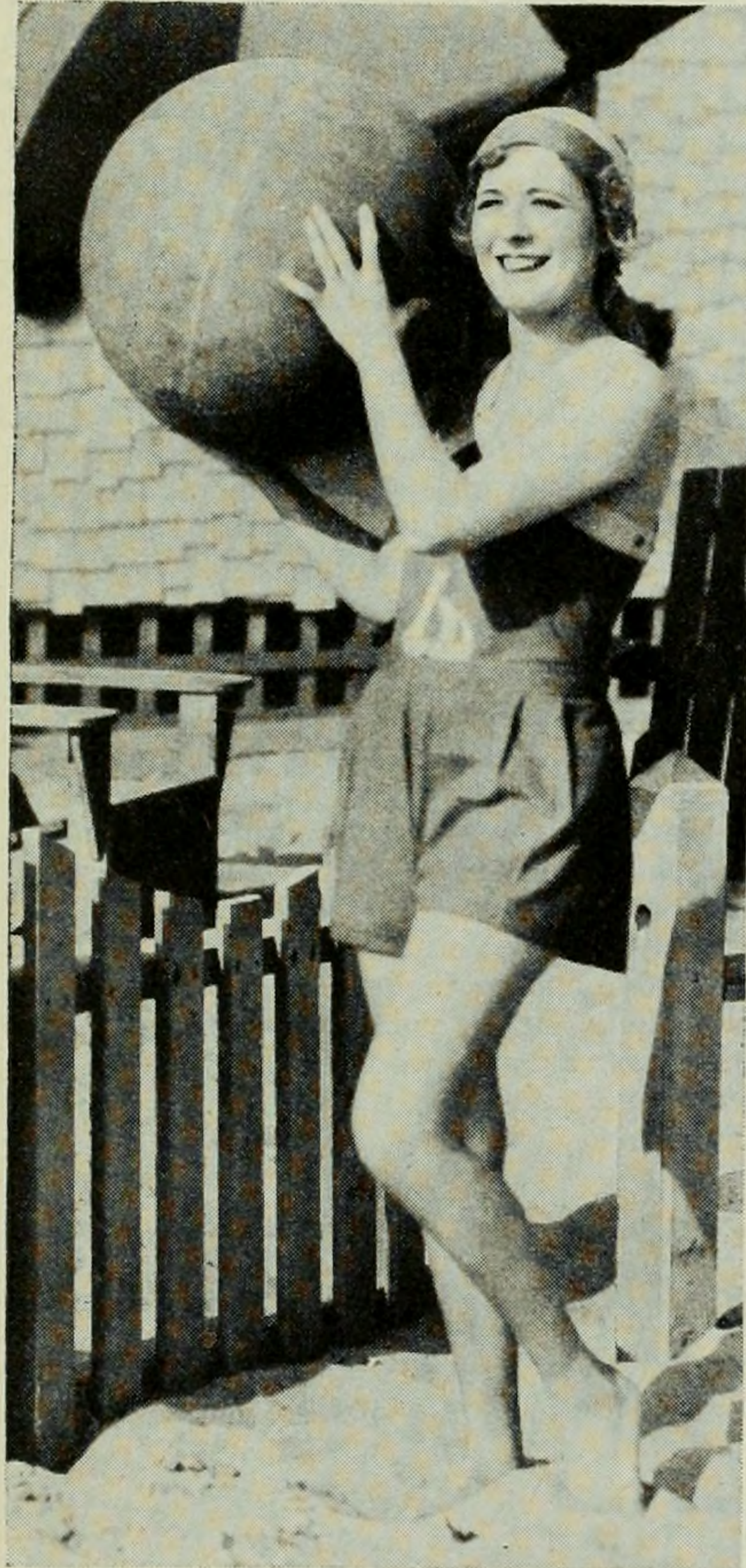
(1) Enclosed find \$5 (check) (money-order) for Standard Diary, "Mile Stones," No. 1453 (rose) (green) (blue).

(2) Send booklet of Standard Diary line.

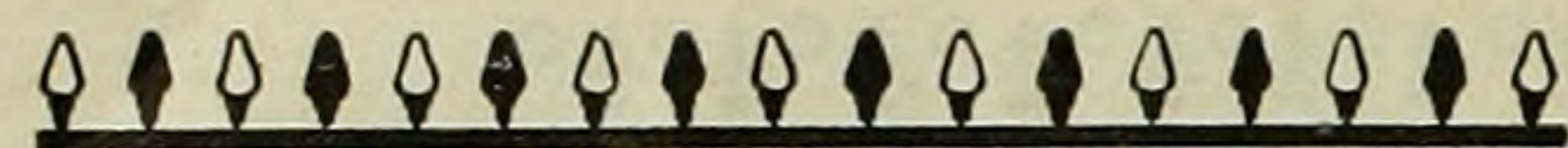
Name _____

Address _____

STANDARD DIARIES



After one look at that million candle power smile we conclude that \$1000 an hour—the sum Marilyn Miller received for vitaphoning "Sally"—is small pay



How to Decorate with Color Lights.. for Christmas



BE sure your lights for this year's Christmas decorating are Noma Color-Lights. Each Noma outfit has an *extension connector*, so that it can be strung on to another set, merely by plugging in. Thus you can create attractive and elaborate decorative effects with long, continuous strings of sparkling color lights; and you can add a new set or two each year. . . . Noma Color-Lights have exclusive little red bead attachments to fasten each tiny lamp to the trees so that it will stand up like a fairy candle. All Noma Outfits are equipped with Mazda Color Lamps, for sturdiness, dependability and low current cost. You can see the Noma name stamped plainly on each patented Bakelite socket—and the MAZDA name stamped on every lamp.



Send for Decorating Booklet

Send 10 cents for the fascinating booklet, "Decorating with Color-Light, 54 Plans for 'Parties They'll Remember,'" giving beautiful and unusual ideas for decorating at Christmas and other festive occasions. Your friends will enjoy these novel displays, all so simple to achieve with these radiant Noma Color-Lights.

Noma Electric Corp., Dept. 25, 340 Hudson Street, New York City.

Noma

STRINGS OF COLOR lights

Noma Electric Corporation, Dept. 25, 340 Hudson Street, New York.

Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send me "Decorating with Color-Light, 54 Plans for 'Parties They'll Remember'."

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



Far more beautiful — far less expensive! \$59.50*

Now have a Tower Exerciser and Reducer in a beautiful Console Model—and at a greatly reduced price—\$59.50 complete. Compact. Quiet. Adjustable in speed and stroke. Dependable. Attractively modern in design.

IMPORTANT—Write for booklet "The Better Way to Health and Beauty."

TOWER MFG. CORP.
120 Brookline Ave.
Boston, Mass.

*Denver and West \$64.50

See Your Dealer

The New Extra Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

Hollywood. Some of them have attended dancing schools, and others have had experience in Los Angeles musical comedy productions. Every dance instructor will tell you that he prefers the local talent to Broadway importations.

The Broadway eye-ful is too used to the old routine—toast and coffee at noon. And she's too hard-boiled.

THE Hollywood girl is younger—she must be youthful to stand the gaff—and she is smaller. The glamorous showgirl of the Broadway revues, the stately dame who looks like Salome should have and didn't in a string of synthetic pearls, is an unknown quantity around the studios. The movies want action.

No chorus girl in the world is in the hands of more capable dance directors. Larry Ceballos, Sammy Lee, Pearl Eaton, Albertina Rasch, Danny Dare and Seymour Felix, all in Hollywood, know their buck and wings when it comes to coaching.

First National and Warners, producing a long string of musical comedies and revues, have gone in the heaviest for beauty-on-the-hoof.

Five hundred girls were used in "The Show of Shows." First National keeps a great many busy. "Rio Rita," "The Love Parade," and the M-G-M musicals provide frequent work for many others. Perhaps there are four hundred girls with term contracts.

First National went very seriously into this chorus girl business. Out of the hundred-odd girls on the lot they took an average, and found little Maxine Cantway to be the ideal movie chorine. Maxine's measurements include a 32½-inch bust; a 23-inch waist; hips, 34 inches; calf, 12½ inches; ankle, 7½ inches. Venus De Milo, with her 28½-inch waistline, couldn't get a job as script girl on Poverty Row. Anna Held and Lillian Russell, with their hour-glass figures, wouldn't get to first base.

One studio issued a questionnaire to its chorus talent. The questions asked were varied: What is your ambition? Hobbies? Favorite books? Favorite screen actor and actress? Do you diet? How do you spend your evenings?

SOME of the girls took the questions seriously and made serious answers. Others took it as a grand joke, and answered accordingly.

The questions on how they spent their evenings brought back some of the following answers:

- "None of your business."
- "Working at the studio."
- "I don't spend. The boy friend does."
- "At home with the folks."
- "When the fleet's in, you'd be surprised."
- "Looking for excitement."

The favorite movie stars were set down as Billie Dove and Dorothy Mackaill, both originally from the chorus; Greta Garbo and Nils

Asther, and a goodly number of votes for Clara Bow, John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro.

You can't make that old crack about the chorus girl not wanting a book, as she already has one. They all profess a liking for literature of one kind or another. Mystery novels got the most votes. One weighty miss named "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Another selected "The American Tragedy." At least they've heard of them.

They don't diet. As one girl expressed it—"When we're working, we dance it off. When we aren't, we worry it off."

NOT all of them wish to become stars by any means. Some of them are content to go right on dancing into eternity. One or two confess to a hankering for a husband. Most of them admit being able to cook, but they are dashed if they want to do it.

There are no Rolls-Royces. They're too busy to go about being correspondents in fashionable divorce suits. Quite a number of them drive their own, or the family flivvers. And quite a number of them hitch-hike to the studios, as did their extra girl sisters of the past.

In case there is a moment of rest between dances, most of them will go right on dancing. They dance for the sheer joy of doing it. Others scan magazines, or start a bridge game "for fun," or at a tenth of a cent.

The chorus girls one sees at First National, Warners, Paramount, and Radio Pictures are pretty much the same type—small, active and pretty.

The Albertina Rasch girls at M-G-M are a bit different. Madame Rasch was trained in the exacting schools of the ballet in Europe, and was a famous *premiere* ballerina at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her girls are larger and apparently stronger than the others. They must be. When they train for dance numbers there is no music. Only the rhythmic hand-clapping of Madame Rasch. She has a system of rigorous exercises which the girls take daily. No college athlete is more carefully trained. They have little time for flippancy. Madame Rasch would undoubtedly "fire" one of her girls if a smart-crack answer were given to a question. Like most Europeans she is a believer in discipline.

UNDOUBTEDLY among these two thousand movie chorus girls there are a few embryonic Doves and Bows, Shearers and Daniels. No Ziegfeld chorus surpasses them for looks. They must be pretty. Grease paint and footlights work miracles in hiding wrinkles and facial flaws. The camera is less charitable. Certain New York chorus girls are still in demand at thirty. You wouldn't find a girl past twenty-five among the entire two thousand in Hollywood. But if you believe what you are told, there are no women in pictures past twenty-five.

"I Raised My Boy to Be an Actor"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

J. C. wanted his children's happiness. He had hoped they would find happiness in the theater.

Elliott wanted something else. J. C. did not murmur.

Elliott worked on a paper for a while, but the blood of troupers flowed in his veins. There was no escaping the dramatic art he had learned from his father.

It was fear that made him hesitate. Fear of

failure. Fear of poverty. Journalism was sure. In fact, it was possible for him to buy a small town paper. Acting was a gamble. But he was born for acting.

Joyous the father, fearful the son—the two set out together for New York.

Smoking together on the train, they discussed the future. J. C. having trained the boy in the art, now talked only of the practical side.

He described every theatrical manager in New York, and upon arrival, introduced Elliott to every theater magnate in the city, save one. That one was George Tyler and it was to him that Elliott went.

And it was from him that he got his first job, the lead in "Tillie."

HIS first day in New York had already made him famous. They arrived just in time for the Friars' picnic.

Elliott won the foot race and suddenly he was better known, more talked about than his already well-known father.

Ruth, the sister, was attending dramatic school. She, too, must follow the profession. And on days when Elliott wasn't busy, he and his father worked on "the play." "Kempy" was at last finished. It was the story of their lives in Dover. The first act opened in a living room that was an exact reproduction of the one in Dover.

The character that J. C. wrote for himself was his own father-in-law.

There was a part in the play for every member of the family.

And they believed in it.

They knew the play was good, but they wore out three manuscripts submitting it to managers before it was finally produced. It was a great success.

Others followed "Kempy."

Father and son wrote them. Father and son played in them.

Yet Elliott has not been submerged by his father's personality. The kid made the arrangement for the family to come with M-G-M.

"I'VE only one fault to find with Elliott," said his father. "Here just when I'm most attractive, just when I'm at the height of my career he makes me a grandfather! But what a grandchild! I forgive him every time I look at Lee."

"And Lee," I questioned; "is she being raised to be an actress?"

The proud father and grandfather exchanged glances and said in unison, like the three musketeers, only in this case there were but two of them:

"She is!"



It's a brave actress who can smile at her own caricature. Major, the famous cartoonist, made this one of Eleanor Boardman and Eleanor endorsed it



Now he **DRAWS** the things he wants

LOOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. Before he studied drawing with the Federal Schools, he worked as a surveyor's assistant at \$18.00 a week. Today he has a fine position in the work he enjoys at \$75.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation, as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Mr. Nelson is just one of hundreds of young people making good money because of Federal training.

Opportunities for artists have never been better. Magazines and newspapers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every year. If you like to draw, let your talent make your living.

The Federal School of Illustrating has taught hundreds of successful students. That is because its methods of instructions are right. Over fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons and drawings to the Federal Course. They tell you their methods in a clear understandable way. The subjects include illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. They are easy to learn the "Federal Way"—at home in your spare time.

Have Your Drawing Talent Tested

If you like to draw, you may have the free criticism and analysis of your work by sending for our free Vocational Test Chart. We will send with it our free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," which explains illustrating as a profession. Nelson got his start sending for it. This is your opportunity—grasp it. Fill out the coupon now.



Federal School of Illustrating

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
12109 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send your free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," together with Vocational Test Chart.

Name Age

Occupation

Address

Do Husbands Tire of Wives With Gray Hair?



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY Hair is risky. It screams, "She's getting old." Why tolerate it, now that Gray Hair is needless? Just COMB away the gray with Kolor-Bak—the clean, colorless liquid. Surprise your friends and husband by banishing years from your appearance. Kolor-Bak leaves the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, black. Already hundreds of thousands of men and women have used it.

Accept This Test Offer

Test Kolor-Bak on our guarantee that if it doesn't make you look ten years younger, your money will be refunded any time you ask. Sold by all drug and department stores.

Kolor-Bak

Imparts Color to Gray Hair

Reduce at will!
—this positive
harmless way

Thousands of these Reducers sold at 79.50! Our policy of selling direct makes new low price possible. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.
SCIENTIFIC ELEC. CO.
Mfrs. of Health Appliances
101 Brookline Ave., Boston

ONLY
\$39.50

10 DAYS
FREE TRIAL

6 MONTHS
TO PAY
AT LESS
THAN 20¢
A DAY
WRITE for
DETAILS

LEARN
Face Lifting \$5 SKIN SMOOTH—
SOFT—RADIANT—
NO BANDAGES

WITHOUT COSMETICS—ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS
Broadway Actresses haven't a Double Chin or Scrawny Neck. Why should you? Men and Women. \$5. Write today. LILLIAN PYMS, Hotel Manger, 771 7th Ave., New York City

For a good XMAS
SUGGESTION

see page 116

The Microphone, the Terror of the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

Well, then, here are Mona Rico and Joan Bennett—

Joan, you know, is one of the three daughters of the interesting Richard, which really doesn't matter.

Anyway, she, like thousands of others, sought fame in pictures—and sought and sought and sought, also like thousands of others. She got a bit here, and a bit there, but she never burned them up. She just looked sweet and pretty and nice and mary-ann-ish and so on.

And then she married herself out of the pictures, and that seemed the end of Joan. Married a chap named Fox, whose father had a lot of timberland.

ONE day a reporter called on her and chronicled the birth of a Foxlet. He found Joan and her hubby and baby living in a walkup flat in the south-of-the-tracks part of Beverly Hills, which is you know. Joan was just a nice little *hausfrau* who didn't look any happier than any other little *hausfrau*. And it turned out she wasn't even that happy—for she soon got a divorce.

And everybody in filmdom that cared said "Poor Joan" and "Life is like that," and forgot her.

But along came Terrible Mike, and Ronald Colman needed a leading lady for "Bulldog Drummond." Star after star was tested for the part—and somehow, poor Joan Bennett got a test. Maybe somebody felt sorry for her.

And Terrible Mike did his stuff—the stuff for which everybody that tried out, except Joan, calls him "Terrible." He set Joan out so far ahead of every other tryer-out that they gave her the part. And "Poor Joan" was such a success in the part that she's on her way to the top—she's played opposite George Arliss in "Disraeli," opposite Harry Richman in "Playboy," is signed for the lead with Joseph Schildkraut in "The Mississippi Gambler."

And from her walkup flat south of the tracks in Beverly, she's moved into one of those lemme-see-your-bankbook apartments in a house called the *Chateau Elysée*.

That's the story of Joan. Turn the picture,

and see Mona Rico and what Terrible Mike has done to her—

Once upon a time, a little Mexican extra girl was standing around the United Artists lot, waiting to be called for the next scene so she could earn her day's \$7.50. Director Ernst Lubitsch was giving a man a screen test. He needed somebody to work the test scene with the fellow.

"Hey, you!" he yelled at the first girl he saw. "Come over here and do so-and-so. . . .!"

The girl who called herself Mona Rico did. And when they ran off the "rush" of the test footage, Lubitsch forgot all about the man in the take and dashed wildly out to find Mona. She had stolen the scene.

It was one of those things that little extra girls dream about. And before she knew it, Mona Rico was playing lead opposite John Barrymore.

She put on all the stuff that went with it—apartment, maids, autos, chauffeurs, clothes. Lupe Velez must have lain awake worrying o' nights.

BUT Terrible Mike has a Nordic superiority complex or something. He stepped right into Mona Rico's life, planted himself before her, and said:

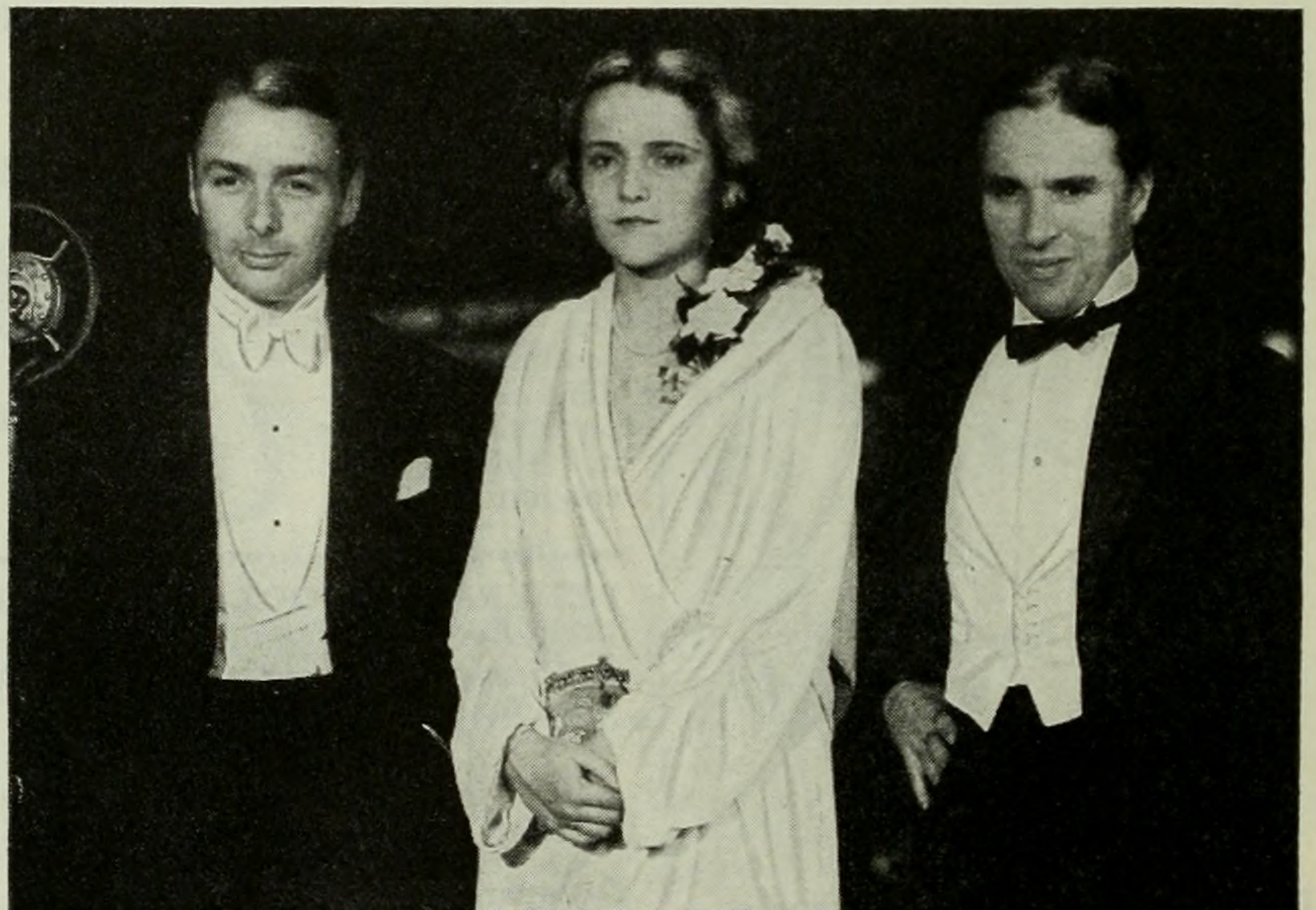
"You!—how do you speak English? . . ."

Poor Mona Rico! Gone is the dream. . . .

And gone or going with it are that swarm of duco-haired Don Tabascos who were cluttering up Hollywood.

O, Don Ro-dreek was a movie Sheik,
Knocking down a grand a week;
He gave the frails an awful kick—
But now he's OUT? He "no can
spik. . . .!"
—from "Mother Goose in Hollywood"

The superheated señoritas and their male companions in arson aren't the only ones to suffer from Terrible Mike's linguistic demands. It's tough on other outlanders—even, as the passports say, "including the Scandinavian!" There are, for instance, Nils Asther and Greta Garbo.



The sour looking little gentleman on the right is none other than one Charles Chaplin, Esq., reported to be a film comedian. Recall the name? The others are Anita Murray, and George K. Arthur

A year ago, Nils was getting enough fan mail from heaving-bosomed damsels in the midlands to paper a ballroom with. And even yet.

But Nils, he bane got Swedish accent, and Terrible Mike is laying for him.

Ditto goes for the Garbo. So far, they've dodged Mike by sticking to the silents—they just made a valiant stand together in that picture ballyhooed by the billboard showing Greta in that bathing suit with Nils bending over her—quick, boys, the pyrene!!! "Actions speak louder than words" is their motto—and their hope.

And a German beauty, as lovely a *fraulein* as ever was "Made in Germany," ran afoul of Terrible Mike in Hollywood and has returned to Deutschland to do her klang-filming.

TRUE, some of the importations have so far survived the terror of the mike. But only by a sort of artificial respiration—they've confined themselves to stories that call for an accent!

They can't talk English straight.

They can talk it, though, with a twist here and a twist there. And so they play the rôles of foreign princesses and things like that—leettle Fr-r-r-ranch *m'mselles*, *hein?* And manage to live.

Interesting, here, is the fact that Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star of how-long-ago, crashed back into celluloid BECAUSE of—not in spite of—the mike! As this is written, Hayakawa has just finished a short talkie back east for Warners, called "The Man Who Laughed Last."

It's Hayakawa's vaudeville skit, done for the silver screen—and probably ninety per cent of the people who see and hear him will be amazed to find out how well he speaks English!

Hayakawa died in the silent pictures many years ago because he could only do ONE kind of story—the Japanese prince or something who married the white girl and paid for it.

Or didn't, and paid anyway!

And so it's a funny thing, isn't it?—how Terrible Mike makes 'em or breaks 'em. . . . Old-timers come back through his ministrations, and the big shots go boom. . . .

**Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo—
Stars, they face the mike with woe;
If they holler, watch 'em go. . . .!
Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo!!!
—from "Mother Goose in Hollywood"**

The demon mike didn't frighten Gloria Swanson. Coached in speaking lines by the famous Laura Hope Crews, and with a high-priced singing teacher putting her through the eighth-notes, Gloria gave the performance of her life in "The Trespasser," and will undoubtedly find the greatest and most productive period of her long career in talking pictures.

But there's Vilma Banky. She had her Hungarian accent to lick.

Jane Manner, the New York voice coach, had Vilma in hand for six months, and now Sam Goldwyn is paying the Hungarian Rhapsody her \$2,000 a week while the camera crank isn't turning, until the girl can clip her "darlinks" and speak better English into the ear of the choosy microphone.

THERE'S Lila "Cuddles" Lee, who has miked a comeback.

Starred by Paramount at fifteen, she grew up—and out of it.

Then she married James Kirkwood, disappeared from the screen, and finally, when he went abroad, she managed to get by, doing quickies here and there.

And now, suddenly, she's found the pot of gold hidden in the microphone.

No big smash, you know—just a good actress with a lovely mike voice. Maybe she'll never be a star, but with what she's got, she'll always be in the money.

And there's H. B. Warner. Of H. B., they used to say:

"Oh, yes, he's the fellow that played *Jesus* in that DeMille thing. What's he doing now?"

The answer is that he's got a great talkie voice and a First National contract.

Look at Louise Fazenda—good old Louise. She was always a good actress. But Terrible Mike has made her better. He's taken that fazendish giggle of hers and let the citizenry hear it.

Results?—Louise played in "No, No, Nanette," "Loose Ankles," "The Desert Song" and plenty more to come.

TERRIBLE MIKE has boosted Betty Compson to the top—for the third time in her career.

Young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who had the misfortune to be only his papa's son for a long time in the stillies, has been going fine in the talkies since Terrible Mike was good to him in "The Barker."

These are some that have been given a helping hand by Mike the Erratic. But look what happened to Dolores Costello, the sex-quisite.

Magnificent thing that she is, this Mrs. Jack Barrymore, she's got something in her voice that Terrible Mike simply snarls out loud about.

Headed for the heights she was, until she played in "Glorious Betsy."

Poor Dolores—there are two opinions in Hollywood as to what her mike voice sounded like.

One clique says it sounded like the barkings of a lonesome puppy; the others claim it reminded them of the time they sang "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" through tissue paper folded over a comb.

It's not Dolores' fault; it's just one of the Terrible Mike's dirty tricks.

And anyway, Dolores should worry—she and hubby Jack have gone back East to prepare for a new addition to the Barrymore family.

If it's a boy, it's certain they won't name him Michael.

But what Terrible Mike did to Dolores in "Glorious Betsy," he did just the opposite in the same opus for Conrad Nagel.

Conrad was just a nice blond leading man before that.

But suddenly the world discovered he had a marvelous voice.

And now the name of Conrad Nagel in Hollywood is as the name of Abou ben Adhem in that thing you had to learn when you were a kid.

And now we'll move on to the peculiar situation of Dick Barthelmess! . . . Dick, who has been helped and hurt at one and the same time because of Terrible Mike.

Dick has always turned out darned good pictures.

More than that, he has turned out a good talkie.

The word is used advisedly—for while Dick talks well, Dick is *not* a singer. And yet, in his talkie, Dick is seen to sing! . . .

And as he is seen to sing, there emerges from the screen a lovely voice. It synchronizes perfectly with Dick's mouthings on the screen—and if you didn't know better you'd say: Ah, how he can sing! . . .

But you know better. From East coast to West, and from border to border, there was printed in the public prints the news that a "voice double" had sung the song while Dick Barthelmess made his mouth go.

LIKE the golden idol with the clay feet, Dick Barthelmess was not perfection—his feet were all right, but his vocal cords needed tuning!

And it didn't help a bit when the 24-sheet billboards tried to kid the public with:

"See AND HEAR Richard Barthelmess in So-and-So. . . ."

The public, being a number of years older and wiser than in the days of Phineas T. Barnum, read the billboards, made a sound



Miss Margaret Hatfield, daughter of Judge Charles S. Hatfield of the U. S. Court of Customs Appeals, and Mrs. Hatfield, is known as one of the real beauties in Washington society.



Miss Ruth Dickinson, lovely young daughter of Representative and Mrs. Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, is noted for her beautiful complexion.

Photos by
Harris & Ewing.

New Wonderful Face Powder Stays on Longer

These beautiful Washington Society Debutantes use MELLO-GLO exclusively because it stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by beautiful women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion. Keep the beautiful bloom of youth forever glowing with MELLO-GLO.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.

Do You Ask Yourself These Questions?

Is it a good picture?

Is it the kind of picture I would like?

Which one shall we see tonight?

Shall we take the children?

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

Each issue of PHOTOPLAY contains the most up-to-the-minute authoritative reviews of all the very latest motion pictures. Refer to the "Brief Reviews of Current Pictures" department listing all pictures reviewed for the past six months, also the "Shadow Stage" department, reviewing the best pictures of the month and current releases.

*In addition
Photoplay gives you:*

A wealth of intimate details of the daily lives of the screen stars on the lots and in their homes.

Striking editorials that cut, without fear or favor, into the very heart of the motion picture industry.

Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.

Articles about every phase of the screen by such authorities as Marquis Busby, Leonard Hall and Katherine Albert.

PHOTOPLAY
answers all questions relative to plays and players.

PHOTOPLAY
in a special department presents the views of its readers, both favorable and otherwise.

PHOTOPLAY
conducts a personal service department giving advice on girls' problems.

PHOTOPLAY
prints the latest photographs of actors and actresses, in rotogravure.

There is not an important nor interesting phase of motion picture life that cannot be found in PHOTOPLAY.

PHOTOPLAY
presents it all!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 No. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$2.50 (Canada \$3.00, Foreign \$3.50) for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for one year, effective with the next issue.

Send to

Street Address

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

12-PH-29

SUPERB FICTION
by the Foremost Writers

like a moribund raspberry and wanted to know how they got that way.

But see and hear him in "The Drag." He's our old Barthelmess again.

But don't draw the conclusion from that that voice-doubling is rare. Ah—no—Terrible Mike has brought a bag of money to a group of people who have heretofore had no chance whatever in the movies . . . people who can sing.

You who see and hear these talkie extravaganzas with the dazzling chorus girls, and wonder how they could find so many beautiful girls who could sing, too—cease your wondering. They DON'T SING! It's like this—

THE cameras are trained on the beautiful chorus girls, who dance and move their lips just like Dick Barthelmess did. But they are as silent as a bill collector isn't. And down below the camera-range, or at one side, are the microphones—in front of a dozen or so lovely-voiced creatures whose loveliness often ends there.

"Yes, dearie; I've got a job in the pictures."

"You! With that pan?"

"No, dearie—do-re-mi-fa-sol! . . . With this VOICE!"

And in just the same way as these chorus songs are "doubled," so, with a little rehearsing, can individual songs be doubled for such stars as can act and talk for Terrible Mike but who sing like a \$198 piano six months after you have it paid for. But voice doubling will soon go out of style.

The one sad Barthelmess experience taught the movie makers a valuable lesson. In the future, the stars who can't sing will dance, or tell riddles.

One could go on and on and on about the big-timers to whom Terrible Mike has done so-and-so and this-and-that—Norma Shearer, who has been definitely located, thanks to her success in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"; Bessie Love, who was just drifting and had gotten down to ukuleleing it in personal appearance stuff with a Fanchon-Marco road show, and who suddenly jumped through the microphone back into the starry realms in "Broadway Melody"; the Duncan Sisters, who left Hollywood rapidly after making a silent "Topsy and Eva" for United Artists, and whom Terrible Mike beckoned back because they CAN sing, to make "Cotton and Silk."

And so on, and on, and on.

But let's forget, for a bit, the actors and actresses.

Terrible Mike's machinations have had effect elsewhere.

HE has brought coffers full of golden shekels—or aren't shekels gold?—to others than these.

He has fattened the exchequers of the Building Trades unionists, since every studio has begun building sound stages on the subdivision plan.

He has made clinky the pockets of all sorts of ham-and-egggers who got on his band-wagon by opening schools of dramatic expression and elocution, even though they themselves talked of "erl" wells and "moiders."

He gave rise to a lot of funny stories about the people who didn't know the mike was turned on, and expressed their opinion of the director or supervisor as a bad ancedored person of amazing habits.

He gave the studio press agents a lot of things to write that never got into the papers or magazines.

And he's—he's—well, one more excerpt from "Mother Goose in Hollywood"—

Hey, diddle, diddle
Mike is a riddle,
He makes 'em both poor and rich!
The joke may be good,
But to Hollywood,
He's a—
gosh-darned mean old thing!

Chuting the Chutes with Sally

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

was a sixteen-year-old dope addict. The feature didn't appear. Perhaps it was her night off from being a drug addict.

A lecturer was haranguing the mob. What that man did to the English language made an Indian massacre look like a Vassar graduation.

"I have given this same letcher," yelled the reformer, "in choiches and before the Y.M.C.A. Now, I'll tell you about de evils of dope."

"Let's get out of here," begged Sally. "If I stay here another moment I'd never dare make a talking picture."

WE left, although I did want to know what he was going to say about that choice collection of aspirin bottles. If you take a pill for a headache does that make you a dope addict? Did I do wrong, Beatrice Fairfax?

Sally had never been in a beach dancehall, so that was the next port of call. It cost one dollar for loge tickets, which turned out to be money wasted. Sally didn't care for the type of dancing on display. Not immoral—just athletic.

"I've never learned to do buck and wing," she explained.

The roller coaster gave a bit too much for twenty cents, and the merry-go-round was no longer a thrill. Another illusion gone.

"I feel like I'm leading a Shrine parade," she said, as the silly hobby horse bobbed up and down.

The most fun of the evening was in the penny arcade, and the coin in the slot machines. We cheated by both peering into the same machine. "Caught at the Bath" might have been more interesting if the buxom lady hadn't used such a big bath towel. I give you my word, I've never seen such a big towel. It might have served as a mains'l. "The Artist's Inspiration" was another hot one, 1910 style. "Strip Poker" had as its *pièce de résistance* a young lady removing a corset. Whereupon I decided Sally had seen enough. One of the girls was winning every hand. I've never seen such luck.

Ten cents squandered in this den of iniquity. Sally thought it was great fun.

The next sight was the beach photograph gallery. Four outlandish pictures for a dollar. Sally was surprised to find comic pictures of Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, "Hoot"

Gibson, Polly Moran and Ruth Elder. If they did it, it must be all right for us. We had "sittings" too.

A fortune teller was also alluring. Madam Hoopla gave the regulation stuff about letters and sickness and journeys. According to the seeress, Sally will be married at twenty-one and have two children, a boy and a girl. She has had good "bringin' up" and wouldn't harm a soul (well, that's true). And surprise, surprise, Sally was going to a party within two weeks. Sally could go to a dozen parties every night. One week she had nine dates.

BY this time it was nearing midnight. All respectable young men should take home all respectable young ladies.

We drove back to Sally's house in Hollywood. She fumbled for her house key. Just as Mayme Glutz always does. No ringing for the maid to let her in.

"I've had a grand time," she told me. "It has been all sorts of fun."

"Er-ah, Sally," I fidgeted. "Do you mind, would you, er-ah, let me kiss you good night? It's done at times, I've heard."

She pondered.

"You've taken me to the beach, taken me on all the rides, danced with me, had my fortune told—no, I think you've done enough for me. Really. I couldn't accept anything else without being embarrassed.

"Good night."

"Good night."

P.S. Dear Editor, here's the damage. A few more assignments like this and I'll work for nothing.

Hopefully yours,
M.B.
(Hollywood's Boy Friend)

The Swindle Sheet

Chute the Chutes	\$0.20
Merry-go-round20
Big Dipper20
Why Girls Go Wrong20
Ballroom Loges	1.00
Snappy Snapshots	2.00
Palm Reading	2.00
Penny Arcade10
Hot dogs20
Total	\$6.10

How to Become a Hollywood Hostess

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

course, an open book. His disarming manner makes that nice, elderly lady want to mother him.

NILS ASTHER—listen to him closely and you shall hear tales of long Swedish nights that you wot not of. The thoughtful hostess provides a comfortable spot for Nils to park his dog, who usually accompanies him when he dines out.

Mary Brian—an old fashioned girl.

Lupe Velez—exceptionally convenient if one of your guests is slightly hard of hearing, but must be kept at a discreet distance from ticklish people. Serve the *hors d'oeuvres* quickly or Lupe will start to gnaw on Gary's ear.

June Collyer—a nice young person.

Loretta Young—still another nice young person (What! So many in Hollywood? We wouldn't fool you, honest).

Constance Bennett—the most sophisticated young woman who ever laid tongue to daring epigrams. But in her Paris gowns (she's just

returned from divorcing millionaire Phil Plant) she graces any mansion.

Joan Bennett—Constance Bennett's sister. Pardon me, Richard Bennett's daughter.

Mae Murray—just spreads sunshine and exudes joy. Everything is always all right when Mae dances in. Mae is happy. Mae is always happy. My Gawd, but Mae is happy.

Jetta Goudal—mysterious, aloof. She has quite mastered her French accent.

Bebe Daniels—a regular fellow.

There's the line-up. Put on your best company manners and we'll pause while you see how clever you are at making these twenty-four people happy at table.

THE intermission is over. You should have it all figured out by this time and be well on your way toward becoming a social success. It wasn't as easy as you thought, was it? You're probably white haired by now. Yes, yes, we know, we were a Hollywood hostess ourself.

But take heart, oh, take a couple of hearts.



Dress your hair -Exquisite -Alluring Anyone can do it

"Clip-Per-Ettes and Hold-Bobs give my hair that smart, lovely appearance which is absolutely necessary on the movie lot. When I use these pins I have no fear that loose, flying ends will ruin a close-up. I recommend them highly."

Barbara Kent

Lovely womanhood—charming, irresistible!

What is that elusive charm so greatly admired? Barbara Kent tells you her secret. It is **HOLD-BOBS** and **CLIP-PER-ETTES** . . . made to securely tuck away loose ends . . . to keep your hair, whether long, bobbed or growing, always at its best. Is it any wonder that beautiful women, everywhere, choose **HOLD-BOBS** and **CLIP-PER-ETTES**? They know that a well-groomed hairdress brings out the loveliness of their face.

These pins are world-famous for their exclusive features . . . smooth round points, small invisible head, flexible sides and a firm spring which makes them "stay put".

THE HUMP HAIR PIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Division of Chain Store Products Corp.
Sol. H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue Chicago, Illinois



ON SALE EVERYWHERE at 5c and 10c a card. Look for the Hump Hair Pin Manufacturing Company name on every card and package. Also sold under the following brand names:
Bob-Ettes
Loz-the-Locks and
Side-Clasps

Send for booklet and generous assortment of our pins TODAY.

The Hump Hair Pin Manufacturing Company
Dept. 1712, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me the booklet on Modern Hair Culture and latest hairdress styles and sample package of pins. I am enclosing 10c to cover wrapping and postage.

Name -----
Address -----
City ----- State -----
 Blonde Brunette

For dark, long LASHES instantly



**Irene Rich
recommends
genuine
MAYBELLINE**

"It is with great pleasure that I express my admiration for 'Maybelline' which I have used for some time with most gratifying results. It is truly an indispensable beauty aid to the woman who would look her best."

Sincerely, Irene Rich

THE natural expressiveness and charm of Irene Rich's eyes is accentuated and made to "register" by the lovely, dense fringes she makes of her lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier... Your eyes too have expressiveness and charm that can be brought out and made effective only by Maybelline. Millions of women in all parts of the world have found Maybelline *delightful, easy-to-use and perfectly harmless*. Try it. Just a brush stroke of either Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline and your Lashes will *instantly* appear darker, longer and more luxuriant.



Solid or Waterproof
Liquid Maybelline,
Black or Brown, 75c
at all Toilet Goods
Counters.

MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO



Liquid
Form
(Water-
proof)

Solid Form

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier



New Electro Facial

**Brings Startling Beauty and!
Satin Smoothness to Your Skin!**

Amazing new invention performs miracles—blackheads vanish—wrinkles disappear—excessive fat quickly reduced. Electrical unit in tip of wand opens clogged pores instantly and helps cleansing cream penetrate thoroughly. Wonderful sensation—new sparkle and energy given to skin. First treatment shows remarkable results.

FAIRY-WAND

A marvelous discovery—easy to use and positively guaranteed to give full satisfaction. Enjoy its benefits now—accept free offer today!

FREE OFFER With every immediate order of Fairy-Wand, a liberal jar of specially prepared cleansing cream is absolutely free. Send no money—just order your Fairy-Wand and pay the postman only \$2.50 on delivery. If not satisfied after 5 days' trial, money refunded. Order your Fairy-Wand now!

RICHARD GEORGE, Inc.

1447 W. Austin Chicago, Ill.

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and bashfulness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves! Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book.
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-2212 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.

Here is the answer and here, my good woman, is the reason that this is the right answer.

You will see by the chart that Corinne won out after all and got the place of honor. Corinne has been on the screen longer, but Norma doesn't mind, since she is seated opposite Corinne and since Corinne has publicly said in print that she admires Norma almost more than any other star. Also, Irving Thalberg is seated on the right of the hostess and that makes everything just dandy.

YOU may be surprised to find that two married couples are seated next each other. It's just the idiosyncrasies of these particular people.

Once somebody separated Walter and Corinne. At the expense of losing his social prestige he went around and changed the place cards. He's so much in love with his wife that he won't be parted from her even at dinner.

And Joan and Doug—well, certainly you knew they'd have to be together, else who would tell Doug to eat all his spinach? We've given you enough hints about it in past copies of PHOTOPLAY.

What! You thought of seating Constance and Joan Bennett near each other? Well, you would have been sorry. Certainly, we know they're sisters, but, my dear, haven't you heard that they're not at all fond of each other? Joan is way up at the head of the table next to Ronald Colman, who, having played with her in "Bulldog Drummond," likes her ever so much, and Constance is at a nice distance away where her sophisticated chatter amuses the languid Nils Asther.

It's nice that Joan Crawford and Constance are across from each other, so that they can remember old days when they both played in "Sally, Irene and Mary."

What's this, what's this? Mary Brian on one side and June Collyer on the other side of Buddy Rogers? I'll bet that stopped you and I'll bet you worried your pretty head trying to separate Mary and June, but the joke's on you, for Buddy goes with them both and Mary and June get along fine.

Bebe and Ben together, of course (just try to separate those love-sick actors), and Bebe near Norma Shearer who rented her beach house.

They can talk about the plumbing.

You knew, of course, that Mae Murray and Eric von Stroheim must be divided. They've just never gotten over the unpleasantness that occurred on "The Merry Widow" set. Mae is

happy, but she's not happy enough to be pleased if she were seated within calling distance of Von. Besides, he's heard her call before and hasn't answered, but Von is near young Doug Fairbanks, so that Doug can tell him his ideas for scenarios, and he's across from Irving Thalberg, so they can discuss production costs.

It doesn't matter that Lupe Velez is only separated from Jetta Goudal by Billy Haines, for that quarrel is all patched up and they're as friendly with each other as a star is with a critic before her picture opens.

But I'll bet it surprised you that we seated Billy between Jetta and Lupe. You see he can match stories with Lupe, when she isn't telling Gary she "lofs" him, and he is a great admirer of the very exotic Jetta, strangely enough.

Grant Withers and Loretta Young are next each other. That's the newest romance.

Ramon Novarro was the easiest to seat. He is the perfect young man and he'll talk happiness with Mae Murray or airplanes with Bebe Daniels. He is also across from Ronald Colman, whose very dear friend he is.

SO there is the answer to the problem. That seating arrangement is shock-proof. It's the perfect party with the guests seated exactly right.

We know what you're doing. You're about to get the scissors to clip this out of the magazine for future reference when you come to Hollywood and when you, too, become a hostess.

Wait! Don't do it yet. We'll save you some trouble. This entire chart is utterly useless. You might as well tear it to bits and throw it from the office window when a hero comes to town.

This was a splendid arrangement had it taken place when we wrote it. But by the time you read it, it may be all wet.

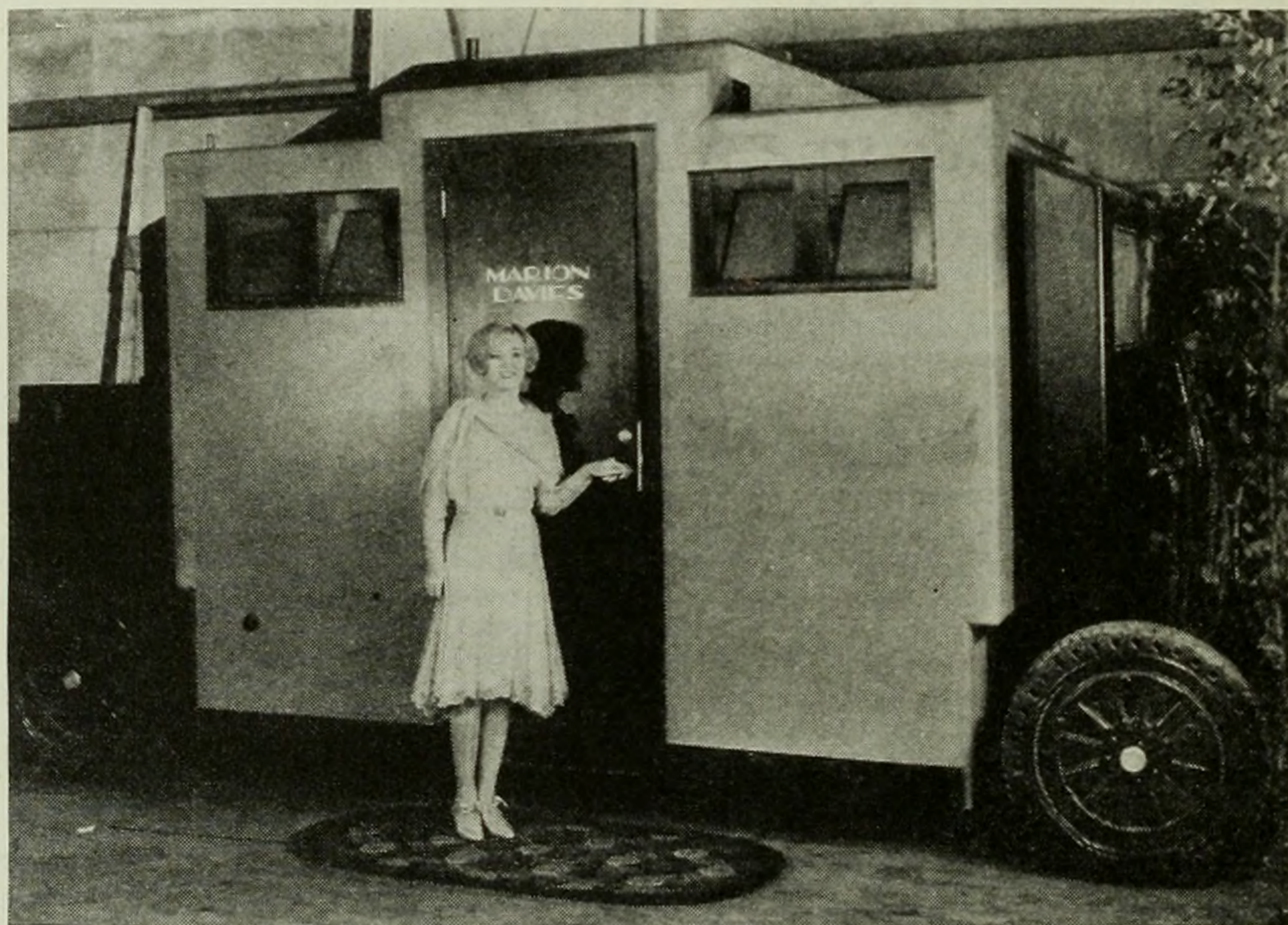
By now Constance and Joan Bennett may be trading paper dolls. All three happily married couples may be getting divorces. Lupe Velez may have taken the veil. Billy Haines might be getting married.

Buddy Rogers might be going around with Kate Price, and Mae Murray might be miserable.

So many things might happen. Feuds change in Hollywood, unlike Kentucky. Friendships change. Husbands change.

So it's all a big mistake.

We wish we hadn't thought this up at all!



The latest studio wrinkle, designed for Marion Davies. The star's new dressing room on wheels. It has electric refrigeration, hot and cold water, a radio and probably everything else

Pickles and Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

"Send her in," said Mr. Nottingham.

In the motion picture business Agnes Callahan was rated as AAA1. She had an uncanny faculty for picking stories that people would pay real money to see.

Born in Kansas City, the daughter of an automobile salesman, she was just folks, and proud of it.

Her experience as a newspaper reporter and a theatrical press agent had carried her to success in the movies.

She could tell you nothing about Ibsen, and she never had been inside the Metropolitan Opera House, but she knew what the movie fans wanted on their blue plates. She gave it to them.

MR. NOTTINGHAM unconsciously greeted her with some warmth as she swung confidently into the room. Everybody liked Agnes Callahan, instinctively. He noted her charming bob, her pretty teeth, her dress of blue something-or-other. When she sat beside his desk he saw that her ankles were just the kind he liked.

Agnes Callahan was the first woman he ever had seen who received a salary of \$500 a week. He was not accustomed to a business in which important department heads were women. He had been right, he thought. He must get rid of her and get a man.

"Mind if I smoke?" she asked, reaching for his ash tray.

"Er, what? Oh, yes, no, not at all," he stammered.

With an effort he adjusted himself to the strange situation.

"Miss Callahan," he began, "my survey of the motion picture industry leads me to the conclusion that the success of this company depends upon making better pictures."

"Yes, of course," she said. It was not a revolutionary idea.

"By that, I mean pictures for cultured people. There are millions of potential customers who are not buying our goods for the reason that our goods are cheap, insulting to the intelligence of the better classes."

"Umm," said Miss Callahan, doubtfully.

"I want stories that will interest the influential classes, those who have plenty of money to spend, who now attend the opera. We must satisfy those who read the better magazines, who appreciate art."

"Aren't you afraid that stuff like that will drive away the regulars?"

"By no means."

"You'd rather make 'Peter Pan' than 'Male and Female'?"

"Exactly."

"THEN down the sewer goes your movie company," she said calmly.

Mr. Nottingham bristled. He was not accustomed to talk of this kind from subordinates.

When he had outlined his plans to M. L. she had said that they were nothing short of genius.

"Ideas like yours," he told Miss Callahan severely, "are characteristic of this industry. I know I am right. I have the figures to prove my point. Do you know how many millions do not go to the movies? Why the surface is hardly scratched?"

Miss Callahan said so she had heard.

"Have you ever compared," she suggested, "the market for bread and butter with the market for anchovies on toast?"

The discussion was getting nowhere. When it ended Henry K. Nottingham was convinced that Agnes Callahan was a flip little person of no culture.

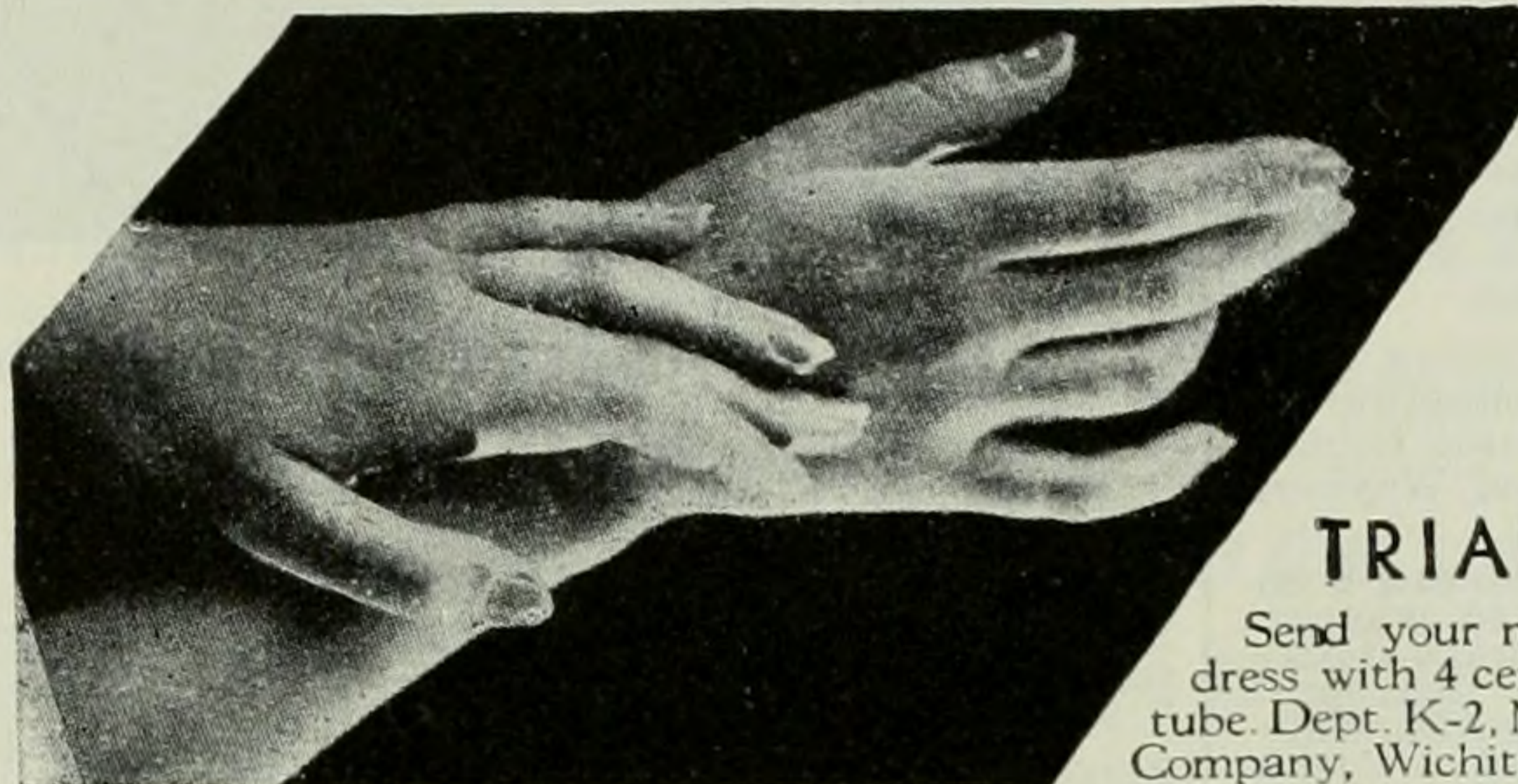
And Agnes Callahan went into the office of Ned Smith, sales manager, and declared that

ROUGH CHAPPED HANDS

Here's a quick way
to make them
soft and smooth:

use

MENTHOLATUM



TRIAL TUBE

Send your name and address with 4 cents for a trial tube. Dept. K-2, Mentholatum Company, Wichita, Kansas.

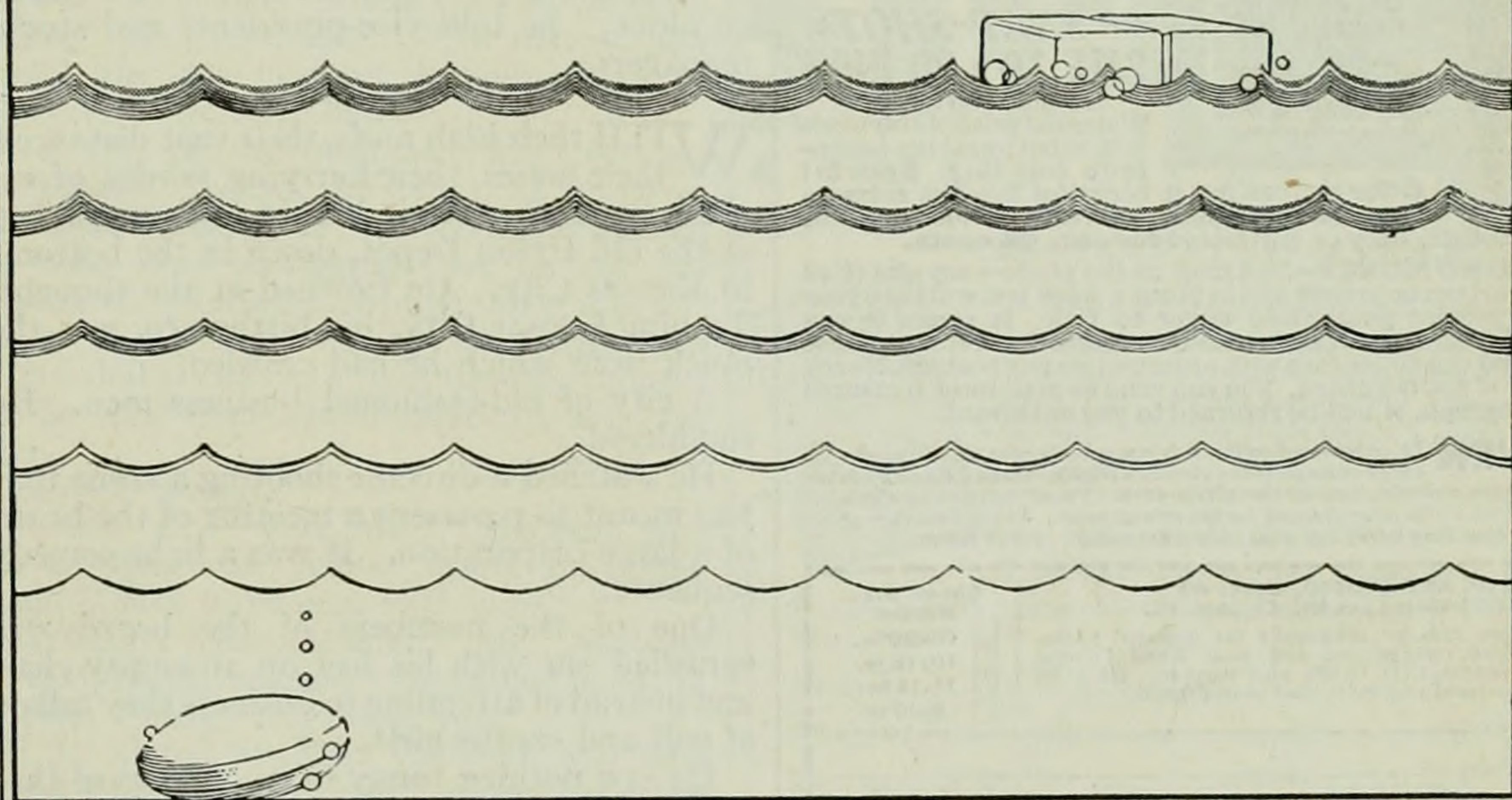
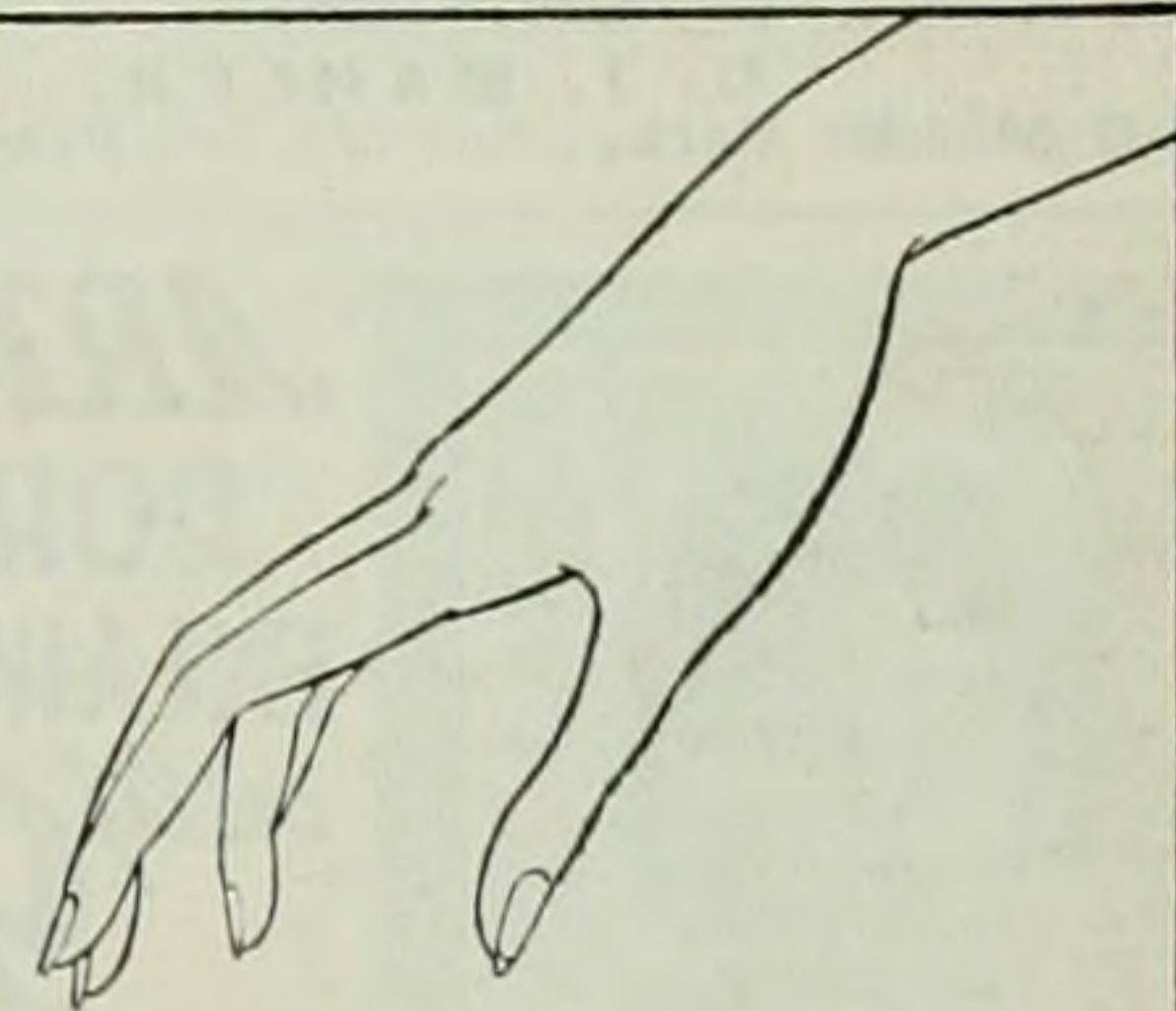


MENTHOLATUM

For a Holiday Present nothing will be more greatly appreciated than a subscription to PHOTOPLAY. You will find a subscription coupon on page 116

You never lose Ivory
in your bath —
it floats!

99 44/100 % PURE



NED WAYBURN



One of America's best known theatrical producers and foremost dance creator, who staged the best Editions of the Ziegfeld Follies and over 600 other Musical Shows—whose inspirational direction and guidance contributed so much to the success of MARILYN MILLER, ANN PENNINGTON, GILDA GRAY, EVELYN LAW, FRED AND ADELE ASTAIRE, AL JOLSON, EDDIE CANTOR, WILL ROGERS and many other stars.

STAGE DANCING

taught *The Ned Wayburn way* brings

HEALTH--BEAUTY--FAME

and **HIGHLY PAID CAREERS!**

WHY allow your dancing talents to remain undeveloped—your personality to lie dormant? Let Ned Wayburn, Maker of Stars, train you to get the most out of life—financially, physically and mentally.

A complete day or evening training at the Ned Wayburn Institutes of Dancing means that you are thoroughly schooled in stage deportment, stagecraft and showmanship—ready for the success that awaits all Wayburn trained dancers.

Here, too, you can reduce or build up—acquire glowing health and beauty of figure that makes for irresistible personal charm and social popularity.

Learn Stage Dancing the Ned Wayburn way that covers every type of dancing for Stage, Talkies or Teaching Careers; for social affairs.

Visit one of the Ned Wayburn Institutes of dancing, or write today for our beautiful new FREE illustrated booklet UT, which describes the Ned Wayburn method and courses in detail.

IMPORTANT! Many who find it impossible to come to the Ned Wayburn Studios in New York and Chicago at once, are taking advantage of Mr. Wayburn's Home Study Course in Stage Dancing—the most remarkable course of its kind in the world. Write for Free Home-Study Booklet UHT.

NED WAYBURN Institutes of Dancing

Developed from

Ned Wayburn Studios of Stage Dancing, Inc.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

1841 BROADWAY

606 S. MICHIGAN BLVD.

(Entrance on 60th Street)

(Corner Harrison St.)

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

D. J. MAHLER,

2262-C Mahler Park,

Providence, R. I.



ARTISTIC PORTRAIT ENLARGEMENTS

only **98¢** each

FROM ANY PHOTO
or SNAP-SHOT
SIZE 16 x 20 INCH

(or smaller if desired)
The usual price of this work is \$5.00 but by taking advantage of this Special

Offer you can get a beautiful life-like enlargement of that favorite picture of mother, dad, sweetheart, baby or any friend for only 98 cents.

SEND NO MONEY—Just mail us the photo—any size (Full figure, bust or group) and in about a week you will have your enlargement guaranteed never to fade. It comes to you C.O.D. On arrival pay postman 98¢ plus a few cents postage, or send one dollar cash with order and we pay postage. Money back if not delighted. You can send us your most treasured photograph, it will be returned to you unharmed.

GIVEN In order to advertise this remarkable offer we will send with every enlargement ordered, a **Highly-Glazed Hand Painted** miniature reproduction of the photo sent. These miniatures alone are worth the whole price charged for the enlargement. Take advantage of this really **Amazing Offer** and send your order today. **DO IT NOW.**

ALTON ART STUDIO, Dept. 49 5654 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.	
Please enlarge artistically the enclosed photo. Return enlargement and send Hand Painted miniature, C. O. D. 98c plus postage. (If \$1.00 is enclosed you are to send postage paid.)	
Name _____	Check Size Wanted
Address _____	<input type="checkbox"/> 16x20 in.
Town _____ State _____	<input type="checkbox"/> 10x16 in.
	<input type="checkbox"/> 11x14 in.
	<input type="checkbox"/> 8x10 in.



Just a song at twilight, played in silhouette by Mrs. John Gilbert.
A beautiful shot of the piquant Ina Claire profile

this new president was trying to put the company on the blink.

"What's the use?" Ned Smith asked. "It will just lose you your job."

"I don't care. I don't want him to flop. I sort of like him. Why, I don't know, unless it is that he came from my home town. I've heard about him for years. And we Kansas City folks must stick together."

* * *

THE first thing anybody does, when he gets a good job in the New York office of a picture company, is to take a trip to Hollywood.

So Mr. Nottingham packed his trunk. Agnes Callahan was overdue on the coast for her semi-annual trip. She left for Los Angeles on a Monday, M. L. followed on Tuesday and Mr. Nottingham embarked on Wednesday. Agnes Callahan had suggested that they all go together—which was the general practice—but Mr. Nottingham had not reached the point where he could approve of such informality.

So here he was, making his first inspection of the Marvel Studios—a group of huge, concrete buildings, completed at the cost of millions to make millions of feet of film for millions of persons who were expected to pay millions of dollars.

"No, thank you, gentlemen, I would rather go alone," he told vice-presidents and studio managers.

WITH their high roofs, their vast distances, their noises, their hurrying hordes of excited people, they reminded him of the train shed of the old Union Depot, down in the bottoms in Kansas City. He frowned at the thought. To him Kansas City, his birthplace, was the muck from which he had crawled.

A city of old-fashioned business men. He shuddered.

He watched a director shooting a scene that was meant to represent a meeting of the board of a large corporation. It was a light comedy sequence.

One of the members of the board was sprawled out with his feet on an empty chair and instead of attending to business they talked of golf and chorus girls.

He saw nothing funny in it. Scenes of that sort, distorting the truth, gave the public a

bad impression of big business. He would see that such things were stopped.

He strode from set to set, stepping over cables, crawling around lights, climbing over piles of lumber, dodging property trucks, ignoring the stares of the curious. As he climbed and side-stepped he had all the poise of acrobats who perform most difficult feats slowly, with perfect timing.

He noted mentally, in his tour, that too many of his subordinates seemed to be sitting around doing nothing. It obviously was bad management.

The production curves must be flattened out. Constant distribution of labor—that was his specialty.

HADN'T he increased the output of cement mixers twenty-four per cent and at the same time cut the overhead eighteen per cent?

You're darned tootin', he had!

He looked around for a place to rest and to make a few constructive notes. In the far corner he spied a set representing a library in an expensive home. Just the place. It was quiet, convenient.

A rope was stretched in front of the set and a sign as tall as a man declared

**KEEP OFF!
THIS MEANS YOU!**

Of course that sign did not mean the President of Marvel Pictures Corporation. So he climbed over.

"Hey, you!" someone yelled.

Mr. Nottingham pulled a chair away from the fireplace and placed it in front of the library table and sat down. He drew out a note book.

"What in hell you doin' on that set?"

Mr. Nottingham was annoyed and looked up to tell the party to go to some other part of the building.

A short, fat man in a soiled golf suit and a checkered cap was glaring at him from the other side of the rope. The short, fat man pointed directly at Mr. Nottingham and shouted.

"GET offa that set, ya fat head. Can't ya see that sign?"

Mr. Nottingham realized that this hoodlum was addressing him. He rose quickly, trem-

bling with rage, feeling much as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in all his robes might feel, if hit in the eye with a spit ball.

"I am Mr. Nottingham, President of Marvel Pictures Corporation," he declared in a voice made husky with passion, and he stepped back expecting to see the man drop dead.

"Well, Nottingham, my name is Hitchcock and I want you off that set damn' quick."

Mr. Nottingham could hardly speak. "I'll let you know," he choked, "that you cannot talk that way to me."

"I can't, hey?" Mr. Hitchcock replied. He lifted the rope, inviting Mr. Nottingham to crawl under.

"Get outa there, Nottingham, just as quick as your legs will let ya. Moved a chair, didn't ya? You're a hell of a president. That move cost ya four thousand bucks."

Mr. Nottingham obviously was dealing with an insane man. He wanted no violence, so he crawled under.

He rose to his full height and stuck out his jaw as he thundered, "You will hear from this, sir!"

"Ya mean I'm fired?"

MR. NOTTINGHAM'S blood had reached 212 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Yes, you're fired!"

"Hot baby!" Mr. Hitchcock yelled, leaped the rope and flung open the desk. He drew out a sheet of paper, dipped a pen in ink, grabbed a blotter pad and returned to the amazed Mr. Nottingham.

"Write it down, kid, will ya?" Mr. Hitchcock beamed. "Write it down that I'm fired."

"Fool!" Mr. Nottingham blurted. He turned on his heel and strode out of the stage and across the lot to the administration building. He flung open the door of Eddie Martin's office. Eddie was studio manager.

"Well, Mr. Nottingham," Eddie greeted, leaping to his feet, "how'd you like the joint? Pretty swell—"

"I have just discharged an employee for insubordination," Mr. Nottingham exploded. "Something must be done around this plant immediately to teach employees proper respect. The morale is wretched—wretched!"

"Aw, Mr. Nottingham," Eddie Martin apologized, "they mean all right. Sometimes you find a tough egg. Fired him, eh? It's good you did. Who was it—prop boy or something?"

"He ordered me off a set—profanely. He swore at me!"

"Gosh almighty!" This was really serious. Some darn fool, not knowing, ordering the president off his own set! "Of course we won't stand for a minute for anything like that, Mr. Nottingham. What's his name?"

"Hitchcock, he said his name was."

"Hitchcock?" Eddie repeated it, uncertainly. "I don't know the name. What was he—carpenter, electrician?"

"He wore an old golf suit and a checkered cap."

EDDIE MARTIN was speechless. He gasped, "Not Jack Hitchcock, Mr. Nottingham? You didn't fire Jack Hitchcock!"

"Perhaps it was Jack Hitchcock."

"You were on his set—not, good Heavens, not the library set, Mr. Nottingham!" Eddie's eyes were pleading that Mr. Nottingham would tell him it wasn't so.

"Yes, why?" Mr. Nottingham was becoming a bit uneasy.

"They're shooting a double exposure there. What did you do?"

"There was no one there, so I sat down."

"Oh, golly! They must have laid off for lunch! They've got it half done—been shooting four days." There was panic in Eddie's voice. "If you moved anything, Mr. Nottingham, they'll have to do it all over. You didn't move anything, did you? Gosh, you didn't move anything, did you?"

"Just a chair. Only a chair," he assured Eddie.

The studio manager sank back in his seat and held his head.

"And you fired him?" he asked, in agony.

"What else could I do—after he swore at me?"

"Sure, sure, Mr. Nottingham, I can't blame you, but listen—Jack Hitchcock is one of the four or five best directors in the business, and he's half way through a million dollar picture. We got a contract with him at three thousand a week that's got two years to run and he's been trying to break it because at least three other companies will give him five thousand the minute he steps off the lot. And you fired him! Are you sure he heard you?"

MR. NOTTINGHAM nodded. He was losing his self-assurance. "He wanted me to put it in writing."

"Jumping turtles! Don't tell me you did that!"

"No," said Mr. Nottingham, with a thankful sigh. "I didn't."

Eddie rang for his secretary. "Well," he said, "maybe we can save the pieces." He spoke to the girl who entered. "Please 'phone and ask Mr. Hitchcock if he would mind coming over here. Tell him it is very important."

"Is that the way you order your subordinates?" Mr. Nottingham blustered. "A subordinate who has grossly insulted the president of the company and—"

"Listen, Mr. Nottingham, maybe we can get him to come over and maybe we can fix it up. All we can do is to try to kid him along. Tell him you didn't know who he was and apologize and pat him on the shoulder and tell him what a great fellow he is. Promise him a bonus if the picture clicks. That may get him."

"Apologize!" Mr. Nottingham exclaimed. "I apologize? And give him a bonus! After what he said to me? What kind of—"

"Listen, Mr. Nottingham, if we lose Jack Hitchcock we lose plenty dough—plenty. If you don't like my idea, try one of your own. But we've got to square it."

Mr. Nottingham walked to the window and looked out at the flower beds, trying to get control of himself, trying to figure how he would have coped with a similar situation in the pickle business.

Eddie's secretary entered.

"Mr. Hitchcock says he will be over in an hour or so," she said. "He will stop in to say good-bye."

Eddie sighed.

"You go to your office, Mr. Nottingham, and when he come I'll bring him in. Think up a good one, because Jack Hitchcock's worth a half a million a year to us—at least."

* * *

IN the mahogany and gold office that was reserved for the use of visiting executives from New York, Henry K. Nottingham discussed the situation with M. L.

"You, of course, cannot permit such insolence," M. L. advised. "No matter how valuable the man may be, discipline must be preserved. Discharge him!"

"But this picture business," Mr. Nottingham offered, "seems different. I can't—" He caught himself. He almost had admitted that there was something that he did not understand. "I must give more thought to it."

Deep in his heart Henry K. Nottingham realized that he was in a tight fix—the tightest that he ever had encountered in his long career.

The door opened.

"Pardon me," said Miss Callahan, who wore a blue and yellow sports ensemble. "Could I have a moment with you?"

"Certainly, Miss Callahan," Mr. Nottingham said, rising, relieved. He turned to M. L. and said, "That's all, thank you."

M. L. glared at Miss Callahan and left. A good deal of nerve, coming right into the president's office, unannounced.



Raquel Torres, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.

from
BEHIND GUARDED STAGE DOORS
come these magic beauty secrets of
FAMOUS STARS

PERHAPS you too, have wondered what beauty preparations famous stars really use. Until today, unfortunately, women could only guess because they were closely guarded secrets within the profession. But, now their secrets can be disclosed... these amazing cosmetics are no longer exclusive professional property but available to every woman, everywhere. For the first time, the general public is invited to buy Stein's Beauty Preparations.

To permit busy women to enjoy the same, simple fascinating way to vibrant beauty as used by the stage and screen stars, Stein's has prepared a remarkable home beauty ensemble. Five Stein preparations—Cold Cream, Face Powder, Liquid Powder, Lip Stick and Eyebrow Pencil will remove all chance from your make-up, and reveal a new magnetic beauty that you never dreamed possible. Your favorite Toilet Goods Counter has Stein's products now. Try them... prove for yourself what every star has always known.

Unquestioned Purity for Over Half a Century

stein's

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS & THEATRICAL MAKE-UP

COLD CREAM · FACE POWDER · LIQUID POWDER · LIP STICK · EYEBROW PENCIL

Secrets Revealed in Free Booklet.

Peek into the very dressing rooms of famous Broadway beauties and Hollywood stars. Send for your free copy of "From Behind Guarded Stage Doors", today.



Stein Cosmetic Co., Dept. P.
51 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Please send my free booklet "From Behind Guarded Stage Doors" to

Name.....

Address.....

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

A Unit of Stein Cosmetics Company, Inc.

How to Avoid
Severe

Colds

Heed the warning symptoms—achy, chilly feeling; sneezing, headache. Take Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE—at once. This recognized standard remedy for colds is used by millions every year.

30c At All
Druggists



Grove's
Laxative
**BROMO
QUININE**
Tablets

Successful Since 1889

"Don't Shout"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."
The MORLEY PHONE for the
DEAF

to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone

adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 10 S. 18th St., Phila.

Your Frocks and Lingerie Direct from Paris!

Exclusive designs—delightful beyond all imagination can be obtained from Manon de Luxe at small cost. Write to-day and let us convince you of this genuine offer. All sizes in stock.

MANON DE LUXE
29, Rue de Richelieu, PARIS 1er. FRANCE
(Postage to France is 5 cents)

ROUGH ON RATS
TRADE MARK
THE OLD RELIABLE

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE
Refuse Substitutes

Sold at all Drug Stores
Used the world over for generations
E. S. WELLS, Chemist
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

MASCARILLO
Only Eyebrow Beautifier

MADE IN 9 SHADES. Absolutely harmless, NOT A DYE. Makes Sample lashes long and luxurious. Best for 60 years. Price \$1.
CHARLES MEYER—13 East 12th St., N.Y.C.

M. L. was finding herself in a most disorderly business.

Miss Callahan sat down.

"This Hitchcock thing," she began. "Have you worked out of it yet?"

"Who told you about it?" Mr. Nottingham demanded.

"Oh," she said airily, "it's all over the lot."

"It will be printed?" he exclaimed.

"Sure, but who cares? This week they'll tell how you fired Jack Hitchcock. Next week—I hope—they'll tell how you didn't. You don't want to lose him, do you?"

"I guess not."

"That's a perfect guess. He's a great director."

"But insubordination cannot be excused. No matter how valuable the man may be, discipline must be preserved."

"Lay it to temperament—and forget it. I can fix it!"

"You can!" he blurted, gratefully. Then he retired into his shell. "By what process?"

"Jack wants to make 'Blue Eyes,' the big musical show. Mr. Delavan, the president they tossed out before you came in, wouldn't buy it. Cost too much, he said. We can get it for \$200,000. Buy it for Jack and all will be hunky dory. He's crazy about the story. It's laid in New Orleans, his home town—and you know how people are about their home town."

"As simple as that?" he asked, doubtfully. "He will go back to work and be happy?"

"Sure. Movie folks are queer."

"But we cannot spend \$200,000 for a story." He remembered that the overhead had to be cut.

"Sure you can. It's the only way out. Otherwise you lose him. Or even if he stays, he'll sulk and be no good. Let's buy it!"

Mr. Nottingham blustered. He said "No" eleven times without discouraging Agnes Callahan in the least. At last, beaten, he gave in.

"Good! I'll get him on the 'phone right now and square it!"

Things were coming too fast for him. In the pickle business they held conferences for days before they could decide upon an expenditure of \$200,000.

He was in a muddle.

"Thanks," he said, grabbed his hat, and strode out of the office.

He strolled aimlessly around the lot for an hour, trying to bring order out of a chaotic mind. It was a crazy business, operated by lunatics.

Employees swore at their superiors, hired help—girls and boys not old enough to vote—were paid three or four times as much as the president of the corporation. "Yes," when he meant "No."

He returned to Eddie Martin's office. Eddie greeted him with cheers.

"Great stuff, Mr. Nottingham! You certainly whipped that situation into line. Jack was just in here and told me about 'Blue Eyes.' He's all pepped up. How on earth did you ever think of that?"

"Hmm," said Henry K. Nottingham, modestly.

"Well," said Eddie, "it just shows that you big fellows have got something on the ball."

* * *

MR. NOTTINGHAM returned to his office and met the disapproving eye of M. L. She laid on his desk a number of typewritten sheets—a transcript of Agnes Callahan's telephone conversation with Jack Hitchcock.

"Did you ever see 'Blue Eyes?'" she inquired coldly.

"Never did," he admitted. "I hear it's good."

"Vulgar," she said. "Not the type of thing you could be proud of. Cheap comedy. Just more detestable movie drivel."

When he did not answer, she flipped out of the room.

He glanced at the first page of Agnes Callahan's telephone conversation. One paragraph caught his eye.

"He's a good guy, Jack," he read. "Came from Kansas City, where I used to live. I've known about him for years. He's new in the game. Take this story, Jack, and behave yourself."

Mr. Nottingham read no more.

He had blundered and he had been saved—by a girl in whose ability he had placed no confidence!

And why had she done this for him? Just because she thought he was a "good guy." He was humiliated, and for a moment humble. He tore up the sheets and threw them into the waste basket. He felt ashamed, as if he had opened a friend's desk and pried into personal correspondence. And M. L. had acted as a spy! That sort of thing was dirty business!

* * *

BACK in New York, two weeks later, he received guiltily the congratulations of the sales department for his shrewd purchase of "Blue Eyes."

"It was Miss Callahan's suggestion," he admitted.

"That's true. She certainly picks them. But you were the one that said O.K. You backed her up." Ned Smith, sales manager, was dishing out a little applesauce. "With Jack Hitchcock directing, 'Blue Eyes' will make us a million."

Mr. Nottingham decided that he would not discharge Agnes Callahan just yet. Perhaps she could be guided along the right channels.

He began to realize, however, that she was dictating the production policy of Marvel Pictures Corporation and, as M. L. reminded him, nothing was being done about pictures for the better classes.

The fault was his. He was not pursuing his policy. But he could not seem to get going. Business was business, but there was something about this movie thing that baffled him.

Finally he got an idea, and M. L. said it was marvelous.

He called Miss Callahan and Ned Smith, the sales manager, into his office.

"I have decided to produce 'The Valkyrie,'" he announced.

"The what?" asked Ned Smith.

"It's an opera," Miss Callahan said.

"Lousy title," said the sales manager.

"Don't tell me," Mr. Nottingham was appalled, "that you never have seen 'The Valkyrie.'"

"Nope," Ned Smith said.

Neither had Miss Callahan.

"People pay twenty-five dollars to hear it," Mr. Nottingham explained. "We will give it at popular prices."

"UH HUH," said Ned Smith without enthusiasm, wondering how much he could get for an opera from the Novisky circuit with fifty-six theaters in the Pennsylvania coal towns.

"My success in other businesses," Mr. Nottingham declared, "can be laid at the feet of my determination to produce only the best. The trouble with motion pictures is that they are tawdry, cheap, vulgar. This picture will bring into motion picture theaters millions of persons who now never go to the movies."

Miss Callahan nodded sadly. She had heard that speech before.

"What's the story like?" Ned Smith asked.

"A young man steals another man's wife and the husband goes after him to kill him. The young man and the husband fight. There's a chance for a remarkable scene when the Valkyries race to the battle—they're women in armor, you know, riding wild horses."

Miss Callahan sat up, interested. "Sounds good," she admitted.

"Wotan comes to the scene," Mr. Nottingham continued, "and shatters the hero's sword

so the husband can kill the hero. Then Wotan kills the husband."

"Good twist," said Miss Callahan.

"And Wotan beats it with the girl?" the sales manager asked.

"No. In the end, I think she dies."

"Not so good. Change it and let him get the girl."

"I HAVE employed Gregory Temple to direct it," Mr. Nottingham announced.

"What's he ever directed?" asked Ned Smith.

"He is a fine stage director—was with the Metropolitan for years. He will put this on right. What do you think?"

He beamed, anticipating high praise. Under the same circumstances in the cement mixer business his subordinates would have hailed him as a genius.

"Sounds sour to me," Ned Smith admitted.

"Is it too late to stop it?" Miss Callahan inquired.

Mr. Nottingham was irritated. He did not like opposition from his employees.

"We shall make the picture," he said firmly.

"That is settled."

* * *

GREGORY TEMPLE went to Hollywood equipped with full authority to cast and produce "The Valkyrie" in sound. When his script came back, Miss Callahan read it and went into Smith's office, raving.

"It's terrible," she said.

Ned Smith looked it over.

"I thought it was a horse picture," he said.

"Instead, it's a fairy story."

"And only nine horses," Miss Callahan pointed out. "Even the cheapest Westerns give 'em fifty."

"Can't we get him to put in more horses? Let's talk to the boss."

"He won't help us," said Miss Callahan.

"I'll see if I can get away with it."

That night Gregory Temple received a telegram from Agnes Callahan, scenario editor in New York City, that read:

JUST SAW SCRIPT VALKYRIE AND NOTE YOU HAVE ONLY NINE GIRLS ON HORSES WHICH WILL LOOK TERRIBLE STOP PLEASE USE AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED STOP REGARDS

To which the intellectual Mr. Temple replied:

IF YOU WILL READ YOUR MYTHOLOGY YOU WILL FIND THERE WERE ONLY NINE VALKYRIES STOP THEY WERE DAUGHTERS OF WOTAN STOP HE DID NOT HAVE ANY MORE DAUGHTERS STOP REGARDS

Agnes Callahan quickly dictated a straight telegram:

HAVE SOME NEIGHBOR GIRLS GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE OR CHANGE WOTAN TO SOLOMON STOP GET MORE DAUGHTERS AT ANY COST OR PICTURE WILL FLOP STOP REGARDS

Mr. Temple had the last word:

MY DEAR LADY MY CONTRACT SAYS I SHALL DECIDE WHAT IS TO BE IN THIS PICTURE STOP NO OPPORTUNITY NOW TO GET ANY MORE DAUGHTERS FOR WOTAN STOP HE IS DEAD AND SO IS MRS. WOTAN STOP VERY VERY KINDEST REGARDS STOP STOP STOP

Smith grinned when Miss Callahan showed him the message.

"I am afraid he's kidding us," he said.

"Well, we'll just have to wait and see."

* * *

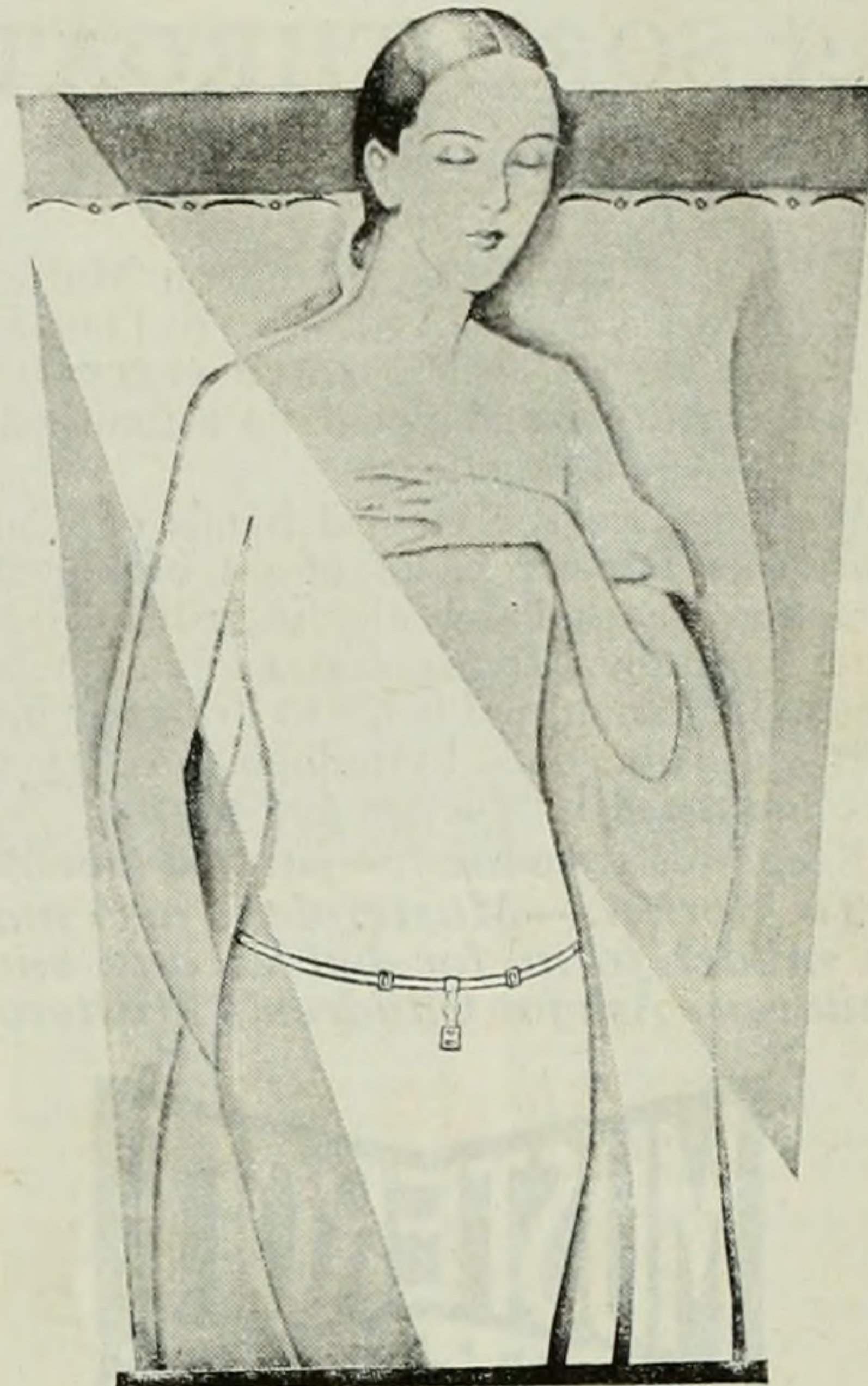
"THE VALKYRIE" opened on Broadway with a terrific ballyhoo.

The next morning M. L. clipped the criticisms and laid them on Mr. Nottingham's desk.



What one of those big studio weddings looks like from up in the light galleries. This is the one in First National's "The Dark Swan," with Lois Wilson, H. B. Warner and Olive Borden in the leads

New PERSONAL BELT



Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of pyroxylin especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price \$1, three for \$2. Write today.

Beltx

If not available at your favorite store—Write Direct



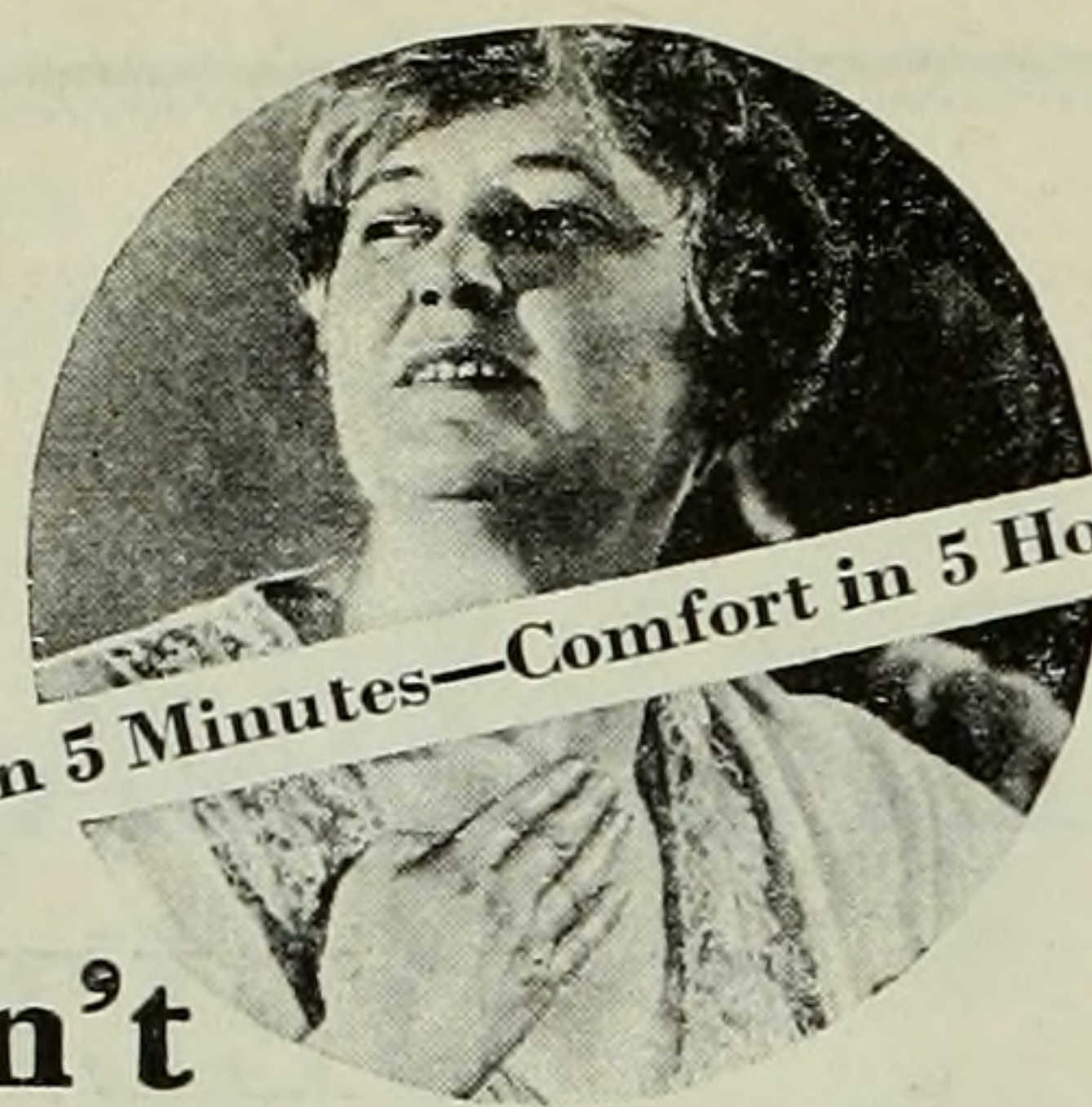
Glen Marianne Shea

GLEN MARIANNE SHEA, Bell Telephone Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. 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 _____ 1759



Ease in 5 Minutes—Comfort in 5 Hours

Don't let SORE THROAT get the best of you...

FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment *once every hour for five hours* and you'll be astonished at the relief you'll experience.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

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



Phantom Red LIPSTICK



**One shade that
is Every woman's**

Vital, natural color for blonde and brunette. Not a trick shade—the real red that makes lips young, faces alive. Creamy smooth... and STAYS smooth on lips. Fadeless.

Just a touch, and you're ready. In ultra red and black enamel case, \$1.00; Junior, 50c.

SEND Send this adv. and 10c for Vandy Size PHANTOM RED Lipstick and Make-up Guide. (Another 10c brings dainty model PHANTOM RED Rouge Compact.)

Dept. 193, Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Ave., New York

Learn Tap Dancing
BUCK AND WING AND CLOG

Study at home under the direction of PAT DIXON, International STAR of Musical Comedy and Vaudeville fame. Opportunity to learn these popular steps at surprisingly LOW COST now placed within reach of all! Anyone can learn. Lessons are clearly explained and illustrated. Theatre, Radio, Television, Talkies, and Society want good dancers. It is a healthy exercise. Has wonderful reducing and developing qualities. Write today for complete details FREE! No obligations.

DIXON DANCE STUDIOS, DEPT. P-3, ST. PAUL, MINN.

CUTS and SCRATCHES

Stop the smarting and hasten the healing by prompt application of

Resinol

When Writing Advertisers
Please Mention PHOTOPLAY

"I told you it would be a triumph," she said.

"I read some of them on the way down. Are they all good?"

"Every one. You have proved your point."

Ned Smith and Agnes Callahan were forced to admit that the criticisms seemed favorable.

"It's not my kind of a picture," said the sales manager.

"Bored me stiff," said Miss Callahan.

"But look at what the newspapers say," exulted Mr. Nottingham. "It is a new era in motion pictures!"

"Let's see how business holds up," Ned Smith advised.

People stayed away from "The Valkyrie" by the millions.

In Los Angeles the critics were enthusiastic and the seats were empty. In Topeka, in Dallas, in Seattle, in Oklahoma City the results were the same.

* * *

MR. NOTTINGHAM sat at his desk and scowled as he looked over the sheets of figures that showed him the sorry results of his first six months as a master mind in the picture business.

He was a worried man and his nerves were on edge.

He turned to the report that he had prepared for his board of directors the next day. It called for a production program soggy with culture.

Mr. Nottingham was not a fool. He had made a fair analysis of the situation. For hours he had checked and re-checked the figures and his conclusion was incontestable. He had failed.

The stories that he had O.K.'d grudgingly, under pressure from Agnes Callahan and Ned Smith, had made money—but not enough money to pay for the losses on "The Valkyrie" and his other favorites. "Blue Eyes" was the big hit of the year.

Savagely he hit his temple with the heel of his hand.

"What's the matter with the machinery?" he asked.

M. L. entered, smiling triumphantly. She handed him a bunch of papers.

"You will be interested," she said, "in seeing how Miss Callahan has been trying to countermand your orders. Without authorization, she demanded changes in 'The Valkyrie.'"

He read the telegrams.

"Where did you get these?" he said, angrily.

"In the evenings, when I stay late," she said proudly, "I look through the files in the outer office."

He pulled himself to his feet. "M. L.," he thundered, "that is dirty, low, mean business." He glanced at the telegrams. "If we had had more horses, perhaps we would not have lost half a million dollars, M. L."—he took a deep breath. The moment had come. Discouraged, irritated, his courage rose. He would discharge her. "M. L.," he said, "I don't like the way—I am determined that—you are—you are—"

"What am I?" she asked.

He could not do it.

"**Y**OU have been with me for years," he said, "and—and have been very faithful and—efficient. I am going to give you a vacation, a long vacation—on full pay, of course. Take a month, two months, three months. That's it, three months."

"But, Mr. Nottingham—" she protested.

"Go ahead. You've earned it. Fix it up. Right away. We'll try to find someone to take your place."

"Are you sure—" she began.

"Of course. You go right away."

And something in his tone made her murmur her thanks, and with her chin in the air, she turned and left the office.

He sank down, relieved, as if he had sold a stock just before it dropped forty points. Three months without M. L.! After three

months, what then? No need to worry now about that.

He picked up the schedule he had laid out for the coming year—a schedule that Agnes Callahan and Ned Smith had protested vigorously, but which M. L. had agreed was admirable. He tore it, and dropped it into the waste basket.

He hurried down the hall to Agnes Callahan's office and entered.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Certainly. Please sit down."

HE looked around at the snug room. There were easy chairs, books, and on the walls were pictures—snapshots, young people, old people, children playing in the park, a group on a beach, a picture of a main street in a small town. Most of the other offices were hung with autographed photographs of stars. This one had no touch of movies.

"Miss Callahan," he said, "I need help."

"I know it," she answered, simply.

"I cannot get the hang of this motion picture business."

As he made the admission his cares seemed to leave him. It was the first time in his business career that he ever had admitted failure. He should have been humiliated. Instead he was exalted.

"I'm the doctor?" she smiled.

He nodded. "Prescribe."

"I'll have to operate," she warned.

"Use dynamite, if you think it's the thing to do," he surrendered.

"Your forgetter is too active. I'll have to take it out."

"Go ahead, doctor," he agreed.

She was silent for a moment.

"What's the best book you ever read?" she asked suddenly.

"Well, er—I don't read much. Probably something of Dickens or—I remember a story of Arnold Bennett's. I can't recall."

"Ever read 'Huckleberry Finn'?"

He laughed aloud and slapped his knee. "I had forgotten all about 'Huck'!" he exclaimed. "Remember when Jim was in the cabin, chained to the bed?"

"And they made him eat the sawdust! And the King and the Duke?"

"I must read 'Huck Finn' again," he said.

She took a worn volume from a shelf and handed it to him. "Use my copy," she offered. "Remember Electric Park in Kansas City?"

"Vaguely," he admitted. "There was a band that played. Oh, yes, and Alligator Joe!"

"Wasn't it marvelous how he used to wrestle with alligators?"

"I wonder what ever became of him?" he mused.

"**R**EMEMBER the 'Priests of Pallas' parades?" she inquired. "And the ball?"

"Of course. I rode on one of the floats once when I was a kid."

"We're getting somewhere," she declared.

"But this has nothing to do with business," he interjected.

"Yes, it has." She waved a hand at the pictures. "These are old friends, that I knew out West. They are the folks we make pictures for—just ordinary, nice, intelligent folks like me"—she smiled—"and like you, if the operation is a success."

"I'm beginning to understand."

"I pick stories that these people will like," she said. "There's Tom Denton over there, with his arm around a girl—Nancy Fitch she was, before she married him. He's a lawyer in Kansas City. And up in the corner, see, that's my Aunt Elizabeth. Sometimes I read a story that I am sure is not for her, so I turn to that freckle faced little devil in the football clothes. If it seems to suit him I decide that is what we want, and write Aunt Elizabeth a letter telling her that she had better not go when the picture comes to town—that it is a little too wild for her. So, of course, she goes, and takes all the other members of the Sewing Club."



Not Laurel and Hardy, for once, but Laurel and Laurel. The lovely but slightly camera shy blonde is Stan's daughter, Lois

"Of course," said Mr. Nottingham.
 "Your trouble, Mr. Nottingham, is that you have lost the Kansas City touch."
 "Yes," he said, slowly, "I believe you."
 She leaped to her feet. "That's the stuff!" she announced. She took four or five photographs off the wall and placed them on her desk.
 "The main show in the big tent is about to begin," she beamed. "Mr. Nottingham, let me introduce the customers!" She resumed her seat and took a file of papers out of a desk drawer. "Now let's put on fifty-two shows for them. Let's make them whoop and holler and spend money. Won't you smoke, Mr. Nottingham, or would you like a stick of this chewing gum?"
 "I think I'd like to try the gum," he said.

* * *

THE directors' meeting was over. Henry K. Nottingham had read his report, admitted his mistakes, advanced his plans for the year to come. The bankers applauded—and when a banker applauds it is only for big time stuff.
 "Congratulations, Nottingham," said R. W. Nelson, chairman of the board. "I must admit that I was getting a little bit squeamish about your policy. You've worked it out, though, just as I predicted you would."
 "Yes," said Alfred Lowman, another banker, "we are set for real profits now. It just goes to show that a big man in one business is a big man in any business."
 They took their twenty dollar gold pieces, the wages of directors, and left.
 Henry K. Nottingham hurried to Agnes Callahan's office.
 "How did it go?" she asked eagerly.
 "Great!" he said, "thanks to you—and to Kansas City."
 "Everything is all right then?"
 "It will be," he said, "if you will go to dinner with me tonight. We'll celebrate."
 "Of course I'll go. Where?"
 "To one of those *table d'hote* places, where they dance."
 "Shall I dress?"
 "As you like," he said. "As for me, I have bought a new blue shirt with a blue stiff collar and a red and yellow tie."
 "Good boy!" she beamed.
 She was happy, for as the lion instinctively knows when hunters are approaching, Agnes Callahan knew that Henry K. Nottingham had made up his mind to marry her. Which was the ending she had planned!

EYELASHES CAN BE GROWN THIS WAY

Thick lashes for Beauty and Eye Protection

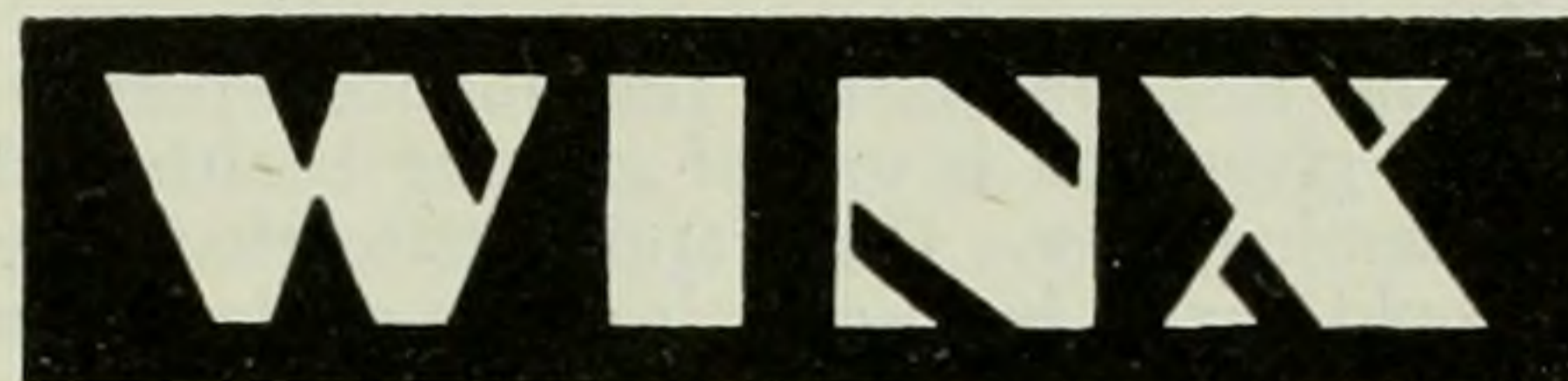
THE greatest artists of the world have affirmed in color, marble, music, poetry—that half of woman's charm lies in the expression of her eyes.

And eyelashes are so vital a part of facial beauty and expression—yet so often forgotten—so carelessly neglected.

With but a few minutes each day, eyelashes can be made the vivid, glorious "setting" for your eyes that they should be. Beauty experts, hair specialists, scientists—all admit, "Eyelashes Can Be Grown."

The new WINX Eyelash Grower has proved it—thousands upon thousands of times. Just as a new growth of hair can be stimulated on the scalp, so can lashes be nourished, thickened, lengthened. Day and night care is needed—just a few minutes each time. Spasmodic application of Winx Eyelash Grower will not help.

ROSS COMPANY
 241 West 17th Street, New York



"YOUR EYES ARE HALF YOUR BEAUTY"



Thick eyelashes have another value—the one intended by Nature—that of protecting the eyes from dust and harmful light. Many eye troubles are traceable to lack of sufficient lash growth.

WINX Eyelash Grower was originated for just such conditions as thinned, dried or colorless lashes. It is a pure, cream made of mildest ingredients—tested in the labor-

atory and used by thousands of women and always found successful.

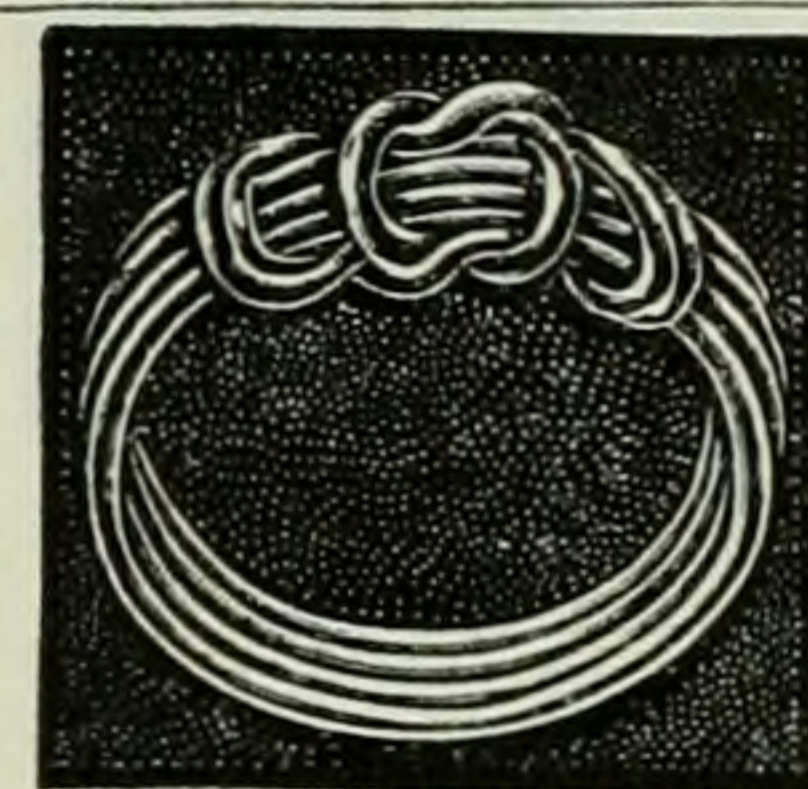
WINX Eyelash Grower comes in black and brown for daytime use—or Colorless, if you prefer. Sold at leading department stores. Priced at \$1.

WINX Beautifiers—in Cake or Liquid Form—come in two colors: black and brown. Priced at 75c. Sold everywhere.

Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their clive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS



LOVER'S KNOT or FRIENDSHIP RING

This pretty ring is made of four strands or coils of genuine 14K gold filled wire, woven into the True Lover's Knot that is symbolic of love between lovers, and friendship between friends. It is pretty without being showy. 20 year guarantee. Each ring made by hand by gold wire expert. It looks good and it IS good. PRICE 50c postpaid.

GOOD LUCK RING

A very striking, quaint and uncommon ring. Skull and Crossbones design, with two brilliant, flashing green emeralds sparkling out of the eyes. Said to bring good luck to the wearer. Silver finish. PRICE 25c postpaid.



COMICAL MOTTO RING

Lots of harmless fun and amusement wearing this comical ring. Made in platinum finish (to resemble platinum) with wording on enameloid, as illustrated. PRICE ONLY 25c postpaid.

600 page catalog of novelties, tricks, puzzles, etc. free with every order. Postage Stamps accepted.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO. DEPT. 65 RACINE, WIS.

"IT'S A FINE MORNING"



— a very happy morning, when you can get out of bed and have a few minutes' healthy tussle with Gym Junior. This home gymnasium enables you to take hundreds of natural exercises—light, medium or heavy, as you choose. Keeps your muscles pliable, body vigorous; drives away blues. Fine for reducing excess weight.

GYM JUNIOR—The Home Gymnasium

gives you a Punching Bag, Parallel Bars, Chest Weights, Rowing Machine, Massage Reducer, Swimming Machine, Wrist Developer, Chinning Bar, etc. All in one space-saving, tubular-iron unit. Three persons (adult or children) can use. Handsomely finished, attractive in any room. Also suitable for Clubs, Hotels, Offices, Hospitals and other group uses. Reasonably priced.

WRITE FOR illustrated literature descriptive of Gym Junior and partial payment offer.

GYM JUNIOR COMPANY
 530 N. Gregory Ave., Weehawken, N. J.

FLOOR BARS FOLD UP

YOU CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!



I do two things. I correct every defect. I develop hidden beauty. My startling results with more than 100,000 women prove that any one can be given beauty. No matter how hopeless, write me. My way of making women over completely is amazingly different. Thousands write me that results are almost beyond belief. Yet every Lucille Young beauty aid is scientific—known to act for all alike. That is why I can guarantee your absolute satisfaction. Not a penny to pay unless I give results you say are marvelous.

BE RID OF
Pimples, Freckles
Blackheads, Whiteheads
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Muddy Skin
Sallowness
Thinness
Fat

IMPROVE
Eyelashes
Eyebrows
Hair
Figure

AMAZINGLY QUICK

No long waiting. In a few days clear your skin. End pimples, freckles, blackheads, whiteheads, muddy skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, roughness, redness, sallow appearance. Banish wrinkles. Reduce fat legs, arms, ankles, your whole body. Or build scrawny figure to beauty. Grow eyelashes, eyebrows, hair. Beautify completely.

FREE TRIAL

You can try all of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—absolutely without risking a penny. I want you to make me prove that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart beauty instead... or take some prettiness and impart stunning good looks. I will send you everything to try my beauty aids full two weeks. There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the sole judge. If not delighted, you just say so—and your word is final.

And I Teach You Fascination

Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of fascination. I disclose this priceless art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a lifetime. You will learn how the world's sirens make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free to every woman with her free trial of my beauty aids. Remember, you have everything to gain—absolutely nothing to lose. So TODAY—

Send Coupon For Free Trial Offer

LUCILLE YOUNG, 956-C Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Absolutely without obligation on my part, send your wonderful FREE OFFER and Booklet. This coupon only tells you I am interested. It does not commit me in any way.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Old Money and stamps WANTED



POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, \$200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams \$740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills, and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY \$100 FOR DIME

1894 S. Mint; \$50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 356 FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

BLONDES

—here's a tip!



IS YOUR blonde hair darkening? Is it dull? Faded? Streaked? Get Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. The very first shampoo leaves hair brighter—soft, lustrous, gleaming with new life and beauty. And every shampoo makes it still lovelier. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals. A million blondes use Blondex. At all leading drug and department stores.

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you nervous, embarrassed in company of the other sex? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident of your future! Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Send 25c for this amazing book. RICHARD BLACKSTONE, B-2212 FLATIRON BLDG., N. Y. C.

She's Dynamite

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Kay would have a stricken look. She's a bit embarrassed, too, because the property man always hides any food on the set.

"I wouldn't eat the old props," she said indignantly.

After all of this, the day we lunched together in the M-G-M commissary, I expected her to order a thick soup, a sirloin steak and baked potato, pastry and coffee. What she actually had was chicken salad, iced coffee and fresh figs.

But when she was called back to the set sooner than was expected, she took the figs with her.

It would be a good five hours until dinner time, and there would be no sense in wasting a dish of figs.

KAY JOHNSON is typical of the changes in the motion picture industry—the changes that came about with the introduction of talking pictures.

I suppose if you stopped and analyzed her features she would not be considered a beautiful girl. Very attractive, yes.

She is tall and slender, with beautiful blonde hair, and amazingly blue eyes. She is healthy and wholesome, but not the type of wholesome person that works hard at it. There are people in Hollywood who are professionally and perpetually wholesome. A trifle annoying it is, too.

The first impression the Johnson personality gives you is one of glowing health and dynamic power. Quite appropriate that Kay should make her debut in "Dynamite." In that picture she swept from one emotion to another.

The old-fashioned dramatic critic would call it "running the gamut."

No ordinary actress could even attempt the rôle, but Kay is not an ordinary actress.

She was one of the best ingénues on the American stage, and she shows promise of developing into one of the greatest figures on the screen.

Since "Dynamite," she has appeared in the William de Mille production, "This Mad

World," and is now at work on "A Ship from Shanghai."

De Mille, the C. B. one this time, saw Kay playing in the Los Angeles stage production of "The Silver Cord." She was the town sensation. People went back again and again just to see Kay work up steam and wade into Nance O'Neil in the sensational third-act climax.

At the close of the performance C. B. sent back his card, asking her to call on him the next day. She had come west as the bride of John Cromwell, now directing at Paramount. Acting in pictures was furthest from her mind.

The greatest event of her Hollywood career came in attending her first motion picture premiere. Kay drives her own car, an open roadster. She bundled herself in furs and scarves and drove down to the Biltmore for dinner.

From the hotel the Cromwells took a taxi to the theater, all the time mourning the fact that they must arrive at their first premiere in a lowly Yellow. She didn't expect to be recognized, but she was.

Flashlight pictures were taken, and she was coaxed to the microphone. She wanted to have her husband in on the glory, so she grabbed hold of what she thought was his hand. Words failed her at the mike, and she also discovered that she wasn't holding her husband's hand. She was clutching the jovial and elderly J. C. Nugent for dear life. Her own premiere of "Dynamite," at the Carthay Circle, was accomplished with more grace. She had learned the trick.

SHE is a native of New York, and of Scotch and English ancestry. Her mother possessed a beautiful voice and had wished to study in Europe.

Family opposition had been too strong. Her mother insisted that Kay should have a chance to lead her own life when she chose the stage for a career. Her father was a noted architect, and was the designer of the Woolworth Tower, once the tallest structure on all Manhattan Island.

3 Fur Coats

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

I could be myself, and no one would know anything about the Chicago girl with the money."

Sue's introduction into pictures, and her immediate popularity with the public, has been told too many times to bear repetition. She, unintentionally, betrayed the fact that she was in better circumstances than most girls just starting on a career. The gateman at the studio discovered that Sue had three fur coats.

NOW, few of the greatest stars have more than three fur coats. In California, where the climate is mild, fur coats are in the category of luxuries.

In Chicago, even a moderately well-to-do girl has two or three fur coats.

She needs a raccoon coat for the football games, a fur coat for the street, and one for the evening.

So, the fur coats began the legend of the Sue Carol millions in Hollywood.

It was rumored that Sue's mother had paid \$50,000 to get her daughter in pictures. As a matter of fact there was a long distance call from her, in which mother put her foot down emphatically. Sue could not go into

pictures. It was ridiculous. But Sue won out in the argument.

Sue was easy to publicize. In addition to her fresh, young beauty and winning personality, was the sure-fire angle of wealth. The Chicago million dollar heiress was giving up society for a motion picture career. Newspapers fell for the story, hook, line and sinker. Here was a girl that would ride to fame in a Rolls-Royce, the road paved with her own gold.

The very same thing that had made her childhood unhappy in Chicago had followed her to Hollywood.

THERE'S another side to the story. Great wealth, for some unexplainable reason, has always been a drawback to a screen aspirant. The motion picture colony does not take millionaires seriously. The Biddle fortune was not great enough to put over young Craig Biddle with the producers. Jerry Miley was not a success, and the reputed \$10,000,000 fortune of Barton Hepburn has meant nothing. Ethel Jackson has never been given serious attention in spite of the fact that she was launched in the industry through a series of elaborate parties.

The Carol legend was furthered by the report that her mother phoned Sue every evening from Chicago. Long distance calls from Chicago to Los Angeles are expensive. When it came to advertising in trade papers, nothing but a full page would suffice for the wealthy Sue Carol.

IT took her a long time to get those bills paid. Her contract with Douglas MacLean, the first she had, called for three hundred dollars weekly. She had every intention of living within its bounds, but Hollywood expected too much. Having had great wealth thrust upon her by publicity, she had to live up to it for a time.

The salary just about took care of the advertising. In addition there were the usual "touches," and requests for financial backing in all kinds of schemes.

At this time, Sue had a small studio apartment on a quiet side street, near the Ambassador Hotel. Her companion was a German woman who had been with her since childhood. She had a Packard car, and a chauffeur.

Not a particularly expensive ménage, but it was beyond her means. There was a great deal of entertaining expected of her.

She found out that it was just as distressing to have money and live beyond your means, as to have no money at all. Her mother, always willing to help with the expenses, was called on for help.

Now all her back bills have been paid, and Sue is doing her best to live down the heiress tradition. Her natural impulse is to buy expensive gifts for the people she likes. But she doesn't do it. Hollywood knows pretty well what Sue is earning now. It expects a certain standard of living from her, and no more. It is a much more satisfactory state of affairs. Two-thirds of her salary goes into a savings account. She keeps within the remaining third for living expenses. If she sees a dress which she feels she cannot afford, she does without it.

Her home at the present is at the end of a winding hilltop road above Hollywood. It is so difficult to find that Sue sends her chauffeur down to the foot of the hill to guide lost and befuddled guests. There is a wonderful view from her long, pleasant living room. In the late afternoon the studio window frames the most beautiful sunsets you can find in California, and a clear, unobstructed view to the Pacific.

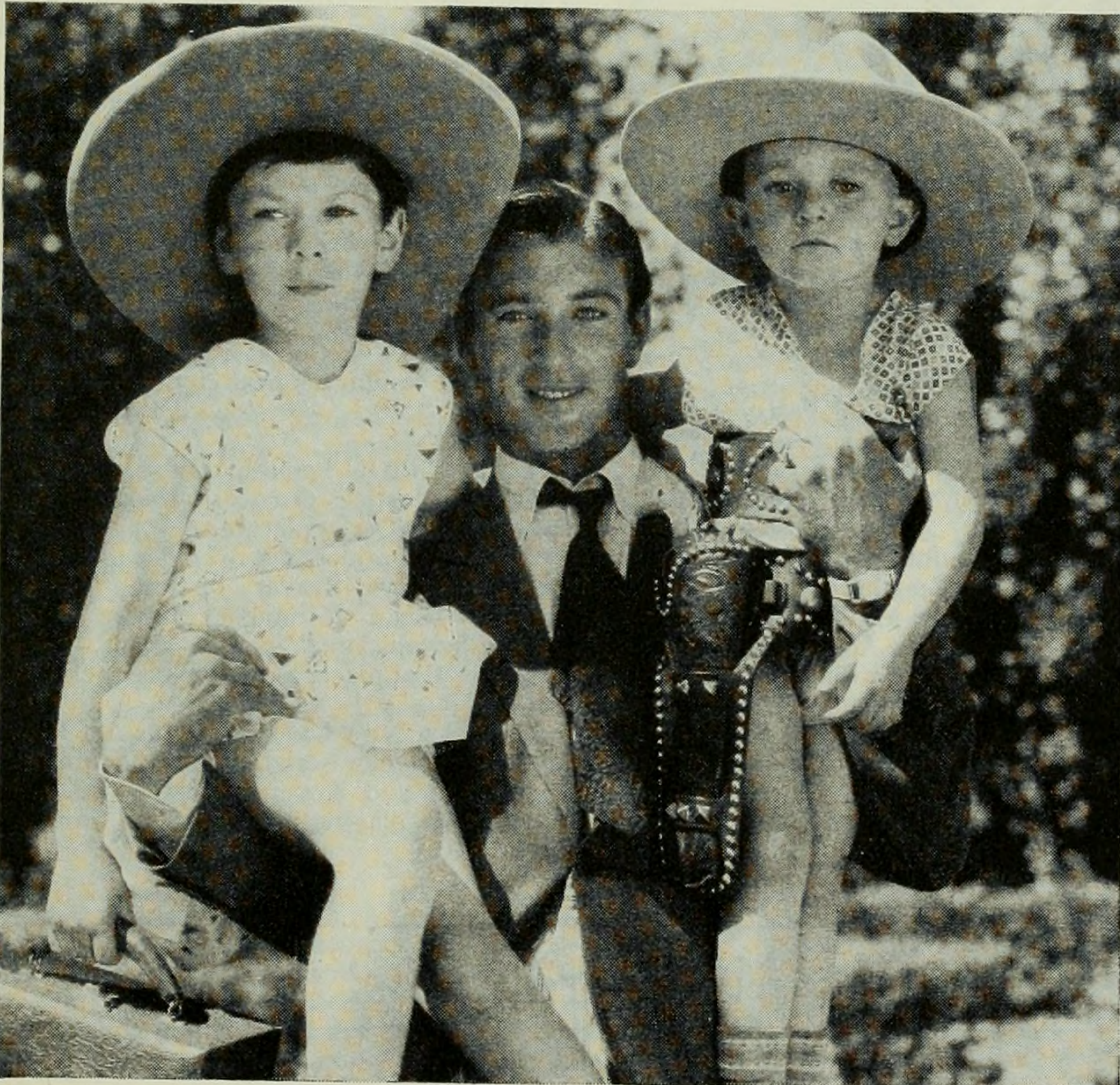
At night, Hollywood Boulevard appears just a stone's throw below. Sue intends to give up this rented house soon. Perhaps she is afraid that, after all, she may misplace her "hidden" house and not be able to find it again. Not as implausible as you might think.

By the time you read this Sue may be married to Nick Stuart, the Rumanian lad who is doing so well in pictures. It will be a marriage promising much. They have been in love for three years, and if a love can endure three years without rifts there is little reason why it shouldn't endure thirty. It seems almost like an Alger story, Nick marrying Sue.

The boy who has had to work for everything he has gained, winning the heart of a girl who, at least, has never known the gloomy shadows of want.

MARRIAGE will not keep Sue from pictures. She intends to go on with her work. She is now facing the greatest opportunity of her career in "The Lone Star Ranger." It will be filmed on an elaborate scale, the first all-magnoscopic film, and Fox is hopeful of creating another "In Old Arizona." She will be George O'Brien's leading lady.

Sue is a bit tired of being the perpetual flapper. The fans write to say that they imagine she is never still a moment, her feet always keeping time to fast jazz music. True, she is young, and she possesses a vivid personality which is even intensified on the screen, but she is not the typical flapper—no more than is Mary Brian or Lila Lee.



Just a couple of other Coopers. Gary and his niece and nephew, Georgia May and Howard Cooper, during a recent visit of the kids to the old Cooper rancho in Hollywood. Maybe they weren't tickled by the ten gallon hats!



A King's illness and Your COLD

VERY dramatically, the recent illness of a great ruler focused attention on the calcium content of the blood. It is rumored that a Knighthood is in prospect for the young biochemist who prescribed and administered calcium to His Majesty.

If you are troubled with frequent and recurring colds, although nose and throat seem perfect, your blood, too, is probably deficient in calcium. To restore the normal alkaline balance take FELLOWS' Syrup. It supplies calcium in a most assimilable form, in addition to four other vital mineral elements needed by the body, and two dynamic ingredients.

This explains why physicians in 58 countries consider FELLOWS' the winter tonic without equal. When you are physically and mentally let-down, it "picks you up." It promotes appetite, aids digestion, soothes nerves. Abounding vitality returns. Energy revives. Handicaps disappear. If you feel below par, ask your own family physician. He is probably among those who regularly prescribe this fine old tonic.

*FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets,
a vegetable compound, are
mild and effective.*



FELLOWS' SYRUP

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

TEN years, in the light of all time, is only the wink of an eye. In the life of one man it is just one seventh of the long hike home. But to one little dark-eyed boy it was the beginning and the ending of wealth, fame, happiness, suffering and success.

Our big story, in the December issue for 1919, is "Eyes of Youth," a Garson picture starring Clara Kimball Young of the headlight eyes. A glittering galaxy, to be Ringling about it, is in support. William Courtleigh, Gareth Hughes, Milton Sills, Edmund Lowe, Ralph Lewis, Pauline Starke.

And at the very bottom of this shining cast appears in small type—"Dancing Master—Rodolfo Valentino."

Yep. And within five years the dancing master was to be rich, famous, and the greatest fan favorite in the history of pictures. And in seven years he was to be dead and buried. And ten years later great magazines (like this one) were to be running memorial pictures on the anniversary of his death, and on that day

A STERN and handsome picture of Harry Morey is in the roto section this month. He's just been promoted from villains to heroes. And in 1929 he's out at the Long Island studio of Paramount playing in his first talkie, after many years' absence. . . One of our young ladies interviews Cecil De Mille while both are flying about in a plane. "My God is a God of nature, of bigness, rather than a personal God," says Cecil, as he puts the ship into an easy figure eight. . . Mr. Willard Huntington Wright does us a kidding piece on what movie actors wear, but Mr. Wright didn't know at that time that in a decade he would be rolling in dough as the author of murder stories penned under the name of S. S. Van Dine. . . A life story of David Powell, the handsome young British leading man who passed on a few years ago. . . A picture of Charlie Ray at the wheel of his colossal Locomobile, but I guess that went with the rest when Ray's fortunes blew up. . . A story on Sessue Hayakawa, the fine Japanese actor. That's droll. Two nights ago I was walking on Broadway at theater time, and in the midst of the crowd I saw a handsome, impassive oriental face. It was Hayakawa.

"GOSH, How They Hate Him!" is the title of an interview with Eric von Stroheim. In 1919 he had just finished a long list of German-officer parts in the bunch of war-hate pictures Hollywood made in 1917 and 1918. His great directorial days were still ahead, and Eric was just a vicious villain, loathed by all right-thinking Americanos.

He gives John Emerson, husband of Anita Loos, credit for his real discovery, and for giving him an assistant directorship on many Fairbanks pictures.

Well, have you seen "The Great Gabbo"?

OUR first long interview with young King Vidor, this month. Just a kid, but he rated a long piece by Adela Rogers St. Johns, because he had directed "The Turn of the Road" and was the husband of Florence Vidor. . . Mickey Neilan is going to screen "Penrod," with Wesley Barry in the lead. Oh, boy! . . . D. W. Griffith has picked a site for his studio at Mamaroneck, N. Y. The Gishes, Bobby Harron and the rest of the mighty troupe will be shipped East soon. . . Francis X. Bushman has gone on the stage in "The Mighty Thief." . . Mae Murray is going to make "On With the Dance" in Yonkers, N. Y., under George Fitzmaurice's direction. . . Charlie Chaplin is getting set to film his next comedy, "Paradise Alley."

PROHIBITION being barely in, Reader W. Clifton Justice discovers this bull in a recent Harry Carey picture:

"A gang of raiders discovered a room full of whiskey," says Reader Justice, "and one actually began to stagger before he had tasted the whiskey."

I know that place, too. I've been there.

THERESE, NEW ORLEANS.—Juanita Hansen is starting a new serial. Mary Pickford has hazel eyes and a very sweet voice. Cleo Madison is playing in "The Girl from Nowhere."



Lila Lee in the days when she was "Cuddles"—a fat little girl playing in "Male and Female" with Tommy Meighan and Gloria Swanson

churches in Hollywood and Paris were to be filled with mourning women—saying prayers for the repose of his soul.

Ten years. Just ten little years, Abner!

THIS is a great month in our movie theaters. "Male and Female" is all over the screens—that big De Mille million dollar picture made from Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton."

What a troupe! And what entertainment! Gloria Swanson (and fancy bed), Tommy Meighan, old Theodore Roberts and his cigar, and a shot or so of Bebe Daniels. But it was little Lila "Cuddles" Lee, all curves and dimples, that stole most of the film, says our editor.

DIAMONDS WATCHES & JEWELRY

One Year To Pay

No. 310—\$61
\$2 Down—\$1.25 Week
 7, fine quality, well matched, genuine blue-white diamonds full of sparkling brilliance are set in a SOLID PLATINUM disk. Looks like blazing solitaire worth \$600. 2 emeralds or sapphires (specify) set in sides of the gorgeously engraved 18 Kt. solid white gold mounting add to its beauty.

No. 312—\$48
 \$2 Deposit, \$1 Week
 Genuine blue-white diamond, head fully engraved, 18 Kt. white gold mounting.

No. 26—\$69
 \$5 Deposit, \$1.25 Week
 Genuine blue-white diamond man's 18 Kt. white gold ring. \$110 value.

No. 311—\$98
 \$8 Deposit—\$1.80 Week. 9 genuine, blue-white diamonds—10 emeralds. Hand engraved, 18 Kt. solid white gold mounting. \$160 value.

6 DIAMONDS
 No. V94—6, spark—\$57
 ling, genuine blue-white diamonds and 8 sapphires in richly engraved 14 Kt. SOLID WHITE GOLD case. Finest 15 ruby jewel movement guaranteed accurate. Regular \$100 value.
\$5 Deposit—\$1 a week.

15 RUBY \$24.75 JEWELS
 Latest style man's strap watch. White or green rolled gold plate case—one of many popular designs. Fitted with guaranteed 15 RUBY JEWEL movement adjusted and regulated. Worth at least \$40. **\$2.00 Deposit—\$1.00 a Week.**
 AGENTS WANTED: EARN \$100 WEEK—Write for Details

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO. INC.

1540 BROADWAY Dept. 2669 N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY

When the article of your selection is delivered, pay the small deposit specified to the postman—balance in equal weekly payments for as much as one year! No orders on credit, accepted from persons under 20 years of age.

\$195 A CARAT
 Guaranteed absolutely blue-white. Regular retail value over \$300 a carat. Decide what size diamond you want and figure price at this rate. Pay small deposit, balance in equal weekly payments for one year.

LOWEST PRICES EASIEST TERMS

Try as hard as you please, you can not buy elsewhere and get as good value for your money. The terms are so easy that you will never miss the money.

1 YEAR TO PAY

Choose article you want, either from this advertisement or our handsomely illustrated, free catalog. Pay small deposit and balance in weekly payments for as much as one full year. **No extra charge for credit.**

NO RED TAPE

There is no red tape or delay. All dealings kept strictly confidential. **Your order will be filled the day it is received.** You get the best of service.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You take no risk in buying from this old firm of diamond importers. **You have 10 days Free Trial**—if not completely satisfied with your bargain, return it and we will immediately refund every cent that you paid.

WILL EARN 8% A YEAR FOR YOU

We allow 8% annual increase in exchange for a larger diamond ring. Invest in a diamond. Just like putting money in a bank, only they allow 4% interest—we give you 8% up to two years.

Write for FREE Bargain Catalog

Brings our large Jewelry Store right into your home. Gives weights, grades and complete description so you can buy diamonds like an expert. Gives information other jewelers dare not tell.

SEND NO MONEY

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO., Inc.
 1540 Broadway, Dept. 2669 N. Y.

Please send No. . . . price \$ on ten days free trial. I agree to pay for it according to your terms. (Deposit can be sent with order if you prefer.)

Send me your FREE, beautifully illustrated catalog.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City & State _____

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

moting physical well being and enhancing charm, in giving assured daintiness and cleanliness to busy girls who have a hundred and one new interests each year, who is going to say it is not money well spent?

Every girl should own a full-length mirror, and she should consult it frequently. It helps to overcome faults of posture, it ferrets out the wrong lines in your clothes and in-

stantly detects the flattering ones. A long mirror is your sure guide to good looks, if you consult it with an open mind.

Not a bad suggestion for a Christmas present to yourself, that mirror. It will insure you a happy New Year of correct ginning and grooming.

JOYCE:

You'll be happy to hear that your weight is correct. There has been much discussion, pro and con, on the subject of high heels for tall girls, but if you like rather high heels and they don't interfere with a natural, graceful walk, I think you should continue to wear them.

Of course I don't advocate them for long walks, or for girls who must stand the greater part of the day.

Pale rose tints in rouge and lipstick should be becoming to you.

FAITH:

Perhaps you need to do a little experimenting with foundation creams until you find the one that best suits the needs of your skin. There is a new foundation cream that is satisfactory for most complexions. The same company has a liquid lotion for dry skin which makes an excellent powder base. There is a little trick in applying a foundation cream to make it go on smoothly. Melt a dab of it between your hands and then transfer it gently to your face.

DISCOURAGED:

"Thinking up something to say" when you are with a crowd of people shouldn't be a problem. Conversation at such times is usually general and if you are fairly well posted on current events, sports, politics, the new books, the theater, and the universal topic of conversation, the new photoplays and phonoplays, you need never be at a loss for subject matter.

When you are alone with one person the problem is a little different. If the person is not well known to you it is sometimes necessary to find out, by a little tactful questioning, what interests him, or her.

It isn't necessary to think up "wisecracking" replies. If you have a gift for seeing the funny side of every situation immediately and for aptly expressing yourself, then you can add a great deal to the fun of the world. But if you are the type to whom flippancies do not come easily, your efforts to be witty will sound forced.

Remarks that are intended to be funny, but aren't, soon pall.

A fund of general information, some definite interests along educational, business or social lines, or in sports; a genuine interest in other people and their problems—all these things make contact with others the simple, natural relationship it should be.

BETTY LOU:

You neglected to enclose the list of cosmetics you have selected. However, judging from your description of yourself, I suggest you use a fine rachel powder, a touch of geranium or perhaps carmine lipstick and no rouge. You may have to experiment a little before you decide which shades are most becoming.

E. D.:

Perhaps you don't try hard enough to win friends. Reticence and modesty are fine qualities, but in these days of many casual social contacts it is often necessary to make it plain to the people we meet that we are

interested in them in order to draw their attention to us. There are dignified ways of showing a young man that you want his friendship, without being bold. You have the advantage of living in a town where strangers come to spend their vacations and you can invite them to your home and make them remember you and your hospitality with a keen sense of pleasure. Some of them are quite likely to come back again, if they leave with that memory.

M. A. F.:

With your height and your attractive coloring you can make yourself into a stunning person. You can wear all shades of brown beautifully, and brown is one of the loveliest of this season's popular colors. You can also wear certain shades of green, and the midnight blue that is so fashionable. The latter color would be a splendid choice for a velvet afternoon or evening frock. There's all sorts of help for you—and most of it is help you can give yourself, with a little intelligent thought, a little experimenting, and a determination to make the most of whatever good points you have.

BETTY N.:

The boy is right, Betty. You have no right to "lead him on," as he expresses it. If you want him to behave, and I know you do, then you will have to be more careful of your own conduct. It's foolish to do things just because "everyone else does them."

Imitate the girls who have the same ideals you have, not those of whose behavior you are ashamed. If you want to attain real popularity remember that wrong methods never bring right results.

UNPOPULAR:

You are from five to eight pounds underweight. Your question, "How can I keep my eyes from looking too large?" is certainly unusual. My answer is, don't. Large eyes are very attractive, especially when they express intelligence and kindness. That's more important to think about than size.

If you use rouge, apply it high on the cheeks and well in towards the nose to add length to your face. V necklines will also give length.

MARGARITE:

Your weight is just about correct, although a gain of a few pounds would probably improve your figure. Perhaps you are not aware of the fact that as most blondes grow older their hair darkens somewhat. There are a number of simple preparations which are widely advertised that will tend to keep the hair light, if used regularly. If the freckle cream you have been using is not effective, I certainly should not continue with it. Perhaps it does not agree with your skin, or you have not followed directions carefully. There are a number of excellent freckle removers on the market, but you may have to experiment a little to find the one that is most effective for you.

EMILY G.:

Your weight is normal for your height and age. My reducing booklet contains some simple hip-reducing exercises and if you will send ten cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope I shall be glad to send it to you.

MAMIE S.:

A brunette of your type with good color can wear black, especially with touches of color in the trimming; cream and ivory-white; buff; dark brown; pale blue; silver-gray; clear red; all yellows; coral; old rose; flesh pink.



GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, 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 penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." 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 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. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 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 Pinette 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—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 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 mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

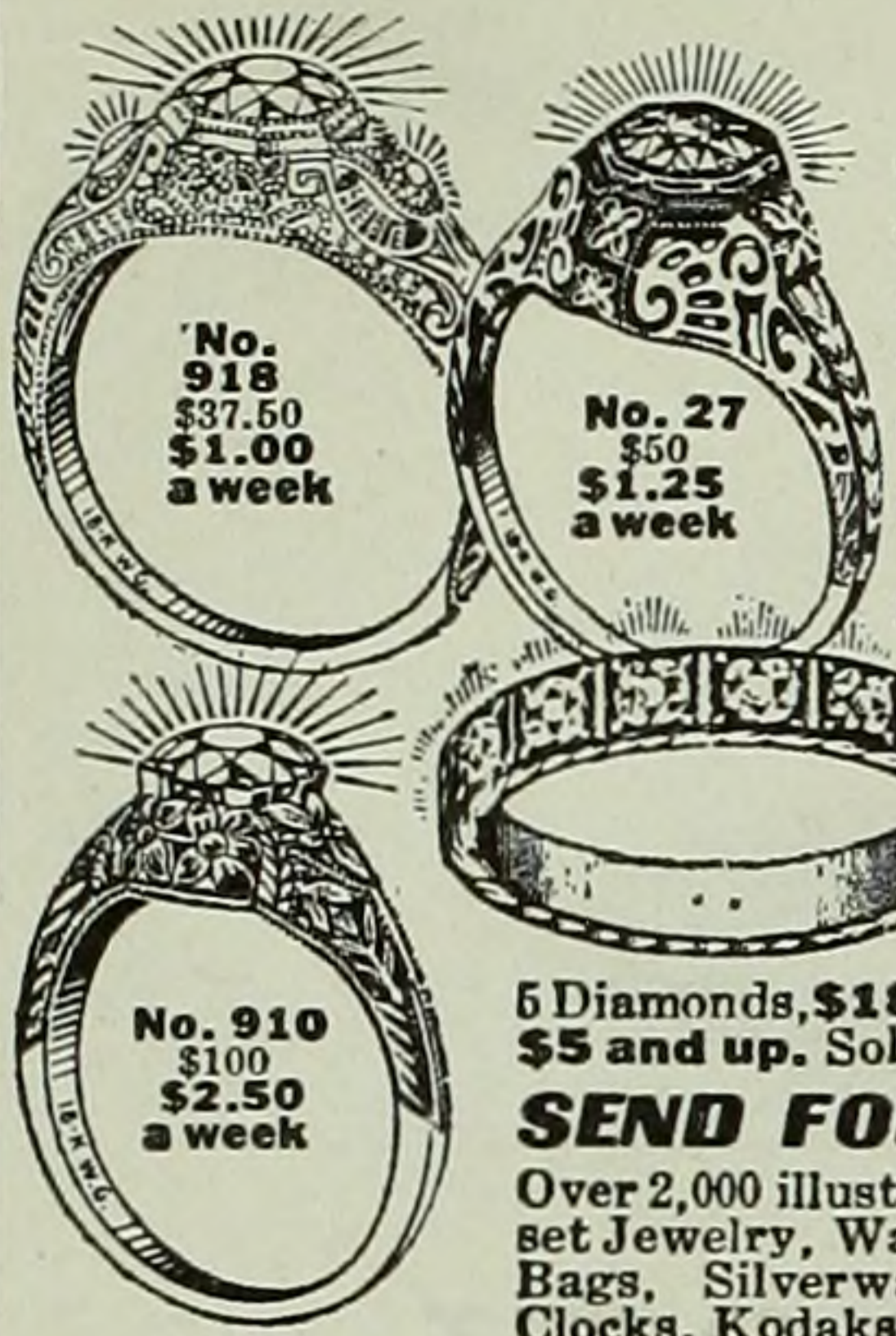
Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
856-C Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.
Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage.
If money sent with order price is \$1.95 and postage is prepaid.
State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D. _____
Name _____
St. Address _____
City _____ State _____

Cut Picture Puzzle Fans!
Winners in PHOTOPLAY'S \$5,000 Contest will be announced in the January PHOTOPLAY, on sale about December 10.

DIAMONDS WATCHES
CASH or CREDIT



Give a Diamond!

Gorgeous blue white diamonds; solid 18-k white gold mountings. The best Christmas Gift of all.

Wedding Rings!

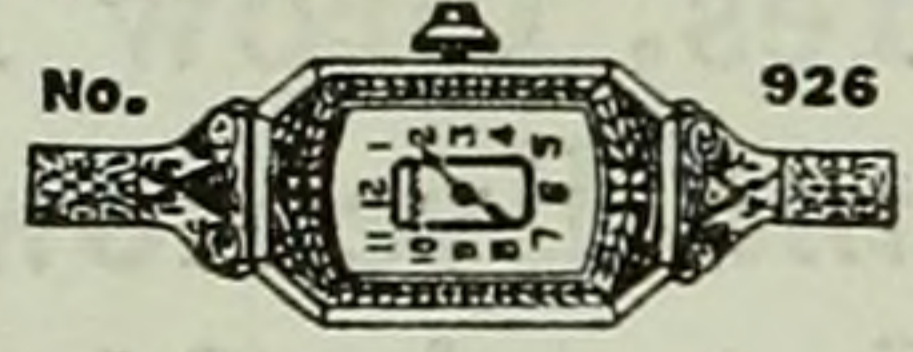
No. 824—The "Elite" solid 18-k white gold, set with 5 diamonds, \$18.75. Solid 18-k gold, \$5 and up. Solid platinum, \$25.

SEND FOR CATALOG

Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, Dresser Sets, Clocks, Kodaks. Write Today!

Goods sent prepaid for your free examination. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back. **CREDIT TERMS:** Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. Goods delivered on first payment. Order Now!

Lady's Rulova Wrist Watch, No. 926—"Baroness" 14-k gold filled; 15 Jewels. Dust-proof case. \$29.75—\$2.97 down and \$2.97 a Month.



No. 897—Elgin "Legionnaire". New Elgin for men—with white or green gold-filled case and raised figured dial. \$25.00—\$2.50 down and \$2.50 a month.

Our References: Any Bank or Banker in the U. S. A.

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers **LOFTIS BROS. & CO.** ESTD 1858 Dept. G-502 108 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.

These New Faces

BETTY LAWFORD ("The Big Pond," Paramount) is the pretty young daughter of that excellent stage actor, Ernest Lawford, an Englishman long active in the American theater. Miss Betty debuted in talking pictures in "Gentlemen of the Press," playing the leading ingénue, and will next be seen with Maurice Chevalier in "The Big Pond," soon due.



CHARLES RUGGLES ("The Lady Lies," Paramount) is one of Broadway's sure-fire character comedians. He has appeared in innumerable musical shows, most recently in the short-lived but beautiful "Rainbow," and in "Spring Is Here." Charlie is a brother of Wesley Ruggles, the film director, and is noted as a delineator of comical stage drunks.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT ("The Lady Lies," Paramount) is one of the most beautiful and talented of the theater's younger leading women. Last season she was leading woman in the Theater Guild production of Eugene O'Neill's ill-fated "Dynamo." She is the wife of Norman Foster, young stage actor who was seen in the filmed "Gentlemen of the Press."



SIDNEY BLACKMER ("A Most Immoral Lady," First National) is the new husband of Lenore Ulric. He has been prominent as a leading man in the theater for some years, and last season was his wife's leading man in David Belasco's production of "Mima" on Broadway. Blackmer's work opposite Leatrice Joy in "A Most Immoral Lady" marks his film debut.



LILLIAN ROTH ("The Vagabond King," Paramount) has been before the eyes of the amusement world a comparatively brief time. She came to New York's attention in the summer of 1928 as leading singing and dancing soubrette in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," the famous revue. A short term in vaudeville, and she went West to catch on nicely in pictures.



HARRY BANNISTER ("Her Private Affair," Pathe) is far more than the husband of beautiful Ann Harding, who is starred in this picture. He has been a well-known leading man in the theater for some time, having appeared in the leading rôle of Channing Pollock's famous play-preachment, "The Fool." He's made good, and will be with Pathe for some time to come.



ANN PENNINGTON ("Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warners) became nationally famous years ago as a dancing sprite in Ziegfeld's "Follies." She then appeared in George White's "Scandals" as featured dancer for several years. Her press agents sold her to the public as the possessor of the prettiest dimpled knees in the world. And they still are.



HENRY DANIEL ("The Awful Truth," Pathe) is a young English actor who came to this side a few years ago, and has been working in America ever since, except for one brief return to the London stage. His last and greatest Broadway hit was as *Lord Ivor Cream* in the dramatization of "Serena Blandish," opposite Ruth Gordon and Constance Collier.



BECOME A MOTION PICTURE CAMERA MAN!



Earn \$150-\$500 a Week
Prepare NOW to enter the BIG, UNCROWDED FIELD of motion picture photography—opportunities everywhere in movie studios, news films, educational or industrial work.

Practical motion picture camera included FREE of extra charge

You Can Quickly Qualify at Home!
Thru our home study course in motion picture photography you can quickly qualify for a well-paid position.

SEND TODAY FOR FREE BOOK
Our FREE book gives full details about the ever-growing field of motion picture photography. Shows how you can quickly and easily qualify. Send for it TODAY!
NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. D-1220 New York City 2 West 33rd Street

Agents: \$6 a Day



easily made taking orders for our delicious Ready-Prepared Pure Food Specialties. Something new—different. Not sold in stores. Save time, work and trouble. Housewives eager to buy. Tremendous demand. Easy to make \$6 to \$9 profit in a day. Repeat orders insure steady income. No experience or capital required. Wonderful opportunity to make money in full or spare time. Write today for particulars. No obligation in getting the facts.
American Products Co.
6821 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

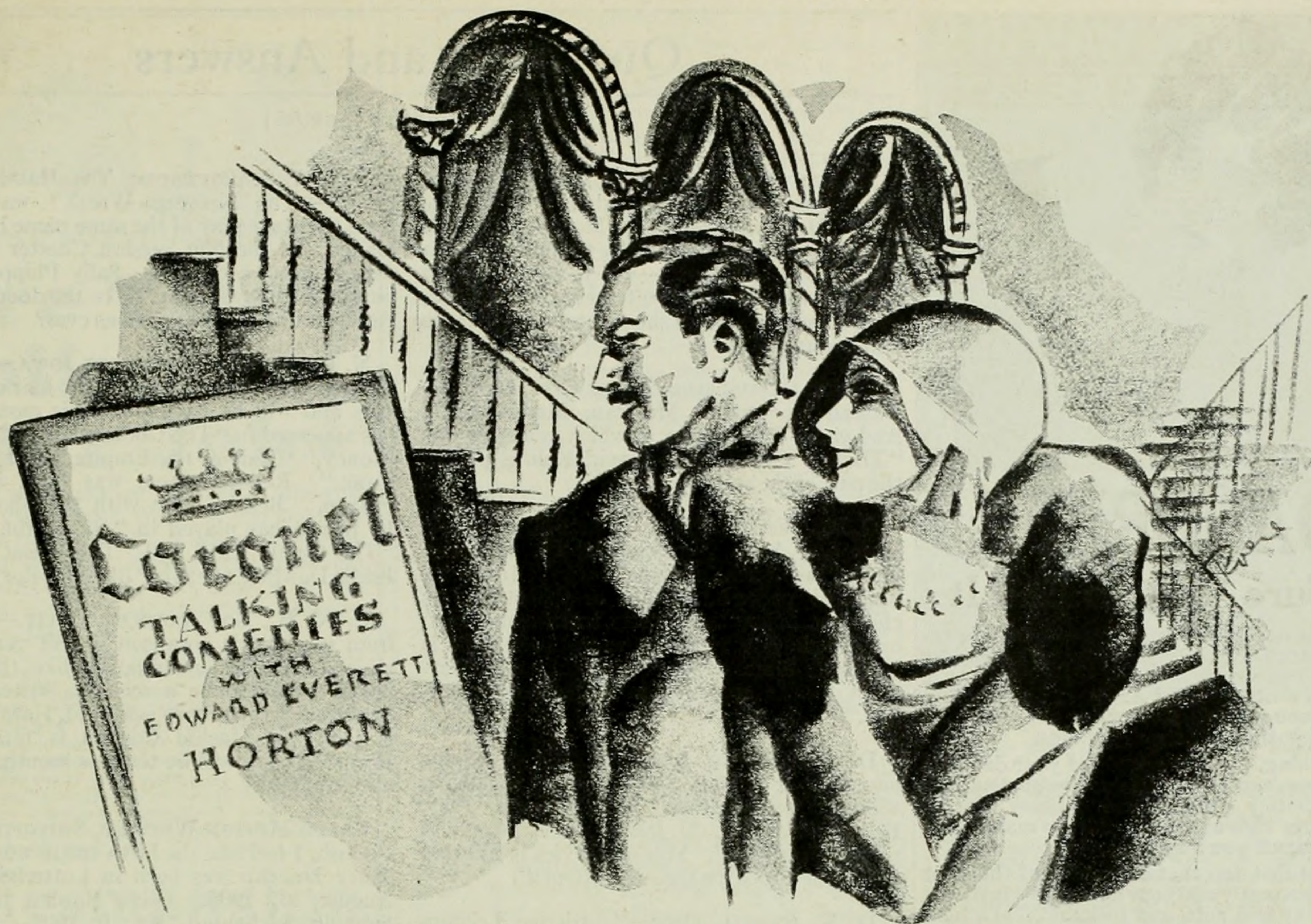
MAKE MONEY AT HOME!



Easy, new method of oil coloring over photographs and prints. Big demand. No drawing talent needed. Fascinating work for anyone. \$35-\$100 weekly and more. Free Employment Service. Earn while learning at home. Complete artist's outfit given. Write for free book.
NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Dept. 22-12, 1008 N. Dearborn, Chicago

Boys & Girls EARN XMAS MONEY

Write for 50 sets **St. Nicholas Christmas Seals**. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No work—Just Fun.
St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 42-P, Brooklyn, N. Y.



“That talking comedy is a gem—the finest thing on a good program.”

“Yes. It’s easy to see why they always have a comedy in the show *now*.”

Always looking for something *new* in screen entertainment! Of course you are. And **CORONET TALKING COMEDIES** are the *newest of the new*—smart, modern farce, entirely different from anything in the old silent films.

A splendid example of the great revival of screen humor that is so well typified in all of ***Educational’s Talking Comedies***. You will find them regularly on the best theatres’ programs. For they are among the finest entertainment the screen offers in this, its greatest year.

**CORONET
TALKING COMEDIES**
with
**EDWARD EVERETT
HORTON**
“TRUSTING WIVES”
“PRINCE GABBY”

**MACK SENNETT
TALKING COMEDIES**
“THE GOLFERS”
“A HOLLYWOOD STAR”
“CLANCY AT THE BAT”

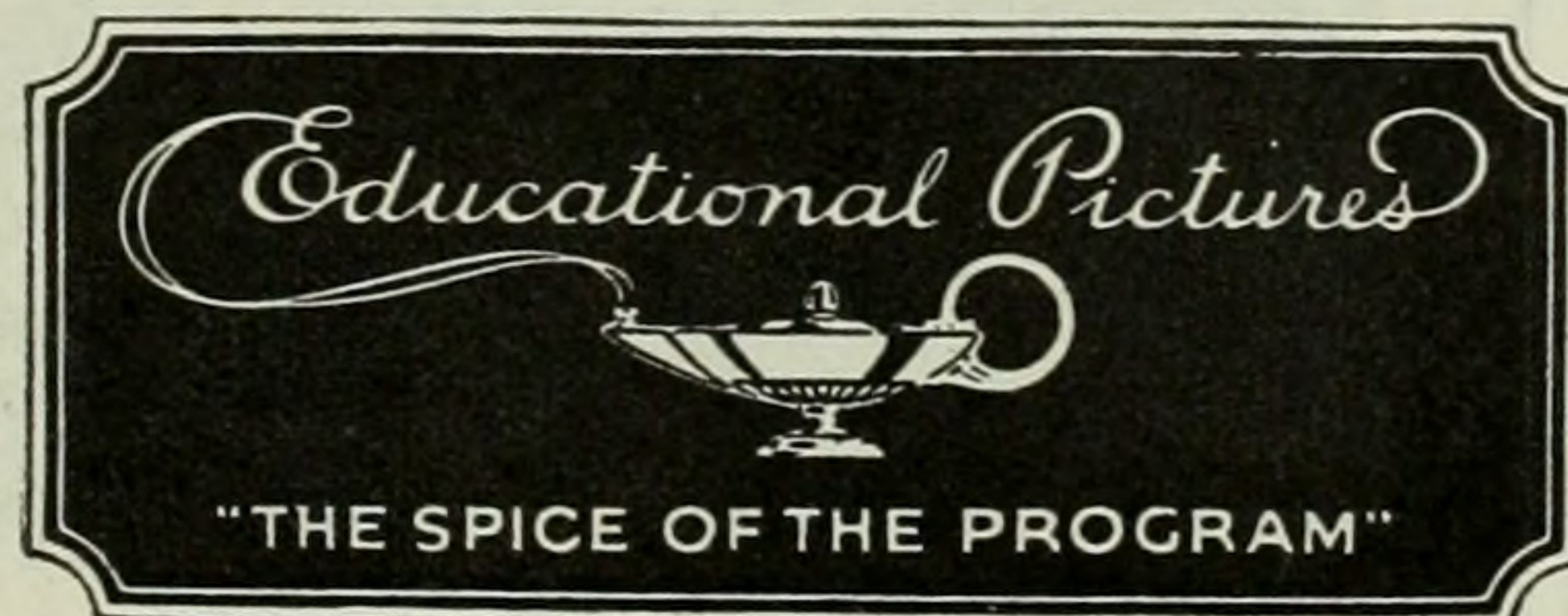
**MERMAID
TALKING COMEDIES**
Jack White Productions
“TICKLISH BUSINESS”
“THE TALKIES”

**JACK WHITE
TALKING COMEDIES**
“LOOK OUT BELOW”
“HUNTING THE HUNTER”

**LLOYD HAMILTON
TALKING COMEDIES**
“PEACEFUL ALLEY”
“TOOT SWEET”

**LUPINO LANE
TALKING COMEDIES**
“BUYING A GUN”
“FIRE PROOF”

**TUXEDO
TALKING COMEDIES**
Jack White Productions
“SOCIAL SINNERS”
“DON’T GET EXCITED”



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



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.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Stop Itching Skin



Don't worry longer with Itching Skin, Dandruff, Rashes, Blemishes, Pimples and other annoying skin irritations. Get a bottle of cooling, healing, antiseptic Zemo—the safe, dependable way to relieve itching torture. Convenient to use any time—does not show. All druggists, 35c, 60c, \$1.00.

zemo

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

STOPS NOSE SHINE

HIDES BLEMISHES

NEZON, a Parisienne beauty secret, stops shine instantly, hides blemishes and lasts for hours. Nothing like NEZON ever before. Not a cream, lotion nor an astringent. Absolutely harmless, can't clog the pores or cause blackheads. You will be amazed. NEZON will improve your skin and make powder stick. Delightful purse-vanity \$1.00 postpaid. Money-back guarantee. Send today.



DOROTHY BAILEY INC.,
Dept. 12-58 327 S. La Salle St., Chicago

HOT PIANO



Ultra-modern Piano Jazz taught by mail. Note or ear. Easy rapid lessons for adult beginners. Also Self-instruction system for advanced pianists. Learn 358 Bass Styles, 976 Jazz Breaks, hundreds of Trick Endings, Hot Rhythms, Sock, Stomp and Dirt Effects; Symphonic and Wicked Harmony in latest Radio and Record Style. Write for Free Booklet.

WATERMAN PIANO SCHOOL
1834 W. Adams St. Los Angeles, Calif.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

MARIAN YEARICK, DAYTON, OHIO.—Why make poor Joe Cobb an old man before his time? He's only fourteen. Molly O'Day will make believe that she is Sally O'Neil's sister in "The Show of Shows"—which won't be hard because she is! I don't know why Clara doesn't reduce—guess she wants to keep those dangerous curves.

CAMILLA DAUGAARD, MILES CITY, MONT.—Ramon Navarro is Mexican, Mademoiselle. And you? The picture to which you refer was "The Air Circus" and David Rollins played the part of the son.

O. R., GRANITE FALLS, MINN.—Both Bessie Love and Anita Page claimed five feet, two inches as their height until "Broadway Melody" proved that one or the other was cheating. Now the ghastly truth comes out: our Bessie is a modest five feet and Anita is five feet, three. Raymond Keane and Margaret Morris appeared in "The Magic Garden."

DONALD LEVER, LOVELAND, OHIO.—Some name your home town has! "Dancing Vienna" was released in February, 1929. Believe it or not, Al Jolson's next picture is titled "Mammy." Marion Davies is another one of the Brooklyn Queens. (Ouch!)

D. S., SARNIA, ONT.—"Adrienne Lecouvreur" was released in 1928 under the title "Dream of Love." Nils Asther and Joan Crawford played the leads. Nils is studying English at the University of California. Just another sinister result of the talkies.

C. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—You're just a cradle-snatcher, that's what you are. Philippe DeLacy is only twelve years old and lives with Mrs. Edith DeLacy who adopted him. The little boy in "Innocents of Paris" was David Durand. And Doug Fairbanks, Jr., will be twenty this month.

BILLY BRIMMER, BILOXI, MISS.—Rudy's brother calls himself Albert Valentino. He recently brought his thirteen-year-old son Jean over to America and is grooming him to take his famous uncle's place. Don't write, Tom Boy—come in person.

JOHN A. SPANGENBURG, THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.—"The Nervous Wreck" was taken from the stage play of the same name by Owen Davis. In the film version Chester Conklin played *Mort*, a cowboy. Sally Phipps' latest picture is "Joy Street." Is the food at the Restaurant Royale as good as ever?

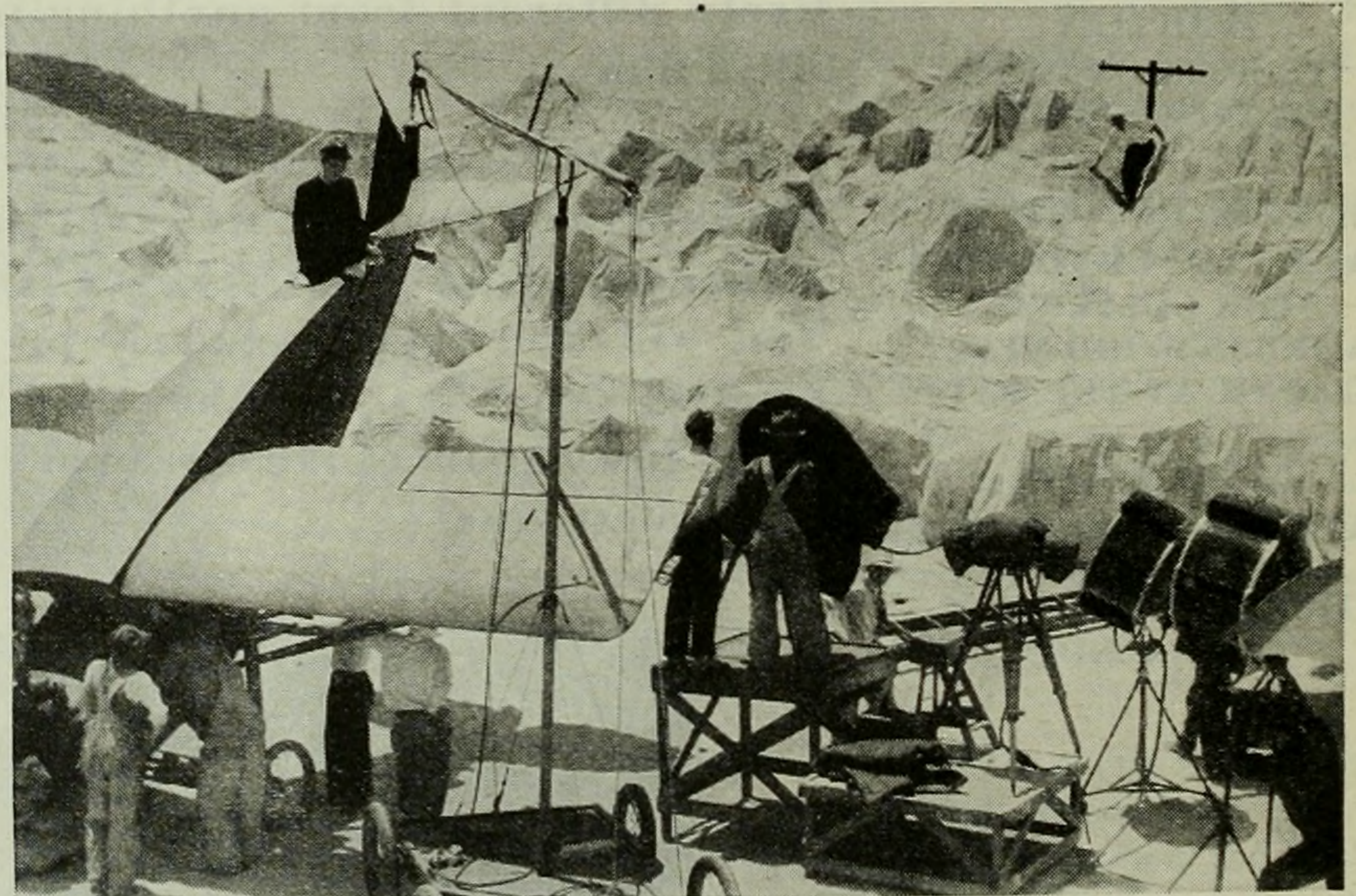
N. L. H., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.—George Duryea is six feet tall, has black hair and blue eyes and will be twenty-six this month. He has appeared in "The Godless Girl," "Marked Money," "Tide of the Empire," and "Honky Tonk." Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France. Besides "On with the Show," Joe E. Brown has played in "Hit of the Show," "The Circus Kid" and "The Ghost Talks." Eddie Dowling's next is "Blaze O'Glory."

E. N. H., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Take it from me, Gloria Swanson is still very much alive. With an imagination like that your friend ought to be a scenario writer. Betty Compson is thirty-two years old, Harold Lloyd is thirty-six, Jackie Coogan is fifteen and Frankie Darro will be ten this month. As for me—dunt esk!

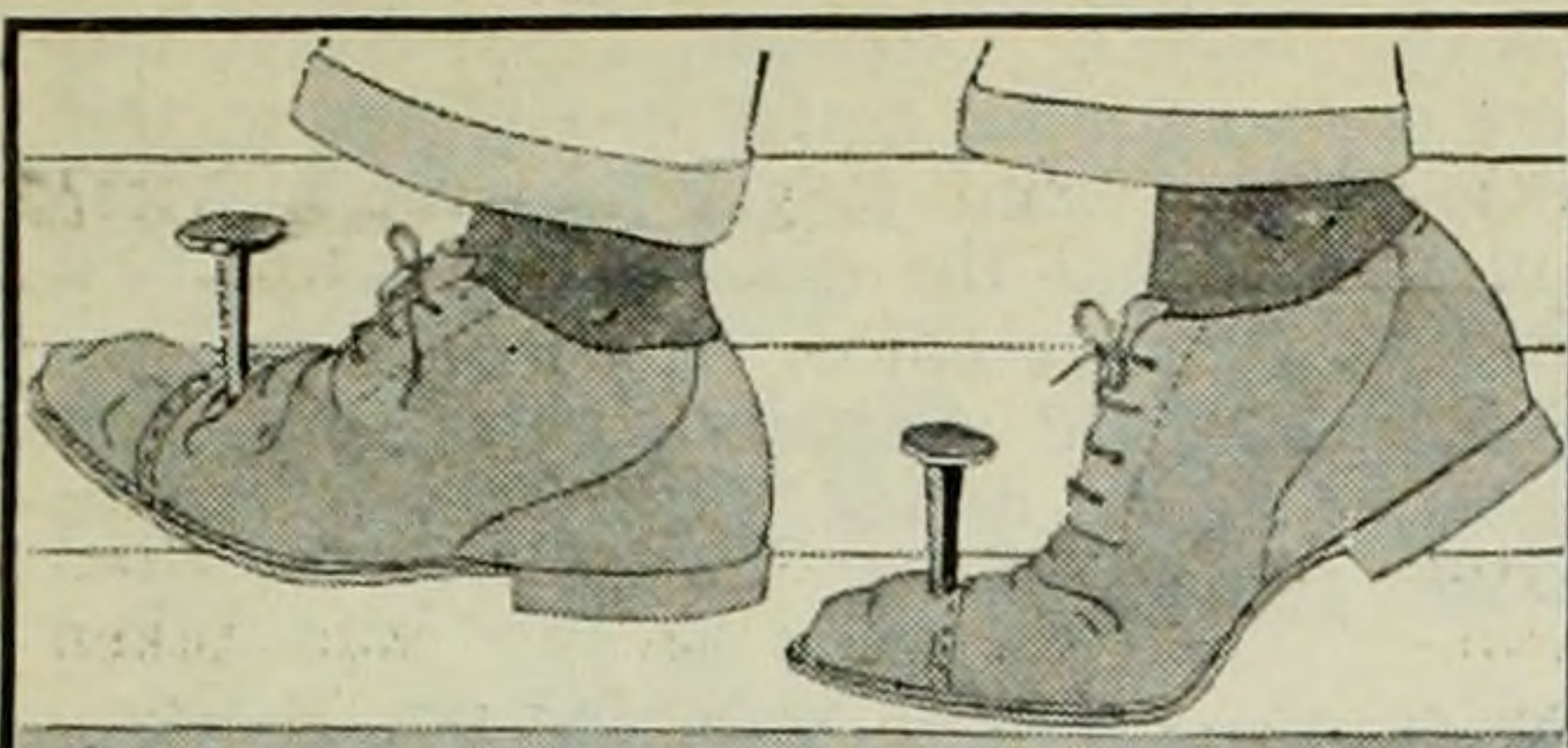
CLAUD MINTON WHITLEY, SMITHFIELD, VA.—Gosh, I feel like the birth certificate bureau. Mary Duncan was born in Luttrellville, Va., August 13, 1905. Olive Borden first saw light in Richmond, Va., in 1907. Dothan, Ala., first got excited over John Mack Brown on September 4, 1904. And Mary Eaton made her first squawkie in Norfolk, Va. twenty-three years ago. You're loyal to the Old South in your tastes, aren't you?

MARGARET HUTCHINS, PORTLAND, ORE.—Richard Dix is thirty-four years old and one of the screen's most elusive bachelors. His last picture was "The Love Doctor." Jean Arthur doesn't use a voice double.

U. W., FT. WAYNE, IND.—Mary Pickford's first husband was Owen Moore, handsomest of the Irish brothers Moore. Mary was divorced from him in 1920 and married Doug Fairbanks three weeks later. Lewis Stone was born November 15, 1879. He is separated from his wife, Florence Oakley. They have two daughters.



Harry Langdon gets into trouble among the icebergs. Harry is up in the tail of that plane, which seems to have crashed on the Roach lot while Harry was making his new talking comedy, "Sky Boy"



Are YOU Spiked to Your Job?

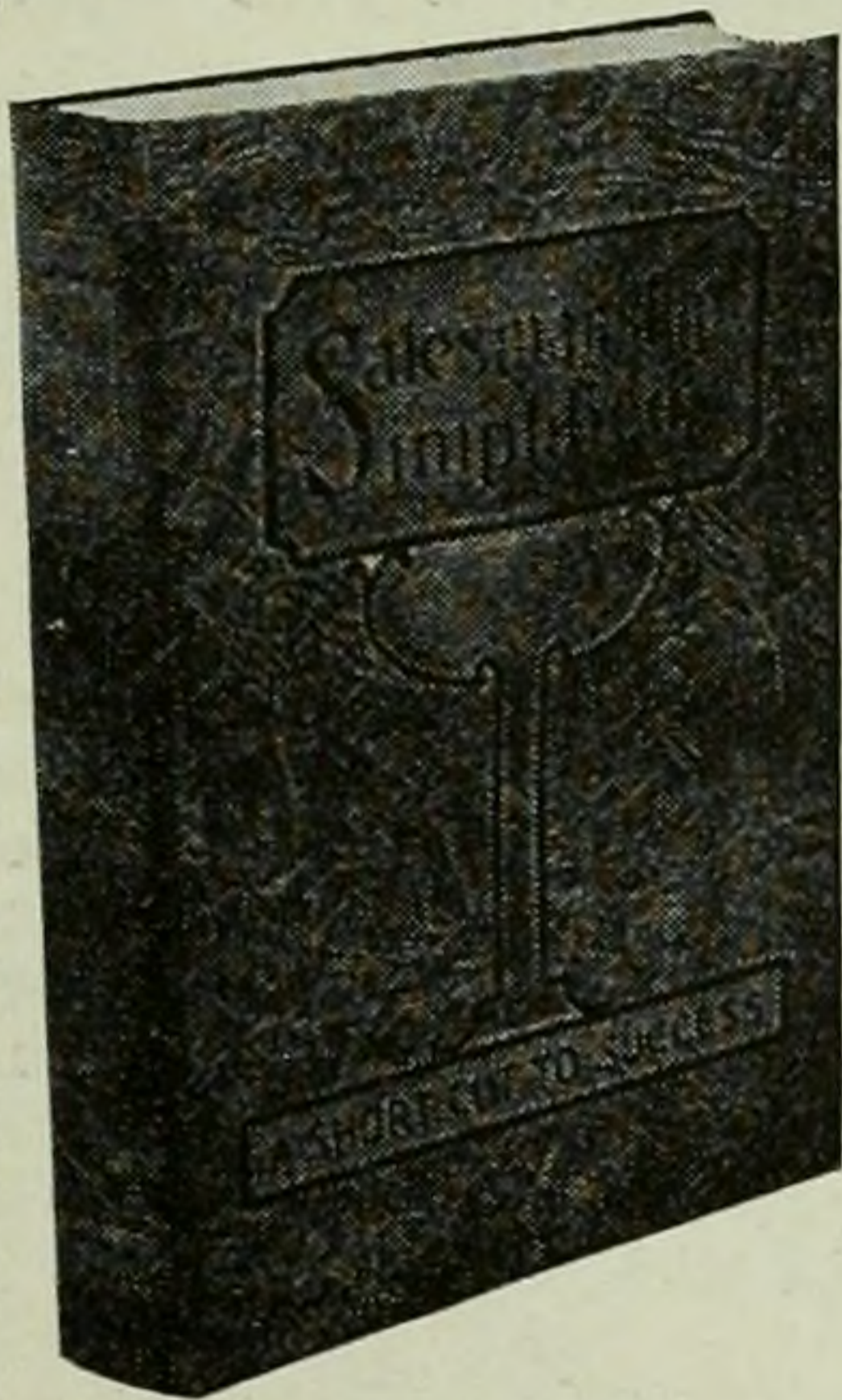
Take inventory of yourself. Are you getting anywhere? What is the outlook for your future? Don't let yourself get stale on the job. There are thousands of men and women right now in offices, factories, or working at trades literally spiked to their jobs.

Success is not just simply a matter of luck. There is a real reason why some people of seemingly less ability step ahead of the fellows who really know. Whatever you have, your success depends on your ability to put over your ideas with others, in short, your ability to sell. And what is there so mysterious about this business of selling? Like every other seemingly difficult problem, it is very simple after you have once solved it.

You are cheating yourself of your greatest success if you don't know and practice Salesmanship. Our new book,

Salesmanship Simplified

"The Key to Big Pay"
Contains **300 Pages** of proven methods that will double your income



It's the greatest book ever published on Salesmanship, containing page after page of snappy, to-the-point paragraphs in plain, understandable English, which you will be quick to absorb, showing you just how to handle each individual situation.

This information is supplemented by over 100 specially posed photographs, carefully selected to bring out the finer points in Salesmanship. *These photographs in themselves are virtually a course in selling.*

This 300-page volume is printed on high quality paper, in clear-cut, legible type, handsomely bound in beautiful red embossed art Fabricoid. It is a book you will be proud to own.

Think what this great book will mean to you. It will train you to earn bigger money than you have ever earned before. It will equip you to meet competition; break down barriers that have heretofore seemed impassable; show you how to go out and accomplish the things you have always wanted to accomplish. Others are doing it. You can, and owe it to yourself to take advantage of the unusual opportunity this great book offers.

This remarkable book will be sent you **Absolutely Free** with a two years' subscription to **OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE**, the leading and most interesting salesman's magazine published. Every issue chock-full of interesting articles on selling and hundreds of new ideas for Making Money. In its columns you will also find attractive offers from large, responsible business houses, who are looking for men and women who know how to produce.

Don't Send Any Money

Just send in your name and address. Pay the postman \$2.00 when this book arrives, and your subscription will start at once. Thousands have gladly paid \$2.00 for OPPORTUNITY alone but you get this great book free of extra cost in addition to your two years' subscription. Address:

OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE
Desk 142-L
750 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

MOVIE FAN, COTTONWOOD, CALIF.—Irene Rich is thirty-five years old, five feet, six inches tall and weighs 138 pounds. One of her daughters is now attending Smith College, which may or may not mean that she will be an actress like mother. Dorothy and Elsie Janis are not related, Dorothy's real name being plain ordinary Jones and Elsie's being Bierbower! Kay Francis is a brunette—and what a brunette!

A. F., FRISCO, TEX.—You Southern gals certainly can ask questions! But there's something about you just the same. Here's the height and age chart: Gary Cooper, six feet, two inches, twenty-eight years; William Powell, six feet, thirty-seven years; Richard Dix, six feet, thirty-four years; Nancy Carroll, five feet, four inches, twenty-three years. Gary and Richard are bachelors, Bill is divorced, and Nancy is married to Jack Kirkland, playwright and scenario writer.

CHESTER L. SHEAFFER, CAMP HILL, PA.—David Rollins was born in Kansas City twenty years ago. He attended the Northeast High School there and later went to the Glendale High School in Glendale, Calif., until the movies grabbed him. His latest picture is "Why Leave Home?" Letters about David are coming in by the bale.

MARY LOU OF CUBA.—Clive Brook is thirty-eight years old. Charles Morton's real name—hold everything!—is Carl Mudge. He is six feet tall and twenty-three years old. He might be willing to come to Havana—but I'm afraid he'd bring his wife along. Sorry! Would I do? Ann Harding will be Ronald Colman's leading lady in his next picture, "Condemned."

CONNIE AND SHORTY, SUPERIOR, ARIZ.—Arthur Lake played the *Unlucky One* in "Lilac Time" and Jack Stone played the *Kid*. Buddy Rogers is twenty-five years old. I won't tell him you're crazy about him. Your secrets are always safe with old Uncle Oscar, my dears. Doug and Mary's co-starring film is "The Taming of the Shrew" by a newcomer named Bill Shakespeare.

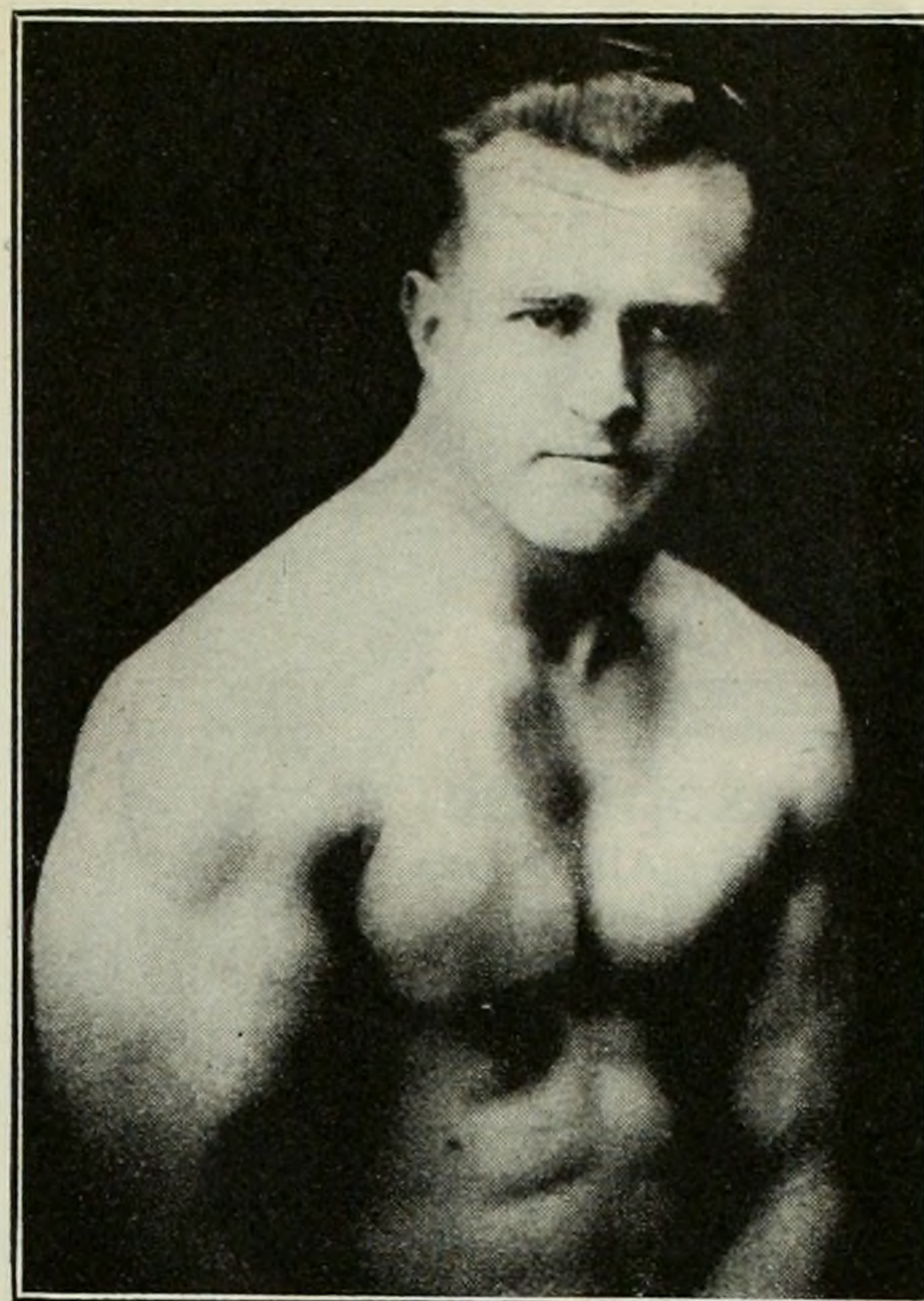
ALICE B. CAMPBELL, PORT TOWNSEND, WASH.—No, young woman—I'm not George Ade. I've been accused of being everyone from Henry the Eighth to Will Rogers. Clara Bow is twenty-four years old, weighs 115 pounds and has brown eyes. Ken Maynard is thirty-four years old.

HOPELESS, DALLAS, TEX.—Colleen Moore used to answer to the name Kathleen Morrison. She was born August 19, 1902, and is five feet, four inches tall. Red-headed Nancy Carroll was christened Nancy Lahiff. She is twenty-three years old and the same height as Colleen. No, Laura LaPlante is only twenty-five. Your friend has a genius for being wrong.

ROSELAN PADA, MENOMINEE, MICH.—Sounds to me as if you were trying to start something, young lady. I'm flattered that you think Herb Howe and I are one and the same—but I'm not sure Herb would be! Here's the lowdown on Jascha Heifitz, Florence Vidor's husband: He is twenty-seven years old and hails from Vilna, Russia. He was a child wonder, making his musical debut at the age of five years. He made his American debut eleven years ago when he was sixteen.

JETTA'S FONDEST ADMIRER.—Please don't call me "Pop"—I'm sensitive about my age. Jetta Goudal was born in Versailles, France, about thirty-one years ago. She is still single.

MARTHA COREY, EDEN PARK, R. I.—Colleen Moore is twenty-seven years old and is married to John McCormick. Barry Norton is still single. Nancy Carroll is Buddy's leading lady in his latest picture, "Illusion."



EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle-Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

When Even Your Sweetheart Turns Away—

Do you know what it means to be lonely and forgotten? To be without friends? To have your mother begin to lose faith in you? To have even your sweetheart turn away in scorn—even your wife go back on you—because you failed to deliver in a pinch—because you weren't able to play the man when you had the chance?

Some day *danger* will confront you or your friends when you least expect it, and it will be up to you to overcome it or fail. When that time comes will you be ready for it? Will you have the strength, the muscles, the stamina every man owes to himself if he wants to be loved and respected?

The Only Thing That Can Save You

There comes a time in every man's life when strength—real strength—is the only thing that can save him. In war or in peace, on the sick-bed or in the prize ring, your strength either makes you the winner or the loser—and losing often means death.

Check up on yourself *now*. How are the old biceps? Are those rolls of flesh around your stomach pudgy fat or lean, strong muscles? Are your legs like toothpicks or are they strong and shapely? How's your wind? If you got into a life-and-death rough and tumble scrap would you be on the bottom or on top when it's all over? Come on, now, be fair to yourself. If you haven't got the punch in a pinch, snap out of it, and be a man. There's a way to get that punch, and get it in a hurry. It's not difficult and it's quick—and it gives you real, live, red-blooded strength. I've given it to over 100,000 men and many of them were weaker than you are when they started. But they don't call me the Muscle-Builder for nothing. *Here's what I guarantee to do for you:*

30 Days Will Do the Trick

One short month is all I need to show you just what a real muscle-builder can do for you. In just 30 days I'll begin by adding one whole inch of real honest muscle on each of your arms, and I'll put two more inches of wonderful health-producing strength across your chest. Your head will snap back erect. The thighs and calves of your legs will grow shapely and powerful, and your shoulders will begin to widen and fill out with curves of muscle.

Life will begin to be worth while. The little tasks that seem so hard now, will seem like nothing at all then. You'll begin to take a new interest in things. Your work will be like play, and the boss will begin to notice it, too. Yes, sir, in just 30 days you'll begin to be somebody.

Then Things Will Begin to Happen

Then give me 60 days more to work on you, and things will really start to happen. This timid weakling that everybody used to take advantage of will now do some ordering around of his own. And when he speaks people will jump, because he's found the strength to enforce his orders. In those three short months that he is with me he will have gained something that takes years to acquire without my knowledge. Those big, powerful arms—that broad, handsome back—that shapely muscular neck. What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit! What a sight in a gymnasium! You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it just commands attention.

Well, that's the story in a nut-shell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just sit right down and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny, and you can see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Earle Liederman, the Muscle-Builder.

Send for My New 64 Page Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is FREE

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. I want you to have it absolutely free. No strings attached to it. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE LIEDERMAN

Dept. 112, 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE LIEDERMAN, Dept. 112,
305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Without any obligation on my part whatever please send me a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name.....Age.....

Street.....

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

(Please write or print plainly)



EASY to Play
EASY to Pay

Only a **BUESCHER**
True Tone Saxophone
Gives You All These:

Patented Snap-on Pads—the greatest improvement for beauty of tone—easy to replace—no more cementing. Found only on the Buescher. Patented Automatic Octave Key—always positive. Perfect scale accuracy—every tone always full, clear, true.

6 Days' Trial on any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trombone, Trumpet or other instrument. Write for details and free literature.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
2948 Buescher Block (502) Elkhart, Indiana

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
2948 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. Mention instrument interested in.

Age _____ Name Instrument _____
Name _____
Address _____

Ask for **Century SHEET MUSIC**

The richest child is poor without Musical Training.

Say "CENTURY" and get the world's Best Edition of the world's Best Music by the world's Best Composers. It's 15c (20c in Canada). 2500 selections for Piano, Piano Duos, Violin and Piano, Saxophone, Mandolin, Guitar and Vocal. Get free catalogue at your dealers, or write us.

Century Music Publishing Co.
248 West 40th Street
New York City

15c

The richest child is poor without Musical Training.

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair

Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands—extra live para rubber, support and shape ankle and calf while reducing them. Perfect fitting. Can be worn under hose;—or worn at night reduces and shapes while you sleep. You can note improvement in shape of ankle at once. Relieves swelling and varicose veins.

In ordering send ankle and calf measure and check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Dr. JEANNE P. H. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York City



My reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability.

A SMART FIGURE

You too can have the well-developed figure that the new fashions demand. Don't be embarrassed by skinny arms, hollows in the face and neck and a flat chest—Use

GROWDINA

to develop the limbs, neck, arms and figure. A scientific tissue builder discovered by Mlle. Koppel, famous Paris beauty culturist, and guaranteed absolutely safe and harmless. Testimonials from every part of the country subscribe to its wonderful results. Confidential information sealed in plain wrapper sent on request. Write now.

Mlle. SOPHIE KOPPEL
Suite 712, 100 St. Nicholas Ave., New York



ALL GIVEN

Ladies' WRIST WATCH, 6-jewel, 25-year case. Man's Size Watch, octagon case. Hawaiian model **Banjo Uke**. (Free lesson book.) Sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve, 25c a box. Select gift according to catalog sent with salve. **Send no money. We trust you.**

U. S. SUPPLY CO.
Dept. H419 GREENVILLE, PA.



ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S—54 Years of Hits

Comedy-Dramas, Farces, Musical Comedies, Revues, Musical Readings, Comedy Songs, Chalk Talk Books, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Make-up Goods. Catalog FREE.

PLAYS Vaudeville Acts, Monologs, Dialogs, Entertainments.

T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 76 CHICAGO

C. G., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—The "h" in Nils Asther's name is silent—just like Nils himself. The Marquise de la Cou—oh, heck!—Gloria Swanson—is thirty-one years old. George Duryea is the attractive lad who played opposite Lila Lee in "Honky Tonk."

M. B. H., ATHENS, GA.—No, my dear—Rin-Tin-Tin is still alive and barking. His latest appearance is with Davey Lee in "Frozen River" and he was eleven on his last birthday.

M. M. O., OSSINING, N. Y.—John Mack Brown uses his own name in pictures. He is married and is boasting about his very new daughter, Jane Harriet.

E. R., NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. He is five feet, ten inches tall; weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. He entered the movies in 1917 as an extra. Prior to that he appeared on the stage.

ROBERT—John Gilbert's first wife was Olivia Burwell. They were married in 1918 and divorced in 1922. Leatrice Joy was his second wife. They were married in August, 1923, and divorced in March, 1924. They had a daughter who is now four years old, and living with her mother. Ina Claire is John's third wife and at the present moment they are very much married and threatening to stay that way.

A GIRL FROM PARIS—Your English is lots better than my French, Mademoiselle. Mme. Maurice Chevalier is known both as Suzanne Vallee and Yvonne Vallee, but we are told that the latter is really her name. Does that clear up the difficulty?

POLLY R., MONTREAL, QUE.—You're wrong, Polly. It wouldn't do me any good to go to the mountains because I can't yodel-o-le-o-lah-heeee. George Lewis is married to Mary Louise Lohman, a non-professional.

ERIN JANZIG, HELENA, MONTANA.—And you come from Gary Cooper's hometown. Lillian Rich played the title rôle in "The Golden Bed."

MALYN VASSOUR.—Dorothy Burgess, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are "Americans," but they never confided in me their parents' nationality. Girls, you mustn't quarrel. If a star claims to be an American that settles the question.

MARY BAKER, CHICAGO, ILL.—Sorry, but there are no studios active in Chicago at this writing. You want to get into the movies? Well, I find that the easiest way is to buy a ticket at the box office. All joking aside, I think you should wait until you finish High School and then decide which profession you are best suited for.

R. G., KINGSTON, N. Y.—Shhh! the mystery is solved. William Haines and Mary Philbin played the hero and heroine in "The Gaiety Girl."

W. M., JR., GRANTWOOD, N. J.—Lya De Putti, Jean Hersholt and Gustav Von Seyfertitz are twenty-four, forty-two and fifty-six respectively. Lowell Sherman was *King Louis XV*, and Doris Kenyon was *Lady Mary* in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Claire Windsor, Adolphe Menjou and Robert Ellis headed the cast of "For Sale."

M. M. M., PETOSKEY, MICH.—Really, I don't know whether Richard Dix has a weakness for blondes, brunettes or redheads, and if I knew I wouldn't print it here for it would probably cause many broken hearts. Charles Farrell is twenty-six years old and is still single. Barry Norton is twenty-three and claims Buenos Aires, South America, as his home town. He is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, weighs 168 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. Buck Jones is thirty-nine years old and married. His latest picture is "The Big Hop."

E. R. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your friend is quite mistaken. John Gilbert was married to Olivia Burwell in 1918 and divorced in 1922. He married Leatrice Joy in 1923 and was divorced from her in 1924. He and Leatrice have a little daughter about four years old.

W. H., UNION, N. J.—Ramon Novarro hails from Durango, Mexico, and is of Spanish descent. He entered pictures in 1917. His latest is "The Pagan."

CATHERINE A. JACKSON, EASTON, PA.—Your sweet words have me all aflutter. So you fall for big he-men every time. Well, Ivan Linow is one of them all right, having reached the altitude of six feet, four inches. Is he married? That is something he has never told anyone. His latest picture is "The River." As I have said many times before, John Gilbert and Gilbert Roland are not brothers. Positively not. That's my story and I stick to it.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1st, 1929

State of Illinois, } ss
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Leonard Hall, 221 W. 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1929
[SEAL] M. EVELYN McEVILLY,
(My commission expires January 15, 1931)

All Set for THE BIG GAME of the Season

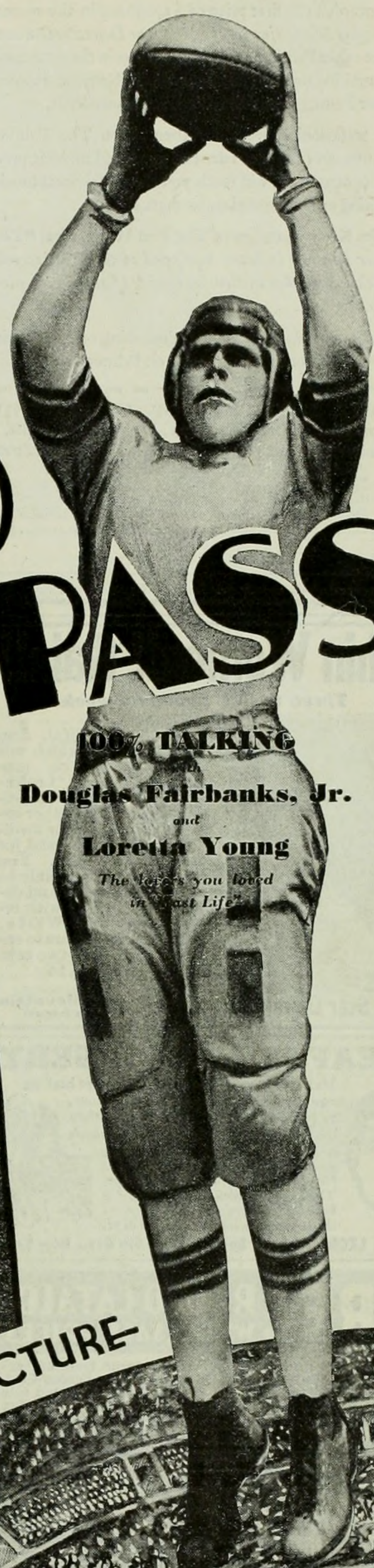
Get your winning colors and join the throngs who are surging to one of the greatest gridiron events ever!

"The Forward Pass" will give you Harvard-Yale football thrills for the price of a motion picture ticket—the roar of the stands, the snap of signals, the thud of flying feet racing to the most dramatic touchdown ever filmed... And every seat's on the 50-yard line!

Famous critics have led the cheers for this amazing college-life-like hit. It's a man's picture that women will love. Watch for it!

Story by Harvey Gates. Directed by Eddie Cline. With 4 new song hits—"One Minute of Heaven," "H'Lo Baby," "I've Gotta Have You," and "Huddlin'."

The FORWARD PASS



100% TALKING

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

and

Loretta Young

The lovers you loved in "Fast Life"



IT'S A LIBERAL CO-EDUCATION



A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of the Vitaphone Corporation



Wins \$1,000.00 First Prize in Photoplay Contest

Mrs. M. M. H., of Barre, Vt., a Palmer trained student, was awarded the first prize of \$1,000.00 in the recent *Photoplay Magazine Lucky Amateur Detective Contest*. Three other Palmer students won prizes in the same contest, making four out of nineteen possible prize winners former Palmer Institute of Authorship students.

Such testimonials speak for themselves. The Palmer Institute can take that talent of yours and make it produce its utmost. It will teach you the professional touch in writing either photoplays or short stories.

Charles Kenyon, author of *The Iron Horse*, says: "The Palmer Institute is better equipped to teach the screen story than any other institution outside of the motion picture studio".

Mail coupon below for booklet describing other Palmer successes and for full information on Palmer Courses.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Dept. 12-Z, Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

I am interested in: Photoplay Writing Short Story Writing English and Self-Expression Writers' Criticism Service

Name _____

Address _____

All correspondence strictly confidential. No salesman will call.

Thin Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week



Beautiful, firm flesh which will stay on produced healthfully and rapidly. Neither exercise nor medicine is used for the gain. You will certainly be amazed and delighted with results. Write, being sure to enclose a two cent stamp, to

The Star Developing System Iron Mountain Michigan

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they Use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 224, 70 5th Ave., New York

FREE RADIO CATALOG

WHOLESALE PRICES



Write for this 148-page radio book of bargains in The New, Humless, Screen Grid, A. C. all-electric and battery operated sets at wholesale prices. Everything in radio.

CHICAGO SALVAGE STOCK STORE
509 So. State St., Dept. 109, Chicago

DRAW CARTOONS

Turn Your Talent Into Money
Cartoonists earn from \$50 to \$250 per week—some even more. Remarkable new Circle System of Drawing teaches you in half the usual time. Send for booklet and sample lesson plate explaining full details of the Course. No Salesman will call.



THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
620 Penton Building Cleveland, Ohio

LEARN SIMPLIFIED PHOTO PAINTING

New, easy method of painting for pleasure and profit. No drawing talent needed. \$35 a week and more spare time. Earn while you learn. Complete art outfit and supplies given. Employment service. Write for Free book!

Dearborn Art Studios, Dept. A-12, 1008 N. Dearborn, Chicago

Addresses of the Stars

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Richard Arlen | Neil Hamilton |
| Jean Arthur | O. P. Heggie |
| William Austin | Doris Hill |
| Olga Baclanova | Phillips Holmes |
| George Bancroft | Emil Jannings |
| Clara Bow | Jack Luden |
| Evelyn Brent | Paul Lukas |
| Mary Brian | John Loder |
| Clive Brook | Frederic March |
| Nancy Carroll | Adolphe Menjou |
| Kathryn Carver | David Newell |
| Robert Castle | Jack Oakie |
| Lane Chandler | Warner Oland |
| Ruth Chatterton | Guy Oliver |
| Maurice Chevalier | William Powell |
| Chester Conklin | Esther Ralston |
| Gary Cooper | Charles Rogers |
| Richard Dix | Ruth Taylor |
| Paul Guertzman | Florence Vidor |
| James Hall | Fay Wray |

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Renee Adoree | Dorothy Janis |
| George K. Arthur | Buster Keaton |
| Nils Asther | Charles King |
| Lionel Barrymore | Gwen Lee |
| Wallace Beery | Bessie Love |
| John Mack Brown | Tim McCoy |
| Lon Chaney | Conrad Nagel |
| Joan Crawford | Ramon Novarro |
| Karl Dane | Edward Nugent |
| Marion Davies | Anita Page |
| Josephine Dunn | Aileen Pringle |
| Greta Garbo | Dorothy Sebastian |
| John Gilbert | Norma Shearer |
| Raymond Hackett | Lewis Stone |
| William Haines | Ernest Torrence |
| Phyllis Haver | Raquel Torres |
| Leila Hyams | |

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Frank Albertson | George Jessel |
| Mary Astor | Lola Lane |
| Ben Bard | Ivan Linow |
| Warner Baxter | Edmund Lowe |
| Marjorie Beebe | Sharon Lynn |
| Rex Bell | Farrell MacDonald |
| Dorothy Burgess | Victor McLaglen |
| Warren Burke | Lois Moran |
| Sue Carol | Charles Morton |
| Sammy Cohen | Barry Norton |
| June Collyer | George O'Brien |
| Louise Dresser | Paul Page |
| Nancy Drexel | Sally Phipps |
| Mary Duncan | David Rollins |
| Charles Eaton | Arthur Stone |
| Charles Farrell | Nick Stuart |
| Earle Foxe | Don Terry |
| Janet Gaynor | Helen Twelvetrees |

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| John Barrymore | Al Jolson |
| Monte Blue | Davey Lee |
| Betty Bronson | Myrna Loy |
| William Collier, Jr. | May McAvoy |
| Dolores Costello | Edna Murphy |
| Louise Fazenda | Lois Wilson |
| Audrey Ferris | Grant Withers |

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Lina Basquette | Raymond Keane |
| John Boles | Merna Kennedy |
| Ethlyn Claire | Barbara Kent |
| Kathryn Crawford | Beth Laemmle |
| Reginald Denny | Arthur Lake |
| Jack Dougherty | Laura La Plante |
| Lorayne DuVal | George Lewis |
| Ruth Elder | Fred Mackaye |
| Hoot Gibson | Ken Maynard |
| Dorothy Gulliver | Mary Nolan |
| Otis Harlan | Mary Philbin |

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| Eddie Phillips | Glenn Tryon |
| Joseph Schildkraut | Barbara Worth |

At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Buzz Barton | Bebe Daniels |
| Sally Blane | Frankie Darro |
| Olive Borden | Bob Steele |
| Betty Compson | Tom Tyler |

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| Robert Armstrong | Alan Hale |
| William Boyd | Jeanette Loff |
| Junior Coghlan | Carol Lombard |
| Diane Ellis | Eddie Quillan |

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| Richard Barthelmess | Colleen Moore |
| Doris Dawson | Antonio Moreno |
| Billie Dove | Jack Mulhall |
| Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. | Donald Reed |
| Corinne Griffith | Milton Sills |
| Lloyd Hughes | Thelma Todd |
| Doris Kenyon | Alice White |
| Dorothy Mackaill | Loretta Young |

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Don Alvarado | Gilbert Roland |
| Fannie Brice | Norma Talmadge |
| Douglas Fairbanks | Constance Talmadge |
| Mary Pickford | Lupe Velez |

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Olive Borden | Jacqueline Logan |
| William Collier, Jr. | Ben Lyon |
| Ralph Graves | Shirley Mason |
| Jack Holt | Dorothy Revier |
| Margaret Livingston | |

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| Vilma Banky | Ronald Colman |
| Walter Byron | Lily Damita |

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| Dolores Del Rio | Rita Carewe |
| Roland Drew | LeRoy Mason |

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Disliked Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

'em to say it right out, but every time I'd ask 'em about it they'd say, 'Just wait, Alice, everything will work out O. K.'

"Well, I waited and somebody else got the part. But around the lot I was hard-boiled. I acted as if I didn't care. I wouldn't let them know I cared. Not much.

"But all the stars complained about me. Oh, they couldn't work with White. Who did I think I was—just a little script girl. Well, for that matter, who did they think they were?"

"So, when nobody would have me in their pictures there was nothing to do but to star me or let me go. They told me I was a star. They told me that they'd give me four pictures and if I didn't make good in those—out I went.

"I BEGAN my first starring vehicle. I had to fight for every scene. The director didn't like me. He thought I was shallow and insincere. I knew. I can tell when people don't like me.

"During the first week of work I bought a chair for the set. I was tired standing up. I had it put on the stage and when I got there it was gone. I asked for it. They had taken it and hung it up on a board 'way above the set. Everybody laughed and when they did bring it down, the director said, 'Make a platform for the queen. Here you are, Miss White. Orchestra, some music.'

"'O. K.', I said, 'play "God Save the Queen."' I may be dumb but I didn't think the joke was funny. Other stars have chairs on the sets. They don't do it to be grand, but just to have somewhere to sit down.

"'Show Girl' was my first starring vehicle and I didn't have more than four or five close-ups and I had to fight for every one of those.

"The other day in an interview the director said he had to work Alice White with a whip—that's the only way he could get her to do anything. That's nonsense. If he'd only known. Why, I'm like a grateful little dog when somebody pats me on the head and tells me I'm not so bad.

"And then, of course, there's the talk. All the women talk about me and you can't talk back because they're executives' wives or something. Why, people seem to resent anybody who is young and has a good time.

"And I don't go out much. I never go out when I'm working. Not because I'm so goody-good, God knows, but because I'm so tired. Too tired working—and battling.

"They give me the cheapest sets and rush my pictures through as quickly as possible. The minute I get a good cameraman, one of the other stars takes him away from me.

"SOUNDS like I'm crying, doesn't it? Sounds like I've got a chip on my shoulder. Well, maybe I have. I've had to fight to get anything. And I've cried plenty, too. At home. Nights. Alone.

"But I've got this to be thankful for: If I ever make a good picture, if I ever do any real work, if I'm ever anything but just a crazy little flapper in second rate stories, it will be all my own doing—nobody will have helped me. I'll have done it all myself. I shall have fought my way through."

Of course, she does take it too seriously. She is too much on the defensive. But it's the only way she knows to attack life. And it is an attack. A one-man attack on life.

Her chin's out. Her fist is clenched. Her mind is ready for every new onslaught. It's the only way she knows.

She is, of course, only Alice White. She wouldn't know a pose if she met one face to face. Intense, vital, hard and bitter.

But Alice White is a good fighter. And, according to the best available statistics, the good fighter wins.

Look 20 Years Younger Instantly!



Lift Your Face and See How It Rests and Brightens the Eyes

Marvelous New Invention Worn Under Hair Transforms Your Appearance Immediately

NO need now for surgical facelift- ing. If your face is beginning to sag, your eyes look tired, or wrinkles are forming about nose or mouth, a simple little device worn under the hair will make a marvelous change the moment you put it on.

Absolutely guaranteed to please you in every way and to accomplish these amazing results or your money refunded:

1. The sagging muscles are taught to support themselves.
2. The lines from nose to mouth, and about the mouth and eyes, are lifted out of their creases.
3. The eyes look young and rested.
4. The face immediately takes on a brighter and more youthful expression.

Send for Free Booklet

No obligation. We will be glad to send you

free—in plain envelope—an interesting little book that tells you all about this new invention, perfected by Susanna Cocroft. Illustrated with actual photographs. All correspondence treated with the strictest confidence.

Grace-Mildred Culture Co., Dept. 412
132-136 West 43rd St.,
New York City

Grace-Mildred Culture Co.,
132-136 West 43rd St., Dept. 412
New York City.

Please send me, free and without obligation, the folder, "A Wonderful New Health and Beauty Device."

Name

Address

City State

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 1259 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.



LEARN PRACTICAL NURSING AT HOME IN 12 WEEKS

Marvelous calling. Earn \$20 to \$30 weekly caring for invalids in your vicinity while learning. We help secure positions. Write MISS C. TULL, 6208 Winthrop, CHICAGO, ILL.

Why put up with frequent colds?



Strengthen the mucous membranes to resist colds! Get rid of the catarrhal inflammation that causes them! Use the one scientific 2-in-1 treatment—Hall's Catarrh Medicine. While the ointment gives local relief, the tonic acts through the blood, building up the tissues to healthy tone. Start NOW and free yourself of colds this Winter!

The only 2-in-1 treatment.

HALL'S

Successful for over 50 years

CATARRH MEDICINE

Get the combined treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Company, Dept. 3412, Toledo, Ohio. Write for New Radio Log Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

★ **MADAME X**—M-G-M.—Fine performance by Ruth Chatterton in this reliable old sob producer. All Talkie. (July.)

MADONNA OF AVENUE A—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. All Talkie. (Nov.)

MAN AND THE MOMENT, THE—First National.—An old-fashioned ripsnorting movie, all love and action. Billie Dove starred. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

MAN I LOVE, THE—Paramount.—A slight story, but you'll like Richard Arlen's work. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. All Talkie. (Nov.)

MASKED EMOTIONS—Fox.—Good melodrama of adventure and brotherly love. Silent. (July.)

MASQUERADE—Fox.—Remade from silent version of "The Brass Bowl." Old fashioned plot, but Leila Hyams is nice. All Talkie. (Sept.)

MELODY LANE—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Eddie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead yarn. All Talkie. (Oct.)

MORGANNE THE ENCHANTRESS—Franco-Film.—One of the very worst from France. Awful story, acting ham *de luxe*. Silent. (Sept.)

MOTHER'S BOY—Pathe.—Just another Jolson plot, only this time the singer is an Irishman, Morton Downey. All Talkie. (July.)

MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU, THE—Paramount.—Fantastic mystery yarn, with Oriental deviltry. All Talkie. (Aug.)

NEW BANKROLL, THE—Mack Sennett.—Andy Clyde and Harry Gribbon and lots of very pretty girls. Old time comedy. All Talkie. (Sept.)

NEW YEAR'S EVE—Fox.—Dripping with sentimentality and sticky with melodrama. Sound. (June.)

NEW YORK NIGHTS—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. All Talkie. (Nov.)

NIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. All Talkie. (Nov.)

NO MORE CHILDREN—Broughton.—Tasteless and worthless birth control propaganda. Don't be fooled, it's just stupid. Silent. (June.)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Paramount.—Richard Dix in an old, but good, stage farce. A pleasant evening's entertainment. All Talkie. (July.)

NOT QUITE DECENT—Fox.—Louise Dresser also does an Al Jolson. Can you bear it? Part Talkie. (July.)

OH, YEAH!—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. All Talkie. (Nov.)

ONE WOMAN IDEA, THE—Fox.—Rod LaRocque is a Persian diplomat who falls in love, and that's about all. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **ON WITH THE SHOW**—Warners.—Singing, dancing, talking and Technicolor. Good on spectacle but weak on comedy. All Talkie. (Aug.)

OPPRESSED, THE—William Elliott Production.—This ought to be renamed The Depressed—meaning the audience. Raquel Meller disappoints. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **OUR MODERN MAIDENS**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters." Must you be told that it's a sure-fire hit? Sound. (July.)

★ **PARIS BOUND**—Pathe.—A smooth drama of domestic woes that introduces to the screen Ann Harding, stage beauty and good actress. All Talkie. (Sept.)

PAWNS OF PASSION—World Wide.—Rather better than its title and also better than most foreign productions. Silent. (July.)

PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH—All Star.—One of the old time Northwest epics, with nothing to distinguish it. Silent. (Sept.)

PHYSICIAN, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Terrible story of the narcotic evil well acted by Miles Mander and Elsa Brink. Silent. (Sept.)

PICCADILLY—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

PLEASURE CRAZED—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. All Talkie. (Oct.)

PLUNGING HOOFS—Universal.—For those who are crazy over horses, horses, horses. Silent. (June.)

POINTS WEST—Universal.—Good old-fashioned Western melodrama. Silent. (June.)

PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE—World-Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)



Gene Gauntier, the female Huck Finn shown above, used to make two-reelers in the old nickelodeon days. Now she has gone lit'r'y and written a novel on the stage, which Coward-McCann is publishing

PRINCE OF HEARTS, THE—Imperial.—Weak carbon copy of "The Merry Widow." Silent. (July.)

★ **PRISONERS**—First National.—Effective entertainment. Just to be different, the locale in this one is a Hungarian night club. Part Talkie. (Aug.)

PROTECTION—Fox.—More bootlegging drama. With some exciting moments. Sound. (Aug.)

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS—Warners.—Texas Guinan in a phoney story of silly revels. Of course, if you want to get a look at Tex, here she is. Part Talkie. (June.)

QUITTER, THE—Columbia.—Rather trite story redeemed by an effective climax. Silent. (July.)

RAINBOW MAN, THE—Sono Art-Paramount.—In which Eddie Dowling does his version of the Jolson story. But he has an attractive personality. All Talkie. (July.)

RICHTHOFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. All Talkie. (Nov.)

RIVER OF ROMANCE—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. All Talkie. (Oct.)

ROARING FIRES—Ellbee.—Not only silent but positively dumb. (July.)

SAILOR'S HOLIDAY—Pathe.—Riotously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SALUTE—Fox.—A glorified newsreel about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SALVAGE—Supreme.—All a picture should not be. Silent. (June.)

SAP, THE—Warners.—Good comedy with lots of laughs. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—First National.—It was a Pulitzer prize stage play, but the movie version is slow. And Corinne Griffith is miscast. Part Talkie. (July.)

SCARLET DAREDEVIL, THE—World Wide.—A melodrama of the French Revolution from England, unusually well acted. Silent. (Sept.)

SHE GOES TO WAR—United Artists.—Eleanor Boardman gives a superb performance of a society girl who turns fighter. And the battle scenes are wonderful. An excellent, but not great, picture. Sound. (June.)

SHIP MATES—Educational.—In the Navy with Lupino Lane. Plenty of laughs as the pies and dishes go whizzing by. All Talkie. (July.)

★ **SHOW BOAT**—Universal.—Lavish production of a colorful novel that deserved less obvious direction. Part Talkie. (June.)

SILVER KING, THE—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **SINGLE STANDARD, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo was never finer than in this story of a very modern woman. Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown, too. Silent. (Sept.)

SIN SISTER, THE—Fox.—An Alaskan melodrama that has good suspense and excellent acting. Sound. (June.)

SKIN DEEP—Warners.—Pretty good crook yarn. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SMILING IRISH EYES—First National.—Brogues, brawls and bunkum, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SOME MOTHER'S BOY—Rayart.—Quickie hokum. Silent. (June.)

SOPHOMORE, THE—Pathe.—Proving that it is possible to make an entertaining college picture without necking or drinking. All Talkie. (Aug.)

SO THIS IS COLLEGE—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. All Talkie. (Nov.)

SPEEDWAY—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

SQUALL, THE—First National.—All about a bad, bad baby vamp. The film doesn't click. All Talkie. (July.)

STREET GIRL—Radio Pictures.—Betty Compson, Jack Oakie and John Harron in a tale about a girl violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertainment. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY, THE**—Paramount.—PHOTOPLAY's thrilling serial comes to the screen and makes a corking melodrama. All Talkie. (July.)

SYNCPATION—Radio Pictures.—Gay and jazzy night club entertainment that will enliven your evening. All Talkie. (June.)

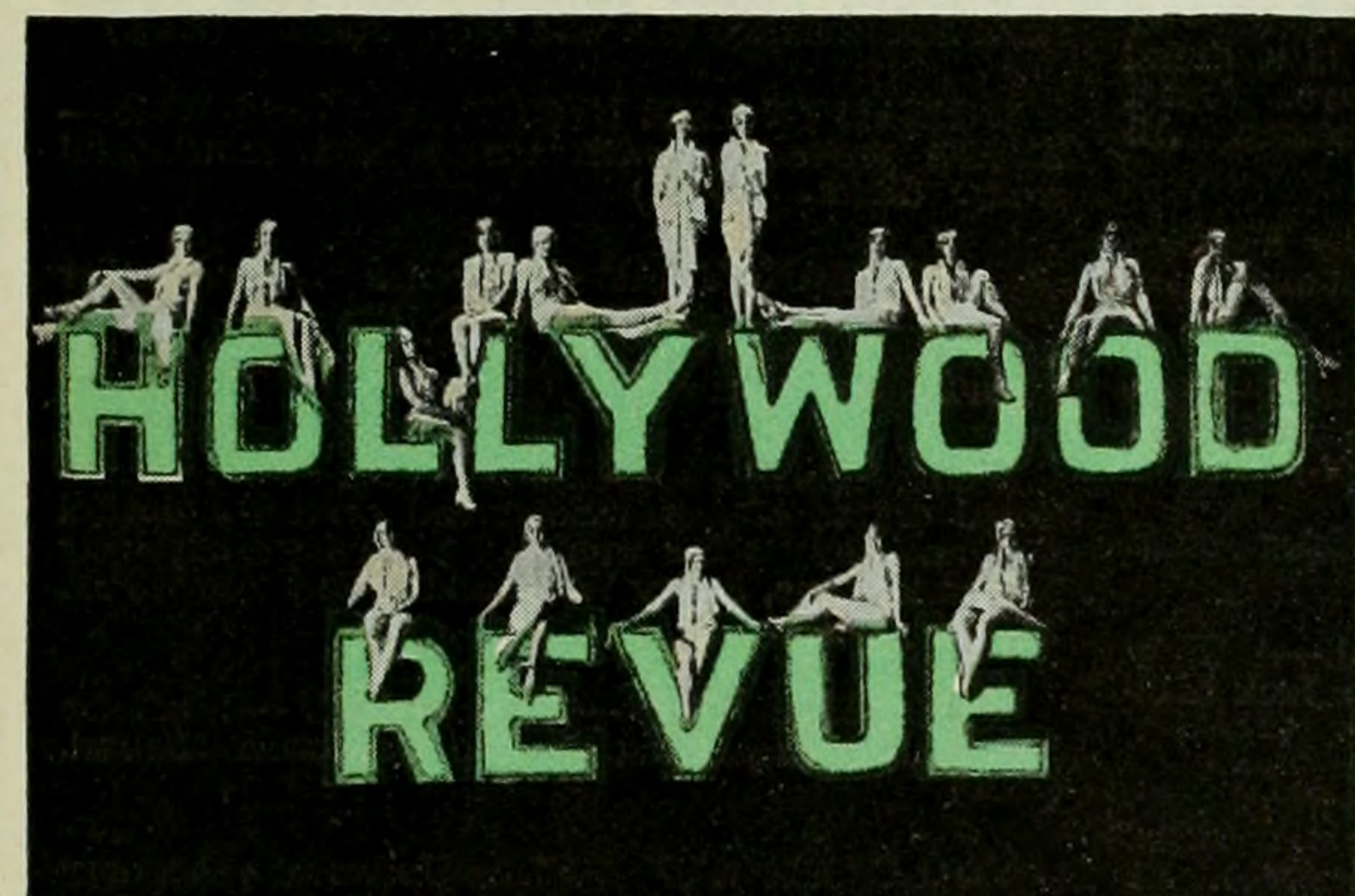
★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. All Talkie. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 150]

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCES THE SENSATIONAL SMASH HITS OF THE SEASON



CECIL B. DeMILLE, director of a hundred hits, has made in *Dynamite* what will be considered his greatest screen achievement. A thrilling drama which explodes the hypocrisy of the modern Babel called Society. *Dynamite* digs through the outer veneer of sham, pretense and glitter—and gets down to the bed-rock of human emotions. Charles Bickford, Conrad Nagel and Kay Johnson give the best performance of their careers. All-talking. Also silent version.



WHAT a cast! More stars than there are in heaven! A glittering, gorgeous, spectacular revue—the kind you would pay \$6.60 for on Broadway. Marion Davies, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton, Bessie Love, Charles King, Conrad Nagel, Marie Dressler, Jack Benny, Gus Edwards, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike,) Anita Page, Polly Moran, Gwen Lee, Brox Sisters, Albertina Rasch Ballad, Natacha Nattova & Co., The Rounders, and a chorus of 200. A remarkable all-singing, all-talking, all-dancing picture. *The hit picture with the song hits!*



HERE is the picture that Broadway went wild about — *Hallelujah*, the greatest drama of its kind ever produced. Directed by KING VIDOR, who made *The Big Parade* — this stirring drama of the Southland immortalizes the soul of the colored race. Daniel Haynes, noted Negro singer, and Nina Mae McKinney, a beauty discovered in the night clubs of Harlem, lead an all-Negro cast in this remarkable production. One of the classics of the screen that will never die. Don't miss it! Hear Irving Berlin's "Waiting at the End of the Road."

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148]

THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

THIS MAD WORLD—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. All Talkie. (Nov.)

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—United Artists.—An unimportant tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

THRU DIFFERENT EYES—Fox.—More murders and more courtrooms. The old story is cleverly told. All Talkie. (July.)

THUNDER—M-G-M.—Snow storms, train wrecks and floods, with Lon Chaney at the throttle of the locomotive. Sound. (Aug.)

★ **THUNDERBOLT**—Paramount.—An engrossing and well acted story. One of the best of the gangster operas. All Talkie. (Aug.)

TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE—Warners.—Lively comedy of what happens to a football hero after graduation. All Talkie. (July.)

TIP-OFF, THE—Universal.—Crooks again! Silent. (Aug.)

TOMMY ATKINS—World Wide.—English made production that has the "Beau Geste" atmosphere. Silent. (July.)

TONIGHT AT TWELVE—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. All Talkie. (Nov.)

TRAIL OF THE HORSE THIEVES, THE—FBO.—Easy-going Western, with Tom Tyler just lopin' along. Tom and Frankie Darro together. Silent. (May.)

TRENT'S LAST CASE—Fox.—A mystery story, treated like a farce. And very good, too. Sound. (June.)

TRIAL MARRIAGE—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN**—M-G-M.—A distinct achievement, in that it is a literal translation of one of the best recent plays. And a triumphant talkie debut for Norma Shearer. All Talkie. (June.)

TWIN BEDS—First National.—Frothy bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. All Talkie. (Oct.)

TWO MEN AND A MAID—Tiffany-Stahl.—Back to the Foreign Legion, mates, with William Collier, Jr. and Alma Bennett. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

TWO SISTERS—Rayart.—Twin sister stuff. Silent. (Aug.)

TWO WEEKS OFF—First National.—A fluffy little yarn of seaside vacation love, with Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

UNHOLY NIGHT, THE—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. All Talkie. (Oct.)

VAGABOND CUB, THE—FBO.—Mostly just cowboy stunts. Silent. (July.)

VERY IDEA, THE—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Good Owen Wister's novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. All Talkie. (Oct.)

VOICE OF THE CITY, THE—M-G-M.—Old stuff, written and directed by Willard Mack and acted by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack. All Talkie. (June.)

UNTAMED JUSTICE—Biltmore Productions.—Enough animals—and action—for a circus. Not bad. Silent. (Aug.)

WAGON MASTER, THE—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shyly reveals an excellent voice. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WHEEL OF LIFE, THE—Paramount.—The romance of a handsome officer and his Colonel's lady in India. All Talkie. (Aug.)

WHERE EAST IS EAST—M-G-M.—Another Chaney bed-time story, with a touch of Kipling and Poe. Silent. (June.)

WHY BRING THAT UP?—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous brunettes—Moran and Mack. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WHY LEAVE HOME—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **WILD PARTY, THE**—Paramount.—Clara Bow's first talkie. Clara is a smooth contralto. It's a collegiate story—and that's what they want. All Talkie. (June.)

WISE GIRL—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Kempy." High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful plumber. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WOMAN FROM HELL, THE—Fox.—Rather tame drama linked to a wild title. Sound. (Aug.)

WOMAN IN THE NIGHT, A—World Wide.—English production with a slow and sentimental story. Silent. (June.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Alibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WONDER OF WOMEN—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a dutiful wife and the "other woman." played superlatively by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

WRECKER, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE—Universal.—An orgy of bad gags. Part Talkie. (July.)



Easy to Play

Thousands will start their musical career on Conns this Christmas. Bands, Orchestras, Solo work—bring you fun, popularity and extra money. Conns are easiest to play. Made so by fifty years' experience and exclusive patented features. Choice of Sousa and the world's greatest artists. Especially recommended to beginners for quick progress. Saxophone, cornet, trombone, clarinet—any band or orchestra instrument sent for free trial. Easy payments. Write for booklet. Mention instrument.

C. G. CONN, Ltd. 1228 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

CONN
BAND INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98c

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargements size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.



UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave. Dept. W-139 Chicago, Ill.

Setting-Up Exercises for Your Face—

LIFT SAGGING MUSCLES REMOVE DOUBLE CHIN

Kathryn Murray's 5 Minute-a-Day Facial Exercises, by strengthening flabby, drooping muscles, quickly banish crow's feet, double chin, sagging cheeks, sallow complexion, etc., and restore in a safe, natural way the bloom and animation of youth. No massage—no lotions—no straps—no skill required. Results guaranteed. 15 years of successful use. Book free! Mailed in plain envelope. Write today!

KATHRYN MURRAY
Suite 1258, 5 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago



The Alviene 35th YEAR DRAMA-DANCE

ELOCUTION, MUSICAL COMEDY, STAGE DANCING, TALKING PICTURES

Art of SINGING, Elective Courses for Stage-Teaching, Directing, and Personal Culture (Appearances while learning) Student Stock Co. & Art Theatre Stress Personality, Artistry, Debuts and Placements, Diplomas, Pupils—Mary Pickford, The Astairs, Lee Tracy, Dolly Sisters, Laurette Taylor. For free catalogue address secretary

Adv. Directors
Wm. A. Brady
Sir John
Martin-Harvey
J. J. Shubert
Alan Dale, Jr.

ALVIENE UNIVERSITY, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y. (Ext. 16)

Moles

How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.



OLD COINS—Large Fall selling catalog of coins for sale, free to collectors only. Catalog quoting prices paid for coins, TEN CENTS.

WILLIAM HESSLEIN, 101D Tremont St., BOSTON, MASS.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BEHIND THE MAKE-UP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Mildred Cram. Adapted by George Manker Watters and Howard Estabrook. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Hal Brown*, *Hal Skelly*, *Gordoni*, *William Powell*, *Marie*, *Fay Wray*, *Kitty Parker*, *Kay Francis*, *Dawson*, *E. H. Calvert*, *Boris*, *Paul Lukas*, *Chef*, *Agostino Borgato*.

"BLACKMAIL"—SONO ART—WORLD WIDE.—From the play by Charles Bennett. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: *Anny Ondra*, *John Longden*, *Donald Calthrop*, *Cyril Ritchard*, *Sara Allgood*.

"CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE"—PICKWICK PROD.—From the story by Maxine Alton. Continuity by Jack Townley. Directed by Frank O'Connor. The cast: *The Man*, *Francis X. Bushman*, *The Woman*, *Ethel Clayton*, *The Girl*, *Joan Wyndham*, *The Boy*, *William (Cotton) Kirby*, *The Girl-at-the-Well*, *Dorothy Gay*, *The Shadow*, *Sunburnt Jim*.

"DARK STREETS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Richard Connell. Adapted by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Pat McGlone*, *Jack Mulhall*, *Danny McGlone*, *Jack Mulhall*, *Katie Dean*, *Lila Lee*, *Mrs. Dean*, *Aggie Herring*, *Cunco*, *Earl Pingree*, *Police Captain*, *Will Walling*, *Police Lieutenant*, *E. H. Calvert*, *Beefy Barker*, *Maurice Black*.

"DARKENED ROOMS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Sir Philip Gibbs. Adapted by Patrick J. Kearney and Melville Baker. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *Ellen*, *Evelyn Brent*, *Emery Jago*, *Neil Hamilton*, *Joyce Clayton*, *Doris Hill*, *Billy*, *David Newell*, *Mme. Silvara*, *Gale Henry*, *Bert Nelson*, *Wallace MacDonald*, *Mrs. Fogarty*, *Blanche Craig*, *Mr. Clayton*, *E. H. Calvert*, *Sailor*, *Sammy Bricker*.

"DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story "A Woman Decides" by

from Paris
comes this
New Idea
**CUP MOULD
BRASSIERE**
ONLY \$1.00
POST
PAID
A TRIM AND
STYLISH FORM—
Flabby, flat chested
forms are given youthful
and natural contours, as if by magic.
Made of fine linen mesh, trimmed with beautiful lace (with pocket
support). This new Paris sensation will be your secret of beauty. Tailored
to fit—gives firm and graceful shape without binding.
Amaze your friends. Show them how lovely your figure can be. Sent
Post-paid on receipt of \$1.00 (3 for \$2.50). State bust size. Satisfaction
Guaranteed.
MARY TITUS
105 East 13th St., Dept. B-122, New York, N. Y.



Pin Money For Our Readers

PHOTOPLAY now offers its readers the opportunity to convert their spare time into real money by becoming its subscription representatives in the town or community in which they live.

Your friends—your neighbors—in fact, all the homes in your community—are prospective subscribers for PHOTOPLAY. Who, today, is not interested in moving pictures?

Be the first in your community to take advantage of this offer, and get started at once. A post card will bring further details. Address PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. RE-12, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wallace Smith. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by Leslie Pearce and Lynn Shores. The cast: *Lastro*, Rod La Rocque; *Nydra*, Rita La Roy; *Harry Beall*, Charles Byer; *MacDougal*, Ed Brady; *Hymie*, Harry Semels; *Junipero*, Sam Blum; *Nielson*, Bert Moorehouse.

"DISRAELI"—WARNERS.—From the play by Louis N. Parker. Adapted by Julian Josephson. Directed by Al Green. The cast: *Disraeli*, George Arliss; *Lady Beaconsfield*, Florence Arliss; *Clarissa*, Joan Bennett; *Mrs. Travers*, Doris Lloyd; *Manager of Bank of England*, David Torrence; *Charles*, Anthony Bushnell; *Meyers*, Ivan Simpson.

"DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Paul Merzbech. Directed by Gustav Molander. The cast: *Nita DuVal*, Margit Manstad; *Jeanne DuVal*, Ruth Meyher; *Armand de Marny*, Miles Mander.

"EVIDENCE"—WARNERS.—From the play "Divorce Evidence" by J. Du Rocher MacPherson. Directed by John G. Adolfi. The cast: *Myra Stanhope*, Pauline Frederick; *Cyril Wymborne*, William Courtenay; *Harold Courtenay*, Conway Tearle; *Norman Pollock*, Lowell Sherman; *Harbison*, Alec B. Francis; *Kenyon Wymborne*, Freddie Burke Frederick; *Mrs. Debenham*, Madeline Seymour; *Peabody*, Ivan Simpson; *Native Girl*, Myrna Loy; *Innkeeper*, Lionel Belmore.

"FARO NELL"—PARAMOUNT-CHRISTIE.—From the story by Willis Steell. Directed by William Watson. The cast: *Faro Nell*, Louise Fazenda; *The Hero*, Jack Luden; *The Sheriff*, Frank Rice; *The Heavy*, Harry Woods; *The Bar-keeper*, Charlie Mack.

"FLIGHT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ralph Graves. Dialogue by Frank R. Capra. Directed by Frank R. Capra. The cast: *Panama Williams*, Jack Holt; *Elinor*, Lila Lee; *Lefty Phelps*, Ralph Graves; *Major*, Allan Roscoe; *Steve Roberts*, Harold Goodwin; *Sandino*, Jimmy De La Cruze.

"FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Katharine Brush. Continuity by Carey Wilson. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Mlle. Fifi d'Auray*, Colleen Moore; *Gregory Pyne*, Frederic March; *Jimmy Willet*, Raymond Hackett; *Chandler Cunningham*, Edward Martindel; *Claire*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Jo, the maid*, Adrienne d'Ambricourt; *Stage Manager*, Sidney Jarvis; *Call Boy*, Mickey Bennett.

"GREAT GABBO, THE"—JAMES CRUZE PROD.—From the story by Ben Hecht. Continuity by Hugh Herbert. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *The Great Gabbo*, Eric Von Stroheim; *Mary*, Betty Compson; *Frank*, Don Douglas; *Babe*, Margie (Babe) Kane; *Otto Gabbo*, Otto.

"HANDCUFFED"—RAYART.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Dialogue by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. The cast: *Gloria Randall*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Tom Bennett*, Wheeler Oakman; *Gerald Morely*, Dean Jagger; *Billy Halton*, James Harrison; *John Randall*, Broderick O'Farrell; *Detective*, George Cheseboro.

"HONOR"—SOVKINO.—Directed by A. Shirvanzada. The cast: H. Appelian, Elsie Hasnick, Tatjezan Shandoodakian, L. Hajinian, Mme. Maysoorian.

"JEALOUSY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Louis Verneuil. Adapted by Eugene Walter. Dialogue by John D. Williams. Directed by Jean de Limur. The cast: *Yvonne*, Jeanne Eagels; *Pierre*, Frederic March; *Rigaud*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Renee*, Blanche Le Clair; *Clement*, Henry Daniel; *Charlotte*, Hilda Moore.

"KISS, THE"—M-G-M.—Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: *Irene*, Greta Garbo; *Dubail*, Conrad Nagel; *La Salle*, Holmes Herbert; *Guarry*, Anders Randolph; *Pierre*, Lew Ayres; *Durant*, George Davis.

"LADY LIES, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Meehan. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Dialogue by John Meehan. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Robert Rossiter*, Walter Huston; *Joyce Roamer*, Claudette Colbert; *Charlie Tyler*, Charles Ruggles; *Jo Rossiter*, Patricia Deering; *Bob Rossiter*, Tom Brown; *Hilda Pearson*, Betty Garde; *Ann Gardner*, Jean Dixon; *Henry Tuttle*, Duncan Penwarden; *Amelia Tuttle*, Virginia True Boardman; *Bernice Tuttle*, Verna Deane.

"LOVE PARADE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Prince Consort" by Jules Chancel and Leon Zanrof. Story by Ernest Vajda and Guy Bolton. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Count Alfred*, *Military Attache*, Maurice Chevalier; *Louise*, *Queen of Sylvania*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Jacques*, *Alfred's Valet*, Lupino Lane; *Lulu*, *Queen's Personal Maid*, Lillian Roth; *Master of Ceremonies*, Edgar Norton; *Prime Minister*, Lionel Belmore; *Foreign Minister*, Albert Roccardi; *Admiral*, Carleton Stockdale; *Minister of War*, Eugene Pallette; *Afghan Ambassador*, Russell Powell; *First Lady in Waiting*, Margaret Fealy; *Second Lady in Waiting*, Virginia Bruce.

"MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD"—FOX.—From the operetta by Oscar Strause. Dialogue by Harlan Thompson. Directed by Marcel Silver. The cast:

Edouardo, CREATOR of BAG~DABS[®] THE ORIGINAL SOLID PERFUME

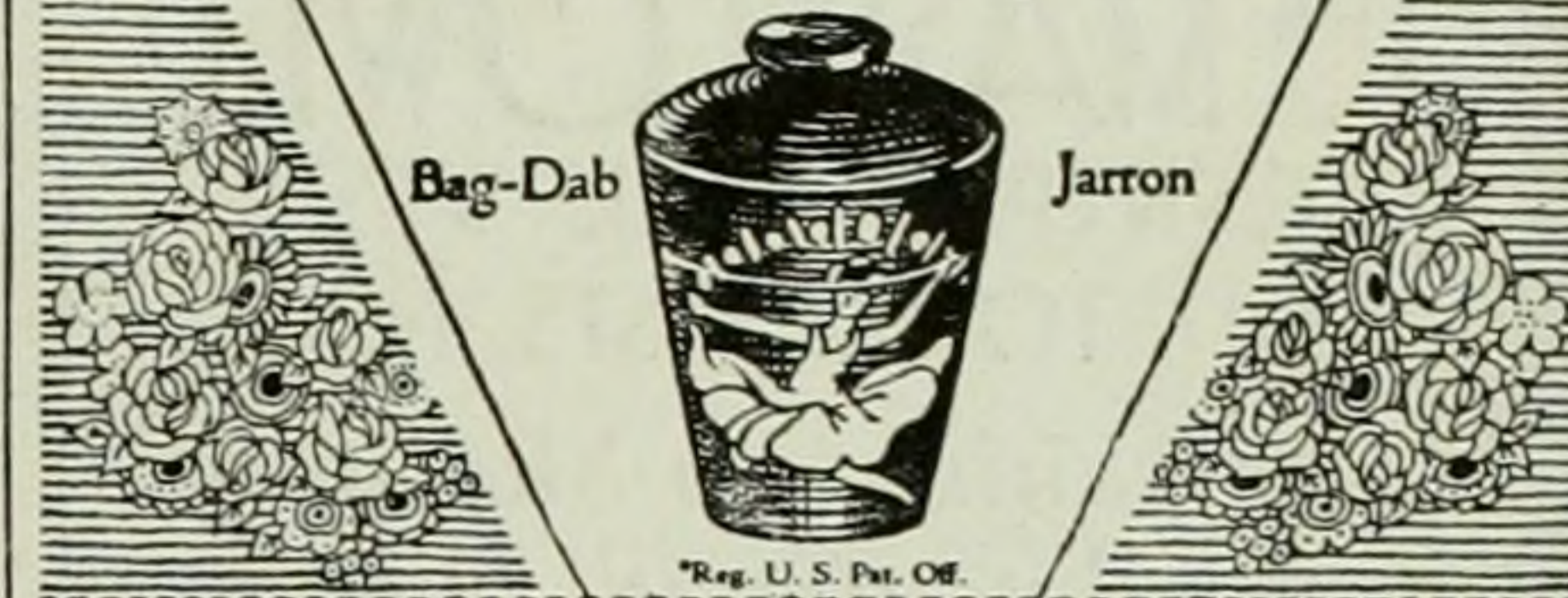
FASCINATING French odors: Nuit Divine, Lilas de Paques, Jasmin, Muguet, Narcisse captured and imprisoned for you in these exquisite hand painted containers from France.

A Bag-Dab for every bag! An alluring perfume complement to the new feminine mode.

Bag-Dabs are individually boxed.

Ideal for Gifts!

If not obtainable at your Favorite Shop, fill out and mail the coupon below.



EDOUARDO, 300 Fourth Ave., New York City

Please send postpaid.

Bag-Dabs Jarrons @ \$1.50 each
Bag-Dabs Petites @ \$1.00 each

Please designate the Edouardo perfume desired:.....

I enclose \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

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

P-12-29

Play Piano BY EAR

-IN 90 DAYS!
Play anything—jazz to classical! Even if you know nothing about piano music—I'll have your fingers dancing over the keyboard with confidence in 90 days. If you can hum or whistle a tune you can play it! My students are broadcasting—making money. **MAKE ME PROVE IT!** Without puzzling notes! Without practicing tedious scales! I've found the way to bring out your musical instinct. New and original system does away with years of work. **YOU WANT THE PROOF!** I'll send it. Write me now.
D. M. SUTTLE, Director
ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1801 Byron, Dept. 1613, Chicago, Ill.

Send NOW for PROOF!

THE EVER WELCOME GIFT HOSIERY

Get more for your gift money by buying in Philadelphia from Phillymade.

Our \$1.35 Service Weight \$1.65 Chiffon

are the equal of stockings at least fifty cents a pair more.

A Christmas Box of three Service weight \$4, delivered with Christmas card enclosed bearing your name.

A Christmas Box of three Chiffon \$4.75, delivered with Christmas card.

Send your list and let us take these gift worries off your mind. State size and colors preferred. Price lists free of course if you wish.

PHILLYMADE SHOPS, Dept. B, 3891 Dungan St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RADIO FREE CATALOG

AT WHOLESALE PRICES

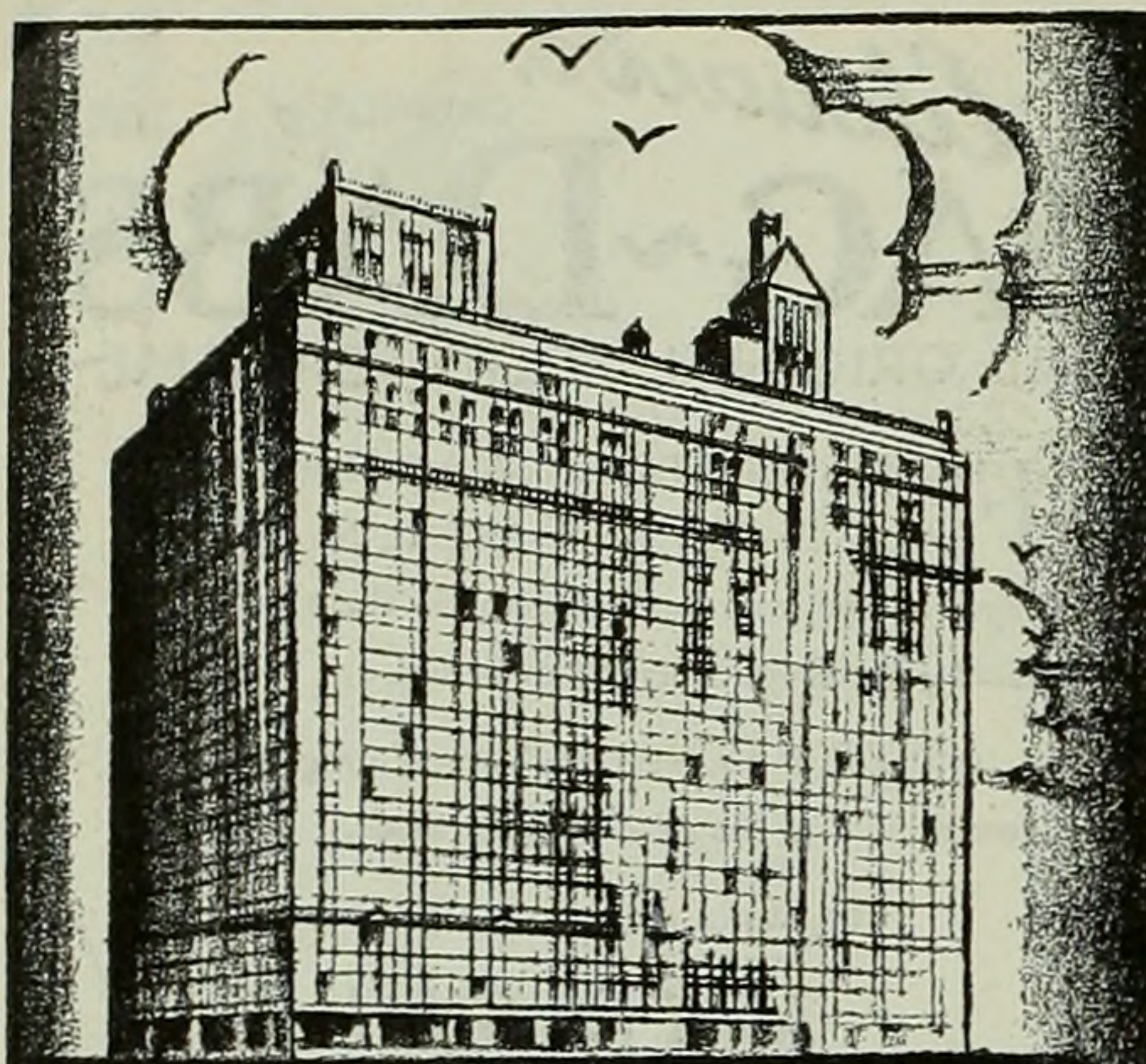
196 pages of radio bargains. New Screen Grid, all-electric, A. C. Sets in beautiful consoles—also battery operated sets as low as \$15.95. Write today.

ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION
711 W. LAKE ST., DEPT. 64, CHICAGO

Cuticura Toilet Preparations

Delightfully fragrant, highly developed toilet accessories—a most reliable method of cleansing and beautifying the skin and hair.

25c. each everywhere—Samples free of "Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.



THE MAYFLOWER

CENTRAL PARK WEST
61ST TO 62ND STS. N.Y.

Convenient to Shopping
and Theatrical District

Suites consisting of Parlor, Bedroom
and Bath with serving pantry

\$10 to \$16 per day—Single \$5—Double \$8.

Special rates for one month or longer



M. Nerlinger
Vice-Pres.

E. A. Rieder
Manager

LATZ INC



Do
Skin
Blemishes
make you wretched?
Try D. D. D.

If you are in despair over pimples, blotches, rashes, eczema or other skin trouble, try D. D. D., the pure, cooling liquid. It stops itching instantly. Then penetrates, soothes and heals. Greaseless, stainless, dries at once. Many owe their clear, smooth skin to D. D. D. Trial bottle 35c at your druggist; money back if it fails to help you. Or write to D. D. D. Corporation, Batavia, Ill.



D. D. D. THE HEALING SKIN LOTION

WIN HIM with Love Charm



Irrisistible and alluring perfumes were first used by the great Cleopatra in captivating her lovers. She knew their power and magic charm. Now you have the same opportunity—for with LOVE CHARM you can fascinate, and win the affections of the man you love. To prove to you the

superiority of LOVE CHARM Perfume, we will send you a generous sample of this costly French formula free for the cost of mailing. Just send 10c today to cover cost of packing and postage. LOVE CHARM COMPANY, 4865 Easton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 108-M

Prince Nikolai, J. Harold Murray; *Mary Lou Hopkins*, Norma Terris; *Mitzi Hofman*, Norma Terris; *Joe Gliner*, Walter Catlett; *Annushka*, Irene Palasty; *King Alexander*, Lennox Pawle; *Mahai*, Tom Patricola; *Queen Louise*, Evelyn Hall; *Stage Prince*, John Garrick; *Adjutant Octavian*, Douglas Gilmore; *Charlotte*, Gloria Grey; *Captain Jacobi*, Jack Stambaugh; *Herr Von Herzen*, Bert Sprotte; *Mrs. Von Herzen*, Lelia Karnelly; *Herr Director*, Herman Bing; *Namari*, Paul Ralli.

"MEN ARE LIKE THAT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Showoff" by George Kelley. Scenario by Herman J. Mankowicz. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Aubrey Piper*, Hal Skelly; *Amy Fisher*, Doris Hill; *Pa Fisher*, Charles Sellon; *Ma Fisher*, Clara Blandick; *Joe Fisher*, Morgan Farley; *Clara Hyland*, Helene Chadwick; *Frank Hyland*, William Davidson; *Traffic Cop*, Eugene Pallette; *Rogers*, Gordon DeMain; *Superintendent*, E. H. Calvert.

"MIGHTY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Robert N. Lee. Dialogue by William Slavens McNutt. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Blake Greeson*, George Bancroft; *Louise Patterson*, Esther Ralston; *Sterky*, Warner Oland; *Dogey Franks*, Raymond Hatton; *Mayme*, Dorothy Revier; *Jerry Patterson*, Morgan Farley; *J. K. Patterson*, O. P. Heggie; *The Mayor*, Charles Sellon; *Major General*, E. H. Calvert; *Mr. Jameison*, John Cromwell.

"MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Karl Brown and Leonard Fields. Adapted by Edward P. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Jack Ashland*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Lucy Blackburn*, Joan Bennett; *Julius Blackburn*, Alec B. Francis; *"Tiny" Beardsley*, Otis Harlan; *Suzette Richards*, Carmelita Geraghty.

"MISTER ANTONIO"—TIFFANY-STRAHL.—From the play by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Mister Antonio*, Leo Carrillo; *June Ramsey*, Virginia Valli; *Joe*, Gareth Hughes; *Milton Jorney*, Frank Reicher; *Mrs. Jorney*, Eugenie Besserer; *Earl Jorney*, Franklin Lewis; *Pearl*, Betty Francisco.

"NIGHT PARADE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by George Abbott, Edward Paramore and Hyatt Daab. Continuity by James Gruen and George O'Hara. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The cast: *Bobby Murray*, Hugh Trevor; *Tom Murray*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Doris*, Dorothy Gulliver; *Paula Vernoff*, Aileen Pringle; *John Zelli*, Robert Ellis; *Sis Durhan*, Lee Shumway; *Dancer*, Ann Pennington; *Huffy*, Charlie Sullivan; *Jake*, Walter Kane; *Bennie*, Barney Fury; *Artie*, James Dugan; *Phil*, Nate Slott; *Ethel*, Marie Astair.

"ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Reginald Denny. Scenario by Reginald Denny and Earl Snell. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Napoleon*, Reginald Denny; *Josephine*, Nora Lane; *Wellington*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Dr. Hayden*, Henry Otto; *Salome*, Joyzelle; *Paganini*, Fritz Feld; *William Tell*, Jules Cowles; *Robin Hood*, Slim Summerville; *Claude Bixby*, Rolfe Sedan; *Arthur Bixby*, D. R. O. Hatswell; *Paul Revere*, Walter Brennan; *Warden*, Henry Herbert.

"RACKETEER, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by Paul Gangelin. Adapted by Paul Gangelin. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Keene*, Robert Armstrong; *Rhoda*, Carol Lombard; *Tony*, Roland Drew; *Millie*, Jeanette Loff; *Mrs. Lee*, Hedda Hopper; *Jack*, John Loder; *Gus*, Kit Guard; *Squid*, Al Hill; *Mehaffy*, Paul Hurst; *Mr. Simpson*, Winter Hall; *Mrs. Simpson*, Winifred Harris.

"RED HOT RHYTHM"—PATHE.—From the story by William Conselman. Adapted by Earl Baldwin and Walter De Leon. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Walter*, Alan Hale; *Sam*, Walter O'Keefe; *Mary*, Kathryn Crawford; *Claire*, Josephine Dunn; *Mabel*, Anita Garvin; *Mrs. Fioretta*, Ilka Chase; *Singe*, James Clemmons.

"RICH PEOPLE"—PATHE.—From the story by Jay Gelzer. Adapted by A. A. Kline. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Connie Hayden*, Constance Bennett; *Jeff MacLean*, Regis Toomey; *Noel Neving*, Robert Ames; *Beverly Hayden*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Margery Mears*, Ilka Chase; *Captain Danforth*, John Loder; *Sally Vanderwater*, Polly Ann Young.

"SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Abbott and John V. A. Weaver. Adapted by Lloyd Corrigan and Edward Paramore, Jr. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Mayme*, Clara Bow; *Bill*, James Hall; *Janie*, Jean Arthur; *Lem Woodruff*, Charles Sellon; *Ma Woodruff*, Ethel Wales; *Ken*, Frank Ross; *Miss Streeter*, Edna May Oliver; *Ginsberg*, Heymen Meyer; *Jim*, Eddie Dunn; *Pearl*, Leone Lane; *Hazel*, Jean Harlow.

"SEA FURY"—SUPREME.—Produced by Tom White. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Bill*, George Regis; *Mary*, Mildred Harris; *Red*, Frank Campeau; *Captain*, Bernard Seigel; *George Washington III*, George Godfrey.

"SEÑOR AMERICANO"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Helmer Bergman. Adapted by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: *Michael Banning*, Ken Maynard; *Carmelita*, Kathryn Crawford; *Ramirez*, Gino Corrado; *Maddox*, J. P.

McGowen; *Manana*, Frank Yaconelli; *Don Manuel*, Frank Beale; *Tarzan*, Tarzan.

"SIDE STREET"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Mal St. Clair and George O'Hara. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The cast: *Jimmy O'Farrell*, Tom Moore; *John O'Farrell*, Matt Moore; *Dennis O'Farrell*, Owen Moore; *Kathleen Doyle*, Kathryn Perry; *Mr. O'Farrell*, Frank Sheridan; *Mrs. O'Farrell*, Emma Dunn; *"Silk" Ruffo*, Arthur Houseman; *"Bunny"*, Mildred Harris; *Maxee*, Charles Byer; *Mac*, Edwin August; *"Slim"*, Irving Bacon; *Patric Doyle*, Walter McNamara; *"Blondie"*, Al Hill; *"Drunk"*, Heinie Conklin; *"Pinkie"*, Dan Wolheim.

"SONG OF KENTUCKY, A"—FOX.—From the story by Frederick H. Brennan. Adapted by Frederick H. Brennan. Directed by Lew Seiler. The cast: *Jerry Reavis*, Joseph Wagstaff; *Lee Coleman*, Lois Moran; *Nancy Morgan*, Dorothy Burgess; *Kane Pitcairn*, Douglas Gilmore; *Jake Kleinschmidt*, Herman Bing; *Mrs. Coleman*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Coleman*, Edwards Davis; *Steve*, Bert Woodruff.

"SUNNY SIDE UP"—FOX.—From the story by B. G. De Sylva, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson. Adapted by David Butler. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Molly Carr*, Janet Gaynor; *Jack Cromwell*, Charles Farrell; *Jane Worth*, Sharon Lynn; *Eddie Rafferty*, Frank Richardson; *Eric Swenson*, El Brendel; *Bee Nichols*, Marjorie White; *Joe Vitto*, Joe Brown; *Mrs. Cromwell*, Mary Forbes; *Raoul*, Alan Paull; *Lake*, Peter Gawthorne.

"SWEETIE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr., and Lloyd Corrigan. Dialogue by George Marion, Jr., and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Barbara Pell*, Nancy Carroll; *Biff Benly*, Stanley Smith; *Helen Fry*, Helen Kane; *Freddie Fry*, Joseph Depew; *Tap-Tap Thompson*, Jack Oakie; *Percy (Pussy) Willow*, William Austin; *Axel Bronstrup*, Stuart Erwin; *Bill Barrington*, Wallace MacDonald; *Dr. Oglethorpe*, Charles Sellon; *Miss Twill*, Aileen Manning.

"TANNED LEGS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by George Hull. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Peggy Reynolds*, June Clyde; *Bill*, Arthur Lake; *Janet Reynolds*, Sally Blane; *Roger*, Allen Kearns; *Mrs. Reynolds*, Nella Walker; *Mr. Reynolds*, Albert Gran; *Clinton Darrow*, Edmund Burns; *Mrs. Lyons King*, Dorothy Revier; *Toolie*, Ann Pennington; *Pudgy*, Lincoln Stedman; *Hosiery Model*, Helen Kaiser; *Hosiery Model*, Kay English.

"THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS"—FOX.—From the story by Homer Croy. Scenario by Sonya Levien. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Pike Peters*, Will Rogers; *Mrs. Peters*, Irene Rich; *Opal Peters*, Marguerite Churchill; *Ross Peters*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *Claudine*, Fifi Dorsay; *Marquis de Brissac*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Marquise de Brissac*, Marcelle Corday; *Grand Duke Makiall*, Theodore Lodi; *Clark McCurdy*, Rex Bell; *Fleurie*, Christiane Yves; *Ed Eggers*, Edgar Kennedy; *Tupper*, Bob Kerr; *Miss Mason*, Marcia Manon; *Valet*, Andre Cheron; *Prince Ordinsky*, Gregory Gay.

"THREE LOVES"—MOVIEGRAPH.—From the novel by Max Brod. Directed by Kurt Bernhardt. The cast: *Dr. Karoff*, Fritz Kortner; *Stasha*, Marlene Dietrich; *Henry Leblanc*, Uno Henning; *Charles Leblanc*, Oscar Stomma; *Their Mother*, Freda Richard; *Poitrier*, Karl Ettlinger; *Angele*, Edith Edwards.

"TRESPASSER, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Marion Donnell*, Gloria Swanson; *Jack Merrick*, Robert Ames; *Hector Ferguson*, Purnell Pratt; *John Merrick, Sr.*, William Holden; *Fuller*, Henry B. Walthall; *Jackie*, Wally Albright; *Catherine "Flip" Merrick*, Kay Hammond; *Miss Potter*, Blanche Frederici; *Blanche*, Marcella Corday.

"UNTAMED"—M-G-M.—From the story by Charles E. Scoggins. Adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Dialogue by Willard Mack. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Bingo*, Joan Crawford; *Andy*, Robert Montgomery; *Ben Murchison*, Ernest Torrence; *Howard Presley*, Holmes Herbert; *Bennock*, John Miljan; *Marjory*, Gwen Lee; *Paul*, Edward Nugent; *Gregg*, Don Terry; *Mrs. Mason*, Gertrude Astor; *Jollop*, Milton Farney; *Dowling*, Lloyd Ingram; *Milly*, Grace Cunard; *Moran*, Tom O'Brien; *Billcombe*, Wilson Bengé.

"WELCOME DANGER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ted Wilde, Lex Neal and Felix Adler. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: *Harold Bledsoe*, Harold Lloyd; *Billie Lee*, Barbara Kent; *Patrick Clancy*, Noah Young; *John Thorne*, Charles Middleton; *Captain Walton*, William Walling.

"WOMAN TO WOMAN"—TIFFANY-STRAHL.—From the play by Michael Morton. Adapted by Nicholas Foder. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Lola*, Betty Compson; *David*, George Barrard; *Vesta*, Juliette Compton; *Florence*, Margaret Chambers; *Hal*, Reginald Sharland; *Lille David*, Georgie Billings; *Dr. Gavron*, Winter Hall.

"YOUNG NOWHERES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ida A. R. Wylie. Screen story by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Albert Whalen*, Richard Barthelmess; *Annie Jackson*, Marian Nixon; *Mr. Jesse*, Bert Roach; *Cleaver*, Anders Randolph; *George*, Raymond Turner; *Brunette*, Jocelyn Lee.



VITAPHONE

Links
**your THEATRE
 to BROADWAY,**

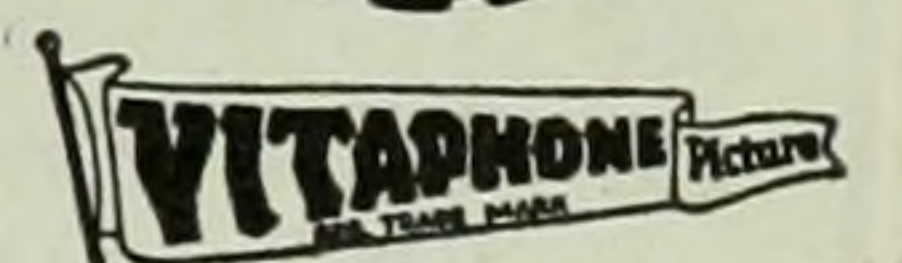
Broadway—Mecca of millions . . . now the round-the-corner resort of all America, thanks to *Vitaphone!*

Vitaphone obliterates the miles that used to separate you from the Street of Streets, and brings Broadway to you.

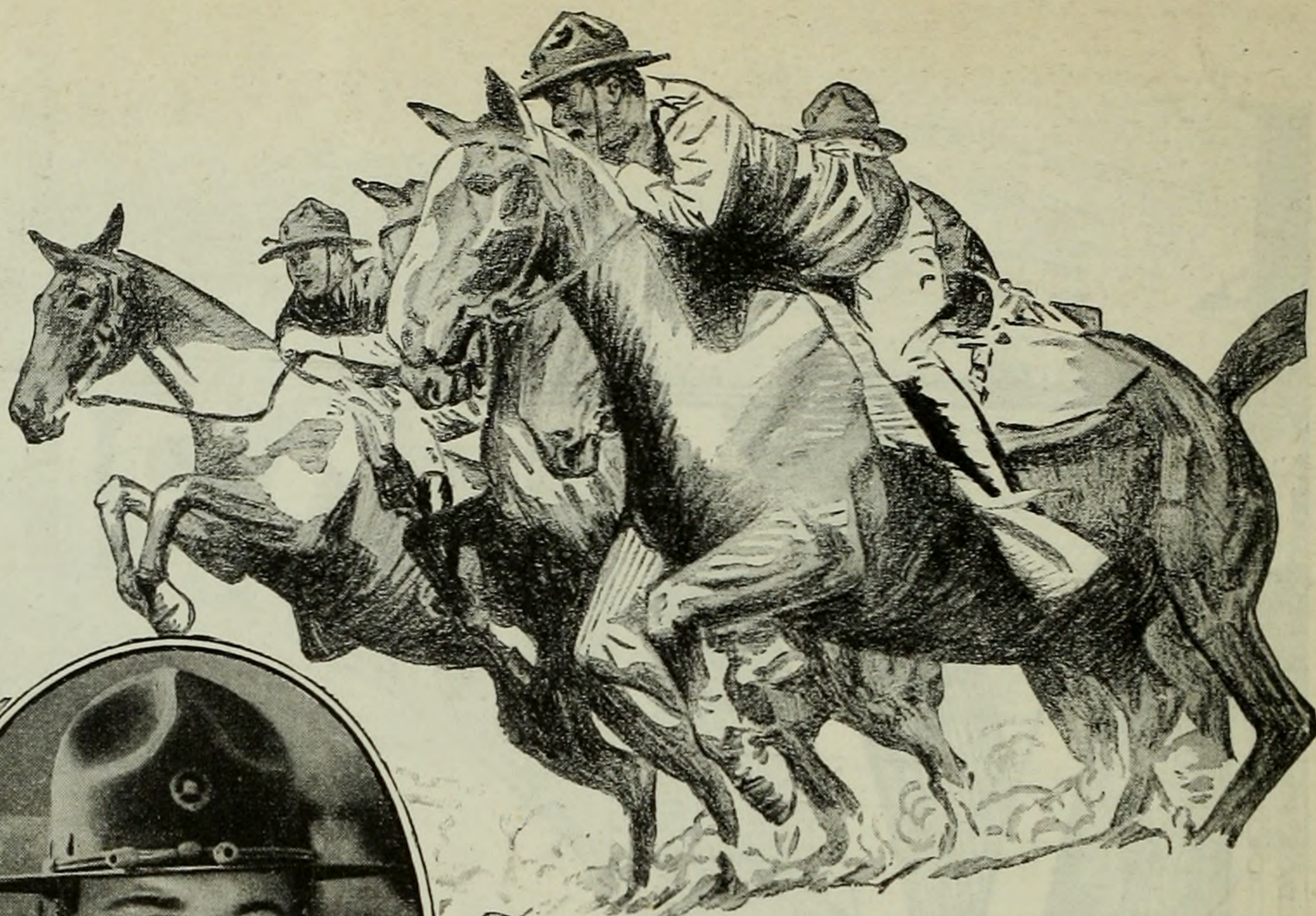
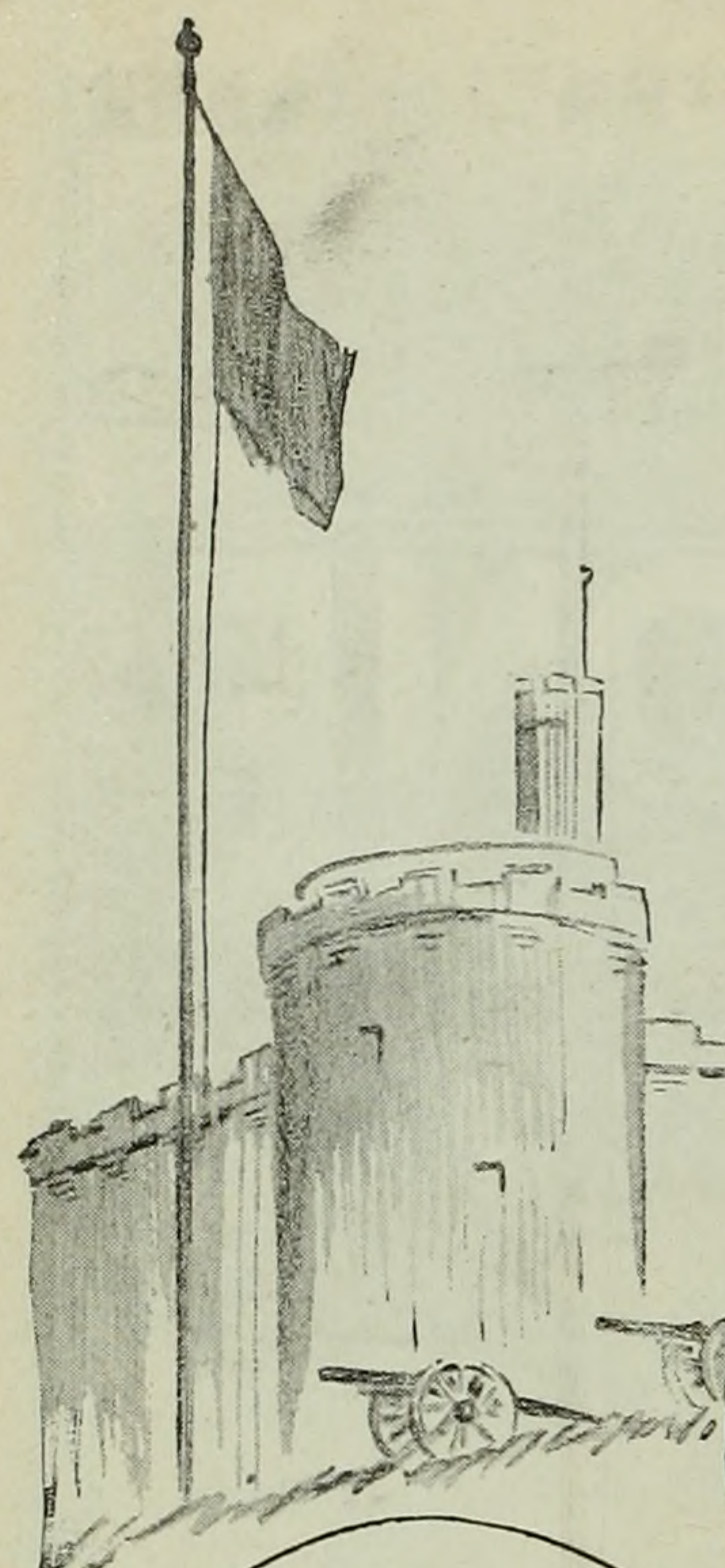
From the world's great stages, *Vitaphone* is transplanting the most celebrated singing, dancing, and dramatic stars and "acts" to the screens of thousands of theatres.

Check up on the attractions at your local *Vitaphone* theatres every week. Events are on the way which you will not want to miss. The *Vitaphone* sign on a theatre is a trusty guide to the best of good times. It guarantees not only perfect voice reproduction, but also the foremost stage and screen stars in productions of the highest calibre. Look for it before you step up to the box-office.

Vitaphone is the registered trade mark of the Vitaphone Corporation



You see and hear Vitaphone only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures



Watch for these other great Pathe hits!



OH, YEAH!

with **ROBERT ARMSTRONG** and **JAMES GLEASON**

A comedy of that class of society which travels under, not in, Pullmans. Directed by **TAY GARNETT**



RED HOT RHYTHM

with **ALAN HALE**

A picture that turns "Tin Pan Alley" inside out and reveals its human side. Directed by **LEO McCAREY** Supervised by **WILLIAM CONSELMAN**



CONSTANCE BENNETT in **RICH PEOPLE**

A look at life from the viewpoint of those who have so much money they can't get out from under its depressing influence!

Directed by **EDWARD H. GRIFFITH** **RALPH BLOCK** Associate Producer

WILLIAM BOYD

IN

His First Command

with *Dorothy Sebastian*

All the world loves a lover and a "rookie"—and William Boyd is both in this romantic story of the making of a "first-class fighting man." The scene of the action is laid at renowned Fort Riley in Kansas, around which so much thrilling frontier history was written in the days of the old West.

The participation of the entire Second and Thirteenth U.S. Cavalry regiments lends an authentic military flavor to HIS FIRST COMMAND that quite lifts it out of the realm of "make-believe." If you want action, thrills, laughs and romance, see it when it comes to your local theatre!

Directed by **GREGORY LA CAVA** **RALPH BLOCK**, Associate Producer

ALL MUSIC-ALL SOUND-ALL DIALOGUE

Pathé  Picture



The only complexion

soap ever approved by the

only real authorities on the

skin . . . America's eminent

★
dermatologists

I ONLY wish I could go to every girl in America and say, "This is the most important news in all the history of complexions."

Camay, a soap as gentle as rain-water, has the official approval of the eminent dermatologists of America. No other soap ever before had such recognition.

These physicians made numerous tests to convince themselves of Camay's mildness. They carefully examined its formula.

As a result, they gave their wholehearted approval — all 73 of them. Many added a personal word, such as this, from one of Chicago's leading dermatologists:

"Camay is bland, does not irritate the skin and leaves it smooth. Any complexion that cannot stand Camay needs a physician's attention."

A professor emeritus of dermatology in a large Southern medical college says that Camay "lathers beautifully and quickly, leaving the

skin with no trace of harshness or dryness."

But I know we're all feminine enough to want everything about us to be *lovely*, as well as *efficient*. And, if you don't agree with me that Camay is the loveliest soap you ever used, I want to hear about it—at *once!*

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness — is a free booklet of advice from 73 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-129, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

★ **What is a dermatologist?**

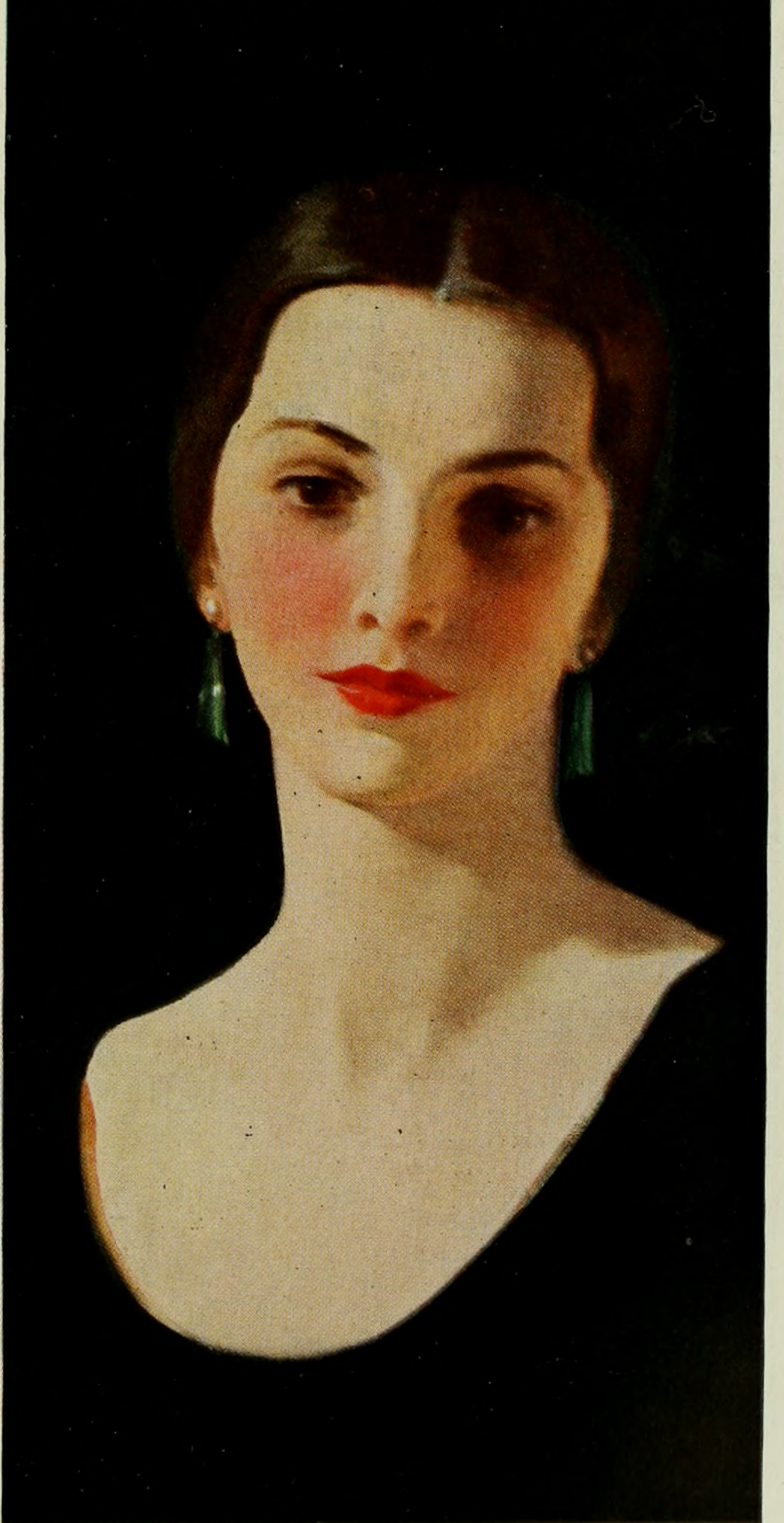
The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

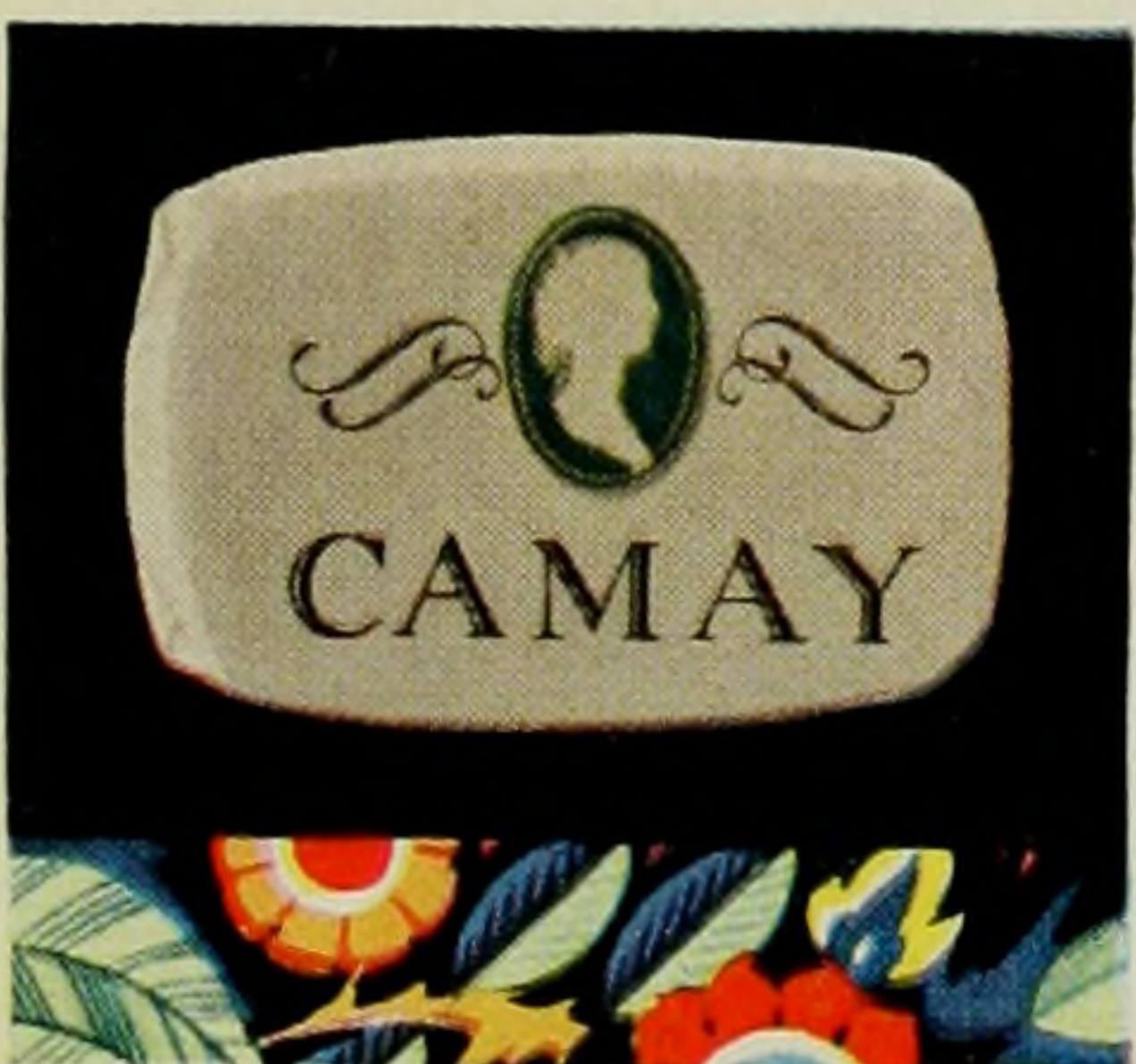
I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

Dr. Allen Pusey
M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)



CAMAY 10¢ A CAKE



Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]

Is she
ON YOUR
CHRISTMAS
LIST ?

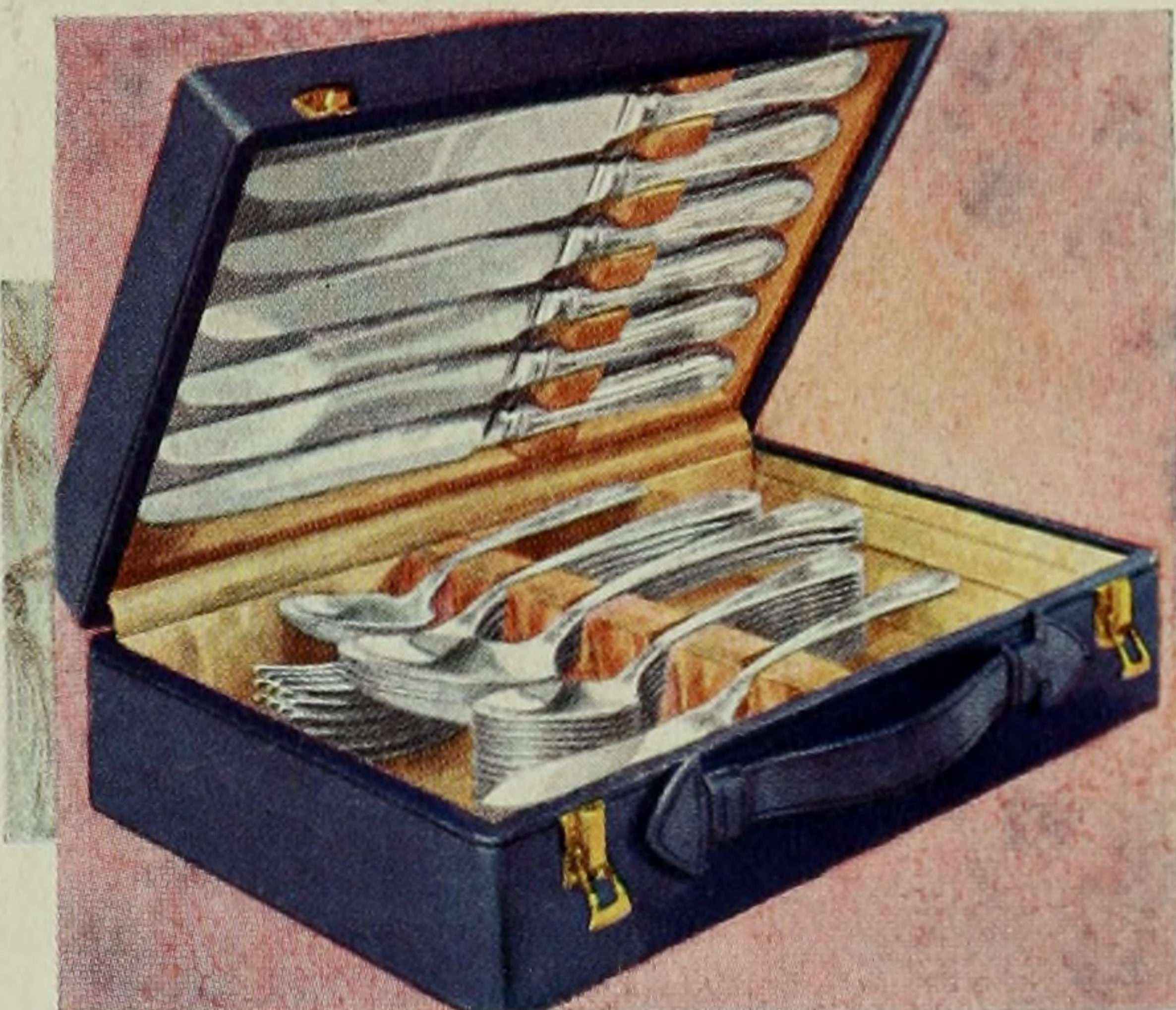


SHE has a job, and a tiny place of her own... that she pretends to be very debonair about and secretly adores... She gets breakfast with one eye on the clock, but the other eye very firmly on the charm of her service, the prettiness of her table...

IGNORE her pretensions to being an independent woman (there aren't any.) You can win her heart and her eternal gratitude by giving her some trifle of COMMUNITY PLATE — practical but charming, — and as feminine as her lipstick!

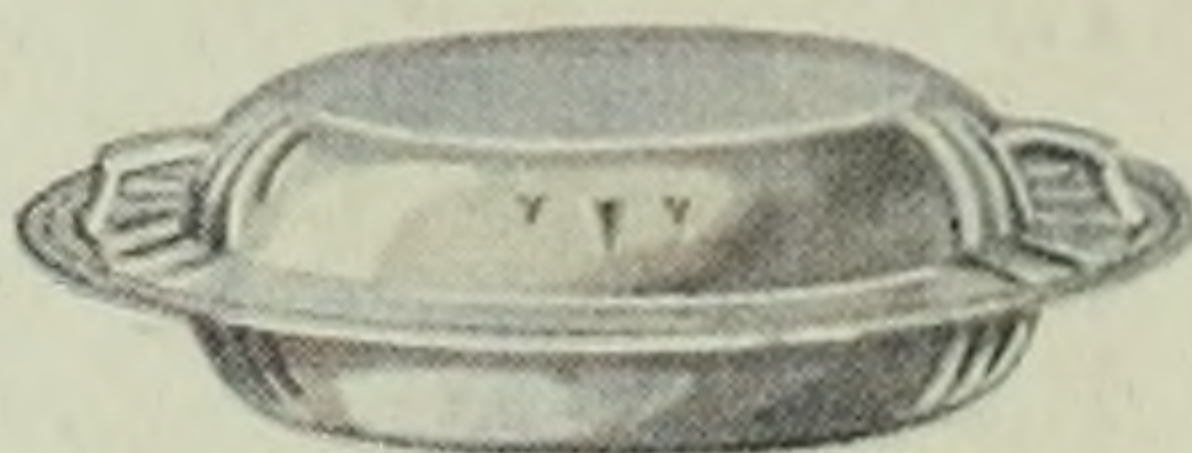
PERHAPS, this pastry server in the new "Deauville" design... \$4.50

OR, this gravy ladle... in the "Patrician-Moderne" design... \$3.00



OR: if you want to give her the thrill of a life-time as well as a Christmas present — and two presents in one, at that — give her a complete service of Community — knives, forks, spoons, serving things — in the little overnight case called the "Petit Voyage" which is the newest and gayest Community container... She will adore the silverware — she will find the little dressing-case indispensable... The silverware will cost only \$36.50 for a service for six, \$48.00 for eight — and the dressing-case is free.

The PETIT VOYAGE CASE
"Paul Revere" design illustrated



OR, a double vegetable dish that will warm her heart as well as her broccoli... \$17.50 in the new "Deauville" design



OR, a pair of bright candlesticks, in the "Grosvenor" design \$17.50



PERHAPS, some salts and peppers... like these, in the "Grosvenor" design... \$7.50

PERHAPS, a jelly server — like this one — "Bird of Paradise" design... \$1.75

COMMUNITY PLATE
Most Feminine of Gifts