

N. S. E.

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER

25 CENTS



*Earl
Christy*

JOAN
CRAWFORD

**The Unknown
Hollywood
I Know**

**How Ten Stars
Overcame Self-
Consciousness**

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Master of Spectacular Productions presents his Greatest Dramatic Triumph!

FATE BRANDED HIM A THIEF

AND THEN MADE HIM AN ENGLISH PEER! . . . He was an officer and a gentleman. To him honor meant more than anything else—more than friends, country, or life itself... And yet he accepted dishonor to save the honor of his enemy. He left England's life of luxury for America's wildest West—but England sought him out, and fate made him a peer of the realm!



TWO FORCES SWAYED HIM

"I'm just a woman who loves you," his goddess had said, "wanting terribly to play fair." And her eyes pleaded with him to help her . . . What should he do? . . . His honor commanded, "Go!" His love whispered, "Stay!" Two fates called—



but only one could be answered... As man of mystery, he comes to America's frontier of fate and fortune—where he battles racketeers—where he defies the law at pistol point—until destiny plays an unexpected acé!

A THRILLING ALL STAR CAST

With such distinguished players as WARNER BAXTER, LUPE VELEZ, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, CHARLES BICKFORD and ROLAND YOUNG, this epic drama is made the sensational love-adventure film of the year . . . Directed by the master hand of the screen's greatest director—

CECIL B. DE MILLE



TWO WOMEN LOVED HIM

His wife and the wife of another—the woman who gave up everything for him—and the woman for whom he gave up everything. The first saved his life twice—and twice he drove her away. The second told him she never wanted to see him again—yet she crossed half the world to find him.

WARNER BAXTER IN

THE SQUAW MAN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Of all things... "Pink Tooth Brush"³ and I am only 26!



IT can happen to you when you're 26, sooner than that, or later. But "pink tooth brush" is *always* just around the corner unless you take the initiative now, and say "No!" to its threats!

If from earliest childhood you daily went in for coarse foods that exercised and stimulated your gums, you would probably never be bothered with "pink" on your tooth brush. But who in these modern days eats anything but *soft* foods? That is why your gums become lazy and inert, and in time so tender that you find your brush "pink" pretty regularly.

"Pink tooth brush," if allowed to go on, can cause you no end of annoyance. In the first place, it often precedes gum troubles such as Vincent's disease and gingivitis and the dread, even though rare, pyorrhea. And in time it may threaten infection at the roots of some of your teeth.

In fact, the only pleasant news in connection with "pink tooth brush" is that it can be prevented or checked.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. But each time, put a little fresh Ipana on your brush and lightly massage it into those touchy gums of yours.

Ipana has ziratol in it—and the ziratol with massage arouses them from their lethargy, stimulates them to new health and firmness.

You'll like Ipana's fine fresh flavor, and almost at once your teeth will begin to look whiter and more sparkling. It may take a bit longer before your gums show a decided improvement, but within thirty days they *will* show it. And then, just keep on using Ipana with massage, so "pink tooth brush" will *stay* out of your life!



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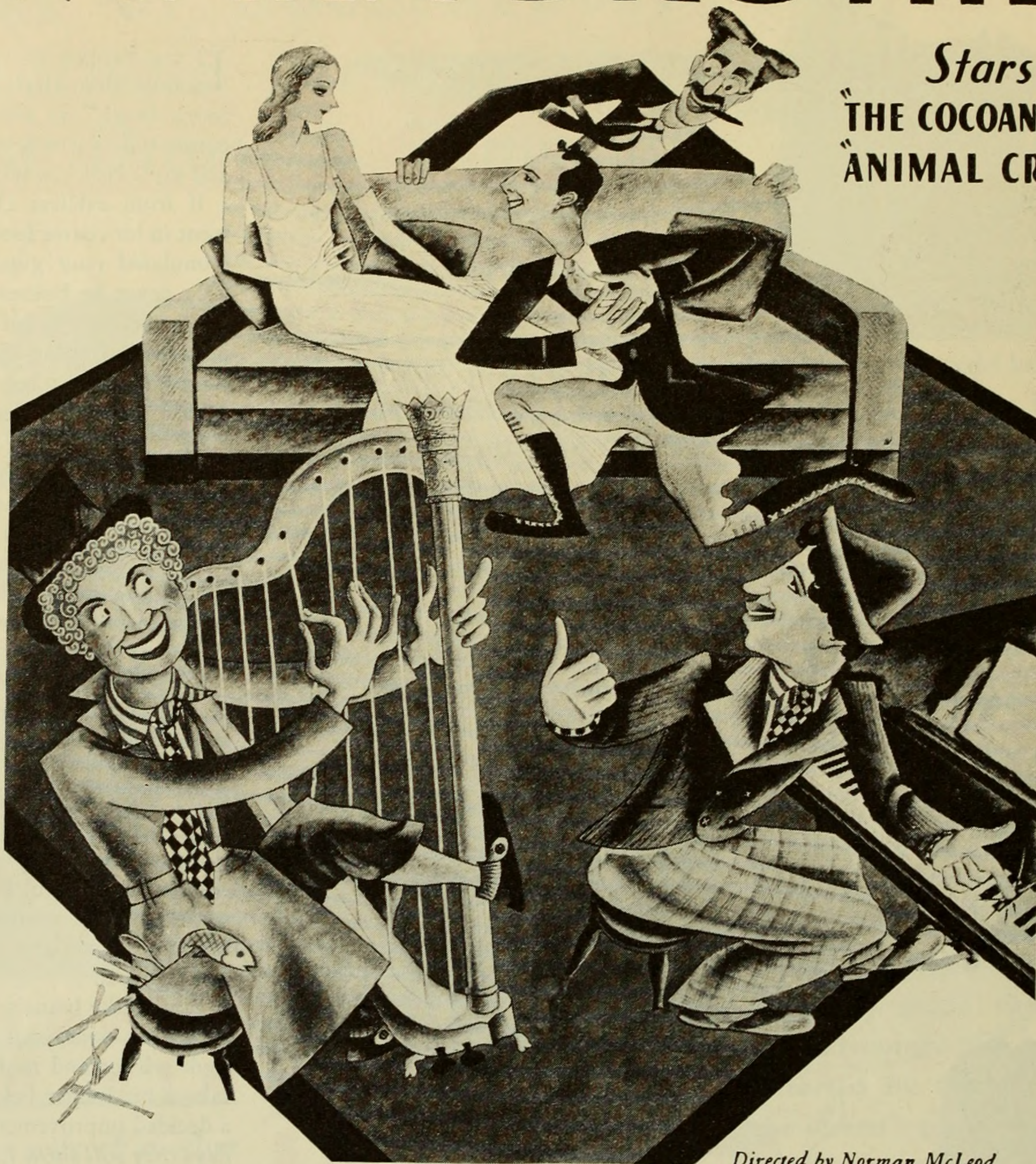
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Ipana tooth paste

The MARX BROTHERS

Stars of
"THE COCOANUTS" and
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"



Directed by Norman McLeod

in "MONKEY BUSINESS"

Celebrate Paramount's
20th Birthday Jubilee!

Paramount is celebrating 20 years of leadership with the greatest pictures in its history! Watch for "24 HOURS," "A FAREWELL TO ARMS," "NO ONE MAN," "LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER." And such stars as HAROLD LLOYD, GEORGE BANCROFT, MARLENE DIETRICH, RUTH CHATTERTON and others in the greatest pictures of their careers!

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

LAUGHING days are here again! With that famous frenzied foursome, The Marx Brothers, in a new madhouse of merriment—"MONKEY BUSINESS!" It's the first of the great pictures in Paramount Jubilee Month—September—when leading theatres everywhere will feature Paramount Pictures. Watch for announcements. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount  Pictures

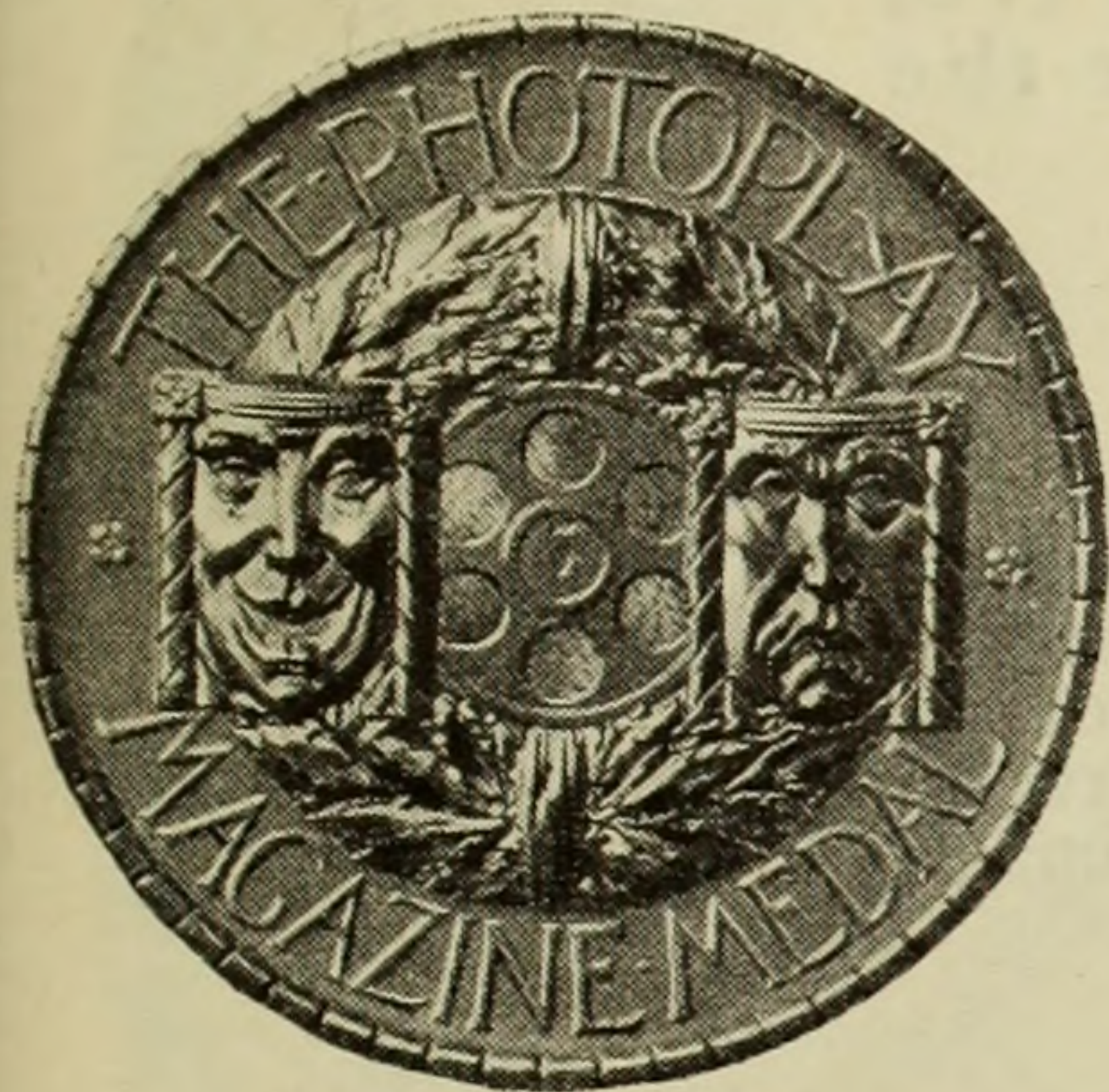
PHOTOPLAY

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Vol. XL No. 5

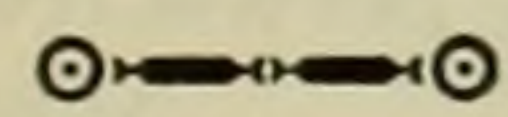
JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

October, 1931



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"
	1929	
	"DISRAELI"	



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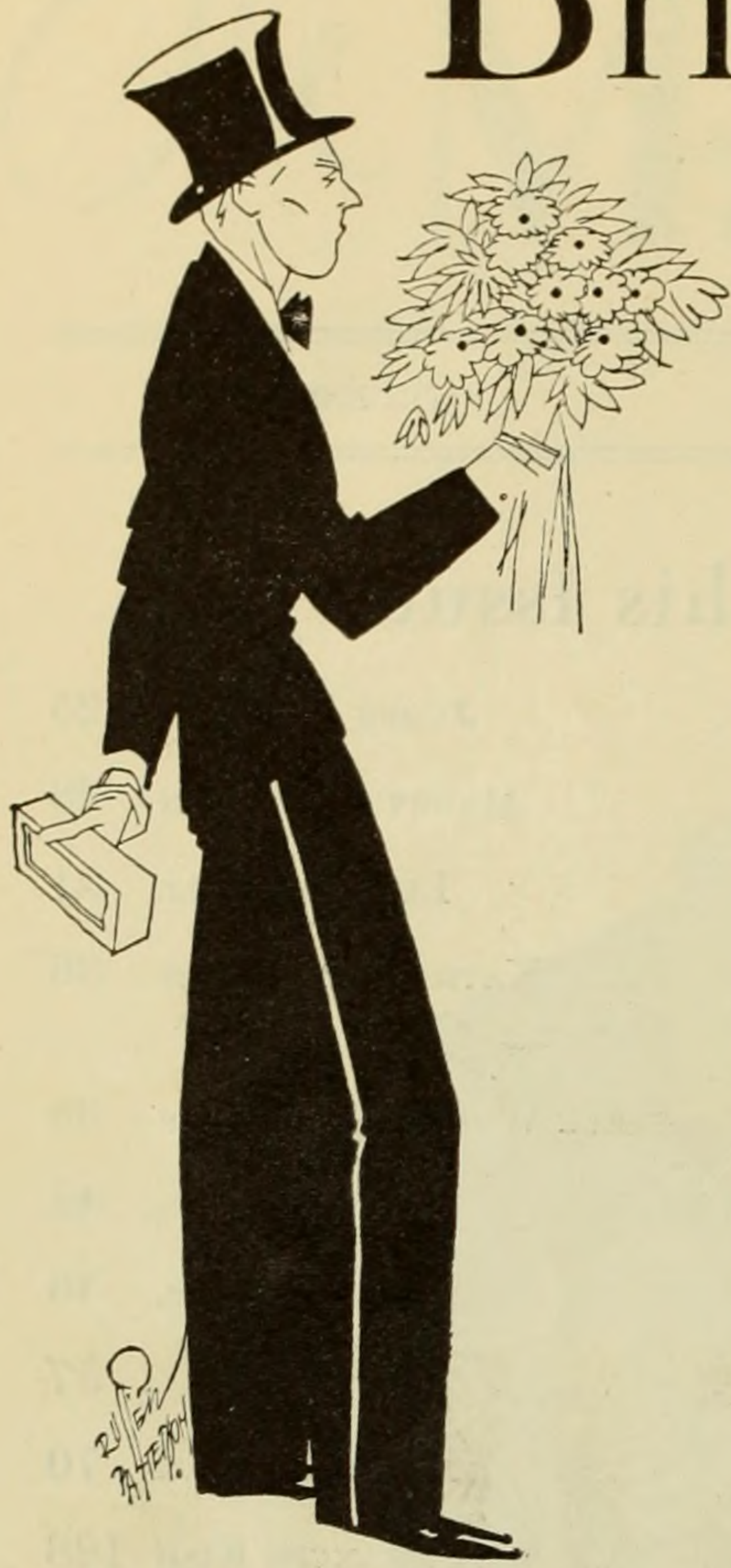
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer

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Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Come on in and speak your mind! Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations

ding cake baked like a little cottage covered with roses and frosted flowers?

HELENE A. HALL,
Yankton, S. D.

4. Walk with shoulders back, hips in, like Norma Shearer.

LILLIE MAE JENKINS,
Chicago, Ill.

The \$25 Letter

I HAVE a friend who is a librarian in a public library and she chanced to speak of the sudden demand for DuMaurier's "Trilby." It was the week after "Svengali" had been running at a local theater, and many people who had seen the picture were anxious to read or re-read the old favorite.

In answer to my interested inquiries, my friend said that the movies, especially the talkies, have had a tremendous influence in acquainting people with famous books. She had noticed that persons who evidently had never before been interested in good reading, were coming to the library to ask for such books as "Tom Sawyer," "East Lynne," "Moby Dick," and "Resurrection." It is rather nice to think that the much maligned movies can be such an open sesame to the marvelous world of books to those who have never before known their magic.

MARIAN BATES,
Albany, N. Y.

The \$10 Letter

AN entire wedding was costumed and planned from a recent motion picture. We wanted to have it as smart an affair as this small, mid-Western town had ever witnessed. The financial expenditure did not much exceed the cost of an ordinary wedding.

We sat through six performances of the picture, drew sketches and made notes to guide us. There were some concessions, of course—no orchids in the bride's bouquet, and a few yards cut off the satin train. But other details were carried out with minute perfection. It was not theatrical or too lavish for good taste.

Except for the movies how could we have dressed the bridesmaids in original Chanel models? Or conceived the idea of a wed-

The \$5 Letter

YOU may be interested in this excerpt copied from my little sister's prized notebook. She is only twelve years old.

1. Fix hair off forehead like Carole Lombard.

2. Smile attractively, letting left side of lips curve upward about one-eighth of an inch like Joan Crawford.

3. Speak distinctly and have the right pronunciation like Constance Bennett.

MOVIES, as a guide to pleasant manners, taste in dress and worthwhile reading, bring out a lot of comment this month. There is an interesting letter from a mother who tells how picture-going changed her daughter from a harum-scarum tomboy to a poised and charming young lady.

Our mail is full of praise for Barbara Stanwyck. Though not everyone liked "Night Nurse," they liked Barbara in it, and they think she is great in "The Miracle Woman."

Clark Gable bouquets are numerous enough to stock a florist shop—a huge one. See Harry Lang's story about Clark on pages thirty-four and five of this issue.

Readers are still begging for Clara Bow's return. They say no one can take her place, although they are lavish in their praise of Sylvia Sidney and Peggy Shannon, both of whom have appeared in pictures that were planned for Clara.

Even the most ardent Constance Bennett fans are growing a bit tired of her repeated "you ain't done right by our Nell" rôles. And letters of sympathy have poured in for sister Joan, whose fall from a horse has made her a temporary invalid. Hurry up and get well, Joan; your audience has missed you.

Barbara Stanwyck

AFTER seeing Barbara Stanwyck's performance in "Night Nurse" I concluded that here was a remarkable young actress of unquestionable ability.

Then I again had the pleasure of seeing her in "The Miracle Woman" and her portrayal of the evangelist in this picture is even more revealing of her talent and more impressive than her work in "Night Nurse." Throughout "The Miracle Woman" she plays with understanding a difficult rôle which might have confused a less capable actress.

HELEN NEWSCHWANDER,
Newark, N. J.

Barbara Stanwyck's fine performances ought to make Garbo and Dietrich feel like amateurs.

MICHAEL DANIELS,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Metamorphosis

I USED to believe that at their best the movies were merely entertaining. Yet they have accomplished what I could not.

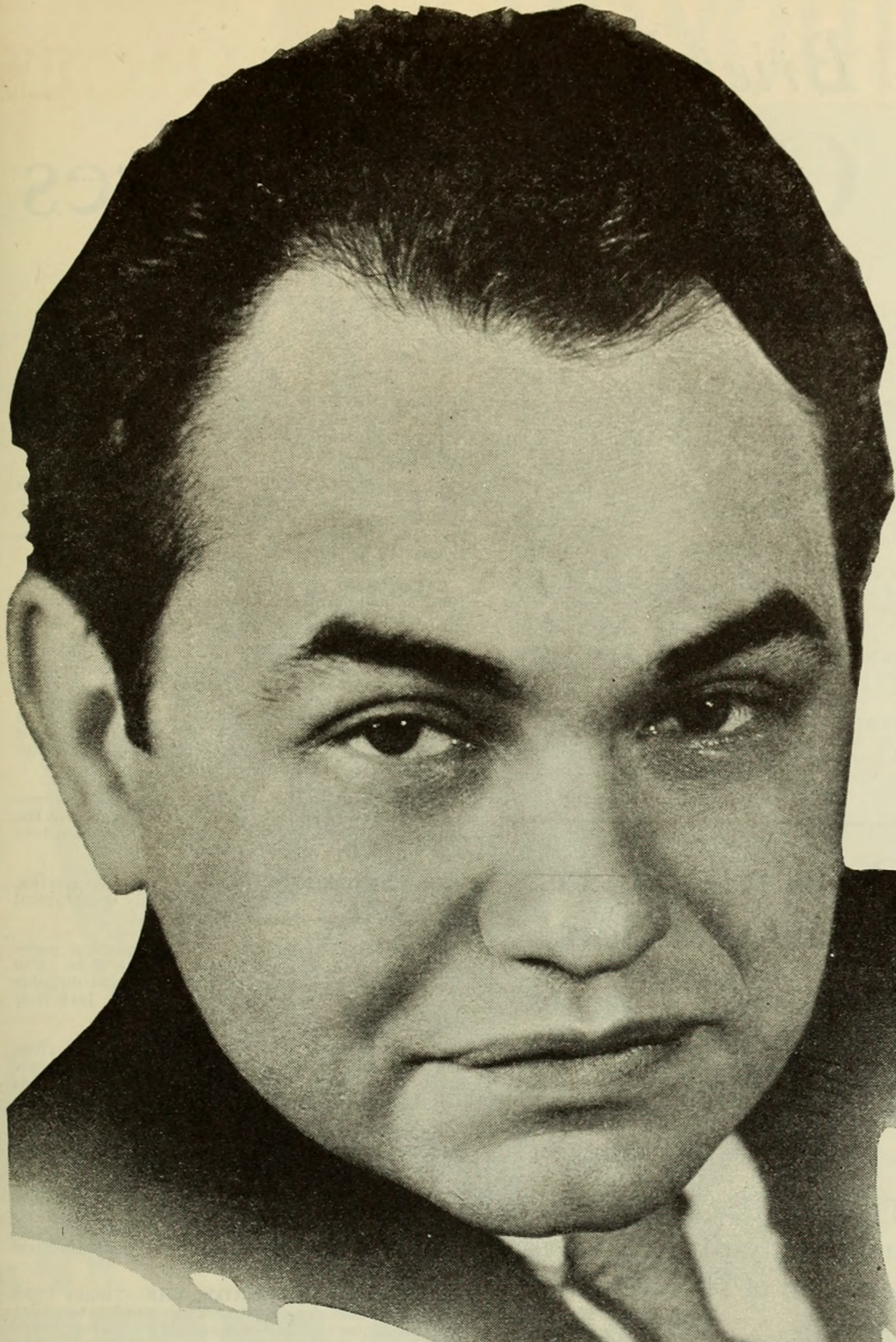
Despite my constant efforts and admonitions, when my daughter was sixteen she invariably spoke and laughed in a boisterous tone. She used truly objectionable slang, slouched forward when standing or sitting, and wore her hair and clothes in an extremely untidy fashion.

Then she became interested in movies. Her personality commenced to change perceptibly. She was endeavoring to be like the attractive heroines she saw and admired in pictures.

She now possesses poise, grace and charm. The difference between a tomboy and a lady was a few quarters wisely spent on selected movies.

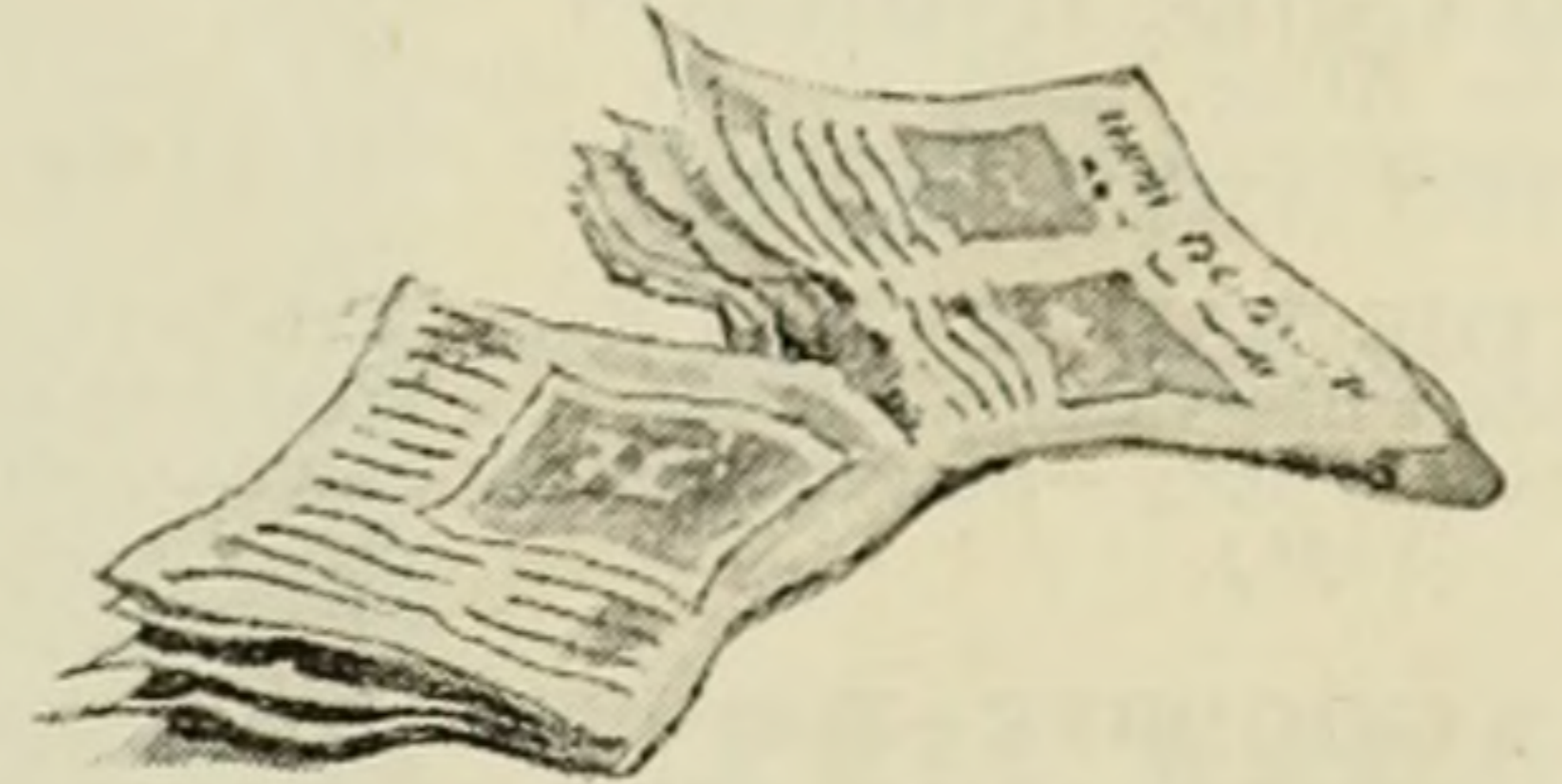
MRS. ROBERT ALLEN,
Weiser, Idaho

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



★ H. B. WARNER
 ★ MARIAN MARSH
 ★ ANTHONY BUSHELL
 ★ GEORGE E. STONE
 ★ FRANCES STARR
 Ona Munson ; Robert Elliott

Directed by
MERVYN LeROY



FIVE STAR FINAL

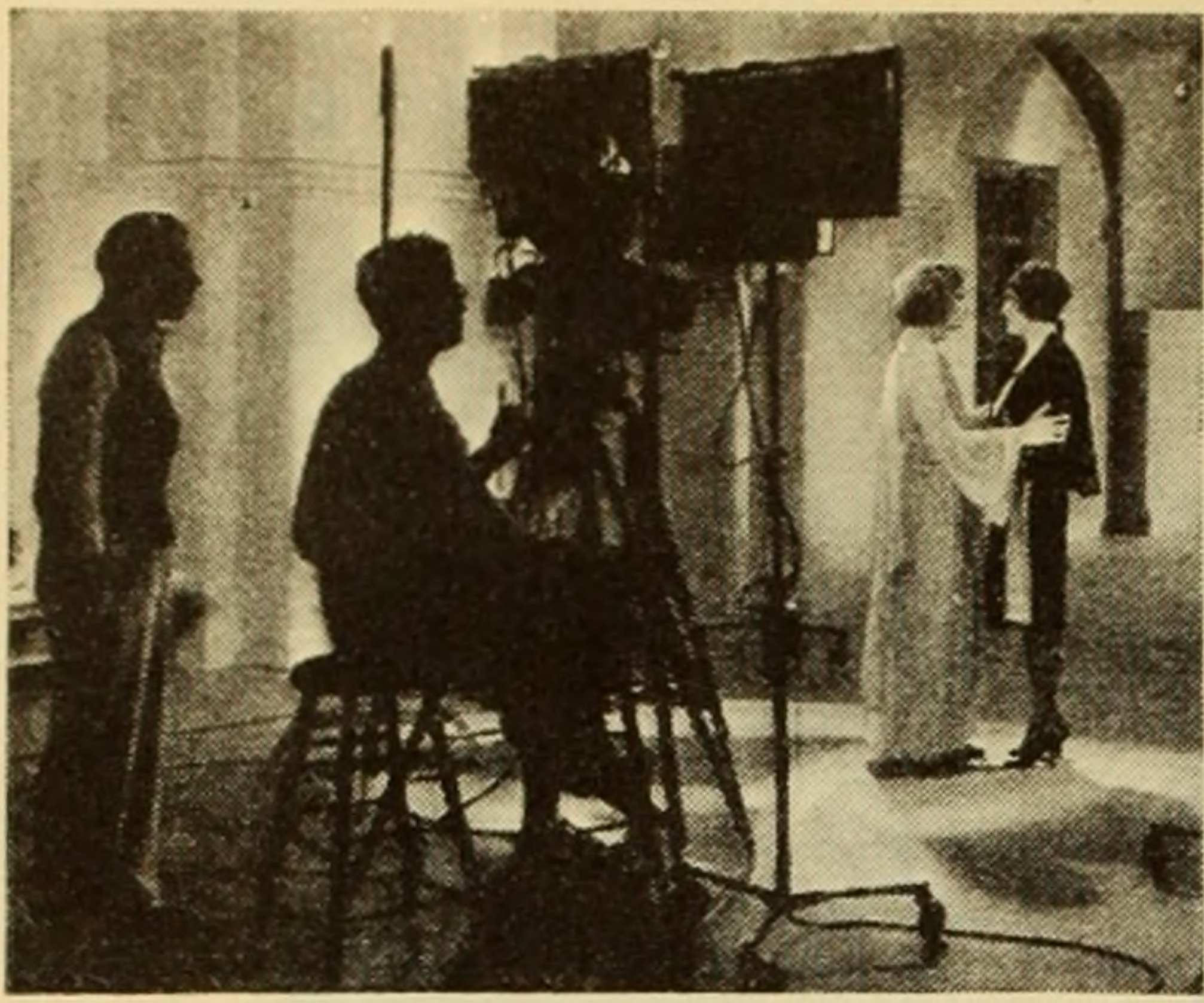
Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions A sweeping drama of pathos and passion—betrothal and betrayal—honor and hypocrisy—with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation Greatest picture of the year—with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast. « « « «

with the most versatile actor
on the screen today..

Edw. G. ROBINSON

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE—Fox.—Jeanette MacDonald and Victor McLaglen in a laugh-worthy farce. (July)

★ **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**—Warners.—George Arliss, need we say more? Another superb characterization of an historic figure. (Aug.)

ALIAS THE BAD MAN—Tiffany Prod.—You probably won't like this even if you're a Western fan. Ken Maynard is okay—but you simply don't believe that story. (Sept.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Fox.—Elissa Landi gives a charming performance in a rather ordinary piece. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh support her. See *la Landi*. (July)

★ **AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY**—Paramount.—Dreiser's great tragedy becomes one of the month's best pictures. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney head a glorious cast. Not for the children. (Aug.)

BACHELOR APARTMENT—Radio Pictures.—The superb direction and acting of Lowell Sherman make this sophisticated story interesting from start to finish. Mae Murray returns as a modern vamp, a restless married woman. Splendid cast. (May)

★ **BAD GIRL**—Fox.—You'll laugh and cry over this, made from the novel of the same name. Sally Eilers is all the girls who live next door. That new kid, James Dunn, bears watching. Don't miss this one. (Sept.)

BAD SISTER—Universal.—Sidney Fox, talented little newcomer, plays the title rôle in this entirely natural story based on Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt." Conrad Nagel is the hero. (May)

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS—Radio Pictures.—Mary Astor fine as the clever secretary who helps her boss (Robert Ames) to rise to importance in the industrial world. Interesting story. (April)

BEYOND VICTORY—RKO-Pathé.—Poor war film, starring Bill Boyd. ZaSu Pitts, Lew Cody and Jimmy Gleason make the effort but can't do much for this one. (May)

BIG BUSINESS GIRL—First National.—Lively comedy of 1931 styles in business and love. Plenty of laughs, some thrills, Ricardo Cortez, Frank Albertson and Loretta Young in pretty clothes. A good movie. (May)

BLACK CAMEL, THE—Fox.—Here's your old pal *Charlie Chan* (sure, it's only Warner Oland) unraveling the mystery of a movie star's murder in Honolulu. Great stuff for the mystery-minded and other folks, too. (Sept.)

BODY AND SOUL—Fox.—See this one. Great entertainment. Charlie Farrell and Elissa Landi (from the stage). You'll like her. Myrna Loy is the mean one. (April)

BORN TO LOVE—RKO-Pathé.—Ancient plot of the war nurse. Two officers and whose-baby-is-it fails to be highly entertaining in spite of the efforts of Constance Bennett. (June)

★ **BOUGHT**—Warners.—Connie Bennett and her father, Richard, rip off a real picture. Elegant acting, clothes you'll be ca-razy for, and a vivid, human story. Ben Lyon does the best work of his career. (Sept.)

BRAT, THE—Fox.—Remember Sally O'Neil? What a comeback the kid stages in this old Maude Fulton comedy-drama. And what a rough and tumble fight she and Virginia Cherrill have! (Sept.)

BROAD MINDED—First National.—Joe E. Brown tries hard to bring a lot of moribund jokes and gags back to life, but there's scarcely a giggle. (June)

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON—UFA.—The Germans present an interesting lesson in astronomy, if you like astronomy. (April)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A dull story about a Robin-Hoodish captain whose lawless deeds are all for a good end. Victor Varconi and Fay Wray. (July)

CAUGHT—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly. Boy (Dick Arlen) finds mother (Louise Dresser) is outlaw he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (Sept.)

CAUGHT PLASTERED—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "Full of Notions.")—If you like Wheeler and Woolsey, don't let this get by you, for it's one of their best comedies to date. (Sept.)

CHANCES—First National.—Young Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller. The lad is good but the story is so-so. (July)

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON—Fox.—Grand mystery with lots of thrills and romance. Warner Oland marvelous as Chan. John Garrick and Marguerite Churchill are the love interest. (April)

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED—Paramount.—Not a very convincing piece with Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster. College atmosphere. (Aug.)

★ **CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A**—Fox.—It's better than the silent version and you'll love Will Rogers. William Farnum and Myrna Loy are excellent. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson supply the love interest. (April)

CONQUERING HORDE, THE—Paramount.—Dick Arlen makes this Western fine entertainment. Fay Wray adorable as the girl. (April)

CRACKED NUTS—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a rush of dialogue to the screen, and not very good dialogue. Amusing in spots. (April)

★ **DADDY LONG LEGS**—Fox.—The beloved classic with Janet Gaynor in a rôle just suited to her but just a little too saccharine. Warner Baxter as the bachelor. Take the family. (July)

DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—The charming performances of Helen Chandler and Ramon Novarro, as the student prince, make this romantic and wistful love story well worth seeing. (June)

DER GROSSE TENOR—UFA.—A slow moving, all-German talkie with Emil Jannings in a typical Jannings rôle. A song or two. (Aug.)

★ **DIRIGIBLE**—Columbia.—Thrilling melodrama of adventure at the South Pole. The Navy helped make it and the airplane and dirigible shots leave you breathless. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray take high honors. (May)

★ **DISHONORED**—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich exciting as an Austrian spy in a tense story, splendidly directed. Victor McLaglen great as the Russian officer. (May)

DOCTORS' WIVES—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter and Victor Varconi in a story of jealousy. Not very convincing. (April)

DON'T BET ON WOMEN—Fox.—Husbands, wives and lovers mix-up. Good adult entertainment, with smart dialogue. Roland Young, Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Una Merkel make the most of their parts. (April)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Mystery melodrama with enough murders to satisfy the bloodthirsty. Good cast headed by Warner Oland and June Collyer. (April)

DUDE RANCH—Paramount.—Jack Oakie woos and wins June Collyer in this hilarious comedy on a dude ranch, locale of many complications. Not a dull moment. (June)

★ **EAST LYNNE**—Fox.—Don't miss this one. Beautiful, artistic production of the heart-breaking old melodrama. Ann Harding captivatingly beautiful. Fine support by Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook. (April)

EAST OF BORNEO—Universal.—The title tells the story. Real Borneo scenery, excellent studio "fakes." Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (Sept.)

ENEMIES OF THE LAW—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Lou Tellegen's brand new face-lift, you can check this off your list. Not even Mary Nolan's beauty compensates for that old formula 877—a gangster story. (Sept.)

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—Radio Pictures.—One of the talkiest talkies yet released. (July)

EX-BAD BOY—Universal.—If you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur give fine comedy acting. (Aug.)

EXPENSIVE WOMEN—Warners.—A pretty unhappy return to the screen for Dolores Costello. The less said about it the better. (Aug.)

★ **FAME**—First National.—Beautifully and humanly told story of everyday people. Nothing spectacular, but full of charm. Doris Kenyon heads a perfect cast. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Overnight He Became a Star!

We'll have a great yarn for you in the next issue—the romantic story of

James Dunn

The Good Boy of "Bad Girl" and the latest He-Cinderella sensation of Hollywood.

It's fascinating, it's human and it's true!

Remember—get the
November issue of

PHOTOPLAY

Out everywhere October 15

CHILDREN OF DREAMS—Warners.—A musical which you can miss and think nothing of it. (April)

★ **CITY STREETS**—Paramount.—Absorbing, fast-moving gang melodrama, well directed. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney (from the New York stage) give grand performances. Don't miss it. (June)

CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson and the wife, Sally Eilers, in a fine Western with thrills, laughs and plenty of action. (June)

COMMON LAW, THE—RKO-Pathé.—A poor adaptation of an old favorite but Constance Bennett is worth seeing. Sophisticated fare. (Aug.)

COMRADES OF 1918—Forenfilms.—Gruesome, harrowing German talkie follows the fortunes of four young Teuton soldiers in the last year of the late war. Don't take the children. (May)

UP YOUR STREET...

... a woman unfaithful

... tongues wagging neighbors pointing

... a girl ... she knows her mother is wronging her father yet defends her... for she understands

This happens on any day UP YOUR STREET... on any Street... in any city...



SAMUEL GOLDWYN
presents

"STREET SCENE"

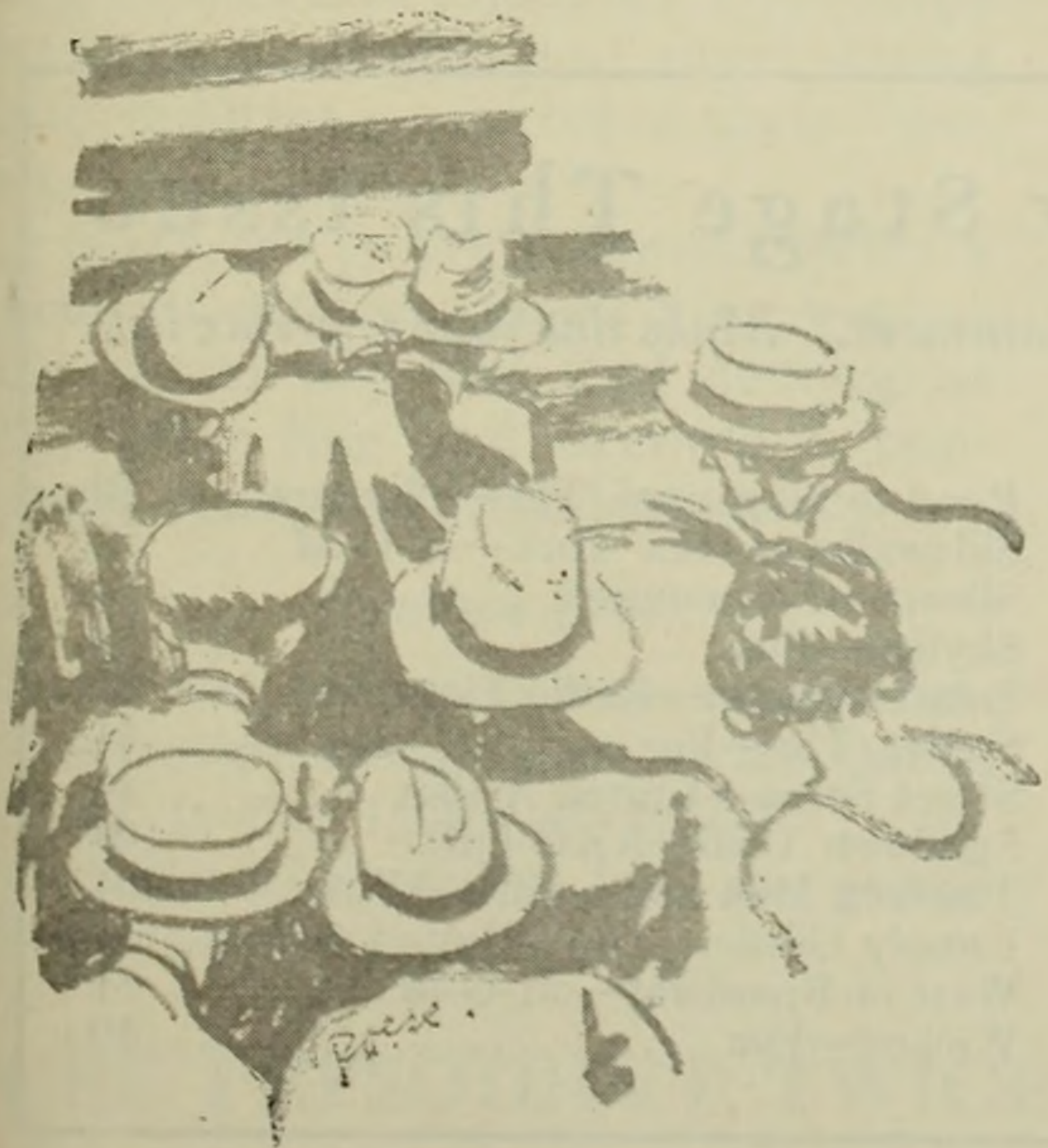
A United Artists Picture with

SYLVIA SIDNEY - ESTELLE TAYLOR - WILLIAM COLLIER, Jr.

Directed by King Vidor from Elmer Rice's play of the same name

As a play "Street Scene" won the Pulitzer Prize; ran for two solid years on Broadway and played every important city in America!

As Samuel Goldwyn's outstanding contribution to the screen it is even greater than the stage play, combining as it does all the terrific heart appeal of his success "Stella Dallas", with the dramatic sweep of King Vidor's "Big Parade".



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING SHERIFF, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for dyed-in-the-wool Western fans. Others will find it just average film fare. Buck Jones is the hero. (Sept.)

FINGER POINTS, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess as a reporter for one of Chicago's biggest newspapers, gets in with gangsters. An intensely absorbing story. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey give splendid support. (May)

FINN AND HATTIE—Paramount.—One long howl. *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock's* trip abroad ruined by a fiendish nephew and a daughter, played well by Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green. (April)

FIRST AID—Sono Art.—In which a lot of people—Grant Withers, Marjorie Beebe and Wheeler Oakman—do a lot of unconvincing things unconvincingly. (Sept.)

FIVE AND TEN—M-G-M.—Marion Davies with a splendid cast. Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story—jerky in spots. (Aug.)

★ **FIVE STAR FINAL**—First National.—Rush to the nearest theater. You mustn't miss this exciting story of tabloid newspaper sensationalism. Eddie Robinson is superb. (Sept.)

FLOOD, THE—Columbia.—A weak, poorly directed story which the good acting of Eleanor Boardman and Monte Blue cannot save. (July)

★ **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**—(Also released as *Newly Rich*)—Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green in some swell acting. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **FREE SOUL, A**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore in a picture that will hold you, but in plot and treatment it's for grown-ups only. (July)

★ **FRONT PAGE, THE**—United Artists.—Whirlwind newspaper talkie, full of thrills, laughs and sobs. You've simply got to see it. Adolphe Menjou great as the managing editor. (May)

GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN, THE (DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPERBAHN)—Sonor Prod.—The Germans crash through with a good one. Grim melodrama with plenty of action and some good songs. (April)

★ **GIRL HABIT, THE**—Paramount.—An uproarious farce that boosts Charles Ruggles to stardom. It's all laughs. See it! (Aug.)

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT—Fox.—Marguerite Churchill, John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill and William Janney are a fine cast wasted in a story that never rings true. (April)

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN—Warners.—Frank Fay is the gift—Laura La Plante the receiver, but after many hilarious complications. Well worth seeing. (May)

GOLDIE—Fox.—If you like lusty, gusty stuff, this'll do. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer make a new comedy team. (Aug.)

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners.—Exuberant Winnie Lightner gambols through a poor story. (July)

GOOD BAD GIRL, THE—Columbia.—The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. (July)

GREAT LOVER, THE—M-G-M.—Adolphe Menjou breaks hearts. Irene Dunne breaks into song. Both do good jobs. (Sept.)

GUILTY HANDS—M-G-M.—That Lionel Barrymore—how he can act! You know he is the murderer, but will they discover his guilt? You'd better find out. (Sept.)

GUN SMOKE—Paramount.—Great for the kids, this old-time Western melodrama, with Dick Arlen as a cowboy, Mary Brian, the girl, and William Boyd, the menace. (May)

HELL BOUND—Cruze-Tiffany Prod.—Good gang story if you're not tired of them. Leo Carrillo plays the broken-Englished speakeasy operator and Lola Lane is completely charming. (April)

HELL'S VALLEY—National Players, Ltd.—Very little story, if any, but lots of riding and shooting in this Western, with Virginia Brown Faire, Wally Wales and Vivian Rich sharing the acting honors. (June)

HIGH STAKES—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as an amateur detective is the main reason for seeing this. Mae Murray is the woman in the case. (July)

HOLE IN THE WALL, THE (Nar Rosorna Sla Ut)—Paramount.—Swedish talkie brings us Sven Gustafsson, Garbo's brother, but nothing like his famous sister. Light and chatty love story. (April)

HOLY TERROR, A—Fox.—A two-fisted Western with George O'Brien. Good, wholesome entertainment. (Aug.)

HONEYMOON LANE—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance between Eddie Dowling (who sings) and June Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dooley. (Sept.)

HONOR AMONG LOVERS—Paramount.—Good dialogue in this story of love between boss and secretary, with excellent performances by Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and that Ace of Cads, Monroe Owsley. (May)

HUSH MONEY—Fox.—Another gangster film and not a very thrilling one. Joan Bennett and Hardie Albright try hard. (Aug.)

I LIKE YOUR NERVE—First National.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acts just like his father did in "The Americano." He does it well, too. The story is weak. (Sept.)

INDISCREET—United Artists.—Good, entertaining story. Gloria Swanson sings well. Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake great support. (June)

IRON MAN—Universal.—Lew Ayres is starred as the prize-fighter but Bob Armstrong, in the rôle of manager, steals the picture. Jean Harlow plays her usual vamp rôle. (June)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—Paramount.—A wheezy old plot dressed up for Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Just another movie. (Aug.)

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—Paramount.—The old stage play revamped for the talkies with plenty of speed and lots of laughs. Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster and Carole Lombard head a perfect cast. (April)

★ **IT'S A WISE CHILD**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies' rare gift for comedy and Robert Leonard's direction make this old stage play a brand new hilarious farce not to be missed. (May)

JUNE MOON—Paramount.—You'll like this one. Ring Lardner wrote the wisecracking lines and Jack Oakie puts them over with a bang. (April)

JUST A GIGOLO—M-G-M.—William Haines in a spicy, amusing offering. But leave the children at home. (July)

KEPT HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Lively entertainment. Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea an attractive pair and the still beautiful Clara Kimball Young returns to us. (April)

KICK IN—Paramount.—They tried hard to make Clara Bow dramatic, sympathetic and emotional in this one. Regis Toomey is great. (July)

★ **KIKI**—United Artists.—Presenting a new Mary Pickford, saucy and sophisticated in a grand comedy. You can safely take the kids. Reginald Denny is the lead. (April)

LADIES' MAN—Paramount.—William Powell as a sympathetic and attractive gigolo, charms Olive Tell, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis. Entertaining picture. (June)

LADY REFUSES, THE—Radio Pictures.—If you want a good cry, here's your chance. Rather an old story, but Betty Compson, Gilbert Emery and John Darrow make it realistic. (April)

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—Just another Western—but this one is South of the Rio Grande. Fair entertainment with Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Carillo and Dorothy Burgess. (Sept.)

LAST PARADE, THE—Columbia.—Another gangster picture and good too, with thrills, suspense, romance and laughs. Jack Holt and Tom Moore are rivals for Constance Cummings' favor. Jack wins. (May)

LAUGH AND GET RICH—Radio Pictures.—Misadventures of a boarding house mistress, played by Edna May Oliver, and her chronically tired hubby, Hugh Herbert. Good for plenty of laughs. (May)

LAUGHING SINNERS—M-G-M.—Not so good, but if you are a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton, too. (Aug.)

LAWLESS WOMAN, THE—Chesterfield Pictures.—An uninteresting, unimportant film. A gangster-newspaper plot, poorly done. (Aug.)

★ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur give fine performances. Intense drama. (July)

★ **LE MILLION**—Tobis Production.—It's not necessary to understand the language to get all the fun out of this French musical farce. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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Three ways to fight decay!

Remove film...eat right

See your dentist



Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay...to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

WIPE out decay! That is the goal of modern dentistry. Here are three rules for you to follow in helping *you* attain it.

First, drink plenty of orange juice, eat other citrus fruits, fresh vegetables and tomatoes. Diet helps to keep your teeth and gums strong and healthy — increase their “disease-resistance.”

Next, go to your dentist twice a year or oftener. Have him remove the tartar deposits that develop at the gum line and become a constant source of irritation.

Remove film

Last, but of prime importance, remove film from teeth twice daily. Film is the basis of tartar. It invites dental troubles. In it are germs believed to cause decay.

Film is not easy to remove from teeth. It clings like glue and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That is why Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent removes film thoroughly, completely. Its unique action is due to a revolutionary polishing and cleansing agent. One that is extremely smooth and fine—twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes. It is supremely safe for the delicate teeth of children.

Safe! Supremely gentle

Yet with all its softness this new agent excels all others in cleansing teeth and polishing enamel.

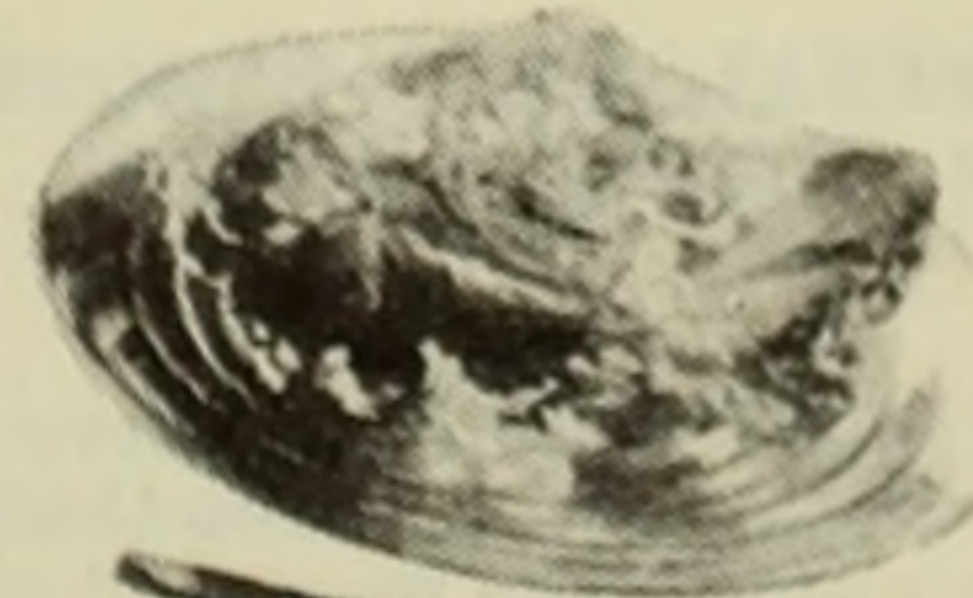
So if you seek glorious health in teeth and gums as well as loveliness—eat right, use Pepsodent, see your dentist twice a year.

INCLUDE THESE IN YOUR DIET:



One or two eggs, depending on your age.

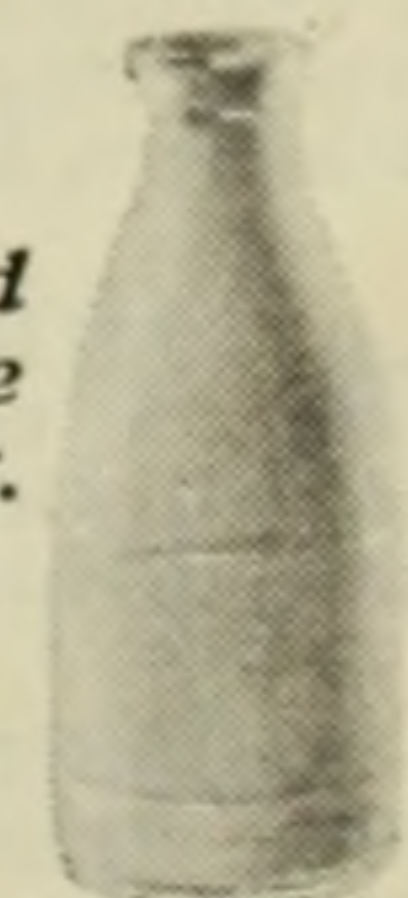
Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.



½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.



Plenty of milk every day.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LIGHTNING FLYER, THE—Columbia.—Jimmy Hall as the wild young son, who makes good and wins the love of a good woman—Dorothy Sebastian. Not so good; then again, not so bad. (May)

LITTLE CAFE, THE (Le Petit Cafe)—Paramount.—Chevalier's French version of "Playboy of Paris" and simply great. Gay and charming with more songs added and his wife, Yvonne Vallée. (April)

★ **LONELY WIVES**—Pathe.—Edward Everett Horton great, in a side-splitting farce. Patsy Ruth Miller, Esther Ralston and Laura La Plante are the girls involved. (April)

LOVE HABIT, THE—British International.—British conception of a French bedroom farce. Very heavy. (April)

LOVER COME BACK—Columbia.—Betty Bronson changing her type with rather sorry results. (Aug.)

LULLABY, THE—M-G-M.—Your old friend "Madame X" dressed up in none too new garments. What a shame that capable Helen Hayes had to make her film debut in this trite story. (Sept.)

MAD GENIUS, THE—Warners.—Magnificently produced and photographed, but John Barrymore's artistry is so perfect in an unsympathetic rôle that the story leaves a bad taste. (July)

MAD PARADE, THE—Liberty Productions.—The woman's side of the war done brilliantly by an all-feminine cast. (July)

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE—Paramount.—Not up to the standard of most Ruth Chatterton films. But there's a new young man named Ralph Bellamy who is particularly good. (Sept.)

★ **MALTESE FALCON, THE**—Warners.—Gripping mystery story from the novel by the same name. The sleek Ricardo Cortez plays the demon detective superbly and Bebe Daniels does excellent work. Don't miss it. (June)

MAN IN POSSESSION, THE—M-G-M.—Robert Montgomery in a spicy comedy full of situations and sparkling lines. Amusing. (Aug.)

MAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount.—Good picture; not much action but plenty of drama and a great performance by William Powell. Carole Lombard is the lovely heroine. (May)

MEET THE WIFE—Columbia.—Lew Cody and Laura La Plante excellent in a hilarious farce taken from the old stage play. Plenty of laughs. (June)

MEN CALL IT LOVE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Among the Married.") Sophisticated story of married life in the country club set. Adolphe Menjou excellent. Norman Foster and Leila Hyams good as the young lovers. Not for the children. (April)

MEN OF THE SKY—First National.—Yep, it's an aviation war story—but it's pretty flimsy stuff. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. (Sept.)

★ **MERELY MARY ANN**—Fox.—Take your hankie to this one, but be sure to go. Not since "7th Heaven" have Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor been so whimsical and idyllic. (Sept.)

MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE—Super Film.—Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gayety make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, THE—Chesterfield Prod.—Nothing new, but plenty of excitement. Good for the kids. (April)

★ **MILLIONAIRE, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss—need we say more? This time he plays a wealthy American automobile manufacturer. Evelyn Knapp is the attractive daughter and David Manners, the business partner. See it. (May)

★ **MIRACLE WOMAN, THE**—Columbia.—A well staged, directed, and photographed picture with Barbara Stanwyck doing her best work as a female evangelist. (Aug.)

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP—Nat. Spitzer Prod.—Fishing adventures in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. For fish fans. (July)

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE—Fox.—El Brendel, starring, in some mistaken identity stuff. Riotously funny in spots, and Fifi Dorsay helps a lot. (May)

MURDER BY THE CLOCK—Paramount.—With such a cast, headed by Lilyan Tashman, this should have been swell. But alas! and alack! this gruesome, murder story is nothing but gruesome. (Sept.)

MYSTERY OF LIFE, THE—Classic.—Clarence Darrow and a Smith College zoology professor explain evolution. Uh-huh, it's as dull as it sounds. (Sept.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—M-G-M.—Lavishly produced remake of the old silent, but not nearly so good. Leslie Howard great in some scenes. (June)

NEWLY RICH—See **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**.

NIGHT ANGEL, THE—Paramount.—A bad display for the talents of Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT NURSE**—Warners.—Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em. It's great. Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a grand cast. (Aug.)

NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN—Fox.—Three men's battles for a map, a girl (Fay Wray) and riches. Top-notch entertainment. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon share acting honors. (April)

PAGLIACCI—Audio Cinema Prod.—Bad grand opera poorly transferred to the screen. (May)

Picture Puzzle Fans

Solution in PHOTOPLAY's popular contest are pouring into PHOTOPLAY's office and the judges are ready to start their work after midnight, September 20, the deadline for entries.

Winners will be announced in the January 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY, on sale on or about December 10.

★ **PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH**—M-G-M.—It's a howl, this farce. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood race for honors. As a heavy lover, Buster is amazing. (April)

PARTY HUSBAND—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie work hard as the newlyweds, but the story is weak. (June)

★ **POLITICS**—M-G-M.—Polly Moran and Marie Dressler start you off with a giggle and you'll laugh all the way through the picture. Don't miss these two attempting to clean up the town. (Sept.)

PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE—Radio Pictures.—After "Cimarron" you expect too much of Richard Dix. That's why this story of a man who brings a gang of crooks to justice is disappointing. (Sept.)

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE—Warners.—A gangster picture that is lining the thrill-seekers up at the box-office. (June)

★ **QUICK MILLIONS**—Fox.—Another excellent gangster picture if you go for them. Spencer Tracy is the leader of the racketeers, and you'll like Sally Eilers. (June)

REBOUND—RKO-Pathe.—Not in the big amusement class but worth seeing. Ina Claire and Robert Ames. (Aug.)

RECKLESS HOUR, THE—First National.—An old story with a few new twists. Dorothy Mackaill and a good cast. Just fair. (Aug.)

RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A—Syndicate.—Grand old Western full of hokum, and a happy, happy ending. (May)

RIDIN' FOOL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Great little Western. Will furnish the kids with plenty of thrills. (April)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Cheri Bibi.") Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (June)

SALVATION NELL—Tiffany-Cruze.—Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story, but Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves make you believe every word of it. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET CALL, THE**—Paramount.—Peggy Shannon, who pinch-hits for Clara Bow in this one, scores a solid hit. It's a political story with love interest. Dick Arlen excellent. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET SIX, THE**—M-G-M.—Still another gang story but with more humor. Splendid cast, includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow. (June)

★ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY**—Paramount.—The actors make this worth the price. Claudette Colbert is fine and that Herbert Marshall, from the stage, is one of those men you don't forget. (Sept.)

★ **SEED**—Universal.—Interesting and realistic story based on Charles Norris' novel. John Boles doesn't sing but his acting is superb. Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin both excellent. Don't miss it. (June)

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR—Warners-First Division.—British-made mystery film, rather long-drawn-out but not lacking in interest. *Sherlock Holmes* and *Watson* solve another murder mystery. (Sept.)

★ **SHE-WOLF, THE**—Liberty Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Mother's Millions")—Humor, pathos, bright dialogue and splendid acting make this a delightfully entertaining story. May Robson is the mother. (April)

SHIPMATES—M-G-M.—Plenty of pep and action, plus the United States Navy, make this a veritable gale of laughter from beginning to end. Robert Montgomery heads the cast. (June)

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr.—Murder and gruesomeness on shipboard. Just fair. Don't pass up game a of bridge for it. (Aug.)

SIDE SHOW—Warners.—Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth try hard, but the un-funny lines are distressing. A circus story. (Sept.)

SINGLE SIN, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new, but splendidly handled. Kay Johnson does some fine acting. Bert Lytell, Mathew Betz and Paul Hurst lend good support. (April)

6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—An amusing farce with a pretty obvious plot. (July)

SKIN GAME, THE—British International.—Pretty tedious. An excellent English cast, however. (Sept.)

★ **SKIPPY**—Paramount.—Jackie Cooper as *Skippy*, and Bobby Coogan as *Sooky* entirely lovable in this grand picture based on Percy Crosby's famous comic strip. Young and old alike will love it. (May)

SKY RAIDERS, THE—Columbia.—Gangsters in the air! Thrilling stuff and good entertainment. (July)

★ **SMART MONEY**—Warners.—Moves as fast as the money on the gambling tables in it. Plenty of laughs and excitement. (July)

★ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE**—Paramount.—One of the breeziest and most tuneful entertainments in a long time. Chevalier at his best, under Lubitsch direction. See it. (July)

SON OF INDIA—M-G-M.—A fairy-tale sort of thing with Ramon Novarro as Prince Charming. If you like Oriental romance, this is it! (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



Always some excuse to leave her...until she ended 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

"IF ONLY people would be more *sociable*," she thought. But they never seemed to have the time. Pleasant enough to meet for a minute or two. But they never lingered long in her company—seldom invited her twice to their homes.

Then she made a startling discovery. For months—years, perhaps—she had been offending and *didn't know it!* . . . Now she has adopted a simple safeguard against "B.O."—*body odor*. She has many friends, a happy social life. "B.O." no longer keeps her lonely and unpopular.

We offend unknowingly

If "B.O." only *hurt* like a toothache, then we'd *know* when we are guilty. But we get no warning. Though pores give off as much as a quart of odor-causing waste daily, we

get so used to this ever-present odor that we don't notice it in ourselves!

But with Lifebuoy you can be *sure* of not offending. Pores are purified—every trace of odor banished by its creamy, penetrating, purifying lather. Like millions of others, you'll revel in this delightful soap that leaves you feeling so fresh—so gloriously *clean*.

Want a good complexion?

There's no better beauty treatment to be found than regular cleansing with Lifebuoy. Its gentle, yet searching, lather frees tiny pores of clogged impurities—brings back fresh healthy radiance to dull sallow skins. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

NEW!



Lifebuoy
SHAVING CREAM

This double-dense lather shields tender spots—gives the quickest, slickest shave ever. At your druggist's.

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

A New "Sheik"?

A lot of discussion seems to be going on concerning the making of a talkie version of Valentino's famous "The Sheik." As candidates for the rôle, my choice rests between Ricardo Cortez and Clark Gable.

V. LAMAR GRESHAM,
Crowley, La.

What shadow of a doubt can there be of Clark Gable's suitability for the rôle in "The Sheik" that was played by Rudolph Valentino in the silent picture?

ROSE BERLINER,
New York City, N. Y.

I think Clark Gable would be wonderful as *The Sheik*.

J. MASTERPOLE,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Table Chit-Chat

The movies are a lifesaver in many ways. If you should be at a dinner party and your noble attempts to discuss physiology, sociology or similar subjects meet with *ennui*, you can invariably awaken your dinner partner to vivid animation with the simple question, "Who is your favorite movie star?" This discussion, believe it or not, is America's greatest indoor sport.

MARY A. DORAN,
Miami, Arizona

Teachers Say:

Three years ago I began teaching school. Just out of Normal training, I thought I knew it all in regard to handling children. I soon found out differently.

After seeing "Skippy" the other night, I have a better understanding of the *Sookys* and *Skipmys* of our world. The moving pictures, I'm sure, have made hundreds of other teachers more sympathetic in dealing with children.

H. COLEN COWELL,
Pennsboro, W. Va.

How much the movies do help in school! The day after the children's matinee showing of a picture such as "Cimarron" at least fifteen minutes of the history class is devoted to an eager discussion of the historical features and the story of the picture.

Films of this sort make teaching easier.

LAURABELL SCHUTT,
Champaign, Ill.

Constance Bennett

Hollywood's idea of a joke—paying Constance Bennett \$30,000 a week and then wasting her on such a cheap story as "Born to Love." It was cruel to put her in such a long, drawnout picture, making her suffer every inch of the film. A lesser actress than Bennett would surely have fallen down on that.

Bennett is as great as Garbo or Dietrich—if she were given better stories, she could be even greater.

ELEANOR STEWART,
Braintree, Mass.

Let's see more of Connie Bennett. In my opinion she is the best actress in the movies, today.

With that rich, cultured voice she out-acts any Garbo, Dietrich or Harding.

JOAN MALEY,
St. Louis, Mo.

Here and There

What has happened to Alice White? Given a chance, she could be a real star.

FRANCES THOMPSON,
Montgomery, Ala.

Ronald Colman's pictures are the most sparkling and cleanest produced, the kind you could invite the minister and his wife to.

DIXIE HUNTER,
River Edge, N. J.

Do let us have Dennis King back again. He has a charming speaking voice, glamour and everything.

As a pleasant change from sophistication, divorce themes, gangster and war films, give us

Dennis King in pictures with romance and beauty.

D. I. SPARKES,
Verdun, Canada

Please give us more pictures like "Seed." This is the best and most realistic picture I have seen this year. Lois Wilson was wonderful.

MRS. BOREN,
Dayton, Ohio

Hardie Albright was splendid in "Young Sinners." I expect to see him a very brilliant star soon.

JANICE ALLEN,
Opelousas, La.

Buddy Rogers' performance in "The Lawyer's Secret" proves that the answer to PHOTOPLAY's recent article about him, "Am I an Actor?" is—yes!

E. ROSSMANN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Evelyn Brent is a charming actress. She is beautiful, too, and has the most classic profile on the screen.

WINIFRED GIBBS,
Thornton Heath, Surrey, England

We are glad to see Ricardo Cortez back where he belongs, among the stars.

HELENA BOND,
Tacoma, Wash.

Make-Believe

Several evenings each week I am a beautiful, glamorous young woman. I wear gorgeous clothes, have a smart, becoming coiffure, and a low-pitched, cultured voice.

In reality I am an ordinary young woman in ordinary circumstances. But, by squeezing out the necessary half dollars I spend several hours at a movie, losing myself in the wonderful world of imagination.

MISS E. WHITE,
Oakland, Calif.

Newsreels

Reading about news events is merely reading, but the newsreel actually takes you to the scene of the important happening.

JOAN W. PARKS,
Miami, Fla.

Talkie Distractions

I want to protest the undercurrent of music throughout talking scenes. How we strain our ears to hear what is being said! Sometimes lines that should be heard in order to understand the plot are drowned out.

A. L. BURTON,
Rock Island, Ill.

Joan Crawford

I think Joan Crawford is the best actress on the screen. She has more expression in those tragic eyes than most people have in their whole face.

JOY MILLER,
Wenatchee, Wash.

Chiding Norma

Connie Bennett and Lil Tashman are the best dressed women of the screen, in my opinion. Jean Harlow and Norma Shearer vie for honors as the best undressed.

MRS. E. CAMPBELL,
Troy, Ohio

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



Seymour rates satin as one of the best formal fabrics. This charming black satin frock of Lilyan Tashman's then rates high in fashion value. It has a flattering silhouette—and the scarf arrangement at the neckline is certainly different



A L O N G T H E H I G H R O A D O F L I F E

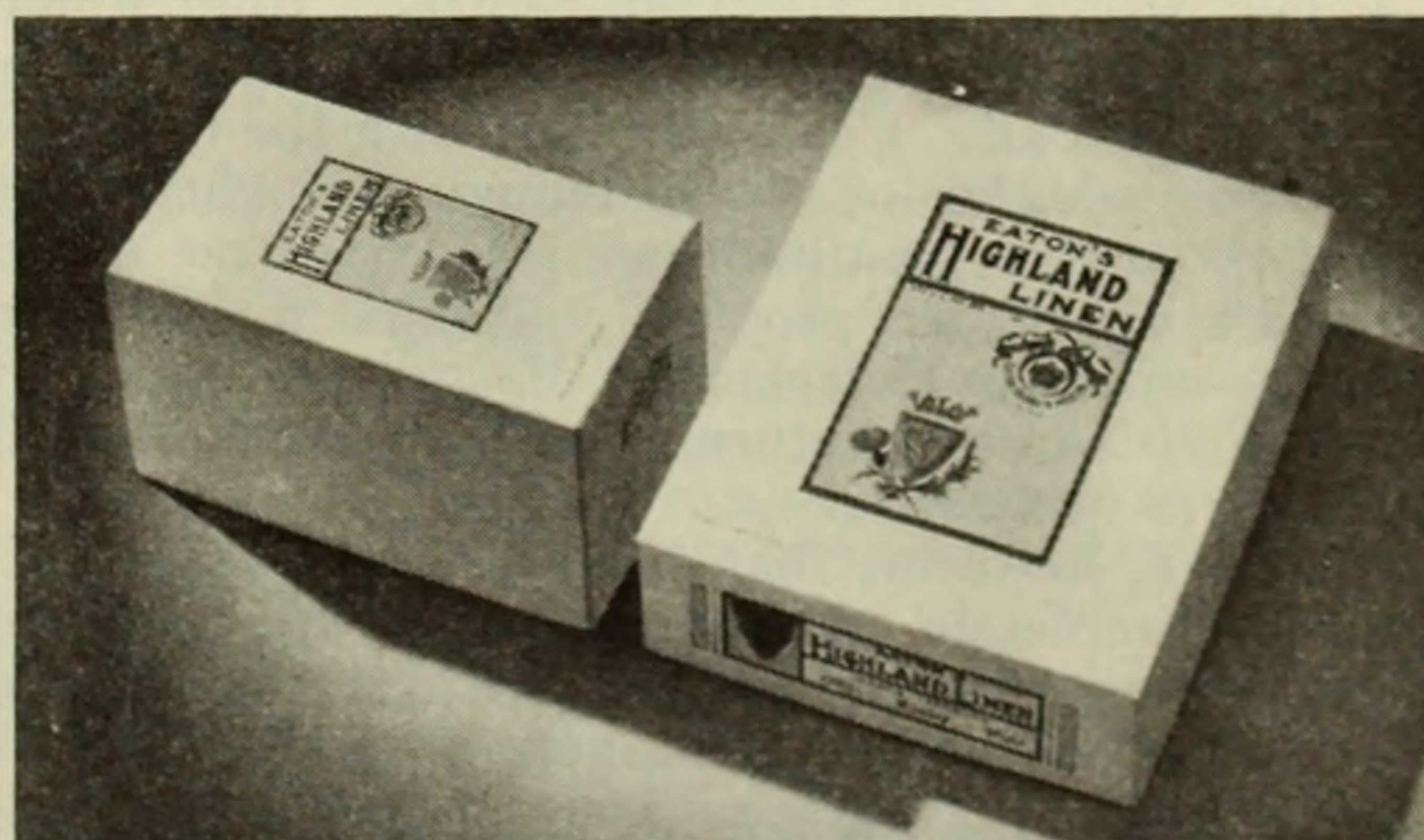


ON THE THRESHOLD

"It was coming out into life and all that life holds for me, all I've dreamed of. I was happier than I've ever been before. I know you will understand."

The words flow upon the paper almost as if they were whispered. The intimacy of her presence is in the soft-toned sheets. To the one who is far away, her chosen Eaton's Highland paper brings so much more than the written confidence. In the texture of it, in the gentle sound of its unfolding, it brings something of herself. . . Letters are meetings of two who are parted, along the highroad of life, marking the great events and the small. For this service, Eaton's Highland writing papers have been preferred for many years. Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

EATON'S
HIGHLAND
Linen and Vellum
WRITING PAPERS



The writing papers illustrated are Eaton's Highland Linen — the letter paper, and the correspondence cards. In white and colors. Eaton's Highland Linen and its companion paper, Eaton's Highland Vellum, a smooth-surface paper, may be had at stationery departments everywhere.

FIFTY CENTS THE BOX

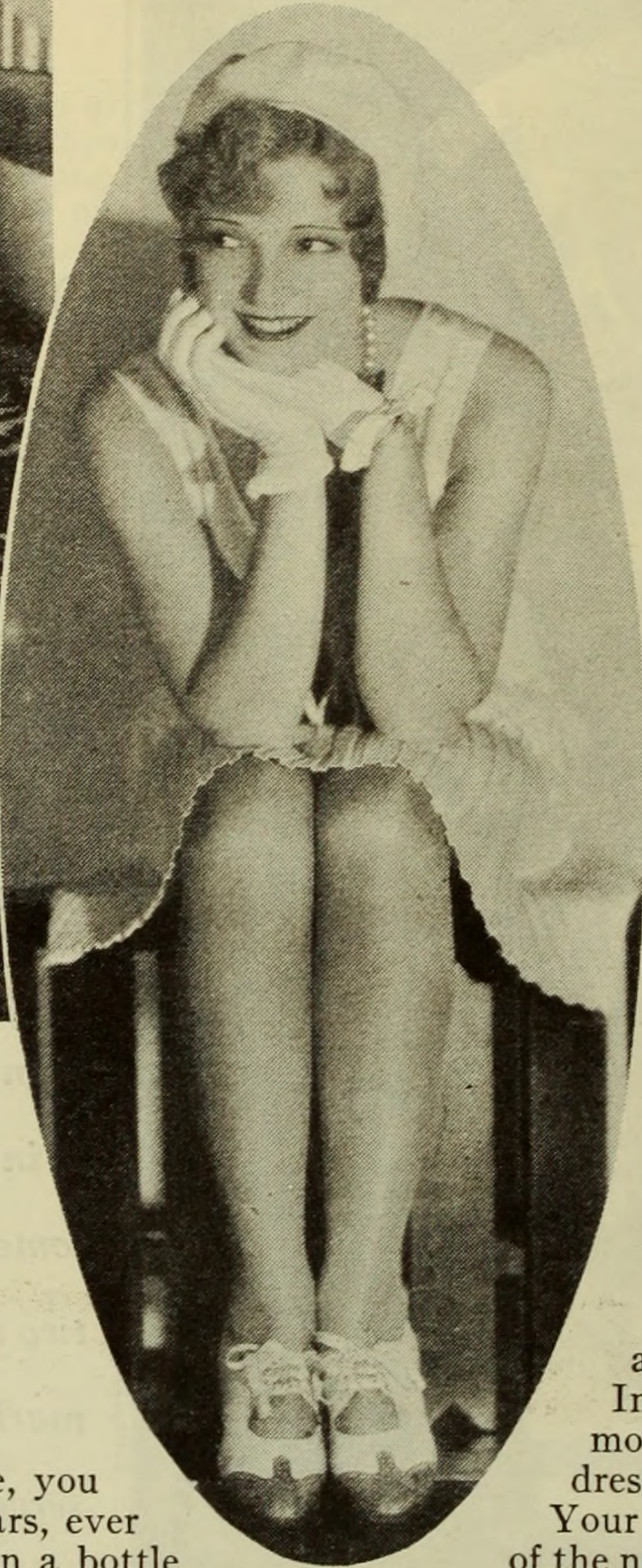


The old and the new! Dixie Lee typifies the cute flapper of yesterday. Dorothy Jordan expresses the lady-like charm of today

Lady-Like Ways Come Back

Into

Vogue



You admire Ann Harding with her abundant long hair and her sweetness. You praise Joan Crawford for having changed from a dancing flapper to a charming, poised woman. You wouldn't miss a picture of Constance Bennett's because she delights you with her cultured voice and cool, poised manner. This season, first of all, you will want to appear natural. You won't be posey, you won't try to be brittle and sophisticated with the idea of looking like a bored old woman of the world. You won't be afraid to show enthusiasm for simple things. In looks, you will be reminded a bit of your mother when she wore gay, feathered hats and dressed as if she were really grown up.

Your hair will be longer. You can't wear some of the new hats becomingly if it isn't. It will have a soft look, with a knot or curls at the back of the head.

Your make-up will be delicately done. No splashes of rouge and lipstick, no heavily blackened eye lashes.

You won't slouch when you walk. You won't lean in ungainly attitudes when you stand still. You can't, and look right in your new clothes. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

LADY-LIKE! What a quaint old phrase, you say. And so it has been these many years, ever since a new generation jeeringly put it in a bottle 'way back on the vocabulary shelf. But now that same quaint term is going to have to be brought out, dusted off and used—it is back in fashion and back in manners.

A few weeks ago Seymour returned from a meeting of fashion authorities who had earnestly been discussing what was what for Fall. I cornered him with the firm intention of discovering whether or not he thought I ought to giddily don one of those new tip-tilted hats. He gave me a vague look, brushed aside my hat problem, and burst into a eulogy of the lady-like influence of fashions. He talked on and on, until I began to vision us all returning to the two-wheeled chaise and hoop skirts or bustles!

It is true, however, that the whoopee, flapper era is gone. Gone as completely as the knee-length dress and the closely shingled head. It started first with the lengthening dress. Who could feel boyish in the new clothes? They demanded a new dignity, a new grace. Then, manners seemed to change almost imperceptibly. Girls began to demand a little more chivalry from men, and a little less casualness. Longer hair suddenly became a crowning glory again, and a curl an out and out lure!

If you don't believe there has been a radical change, look at the difference between your favorite movie stars, today and yesterday. Today they are glamorous, fascinating, feminine. Who would get a thrill any more out of the young hoydens of a few years ago?

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus. Also for my complexion leaflet, giving general advice on the care of the skin and specific treatment for blackheads and acne.

If you want personal advice about your hair, correct colors for your type, the right shades in cosmetics—I'll be glad to mail back a personal letter. Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

SEARS, ROEBUCK and CO.

..... *a timely*

Announcement

to every family in the United States



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THIS new General Catalog for Fall and Winter is already in the hands of most of our customers. From this book they are learning a price message untold before in our time. More than this, its pages are unfolding a story of quality and value of which any store would be proud.

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it so expresses the new day and the new standard of values and offers the new high quality merchandise at present in demand, that we would like you to have it.

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This Woman made ONE Mistake

This woman made a mistake. One little mistake—but everyone holds it against her.

It is a common mistake, too. One that any woman might make. One that thousands *do* make, to their sorrow.

This is the mistake: She assumed that she was free of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Simply took it for granted that she never offended this way.

No intelligent person makes this error. Because the facts show that every day even in normal mouths conditions capable of causing unpleasant breath are already present or may arise.

You may be interested in knowing that 90% of halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove.

You undoubtedly realize that it is also caused by minor mouth infections and by excesses of eating,

drinking, and smoking.

Surely, then, any toilette, to be

complete, must include a precaution against it.

LISTERINE immediately overcomes odors other antiseptics fail to mask in four days

The one pleasant way to make sure your breath is beyond suspicion is to use full strength Listerine as a mouthwash. No other should be considered. Use Listerine every morning, every night, and between times before meeting others.

Listerine halts fermentation, the principal cause of halitosis. Relentlessly it attacks infection, another cause of odors. Having thus struck at the cause, it then overcomes the odors themselves. Its ability in this direction is sim-

ply amazing.

"Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to mask in four days," says a noted chemist after a series of tests to determine the deodorizing power of Listerine and other mouthwashes.

When you want certain deodorant effect, healing antiseptic action, and pleasant taste, use Listerine. No ordinary mouthwash provides these qualities to such a degree. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

BEFORE MEETING OTHERS — PUT YOUR BREATH BEYOND REPROACH



Eugene Robert Richee

LILYAN TASHMAN pretends she's the Hollywood Sphinx. That quizzical stare is guaranteed to make the lad across the table drop his pickle fork. Then she blinds him with the gems, which are real. Lil is now on "The Road to Reno." Don't pop your eyes. No, it's a film, silly!



ALEXANDER PHILLIPS

Alexander Phillips

THE gallant girl and fine actress that Fate and poor stories can never down. A half dozen times Hollywood pessimists have said Evelyn Brent was through. The next minute she confounds them by crashing out with a brilliant show. Watch her sparkle in the new "Pagan Lady"



Elmer Fryer

ONE of Dr. Flo Ziegfeld's newer gifts to the American screen—the lovely Noel Francis. After a year on the talkie ladder, she reaches a high rung in "Larceny Lane," in which Jim Cagney and Joan Blondell are the leads. Tell us, Noel—is Hollywood just another folly to you?



John Miehle

WELL, Chester Morris — welcome back to the old home screen! Been away quite a spell! The folks say your new talkie, "Corsair," is a jim-dandy, with you playing a football star who turns into a pirate in white flannel pants. Mercy on us, what a part! But we knew you'd put it over.

the GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



BEAUTIFUL FIGURES mean so much more than pretty faces. Which is as it should be—because, you can't change the contour of your face, but you can change the contour of your figure! No matter how you have neglected your lines, Gossard's famous MisSimplicity model will put them in their proper place.

The converging waistline straps create a diagonal pull that raises the bust, smooths the diaphragm and abdomen to a flat line, defines your waist, and coaxes your figure to correct posture.

The model photographed is of peach satin brocade with a double silk tricot top. Woven elastic panels control the hips.

Model 6690

MisSimplicity

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*"Men fall in love
with the Womanly*

WOMAN"

says



DOROTHY DIX

who receives letters from women the world over, all seeking the wise guidance of a very wise woman



"Dear Miss Dix:

"No man has ever asked me to marry him. Other women envy me my good position and fine salary, but I think I'm a failure—I'm missing the real things—love, marriage and a home . . .
ELIZABETH F———"

CLEVER girls like Elizabeth so often forget that men fall in love with the womanly woman, not with copies of themselves.

"Now, my dear, *feel* yourself the lovely, feminine person you were meant to be. And don't despise the part CLOTHES can play in this! Especially the things that don't show—pretty lingerie, delicate negligees, sheer hosiery.

"WHEN you put on lacy, colorful, shimmering underthings you can't help but feel exquisitely feminine. And this feeling is contagious—others respond to it at once! That's why I am so continually urging every girl to:



1. Buy the prettiest, most delicate lingerie you can.
2. Always keep it color-fresh and charming as new!

"Perhaps you've thought delicate lingerie impractical—had the feeling that a few washings would fade and wear it out?

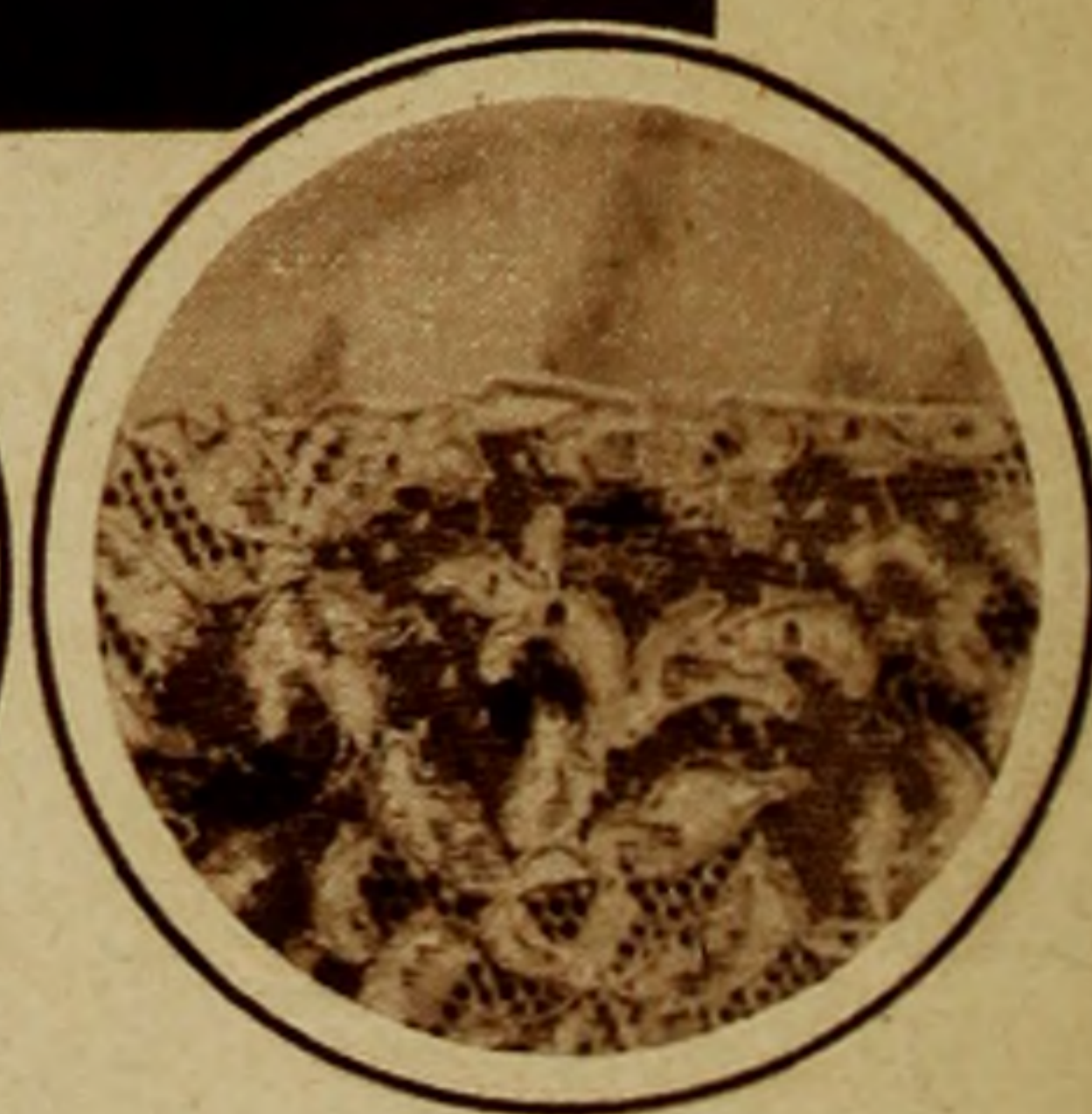
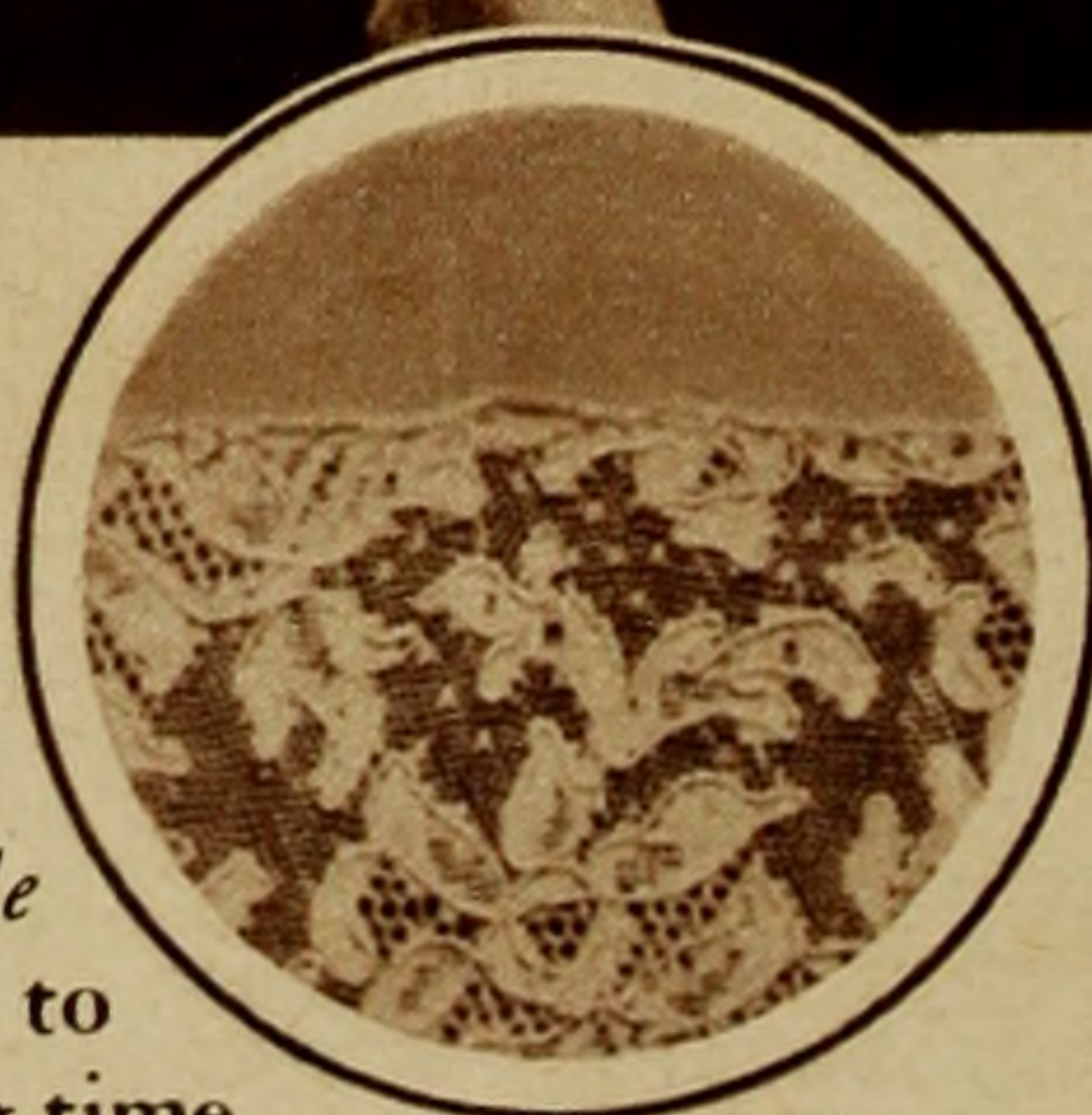
"You won't need to fear this—and I'm speaking from my own personal experience

keep fragile things lovely a long, long time.

"MOREOVER—not only can dainty, colorful lingerie bring you confidence of charm, but your very surroundings can help! Pretty curtains, slip covers, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell when kept dainty with Lux." *Dorothy Dix*



—if you wash them in Lux. Ordinary 'good' soaps do take away a bit of color as they clean, but Lux is especially made to preserve color and to



A Secret of Femininity

Lace-trimmed lingerie of lovely peach satin washed 12 times in Lux—all its beauty of color and texture retained. Colorful and charming as new!

Duplicate lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap—color faded and drab, lustre spoiled, lace and satin damaged. No longer dainty!

NO MATTER HOW DELICATE THE COLOR: IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER, IT'S JUST AS SAFE IN LUX

October, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

I OWE Ronald Colman an apology and I am making it right now. It's due because of a few paragraphs in these columns recently in which I quoted by name a generally reliable newspaper writer to the effect that Ronald always insisted on a list of the guests before he accepted a dinner engagement lest some magazine or newspaper writer be there.

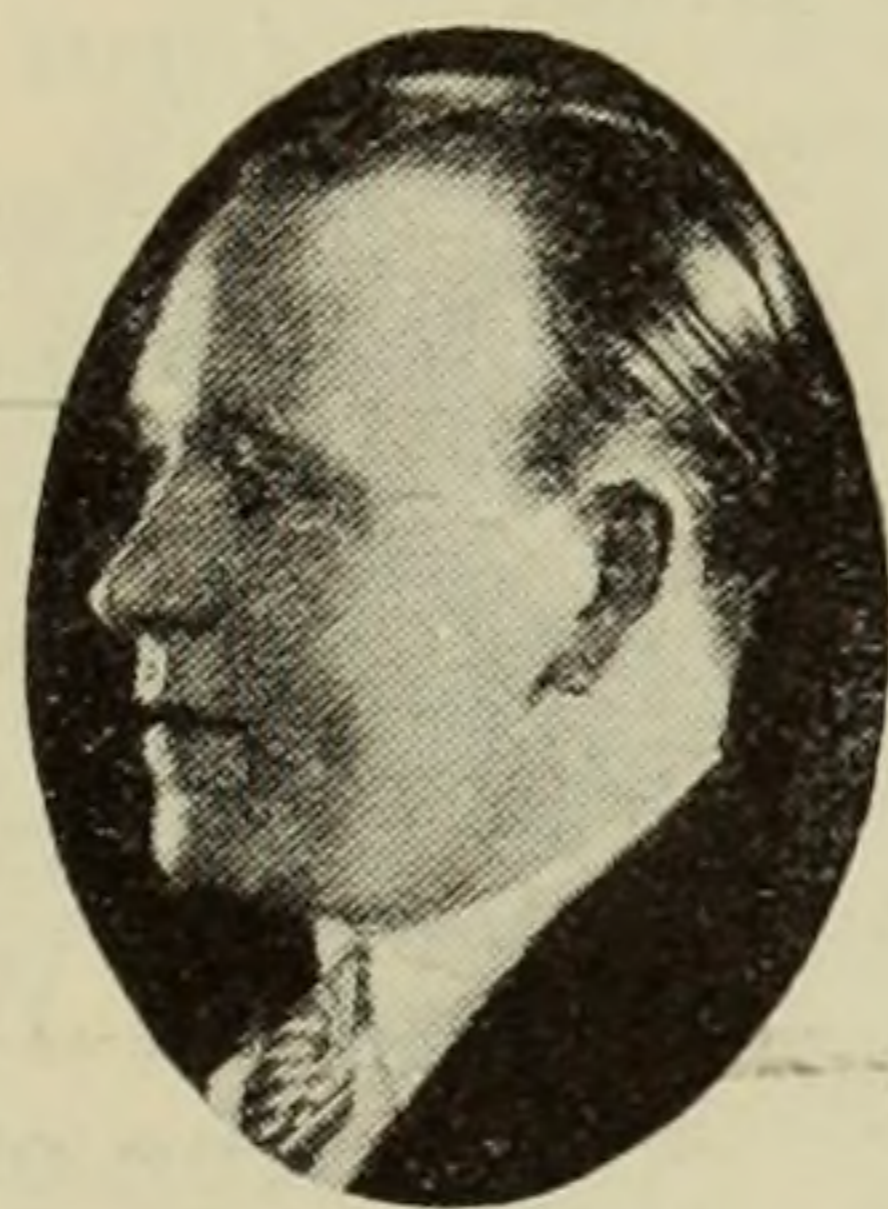
No sooner had I arrived in Los Angeles and parked my extra shirt, flask, and typewriter in my old Ambassador Hotel bungalow than Al Cohn, the first Hollywood editor of PHOTOPLAY, now an affluent and successful screen writer, called me on the telephone.

"JIM," he said, "welcome to our city. And now that that's over you are all wrong about Colman. If you knew him better you'd know you were damned unfair to reprint that slam about him. Be fair and check up on that story."

I did. Al was right. I checked up with eight people who know him well. Not one of them left me a leg to stand on. Then I called up Colman whom I knew but casually and ate crow. And how I hate to eat crow. That bird gives me indigestion.

"That's all right, old man," he said. "We all make mistakes. Mighty nice of you to call me about it. Come on out and let's settle the problems of the picture business. It's the popular indoor sport these days."

ALL of which goes to show that we are too inclined to take the parts the screen celebrities play as reflections of their real personalities. Because Ronald has played an aloof, almost snooty fellow in several of his pictures most of us put him down as that sort of chap. He isn't.



VALENTINO was not in real life a great lover. Edward Robinson handles a tennis racket better than a gun. Jean Harlow doesn't go around Hollywood in a nightgown vamping aviators or gangsters. Nor is George Bancroft a tough guy off the screen. Clark Gable would rather play around with his gang than terrify blondes into submission. And Ruth Chatterton is one jolly dinner companion.

HERE'S the latest one on a picture producer. Harry Cohn, head man of the Columbia Studios, admits it, but says he was thinking of something else at the time.

He was sitting in a studio projection room with one of his writers looking at some "rushes." They were a hodgepodge of scenes shot in the day's work.

"That," said the writer, calling his attention to a rather sexy scene, "is a very naïve situation."

"All right," said Cohn, "if it's that bad we'll kill it. No use of taking chances with the censors."

OH, Mr. Cagney, Mr. James Cagney. Less than a year ago you came to motion pictures and Warner Brothers gave you the chance of a lifetime in "Public Enemy." You clicked. They teamed you with Edward Robinson in "Smart Money." Again you clicked. Then they starred you in "Larceny Lane."

But before your first starring vehicle was released you walked out on your producers demanding more money than your contract called for, and sent your agents in to manipulate a raise on the theory that your \$500 a week was not enough when compared to the salaries paid other actors.

Don't let those agents kid you. You didn't make

the pictures. The pictures made you. Trying to break a contract after a studio has put you over isn't such good business. A contract is a contract even in Hollywood.

THREE pictures I've seen this week which you can put down on your "must not miss list" are "Bad Girl," "The Star Witness" and "Waterloo Bridge."

"Bad Girl" broke all recent box-office records at Roxy's in New York, and I am glad of it. Aside from being decidedly novel, human, and a refreshing change from ordinary screen fare, it will introduce to you two young people who are on their way to stardom. You've seen Sally Eilers, Hoot Gibson's beautiful young wife, before.

It's Jimmie Dunn's first picture. Winfield Sheehan, boss of the Fox Studios, found him in New York. There's something new in that handsome Irish pan of his. He's the boy every girl knows.

FOR many years I have observed, mostly from screen reflections of his work, the progress of twenty-three-year-old Carl Laemmle, Jr., heir to the Universal Studios, which were builded by his father.

When he bought "All Quiet on the Western Front" there was much eye brow lifting among the older and more experienced picture competitors. Almost unanimously, the picture critics and commentators, including your editor, sympathized with the elder Laemmle.

Too bad the hard fighting old veteran of the nickelodeon had a nut of a son. But then it was his own fault. Instead of exercising his parental authority he had failed to force the lad through Harvard.

It wasn't right to turn an eighteen-year-old kid loose on a studio lot with its temptations of luscious blondes and yes men. Much worse, putting him in complete charge at twenty-one. The kid didn't have a chance. He'd go Hollywood; in an incurable form with a swell head complication before he cast his first vote.

Just too bad. Then, too, Universal's finances weren't in any too healthy condition. Goodbye Carl, you were grand while you lasted. Having developed Irving Thalberg (now M-G-M's juvenile pride and joy) from office boy to a producing phenomenon, the old boy was going to lose his shirt trying to do the same thing with Junior. We did everything but tote the plaster for the sheriff to paste over the closed studio gates.

MANY times in these pages I have lit into the Mold boy, particularly for hiring John Drinkwater, the eminent English biographer and hack-writer, to foist a dull biography on the world.

But I must admit that the genial old showman knew the apple of his eye better than we did.

The youngster is now acclaimed by competing producers as a rival of Thalberg, with an even better two-year percentage record of box-office hits than the former pride of the lot.

Let's see what he has done. He made history with "All Quiet." He conceived a stupendous vision of the adaptation of the book to the screen. He found three men, Lewis Milestone, director, and Maxwell Anderson and George Abbott, playwrights, to work it out for him. He talked his father into spending nearly a million and a half on it. And that at a time when a million and a half meant sink or swim, and sinking meant oblivion for Laemmle *père*.

You know the rest. The picture will make millions, and the broad grin on papa's face was worth going miles to gaze upon.

NOW, said Hollywood, and thought I, there's going to be no standing that Laemmle kid. That lucky break will send him haywire. We only hope that the flop on "The Jazz King" will offset the success and retain his normalcy.

It didn't. The darn fool kid set out to make "Dracula," that weird, fantastic, and blood curdling stage play. How can that goofy thing sell as a picture? Goodbye, Junior.

Again the dice came out as a natural.

Then "Seed." How was he going to put on the screen a story of birth control? How about the Hays code? How dare he antagonize the Catholic Church?

Another natural.

"Waterloo Bridge." Yes, we see how he handled the other three, but this is a story of a prostitute.

Another picture gem and a box-office wow.

"Strictly Dishonorable"? That's coming soon. They say it's another knockout. Five in a row.

HERE'S another unexplainable thing about him. By all the commandments of motion picture production as they are followed by the orthodox boys, he should have retitled every one of these pictures. If they were to get motion picture audiences they should have gone up on the theater marquees like this:

All Quiet on the Western Front
LOVE IN THE TRENCHES

Dracula

THE DEMON LOVER

Seed

MUST MOTHERS WEEP?

Waterloo Bridge

THE BRIDGE OF PASSION

Strictly Dishonorable

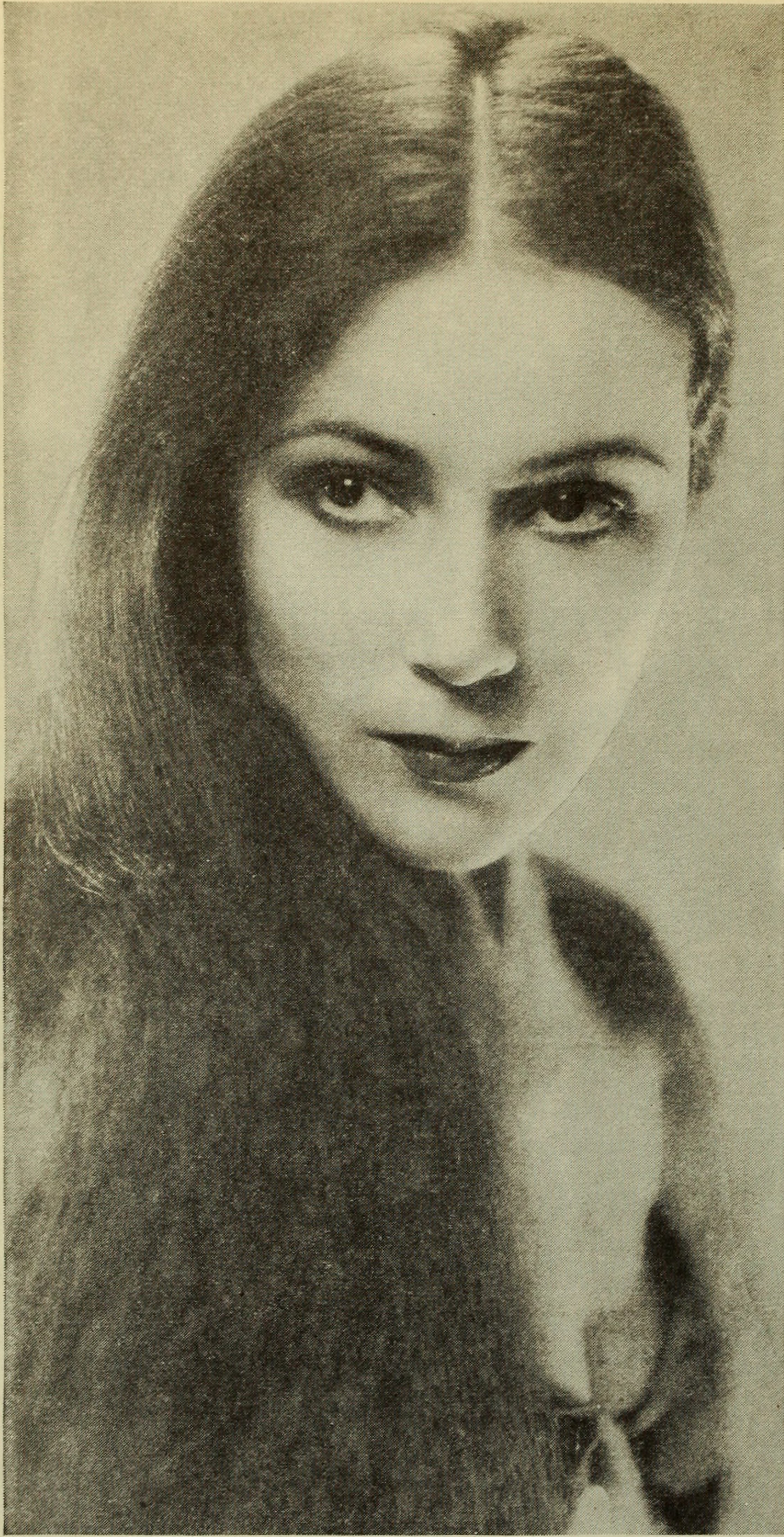
SPEAKEASY LOVE

What's the use? How are you going to figure out a fool kid like that?



WESLEY RUGGLES, the smart lad (in the beret) who, with Howard Estabrook, made a wonder picture of Edna Ferber's "Cimarron," directing a scene from "Are These Our Children?" in

the Radio Pictures Studios. The silence and intensity of the episode can be judged from the attitudes of the director, camera crew and script girl. Note the sound-proof camera and the elevated platform



Long hair, decides Dolores Del Rio! "This is an age of type and personality. Some say I'd look better with it bobbed, but I'm going to remain myself!"

LEADING hairdressers of Hollywood, both in the studios and on the boulevards, declare definitely that women are not letting their hair grow long. A longer bob, but not long hair, rules the day and is here to stay, they claim.

In the face of this ultimatum, a small group of highly successful women, both professionally and socially, have defied fashion's edict and dare to be individual.

When "to bob or not to bob" was the burning question regarding hair, this group refused to part with woman's crowning glory. "Longhair" has been the term generally associated with

Long Hair *or* Short?

By
Harry D. Wilson

the prudish, but no one can apply that word to Gloria Swanson, Ann Harding or Dolores Del Rio. They are all smart women who know their world.

It is interesting to learn why some do and some don't follow a certain line of action. There are a dozen or more vibrant personalities who have voiced their ideas on why they remain long-haired. The fact that they are old-fashioned in this respect does not seem to have held them back in the race for popularity.

Ann Harding's glorious golden hair has received many an envious glance from a smartly bobbed follower of fashion. Deep down in their hearts, men adore long hair. All you have to do is listen to their comments when the lovely Ann flashes into vision on the screen.

"Why should I bob my hair when it has been responsible for my becoming an actress?" she says. "It gave me my first chance with the Provincetown Players and besides, my husband prefers it that way."

Incidentally, Ann Harding's hair has never required a bleach of any kind. Soft water, good soap and lots of sunshine are responsible for her golden loveliness.

Many heads have turned at a smart Hollywood opening to gaze admiringly at the sleek, long-haired beauty of Dolores Del Rio. She always strikes a definite note in any gathering with the simplicity with which she dresses her hair. Never

a wave disturbs the off-screen contour of her head. Drawn severely from her forehead, her hair is coiled simply at the nape of her neck.

Although Dolores has gone modern since her marriage to Cedric Gibbons, this is one characteristic that has defied the modernistic trend in her make-up.

"This is an age of type and personality, not beauty," says Dolores in defense of her long hair. "Some have said I would look better with it bobbed, but I'm not going to experiment. I will remain myself."

Fashion dictates the new long bob, but many screen beauties refuse to obey. Perhaps this article will help you solve your own "crowning glory" problem

"Madame, you will never be able to wear a small hat with that hair," despairingly said a smart Parisian hat designer.

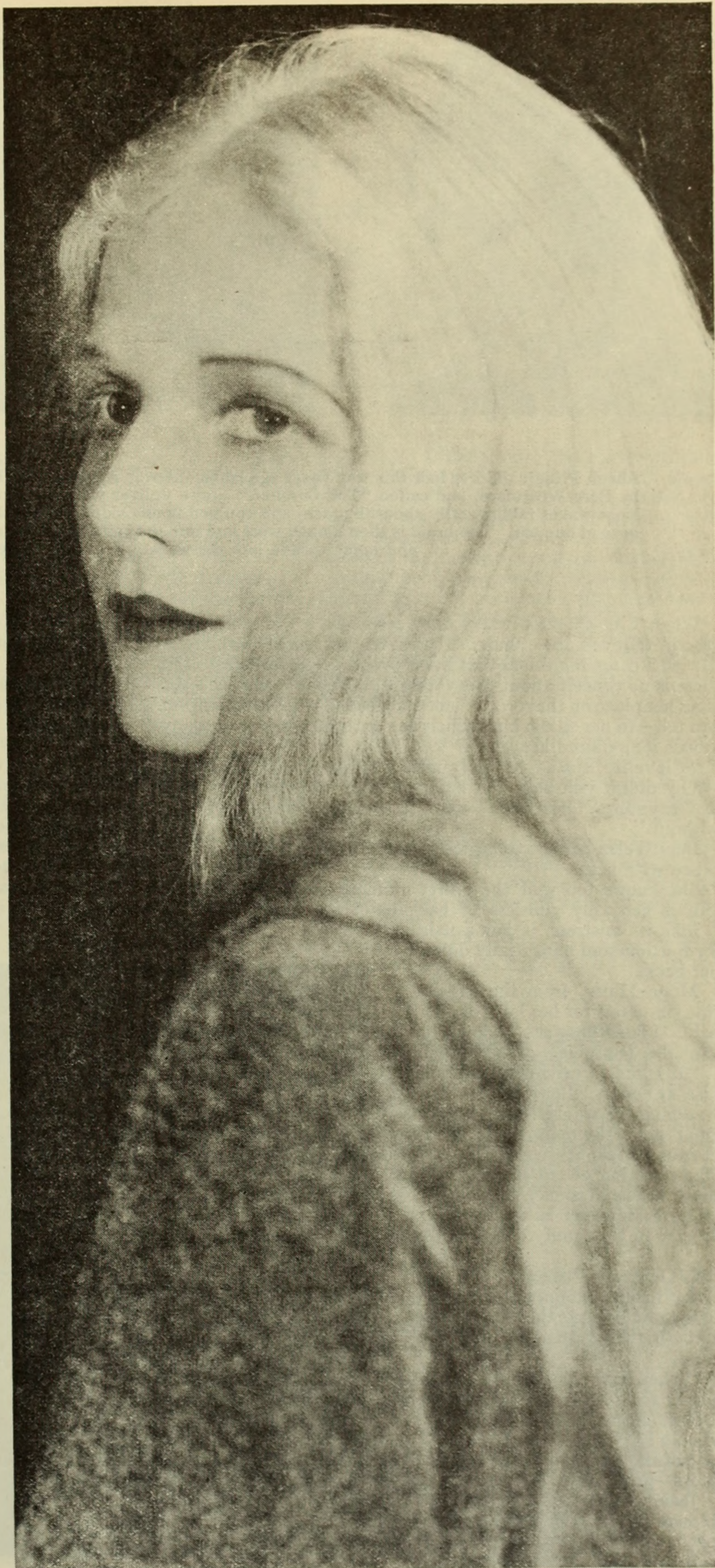
"Indeed I will," replied Gloria Swanson. Then, with true American initiative, she divided her hair into three strands. In a page of pictures of Gloria, in the August, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY, we showed you how it was done and described it fully. She brought up one strand from the back—that served to hold down the two side strands. The result simulated a perfect bob. "There!" from the triumphant Gloria. The tight-fitting turban was stunningly adjusted to her head. Her hair was safe.

"Long hair is extremely important in completing the ensemble," says Miss Swanson. "Sometimes I wear it with a loose wave. Other times I comb it back with the severity of a Chinese woman. It all depends what I'm wearing. My mood, too, is often responsible for the way my hair is dressed. I don't think I will ever experience the feeling of bobbed hair." This was all said with the finality of one who knows her own mind. Gloria has managed to remain stunning in contradiction to fashion's dictates.

AND there never was anyone more versatile in hair arranging than Gloria. She certainly refutes that old complaint of long-haired girls that "I just can't do anything with my hair." Remembering back to her De Mille days, you can recall some of the really spectacular hairdresses she used to achieve, and it took plenty of hair to do it, too!

When Irene Rich recently appeared in a picture with her hair "bobbed," her fan mail increased daily with letters of protest. From all parts of the world came the plaintive question, "Why did you cut off your lovely hair?"

"I didn't mean to deceive anybody," chuckled Irene. "Won't they be surprised when they find out my 'bob' was a wig? No, I really will have to remain old-fashioned. I am not the bobbed type. I would feel so strange with my hair short—I'm so used to it long."



Ann Harding casts a loud, ringing vote for long locks. "Why should I bob it?" asks Ann. "It got me my first job in the theater—and my husband likes it that way!" It's honest-to-goodness blonde, too!



Aileen Pringle did her hair this way years ago when she was working with Elinor Glyn. But it's new again, devised by Perc Westmore, and called "The Coronet." June Collyer wears it here. The hair is parted in the center (the loose waves falling softly about the face) and combed to one side of the back, pinning it close to the head toward the base of one ear. The braid is then pinned wide end into the coil and stretched across the top of the head, the smaller end being tucked into the wave. Note the single earring effect

When Lita Chevret walks onto a set, even the most blasé gasp at that cascade of hair. I have seen her run her hand over it with a caressing touch that has a proud possessiveness. Yet there is no conceit about this young Californian. She feels she owes her place on the screen—not stardom as yet, but you never can tell—to her silken hair which has escaped the fate of many a once long-haired head.

"I love it," she says simply when she answers the question, "Why didn't you bob your hair?" "Why should I part with it?" says Lita. "If I can't wear certain kinds of hats—I'll go without."

Lupe Velez never attempted to appear boyish. The bob is taboo with her.

She knows too well the power of feminine charm. Lupe's hair is generally guiltless of hairpins or any other restraint.

Like its mistress, it has a flair for freedom and hangs gaily down her back.

Mona Maris, from the Argentine, is noted for her long, dusky hair. Like Lupe, she believes in the ultra-feminine.

"If I hadn't been successful on the screen," laughs Louise Fazenda, "I would have made a good advertisement for a hair-grower, like the Sutherland Sisters. The question of cutting my hair never occurred to me. My mother and grandmother have long hair. It runs in the family."

"YOU know," continued Louise, "I think a lot of girls cut their hair short because they don't want to be bothered doing it up all the time."

"They're lazy. If I go in bathing or for a drive in an open car, I don't care about my hair. Why should I? You can say for me I'm one of the good old Fazenda long-hairs—proud of it."

Jeanette MacDonald's beautiful blonde locks never interfere with professional duties. Her hair is soft and fine. It can be dressed easily to resemble a long bob. She is willing to rise early on days she appears before the cameras in bobbed-haired rôles, spending extra time to have her hair ar-

anged to suit the occasion. Like Irene Rich, Jeanette's fans write about her long tresses and beg her not to let the scissors get them.

Loretta Young, Marion Shilling, Sylvia Sidney and Constance Cummings are other members of the Hollywood long-hair brigade.

This Hollywood legion of the long-haired promises to have quite an edge on the more shorn sisterhood this Fall. These rakish, tilted hats that seem all the rage at the moment almost demand an abundance of hair for safe anchorage.

You can't perch one up on top of a shingled head and have any hope of its staying there—the first good breeze will send it cartwheeling down the street.

Of course, some are designed with trick gadgets to hold them on, but a good bit of hair at the back of the head is a necessity if they would look right.

A good many of the stars have gone Garbo and wear their hair in a semi-long effect.

Her back-of-the-ears arrangement has been copied all over the world. She has a new one, now (see it in "Susan Lenox"), which may panic the hairdressers for months to come.

THIS tendency toward the individual in hairdressing which has kept Ann Harding, Dolores Del Rio and others from shearing off their luxuriant locks, has started the short-haired group to thinking a bit. There is an attempt on the part of many of the shorthairs to permit their hair to grow. It's a long procedure, as they have discovered. It generally ends with a trip to the barber or a compromise that ends somewhere between the two extremes of length.

Few women will bother to fuss with a knot as large as Ann Harding's, no matter how much they envy it. This is due partly to the amount of time and trouble it takes to grow short hair to such a luxurious state, as just mentioned, and partly because they still like the feeling of a sleek, close-fitting coiffure. Gloria Swanson may rearrange her hair every

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Dear us, can this be our little Lois Moran? Seems only yesterday she was playing ingénues. Both New York and Hollywood acclaim her as a great actress now

Why One Marriage Failed!

A LEARNED California judge has set off a legal torpedo under the fragile bonds that bound Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire.

Bang! "You're free!" he said to Ina.

But that was a trivial anti-climax to the death of a marriage that was underground long, long ago. It's just that Ina recently got around to praying the court for legal release from a marriage that was made in Hollywood and not in Heaven. Sort of an afterthought, sort of.

And two of the most vivid, arresting and colorful people in America are on the loose again.

And there, friends and well-wishers, is the hub and nubbin of the crack-up of Jack and Ina. They are too colorful, too individualistic to make a team that could jog along to eternity in double harness. They just weren't built to share a single spotlight, that's all.

BUT there's more to this divine comedy of a cock-eyed Cupid than that!

The knotting of Gilbert and Claire could have taken place nowhere on this cuckoo planet but in mad and moonstruck Hollywood.

In May, 1929, the old hills of Beverly were unearthly beautiful. At night the Ring-Tailed Yucca sang love songs to its mate—the stars were as big as moons, and the moon measured eight yards from tip to tip. Spring, and that devilish Southern California climate, were at their most vicious point. Aged stockbrokers bought second-hand mandolins and bayed at the moon. I was there at the time, during the Gilbert-Claire mating, and I threw away my crutches and talked baby-talk to waitresses. It was that sort of spring!

The talkies hadn't battered Jack to his knees, then. He was happy making his first one, and bubbled like a siphon of over-charged soda. What a man! Sparkling, gay, clowning, leaping

The legal separation of Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire is an anti-climax to the spiritual smash-up that took place long, long ago

By Leonard Hall

from crag to crag—there isn't his equal for animal spirits when he feels good and his world is fair.

Ina, new and miserable in Hollywood, making the ill-fated "The Awful Truth," fell like a ton of boulders. Here was *La Belle Claire*—a sleek, sophisticated woman who for years had lorded it over the Broadway stage as First Comedienne. And here was a prancing, burbling, handsome picture star with the heart of a Dick Merriwell and the laugh of a sophomore in town for the Christmas holidays.

What a pair! Jack was enthralled by the discovery of a brilliant, sword-keen mind in a beautiful woman. Ina was fascinated by the spirit of a lad

in the handsome body of a more or less mature man.

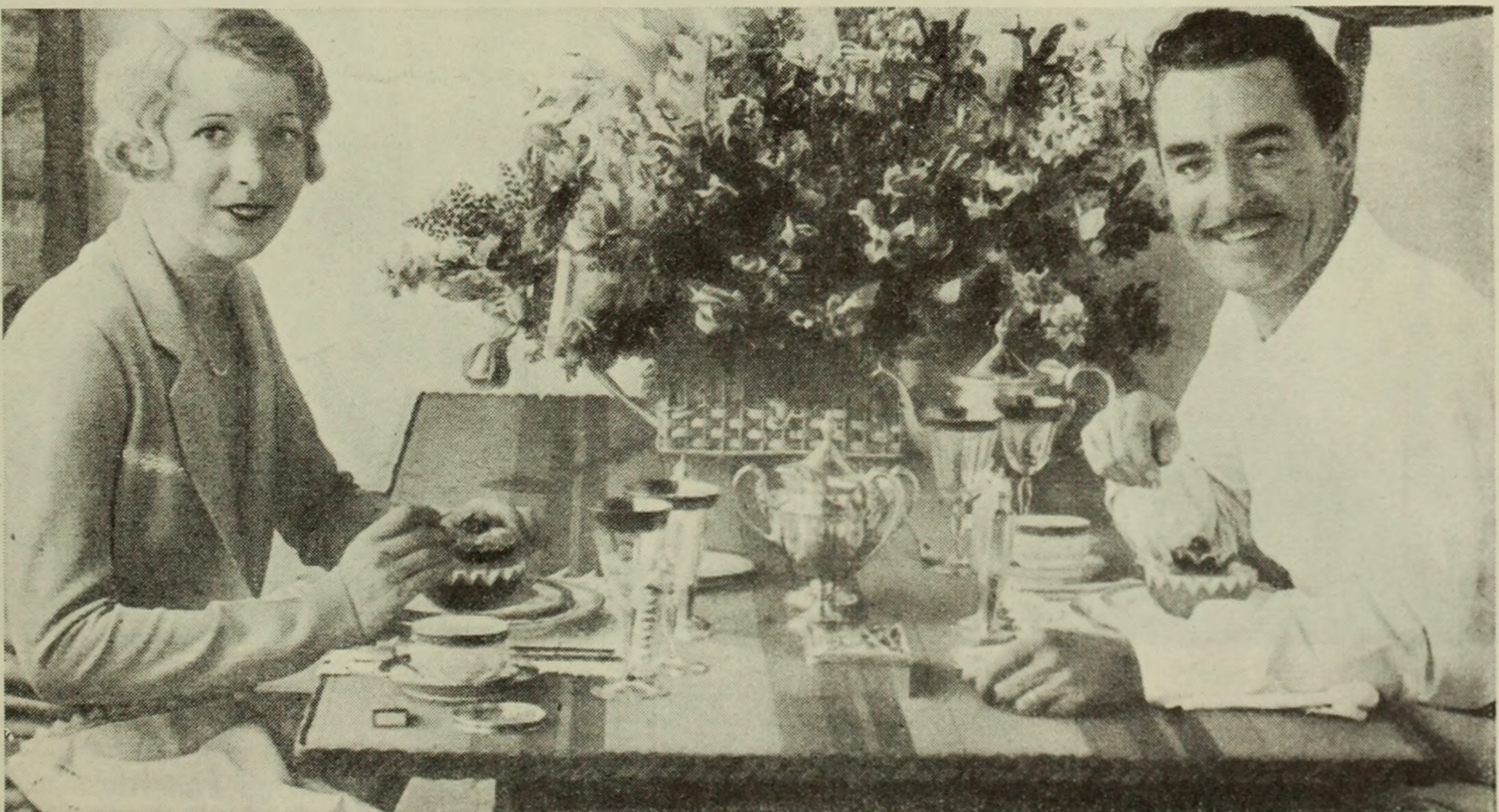
Whambo! Fate tossed the two into a cocktail shaker, threw in a jigger of California moonlight, shook them up and there they were—the Gilbert-Claire Cocktail. One sip guaranteed to blow the top of your head into the next county!

Who can forget the alarums and excursions of that mad May monkey-business? The nocturnal elopement to Nevada, the sage-brush wedding, the headlines that burned Ina—"Jack Gilbert Marries Actress"?

THE erasable ink wasn't dry on the marriage license before Hollywood was snickering sourly into its alcohol highballs. Fifty to one, with no takers, was offered on the Boulevard that it wouldn't last a year. Two high-steppers like that? "Har, har," har-harred Hollywood.

We can skim the history. Within a few months Ina had moved out of Gilbert's hill-top home and had taken the house in the valley. The high altitude made her giddy, or the kitchen taps didn't work, or something. Hollywood snickered some more—this time into bogus Scotch.

Within six months everybody knew that it was all over but asking for the out-papers. And [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



International

The sun shone on the breakfast table and on the marriage of Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire when this picture was snapped. But it wasn't long till matrimonial skies clouded up. What the world didn't know was that this marriage of two supreme individualists came within a case ace of being a star-spangled, twenty-two carat, 180-proof success!



Photographs by Stagg

STUART came home from work to find his bride, June, fussing around the apartment. "Darling," he said, "one of those handsome sheiks at the studio asked me how a bozo like me ever got a beauty like you." "What did you tell him?" asked June. "I just told him that it was because I never asked fool questions like that," said Stuart

He's Not So Dumb

"JUNE COLLYER ELOPES; WEDS STUART ERWIN," said the headlines. And fifty million movie fans stood up as one and demanded to know "how a dumb cluck like *that* ever won a gorgeous girl like June!"

Which simply proves this: that fifty million movie fans can be *wrong*. Stu Erwin is *not* dumb. On the screen, he may be the stupidest oaf alive, but off-screen, he's just been smart enough to carry off one of the most beautiful girls in movies—June Collyer, whose heart had withstood the blandishments of Hollywood's handsomest men, Hollywood's cleverest men, millionaires, merchants, society men and even, they say, handsome Prince George of England.

"Stupid? Why, he isn't anything of the *kind!* He's the sweetest, smartest, nicest, dearest, cleverest, handsomest, finest man in the world and I'm crazy about him," says June. And there you are.

Now, this is the hitherto untold story of the romance of June and Stu, and of their elopement to Yuma, Arizona, where they were married. Rarely has Hollywood been so surprised at a wedding for, although June and Stu had been "seen places," nobody save their most intimate friends had the slightest idea that wedding bells were in the picture.

Why that was so, it's hard to tell. Hollywood usually makes fierce speed to predict matrimony for any young couple seen together more than once. But in the case of June and Stu, they just didn't.

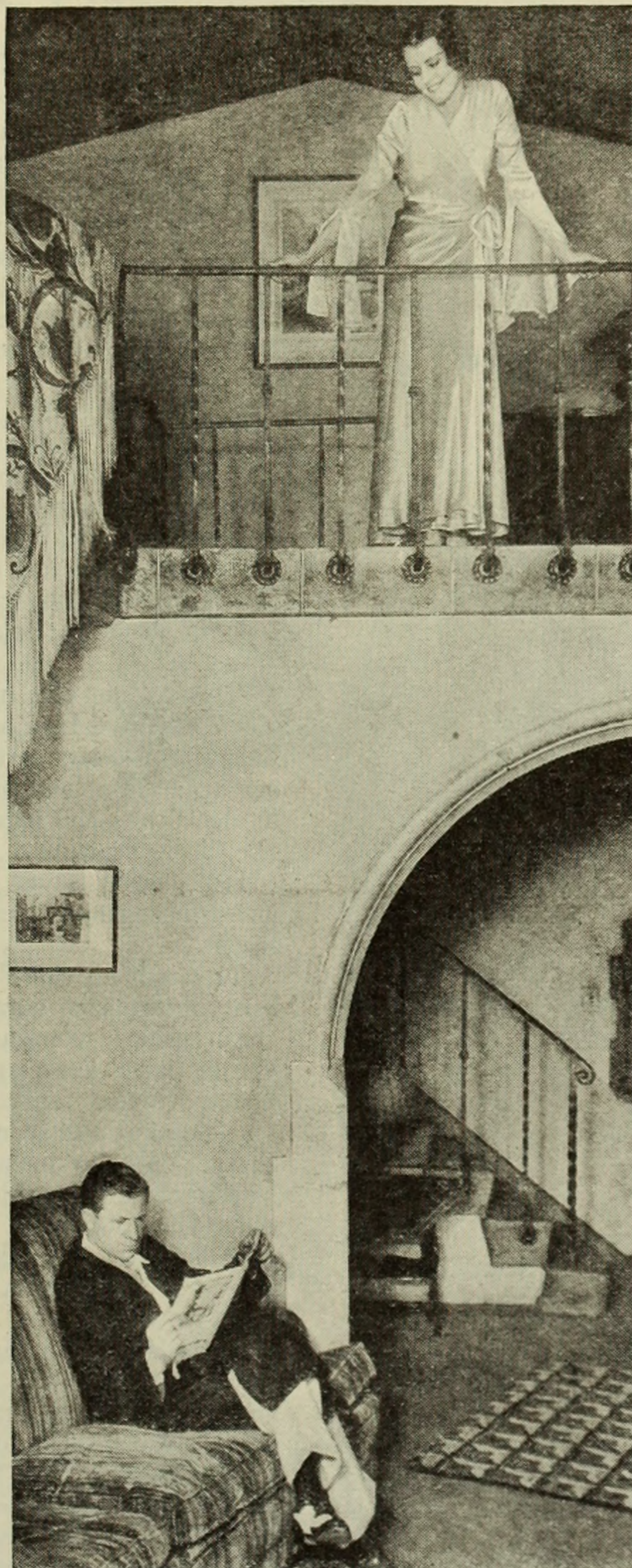
MAYBE this is the reason: when two Hollywoodians get "that way" they usually let the whole world know it, if not in words, then in actions. Among players, acting of emotions has become so much a part of their life that when it comes to the real thing, they just can't seem to forget to act it out in public—on the Hollywood Hotel Roof, perhaps; or at the Cocoanut Grove, the Embassy, the Montmartre or even at the Brown Derby over the luncheon tables! They hold hands, they gaze into each other's eyes, they all but drool at each other for the world to see. And it's no wonder that all Hollywood knows what's coming.

But June and Stu were different. Maybe it's because they *are* different. In all Hollywood's player colony, it'd be hard to find two people less Hollywoodian than these two. And so, when they went out together, they didn't perform. They acted just like two friendly kids having a meaningless date.

Not that the chatter-columnists of Hollywood didn't notice it. More than once, their going-places was reported in the film news columns. But

Now, could Stuart Erwin be as vacant as he looks in pictures and capture that gorgeous June Collyer?

By Tom Ellis



See June and Stu being domestic—doesn't the bride look pleased and proud? Right after the wedding they moved from June's mansion to a modest duplex apartment. Now, that's a smart start!

as compared with the case of Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, for instance, or Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor, there was little significance attached to June and Stu dancing together or lunching together or motor-ing to the beach together.

And then they got married! And Hollywood gossips went home and chewed nails in their chagrin at having missed one of the most interesting romances in town—going on right under their very noses for nearly a half year without anyone being wise.

YOU see, it all began on Saint Valentine's day—February 14, 1931. That's Stu Erwin's *big day*, anyway. He was born on a February 14, a couple of dozen years ago. He always had to laugh when people, learning the birthdate, would gurgle and say: "Haw, haw, haw—a comic valentine, huh? Haw, haw, haw . . .!"

Maybe Old Man Valentine was Stu's patron saint. Maybe it was the Saint's machinations that led Stu into a long stretch of overtime work the night of February 13. He had finished working at Paramount in "Dude Ranch" on the day's shooting, and then had to go over to another studio to work with other volunteers in making a charity film. It was to have taken only an hour or two—but it took all night—and Stu had to be on the "Dude Ranch" set again early the next morning. He got no sleep.

Now, also in "Dude Ranch" was June Collyer. She and Stu had been working in the picture for a week or two—but that was as far as their acquaintance went. They'd say "hello" each morning and "see y' t'morrow" each night, and pass the time of day during the working hours. To Stu, June was just a nice, beautiful girl. To June, Stu was just another actor—until Saint Valentine's day.

STU staggered onto the set dead tired, and something in June's heart went click! "Maybe it was my mother instinct," she says—and then Stu grins at her like a fool! But any way, before they knew it, they were sitting side by side and talking away like the only two people in the world. June discovered it was Stu's birthday; Stu discovered June knew a lot of places in New York that he knew—and, well, you know how it is. . . .

They had lunch together that day, for the first time. That afternoon, they were so absorbed in one another that the director had a tough time calling them for their scenes.

"And from that very day," June confesses, "I never went out with any other man but Stu." It was *love*

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Clark Gable doing his stuff in his greatest assignment to date—Garbo's leading man in "Susan Lenox." Not hard to take, a plump rôle opposite the lovely Scandinavian! And a flock of birdies chirp that Clark's heart has been set more than a trifle a-flutter!

“What A

“It's a lot of hooley!” he says, when they rave over him as “The Second Valentino.” Here's the sort of guy he is

By Harry Lang

But they like Gable tremendously. He's that sort of man—the sort of man men like. As for the women . . .

Well, every time a group of Hollywood's prettiest get together, these days, they say it's a Gable Club. They're all gabbling about Gable. It seems the lad has captured the fancy, not alone of screen fannettes, but also of the loveliest of the screen stars themselves.

It is a remarkable thing, but typical of Hollywood, that a few years ago Gable was working in inconspicuous and unpublicized parts at the same studio where he is now the sensation of the lot. Even the waitresses in the commissary wouldn't give him a tumble then. He was just another ham actor. Now the feminine stars who wouldn't give him a nod are using all their coyest come-hither glances to get him to play as their leading man.

The parts he has played have brought him the popularity that caused the hysterical writers to proclaim him as another Valentino. That is all applesauce and no discredit to Gable.

SOON some fan magazine will come out with a story on “The Love Life of Clark Gable.” It will tell of his great lure and all that sort of rot. He never had it until he played sex-appeal parts in pictures, and up to that time he was about as deadly as the nice lad who measures out your gasoline at the filling station.

Hollywood never made a fuss over Rudy either until he got those great rôles in “The Four Horsemen” and “The Sheik.”

Through all this fluttering of feminine hearts, Clark Gable himself remains comparatively unimpressed by it all. Not that pretty women don't interest him—on the contrary, Gable has a keen appreciation of a pretty young girl—of a neatly turned feminine figure—of a lithely lovely leg—of a vivacious young face. Impersonally and objectively, he likes them. But he doesn't marry them.

When Clark Gable marries, he marries women quite a bit older than himself. The current Mrs. Gable is more than a decade older than he. She's in her forties, while Gable is thirty or thirty-one. She's got a daughter old enough to be Gable's wife.

There's also in Hollywood an ex-Mrs. Gable. Her name is Josephine Dillon. She's a voice culture expert, and insists she did much to train Clark for the talkie fame that he's achieved. Josephine Dillon, too, is in her forties—more than a decade older than the lad who divorced her a few years ago. When she was Mrs. Gable, Clark was just another actor trying to get a job in Hollywood.

And there's another ex-Mrs. Gable in existence somewhere, although the facts are a bit vague. Close friends of Clark tell of how, on his birthdays, for instance, he gets telegrams from a nine- or ten-year-old son of his, in school somewhere.

But whether he's been married three times, or three hundred, that indefinable quality called sex-appeal certainly does currently belong to Gable. It's manifest off-screen as well as

CLARK GABLE himself gets a huge laugh out of being called “the second Valentino”—or the “It” man of the movies.

“Aw,” he comments, “it's a lot o'hooley! But as long as they spell my name right, what the hell?”

Around the studio the men he works with razz him unmercifully about his sudden eminence as the sex-appeal champion.

“What-A-Man Gable” is what Wally Beery calls him. Cliff Edwards calls him things, too, but you couldn't print 'em!

Man!"—Clark Gable

on, those women who have met and talked to him admit. It's a synthetic quality in Gable, compounded of a number of ingredients.

There is, for instance, a sort of confidential "just-between-you-and-me" way he has of talking to girls he's just been introduced to. It makes them feel, somehow, that here's a man who understands them deeply.

Besides, he's got two of the most intriguing dimples women ever laid their eyes on. He has a strangely frank, disarming smile, that's appealingly ingenuous.

He has an air of sincerity which women suspect isn't true, so they're interested in finding out what he's covering up with that air of sincerity. His personality is a strangely paradoxical combination of the "lady-killer" women ought to run away from, and the "little boy" type women love to mother, as they call it.

He's not handsome, in the conventional meaning of the word, but he challenges a woman's interest at sight.

Hedda Hopper, for instance, put it neatly when she saw a picture of Gable astride a splendid thoroughbred steed. "When you can look at a man on a thoroughbred," she remarked, "and not say 'what a good-looking horse,' then the man has 'It!'"

CLARK GABLE hasn't got a swelled head by all this excitement about Clark Gable. At least, not yet—and those who think they know the man feel sure he won't ever get one. He's been through too many hard knocks on his way to where he is today.

He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, three decades ago. His stock is that lusty, sturdy clan known as Pennsylvania Dutch. His father was an oil-field contractor, and Clark—they called him Bill then, because William is his real first name—put in his licks at oil wells himself. He worked on Oklahoma derricks, but always wanted to be something more than an oil well worker. He says it's just luck—just one of the breaks—that he's a screen star today. As a matter of fact, Gable worked unceasingly toward it.

The story of how he joined a barnstorming stock company to get away from oil wells is already an oft-told tale, and there's no sense in boring you with it here. You know, too, probably, of how he froze his hand to get to the Coast—riding blind baggage on a freight train in midwinter.

He knew what he wanted, and he aimed at it.

WITH the first \$2,000 he saved from his stock experience, he went to New York and polished himself up. He spent the whole \$2,000—and more—on voice culture, English training, diction correction. Gable has never had much schooling; beneath his carefully cultivated exterior, there's still much of the oil-derrick worker. His manners are polite, but they're studiedly so. His language is excellent, but he watches it carefully. Clark Gable, as you meet him today, is the Clark Gable that Bill Gable has learned to be.

As has been remarked before, Gable isn't handsome. But he's considerably less unhandsome than Nature originally made him.

One of the things people notice about him when he smiles that dimply smile of his are his exquisite teeth. They ought to be—they cost him enough. It was Pauline Frederick's personal dentist who made Gable's dental equipment what it is today.

Gable played a small part in one of Pauline's companies some years ago, when he became aware that his teeth would certainly be a handicap against screen close-ups. So Polly arranged to have her own dentist fix them up.

Gable's ears used to stick out a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



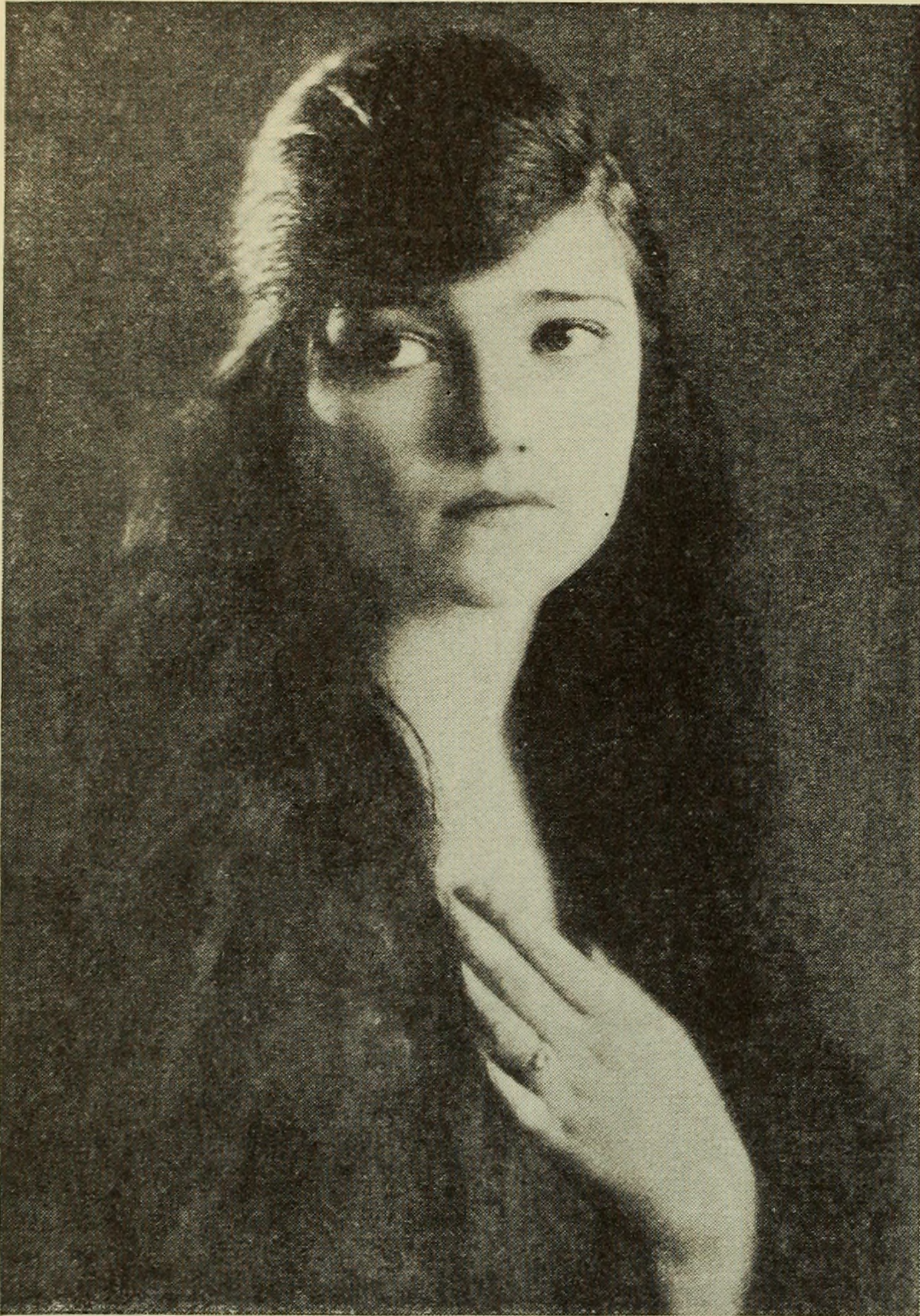
One of the mountainous milestones on Clark Gable's forward march to talkie fame—the part in Norma Shearer's "A Free Soul." Dastardly villain though he was, thousands of girls rubbed their eyes, felt their own pulses race into high and murmured dazedly, "How long has this Gable person been going on?"

The Unknown Hollywood

I Know

By

Katherine Albert



The author, now one of Hollywood's celebrated scribes and a member of PHOTOPLAY'S editorial staff, at the time she first went to see D. W. Griffith, and narrowly escaped a picture career

Who tells for the first time the inside story of twelve years spent in the film colony

If my mother had known that I was going to write my memoirs some day she, no doubt, would have strangled me at birth, and rightly too. But perhaps memoir writing is no worse than my early ambition—movie starrng. Let's begin at the bitter beginning.

I bore down upon Hollywood equipped with sixteen years of a dull life, an absolute vacuum in the place where my brain should have been, a letter of introduction to D. W. Griffith, an adoring mother, a picture hat and a sickly smile. I thought that was enough to assure my success as a movie star. Many a girl has arrived in Hollywood with less and climbed those slippery stairs.

Griffith was the undisputed genius of the cinema at that time. He had just completed "Broken Blossoms," not at that moment released. "The Birth of a Nation" was still a vivid memory. "Intolerance" had cost him his fortune but had set him up among the artists. He was beginning a new picture—which was to reach the screen as "The Greatest Question."

THE letter of introduction was a very personal one, for he was born and bred in my part of the country—Kentucky—and we'd known his family always. The letter duly mailed, his secretary answered and made an appointment for me and my mother.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of him. His studio was that rambling green one where Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards meet. It is now the Tiffany Studio. He was standing in a set that had been used for "Scarlet Days," an enormous Western saloon, and in that rough room he presented an incongruous figure, in his immaculate clothes, his soft pearl gray hat, his perfect tie.

As I approached him I felt the terrific force of the man and when, during his conversation with my mother—who did the talking for me—he suddenly looked down at me my knees went limp, my mouth was dry. No man has ever had such a scrutinizing gaze as D. W. Griffith. It seems as if he ferrets out all the inner recesses of your soul. At that time (I was just turned sixteen) there was not much to ferret out of my soul. And I think Griffith realized it, for he gave up looking at me and turned again to my mother.

Suddenly, he said to me, "Why do you want to go in pictures? Why don't you marry or something?"

Speechless, I shook my head.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he drawled—he still kept his Southern voice—"I suppose there's as much unhappiness in marriage as in anything else." Poor Griffith—he knew about that!

"Come along," he said, and led the way through a maze of sets and into a small room which I was later to learn was a projection room. A score or more of people were already seated there and my eyes suddenly popped out on stems. Mind you, I'd never seen a movie star, except upon the screen, and there before me were—Lillian Gish, Carol Dempster, Clarine Seymour, Ralph Graves, Bobby Harron, George Fawcett, Richard Barthelmess, Eugenie Besserer, and others whose faces were familiar but whose names I did not know.

WHEN I stepped off the train in Los Angeles twelve years ago I was the dumbest, most ga-ga girl who had ever come to Hollywood to be a movie star.

Yesterday I made this remark to a friend who answered, "That's a pretty large order, my good woman, and you'll have to show credentials to prove it." Well, if my story which is now about to unfold doesn't prove that first statement I'll give each and every one of you a nice set of slightly used sound sequences.

People broke down in tears when I said I had some stories about Hollywood that had never been printed. "It isn't possible," they said, "the town's been drained dry of copy."

But that isn't so. In those twelve years that I've lived in the most bizarre town in the world things have happened that are incredible. Do bear with me while I set them down and do forgive my being personal. The purpose of these stories is to tell you things about the stars you have not known before, but in order to do that I must keep myself in the story, since it is part of my own life.

Two of this vivid company — Clarine Seymour (one of the most sparkling, avid women who ever lived) and Bobby Harron are dead. Various fates have pursued the rest. They are scattered now across the face of the earth.

There was a stir, as if a god had suddenly appeared, when Griffith entered the room — a sort of general awareness, a brisk sprucing up. He motioned my mother to a chair among the great and beckoned Bobby Harron to come to us. Briefly he introduced us and then he turned to me: "Now, you're supposed to be a little country girl in Kentucky, let us say, and this boy is your sweetheart. You and Bobby are walking down the road hand in hand. I'll tell you what to do as we go on."

He sat down, leaving me to face all those famous eyes, Bobby Harron standing beside me. My first day in a studio, my first glimpse of a director and film stars, and I found myself enacting a part.

Always ahead of his time, it was Griffith's habit, I later discovered, to rehearse an entire production in the projection room, without props, without costumes, before a single camera was turned. Unheard of in those days, this is now the procedure with every big production.

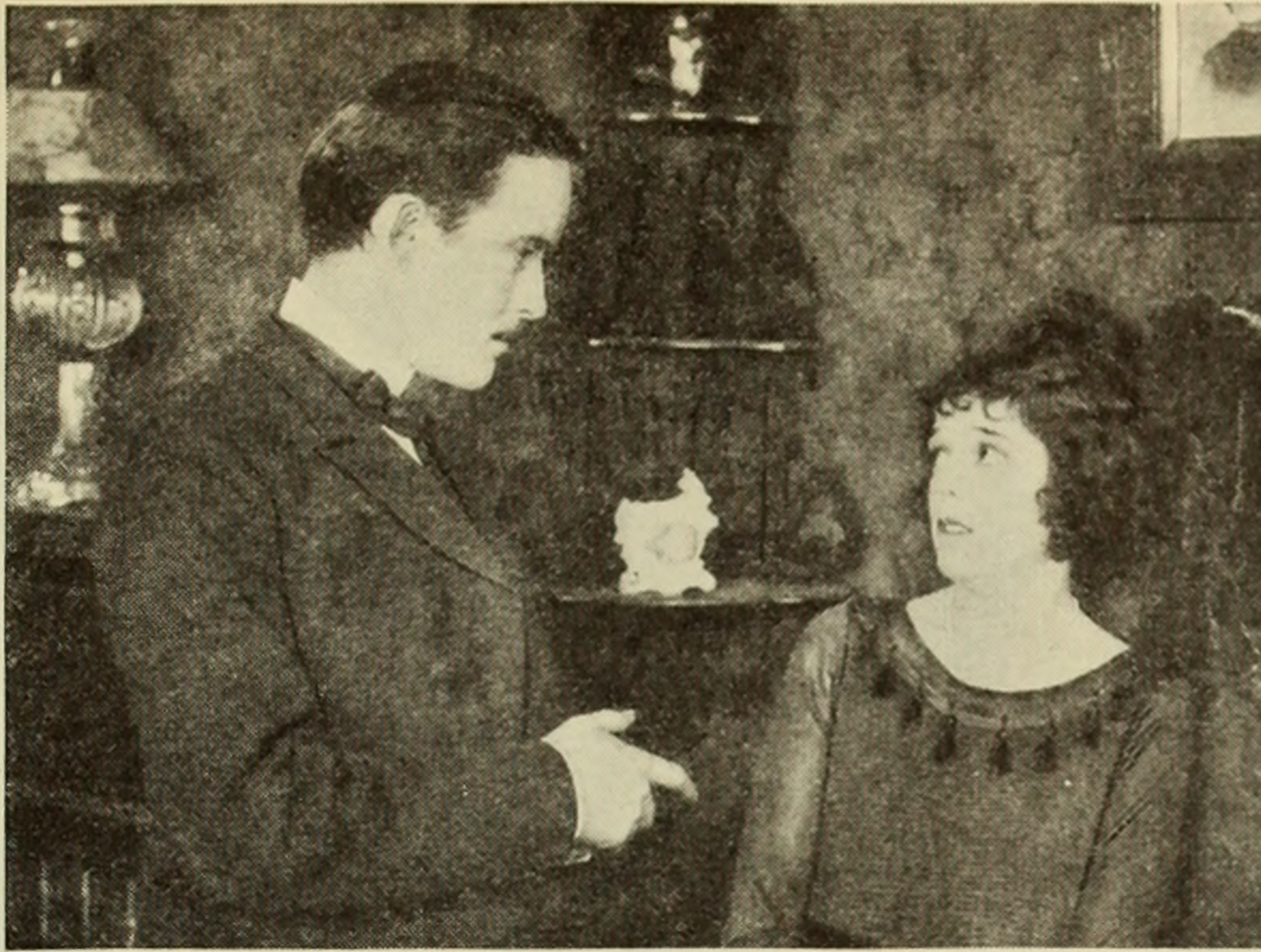
I thought for a brief second that I should die right then, but I had read interviews about what being a trouper meant. "The show must go on," said I to myself, and, as if I were a robot, I felt Bobby Harron take my hand and somehow my legs seemed to move, I don't know how, across the floor of the little projection room.

Then, suddenly, a strange thing seemed to happen. Griffith's voice, a rich, deep, very beautiful voice, droned on, telling us what we were to do. "Now you stop by a tree. It's an apple tree. You pick up an apple, Bobby, and hand it to her. Don't forget you love her very much," etc., etc., etc. And the room and all those people seemed to fade away and I found myself actually on a Kentucky road, actually under an apple tree, not acting a part, not being spoken to by the great Griffith but living, really being, the girl I was playing. (What a fool I was!)

BOBBY stooped and handed me the imaginary apple. He took an imaginary knife from his pocket and peeled it. I took the peelings from him and threw them over my left shoulder. Griffith suddenly stopped me: "What are you doing?"

"Why, you see," I explained, "you throw the apple peeling over your left shoulder and it falls in the shape of an initial. That's the initial of the man you're going to marry."

Griffith smiled. He turned to Lillian Gish, who sat on his right, and my mother heard him say, "The kid's got it."



Bobby Harron, "the sweetest of them all" and Clarine Seymour, "who had the most to give," both of whom passed away in youth, in Griffith's "True Heart Susie" produced twelve years ago

The self-told story of a little girl who won a master director's notice but nevertheless got lost in the mad Hollywood shuffle



Richard Barthelmess, "much too big for his breeches," and Dorothy Gish, who had a temper, in "Peppy Polly," a Griffith comedy made around a dozen years ago

Presently, during the course of rehearsal, Eugenie Besserer was called in to play the part of my mother. During our impromptu conversation—we made up our own lines as they came to us—she asked me a question and I answered, "Yes'um."

Clarine Seymour laughed, "What did she say?" she called out.

"She said," answered Griffith, "what any well brought up Southern child would say. She said 'Yes'um.'" They all laughed. From then on I was "Little Miss Yes'um" around the studio.

When the picture was released—Lillian Gish played the part in which I had rehearsed—it was called "The Greatest Question, The Story of Little Miss Yes'um." Griffith, with the octopus-like quality of every

great artist, would take from the humblest. He wanted, above all else, naturalness. The apple peel stuff was in the picture, too.

Well, that was my introduction to Hollywood. That was my baptism of fire.

The Griffith studio, I was later to discover, was the strangest of all. There was a quiet dignity about it. People were called

by their last names—a habit which Hollywood scorns—and a Miss or Mister was put before them. We rehearsed for weeks with Clarine Seymour, Carol Dempster and I taking turns playing the leading rôle.

Lillian Gish always sat by. She wore simple organdie frocks and a big white hat through the crown

of which a ribbon was run. She wore the same hat but changed the ribbon to match each frock. She always sat, with that strange absorption which characterizes her, never moving, never taking her eyes from the girls who played the part.

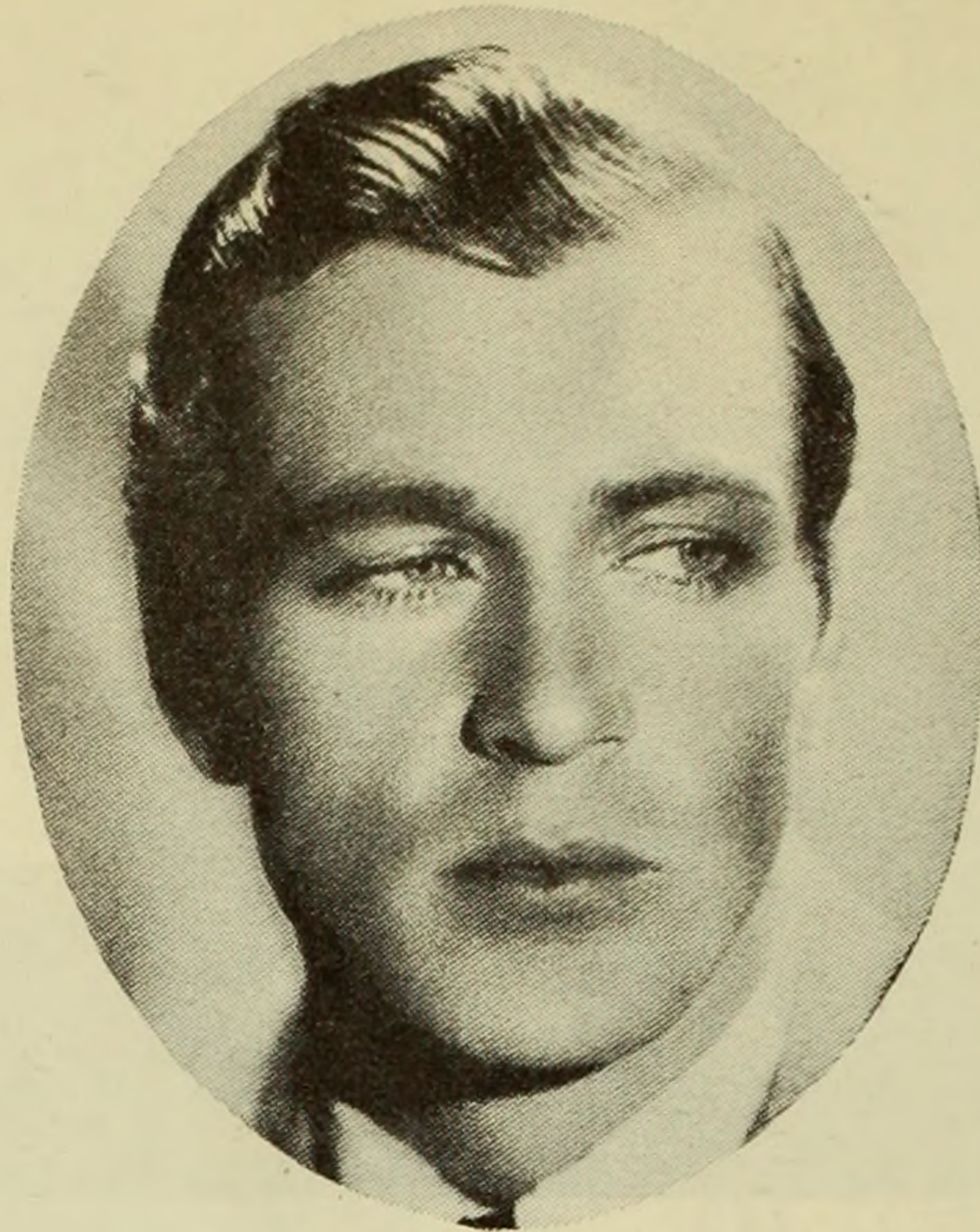
I DO not know whether Griffith knew the part was to be Miss Lillian's and was only seeing what the others did with it to take the best of each performance, or whether he was actually contemplating one of us. At any rate Miss Lillian did not rehearse. She simply sat watching, her pale blue eyes absorbing every gesture that the other girls made.

If Griffith arrived at nine o'clock to begin rehearsals we knew that we would stop for lunch at half-past twelve. If he did not arrive until eleven it meant that we'd work until three before stopping, because he had had his breakfast late and was not hungry. When he was hungry he turned to his assistant director (his name was George Beranger then, he is now Andre Beranger and plays character rôles) and said, "Tell them they may eat."

Often, in the middle of a scene, Griffith would leave the set and be gone — no- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



A lovely, calm lady, Corinne Griffith — because she has taught herself to be calm



Gary Cooper, from the Montana plains, had to adjust himself to drawing-rooms



Before Mary Astor became the mistress of herself her very career was threatened

How *Ten Stars Overcame*

NINETY-NINE out of every one hundred women suffer from self-consciousness! And I use the word "suffer" advisedly for besides torturing us mentally—and goodness knows it does that—self-consciousness obscures both grace and beauty and is an implacable foe of poise. Therefore it becomes obvious enough that no one can be self-conscious and achieve anything like their highest development as an individual.

In all the world there is no group that has developed their potentialities for beauty and charm to a greater extent than the motion picture people.

However, before any of the stars achieved the attractiveness for which they are famed today they had the bugaboo of self-consciousness to combat.

How did they do it? Generally speaking, with thought and effort and courage, essential qualities for whatever we undertake.

Norma Shearer used to be frightfully self-conscious. It is, I think, quite safe to say that Norma's career once was jeopardized by her incessant fear that she wasn't appearing to the best advantage. You may remember after her first marked success in "The Stealers," Norma chucked everything and went home

By
Adele Whitely Fletcher

to Canada. Managers had delivered something of an ultimatum with their "Thumbs down on Shearer. She's too high-hat."

HAUGHTINESS A GREAT MISTAKE

For Norma, like thousands of other girls, had sought a hide-away for her self-consciousness in a defensive, upstage attitude. Nothing could be more ill-advised, as a matter of fact, for haughtiness antagonizes people, and if we weren't hungry for friendship and approbation and understanding it wouldn't matter to us what others thought of us and we wouldn't become self-conscious in the first place. The surest way to have people like you is not to be afraid to let them see that you like them.

But to get back to Norma. She undoubtedly has self-conscious moments still, but there is a difference. Now she is mistress of herself.

And her new defense of perfect grooming is infinitely sounder than any sophomoric high-hat attitude.

WE all know the acute discomfort experienced because of a run in a stocking. We all know how an entire evening can be ruined because a dress doesn't fit properly. By the same token a meticulous grooming lends a beautiful assurance.

It isn't simply that Norma now has money to spend on clothes. It is more than that. It is that she plans her wardrobe carefully and then sees to it that shoes are polished, clothes pressed, lingerie dipped, hats brushed, etc., etc. After all a spot on a hundred dollar gown is quite as conspicuous as a spot on a cheaper dress.

Norma appears to have borne all this in mind until she has attained a peak of grooming where if she finds anyone looking at her she knows beyond any shadow of a doubt there is nothing to be criticized in her appearance except on the grounds of personal taste.

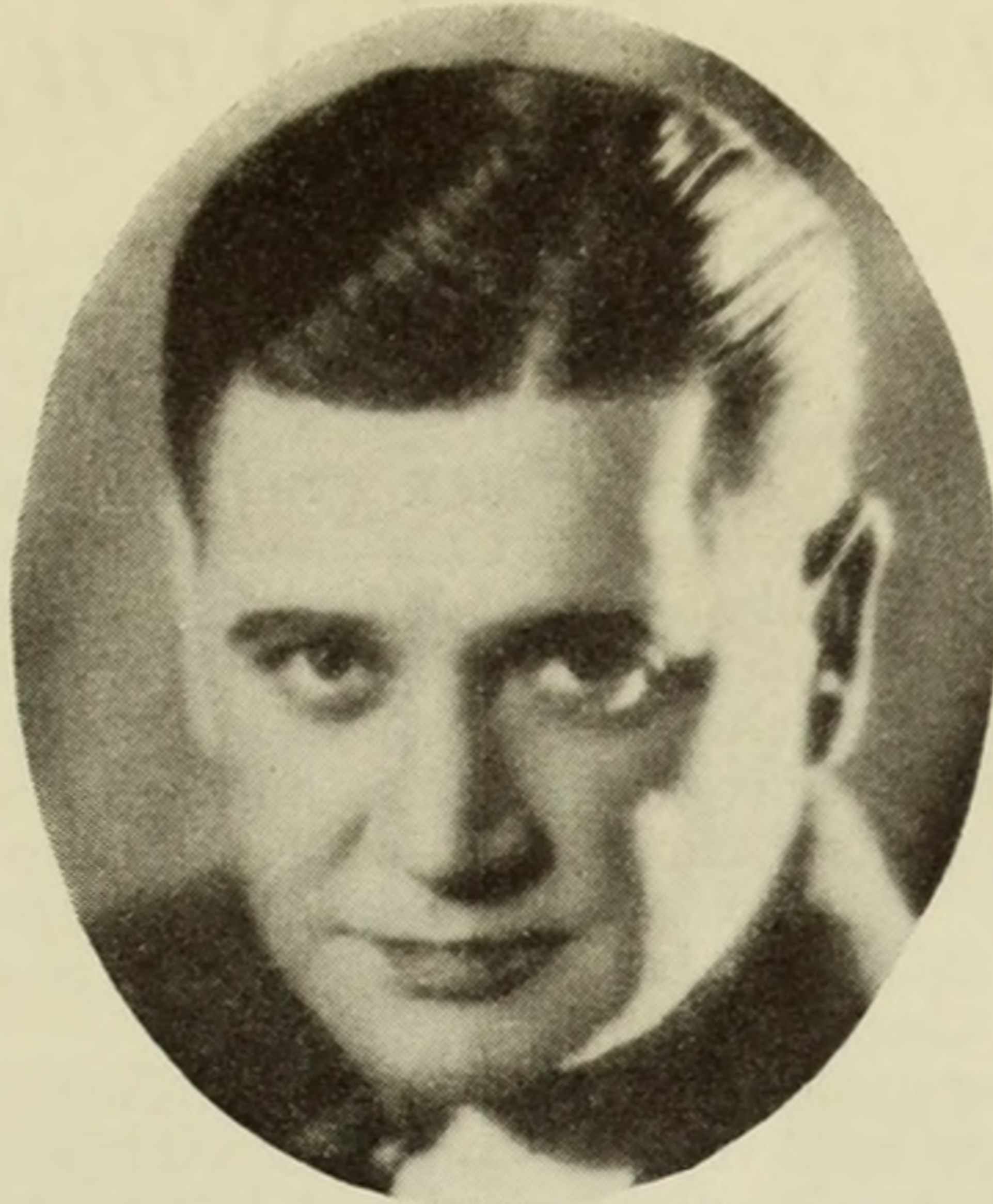
She has the comforting knowledge that she is neatly and correctly dressed, that her collar and cuffs are spotless and crisp, that her stocking seams



It was Cecil B. De Mille who cured Lois Wilson of her embarrassment over her hands. He showed her how to make them an asset



Gloria Swanson had social ambitions. Nothing makes you more self-conscious



Richard Dix was "all-hands-and-feet" until he learned a lot about human nature



The fact almost everybody is self-conscious helps Claudette Colbert fight it

Self-Consciousness

Before any of the stars achieved the attractiveness for which they are famed today they had the bugaboo of self-consciousness to combat

are straight, that her heels aren't even a trifle run down, that her hair has been well shampooed and brushed and arranged, that her make-up has been evenly and smoothly applied, and that her nails are everything nails should be.

And, because of the effort she spends in this direction, Norma always may enjoy the utmost confidence in her appearance.

And anything we can do to acquire confidence in ourselves makes self-consciousness that much more unlikely and just that much less devastating.

Which reminds me of a school-girl I know. She is sixteen, a most fertile age for self-consciousness. Parties, even though she is eager for a gay time, loom as nightmares to her. Yet again and again I've known this girl to be covered with confusion while she apologized for her nails or her shoes or some other neglected detail of her appearance. And I've thought, more than once, if she would spend half the time and energy keeping up her appearance that she spends mortified because she has been careless she would have a much happier time and remove what is one of the chief causes of anyone's self-consciousness.

WHERE A COMPLIMENT WORKED A MIRACLE

Different people, of course, display their self-consciousness in different ways. Lois Wilson remembers how her hands grew rapidly until she became over-sensitive about them and spent the best part of her life trying to keep them inconspicuous.

"Cecil B. De Mille found me out, however,"

says Lois, "and proceeded to tell me that my hands were beautifully formed and that I used them gracefully. It was, of course, the greatest kindness he could have done me. I began to take better care of my hands than I ever had before. And, no longer embarrassed, I stopped being awkward and used my hands with pride. In time 'C. B.'s' compliment came that much closer to the truth.

"Actually, by that timely observation and his wise, understanding flattery, 'C. B.' turned my hands from a handicap into an asset."

There is a similar story told about the late Roshanara, the dancer, world-famous for her grace. Once upon a time Roshanara, like Lois, was self-conscious over her hands.

"Let your hands drop naturally in your lap—like lotus buds," an old Buddhist priest told her. He made Roshanara see her hands as flowers so vividly that thereafter whenever she relaxed she let her hands drop to her lap, her wrists lightly crossed, palms facing upward, and her fingers curled.

And thanks to that old priest who gave her a beautiful vision of something she had formed the habit of thinking about as awkward and clumsy, Roshanara lived to see sculptors strive to



Norma Shearer used to be short-sighted enough to hide behind an upstage manner. Today, Norma has a much better defense

What These Stars Did You, Too, Can Do

catch the eloquence of her hands in their marble, while poets never wearied of singing of their beauty.

WHAT MAKES US SELF-CONSCIOUS?

It is, I think, very important to understand what prompts us—the ninety-nine out of every one hundred of us—to be self-conscious in the first place. Then we will be that much more efficient about correcting it. Psychologists tell us that we all are naturally eager to fit into an approved pattern. Therefore any departure from type worries us, causing us to become unduly conscious of ourselves.

Perhaps we are a little too fat. Or a little too thin. Too tall. Too short. Perhaps we have a prominent nose. Crooked teeth. Or perhaps when we were very young our mother used to dress us differently from other children. It even might be that just once we had to wear a dress or a hat or a coat that we despised and in which we were unhappy about our appearance.

In the deep and usually unexplored forests of our minds, psychologists find it often is what might seem a trifling experience to the lay mind that makes the deepest, most lasting impression. And naturally enough, the more sensitive we are the more any chance of adverse criticism or adverse opinions concerns us and, wretchedly enough, the more self-conscious we become.

Taking all of this into consideration it ceases to be surprising that only about one person out of every hundred escapes self-consciousness. We are none of us perfect and we are none of us as serene and confident as everybody else appears to us when we're in the throes of self-consciousness ourselves.

BOILED down to their essentials you will find that all antidotes for self-consciousness are something that will reassure us about ourselves, something that will give us some degree of superiority.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AND SOCIAL AMBITIONS

Gloria Swanson is an excellent case in point. Gloria used to be haughty. Oh, so haughty. Let's consider the predicament in which Gloria found herself.

From a little bathing girl she had evolved a great and famous star. It is reasonable to suppose she felt everyone remembered her cutting capers on the Sennett sands. And Gloria had a bright new image of herself as a brilliant, cultured cosmopolite and a finished dramatic actress, and this image she wanted everyone else to share.

I don't doubt that Gloria had social ambitions, too. Most people do who get anywhere. However, nothing will make anyone more painfully self-conscious. The very fact that anyone is ambitious socially admits that they find some people more desirable than others. And immediately, of course, in making their comparisons, they become aware of the things these superior people possess and some of which they themselves lack.

FACED with this situation, Gloria was one hundred per cent honest with herself.

She didn't pretend that whatever it was she lacked wasn't important. She didn't go around boasting, by one means or another, that she was as grand as anybody else. Instead, she set out to acquire all the things she believed to be desirable and important.

She began to study assiduously. Dancing. Singing. Voice culture. French. She read a great variety of things. She was "choosy" about her personal friends. Through years of intense application Gloria concentrated upon her studies until she acquired her share of all the things she believes to be worth while.

With the result that today Gloria has an assurance, and the old self-consciousness which she sought to disguise by her haughty manner has been pretty well banished. At any rate, Gloria is haughty no longer but warm and gracious and friendly. She may have bad moments now and then but certainly this miserable emotion no longer menaces her beauty, her grace, or her poise.

POISE SOMETIMES IS ONLY CAMOUFLAGE

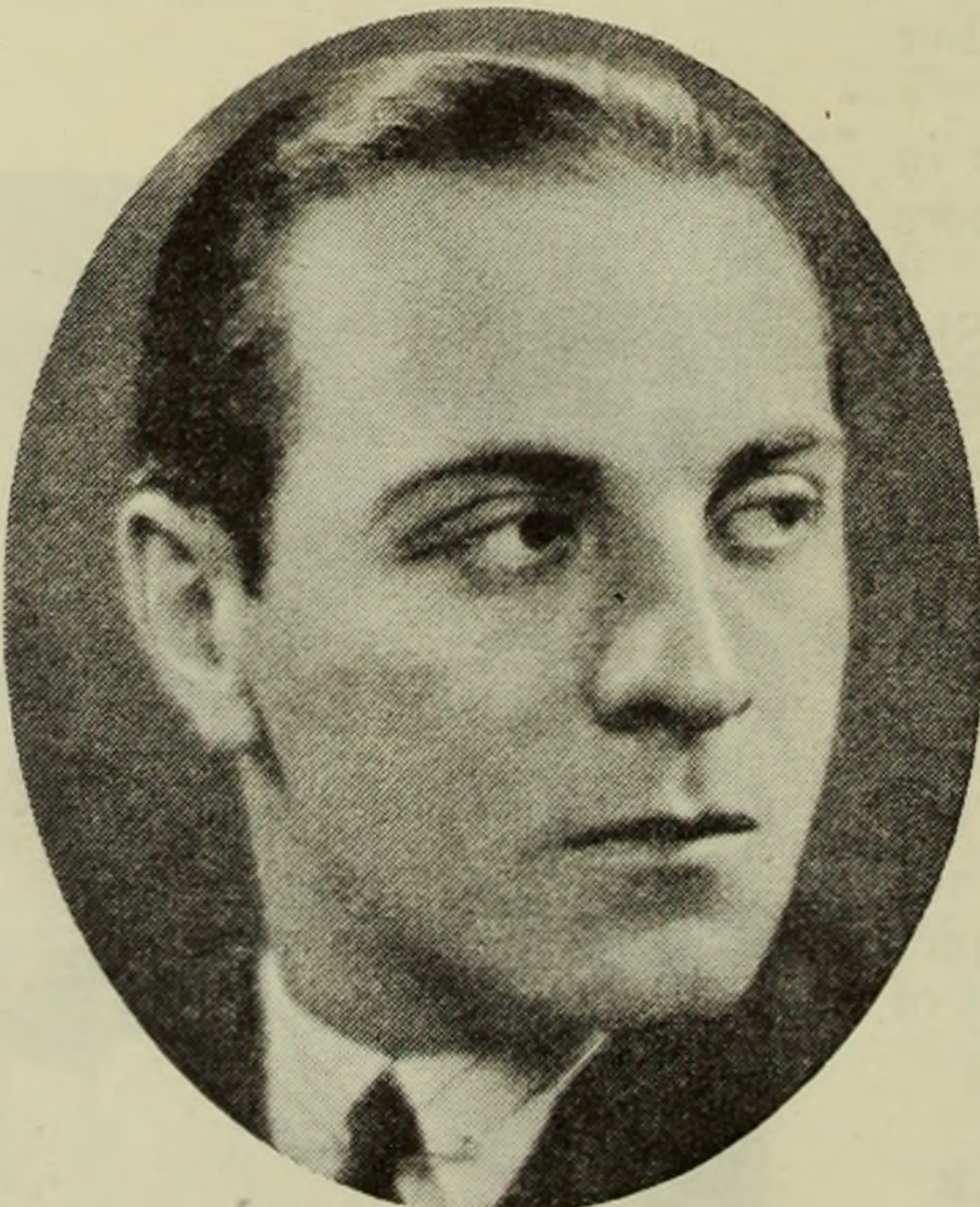
Often enough the very person you believe to be particularly calm and confident is the most self-conscious person of all. Take Alice Joyce, long looked upon as the most poised lady in the film colony. Alice—having known her intimately for years I know whereof I
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



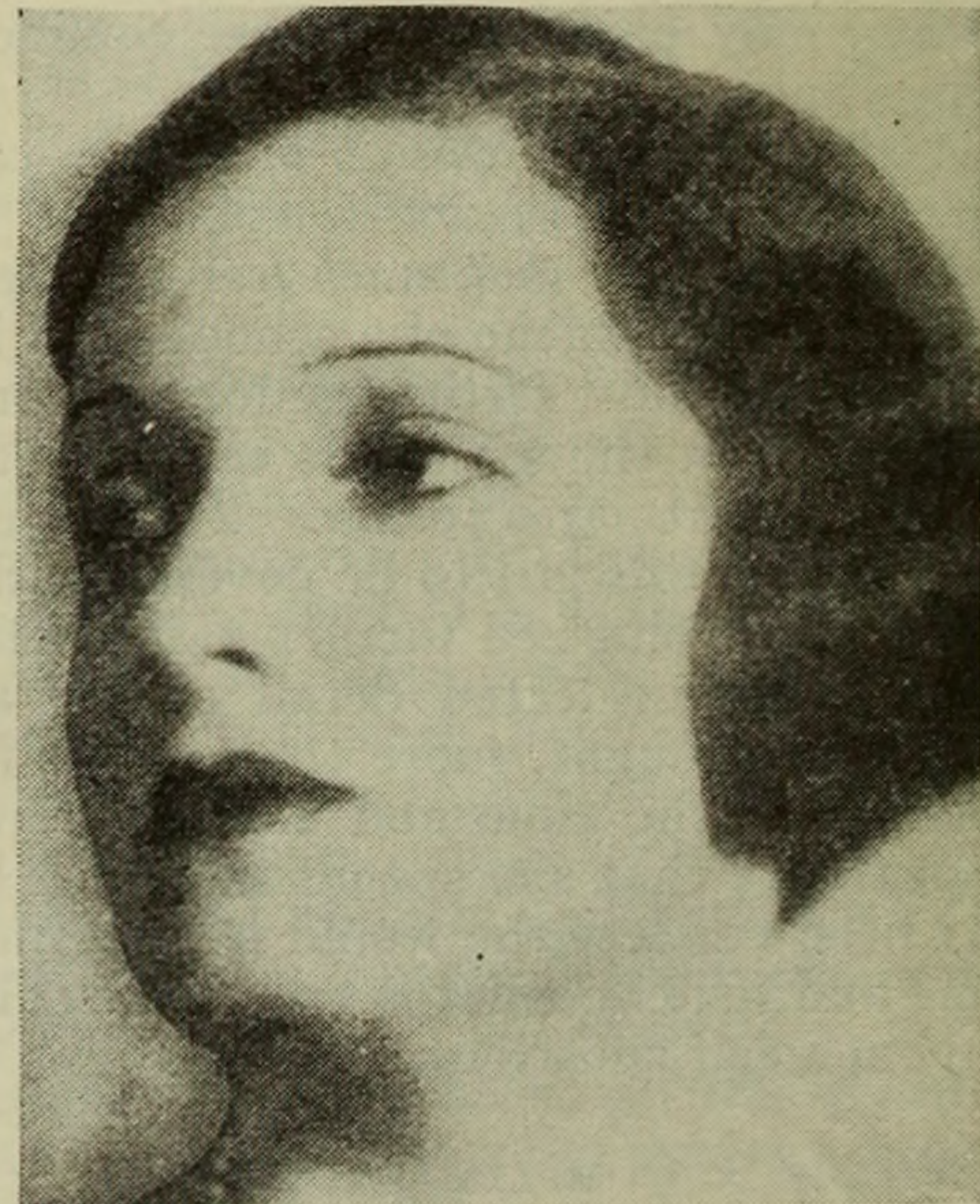
"If others can be confident and poised so can I," insists Lilyan Tashman, calling her sense of competition into play



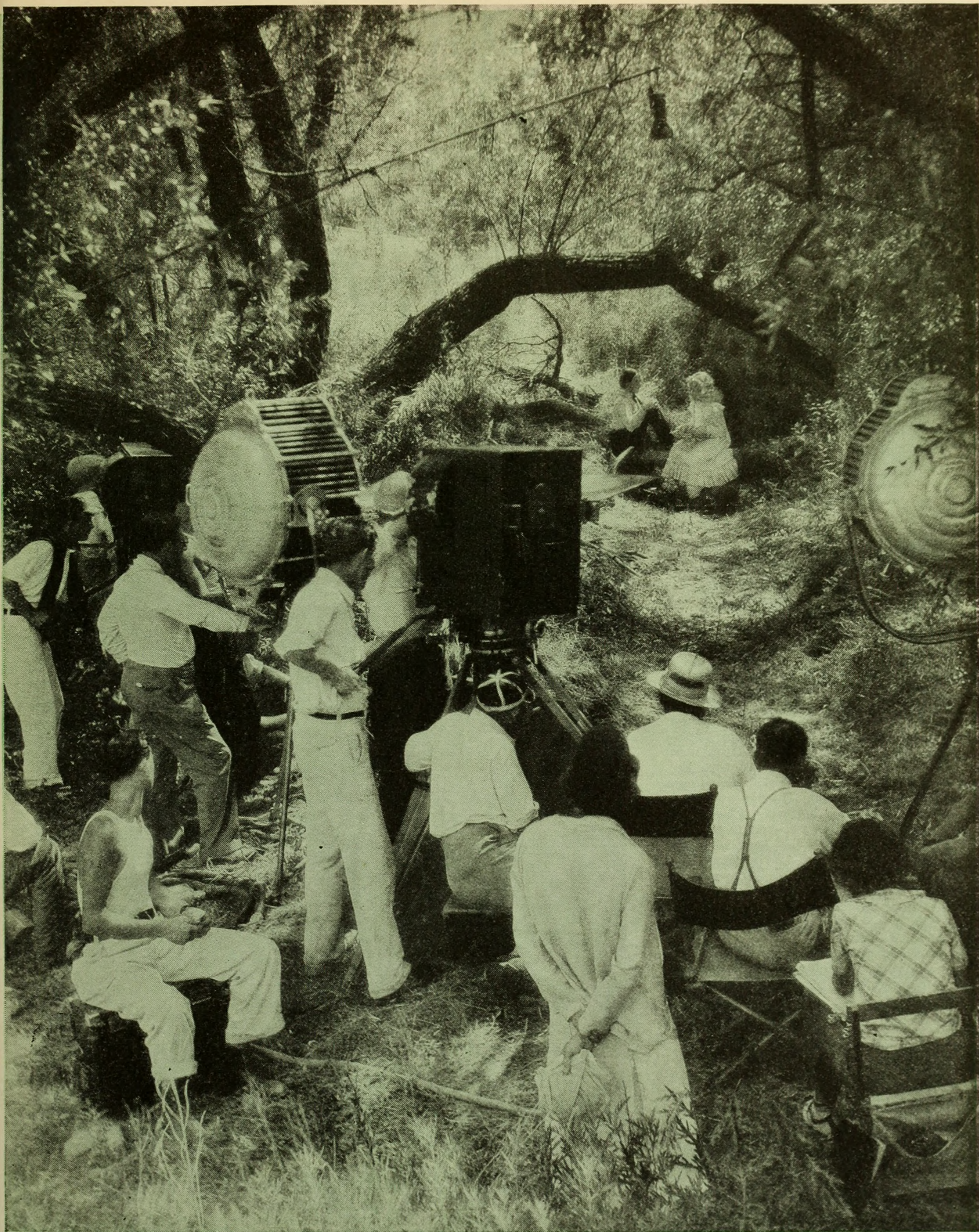
Estelle Taylor, panicky as she was about to address a group of writers one evening, had an inspiration. It has helped her very greatly ever since



A teacher in high school taught Ricardo Cortez that self-consciousness is closely related to cowardice. That cured him of the habit



Alice Joyce has a little trick which serves as a conversational spring-board when she is timid about beginning. It never fails to register for her



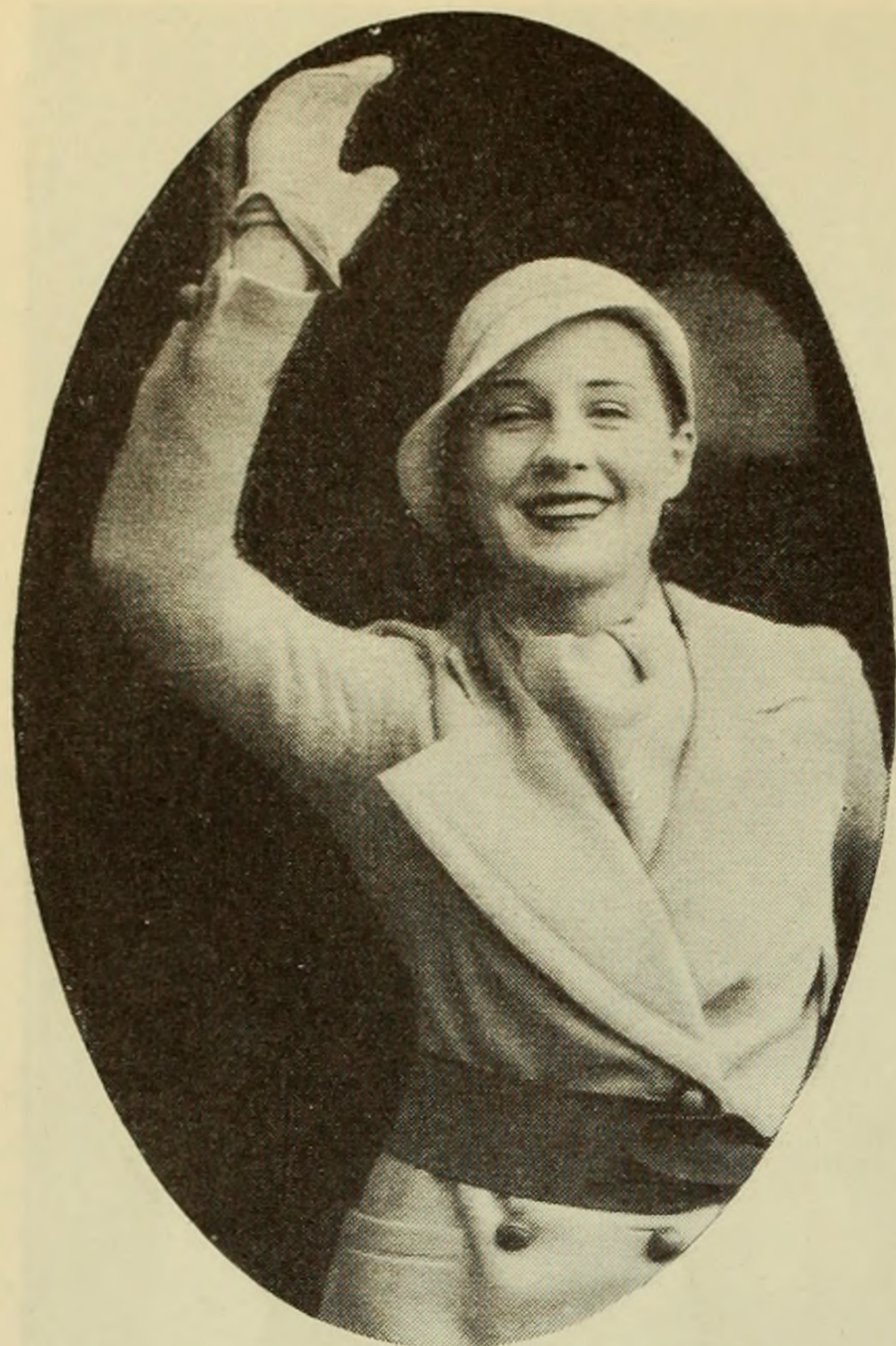
Gordon

HUCK FINN would have used that long pole at the top of this picture to go fishin' with and left *Tom Sawyer* and *Becky Thatcher* alone, in this sylvan retreat. But Paramount uses it to hang

the ever-present mike on and moves right in with a crew of 14—count 'em—14, so you can hear what Jackie Coogan is saying to Mitzi Green in this tender "shot" from "Huckleberry Finn."

Cal York

Announcing-



Daily Express

Heigho, cheerio and what ho! You're used to the calm Norma Shearer of Hollywood. Free and gay, she is waving bye-bye to a London crowd at Waterloo station

CLARA BOW is back in Hollywood because she wants to be near Rex Bell, who is plugging along in his picture career. There's loyalty for you. When Clara was in trouble the cowboy-sweet-heart was right by her side in every emergency.

Clara is having daily sessions with the dentist. She is also permitting her hair to go back to its natural red. Every writer on PHOTOPLAY is betting that when Clara Bow comes back to the screen it's going to be a real comeback. The girl has been a bundle of nerves for over a year, and although the talkies have not been kind to her as yet, we feel that the company that secures Clara has a great chance to make a reputation for itself. Right now it looks as if Junior Laemmle will sign her for Universal.

Another star that plans a comeback and for whom everyone in Hollywood is rooting is that daring and flashing youngster, Tom Mix.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S friends are ribbing him over a story which leaked out of New York since Bob visited the big town a few months ago. According to the story, Tallulah Bankhead had asked to meet Bob, who was flattered and got a mutual friend to introduce him.

"Bob! You darling!" the impulsive Bankhead greeted him. "Tell me about Garbo."

AFEW months ago Marlene Dietrich stated in an interview that her husband had no intention of coming to America immediately. It was her intention to spend six months in this country and six months in her home in Germany. Friend husband arrived last month. He arrived just before the news broke in the newspapers that Director Von Sternberg's ex-wife was suing Marlene for libel and alienation of affections, and what-not.

Hollywood is loyal to Miss Dietrich in all this legal rumpus and while the director and the star he discovered and developed into one of the first luminaries of the screen have been seen in each other's company in public places



Wide World

Three screaming cheers! Here's Lila Lee, home in Hollywood after two years of illness. Never looked better! The lad is John Considine, the producer

of Hollywood, even the gossip hounds admit that it is perfectly reasonable and proper that they should. It is simply a case of *Svengali* and *Trilby*, they say.

POOOR Charlie Chaplin!

Just before he sailed for Europe, he was telling a group of friends who were seeing a preview of his picture in a private projection room, how anxious he was to get to Spain and see a bull-fight. He had been reading

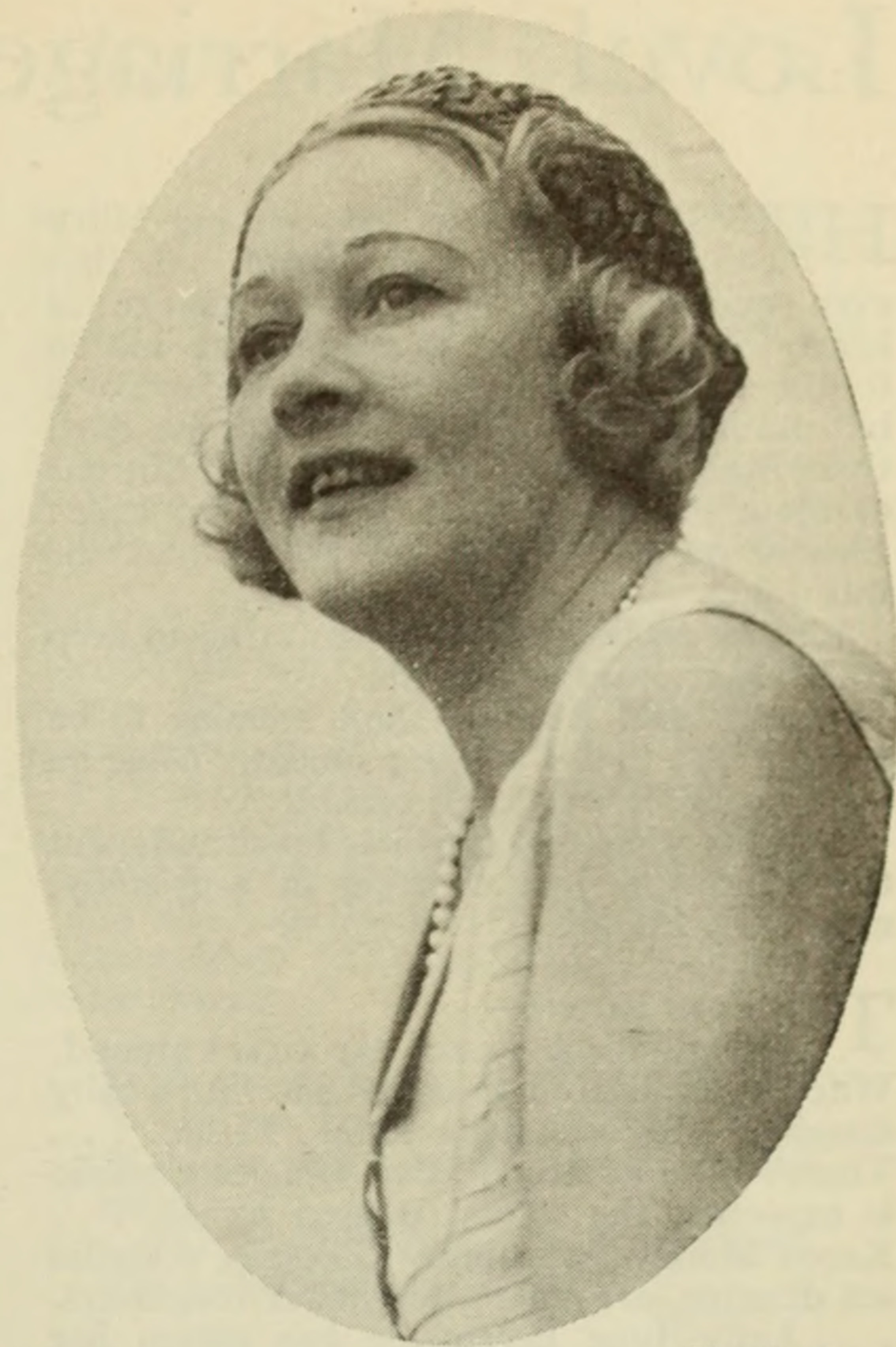
bull-fight literature by the volume. It had become a mania with him.

During his telling, he got up and put on an impromptu bull-fight pantomime for his guests.

"It is the epitome of grace," he exulted, dancing as only Chaplin can dance ideas. "It is beautiful, not gory." Etc., etc., etc. . . .

AND then he went to Spain. And attended a bull-fight. Eight bulls were killed; nearly a score of horses were maimed, gored.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings - On!



Keystone

It's National Good News Month! All well after three years recovering from a broken hip, our friend Anna Q. Nilsson greets New York. She convalesced in Sweden



Keystone

"Well," says Gary Cooper, swinging his summer felt, "I found some hot spots abroad, but none to equal New York harbor!" On ship-board, coming home

Chaplin looked at it for a while. Then he let his head droop.

He covered his eyes with his hands. When the crowd roared for blood, he stuck his fingers in his ears.

He shuddered a bit now and then.

At the end of the performance, the leading matador, one Marcial Lallanda, honored Chaplin by presenting him with the ear of one of the slain bulls, neatly sliced off and wrapped in a bloody silk handkerchief.

Charlie accepted it as gracefully as he possibly could.

And with a final *beau geste*, the comedian remarked: "It was a great and beautiful spectacle."

Then he went home.

THE little lady who has been reported as Charlie Chaplin's next is just his secretary. We know it is true because his press-agent says so.

VIRGINIA VALLI and Charles Farrell have completed their beach home at Escondido, the new movie colony four miles north of Malibu.

And now we learn that Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have purchased a lot just a stone's throw away and are going to build immediately.

Just another proof of the friendship of the two families.

GLORIA SWANSON attended the opening of her picture, "Indiscreet," in London, accompanied by no less a personage than ex-King Alphonso of Spain. They were properly chaperoned by Lady Mountbatten.

WHEN Gloria Swanson returned to America from Europe, these were the startling things that happened:

Aboard the *Aquitania* with her was Michael Farmer, ex-boy friend of Marilyn Miller and gay blade who once broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Neither would admit an engagement.

Gloria did not wear an Empress Eugenie hat (but don't let that worry you—she will and like it before this season is over).

She admitted that she'd seen Constance Bennett and the Marquis accidentally at a tea. And she added (with nonchalant shrug of shoulder), "It's her life."

GLORIA brought back dozens of Paris gowns for her next picture.

But she did not dress for dinner once on the boat (maybe Mike likes sports clothes better).

Everything was all very gay and if you think she crossed the ocean with an attractive man to spite Connie and the Marquis—who crossed together—that's your own business.

IN "Murder by the Clock," Irving Pichel plays a moronic murderer.

Pichel has three children.

He has forbidden them to see the picture.

Love! Marriage! Divorce! Laughter! Tears!

HERE'S a brand new and amazing Mary Pickford story. And it goes to show that even queens sometimes have a change of heart. Pickfair is on a neighboring hilltop to the Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor home but during all the time that Eleanor has lived there Mary has never been visiting. But one of those sweltering mornings Pickford called Eleanor on the phone and asked what she was doing.

Eleanor replied that she was trying to keep cool. Mary said so was she.

"Well," said Eleanor, there seeming to be nothing else to say at the moment, "come on over and we'll keep cool together."

And Mary did and stayed to lunch and spent the afternoon—just chatting in a friendly, neighborly fashion.

THE Love Parade—

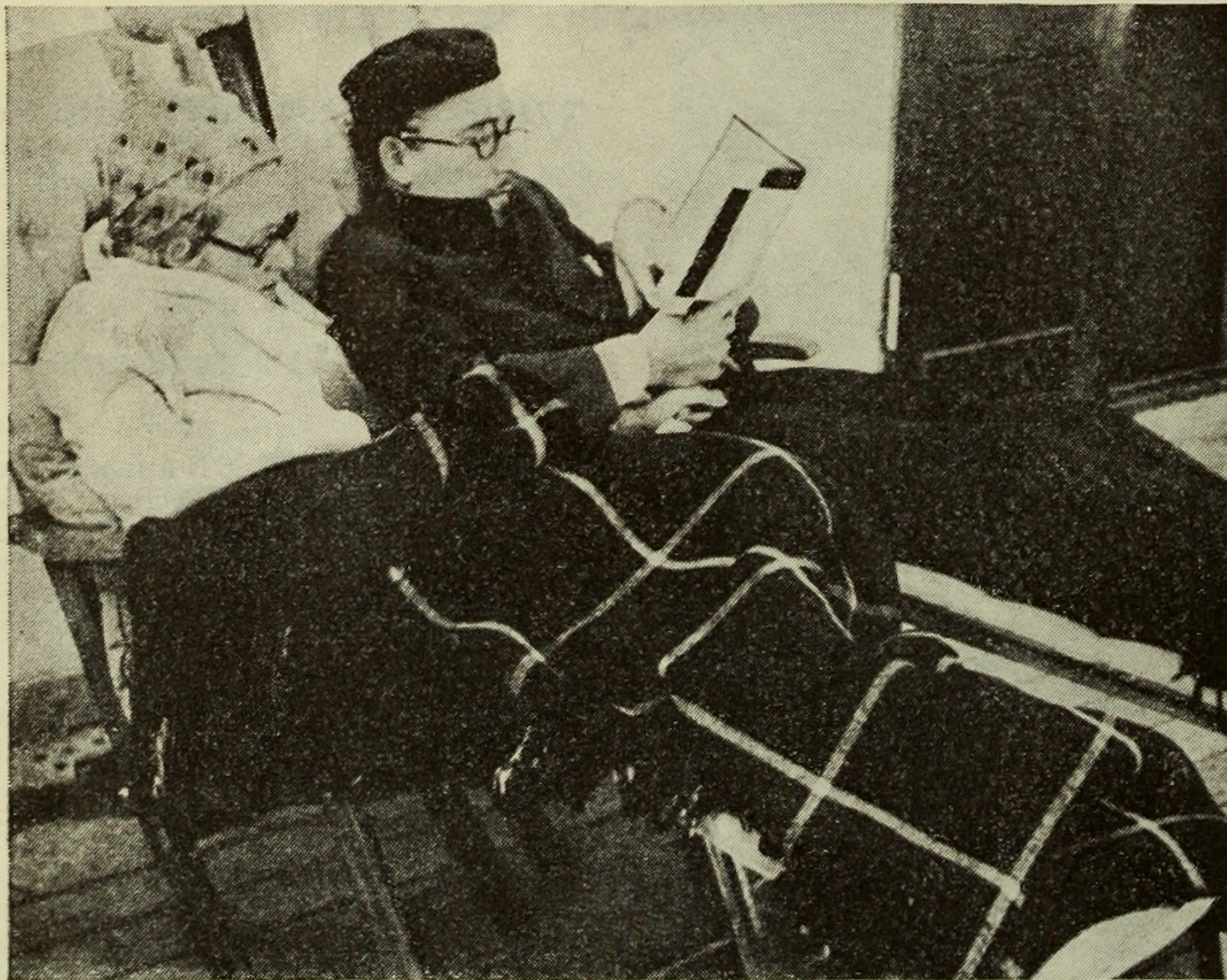
George Webb passed the cigars around. Wife Esther Ralston presented him with a baby daughter. She was named Mary Esther. . . . There's a rumor around that Dolores Costello is expecting the second Blessed Event. . . . Karen Morley and Buddy Gillespie, a studio art director, are among the newer romancers. . . . Lady June Inverclyde has gotten her divorce. . . . Wedding bells for her and Lothar Mendes (Dorothy Mackaill's ex) soon. . . . Jillian Sand, English actress who made just one picture in Hollywood and is now in



Wide World

Flat on her back, recovering from a broken hip, poor Joan Bennett gazes at a picture of daughter Adrienne, three. She'll be away from us four months.

Note the monogrammed bed linen



Wide World

Who on earth can these quaint folk be? You *must* believe us when we tell you they are Connie Bennett and her Marquis "Hank" de Falaise, on shipboard, Paris-bound!

New York, will be married to Hampton Robb, vice-president of a big food importing company. . . . What about Jack Gilbert and Marjorie King? There are those who say they're exchanging that kind of glances. . . . Ivan Lebedeff took Frances Dee to the opening of "An American Tragedy" in Hollywood. . . . And Joe Von Sternberg took Marlene Dietrich and her hubby. . . . Mary Doran and press agent Joe Sherman told it to a judge, but not what you think. It was a judge who married them. . . . Baton-wielder Paul Whiteman and Margaret Livingston were married in Denver—the romance has been hot for a long time.

ANITA PAGE celebrated her twenty-first birthday by losing fifteen pounds. Dad Pomares sprung a surprise party on her, inviting twenty of her non-professional friends and presenting her with her grandmother's diamond ring.

The only vacant place was one marked "Junior Laemmle," who is very fond of Anita and who was too ill to be there.

LOVE and Things Like That—

Lila Lee sails for Tahiti for a vacation before undertaking screen comeback . . . and Johnny Farrow, her fiance, sailing later on a

world tour, lets it be known he will stop at Tahiti. . . . Yola D'Avril is sued for divorce by composer Edward Ward who says she went out with other men. . . . Wesley Ruggles gave Arline Judge a wrist watch inscribed "To Arline With My Love. Wesley." . . . Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle and twenty-four-year-old Addie McPhail plan European honeymoon after their marriage. . . . Don Alvarado and his wife, Ann, trying a trial separation before deciding whether to divorce or try again. . . . Creighton Hale weds society woman Kathleen Bering. . . . Edna May Oliver (now don't laugh) gets a divorce and all Hollywood is surprised that she was ever a Mrs. . . . Edna's only comment was a sniff. . . . Ralf Harolde's wife gets divorce because hubby's parties kept her awake. . . . It's a boy at the Lester Vails. . . . Jack Dempsey filed his divorce complaint. The next day Estelle Taylor countered. Both charged mental cruelty. . . . Claire Windsor went to Atlantic Beach—only for the day—with Gilbert W. Kahn, son of banker Otto. . . . Rex Lease and Eleanor Hunt have decided to stay married. And were they the loving couple at a recent Embassy party!

THERE are rumors that Norma Talmadge plans a screen return this fall under the M-G-M banner—and with Clark Gable as her leading man.

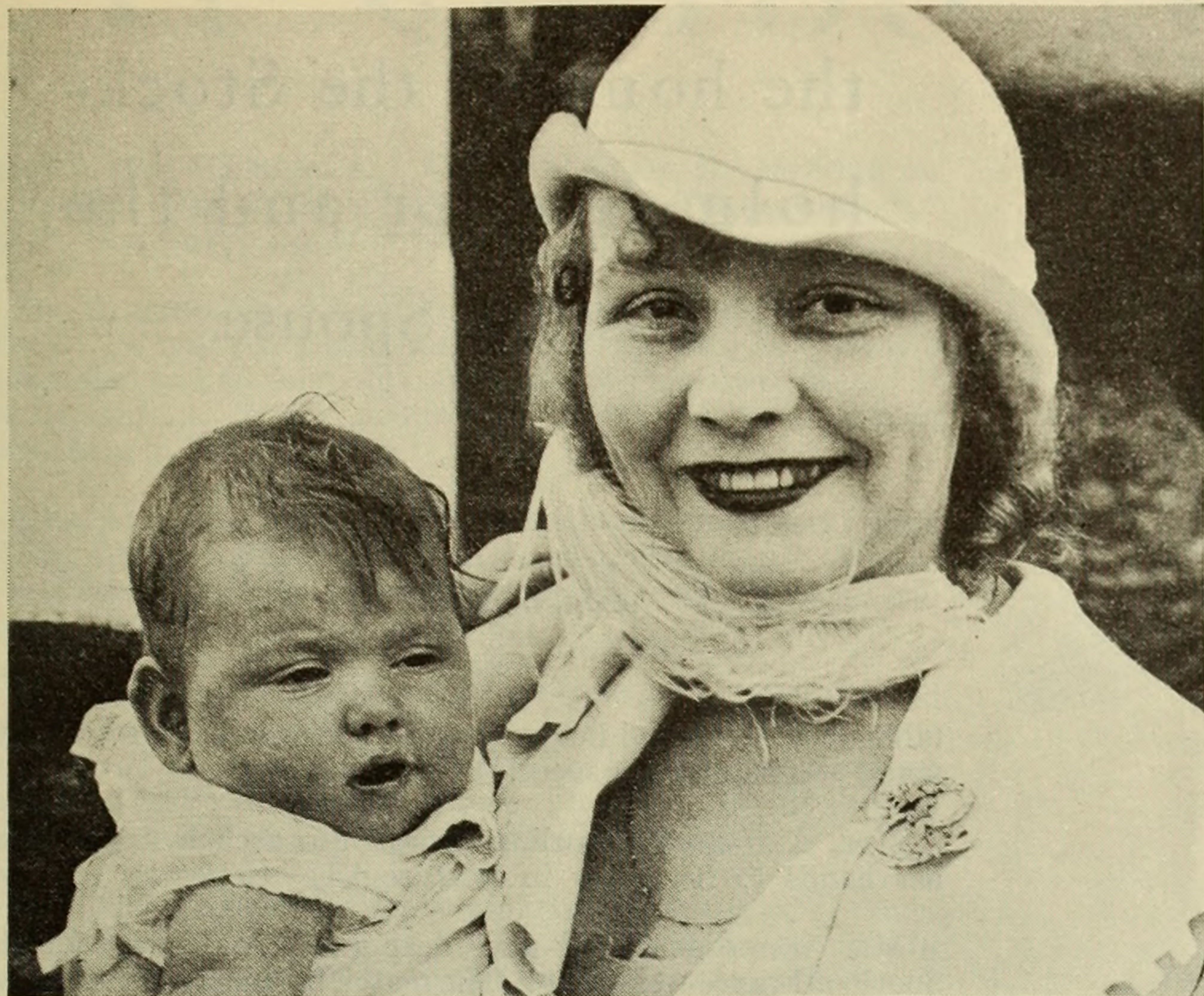
What makes it fairly credible is the extreme vigor of the official denials from all sources.

STRANGE coincidence, isn't it?

In the very week when Anna Q. Nilsson returned to Hollywood for a picture comeback, after a long, long time in hospitals and rest homes that followed a broken hip when she fell from a horse, Joan Bennett should fall from a horse and suffer a broken hip!

And while Anna makes plans to play in pictures again, Joan prepares for "at least four months" in plaster cast and hospital, and her doctors refuse to say how long before she can

Hollywood Life *is* Stranger *than* Pictures!



Acme

Recognize the baby? It's the daughter of Nils Asther, heart-thumper of silent days, in the arms of her mother, Vivian Duncan. Mamma and Evelyn are home from Germany

work in pictures again. They point, strangely, to the very case of the Nilsson long absence as a warning of trying to return to work too soon.

INCIDENTALLY, Hollywood marvels at Joan's courage. Because of telephone directions getting mixed up, it was two hours before an ambulance arrived at the location scene where Joan was injured. For those two hours, she lay on the hard ground, not complaining or crying or fainting, but wisecracking and joking with the rest of the company who were afraid to move her before doctors arrived.

VARIETY spins the yarn about the writer who was reading his story to the boss. The exec suddenly stopped him.

"Now explain why the hero goes to the South Seas," he said.

"That's not important," said the writer. "The guy's young—he wants to get away, to travel—why, there are a thousand reasons."

"Name one! Name one! You gotta give me a reason."

"Okay," said the writer, pretty mad by now. "He wants to camp out!"

IT'S the sweet and simple life for Nancy Carroll. And maybe I'm getting sentimental in my old age but I think it's all pretty nifty. She and husband Bolton Mallory took a small apartment in New York—living-room, bedroom and tiny kitchen. It's just across the street from Bolton's office.

What's more, Nancy refused to have a maid. "Who wants anybody else around on a honeymoon?" said Nancy. But that isn't all. She gets up early in the morning and cooks Bolton's breakfast! "And I can give you the grandest recipe for scrambled eggs with onions you've ever tasted," she said. It must be love all right, all right, between Nancy and that handsome husband of hers.

YOUNG Douglas Fairbanks was playing chess with his pal, Allen Vincent, handsome New York actor, one night while Joan was working at the studio. The next day Joan was tipped off by her maid that a black widow had been seen playing around the house. Joan immediately packed her bags and moved to the Ambassador. Wait a minute. Let us finish this. Doug. went with her.

The following day the house was full of fumes and five or six men running around in gas masks. It wasn't the kind of a black widow you go into court about. It's the kind of spider that isn't such a pleasant house guest

to have around. Termites also had gotten into the beams of the house. These little fellows, a species of insect, bore into the timbers. Unless they are checked they will destroy the foundations of any structure. These little insects caused an item to be published in the paper that the young couple were on the verge of a split. That's all there was to the rumor—black widows and termites.

INA CLAIRE asked a number of people to spend the week-end with her at her beach house. When one of the guests arrived he was accompanied by six people, all strangers to Ina.

"I'm very sorry," Ina greeted them, "but I've prepared for a certain number of guests and I'll have to ask you to come another time."

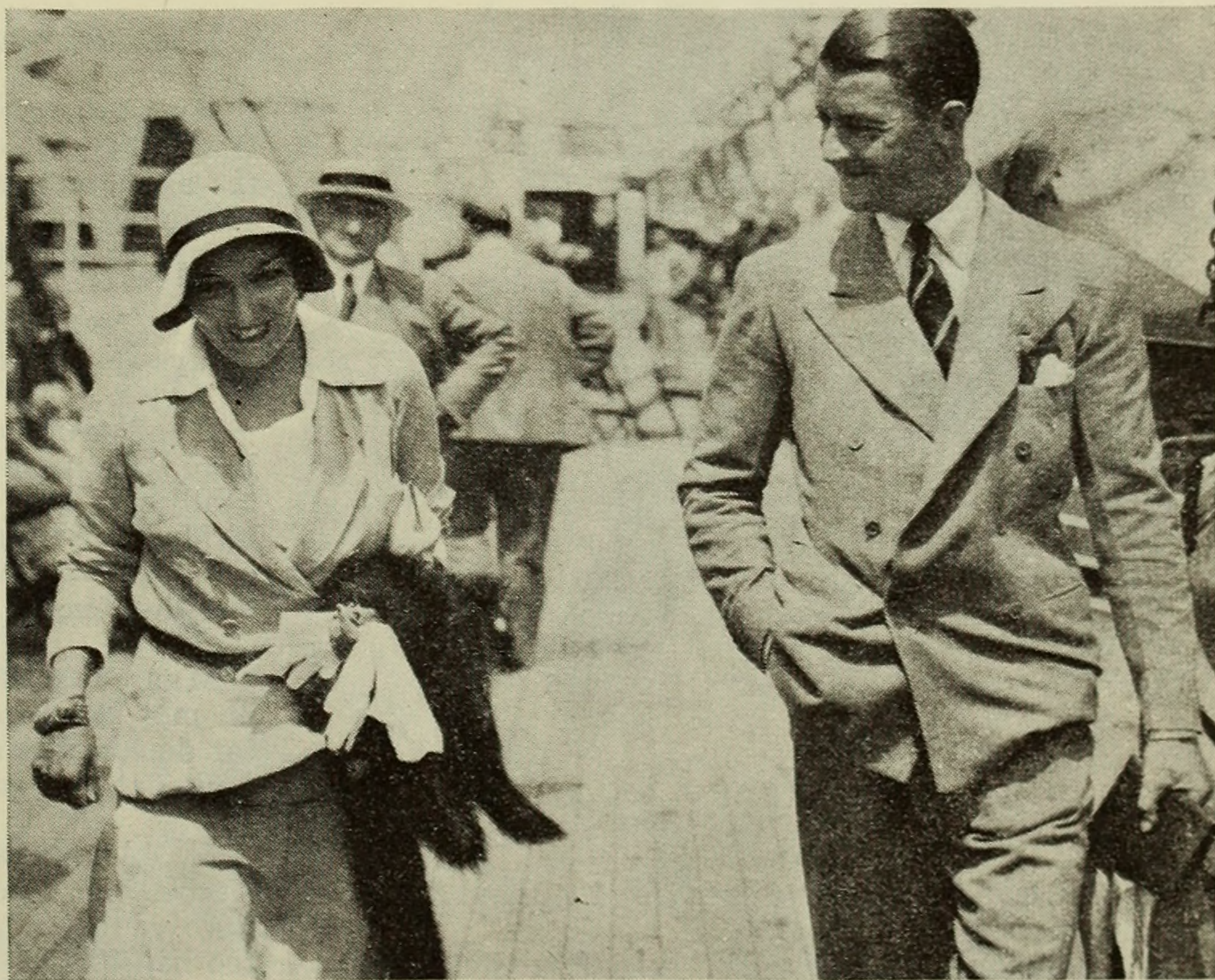
For which all Hollywood will give Ina three rousing cheers. That is, all except the six uninvited guests.

ON the same day Ina Claire got her decree from Jack Gilbert, Bull Montana was sued for divorce by his wife.

"Ah, well," sighed Bull, "I guess I'm no better than Jack!"

HEY, there, El Brendel—move over. Make room there, Miss Garbo. There's another Swede crashing in—no, *two* more!

It seems that Vivian Duncan (Mrs. Nils



International

Romancers, or just good pals? Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer on their way home from Europe. Farmer was once reported engaged to Marilyn Miller. And now—?

Asther to you, Mister Immigration officer!) has to return to America as a Swedish subject, because of her marriage to Nils Asther and the birth of their baby daughter. The baby—Evelyn, a half year old now—was shunted about from consulate to consulate in Paris when Mamma Vivian tried to get passports to return to America. The mess was finally straightened out by registering the baby as Swedish, and mama, too. The complications arose in France because the baby was born in Germany of an American mother and Swedish papa—oh, what a League of Nations!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]



An intimate peek inside the home of the Stock- holm Sizzler and the Possible Spouse

By Leonard Hall

table, or a horse and buggy, or a new Fjord? I *do* so want to make you happy, my sveet!

MRS. ANDERSSON (hurling herself into a chair and hurling her hands to her brow in Posture VI)—Garbo iss so cold!

MR. ANDERSSON—My poor dear girl! We'll start for the South of France tomorrow! The match business will just hhave to look out for itself, that's all. Will you be glad to be in that nice Nice?

MRS. ANDERSSON—South of France? It iss so hot!

MR. ANDERSSON—Oh, I know what it is! You miss dat Hollywood! I build you the only house in Svolljs—whatever the name of this djamn place is—with a solarium, an indoor swimming pool and a quarter-mile running track, and this is the thanks I get! It gets a gjuy sore, Greta!

MRS. ANDERSSON—Ach, Olaf—you *are* sveet! But Garbo iss always alone—alone—*alone!*

MR. ANDERSSON—Alone, ejh? Well, I must say I like that! Here I am neglecting the match factory until business is practically shot to hjell, so I can be with you! And how about that bjridge club I organized just for you? Don't you enjoy playing cjontract with Mrs. Peterssen and Mrs. Rasmussen and Mrs Smijth-Jjones? I *must* say you're a little hard on me!

MRS. ANDERSSON—Hard on you, Olaf, it iss you dat is hard on me! Peehaps you do not realize dat de world is waiting for de sunrise and Garbo. I am a world figger and iss it my fault dat you are yust Garbo's mate, my sveet?

MR. ANDERSSON—Ye gods, dat is just it! I am just Mr. Garbo, the feller dat hitched his wagon to a star, and believe you me, darling, if the harness broke it would be just too bad for you and me! But maybe you would be happier back in dat Hollywood where you were de big mystery?

MRS. ANDERSSON—De big mystery! Dat is what dey said in de magazines in America! Garbo a mystery—dat iss a big laugh. Garbo is hungry and sleepy and bored and tired and full of pep when de rain comes down but de Americans dey do not understand dat! But if Garbo was not a mystery what would de fan magazines do for stories? So it iss better dat Garbo is a mystery and den great writers like Len Hall can make a living. But dey do not know dat poor Garbo iss alone—always alone.

MR. ANDERSSON—There you go again my pjet with that alone business. Goodness knows you have many more friends here in whatever the name is than anyone else heaven forbid.

MRS. ANDERSSON (hurling herself out of the chair and hurling herself up and down the room in Posture XXIII)—You don't understand, Olaf—it iss my soul dat iss alone! If I could only

UNITED Press dispatch printed in a thousand American newspapers:

COPENHAGEN, Denmark, June 22—Greta Garbo, the alluring screen star, is proceeding to Europe to marry a Swedish merchant named Andersson, the *Svenske Dagbladet* said today.

SCENE—The living-room of the new Andersson home at Svolljskjff, Sveden. Mrs. Greta Garbo Andersson is pacing up and down the room. Mr. Greta Garbo Andersson, the groom, is sitting by the fire, in djressing gjown and sjlippers, trying to read his evening paper, The Svolljskjff Gjazette-Tjimes-Stjar.

MR. ANDERSSON (looking up from the sjports page)—Please, my darling, *can't* you sit quietly for a little while? How can I read my paper when you're hopping dis way and dat way? This eternal stamping up and down is driving me bjughouse!

MRS. ANDERSSON—Ach!

MR. ANDERSSON—*Please*, as a favor to me, sit down! Are you happy? Do you ljove me? Do you want a ping-pong

If Garbo Marries

be on a high mountain top, with only de sea and de wind for company. Dat ole davvil sea—dat's from "Anna Christie," Olaf! Den Garbo would not be so lonely!

MR. ANDERSSON—Now it's the sea! Well, Sveden has plenty of sea! I'll buy you a mountain on the sea, or I'll buy you two mountains and let you yump from one to the other. Now tell me straight out, Greta—you're not thinking of some other man over there in Hollywood?

MRS. ANDERSSON (laughing mirthlessly with Mirthless Laugh CIVX, Clarence Brown type)—Ach, men, men, men!! Always men t'ink it iss udder men! No, my Olaf—it iss yust de sea, and de wind, and my beloved rain!

MR. ANDERSSON (hurling his paper into the fire)—It's too much for me, Greta! Every woman in Sveden is envying your wealth, and position, and this beautiful house, and you moan and groan and whine about the sea! I'll ring up Dr. Bjrrnffkjjs—what you need is a djarned good tonic, my lady!

MRS. ANDERSSON—Iss dere a tonic for de hungry soul? Ach, if it would only rain, and rain! Den I could walk and walk in de rain! Tell me, my Olaf—can all your money from de match factory make it rain for Garbo?

MR. ANDERSSON (leaping from his chair and landing practically beside himself)—Hjell's bjells! So it's rain you want, my beauty? Twit me because my matches won't pay for *rain*, ejh, my pjet?

(He picks up a two-gallon bowl of Swedish punch from a nearby table, hurls it into the fire, squirts a seltzer bottle at the portrait of Grandpa Andersson above the mantelpiece, and dashes off a large tumbler of Skoal, the native schnapps of Sveden. His white-faced bride stands aghast in Aghast Posture XXXVII.)

MR. ANDERSSON—Is *that* wet enough for you?

MRS. ANDERSSON (reaching for her umbrellas and gum-boots)—Ach, Olaf, how I luff you—so strong, so cruel! Now I t'ank I go home to Mamma!

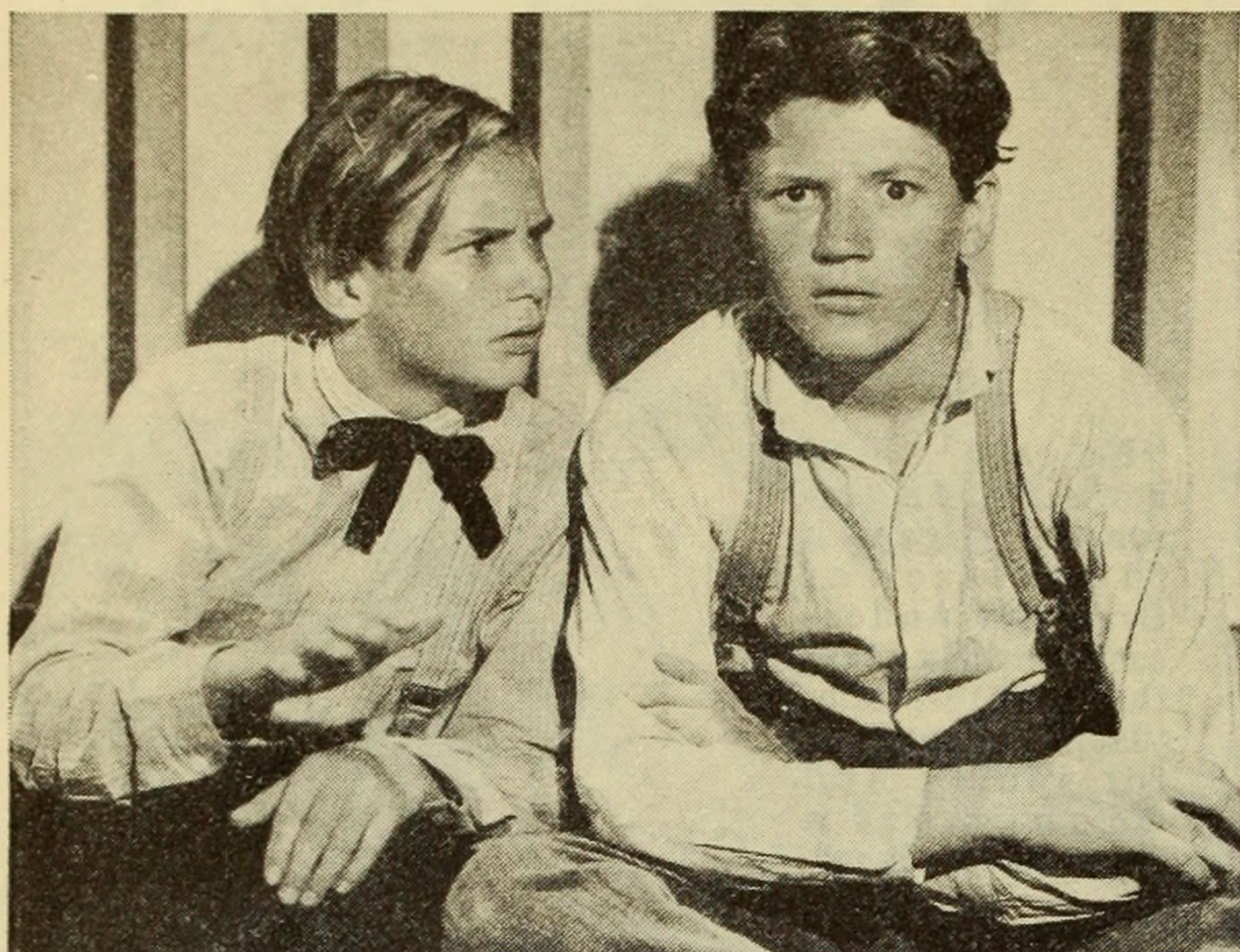
(Merciful Curtain.)

Illustrated by
Van Arsdale

"No rain, ejh?" howls Mr. Andersson, letting go with the seltzer at Grandpa Andersson lurking over the mantelpiece. "Is *that* wet enough for you?" And dashes off a tumbler of Skoal



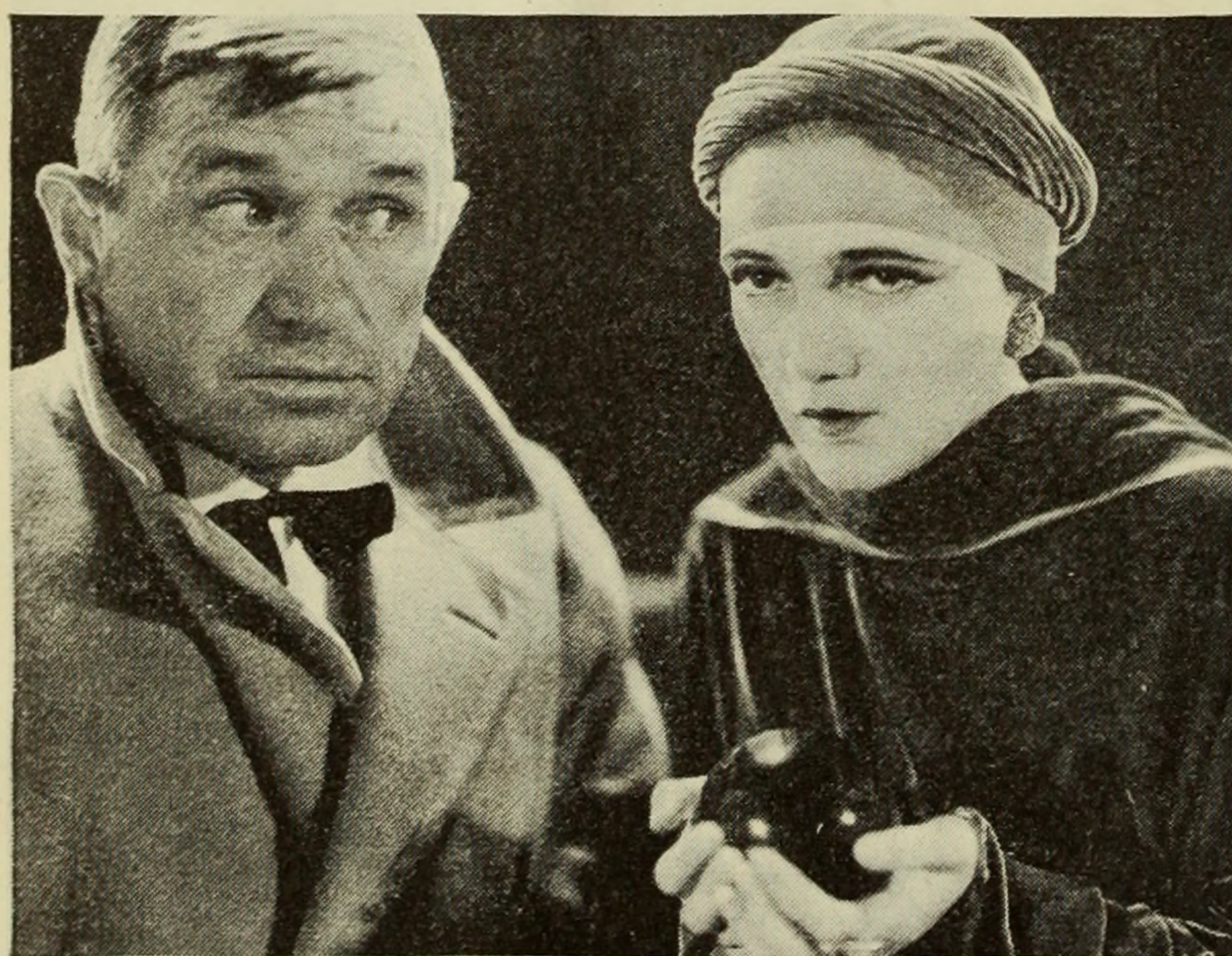
Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ HUCKLEBERRY FINN—Paramount

ANOTHER of Paramount's delightful series of kid pictures. Not as great as "Skippy," not quite as good as "Tom Sawyer," but withal a splendid successor to both. Mark Twain's grand old tale has been carefully handled, and comes alive with loads of laughs and a tear or two for the sentimentalists. Junior Durkin, as *Huck Finn*, turns in the finest performance of his screen career; he doesn't act *Huck*, he just is *Huck*. Jackie Coogan makes good again as *Tom Sawyer*.

Mitzi Green is in the cast, but her fans will complain at the smallness of her part. The same holds true for Jackie Searl. The supporting cast of adults turn in excellent performances. Young and old alike will enjoy this.



★ BUSINESS AND PLEASURE—Fox

IF it weren't for Will Rogers, this would be just another movie, and not so much of a one at that. But thanks to the man's inimitable drolleries, it's lifted into the worthwhile entertainment class. The story is from Booth Tarkington's "The Plutocrat."

It concerns an American razor manufacturer who is captured by a tribe of warring Arabs. How he calls off their war by shaving them clean-faced is the crux of the plot, such as it is.

Somewhere in its unfolding, Jetta Goudal essays a screen comeback as a vamp. She's interesting, but a bit too old-fashioned in her siren technique.

When Rogers is talking, the film is a riot. Particularly when he makes up as a swami and tells his wife's fortune.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ PALMY DAYS—United Artists

TEN-TO-ONE, this will bring back film musicals in a veritable inundation. It's *that* good!

"Palmy Days" is a typical Cantor-and-nonsense show. What plot there is becomes merely the skeleton on which the comedy, the gags, the songs, the dances, the beauty, the action of this film have been hung.

It moves with zip from start to finish, with never a dull moment.

It's mostly Eddie Cantor, of course. He's never been funnier than as the sap in the trick bakery—an amazing cruller factory that's run entirely by gorgeous girls who wear as little as possible whenever possible. Ah, me . . .!

Cantor's gags are hilarious, whether old or new. Charlotte Greenwood is another grand funster.

Barbara Weeks, lovely and snappy, makes a sensational screen debut.

There are several songs, at least one of which—"Yes, Yes"—may prove a big hit. Eddie and Charlotte revive the chiropractor gag, and if that sequence doesn't tie audiences in knots, then nothing's funny. And in spite of the fact that the girls present extensive epidermic displays, the fun always manages to remain clean.

If they can make musicals like this, then there's no reason at all why they shouldn't come back.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

PALMY DAYS
HUCKLEBERRY FINN
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

STREET SCENE
LARCENY LANE
THE GUARDSMAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Eddie Cantor in "Palmy Days"
Charlotte Greenwood in "Palmy Days"
Barbara Weeks in "Palmy Days"
Junior Durkin in "Huckleberry Finn"
Jackie Coogan in "Huckleberry Finn"
Alfred Lunt in "The Guardsman"
Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman"
Will Rogers in "Business and Pleasure"
James Cagney in "Larceny Lane"
Joan Blondell in "Larceny Lane"
Beulah Bondi in "Street Scene"
Edmund Lowe in "The Spider"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126



★ *STREET SCENE—United Artists*

AN almost perfectly produced and acted picture. Not a flaw has slipped by the eye of director King Vidor. It's the pinnacle of his directorial career.

Just one question worries us. Will it be box-office? Does the public really want a true cross-section of life presented as it actually happens? We hope it goes big; big money on this would encourage more really excellent pictures.

Here are the humor, the pathos, the gripping drama which comes to just one street of one city. You've seen it again and again; you've read it as reported in your daily paper.

The picture moves rapidly, adroitly and dramatically. If you saw the stage play, which was a Broadway hit, you will be amazed to see the advantages of sustained interest given by the picture presentation.

There are thirty-four main characters—mostly from the original New York cast. Sylvia Sidney, Estelle Taylor, William Collier, Jr., and Lawrence Wagner are the main screen contributions. Each of the thirty-four does his share so aptly that all must share honors.

However, Beulah Bondi, as *Mrs. Jones*, has the advantage of more lines than the average player. She makes the most of it. She almost steals the picture! Estelle Taylor is good as Sylvia's mother.



★ *LARCENY LANE—Warners*

ANOTHER "crook picture"—but even the most militant crusader against that type of story won't be able to say that it isn't tremendous entertainment. And, after all, isn't it entertainment you ask for in the theater?

It's the rocket-speed tale of a smalltown bellhop and his chambermaid girl friend, and their ambition to become bigtown, bit shot racketeers. They try, and the mechanics of various gyp-games, polite and otherwise, are laid bare for you.

Jimmy Cagney and Joan Blondell are really great in the rôles. Here's a new kind of cinema team. They're destined to go far—teamed, or singly. Cagney is a great laugh-getter and Miss Blondell shows she can do a serious rôle.



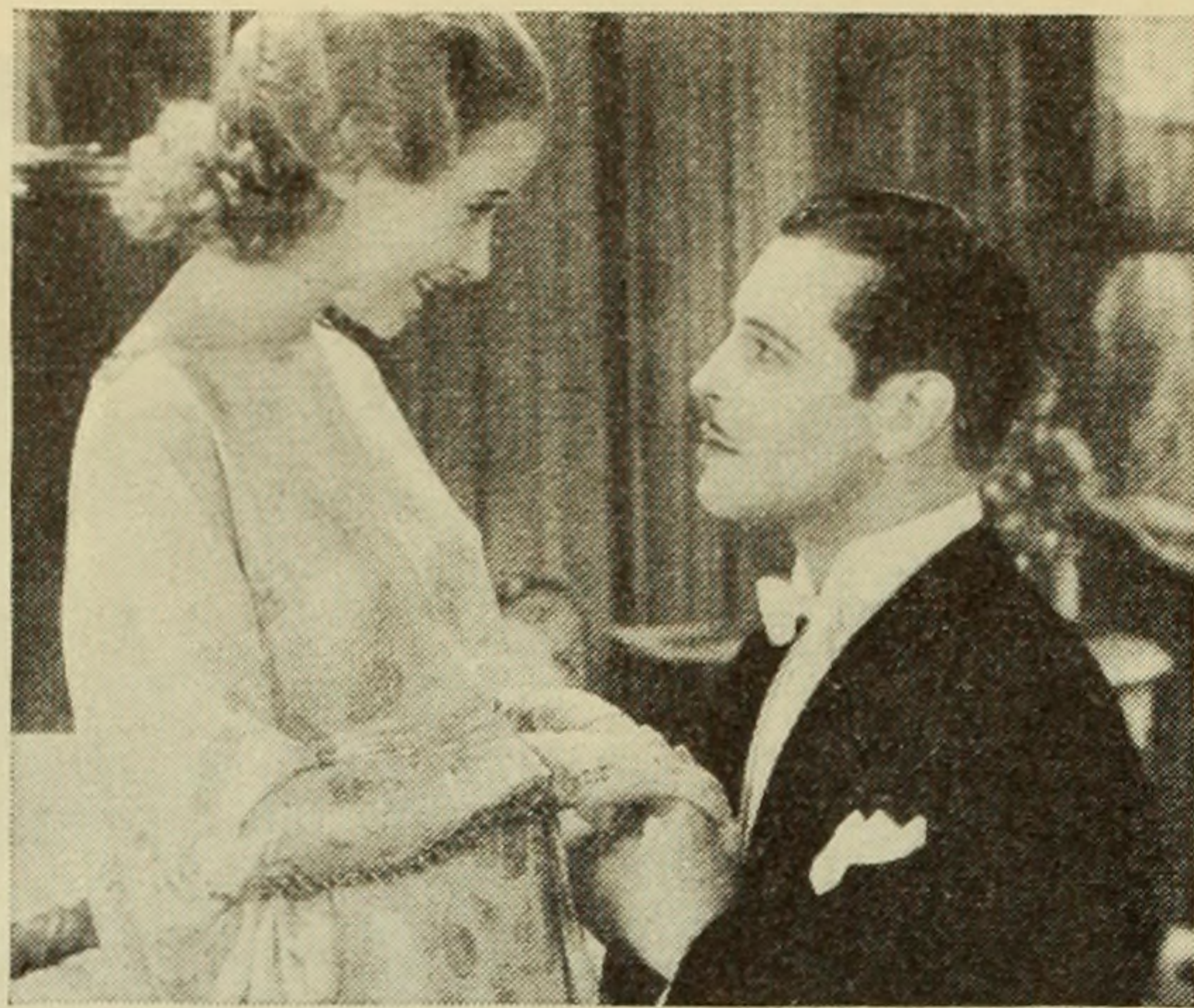
★ *THE GUARDSMAN—M-G-M*

ONE of the most delightful pieces of satire yet brought to the talking screen. It's filled with chuckles for those who enjoy sophisticated comedy. An actor who feared that his wife, with a *penchant* for soldiers, was untrue to him set himself the difficult task of impersonating a guardsman in order to see for himself if anyone could consummate a flirtation with her.

Alfred Lunt, as the actor who never forgets to act, who quotes lines from plays to suit his moods, and Lynn Fontanne, as the doubted wife, are a constant delight and offer abundant proof as to why they are referred to as the foremost acting couple of the present-day stage. Roland Young and ZaSu Pitts give their customary excellent performances. Not for children.

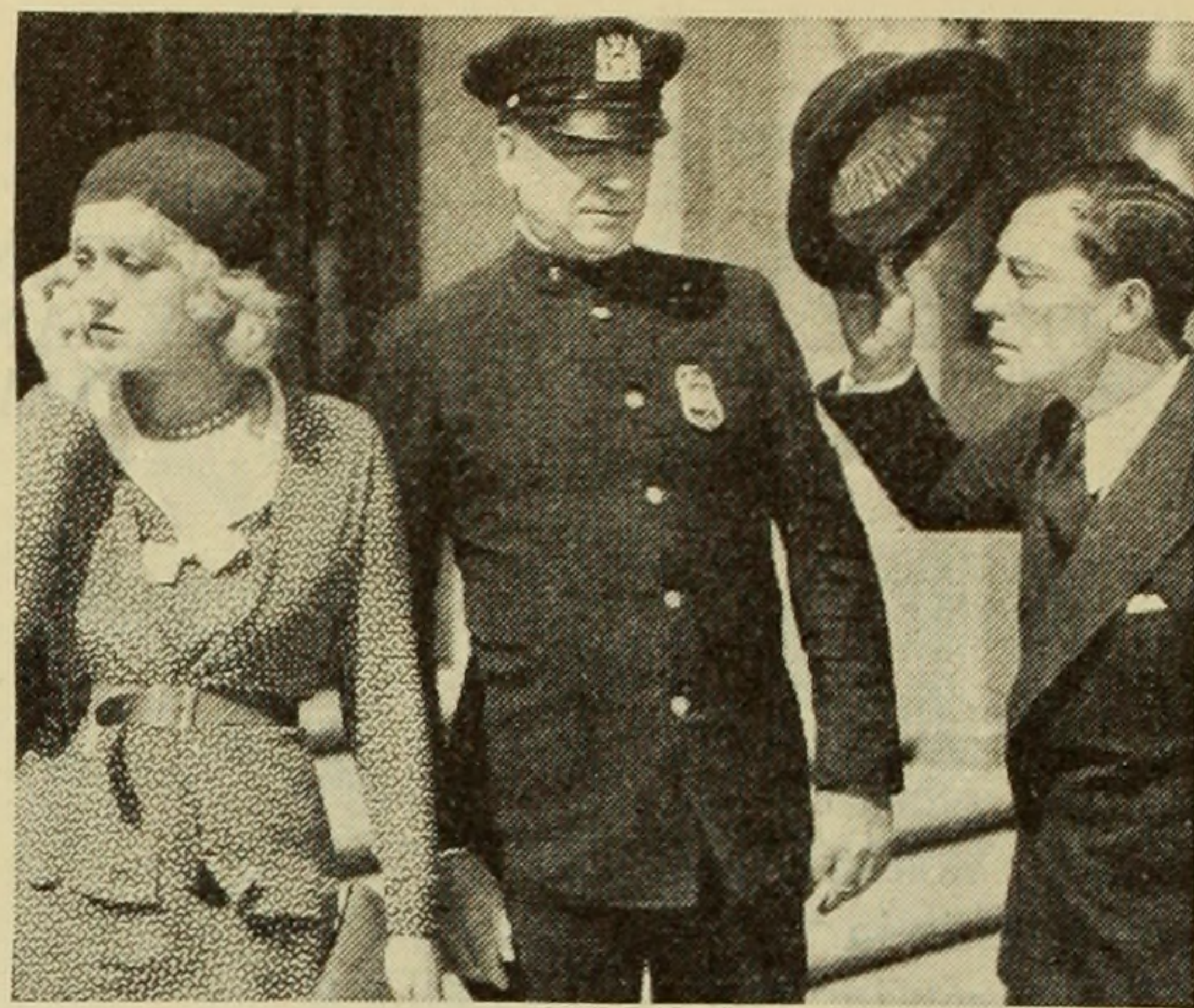
Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**THE GAY
DIPLOMAT—
Radio Pictures**



IVAN LEBEDEFF, favorite with Hollywood women, pursues women in this picture in an easy, attractive manner. He is responsible for the story and it presumably records some of his own experiences. Men will like the plot, which concerns Balkan intrigue, and women will be charmed by that Lebedeff manner. Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin give him fine support.

**SIDEWALKS
OF
NEW YORK—
M-G-M**



A LAUGH a moment and just the right number of moments! Buster Keaton is a wealthy man-about-town who goes to the tenements he owns to show his manager how to handle tough youngsters. It's Buster who gets handled! Not much of a plot, but not much is needed. Norman Phillips, Jr., kid actor of ability, almost steals the show. Anita Page and Cliff Edwards do good work.

**WICKED—
Fox**



HEAVY dramatic fare about a bank robber and his wife, who go to jail. She's allowed out, temporarily, so her baby may be born outside prison walls—but then she goes back. When her term is ended, she has a tough time getting baby back, because it's been adopted. But she does, and sails for Australia with her lover. And that's it. Elissa Landi, McLaglen, Von Eltz are good, and the direction is excellent.

**THE ROAD
TO
SINGAPORE
—Warners**



BILL POWELL makes his Warner début in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. There's a great deal of talk in the story of the wife of a dull doctor, who seeks love from the notorious devil Powell is supposed to be. But Powell goes heroic and before it's all over their illicit affair goes respectable, with the doctor stepping out of the picture. Doris Kenyon, as the wife, is splendid.

**SILENCE—
Paramount**



"SILENCE" comes out of the silents into a talkie re-make—and it's still sure-fire melodrama with a punch. The story of the crook who dares the gallows rather than sully the name of his daughter is a situation that cannot help but offer chances for thrill entertainment. In this, Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau, Peggy Shannon and others make the most of it. Shannon, a new "It" girl, is interesting, but no Bow.

**SKYLINE—
Fox**



GOOD entertainment. Thomas Meighan, representative of this age of steel and magnitude, builds skyscrapers. He becomes interested in one of his youthful laborers, played by Hardie Albright, and saves him from the wily clutches of vamp Myrna Loy. The lad returns to sweet Maureen O'Sullivan. The entire cast is good. There's a sad but different ending to this picture.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF—
Radio Pictures



HERE'S Edna May Oliver's first starring film, and you're sure of a row of laughs. But—don't be surprised, now!—you'll come mighty close, too, to shedding a tear. It's about a vaudeville player's fight for her daughters against her rich papa-in-law. A nice, homely, laugh-and-cry story. We're certain that you are going to like it. The whole thing is in Technicolor.

WEST OF BROADWAY—
M-G-M



JOHN GILBERT'S voice is quite low—but so is the value of this picture, as far as Gilbert's popularity-comeback is concerned. Too bad that ill luck seems to dog his efforts. This yarn of the war veteran with six months to live, and how he does it, is just another of those things. John Gilbert strives valiantly to make it all come alive, but good as his efforts are, it just doesn't click. Lois Moran plays a new type of rôle.

MONKEY BUSINESS—
Paramount



MESSRS. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. It has no beginning and no end, as far as any real plot is concerned—but if you're of that group who like gorgeous nonsense, then by all means split your sides over the latest Marxian antics as herein manifested. Groucho's absurdities rattle off his tongue; Harpo is silent but mad; the other two are Marxes, too.



THE UNHOLY GARDEN—
United Artists

HERE'S a new kind of gang picture—a gang of international crooks, hiding from justice in a half-ruined Sahara castle, cutting each others' throats over a hidden fortune. Ronald Colman, playing a fugitive murderer, finally saves the fortune for a beautiful young girl. It's all far-fetched and romantic beyond wildest dreams. A splendid cast works hard, but the picture never reaches great heights.



SMART WOMAN—
Radio Pictures

MARY ASTOR wins her erring husband (Robert Ames) back by old movie tactics but in such charming fashion that this almost rates as one of the month's best. Sophisticated comi-tragedy, of the "Holiday" and "Rebound" genre, it makes a star of talent of Mary Astor and reveals Edward Everett Horton in his best funny rôle. Beautiful gowns and excellent photography are a treat to the eye.



THE SPIDER—
Fox

HERE'S a shivery-thrilling mystery yarn about a murder in a theater while a magician is staging a mind-reading act. The suspense is kept at high pitch. Eddie Lowe does grand work as the prestidigitator. The photography is particularly effective. You may not sleep well after this, but there are too many pictures that put you to sleep!

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 104]



FALLING

STAR

By Charles J. McGuirk

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

IT was raining the morning Segne Cleve read Sam Alwein's letter, as she lolled in her negligée in the luxuriously furnished bedroom of her secluded Beverly Hills home.

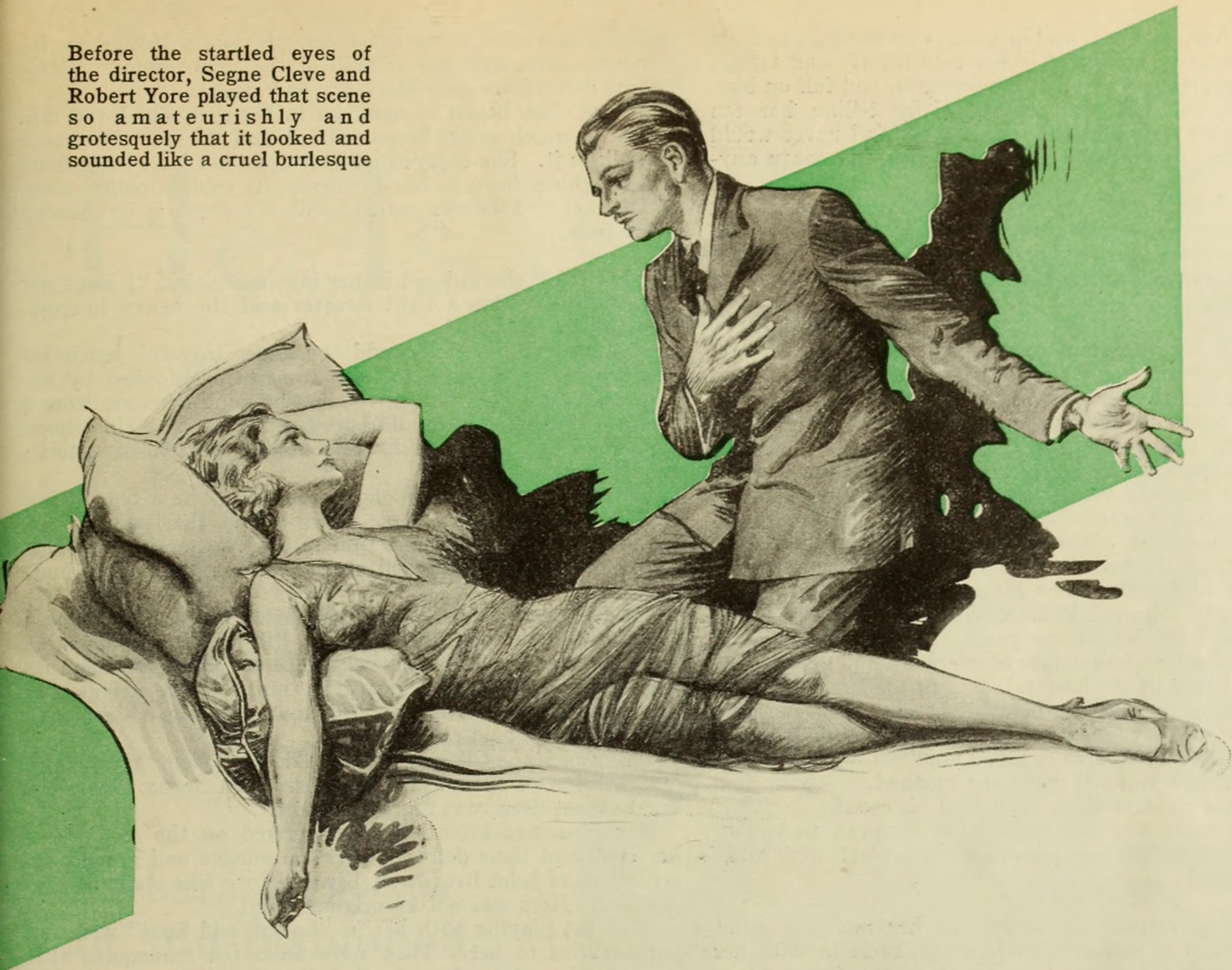
Mr. Alwein, president and general manager of Mammoth Films, was vaguely anxious about the threat of Lili Hajos, the new Hungarian star, to Segne Cleve's prestige as the screen's greatest emotional actress. He was pleased, however, to be able to inform Miss Cleve that Mammoth had secured "Lovers and Sons," the year's best seller, as a vehicle for her. It was now being adapted, and Mr. John Broadwell would direct her, as usual.

She was not at all impressed, scarcely interested. She tossed the letter aside. Then a faint curiosity stirred in her about the Hajos woman. She had been "discovered" in Vienna by Adolph Schnitzler, the Austrian director, and had done two pictures under him there. These, shown in this country, had won her a contract with Mutual and she had done one picture since her arrival in Hollywood.

She was twenty, four years younger than Segne. But what stirred Segne's interest was the fact that Lili Hajos was said to resemble her, not only artistically, but physically.

Segne Cleve had long had a faint desire to see if this was so, and now she turned the pages of a magazine quickly to a picture of the girl. She might, she immediately admitted, be looking at a very inaccurate picture of herself.

Before the startled eyes of the director, Segne Cleve and Robert Yore played that scene so amateurishly and grotesquely that it looked and sounded like a cruel burlesque



A story of Hollywood's most mysterious and enigmatic actress, who learned the ways of this thing called Love

Miss Hajos was a tall, blonde girl with light eyes—Segne had heard they were blue—set far apart beneath a forehead broad and low. Her mouth was full-lipped, her well-modeled head set on a slim neck. Her figure, though slender, was voluptuous—full breasted, slim of waist, broad of thighs. Her legs, exposed above the knees by her pose, were slender and straight.

Yes, Segne thought, she is curiously like me. Yet, no one could mistake her for me or me for her. She turned to search out that difference in the full-length mirror, throwing back her negligée so that her figure was clearly silhouetted under her sheer nightgown.

IT might have been the girl's in the picture. But, she saw, it was firmer, longer, settling away from the mold. She would not have to cut down her hearty eating habits to keep it. The Hungarian, at any time, would have to watch her diet, to fight fat.

Looking at her own lips, the difference became more apparent. Her mouth, like Lili's, was petulant, the lips full. But her own lips could thin to a pencil line of ruthlessness. Lili Hajos' were generous, too generous for her own good.

But it was the eyes that finally decided their total dissimilarity. The eyes of the other girl smoldered. In them were passion and hot response to life. Her own eyes, staring coldly interested at themselves in the mirror, glinted. In them were aloofness and an icy calculation.

She dropped the magazine from her hand to the floor. Her faint curiosity about her rival had already faded to join the embers of her interest in everything else except her appetite and her bank balance and her various property holdings. They were the only things that mattered.

This young fool, Hajos, didn't know that yet. You could see she was one of the kind that would let life and love play

upon her till they burned her out. She, Segne Cleve, knew how it would be, because she knew how it had been with herself.

What she knew now made her the screen's greatest emotional actress. It was all so simple, she could sum it up in a sentence. In order to be able to portray all the emotions, one must be incapable of feeling any emotion—especially love. As simple as that when it was learned. But, oh, what a price she had paid to learn it!

Suddenly she found herself thinking of Padraic Westbrook, the only thing she had ever loved or ever would love. It was he who had taught her that in order to be able to portray all the emotions, one must be incapable of feeling *any* emotion. Made her the great emotional actress she was. How she hated him! And loved him! For he had given her everything only when he had taken away from her everything she had to enjoy it with. Even himself.

She had never known anyone like Padraic Westbrook. She never would. "It doesn't matter what happens to you or me as long as we get the message of beauty across," he had said to her many times. It summed up his personality.

HE was the director who had hired her for "walk-ons" and small bits in a midwest city's stock company, and she had been in love with him a long time before he noticed her. And, even then, he saw her only as a potential artist.

"I believe," he said to her one day, "that I can make a great actress of you. If you don't get a swelled head. Or fall in love with some silly boy. You're pretty. You respond well to direction. You work hard. You don't know anything and you know you don't. That attitude and your looks will bring you to the top, I think. Anyhow, I'm going to try it."

She thanked him, smiling uncertainly into his hard brown eyes. She had thought to herself, "What a fool the man is! How can I fall in love with anyone when I am already in love with him?"

She was in love with him and he took everything away from her. He took away her belief in her own beauty and attractiveness by ignoring them when they were turned full on him. He took away her belief in her ability by telling her ten thousand times a day that she couldn't act and never would be able to act. And even if she did, it wouldn't mean anything.

"An actor," he would snarl, "is nothing but a sounding board, a monkey-on-a-stick, going through the sounds and motions of a thought some person with brains has had. Don't try to think. Wait till I pull the string and then dance the way I tell you to. That's all an actor or actress is good for."

But he made her into an actress. For the emotions he took from her, he substituted their mechanics. Even when Sam Alwein of Mammoth Films signed up Padraic Westbrook on a three-year contract, she was far above ordinary. Within six months, she followed him to Hollywood.

Under his direction, she had strolled to stardom in her first picture. And Padraic Westbrook, in that picture, gave to the movies not only a star but a new director, John Broadwell, who was his assistant. Broadwell, now, was recognized as one of the best. He had directed her in all of her pictures after the first four. She knew his greatness lay in the fact that he slavishly followed Padraic Westbrook's methods.

Padraic had been dead three years. His frail body could not stand the deadly combination of overwork and dissipation. When he lay dying in the hospital, he sent for her.

"Segne," he grinned as she held his hand. "I'm checking out. I wanted to tell you before I go that I know you love me. And I love you. I have always loved you."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" she moaned.

And then, for the last time, he voiced his creed.

"It doesn't make any difference what happens to you or me as long as we get the message of beauty across! I've made a great actress out of you!"

* * *

SEGNE emerged from her reverie as her maid, a grim-faced, emotionless Swede of middle age, came in with her breakfast. While she arranged it on the table, Segne Cleve went to the window and stared out at the rain. It was no

ordinary storm of gusty fitfulness. It was a deluge, an infrequent, fierce seasonal rainfall of the semi-tropics. Water poured down from gray-black clouds in sheets.

A faint glow began to smoulder in her eyes. She loved rain almost as much as she loved solitude and the sea. She loved to walk in it. She enjoyed its beat upon her face, its soaking and weighing down of her garments, its cold, stinging caress of her body. Like the parched soil, she drank it in through every pore.

"HILDA," she ordered in her low, soft voice, "I want my walking skirt, a light sweater and the heavy brogues. And the old felt hat."

Segne Cleve in Hollywood, perforce, traveled much incognito and in disguise to keep from being mobbed by enthusiastic fans. On her infrequent shopping trips she wore a uniform consisting of an old tweed suit, heavy walking shoes, wool stockings, a nondescript blue beret and a pair of tortoiseshell glasses.

She was aloof. She did not entertain. She attended few parties and fewer formal picture openings, the latter in disguise. She spent her leisure time reading, swimming, walking, riding or sitting on the beach, staring for hours at the rhythmic sea.

She had few friends. No confidants. When, in refusing a reporter an interview, she once said, "I am neither interesting nor interested," she was entirely sincere. Nothing human interested her. She was a harp lying mute, whose strings only one man could bring alive. And that man was a dead man whose fingers would pluck no more.

This was Segne Cleve in person. Aloof. Sullen. Mysterious. The heroine of a thousand legends. And Segne Cleve, the great screen siren, was much the same.

Her conscious attention was centered on the mastery of her lines and their delivery, and the minute and graphic instructions of John Broadwell, her director. She made no suggestions. Hers was not an original mind.

The cast playing with her in "Lovers and Sons" were not personalities to her. They were animated mannequins that danced when John Broadwell pulled the strings. She had been playing three weeks opposite [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



Schoenbaum

Pola Negri, 1931 Model—no temperament, no swank, no carrying on. Some change from the Warsaw Rose of five years ago, who clawed and snarled at life. Today, in Hollywood, she's leading a quiet life. No mansion—just renting the smaller of Bebe Daniels' Santa Monica beach homes. Hard at work on her RKO Pathe film, "A Woman Commands," her first talkie. Some girl! We'll take a little bet that Pola is in for a grand comeback!

He Is Her Man!



Barbara Stanwyck,
an old-fashioned
one-man woman,
would sacrifice
a brilliant career
for Frank Fay

When Barbara Stanwyck is sittin' on top of her Frankie, it's just the same as sittin' on top of the world—for Frank Fay is Barbara Stanwyck's world—her whole world—and Hollywood can go chase itself!

THERE are all sorts of love in hectic Hollywood—Malibu Madnesses, Publicity Pashes, Good Clean companionships, affairs usually labeled “just one of those things”—

And then there's the love of Barbara Stanwyck for Frank Fay! Boy, that one has the movie colony winging!

It's so true it can't be real, and *vice versa*. It's so complete, so sacrificing, so self-effacing, and so dad-burned startling in this day of sneering sophistication that half of Hollywood cheers, half snorts and half just doesn't believe a word of it.

As this is tapped, Barbara has jumped the Columbia corral and is galloping loose, while the bosses moan and howl. Fay, washed up at the Warner plant, wants to go home to his beloved Broadway. And the lovely Stanwyck lassie, with uncounted thousands hers for the mere reaching, will kick over contracts, careers and kopecks to be at the side of her man!

It's right out of the story book.

There's white-hot drama in this love story—yes, and even spiritual tragedy, if you read behind the lines.

There's only one love like it in Hollywood, and that's the love of Ann Harding for Harry Bannister, her big actor-husband.

Ann has never been put to the biggest test, however—the yearning of the loved one to Get Away From It All.

Barbara has. And she's met it without a jitter.

From the day Babs laid an eye on Fay, and felt that first internal tremor that signifies the deadly assault of the tender passion, there's never been another man but the red-headed vaudeville actor.

She was Ruby Stevens, then—the prettiest, sweetest little tap-dancer that ever titivated the bald-headed patrons of Texas Guinan's deadfall.

And Fay—oh, he was a big shot! “Broadway's Favorite Son,” the electric lights called him. Hadn't he ambled and drawled around the stage of the Palace Theater, vaudeville's heaven, for ten or a dozen weeks on end? Yes, indeedy—and it was “Hi' there, Frankie!” and “Hello, Mr. Fay!” from every corner on Broadway.

BARBARA turned, overnight, from Stevens to Stanwyck and was a sensational success opposite Hal Skelly in the play “Burlesque.” But that made no difference. To her, Fay was still the king of hearts, and she wasn't even a face-card.

It was terrible, somehow, and beautiful, and goshawful.

I used to see them together, in the earlier days of The Big Love Stuff—lunching together sometimes at Sardi's, noontime filling station for a large segment of the Broadway mob.

Fay taking bows, Fay saying howdy, Fay holding small-time court in a little world of not-quite-greats. Barbara looking at him with her heart in those blue eyes—and she might have been eating curried-sawdust-on-shingle instead of chicken *a la* king for all she knew, or gave a darn.

Honestly, it used to give me the quakes, even then. Now I'm afraid it's the horrors.

Because it's that love that may rob pictures—and us—of one of the freshest young talents and beautiful young persons to come our

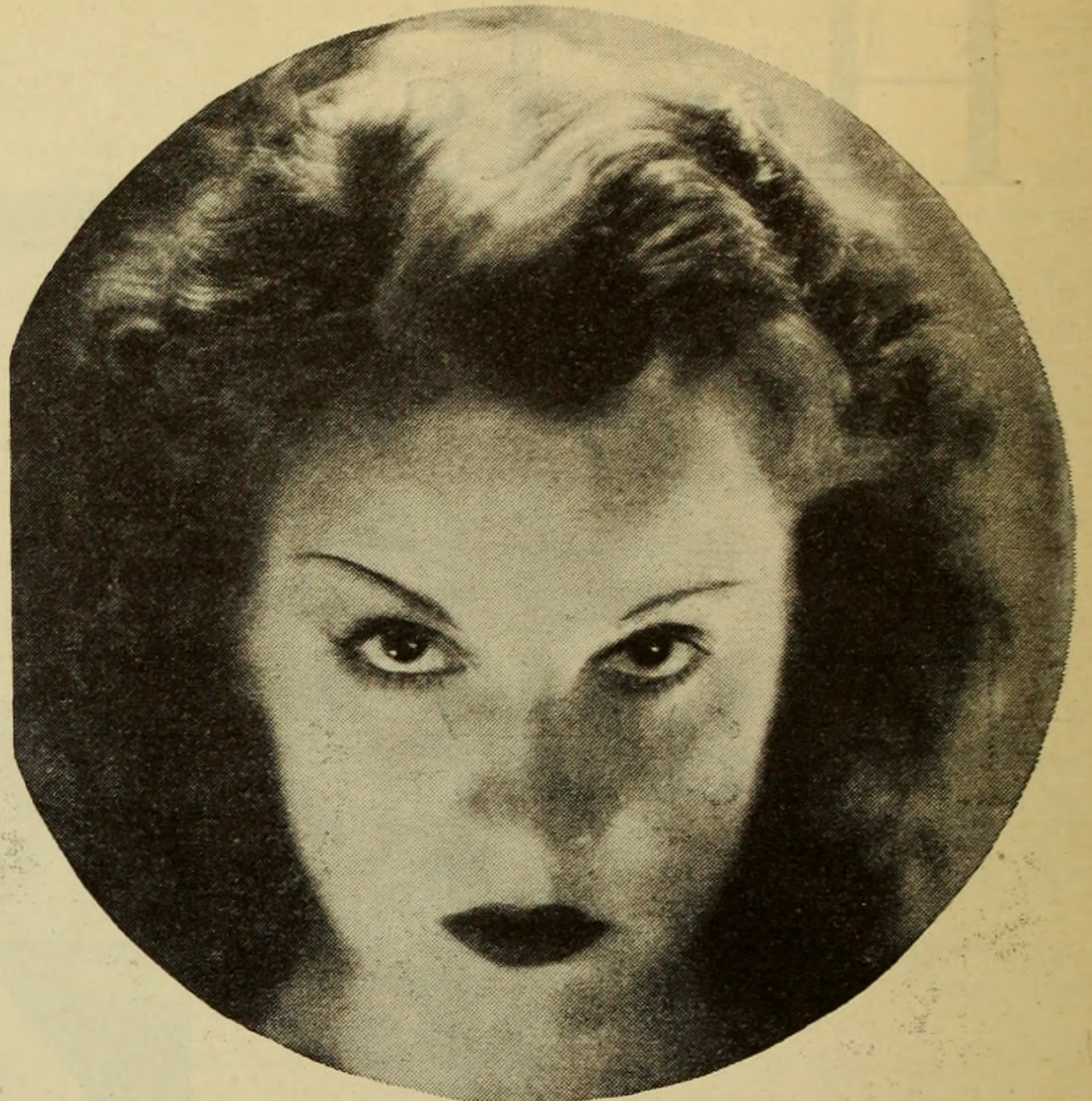
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

By Cal York

Lily's Coming Back



Will this be the Lily Damita of 1931 in Hollywood—hot, hoydenish, hectic and starry-eyed? Fate alone knows!



Or will the new Damita be cool, calm, contained and bursting with pent-up drama, as she looks in this picture?

WHAT personality will Lily Damita wear when she returns to Hollywood this time?

We are all gambling on the answer as this is written, a month before her return date. Of course, the Radio Pictures officials would pay most for the correct answer. She's under contract to them and they must choose her next picture.

Dare they choose before she puts in her appearance? Will it be safe to pick a story for the Lily who left or shall they wait and fit the story to the one who returns?

For Hollywood has already had two Lilys—women as different as the 1928 and 1931 stock markets. Will there be a third, or if not a third which one of the two former women will return to us?

I always smile when I think of the last return of Lily Damita! It was on Labor Day, 1930. Incidentally, her return is now stated for Labor Day, 1931! Coincidence? Perhaps. But I doubt it. Labor Day last year proved a good stage setting; why not use the same day for another?

The United Artists lot was so excited. Their French whirlwind was returning. Now, the lot would pep up. Now there would be color, excitement, sex-appeal vaunted to its zenith!

The publicity department was in seventh heaven. They had been forced to be so careful of what they said of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson—even Charles Chaplin. These veteran blue-bloods of the business must always be handled with the smoothest kid gloves; nothing must seep into ink which is not homage to royalty—censored as are the stories written of royalty in all nations.

But Lily! The publicity department rubbed its hands in glee. It looked at the big red heart on its white calcimined wall and put new ribbons in the typewriters. Lily had drawn that heart. With her own pouting, sensuous lips she had outlined it! There had been so much red paint on those lips

And what will *La Belle* Damita have to offer this time—dignity or dynamite? Hollywood is all agog to know!

that no red pencil had been needed. True, she had scratched her nose a bit as she mouthed the rough plaster but what was a scratched nose when Lily was telling an entire department of men that she loved them in her own inimitable fashion?

Ah, to have her back! To be able to write stories comparable to those they had written about Prince Louis Ferdinand, the second son of the former Crown Prince of Germany, working in a Ford factory that he might be near his Lily! To have Prince George

as part of their regular press-agent copy!

They got out their files, those press boys. Not because they needed to read what they had written. They remembered every word. They got them out so they could brag to each other.

There was the long story of how the former Kaiser had secured the help of Henry Ford to return the wandering Hohenzollern to him! A Hohenzollern earning money by labor for the sake of a movie girl.

THERE was the yarn about Prince George in Santa Barbara dancing with Lily Damita. They chortled. That was the time the big boss—Samuel Goldwyn—had been really impressed!

There was the follow-up. Prince George was defying the royal orders of Papa-King-of-England and coming to Hollywood. Papa had said no. He was afraid of the effect Hollywood publicity and—sh, they had soft-pedaled that part of the story!—beautiful Hollywood girls would have upon him. But papa was in London and Lily was in Hollywood. Lily had won. The Prince was arriving.

The boys read that adroit story and winked at one another. Blue-blood Douglas Fairbanks had been most annoyed. He was entertaining for Prince George at the royal court of Pickfair. Was it not better to say that the Prince was coming to Hollywood to be entertained at the local court than to say he was coming

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

By Ruth Biery

Seymour's Fall Newsreel of Fashions

I'M going to take the role of the newsreel talking reporter this month, just to give you the current events in fashion as they are happening at the moment. I'll reel off the news for you but you will have to see the new pictures to know what I mean. To help you, however, I have picked some of the latest stills for you here.

The idea this year in fashion is to look as elegant and romantic as possible. You hark back to those fragile ladies of the 1880's or to those dashing belles of the gay '90's. You have that same broad-shouldered, taper-waisted look, except that clothes are suited to modern times. You wear an Empress Eugenie hat tilted coyly, but with dash. You actually dress up. You put swagger boyishness aside for an almost demure, lady-like manner.



HERE is Nancy Carroll dressed up for a brisk Fall day. She wears a short black caracul jacket over a trim but feminine gray woolen dress. Note the three-quarter sleeves and collarless neckline on the jacket. The dress is coat-like in style as it buttons to the side and is carefully tailored. The high-necked vestee is very smart. Long black suede gloves and a suede bag in the new style with concealed frame are perfect accessories.

— Seymour —

Screen Clothes Have the



LORETTA YOUNG wears one of the new hats jauntily. It's a sailor type with shallow crown and brim rolled into a dip over the right eye.

WHEN you see "Sporting Blood," I want you to notice this costume of Madge Evans. Its most important detail is the sleeves. Made in dolman effect, they taper from a wide armhole to a narrow wrist.

DON'T miss a detail of this Dolores Costello costume in "Expensive Women." The high points are—a black and white lace tweed fabric contrasted with black wool crepe, three-quarter sleeves and a trick white bolero in ermine.

— Seymour



New "Dressed-Up" Look

YOU must pay a lot of attention to little things this Fall. I think Tallulah Bankhead is the picture of a perfectly groomed lady in this costume from "My Sin." Her hair is sleekly, but softly dressed. She wears simple but elegant jewelry in her pearl earrings and pearl and diamond pin. She tops her chic white satin frock with a silver fox trimmed metal cloth jacket.

— Seymour



PEARLS are smart in this new length. Adrienne Ames wears them in "24 Hours."

Did you know that slipper length is new for evening frocks? And that dresses are not so full and much straighter? Let Loretta Young show you her new velvet frock and you can see for yourself.

Here's How the Stars Wear



DON'T think there is a star's wardrobe which does not boast at least one stunning fur wrap, especially for evening. Marion Shilling, for instance, favors a beige ermine wrap lavishly trimmed with beige fox for her newest formal one. The three-quarter length is very smart and new. Note the softly tied, cravat-like collar and the shorter sleeves. You girls could duplicate this in the more inexpensive lapin—it would be just as good looking, if not so luxurious! Marion's gloves are the color of the fur which is a very nice idea.

IN-BETWEEN furs are mighty useful in anyone's wardrobe. The fur scarf is always good. Lilyan Tashman wore her beautiful sables in this unusual manner in "Murder by the Clock." Remember them? Triple skins of sable wrapped around the neck and shoulders. Sable edged the sleeves of her gown, too. Very grand altogether.

Loretta Young wears a youthful jacket that any of you could copy. It is gray squirrel trimmed with white ermine on wide lapels, sleeves and pockets.

Their New Furs — Seymour



SHADES of our grandmothers! How do you like this little white ermine tippet? I think it's great, takes you right back to the furbelow days. Alice McCormack wears this over a quaint black taffeta, bustled frock in the fashion show sequence of "Bad Girl."

And here is Loretta Young again in a smart fitted jacket of white broadtail. The trimming on the revers is old-fashioned gray moleskin. This jacket is nipped in at the back and gives a cutaway effect in front.

THERE never will be any wrap that can displace the all-white ermine one for sheer feminine elegance. Look at Sally Blane in this stunning coat she wears in "The Star Witness." It is complete luxury personified. The length is good for very formal costumes. The high, rolling collar, the wrapped effect, and the wide-armholed, deeply pointed sleeves are other style points. Again this is the sort of wrap you could duplicate in white hare and look very swank at a fraction the cost of ermine.

When Loretta Goes Shopping

SEYMOUR SNAPS
A YOUNG STAR
ABOUT TOWN



If you should happen along Hollywood Boulevard some morning it's more than likely you might see Loretta dashing along like this. Her trim polo coat is a brown and beige checked tweed. The hat and scarf are right!

In the afternoon, you might find Miss Young lingering over a window on her way to tea. Her frock is black silk crepe trimmed in white galyac. New in line and smartly accessoried. Your hat should tilt, Loretta.





Hal Phylfe

HAL PHYFE, famous New York photographer, coaxed Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell before a lens on the Fox lot. "Give me that '7th Heaven' look!" he pleaded. "Be *Diane* and *Chico* for Uncle Hal!" They gave all—and isn't the result a stunning picture?



Irving Lippman

HIS uncle is a Knight of the Bath—but when David Manners was a cowboy guide he took his on Saturday night in the good old Western way. Nor is the Americanization of this handsome young Englishman a pose. On the opposite page Harry Lang, in a brilliant word picture, tells you why.

This scene from "The Miracle Woman" with Barbara Stanwyck proves that not all Englishmen are cold-blooded. David Manners is the aggressive lad and the girls say they like him when he acts this way



Spurning Hollywood's snooty British colony, David Manners is just a regular fellow. He can take his art or leave it alone, although he is serious about his acting and hopes, some day, to be an author

Manners—He Has Them

OLD John W. Heredity and Oscar Q. Tradition must have perfectly ghastly headaches over the case of young Mr. David Manners. For young Mr. Manners has thumbed his nose at them right rudely!

You see, by all the hoary old rules of Tradition and Heredity, young Mr. Manners should be an up-nosed, broad-A-ing, family-tree-flaunting, superciliously-ultra-Englishman. For he's a direct straight-line descendant of William the Conqueror, and is a cousin and nevvew of Earls and Dukes and things like that all over England.

And instead, dash it all, he's turned out to be a blooming American, my word!—and a cinema performer, at that! And a good one.

I say now, cawn't you just see old William the Conqueror turning over in his grave like a whirling dervish at the very idea of it?

"Very well; let him, then," shoulder-shrugs young Mr. Manners, his descendant; "only the silly ass must make a frightful clatter turning over with all that armor on him!"

That's what Dave Manners' attitude toward this family-tree thing amounts to. Born of the ultramarine blue blood of

A descendant of William the Conqueror conquers Hollywood—and in a big way, too

England, destined to carry on the family name and line in the best old British tradition, Dave instead has turned out to be as American as a quart of two-dollar "imported" gin.

And for a final finger-flick at it all, he has taken out his first naturalization papers. He frankly prefers America to England.

"I like the spirit of America. I like its democracy and its great dis-

tances. Besides, I make my living here, and somehow, I think I ought to belong here. It's a matter of conscience as well as preference."

Of course, you filmgoers know David Manners as the very handsome young chap who has been appearing in Warner Bros. pictures. Or, perhaps, he stands out particularly in the splendid rôle he did opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "The Miracle Woman"—the blind young war aviator—remember? You'll see him again, opposite Marian Marsh, in the leading male rôle in the photoplay to be filmed as the result of the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. picture story contest.

David Manners' rise in pictures has been rapid, since his first memorable performance as *Raleigh* in "Journey's End." He's destined for the top, intelligent screen observers say. And that's how you know him. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

By Harry Lang

By
Michael
Woodward



Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," in which he made a minor part important by the sincerity of his playing

A Nervous Wreck!

HERE'S a secret—That calm suavity for which you admire Leslie Howard is just a "front." It's part of his splendid stock-in-trade, but it's 100 per cent fake. Leslie Howard himself is as nervous as a couple of hundred Mexican jumping beans.

After a day's work on the set, for instance, he has to go home and lock himself in. He doesn't dare go out among people, he confesses, because he's afraid he'd make a fool of himself by suddenly letting go, shrieking and bashing a grand piano over some bore's head.

It seems that ever since his war experience—he went through four years of that hell as an English soldier—he's been more or less jittery. Because of the type of stage and screen characterizations he has done, his day's work consists mainly of repression of his naturally nervous temperament—repression, restraint, repression, restraint, all day long. So by the time the end of the day's work arrives, he's just all bottled up inside, and sometimes feels as though he'd like to sort of explode all over the surrounding scenery.

If he ever did let go, he realizes, people would think he was this and that kind of nut. So he just goes home and behaves. He's got a nice wife—and as she's neither stage nor screen, they don't talk shop.

Leslie can't understand how screen stars go on working continuously without going cuckoo. His own contract calls for getting away from pictures at least once a year—to do a stage play. Picture-making and its mechanics harass and confuse and bewilder him.

The interminable business of adjusting lights, setting cameras, rehearsing, and the innumerable takes and retakes and re-retakes are not Leslie Howard's meat. He prefers the

Don't be fooled by Leslie Howard's famous suavity—he's really as jittery as a stampeded herd of jumping beans

stage—where a man learns his part, then goes on and does the play consecutively from one end to the other. Then, at the end of the performance, his work is done for the day and he can forget it until, next day, he starts it over again.

But in pictures—well, the hubbub and the illogical lack of consecutiveness in the way they shoot a story, are just too much for him. He stood four straight years of war, but he's quite sure he couldn't stand a

consecutive year of picture-making without being quite mad at the end of it. Right now he's planning to appear in a Broadway stage play during the winter.

HOWARD'S a quite unobtrusive person off-stage, or off-screen. You'd probably not recognize him if you met him "as is." For one thing, he wears glasses—not these phony dark glasses so many stars wear because they, like ostriches, think people won't see the star behind the specs. Leslie Howard's glasses are horn-rimmed lenses, and he wears them all the time off-set.

Too, in contrast with his screen characterizations, he's a bit careless about his clothes. Anything but a sartorial fop. And you're as like as not to find him puttering around somewhere with a camera, taking snapshots or amateur movies. He's more of a camera addict than a Japanese tourist is, and does his own developing and printing. He likes to get behind his home movie projector and show his friends films he took of his homeland—England, of course.

Offhand, you'd hardly know he was English. He has no more of that "Oxford accent" than your corner grocer. In fact, he has much less of it than most American-born stars who think a broad-A and a rising inflection constitute good English. Which reminds one of the platinum [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

She's Not A Parrot

That silly "parrot" story makes the red hair of the German screen sensation redder than ever, and is entirely untrue

By Ruth Biery



If Marlene Dietrich looks angry in this picture, it's because she's mad at writers who misquote and malign her

MARLENE DIETRICH is angry. This charming, cultured woman of Europe is burned up in a wholly American, plebeian manner.

She is on the verge of saying "to h— with it all" (or the German equivalent) and turning her back on everything over here but making pictures and caring for her baby.

Hollywood can go to; society can choose an equally warm place, and writers—well, there isn't a place hot enough for her to send them.

And it is not because of that unfortunate fuss in the newspapers started by the wife of Josef Von Sternberg, the director who has guided her to success in American pictures.

That matter is referred to in Cal York's column in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Hollywood's sympathy, the friendly attitude of the newspapers and the generous reaction of the motion picture public all over the country give her sufficient assurance on that score.

No, it's all because she has been misquoted; deplorably misquoted.

That's the penalty of fame, and Marlene hasn't become injured to that yet.

For example, Ruth Chatterton was kind to the Paramount newcomer. They interchanged daily visits at the studio; became mutual admirers. Marlene thought—so did Ruth—that they were two who might be screen rivals but could be personal cronies.

While Marlene was in Germany she read disgusting things Ruth was supposed to have said about her. She also read that Ruth refused to speak to her at the opening of "Morocco."

"I COULD smile at that. Nobody spoke to me but Mr. Zukor and Mitzi Green. They said it was a good picture."

Fortunately, neither Ruth nor Marlene believes everything that is printed. They are so friendly that Ruth went to a writer and begged her not to print any more unkind things about Marlene! But word has circled the globe that they are mad-dog about one another.

On the way back to Hollywood, Marlene was asked if she would like to make a picture with Ernst Lubitsch. She said she did not know enough to leave the tutelage of her master—Josef Von Sternberg. The story was printed that Miss Dietrich did not wish to make a picture with Lubitsch because he could not speak good English.

Marlene sent messages galore to her countryman, explaining she had been misquoted.

He understood; but she could not send messages throughout the world to insure the same understanding.

And the day after her return—with the fires of anger already sizzling—she picked up a magazine (not PHOTOPLAY, decidedly not PHOTOPLAY) and read she was a "parrot." Von Sternberg put words into her mouth. She repeated them. "A red-headed parrot," said the article.

Whoops, Agnes! She's red-headed all right, but she's not a parrot. Although a parrot might have used equally expressive language, it could never have expressed the same depth of feeling. Never!

The next interviewer who saw Marlene, walked out. "I walked out on *her*," he said. Don't let a reporter's pride mislead you. Marlene staged that exit. She acted so dumb she didn't even pull a parrot-line on him.

And the next scribbler said, "Well, if you can get anything out of *her*—" Clam is an old simile, but it explains perfectly the silence of Dietrich.

Enter: this writer. I thought I had an advantage; I already knew Marlene. But I didn't know *this* Marlene. When Von Sternberg came in, for example, she said, "Your parrot will now put on her hat," and did a fade-out, leaving the director to carry on the battle.

Friends have told her she should not pay so much attention to misquotes. "I suppose I should laugh!" She shrugged. "Then what is the use of giving interviews at all—if I pay them no attention. I wish I could do my work and say nothing."

But that means she is copy-cattin' Garbo. And she's as anxious to live that down as she is to be quoted correctly.

It's really a serious problem to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



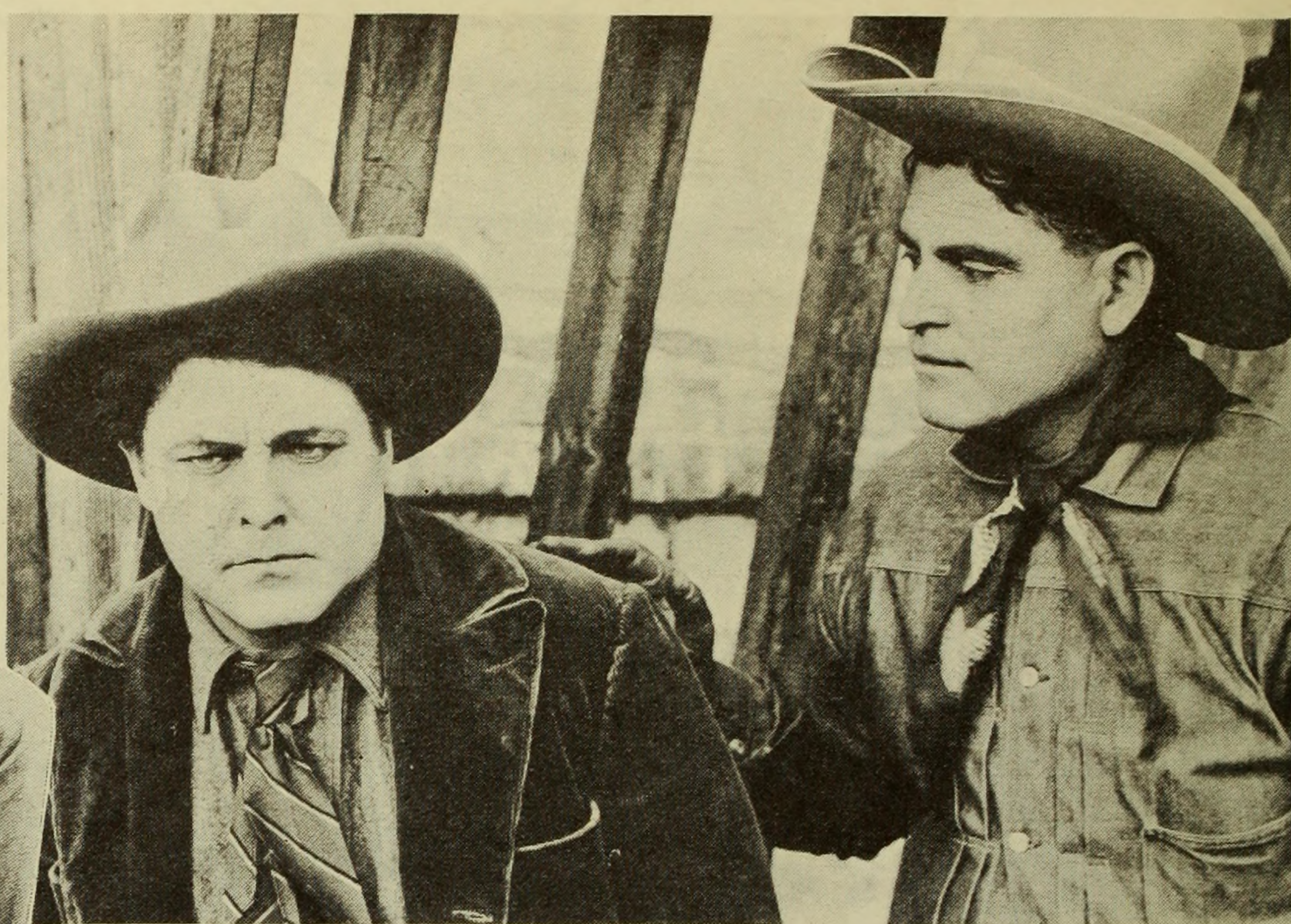
PORTRAIT of an actor's mind. Here's what Eddie Lowe thinks about as he reads the script of "The Spider," his new picture: "Gee, they've made me a tough guy in this one. I'm supposed to give the boys and girls the creeps and a couple of



Photo by Stagg

thrills. I'm the bozo who solves the murder mystery by feats of magic. I'm mean! I'm hard-boiled! Well, I get paid for it and Lil needs shoes. Wonder what Lil will think when she sees me in this. Bet she'll laugh. That gal knows me too well!"

To *An Unknown Actor*



At the left, Pedro Leon, one of the greatest of all film cowboys, as he looked during his riding and roping days in Hollywood. Right, Pedro in a scene with William Farnum, for whom he sometimes doubled. Pedro worshipped Farnum, and in turn had the affection of all moviedom

FOREWORD taken from the *New York Times*, July 18, 1931, with text by Will Rogers. His beautiful tribute to a real Hollywood actor:

Beverly Hills, Calif., July 17.

He had been in the movies for years, just about the best real cowboy out here, the most graceful roper I ever saw. You fans didn't know him, for he didn't get to do much but the rough stuff and the skilled stuff, but when any director wanted anything done right on a horse it was "Pedro, do this for this high-priced 'dummy' and he can take the close-up." Great smile, great teeth, great disposition.

You have gone now, Pedro, to where when you do something your name will be on the bills. "Pedro Leon, *en persona, un muy bueno hombre.*" You was a Mexican *vaquero* to some, but a real man to those who knew you. *Adios, mi amigo.*

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

THE first time I ever saw Pedro Leon was in 1920 at Palm Springs, California, where he was doubling for William Farnum in heavy riding of "The Orphan." I was handling the company publicity. Bill didn't, until the year before, employ a "double," but an accident while making a sea picture in which he was nearly drowned and the pleurisy which followed a night of exposure on Santa Cruz Island made this necessary.

We all stood watching Pete, as we called him, riding hell bent for leather down a steep canyon, make a flying leap over a ravine and then for the open desert. He was a magnificent figure, tall, powerfully built, with black curly hair and flashing teeth—the thing you were not prepared for was the tenderness in his eyes.

Pete was a cowboy and one of the finest ropers in California. He broke his own record at a rodeo that year

He never had a story written about him while he lived. Read this one now. He was a man and a gentleman

by lassoing thirteen horses running abreast. To a motion picture company he was invaluable, it was "Pete, do that leap, will you?" "Where's Pedro Leon?" and so on.

I remember a scene taken near a waterfall in the mountains high above the desert. A hut had been built by the company in which several scenes were to be taken. In that country there was danger of centipedes and rattlesnakes and Pete searched the cabin carefully before anyone entered, to see whether, during the night, some reptile had taken

the place over. He made a little lasso from one hair of a horse's tail and emerged with a five-inch centipede hanging from the end of it!

I'VE seen him pick up rattlers as though they were puppies, extract their fangs and put them in a cage. He'd take them by the back of their necks, thumb and index finger held strongly just at the hinge behind the jaw. He often lassoed them with a horsehair lariat of several plaited strands, though I never happened to see him do that.

Farnum rode an excitable horse and one day a scene was to be taken on a plateau overlooking a plain. Indians and cowboys were fighting it out down there, guns popping in every direction. Bill's horse danced on the edge of a two-hundred foot drop during the taking of the scene. Pedro stood in back of Farnum but out of camera range. He had a lariat over his arm, this time a stout leather one.

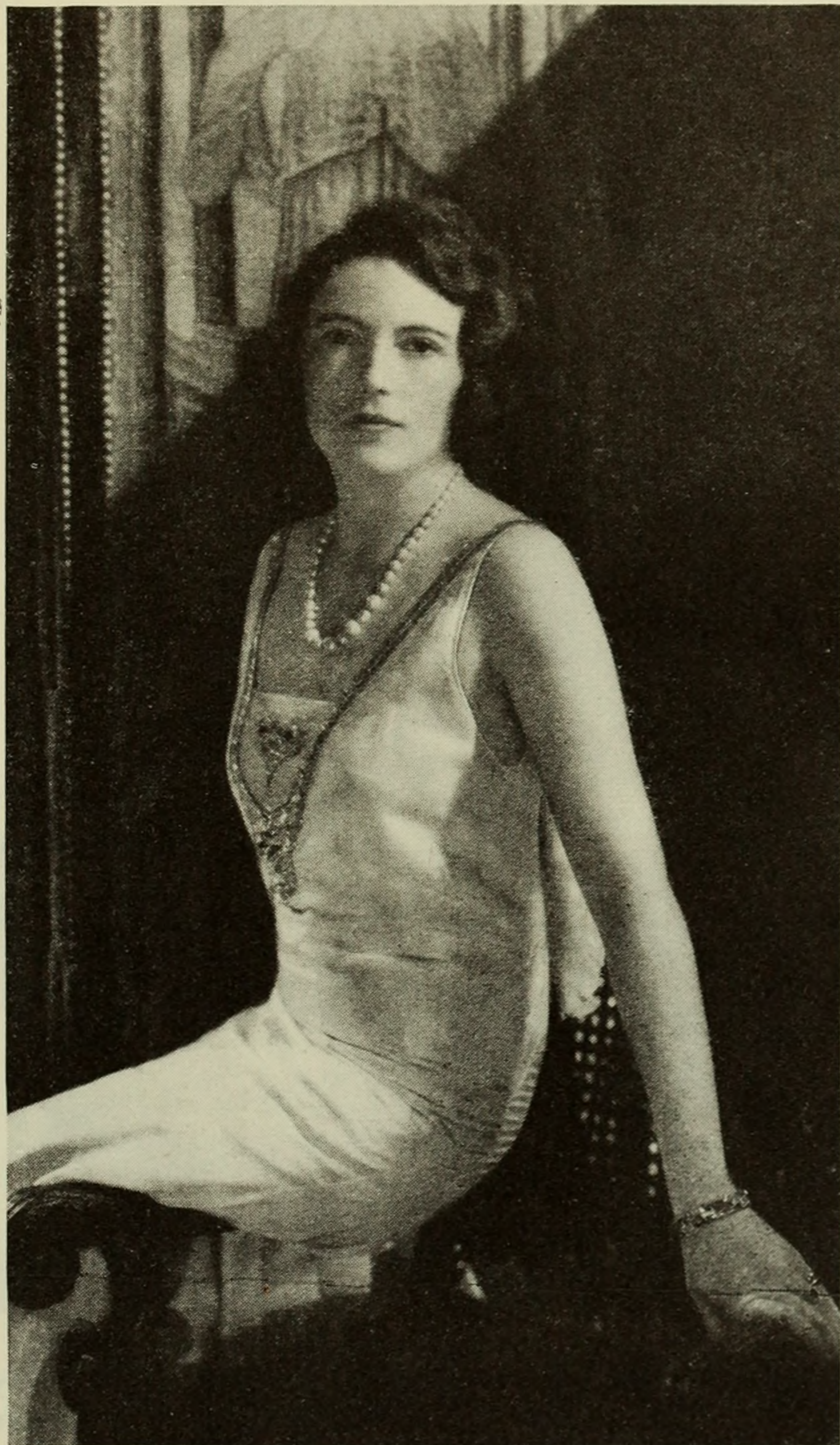
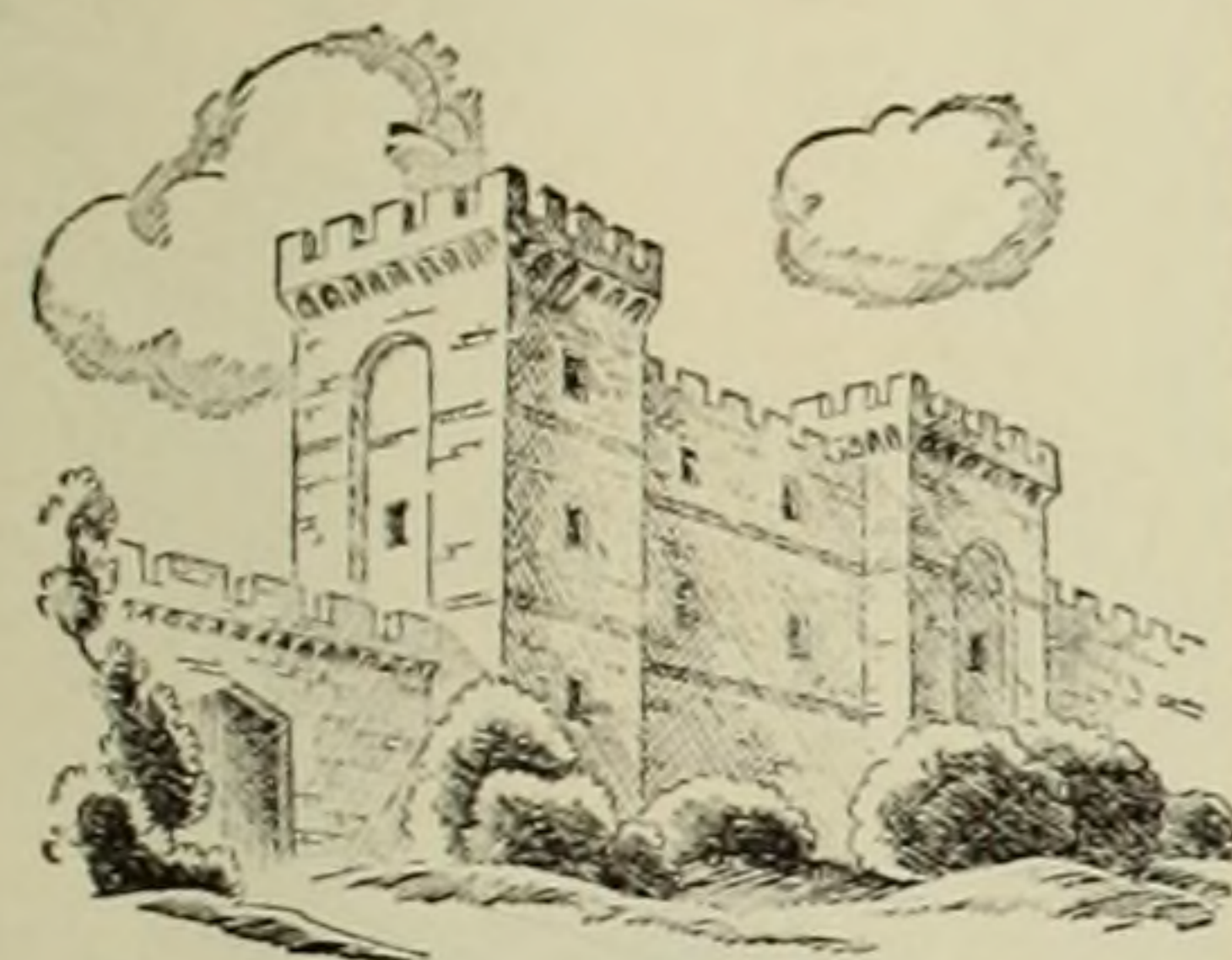
I noticed that he watched Farnum like a hawk. When the scene was over I said, "Pete, were you standing by in case Mr. Farnum's horse plunged over that drop?" He turned quickly and his eyes, to my surprise, filled with tears.

"You see that, Miss?" he asked. He adored the ground Farnum walked on. "Yes, the horse, she would have to go. But I save Mista [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

By Helen Ludlam

A lovely Royal Visitor compliments American Women

The Marchioness of Milford Haven



LADY MILFORD HAVEN, daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the British Royal Navy, a son of the late Prince Louis of Battenberg.

LADY MILFORD HAVEN sat in her suite in a great New York hotel, high above the brilliant pageant of Fifth Avenue. It was evening, and she was royally lovely in a sheath of white satin with dazzling jewels and superb pearls that echoed the creamy perfection of her skin.

I put the question I had come to ask and the Marchioness smiled enchantingly.

"American women? But of course—I find them delightful! So pretty. So charmingly dressed. So perfectly groomed. They have the most appealing charm that any woman can possess—"

"And that—?" . . .
"—is a beautiful complexion, unquestionably."

Lady Milford Haven's pretty compliment was obviously sincere. "Thank you!" I said, and we went on to talk of the care of the skin.

"No wonder American women have beautiful complexions," she smiled, "for many I have asked tell me they follow the Pond's Method."

"You know it, too?" . . . Delightful to discover another royal user of Pond's!

"I find it the simplest way to keep my skin fresh and clear," she explained.

You, too, should follow these four steps to loveliness:



1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt to the surface . . . At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, less expensive yet more efficient because softer, so much more



absorbent. White or peach. "The best way to remove cold cream," Lady Milford Haven says.

3. With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish lingering oiliness, close and refine pores, and bring a lovely natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.



4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a cool, well-bred finish . . . Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvel-



ous to keep hands soft, smooth and white—use always after having your hands in water.

Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening at 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS
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photo by
RAY HUFF
Los Angeles, 1931

*Fascinating stage
and screen star has a
Complexion Secret
you, too, can share!*

"I AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. But who would believe it looking at the recent picture above!

"And I am now realizing that it is not birthdays which really count. It is whether or not a woman retains her youthful complexion.

"After every performance of my present stage vehicle, *Elizabeth the Queen*, I use Lux Toilet Soap to cleanse my skin of makeup. Not only does it remove every trace of grease paint, but it protects my complexion and leaves my

LUX Toilet

“I,
m
over 40!”

Pauline Frederick

face feeling fresh and invigorated. I have used this soap regularly for a long time and find that it does wonders for my skin.”

Countless other beautiful women of the stage and screen agree on the soothing qualities of this white soap.

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses (including all stars) 605 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*. It is official in all film studios. The Broadway stars, the European stars, too, are devoted to it.

Surely you will want to try it for your skin!

Soap — 10¢



PAULINE FREDERICK in her present stage success, *Elizabeth the Queen*. With amazing versatility she transforms her face into a remarkable likeness to the famous queen!

Girl, Wife, Grandmother

When "Over the Hill" was first made, thousands of old folks were taken from alms houses by children who had neglected them. And now—

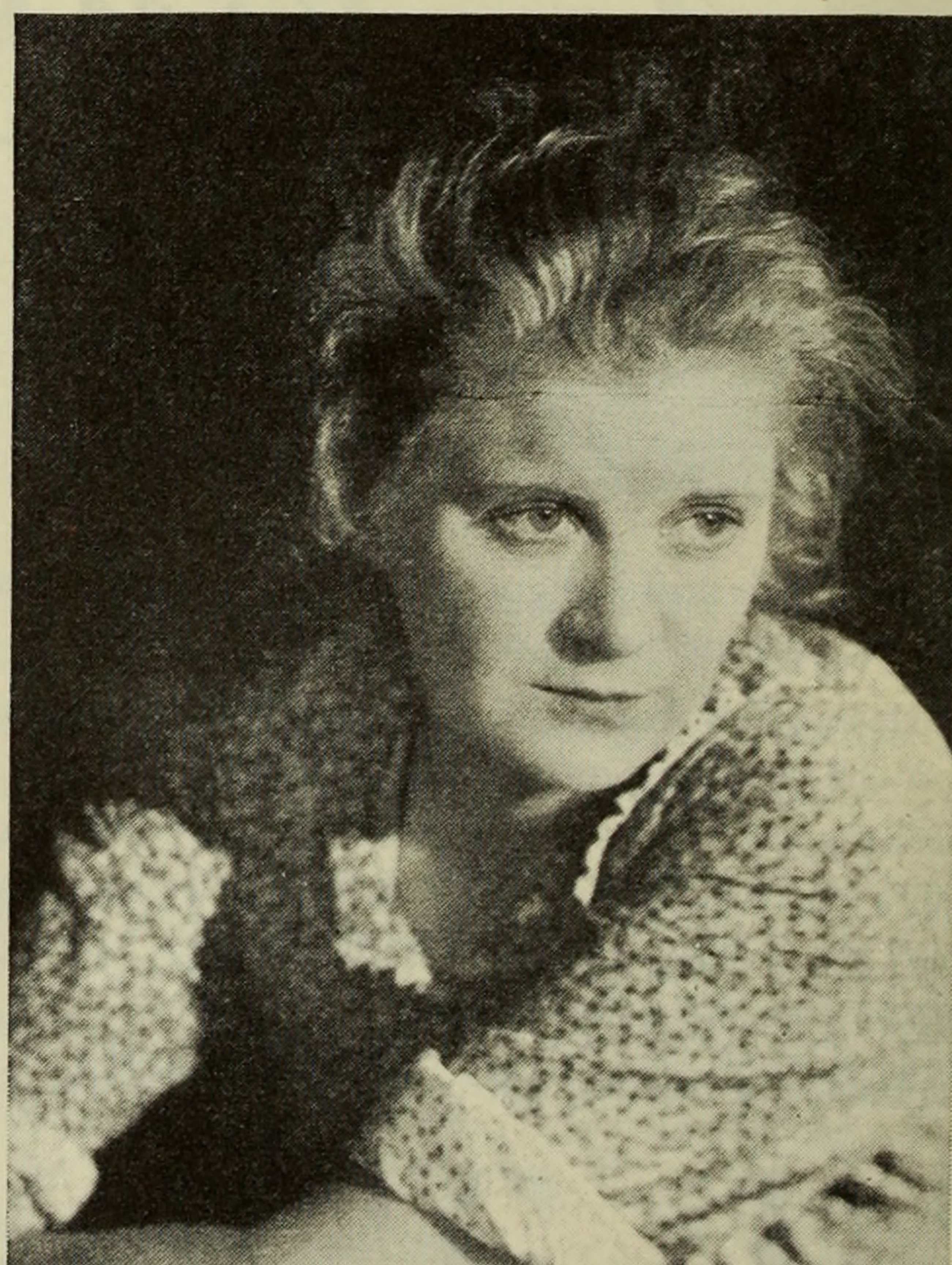


Mae Marsh plays the rôle that made Mary Carr famous. The new version retains the tears and heart throbs. Here's Mae as the grandmother

*Photography
by
Hal Phylfe*



Just as lovely as she was in the Griffith era, Mae Marsh makes a comeback in "Over the Hill." She's like this in early scenes of the picture



Herself a wife and mother, Mae has lost none of her captivating wistfulness, as you can see by this portrait of her as the wife. Good work, Mae

This seal answers the question:

“what toothpaste should I use?”

What is this seal?

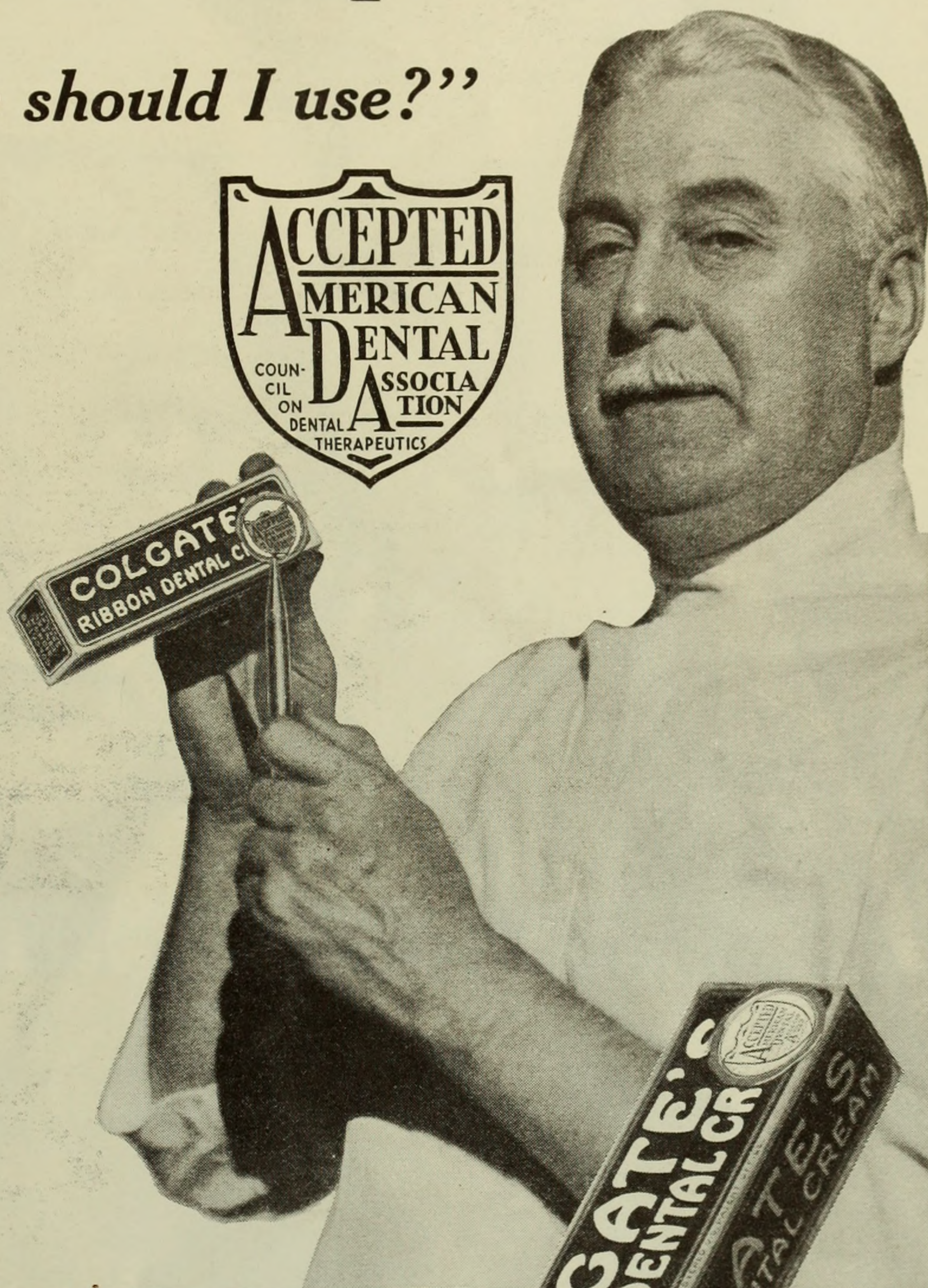
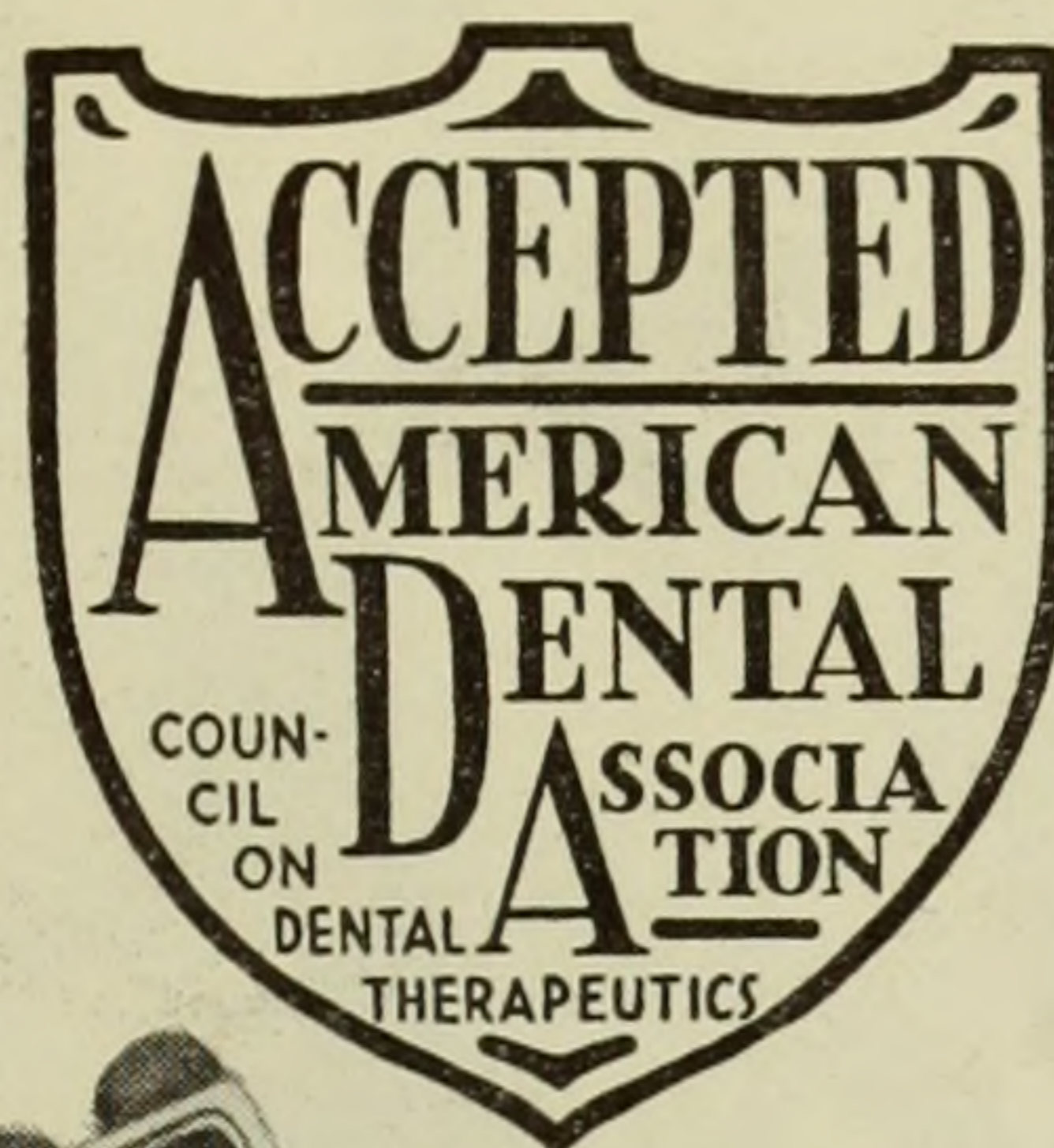
It is the seal of acceptance of the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This Council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, and chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of any product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

What is the meaning of this seal?

This seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. When found on a toothpaste, it means that the composition of this toothpaste has been submitted to the Council, and that its claims have been found acceptable.



Colgate's bears this seal

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more peo-

ple's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price—but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's—and quality alone—that has held its leadership for years and years.

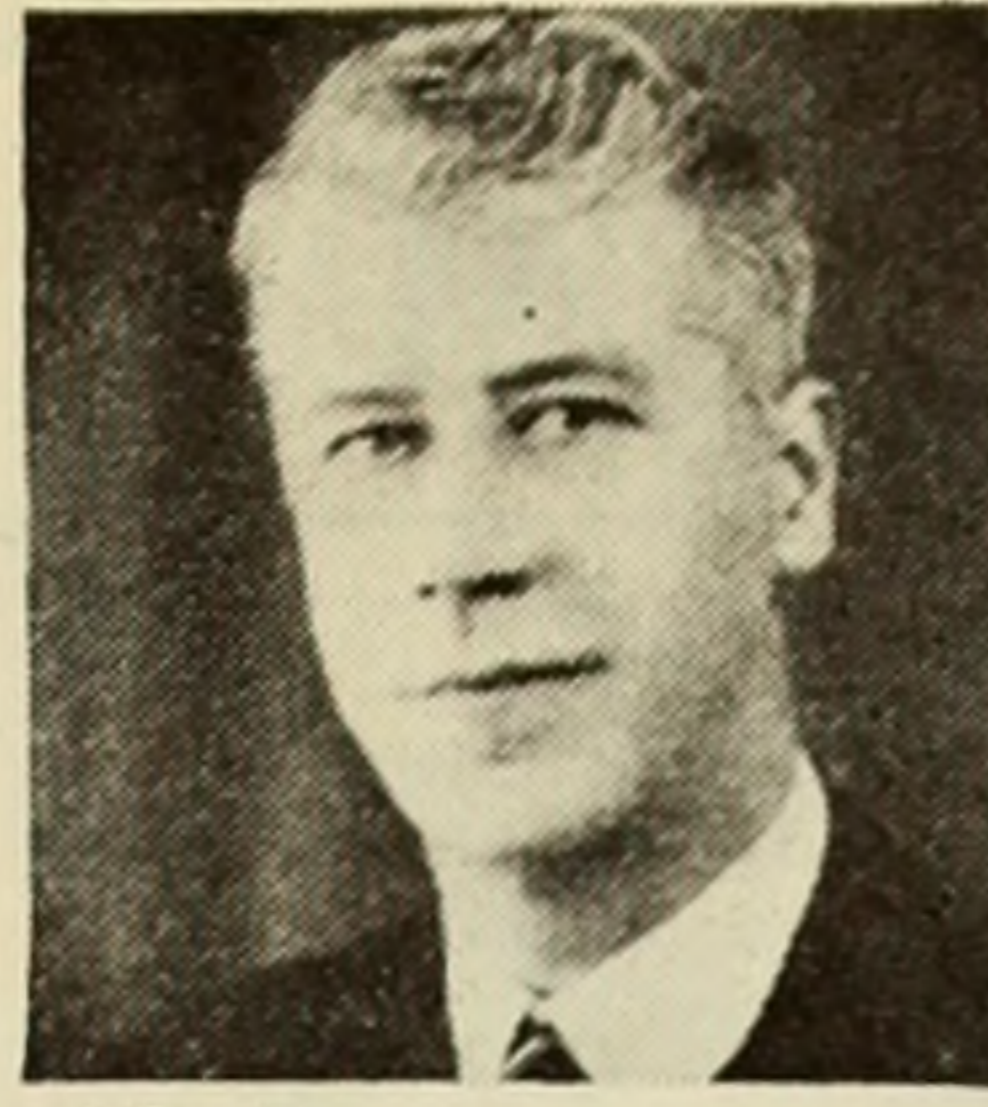
Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth healthfully and completely clean.



**Colgate's
costs only
25c**



ONE of the greatest stars of yesteryear plays movie mamma to one of today's brightest sparklers! Pauline Frederick and Joan Crawford as they appear in "This Modern Age." They are real-life pals—and there's even a resemblance! By this time, Joan has her natural red-brown hair again—she went platinum for one picture. Incidentally, though Miss Frederick replaced Marjorie Rambeau in the cast, it remained something of a family affair. Both ladies had tries at matrimony with the marriage-minded playwright, Willard Mack



"Palmolive is a delightful soap to use—bland, soothing and gentle, yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties."
Marguerite Hoare
of London

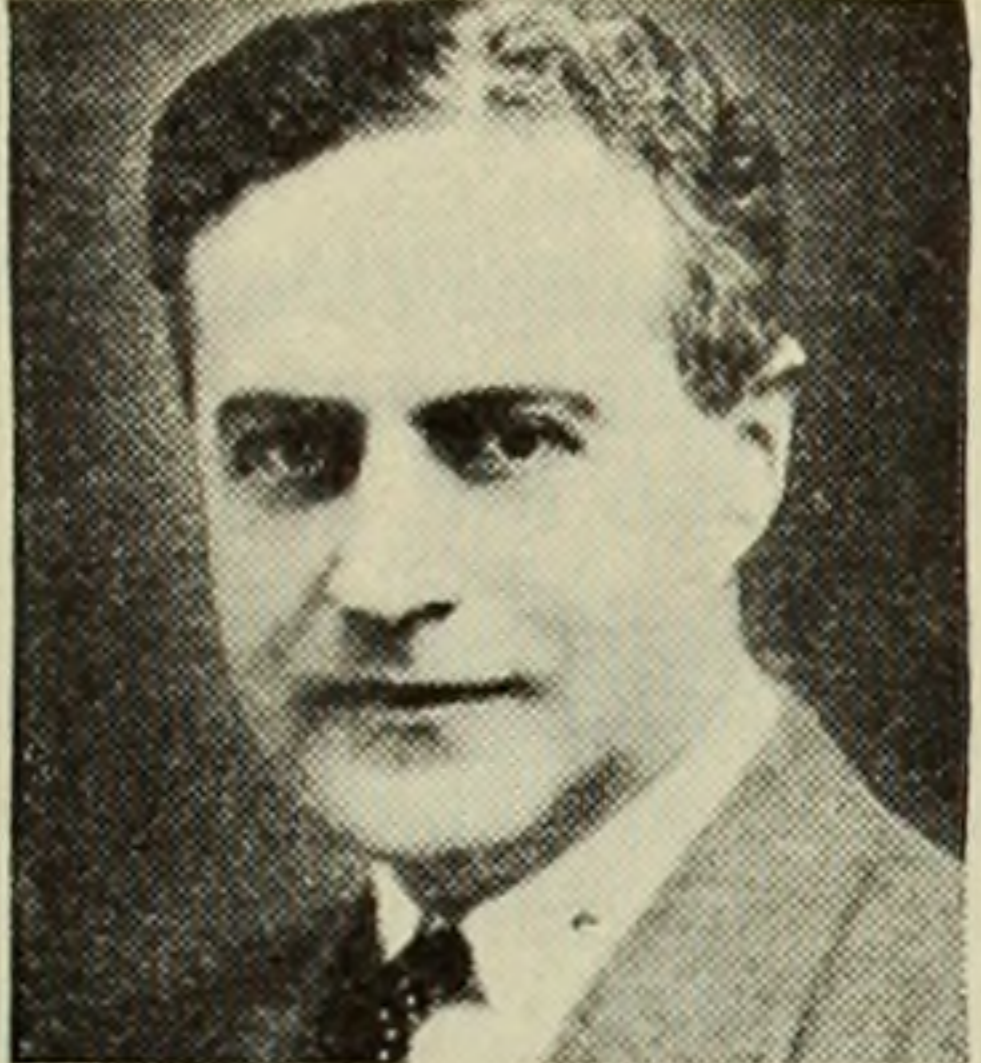
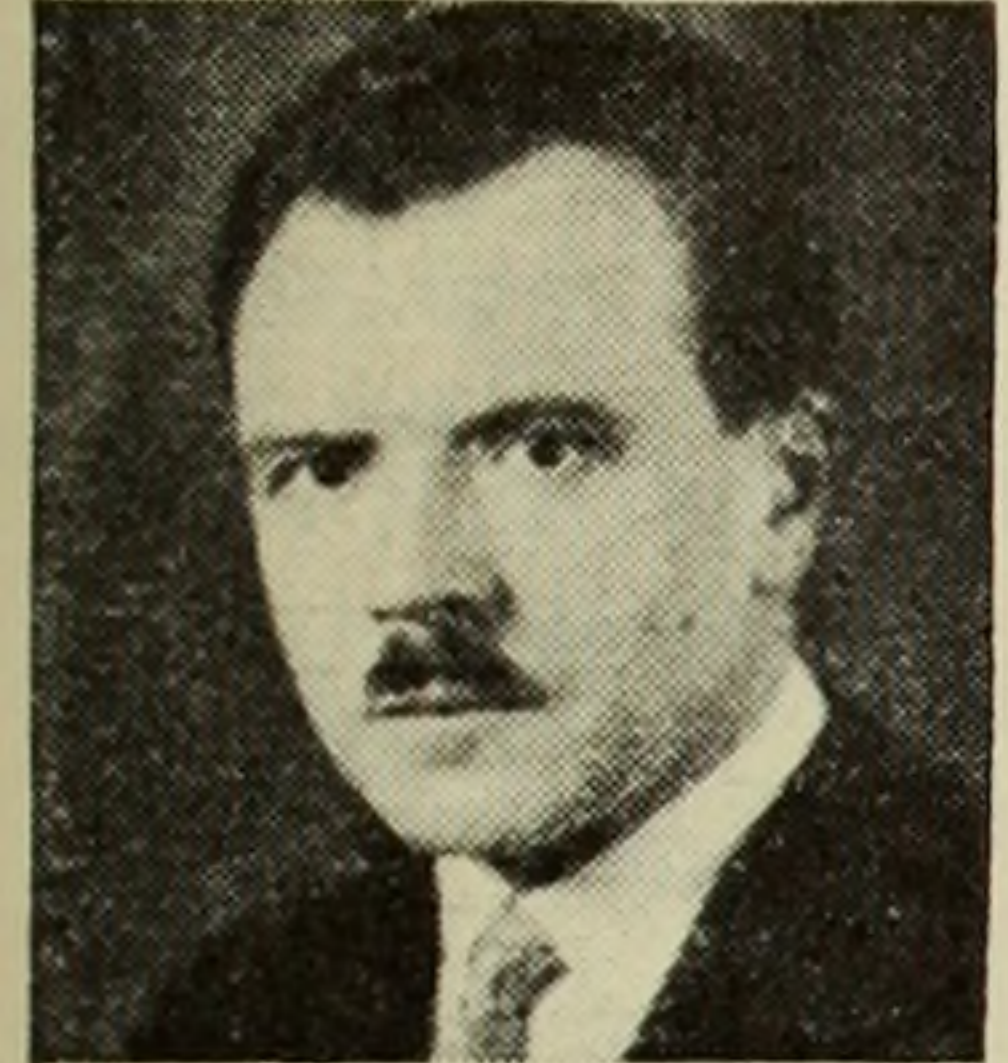
"Don't use just any soap ... particularly if your skin is irritated! Use Palmolive. It is made of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm."
Niraus
of Madrid

"Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine soothing cosmetic oils—will do for your face. That is why I recommend only Palmolive."
Pessl of Vienna
and Budapest

"Palmolive Soap improves your color and tones up your skin. It is bland and neutral. Use this fine facial soap twice a day."
Dahlstrand
of Stockholm

"Ordinary soap may irritate the skin and hurt the tissues. That is why I insist upon Palmolive, a true beauty soap."
Pezza
of Naples

"Thorough cleansing must be obtained by daily use of soap and water. I recommend the vegetable oil soap—Palmolive."
Sterck-Schinzell
of Cologne



These famous names
are among the
20,000 beauty experts
who recommend
Palmolive



"It doesn't pay to experiment—when beauty is at stake use Palmolive. Nothing equals its stimulating, soothing cosmetic oils."
Paul
of Fifth Ave.

"Use Palmolive, a soap that is effective but gentle in its action. The vegetable oils of olive and palm make Palmolive soothing."
Hoefler
of Chicago

"Repeated experiments have convinced me that vegetable oils in soap are best for your skin. That is why I say use Palmolive."
Mrs. McGavran
of Kansas City

"Don't mistreat your complexion by using the wrong soap—use Palmolive. Its vegetable oils make a soap that is safe."
Jessie Henderson
of Los Angeles

When soaps claim beauty results ask first what they are made of

**Palmolive tells you—willingly—
it is made of olive and palm oils**

TODAY there are many soaps on the market. Some make extravagant claims. You are often confused—don't know which soap to choose. You take great chances, endanger your complexion, unless you know what is in the soap you use on your face.

Choice of experts

Palmolive Soap is the choice of over 20,000 beauty experts. They know what's in this soap. They know it is made of olive and palm oils—the world's supreme cosmetic oils.

Don't let anyone convince you that soap which merely *claims* beauty

results will do for you what Palmolive does. Palmolive results come from Palmolive only.

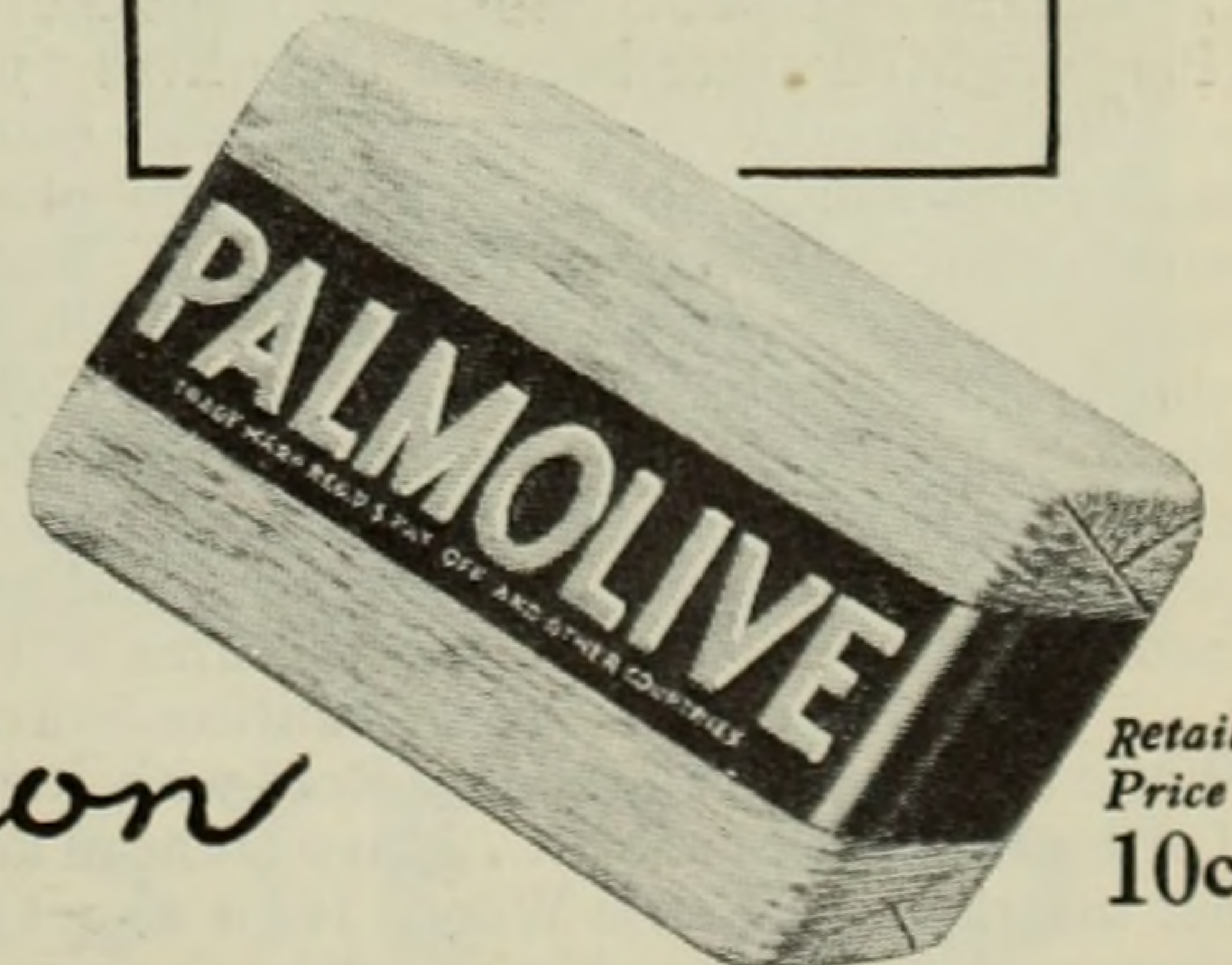
Palmolive is a pure soap. Its delicate, natural color comes from the fine vegetable oils of which it is made. It is naturally wholesome, just like the complexions it fosters.

It gives a creamy, fine-textured lather that removes accumulations of dirt, oil, powder, which otherwise cause coarse pores, roughness, muddiness—a dozen and one blemishes to skin beauty.

Youth captivates... youth charms. Use Palmolive—only Palmolive—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

*Consult your
beauty specialist*

There is just one person whose business it is to help you keep good looks. That is the trained professional beauty specialist. Put your beauty problems in her hands. She will help you solve them.



Retail Price 10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



We just had to reprint this picture of Mae Murray and her husband, David Mdivani, taken after the wedding in 1927. Recently, after a spat, they made up—just like this!

MORE Love, etc.—

Crane Wilbur and Lenita Lane plan to do the wedding march. . . . Olive Borden and husband Teddy Stewart have separated. . . . Hoot Gibson agrees with ex-wife to pay her \$4,000 more alimony and undertake education of their daughter under his own direction. . . . Hoot and present wife, Sally Eilers, still among Hollywood's happiest. . . . Lillian Gish returns to America from having heart trouble treated in Europe and is kissed on the dock by George Jean Nathan. . . . Bob "Is Zat So?" Armstrong wins divorce from dancer-wife, Jeanne Kent Armstrong. . . . says she got letters from other men at other addresses than home. . . . Miriam "Smiling Lieutenant" Hopkins separates from Austin (Playwright) Parker because their lives "just wouldn't blend." . . . Gary Cooper comes back from European tour and is seen places with Tallulah Bankhead in New York, Bankhead having returned from Hope Williams' ranch in Wyoming. . . . Janet Gattis McCormick Reno-tifies the world that she's divorcing John ex-Colleen McCormick because he can't get Colleen out of his mind and goes into the silences when he sees pictures of her. . . . Jack Divorced-From-Pauline-Starke White at opening of Embassy Roof with Renee Torres, Raquel's sister. . . . Mary Duncan kept her marriage to Lewis Wood, Jr., a secret for three months. He is a New York business man.

IS Lilyan Tashman going to have a baby? When asked about the report, Lilyan replied "We're having beautiful weather in California this summer."

And Eddie says, "Well you know Hollywood. Rumor hounds know about it ten months before the father and mother."

MRS. EDITH SHEARER, Norma's mother, took a trip to Reno recently and when she came back to Hollywood Pa Shearer was a matrimonial discard.

Ma didn't make any sensational charges about Pa. It seemed to be very agreeable all around.

Just a few years ago Ma and Pa were happy

and ties. Pa entered into the spirit of Hollywood with great zest.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest trick—a Hawaiian-style lei of tuberose, instead of a corsage of orchids or gardenias.

Colleen Moore introduced the new idea at the opening of the Embassy Roof Garden.

EVERY time that Lupe Velez goes out on a party she carries along a little square card on the chance that she will meet Greta Garbo and get her autograph. Lupe is an out and out Garbo fan and when that vivacious little Mexican girl likes them, she likes them—and when she doesn't they know it.

Lupe would never become a diplomat. But she is so downright honest that everyone of her acquaintances knows just where he stands in her likes and dislikes. In her home she has a scrap-book of Greta Garbo which contains every picture of her that has ever appeared in a magazine. "That girl Greta," said Lupe, "she is the best of them all."

And the strange thing is that their paths have crossed but once. Lupe confesses that she was so awed at that meeting that for once she didn't have much to say. There is one star in Hollywood for whom Lupe has no love whatever.

The reason for her dislike is that the star tries to imitate her idol.

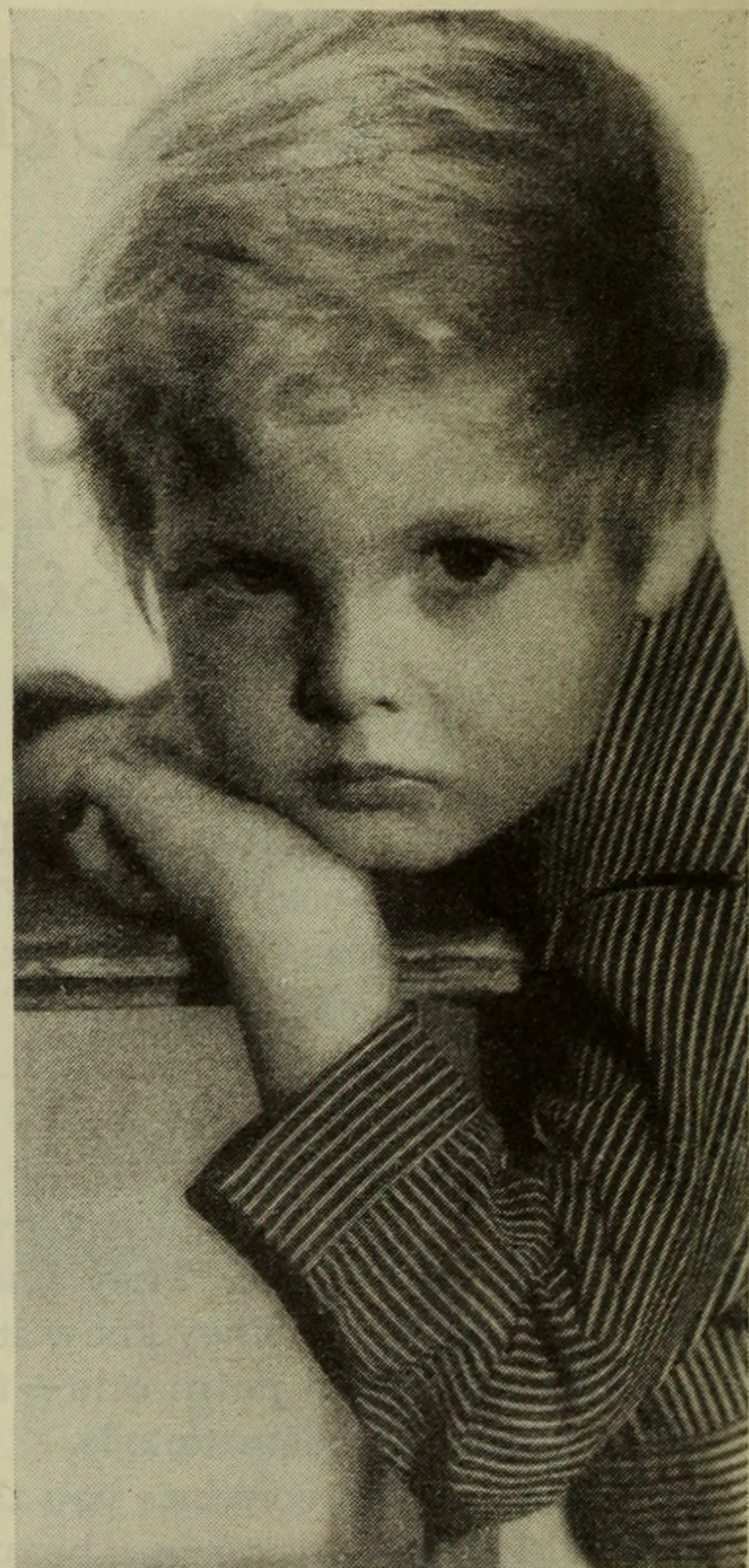
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The Chinese maid at the top is, of course, an old pal of ours, Anna May Wong. The other is her sister Mary, or Hueng, who appears with Anna May in "Daughter of the Dragon"

in Montreal. Pa was a building contractor. When Norma came to Hollywood, Mother Shearer was right along to take care of the budding star. We must say that she has done very well with her child.

Pa got ailing and followed to get some of the bracing California sunshine. After a session with the doctors and several operations, they fixed him up so well that he immediately blossomed out, became a member of a golf club and no handsome young leading man ever wore better togs. The haberdashers always smiled when Pa Shearer came through the door because he was a good customer and would invariably choose himself nifty socks



This pensive infant, by his work in one picture, pushed right up to the front rank of child actors. It's Dicky Moore, who was seen to such good advantage in "The Star Witness"

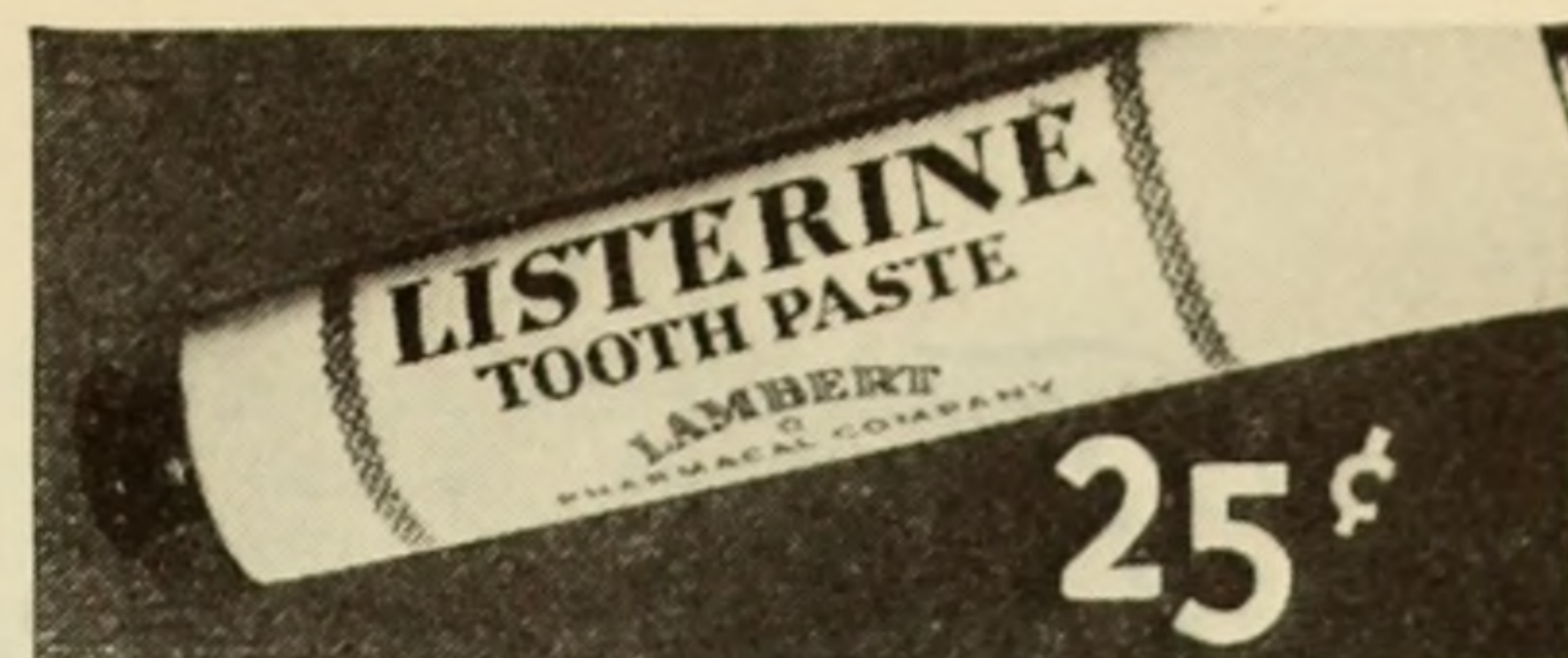
Tooth Paste for Two at the price of one!

—and results as amazing as the price!

Few people are innocent enough, these days, to believe that two can live as cheaply as one. But many a couple has found that even if the old theory is not true of any other expenses, it is true of tooth paste.

From 50¢ dentifrices, they have switched over to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube. This makes their *combined* bill just what *each* of them paid before!

Most people use a tube a month.



Saving 25¢ twelve times, means \$3 a year, for each person in the family. This often adds up to quite a sizable and welcome economy.

Naturally, however, it would be foolish to save money at the cost of inferior tooth-cleansing. That would only result in dentists' bills many times the yearly cost of any tooth paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans, whitens, and polishes as well as any brand made. It contains a special element which does the work excellently, with half the effort—yet is absolutely safe for your tooth enamel. And the lively, clean taste it leaves in your mouth reminds you of Listerine itself.

We could never offer you this high quality at so low a price except for two facts. Our manufacturing methods are perfectly efficient. And vast production is made possible by the continued demand of millions of men and women. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

A pair of golf hose for you!

By using Listerine Tooth Paste rather than a 50¢ dentifrice, you save \$3 a year. That would buy Listerine Tooth Paste for another member of your family for an entire year—or any number of things, such as a pair of golf hose.



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

Today's styles are a tribute to youth

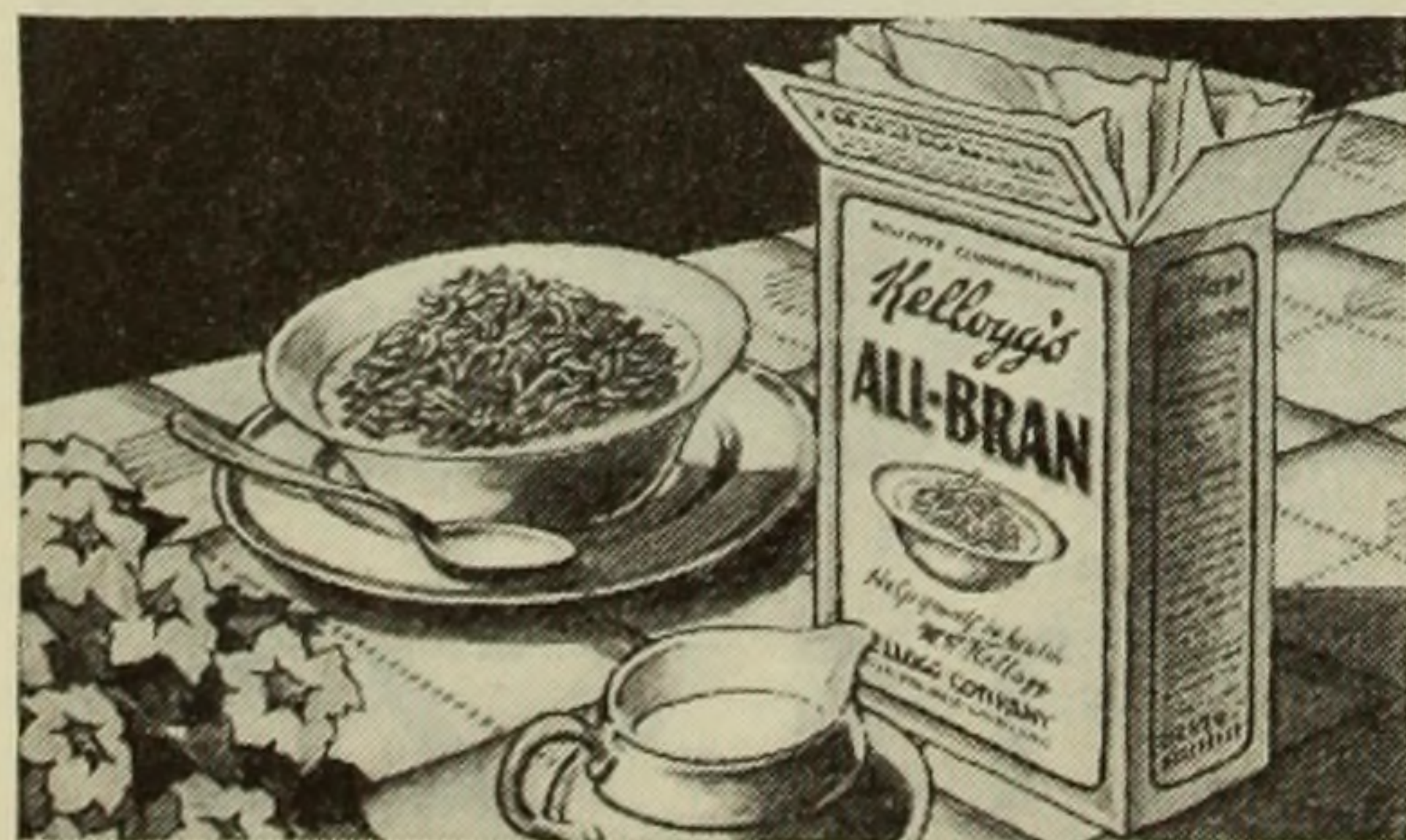


JOAN CRAWFORD, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, for luncheon wears all-black relieved by touches of white, with hat back from the forehead, and sleeves away from the wrist. For morning, she has a clever little sports-suit, with brown skirt and plaided jacket. For formal evening, she wears a molded satin gown.

NEVER have fashions been so individual. Dresses must be fitted and refitted until they become a part of you. Slimness and curves must be accentuated to achieve the smartest effect.

Those fortunate few who have a perfect figure are captivating in these new creations. The rest of us must give our figures as much attention as our complexions.

But, in dieting, we must be so careful to include plenty of "bulk."



Without this vital food-element, elimination soon becomes faulty. Poisons spread over the body. Cheeks lose color. Eyes their liveliness. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy are other consequences. Health is undermined. Beauty vanishes.

Why risk this danger when improper elimination can be overcome so easily? Just include one delicious cereal in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Two table-spoonfuls daily will guarantee proper elimination. Isn't this safer, and more pleasant than abusing your system with pills and drugs?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is one product you can enjoy day after day with unfailing appetite. Try it with milk or in fruit juices. Use in cooking, too. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It provides iron, needed

for healthy complexions. There's only one ALL-BRAN, and that's Kellogg's—by far the largest-selling all-bran cereal on the market. In the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"THE MODERN FIGURE"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

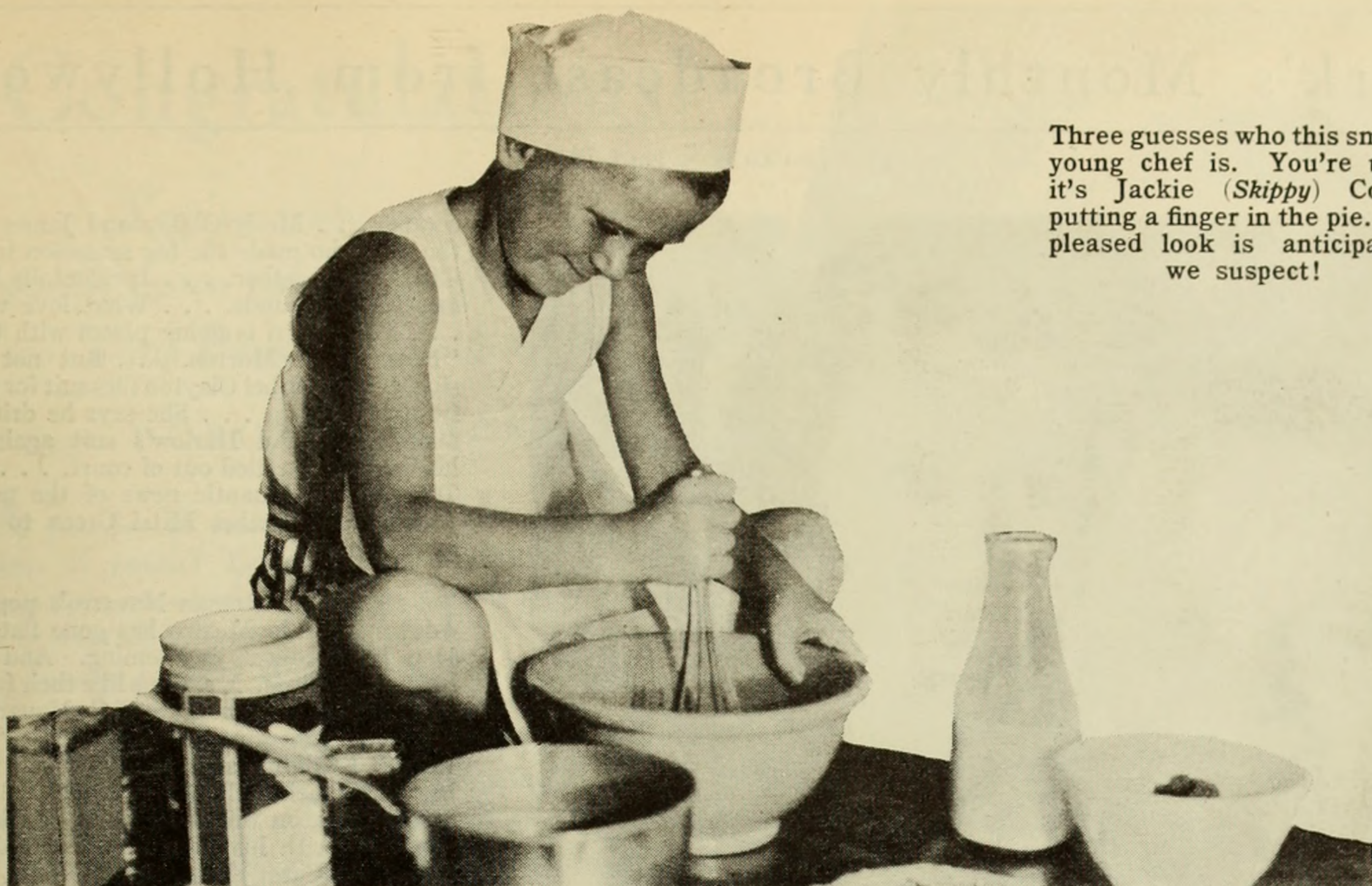


KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. A-10, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name _____

Address _____



Three guesses who this smiling young chef is. You're right, it's Jackie (*Skippy*) Cooper putting a finger in the pie. The pleased look is anticipation, we suspect!

Jackie's Halloween Party

THERE is going to be a Halloween party at Jackie Cooper's house. There probably will be lots of stunts— weird, flapping ghosts and strange, creepy noises everywhere, but when everyone is hungry, there will be plenty of goodies waiting close by. That rascal Jackie will have more than a hand in the pranks played on his guests, but not many of them will guess that he had a hand in the cooking, too!

Jackie thinks the best way to be sure of getting that last lick of the spoon is to lend a helping hand at beating the cookie batter or stirring the ingredients for a pie. He certainly looks as if he were expecting miracles from that bowl.

Three of those miracles have been jotted down so that your Halloween feast can include the very same recipes that will be found that night at the Coopers'.

Pumpkin Pie

1 cup cooked pumpkin	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar	2 eggs
1 teaspoon ground ginger	2 cups milk
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon	2 tablespoons melted butter

Add the seasonings and the sugar to the pumpkin and mix well. Then the lightly beaten eggs and the milk, and last of all stir in the melted butter. Turn into a pie plate lined with pastry and bake in a hot oven for five minutes. Then lower the heat to moderate and bake until the filling is set.

PEANUT cookies are a delicacy that will tempt any young or old taste. A generous supply of them are kept in the Cooper cookie jar all the year 'round. And Jackie treats himself as generously to them.

Peanut Cookies

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 egg	2 cups chopped peanuts

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and beat in the well-beaten egg. Sift the flour and salt together and add with the peanuts. Drop from a spoon on a well-greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven from fifteen to twenty minutes.

NO party is a real success without candy. And when it's home-made candy, there is never a piece left!

Chocolate Caramels

2 cups sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
4 squares chocolate, grated	2 tablespoons butter
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Put all the ingredients into a saucepan, stirring until the sugar is dissolved and the chocolate melted. Then let boil without stirring until the firm ball stage is reached. Remove from the fire and turn at once into a lightly buttered square pan.

No party of the whole year offers more exciting possibilities for entertainment and decoration than Halloween. Eerie lights, lighted pumpkin faces that grin in wide, toothless fashion, shocks of corn stalks, and fantastic shapes that brush by you as you pass from room to room are only a few of the thrills this ancient festival offers.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 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.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]



Keystone

Addie McPhail, the prospective Mrs. Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle No. 3, photographed with the happy bridegroom-to-be. We all know her as a film comedy girl. Roscoe will lead her to the altar when his divorce decree is made final

course. . . . Molly O'Day and James Dunn, the boy who made the big sensation in "Bad Girl," seen together. . . . Incidentally Molly's lost fifteen pounds. . . . What love will do! . . . Pola Negri is going places with Charles "Four Sons" Morton. . . . But not exclusively. . . . Ethel Clayton files suit for divorce from Ian Keith. . . . She says he drinks too much. . . . Jean Harlow's suit against her husband was settled out of court. . . . AND! The biggest romantic news of the month—Jackie Cooper takes Mitzi Green to all the smart places.

IT seems that Roman Novarro's popularity down home in Mexico has gone flat—while Don Jose Mojica's is booming. And it's all because of music. Mexicans like their favorites to sing. They like music. While Novarro warbled, his countrymen liked him. In "Son of India," he didn't sing, and Novarro isn't so big a shot below the Rio Grande. But Don Jose Mojica, on the other hand, has knocked 'em dead with his work in the Spanish film "Hay Que Casar el Principe."

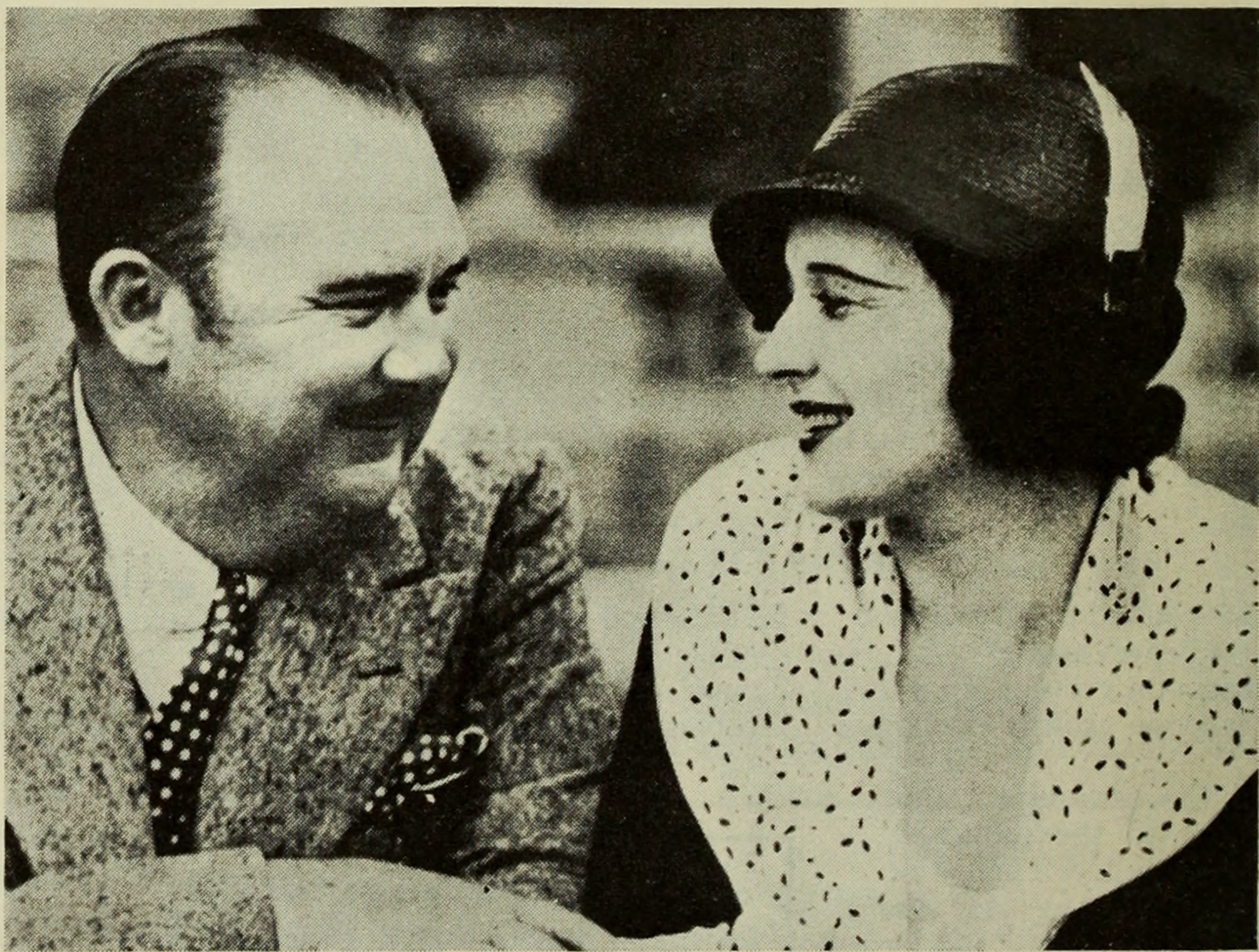
MARIE DRESSLER'S real name is Leila Koerber and Lil Dagover was christened Lilith Witt. . . . Hugh Herbert built a swimming pool at his Malibu BEACH house! . . . Douglas Fairbanks (papa, not junior) and Harold Lloyd are Hollywood's fiercest golf battlers. . . . they shoot it out in the 70's several times a week. . . . George Arliss is so superstitious about his walking stick that when

SOME "Yesses" and "Nos"—

Viola Dana utterly domesticated these days in a little apartment in Colorado Springs as wife of Jimmy Thompson, golf professional. . . . Otto Matiesen divorced by wife for "arrogance." . . . Rumors that Tom Mix's daughter plans annulment of marriage to Douglas Screen-Villain Gilmore. . . . Lloyd Hamilton escapes jail cell by paying overdue alimony three minutes before deadline set by hard-hearted judge. . . . Court slices knot between the Tim (Cowboy) McCoys. . . . Billie Dove gets her final decree from Irving Willat and Howard "Hell's Angels" Hughes is seen out with Frances Dee. . . . Raymond Griffith is a papa; it's a boy. . . . Bert Comedian Roach says bric-a-brac tossing is okay on the screen but wants divorce because his wife does it at home. . . . Director William "Public Enemy" Wellman admits he plans to marry Aviatrix Marjorie Crawford when he gets his final from Mrs. Wellman No. 2. . . . Sylvia Breamer does the Mendelssohn trek with Big Business Man Edmund Bohan, Los Angeles. . . . Mae Clarke, ex-fiancee of John McCormick, won't say yes or no about marrying Henry Freulich, cameraman. . . . Never again, says Pev Marley, admitting failure of reconciliation with Lina Basquette. . . . Lina rumored that way about another cameraman.

IT looked for two days as if there wouldn't be a prince left in Hollywood. Mae Murray started a suit for divorce in which she complained that Prince David of the house of Mdivani was not very gentle with her, that he had thrown her to the floor and knocked her unconscious. Two days later she regretted her hasty action and said that all was love and serenity, that after all she and the prince had to bear in mind the duty they owed their child. The Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray went bouncing abroad with Constance Bennett. The love light seems to be shining there brightly.

Pola Negri's now an ex-princess although she didn't ask the French court for permission to resume her maiden name. But Pola seems



Keystone

A jolly little fellow who is trying matrimony a second time! Paul Whiteman, king of jazz and emperor of ha-cha-cha, with Margaret Livingston, whom he recently married. They seem happy about it all

happy and there is no record of any great unhappiness on Gloria's part. After all we owe Mae something for hanging onto her prince, although titles do not seem to mean as much in Hollywood as they used to. A good job and regular meals are much more important than a royal moniker.

WHOSE Heart Is Whose:—

It won't be long now before Betty Compson is Mrs. Hugh Trevor. . . . unless, of

he left it behind at the studio on his recent trip back to England he cabled to Hollywood and had it forwarded to him. . . . Duncan "Trader Horn" Renaldo has finally won his fight with the government on citizenship by proving he was born in this country. . . . Serge Eisenstein, Russian director, is going to make another try at picture making in Hollywood. . . . A Mexican producing company is building its own "Hollywood" in a suburb of Mexico City. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

"Congratulations!

You've truly captured youth's own color tints in this new Two-Tone Powder . . . Seventeen!"

Says DOROTHY MACKAILL

A powder to imitate the actual complexion tints of youth? Yes! . . . that is the marvelous principle on which Seventeen Two-Tone Powder was created!

For the purpose of a powder is *not* to coat the skin as with a mask. Powders which dull the natural skin tints are really ageing in their effects.

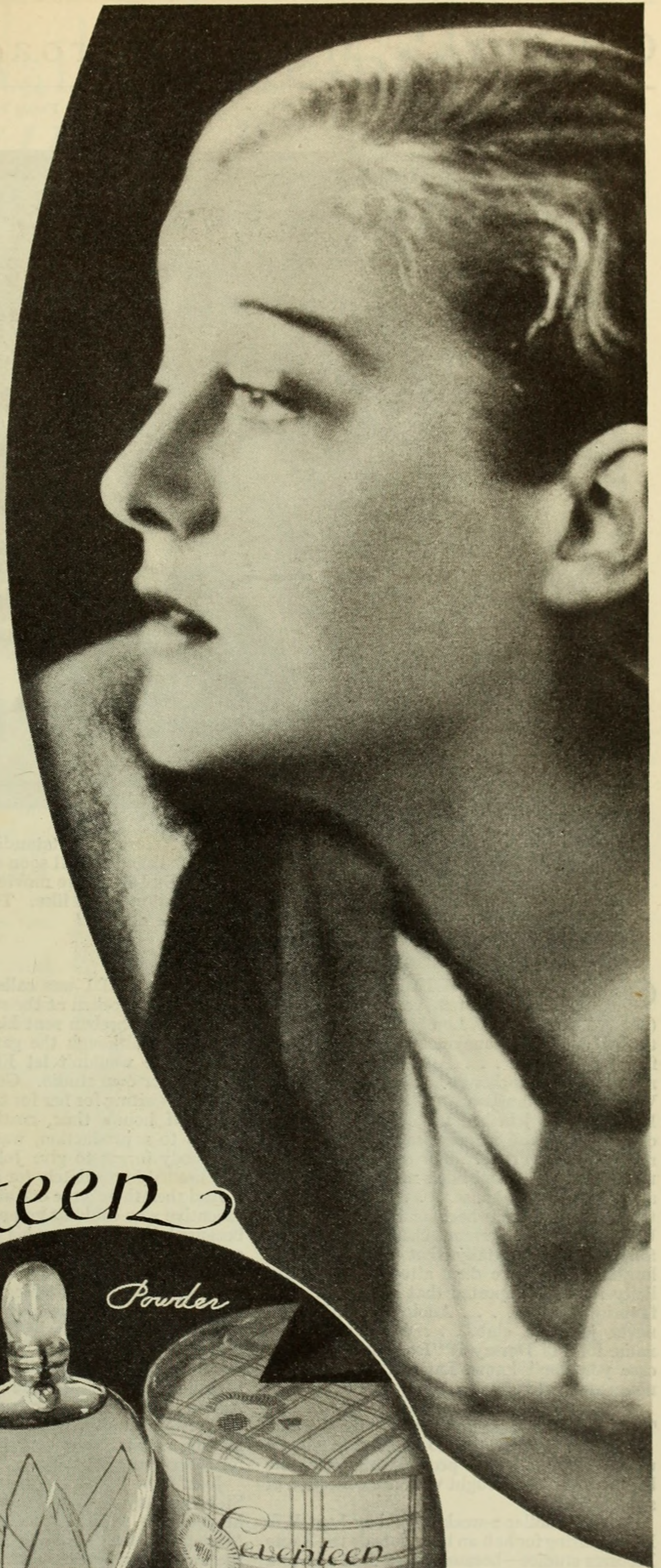
The ideal seventeen-year-old complexion is *alive*. The exquisite colors come and go. The skin seems actually transparent. The color tints are fresh, radiant, subtle.

And so should be the color tints in your complexion powder! *Then* you will have naturalness, not artificiality . . . youthful delicacy, not mature dullness.

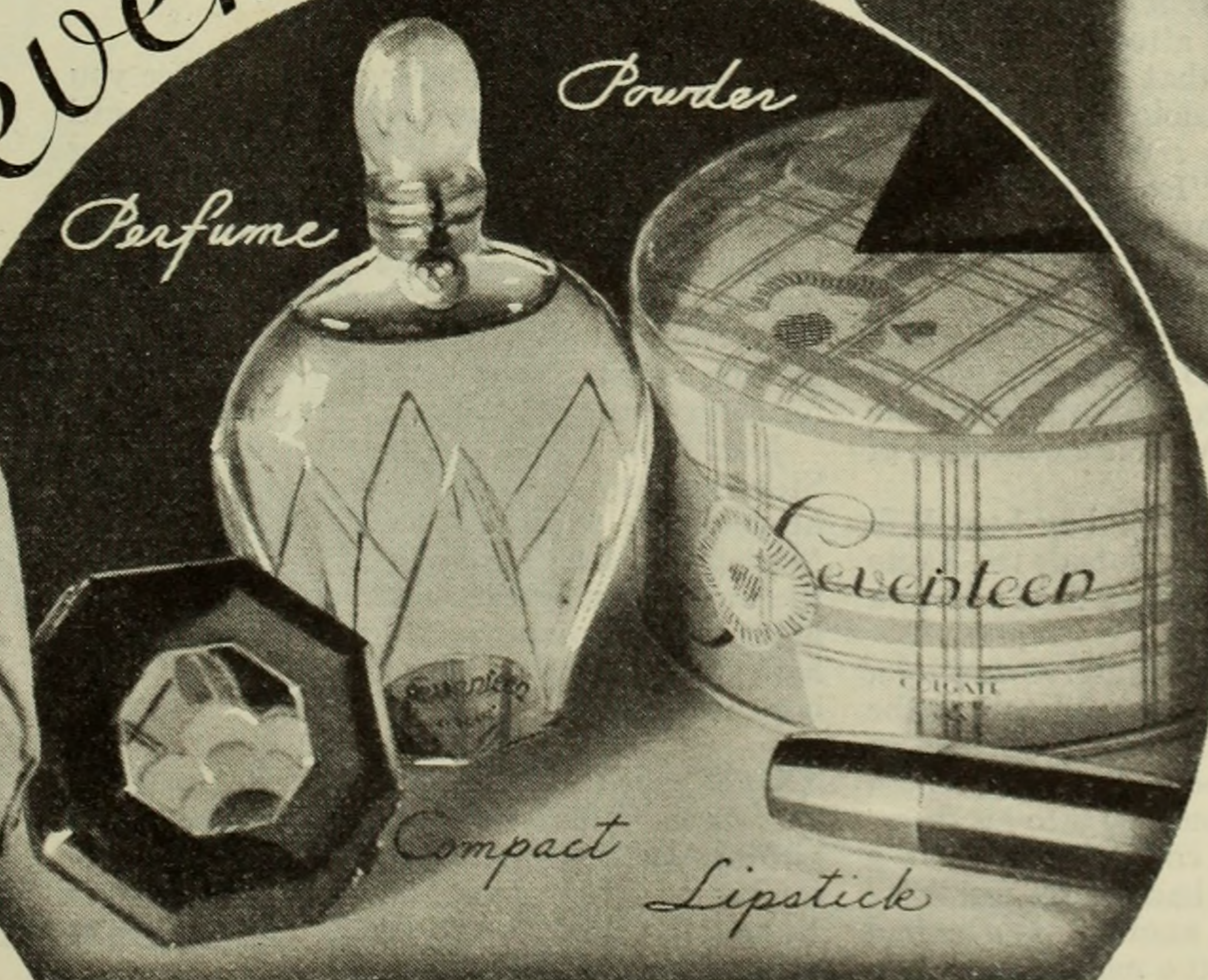
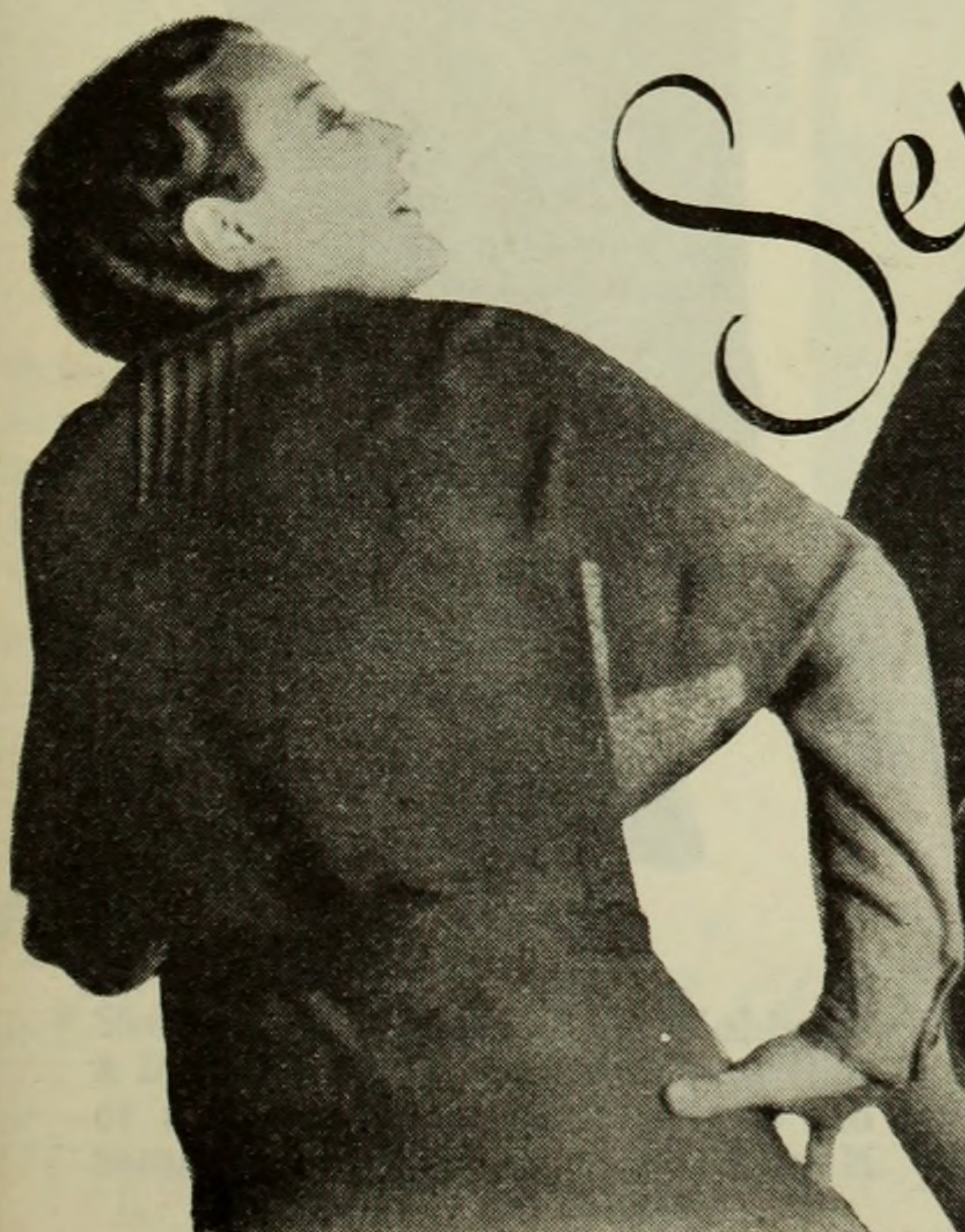
Seventeen found a way to imitate the natural color tints of youth. This principle, we call Two-Tone.

Ingredients of different weights are blended: light and heavy. The heavier powder clings closely to your skin. The lighter weight powder, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone . . . which creates a subtle overtone . . . and lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth.

There are various shades, of course, in Seventeen. Select your own, as in any other powder. *But* compare this shade with the shade you now are using! Take a little in your hand. Note the life, the radiance, of Seventeen. Then, a fluff of Seventeen on your skin. What a glorious difference! You will congratulate *yourself* on having found this Two-Tone, Youth-Tone Powder.



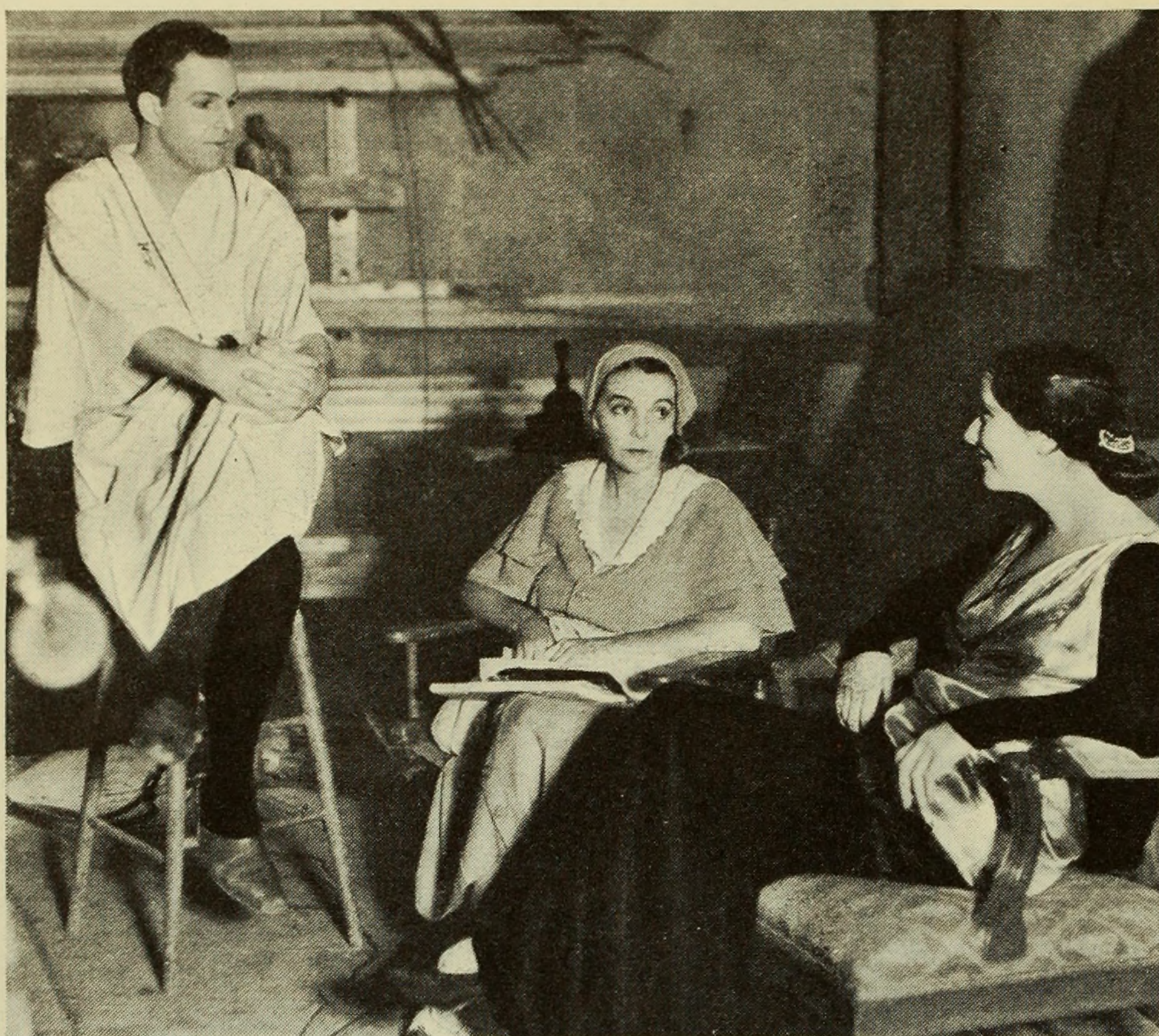
Seventeen



Youth-Tone tints in Seventeen Rouge and Lipstick give you—with Seventeen Two-Tone Powder—a complete Youth-Tone make-up!

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



Will Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, two of America's outstanding stage stars, click as heavily with the motion picture public? We'll soon see "The Guardsman," their first talkie, and know! ZaSu Pitts, true movie trouper, is saying, "You never can tell what a picture audience will like. The whole picture must be as good as the actors!"

CONSTANCE BENNETT has had the same maid for nearly ten years. . . . Carole (Mrs. Bill Powell) Lombard was seasick throughout her honeymoon return voyage from Honolulu. . . . Tallulah Bankhead's most recent brother-in-law (Edward Ennis White, sixth husband of Tallulah's sister Eugenia) was jailed in Los Angeles on check charges . . . and Eugenia says she's through marrying forever! . . . For a wedding gift to the Bill Powells, the bride's mother gave them a Beverly Hills house. . . . Helen Twelvetrees loves corned beef and cabbage. . . . Ullrich Haupt, German character actor in films, was accidentally shot to death while hunting, just three days after a studio publicity item had reported that hunting was his favorite pastime. . . . Adolphe Menjou has never joined a club. . . . Will Rogers' pet name for Fifi Dorsay is "frog-zum." . . . In case you don't know, Lawrence Olivier pronounces it O-liv-yay.

THE fantastic studio pass system which allowed a bootlegger to enter a certain lot unmolested but keeps people with legitimate business out has brought with it a collection of swell stories.

A fifteen-dollar-a-week office boy kept Will Hays waiting for half an hour outside the Radio Pictures studios—because Hays didn't have a pass!

George Bancroft was being interviewed by a PHOTOPLAY writer, whose pass read only to the publicity department. The two decided to go to George's dressing-room. A policeman stopped them. George could go into his dressing room but his guest couldn't—without a pass! The two had to go back to the publicity department for one. And another reporter had to get a pass to go into the men's washroom.

ELISSA LANDI was called to confer with Winfield Sheehan at the studio one Sunday afternoon. Sheehan sent his Rolls-Royce for her. And, although the gateman recognized the car, he wouldn't let Elissa through the gates of her own studio. Getting a pass kept Sheehan waiting for her for twenty minutes.

A half hour's time, costing thousands of dollars to a production, was wasted because somebody forgot to give John Halliday, who was needed immediately for a scene, a pass.

And then there's the one about the publicity executive who couldn't go home one afternoon because he had forgotten his pass and the gateman wouldn't let him out.

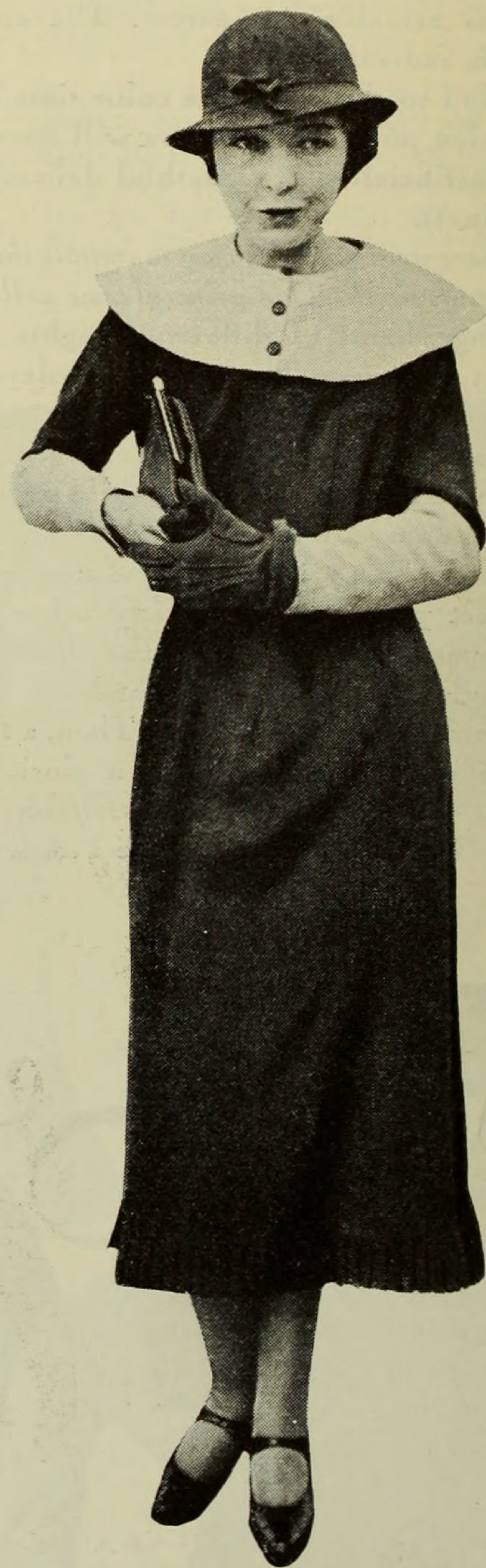
IF you have been watching Frances' Dee you will be amazed at the development of the girl in "An American Tragedy." Here was a young player who was supposed to be a somewhat colorless screen personality, and when Von Sternberg asked that she be cast in "An American Tragedy" there was much lifting of eyebrows around the studio. They felt he was making a mistake and that the character called for a sex-appeal that Frances did not possess.

Josef Von Sternberg, who used to be Joe Stern—a very good cameraman—proved that he could do with Frances what he did with Marlene Dietrich, directorially. Marlene, by the way, was no great shakes as a sex-appealer in her German pictures. It looks as though that lad could take Edna May Oliver and have the boys twittering.

WE asked Buddy Rogers if he had any news. "How can I?" he answered. "My girl married Stu Erwin so there's nothing left for me." Why, June, how could you leave Buddy flat like that? Well, maybe you're right. Stu is a great guy, too.

ALL the stars want Clark Gable for their leading man. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and even the imperial Garbo are squabbling over his flicker services. . . . Ronald Colman is mad at his boss Sam Goldwyn because Sam calls him to make screen tests with unknown actresses. . . . Mrs. Earle Williams—wife of the late star—killed herself, her two children and her eighty-year-old mother in San Francisco recently. Her poverty and the fear she'd be arrested as a forger were, no doubt, the reasons. . . . Pola Negri, who has been Gloria Swanson's rival for all these years and years, is occupying the dressing room built for Gloria on the Pathe lot. . . . In Paris, Nita Naldi rides around in the longest automobile on the *Champs Elysée*. . . . Jetta Goudal has been wearing those 1880 hats for the last six years. Now she's in style again.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Acme

Wouldn't you know her anywhere? Still simply dressed, still quiet and a bit wistful, Lillian Gish returns to New York from a happy summer spent in the Old World

Only this Nail Make-up makes your fingers Sparkle so brilliantly...so long

Lovely Women in the 8 Fashion Cities of the world prefer Cutex Liquid Polish . . . "Makes fingers gay as sparkling gems," says great Beauty Editor of Vienna

BEAUTIFUL OLD VIENNA, gayest city in the world, is famed for its enchanting women. And this romantic city is one of many great world capitals where lovely ladies pay tribute to this new nail make-up . . . Cutex Liquid Polish.

"Chic Viennese women adore it," says Margarethe Pordes, famous Beauty Editor of the *Wiener Record Mode*. "Cutex has such a captivating sparkle... yet is economical, easy to use!

"Smoothly, evenly, this rosy shimmer flows over our nails. A wave of the hand and it's dry . . . brilliant as a precious gem. Then . . . for days our nails gleam without dimming . . . our polish does not crack, peel or discolor.

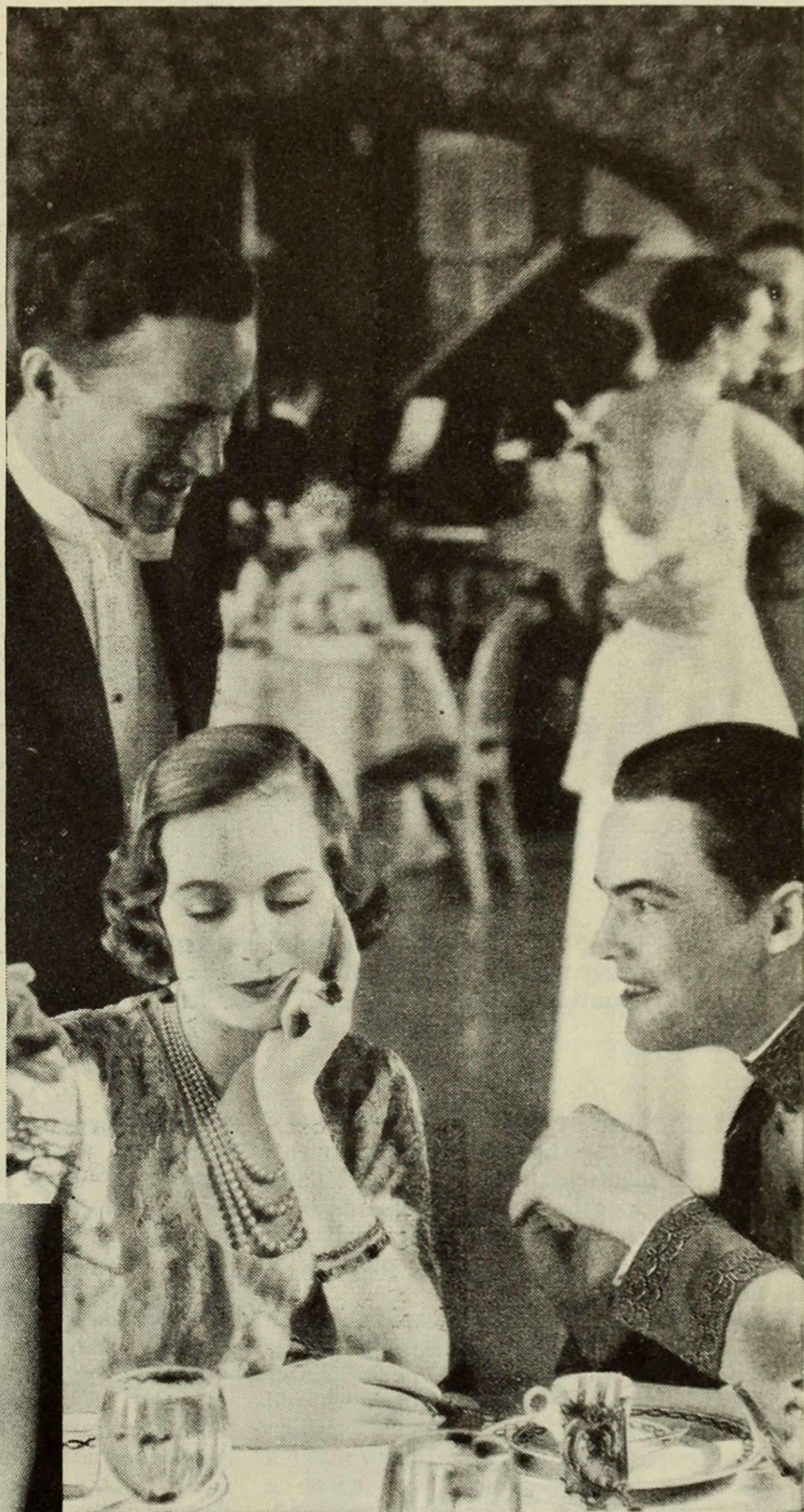
"We believe the lustre of Cutex Liquid Polish lasts so unusually

long because this polish contains no perfume." Perfume, many women have found, often robs a polish of its enduring brilliance, and the fragrance itself is gone in the twinkling of an eye.

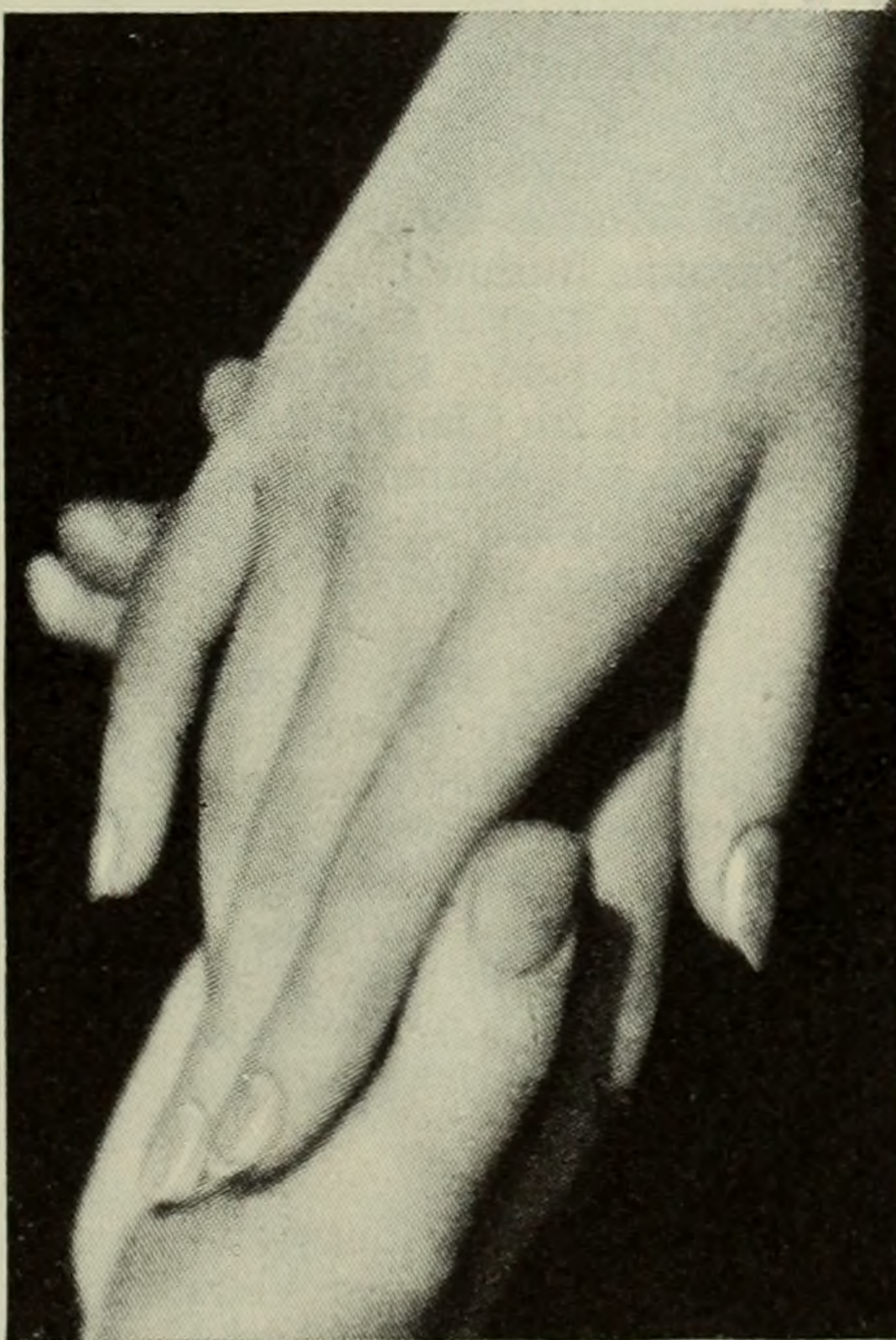
Slim white hands... loveliest in the fashion cities of the world . . . are cared for by the simple Cutex method. A little booklet enclosed in each Cutex package explains this simple treatment in detail.

Give your fingertips a quick Cutex manicure once a week. Then a few minutes' care each day will keep your nails flawlessly lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Northam Warren • New York • London • Paris



At left—SIX LOVELY TINTS—Natural, Rose, Colorless . . . Coral, Cardinal and Garnet—each one a crystal film of sparkling and long-lasting beauty!



"IN THEIR FAMOUS CAFÉS . . . at their favorite operas and as gracious hostesses in their own homes . . . smart women of Vienna wear this American nail make-up. For they know that any woman's charm is increased by fingertips that glitter . . . jewel-like . . . with every gesture," says Margarethe Pordes, enchanting exponent of Beauty!

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 1 Q 10

191 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

Only Cutex Liquid Polish has ALL these advantages:

1. Dries in 30 seconds.
2. Never cracks, peels, turns yellow or white.
3. Lasts a whole week.
4. Sparkles always with smart lustre.
5. Comes in sturdy bottles, easy to open.

Cutex Manicure Preparations are only 35¢.
Cutex Liquid Polish with Remover, 50¢.
Cutex Nail White Pencil now 25¢.

Cutex Liquid Polish

Tips the fingers with romance . . . ONLY 35¢



Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes aren't really rushing the winter season. This scene is from "Confessions of a Co-Ed," their first talkie together

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

His latest is "The Black Camel" for Fox.

JEANNE SOMMERS, IRVINGTON, N. J.—Jeanne, you're not the only one who thinks that David Manners is a boy with a future. Dave was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, April 30, 1902, and christened Rauff Acklom. He attended the University of Toronto and later decided to try

the stage, appearing in "He Who Gets Slapped," "Dancing Mothers," and "The Witch." Like many other stage stars he tried the talkies and made a favorable impression in his first picture, "Journey's End." He is under contract to Warners and will play opposite Marian Marsh in "Beauty and the Boss," the \$2,000 prize story in the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest. Dave is married to Suzanne Bushnell.

MARY KATHERINE HURRE, KIRKWOOD, MO.—Barbara Stanwyck is 26; Clark Gable is 30; Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer are each 27; Dorothy Jordan is 21 and Lew Ayres will be 22 in December.

JANICE ALTSHULER, EASTON, PENNA.—The little scallawags who make up "Our Gang" are "Spud," known in private life as Sherwood Bailey, Jr.; Norman "Chubby" Chaney, the miniature Graf Zeppelin; Dorothy DeBorba, the curly-headed leading lady; "Wheezer," who is really Bobby Hutchins, the baby of the "Gang"; "Stymie," the small black dot whose real name is Mathew Beard, and "Pete" the pup.

M. HAGENBERG, THE HAGUE, HOLLAND—At this writing the Gary Cooper-Lupe Velez romance is as cool as an ice berg. Charles Morton's last picture was "The Dawn Trail."

A FAN, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—You're about the nth thousandth person who has written in suggesting that Clark Gable be cast in a talkie version of "The Sheik." Wonder what Valentino would say!

FAY BENNETT, COOKEVILLE, TENN.—Bob Montgomery was born in Beacon, N. Y., 27

years ago. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to Elizabeth Allen and has one young daughter, named Martha.

AL WASHINGTON, DETROIT, MICH.—David Manners did not appear in "Tol'able David." Richard Cromwell was the lad who played the rôle of *David*.

LUCY LINDER POPE, MANCHESTER, MASS.—Lucy, I don't blame you a bit for getting all mixed up. The title of the stage play was "Let's Play King." When Paramount started out to make it into a movie, they used the original title. Some one suggested "Newly Rich" and that became the second title, and the one used in its opening in New York. A little later "Forbidden Adventure" was suggested and accepted. The picture is now liable to turn up under any one of these titles. Memorize the titles, unless you want to see the picture twice.

ROBERT WILLIAMS, RIVER FOREST, ILL.—Jean Harlow, the platinum-topped siren of "Hell's Angels," made her début into this world on March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. Her real name is Harlene Carpenter. She married Charles McGrew in September, 1927, and divorced him in January, 1931.

J. C. S., EAST HARTFORD, CONN.—Irene Dunne was married to Dr. F. D. Griffin, in New York City, July 16, 1928. Her latest picture is "The Great Lover," with Adolphe Menjou and Neil Hamilton.

MILDRED CLEMENT, SANDWICH, ONT.—You're wrong, Mildred. Norma Shearer never used the name of Stein. Shearer is her real name and she hails from Montreal where she was born Aug. 10, 1904. She is 5 feet, 3; weighs 112, and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. Received her education at the Westmount High School. Entered pictures in 1921. On Sept. 29, 1927, she married Irving Thalberg. A son was born, Aug. 24, 1930.

BLONDIE, NATCHEZ, MISS.—Eddie Woods is the lad who played the rôle of *Tommy's* confederate in "The Public Enemy." He was appearing on the stage in "The Last Mile" when he got an offer to go into the movies.

PHILLIPS HOLMES and SYLVIA SIDNEY share top honors in this month's batch of "please tell me" letters. Phil and Sylvia played together in "Confessions of a Co-Ed" and "An American Tragedy," and audiences are clamoring for more pictures of this new team.

Phillips was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22, 1909. He received his early education in Grand Rapids and New York. Later he attended Trinity College, in England, and Princeton University, in New Jersey. When "Buddy" Rogers went to Princeton to make a picture titled "Varsity," Phil was given a part in it. He headed for Hollywood and, after some stormy experiences, made good in pictures. He is the son of Taylor Holmes, well-known stage and screen actor.

Sylvia is a product of New York City. She was born Aug. 8, 1910. After leaving the Washington Irving High School she began her stage work, appearing in a number of successful plays. The Fox company gave her a start in talkies, assigning her the rôle of *Valerie Briand*, in "Thru Different Eyes."

With no other screen engagements open, Sylvia returned East to the stage and appeared in "Crime," in the cast of which were also Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery, Kay Francis and Kay Johnson. Paramount brought Sylvia back to Hollywood. Samuel Goldwyn borrowed her for the lead in "Street Scene," which was recently completed.

SUSAN PHILLIPS, LOOKOUT MT., TENN.—Bela Lugosi, of "Dracula" fame, left his home in Hungary in 1921 to come to America. Now he likes this country so well that he has decided to stay here and has become an American citizen. He entered pictures in 1925.

Stars . . and lovely skin . . and Love



by Frances Ingram

EVEN at Palm Springs, where there are so many smart women, you watched for her. She was so vibrantly *alive*.

I was looking at the desert stars one night when she sat down and began to talk. Before we went in I knew a lot about her—especially that she had an inferiority complex about men!

"I've spent weeks, and hundreds of dollars, with beauty specialists. But I shy off whenever a man gets close enough really to see how terrible my skin is . . . *Yours is lovely*. So clear—and smooth. Not even one tiny line . . ."

The next day I showed her how to use Milkweed Cream—and only a few weeks ago she came to see me in New York, with her very new husband. She was just as smart as ever—but so much *lovelier* looking, with her skin as soft and unblemished as a child's. I couldn't help taking some credit for *that!*

It's so simple—so easy—my starred method of caring for the skin, at home. Keep your skin deeply clean with Milkweed Cream, which is first of all a *marvelous cleansing* cream. Then, follow the instructions given on this page.

And won't you listen in on my radio program, "Through the looking-glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday mornings at 10:15 E.D.S.T., over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations?

MY MANNEQUIN, SAYS FRANCES INGRAM, SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of brow.

★ **THE EYES**—To avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward over brow and inward under lower lids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by placing thumbs under the chin and stroking with index fingers upward and outward toward the ears.

★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed, and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.

★ **THE NECK AND CHIN**—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.

★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, massage with palm of hand in rotary motion with plenty of cream.



MY INTRODUCTORY TUBE AND MY BEAUTY BOOKLET WILL DELIGHT YOU

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-101
108 Washington Street, New York

Please send me your introductory Milkweed Cream treatment and your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Please send me your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which is free.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

INGRAM'S

Milkweed Cream

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

ANN HARDING had a birthday. Husband Harry Bannister outdid himself on the presents which included a little house built near the tennis court, a theater seating forty people, a "whoopee" room in green and, therefore, christened "The Green Room," with ping-pong tables, billiards and even a bowling alley.

HARRY BANNISTER was stopped on the street a few nights ago by a lady who was carrying a huge black Persian cat. She told him how much she liked him in pictures and he, meanwhile, admired the cat.

"My wife is very anxious to get a black cat," he told her.

"Then take it," the woman said, pushing the cat into his arms. "I am going to leave town tomorrow and I've been worried over the cat. I know he'll have a good home with Ann Harding."

And so Satan, as he has been christened, has a nice home with Ann's two dogs, Prince and Whoopee.

MALIBU'S Laugh-of-the-Season:

Word has been passed about the beach colony asking everyone to keep a lookout for a piece of gold bridgework, containing three pearly false teeth.

One of the prettiest actress-members of the community lost it when a heavy wave hit her.

Who?

That's the laugh—it's being kept secret.

WHAT a shower they threw for Bebe Daniels! For weeks her friends ransacked the baby shops of Hollywood, New York and Paris and if they try to use all the presents they will have to add another room to their house to hold the clothes. All the anticipated garments are being initialed B.L. Ben if it's a boy and Barbara if it's a girl.

IMAGINE Dorothy Mackaill's embarrassment, when she and a party of film folk were well at sea on the beginning of a four-day-long week end yacht trip aboard Howard Hughes' palatial yacht, to find that none of her luggage had been brought aboard.

And that she hadn't an article of clothing or other necessities save the one dress she was wearing!

And that her new suitor, Neil Miller, the youthful crooner and scion of wealth from Honolulu, was along.

The difficulty was solved by the other girls on the party. They loaned Dorothy dresses, powder, perfume, cosmetics, underpinkies, nighties, and even a bathing suit.

GLORIA SWANSON'S three ex-hubbies—Wallace Beery, Herb Somborn and the Marquis Henri de la Falaise—all went swimming together at Malibu, before the Marquis left for Europe. . . . Lilyan Tashman does not wear flowers with formal evening dress. . . . Whenever Bill Powell is missing from a party he's attending, the wise ones look for him in nearby bathtubs. . . . There's a horse-shoe-pitching ground right in Hollywood. . . and a horse drinking-trough in the middle of

town on Hollywood Boulevard . . . Edwina Booth can't get sunburned because, as a result of her illness on the "Trader Horn" trip to Africa, she can't risk sun exposure. . . . And IS Marie Prevost putting on the pounds! . . . After he helped save Follies girls from his burning yacht, Harry Richman got a telegram from Clara Bow: "My hero I am proud of you." . . . Director Mel Brown is saving a plaster cast from his broken ankle because film stars autographed it and he thinks it will be valuable some day. . . . Frederic Girnau, who published an obscene scandal sheet attack on Clara Bow, got eight years in Federal pen and \$1,000 fine. . . . Madge Evans, who is rapidly soaring to renewed film heights, was the original model for the "Have You a Little Fairy In Your Home?" soap ads.

WINFIELD R. SHEEHAN, head man of Fox Studio, recently gave the Bellevue Hospital for Nervous Diseases a full screen and sound projection outfit. Dr. M. S. Gregory, head of the hospital, and one of the world's most famous specialists on nervous troubles is going to experiment with the effects of movies on his patients.

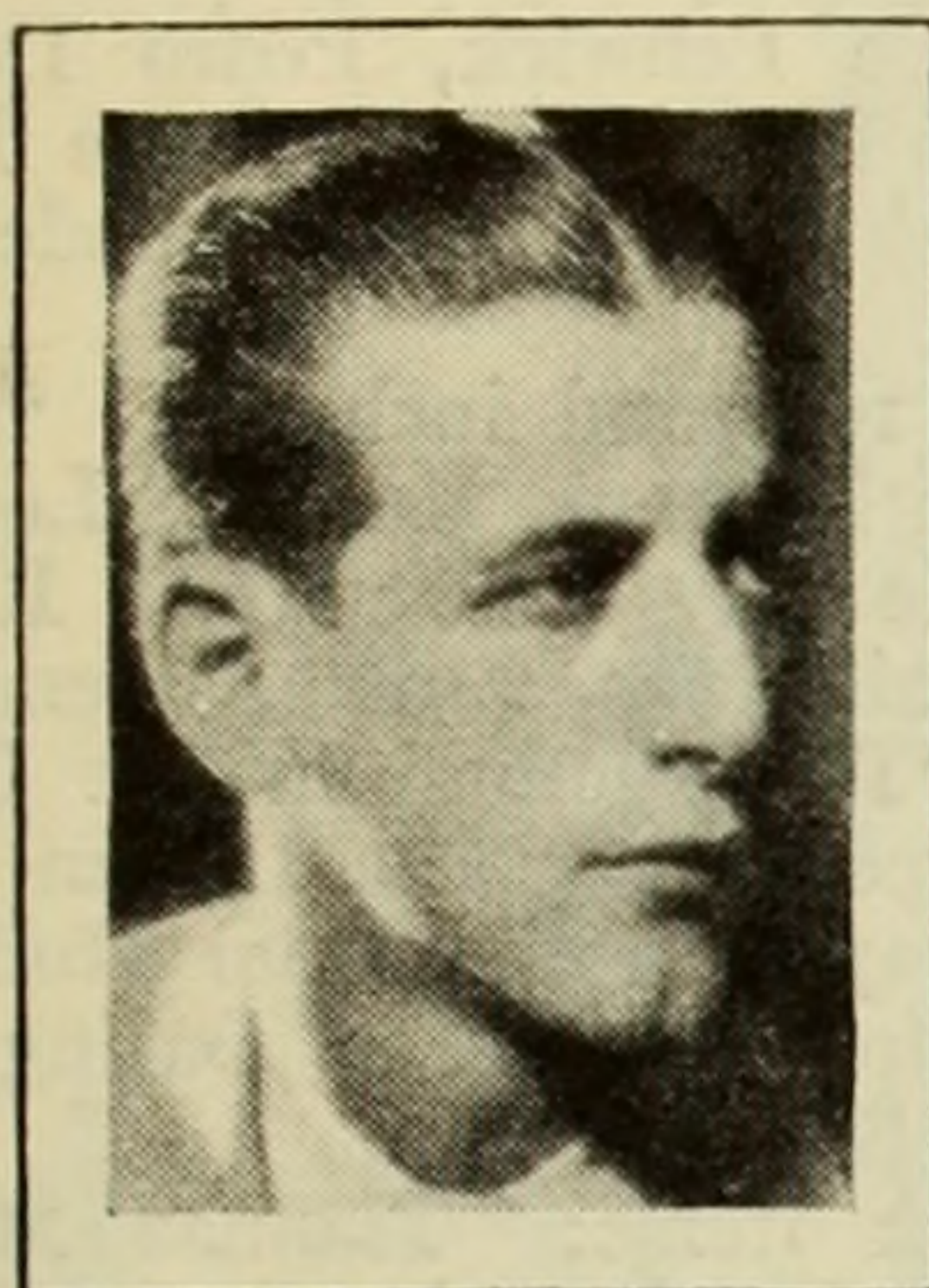
RONALD COLMAN has walked out on Malibu. "No privacy," is his complaint. He spends his summer spare time now at the ritzy Biltmore Hotel at Santa Barbara, instead of his Malibu house, flanked on each side by other screen folks' houses so close Ronald could reach out of his own window and into his neighbors', if he wanted to. He didn't.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

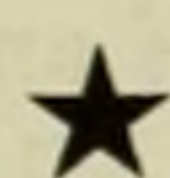


Here is the 1931 crop of Baby Stars, chosen by the Wampas (Motion picture press agents). Every year studio politics and studio jealousies have entered into the affair, and this year was no exception. This may be the last Wampas list. Lined up like this, don't they look more like the graduation class of any local high than a group of beautiful, hard working girls with a chance of world fame and fortune? From left to right they are: Constance Cummings, Frances Dade, Sidney Fox, Anita Louise, Frances Dee, Judith Wood, Rochelle Hudson, Joan Marsh, Karen Morley, Marian Marsh, Marian Shilling and Barbara Weeks. Joan Blondell, also a Wampas baby, does not appear in this picture

Modeling masterpieces



"Skinner's Silks combine the perfect texture and draping qualities needed to visualize and appreciate a new model long before the lines of the dress are actually completed." . . . *Adrian*



IN this modern age of graceful, smartly-gowned women—at Hollywood and elsewhere—Skinner's Silks play a leading role, just as they've done ever since 1848.

You can have whatever fabric you prefer—satins, crepes, georgettes, or chiffons—in fascinating color range, all with the name Skinner in the selvage denoting *quality*. The rich Skinner black, the lovely white and brilliant tones provide wonderful opportunity for the fall and winter modes.

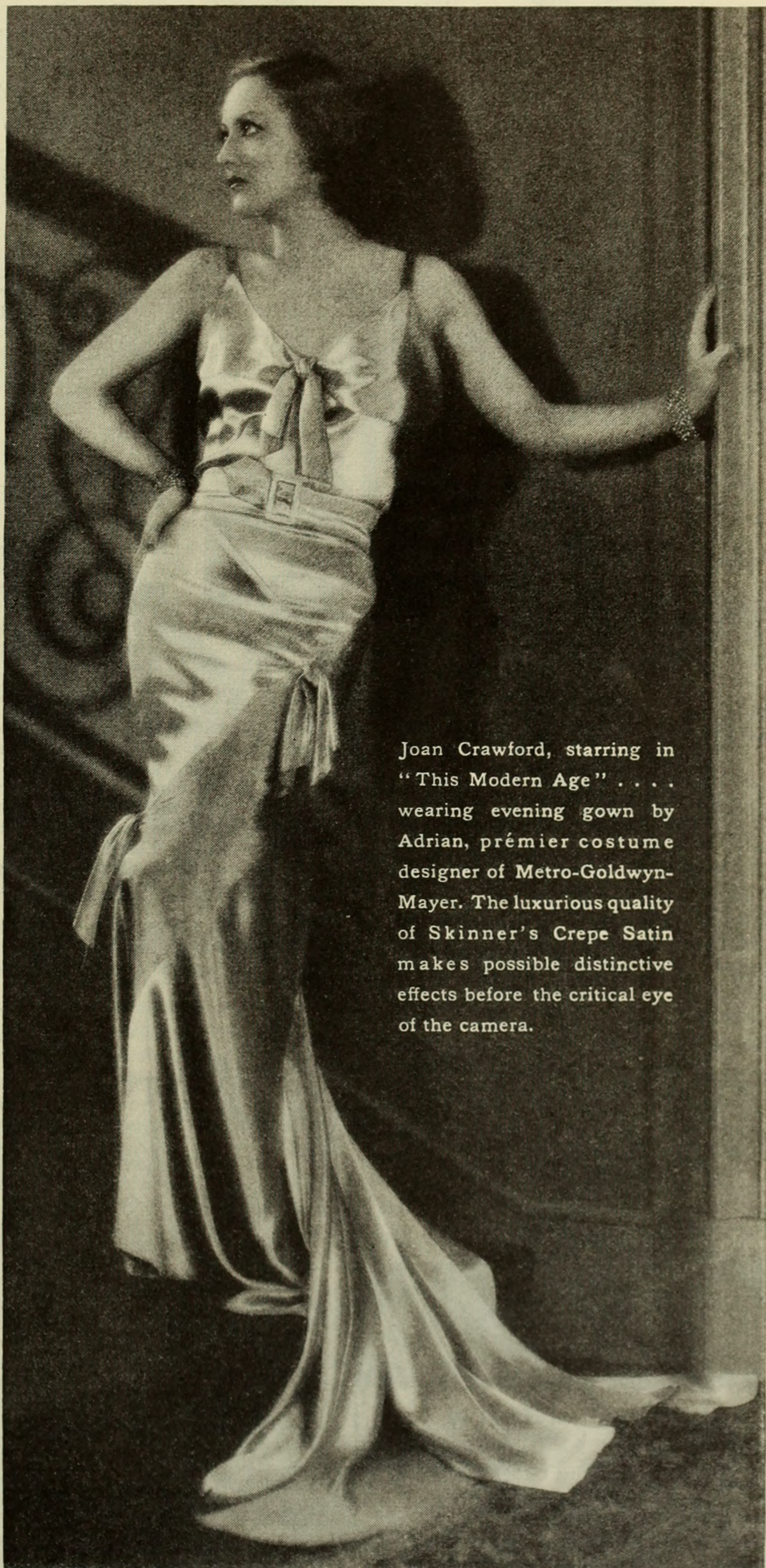
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Established 1848

Skinner's Silks

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments.
Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at
smart shops.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"



Joan Crawford, starring in "This Modern Age" wearing evening gown by Adrian, premier costume designer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The luxurious quality of Skinner's Crepe Satin makes possible distinctive effects before the critical eye of the camera.

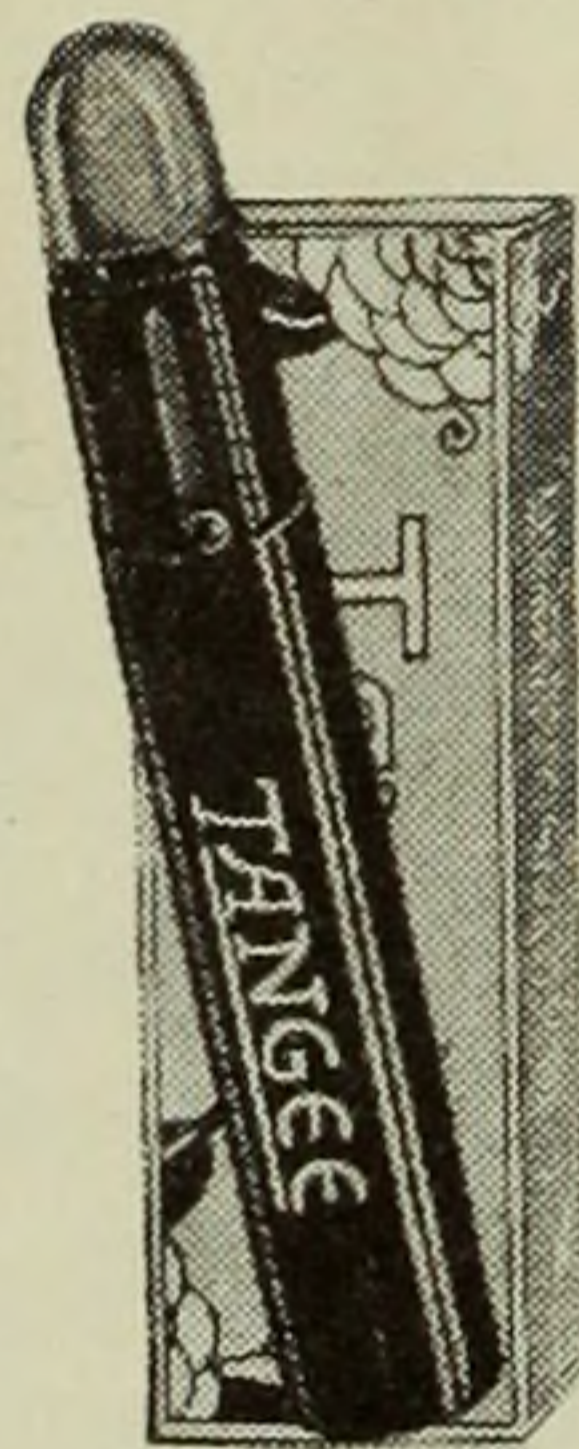
TANGEE



Theda
Bara

APPROVED BY WORLD'S GREATEST FASHION AUTHORITIES

HARPER'S BAZAAR, famous NEW YORK magazine, says: "Natural color is the mode of the moment. The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which flatter all types alike, and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do."

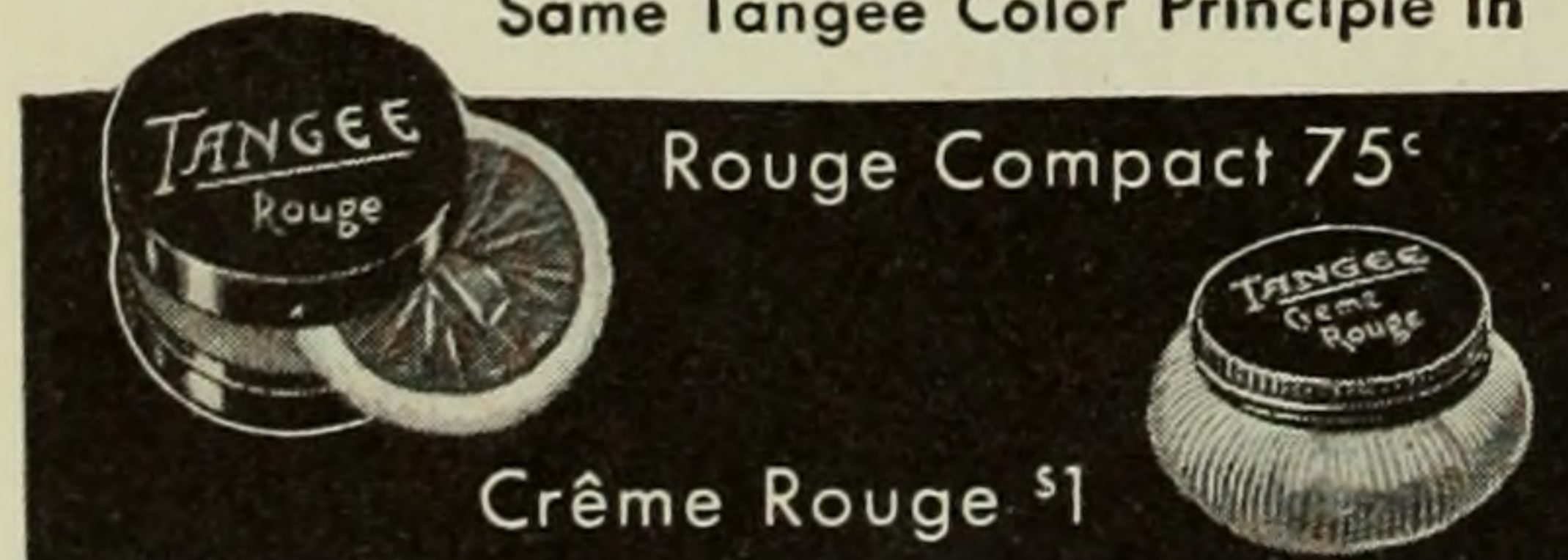


JARDIN DES MODES, of PARIS, greatest French fashion magazine, says: "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements, because it blends with your natural coloring." ©

TATLER, famous LONDON authority, adds: "TANGEE gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

Same Tangee Color Principle in



SEND 10¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

★ Containing miniature Lipstick, Powder, two Rouges, and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P 8
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name _____

Address _____

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



WITH a forlorn indignation we asked editorially: Aren't you tired of trash? Of comedies without a glint of humor? Of dramas without a gleam of originality? Of love stories that haven't a semblance of humanity?

And concluded, in a *bombastic furioso* finale, "the ailment of the industry is feverish over-production!" That was 15 years ago. Seems we've been hearing the same thing for the last six months. And the last six years!

Without any warning whatsoever, Theda Bara, then screen siren supreme, went practically sweet and pure in the rôle of *Cigarette* in "Under Two Flags." Our reviewer, commenting on her performance, said: "Her timid lovmaking carried as much conviction as though performed by Marguerite Clark."

Olga Petrova, the Perilous Pole of her era, became, for purposes of our interviewer, "Our

Lady of Troubles," because she enjoyed playing unhappy rôles on the screen.

The fifth chapter of D. W. Griffith's life story told of the making of the "Birth of a Nation."

In the gallery were pictures of Camille Astor, Irene Fenwick, Pedro De Cordoba, Henry B. Walthall, Annette Kellerman, Norma Talmadge, Betty Schade and Adda Gleason.

Pictures reviewed included: "Honor Thy Name," with Frank Keenan, Louise Glau and Charlie Ray; "The Half Breed," with Douglas Fairbanks, Alma Rubens and Jewel Carmen; "The Woman in the Case," with Pauline Frederick; "The Dream Girl," with Mae Murray; "Hulda from Holland," with Mary Pickford, and "The Daring of Diana," with Anita Stewart.

Cal York items: Thomas Meighan has temporarily forsaken the screen to appear in stock with his wife, Frances Ring . . . Dorothy Dalton was awarded her divorce decree from Lewis J. Cody, heavy in Mabel Normand's company.

10 Years Ago



Alice
Terry

ONE of the loveliest romances of Hollywood culminated in the happy announcement that Alice Terry and Rex Ingram were to be married.

"Probably in New York or in Europe," Rex, who is Irish and superstitious, told Cal York. "There's no luck in Hollywood

marriages. They don't last."

Well, Rex evidently knew, for he and Alice are still married and happier than ever in their Nice, France, villa.

Ralph Barton compiled and illustrated a set of "vital statistics" of the past film year. One of the most vital was: "The amount of energy expended in 1920 by wealthy villains in luring pure and innocent working girls to their luxurious bachelor apartments would be sufficient to hoist the New York Public Library thirty-one feet from its foundation."

Ralph had a lot of fun all through the issue. On another page he drew a picture of Lon

Chaney as *Svengali* and wrote: "Lon Chaney is the easiest man on earth to draw. If the sketch doesn't look like him he will deftly make up to look like the sketch. You can't go wrong."

The famous *Carmens* of opera and the screen were pictured: Calvé, Theda Bara, Mary Garden, Marguerite Sylva, Geraldine Farrar, and Pola Negri, who was the latest to join this distinguished company.

Agnes Ayres was the girl on the cover.

In the gallery were pictures of Pauline Starke, Betty Blythe, Marshall Neilan, Shannon Day, Gladys Coburn, Corinne Griffith and Norman Kerry.

Pictures reviewed included: "Peter Ibbetson," with Elsie Ferguson and Wally Reid; "The Sign on the Door," with Norma Talmadge and Lew Cody; "Among Those Present," with Harold Lloyd; "The Conquest of Canaan," with Thomas Meighan and Doris Kenyon, and "The Inner Chamber," with Alice Joyce and Pedro De Cordoba.

Cal York item: Pearl White has secured her divorce from Wallace McCutcheon.

5 Years Ago



John
Barrymore

THIS month we recorded two epochal episodes in the history of the screen: The tragic, untimely death of Rudolph Valentino, and the coming of sound!

It was the passing of the old order and the coming of the new. Somehow, looking backward, it seems more than a coincidence that these revolutionary events should have met head-on.

"Bringing Sound to the Screen," told of the Vitaphone demonstration in connection with the showing of John Barrymore's "Don Juan." It was actually a musical accompaniment for the picture, which was silent.

We had some of Hollywood's married folk tell us "How They Popped the Question." Estelle Taylor told how Jack Dempsey proposed; Bill Boyd how he wooed and won Elinor Fair; Eddie Sutherland how he captured Louise Brooks, and Gloria Swanson admitted the Marquis said it in English.

Since then they've all told different versions to a judge.

In the gallery were pictures of Seena Owen, Olive Borden, May Allison, Monte Blue, Ronald Colman, Phyllis Haver and Janet Gaynor.

"The Son of the Sheik," Valentino's last picture and the one that had taken him to New York for its premier and his last illness, was reviewed in *The Shadow Stage*. "Long will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it," wrote our reviewer.

Other pictures reviewed were: "The Scarlet Letter," with Lillian Gish; "One Minute to Play," with "Red" Grange; "Don Juan," with John Barrymore and a Vitaphone musical accompaniment, and "Fine Manners," with Gloria Swanson and Eugene O'Brien.

Cal York items: Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston have announced their engagement . . . Cecil B. De Mille is still trying to round up the Apostles for "King of Kings" . . . Constance Talmadge and her hubby, Alastair McIntosh, are honeymooning in Scotland.

"He's got

APPENDICITIS—



Then there were railroads, and steamships, and the telegraph—but no appendicitis operations.

There's **No Hope**"

DOOMED TO DIE because he had appendicitis! And that was only sixty years ago—in your grandfather's day.

Then there were railroads, and steamships, and the telegraph—but no appendicitis operations. Doctors scarcely dared to "open a person up." Surgery was largely confined to amputations and the treatment of wounds. Operations were more feared than disease, because always the spectre of infection hovered over the surgeon's scalpel.

What a difference today! Now the removal of an appendix is almost a minor operation. Surgeons can practically rebuild people. All because infection has been conquered, because it was discovered that disease and infection are caused by germs—and that germs can be killed.

Now medical science wages an unceasing war against germs, and one of its most important and effective weapons

is "Lysol" Disinfectant. For more than forty years, this efficient germicide has been a standby of doctors and hospitals the world over. They depend on it even at that most critical time of all—child-birth—when two lives are at stake, when disinfection *must* be safe and thorough.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts, and human tissue; in the household, on telephones, door-knobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. Every drop will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of

non-poisonous disinfectant. Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use it *every day* to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Meanwhile, write for "The 'Lysol' Health Library" of three free booklets: "Protecting the Home Against Disease," "Getting Ready for Baby," and "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene." Thousands of women have found them invaluable in the home. Just write: Dept. 45E, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J.

"LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon for feminine hygiene by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.

© 1931, L. & F., Inc.



Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

Lysol
Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

WHEN Mrs. Bancroft wants to awaken big, two-fisted George in the morning she tickles his nose with a sprig of orange blossoms. . . . Ethel Barrymore celebrated her fifty-second birthday. . . . Billy Haines is through at M-G-M. . . . Jack Gilbert is planning a trip to Europe—alone. . . . Greta Garbo went to one of Hollywood's art theaters and nobody recognized her. . . . Remember Marguerite Clark? Her husband Harry B. Williams will run for Governor of Louisiana. . . . Jeanette Loff, Lilian Bond and Dorothy Knapp are all in a New York stage show. . . . Even in hot weather Josef Von Sternberg wears a fur-lined coat and a beret. . . . Gary Cooper, Sylvia Sidney and Irving Pichel will play the parts originally acted by Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney in your old favorite "The Miracle Man." Is that O.K. with you?

THERE'S a red hot affair on in Hollywood. Ina Claire has been seen in public places and at parties playing backgammon with Robert Ames. And what's worse, they play for money. One of PHOTOPLAY's secret service operatives found out that in two sessions Ina won \$47.

THE Malibu undertow—no, my dears, the one in the water, not the other!—almost cost the screen one of its most vivid stars the other day. Evelyn Brent, swimming far out,

got into trouble with it. Two successive big waves came along and Evelyn went under.

Her husband, Harry Edwards, without taking time to kick off his flannels, swam out and rescued her. Betty was ill for several days.

"MALIBU" isn't the whole name of the cinema stars' beach colony. The whole title is "Rancho Malibu la Costa." And Laura La Plante tops it by calling her Malibu cottage: "La Costa Plenty."

KING PRAJADHIPOK of Siam has bought three talkie projection units for use in Siam. . . . Thelma Todd is going to become Alison Lloyd and blame a numerologist for the change. But Hal Roach, Thelma's comedy boss, says it will still be Thelma Todd on his cast lists. . . . Irene Delroy, injured by a fall from her horse in Montreal while honeymooning, says she's through with the stage and screen forever. . . . and others have said that before. . . . Building wreckers have torn down the old Mack Sennett studio in Los Angeles, where the Keystone Kops became famous. . . . Warner Baxter plays a crafty guitar. . . . Hawaiian hotel owners were saved from the current depression by the sudden popularity of the islands among screen stars this summer. . . . Howard "Hell's Angels" Hughes has the swellest yacht in movieland. . . . it has eighteen staterooms, each with its own private bath.

Fifi Dorsay turned down a \$3,000 a week offer to appear in Earl Carroll's Vanities. . . . it is said she was to have done a bathing scene burlesquing her public fountain bath in Indianapolis recently. . . . Carroll goes for bathing stunts yet.

SYLVIA SIDNEY had a unique experience the other evening when she attended the preview of her picture, "Street Scene," at the United Artists projection room. She could hear her voice but could not see herself.

Sylvia is so near-sighted that she can see only a few feet in front of her. And only that day she had broken her glasses. She depended upon Director Mervyn Le Roy, who sat next to her, to describe how she looked in the picture.

EDNA MAY OLIVER has been sniffing again—off screen this time. She has a gorgeous house in Beverly Hills. Her butler parked his little Ford in front of it every morning. Miss Oliver didn't like that so, in her haughtiest manner, she told him to remove the blot on the landscape. He asked a neighbor a few houses away if he could park in front of their door.

And got permission. The Ford is now to be seen in front of the home of one of the most famous directors and his famous wife. And they don't object at all.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

STAND BY, CONTEST AUTHORS!

ALL of you anxious authors, who have been impatiently pawing the ground and champing at the bit, waiting to know the winners in the \$2,000.00 PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. Story Contest won't have to wait much longer. The winners of the contest to find a story to fit the title of "Beauty and the Boss" will be announced next month—in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.

The judges have striven to give you this announcement as quickly as possible, but the unusual response to the contest has kept the readers and judges going at top-speed longer than they anticipated.

Close to 10,000 manuscripts were received before the contest closed on July 15.

Only the final judging is going on now, and the decisions of the judges will be ready for you next month.

While the job of reading and judging this great number of stories has been a huge one, it has not been unpleasant. It has been interesting to see what movie-goers themselves have written as their idea of a good movie plot—the kind of story they want to see enacted on the screen.

Winners in "Beauty and the Boss" Contest to be announced in next month's issue

Many, of course, are impractical as movie stories. Many aren't stories at all. But there have been plenty with fine material, and many more that are exceedingly well written.

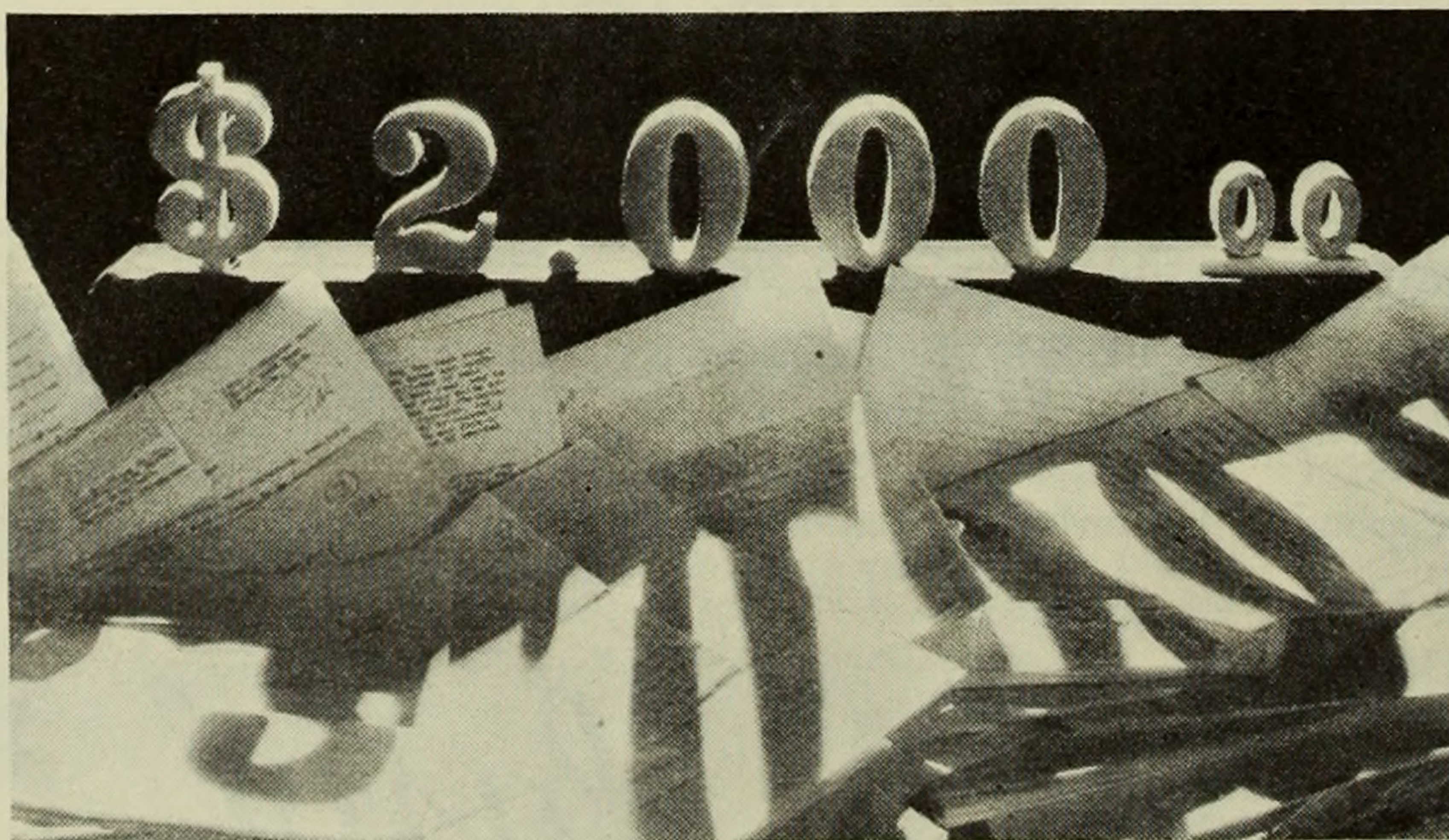
In several instances there have been stories of great similarity of plot. In essentials they are the same as others, but the unusual and individual treatment of these similar themes by their separate authors has made them all interesting and all worthy of individual attention from the judges.

Altogether, the contest brought a great response and showed a lot of talent and imagination from the contestants, many of whom were making their maiden voyage on the choppy sea of literature.

The judges, conscious of the care and hopefulness that went into the writing of each story submitted, have carefully read and considered every story that was received.

Their decisions have been arrived at only after the most careful deliberation and, of course, are final.

When the announcement of the results of the contest is made next month it will be the best story, or stories, that have won!

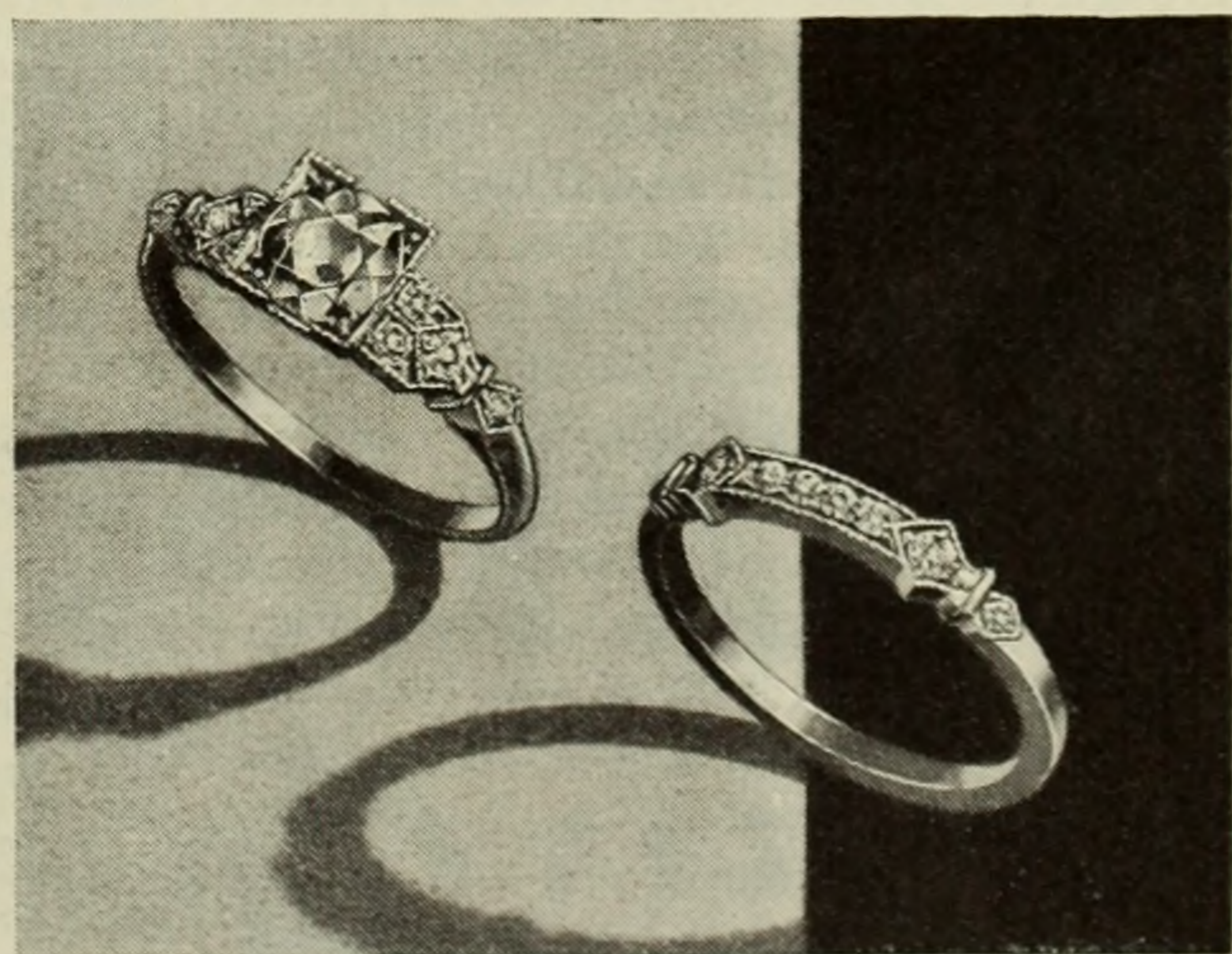


There's gold in them thar manuscripts—\$2,000 for every story accepted. Yours may be among them. Next month will tell



- After all, The Wedding itself is only the first step into the new life. The days that follow will be just as vital to your happiness! That's why you must think of every pre-wedding purchase in terms of the years to come . . . in terms of *enduring* values.
- And that's why your ring should be a Traub . . . that it may last as long as your life together. For Traub rings are exquisite in workmanship, finished in every detail. They are seamless, unbroken circles, made with the finest metals, and gems from the jewel-marts of the world!
- What sort of ring looks best on *your* hand? A brilliant circlet of square-cut diamonds . . . one engraved in platinum . . . or, perhaps, a simple band of gold, delicately chased with Orange Blossoms? It's wise to choose the ring that best expresses your personal taste.
- So ask your jeweler to show you his best . . . and help you choose your Traub! Jewelry shops are fascinating places, you'll find in them many other lovely things, of the same fine character, that you'll need for your new home.
- And by the way, because the wedding is the important first step . . . send for our helpful little booklet "Bridal Etiquette." It's all about trousseaus, receptions, ceremonies . . . and it's free! Traub Manufacturing Company, 1933 McGraw Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, and Walkerville, Ontario.

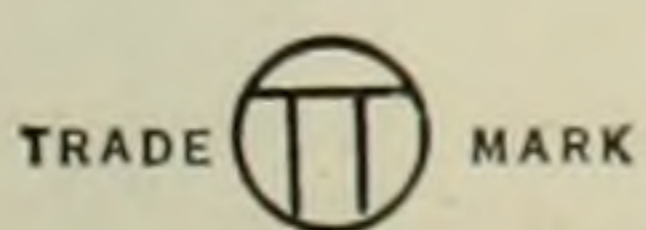
To be continued...



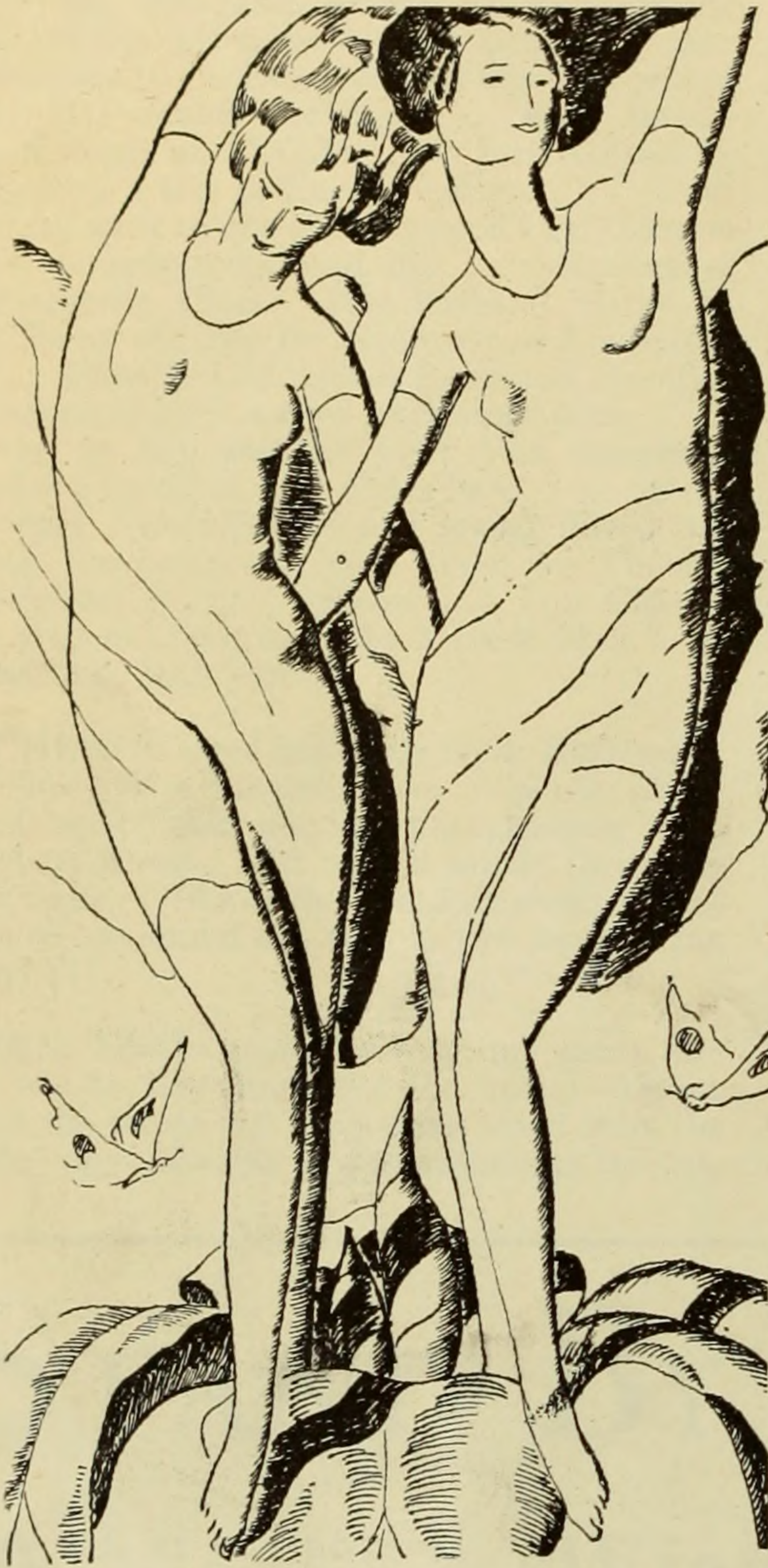
Just above—Iridio platinum matched set...studded with diamonds. Wedding ring, \$45.00. Engagement ring, \$300.00. At top left—Genuine Orange Blossom wedding ring, hand-chasing on platinum from \$21.50 . . . on gold from \$10. Remember, there is a Traub ring to fit your finger . . . and your pocketbook!

Traub

Look for this mark on every genuine "Orange Blossom" ring



LOVELINESS to have and to hold



OF how many women it is truly said, that they *might* have been lovely! Simply because they let poisons in the body dull their beauty and destroy their youth!

Keeping clean internally is the most important beauty treatment in the world. Your complexion, the clearness of your eyes, your charm depend on it!

But you can have internal cleanliness—through the saline way with Sal Hepatica.

In Europe, the "saline cure" is sought by those of the fashionable world, who journey to such places as Carlsbad and Baden-Baden to enjoy its benefits. But these same benefits can be yours at home. For Sal Hepatica is the practical American equivalent of these famous saline springs.

The saline treatment corrects constipation, clears the bloodstream. It removes the poisons that keep you lifeless, susceptible to colds, dull-skinned and dull-eyed.

Start today the saline way with Sal Hepatica to beauty and to charm.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-101, 71 West Street, New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



SAL HEPATICA

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Breedon
Chas. D. Brown
Ruth Chatterton
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Tom Douglas
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Skeets Gallagher
Marjorie Gatenon
Wynne Gibson
Mitzi Green

Phillips Holmes
Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Frances Moffett
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sydney
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Dorothy Tree
Allen Vincent
Charles Trowbridge
Anna May Wong
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
William Holden
Olin Howland
Warren Hymers
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Nora Lane
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna

Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Conchita Montenegro
Goodee Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Pelletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Rosalie Roy
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Leyland Hodgson
Rochelle Hudson

Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Ker.
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker"
Lord
Joel McCrea
Addie McPhail
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lawrence Olivier
William Post
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves

Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Lucile Browne
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart

Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Dorothy Appleby
Nils Asther
William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
Herbert Braggiotti
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Janet Currie
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Phyllis Elgar
Madge Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Leslie Howard

Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Marjorie King
Alfred Lunt and
Lynn Fontanne
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Irene Purcell
Marjorie Rambeau
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
C. Aubrey Smith
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Lester Vail
Robert Young

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy

Pola Negri
Mary Nelan
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees
Robert Williams

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralf Harolde
Walter Huston

Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Mae Madison
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Marilyn Miller
Dorothy Peterson
William Powell
James Rennie
Edward G. Robinson
Loretta Young
Polly Walters
Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Tamara Geva

Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

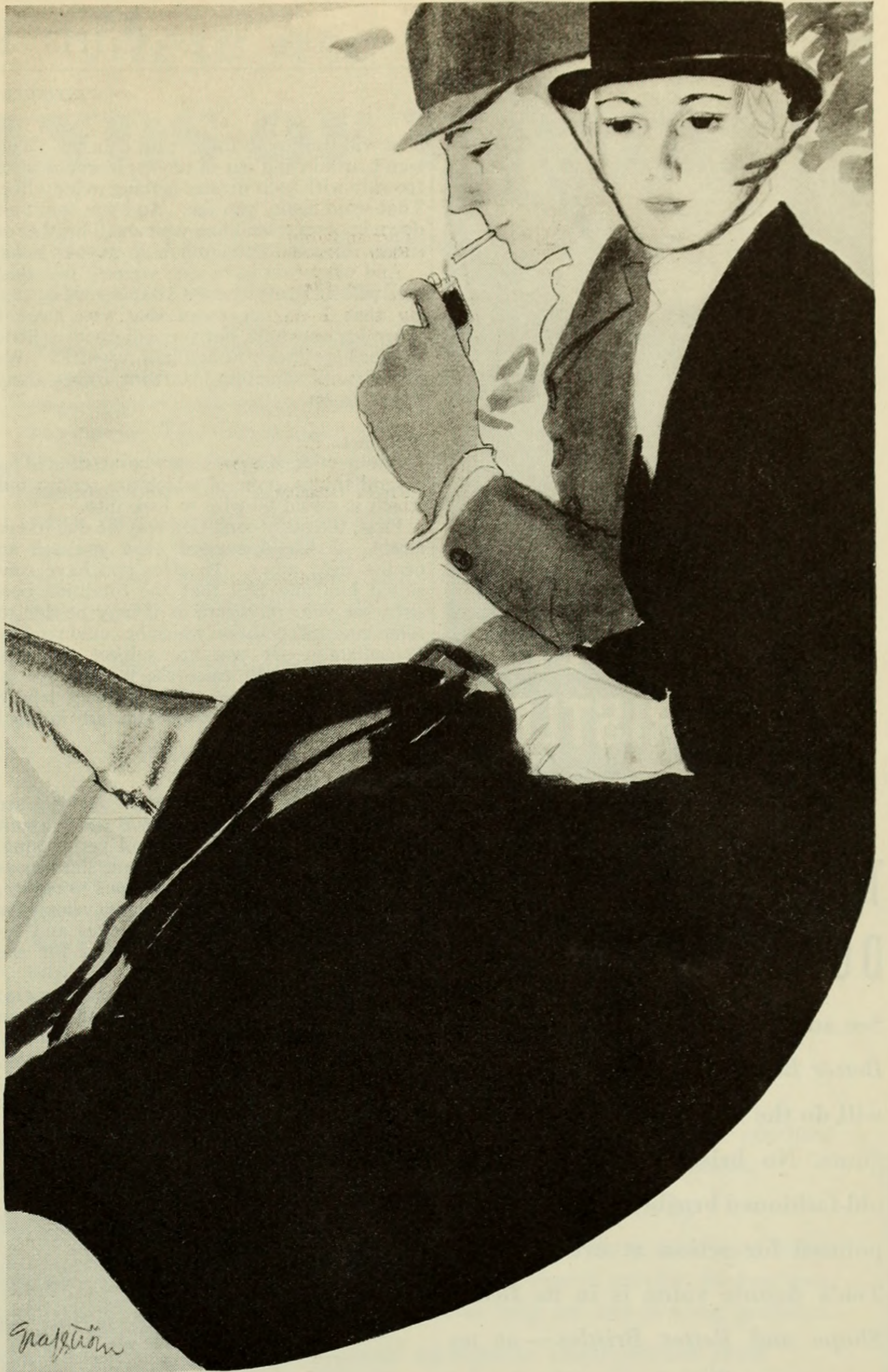
Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THEY WHO
FOLLOW
THE HOUNDS
 AND THE
NICETIES
OF LIFE

Critical as they are of good form, keenly aware of the delicate niceties of enjoyment, it is no wonder that these wearers of the pink took up Spud early. In Spud, they found not only the sudden new freedom in tobacco enjoyment... but also that fresh comfortable sensation of being continually "mouth-happy." The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



SPUD
 MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U.S.)... 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

You will walk gracefully, with chin up. You won't rush in and out of rooms; it would seem too silly with your dresses looking so lady-like. That word again, you see. And you won't sit down in poses resembling your small brother or sister. You will want to live up to your looks.

And when you have seen yourself like this, you will suddenly change your manners, too. By that I do not mean that you haven't charming ones now, but you will discover little gracious gestures you had half forgotten. We all do, until something startling comes along to jack us up.

NORMA L. F.:

Puffiness of the eyes can be attributed to several things, none of which are serious but which it would be wise to look into.

First, the puffy condition may be due to eye strain. I would suggest that you see an oculist right away. If, after you have consulted him and find that the condition persists, see your physician as it may be due to some internal condition which he could remedy immediately. If you are subject to sinus trouble, you might trace the puffiness to it.

Medicated packs on the eyes will relieve strain but they will not cure an internal condition.

GERTRUDE B.:

According to your height and age you are slightly overweight. You should weigh about 120 pounds. Since you are still very young, however, you will probably become slimmer as you grow older. If you are anxious to reduce, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus. Excellent exercises for the hips and thighs are included in it.

The shades you will find most becoming are: Soft shades of green, to bring out the green in your eyes; most shades of blue, particularly the rich blues; purple and deep orchid, gray, golden brown, burnt orange and tomato red, black, with color touches and white; pale pink and soft rose.

In make-up, choose a pale cream powder

and a bright red rouge tending toward the orange. Use any rouge sparingly, however. Your lipstick should be a similar shade.

JEAN T.:

Hair usually turns darker as one grows older and that is what is happening to yours. There is no set rule about the frequency of the shampoo, but, in general, about once a week is often enough. Oily hair should sometimes be shampooed more frequently.

You are slightly overweight, but if you are well proportioned I do not think that I would worry about it. Try to get more exercise and cut out too many sweets.

It is not harmful to use a good soap on your face. You might, in addition, use a good cleansing cream once a day to keep your skin smooth.

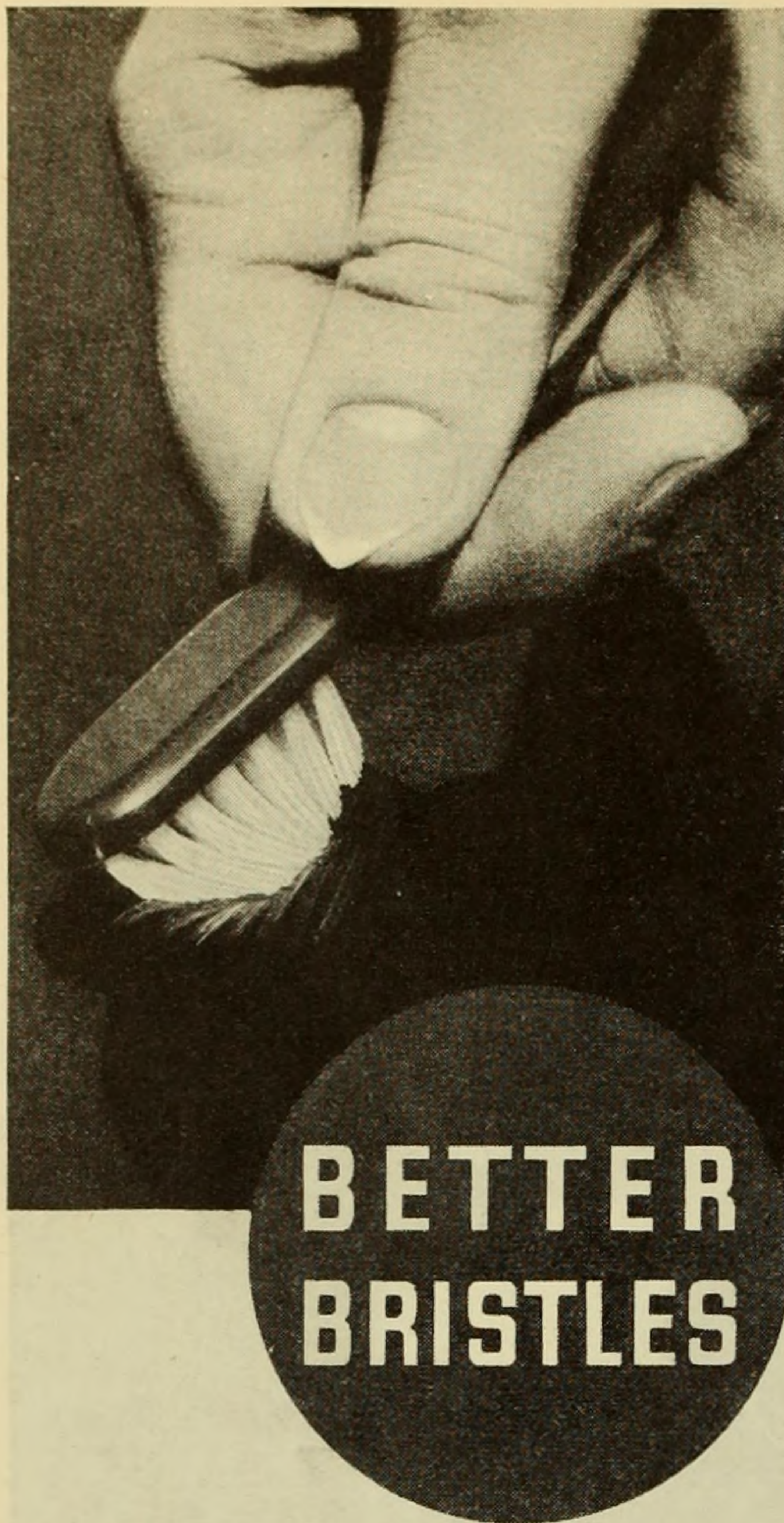
CAROL:

I know what heartbreak it causes to have someone you care about drop out of your life. However, I think you are doing the right thing in not pursuing him. Since you cannot seem to find anything that you might have done to hurt his feelings, it appears he is merely fickle.

From your letter, I judge that you are still quite young and, therefore, you must not let this bother you too deeply. There are so many other nice young boys. I know that doesn't help the present ache very much, but I think you will be happier if you start going around with others. You will soon find you have quite forgotten this one.

Your description sounds very attractive. I would suggest the following costume colors for a brunette of your type: Most shades of red, coral, rose and flesh pink; most shades of yellow, bluish green, peacock blues, light, clear shades of orchid; gray, particularly the rose grays; golden, buff and nut browns, black, cream and ivory white.

In make-up I would suggest that you try a warm cream or pale tan powder with a rose glow to it, light vivid rouge and lipstick. Brown mascara for evening.



**BETTER
BRISTLES**

THAT WON'T LIE DOWN ON THE JOB

See and feel the snap-back of Tek's *Better Bristles*. Grouped where they will do the most good—to teeth and gums. No bristles at leisure as in old-fashioned brushes—but each tuft pointed for action at every stroke. Tek's double value is in its *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles*—at no extra cost. Tek is sterilized and Cellophane-sealed for your protection. Tek is a guaranteed product of

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek

the modern
TOOTH BRUSH



Most any animal would willingly give its life to fashion such a dashing jacket as this for Dorothy Mackaill! Striped ermine, an unusual fur, is cleverly worked into a fitted short jacket for evening wear. Note the soft, tie collar! Seymour says they are smartest

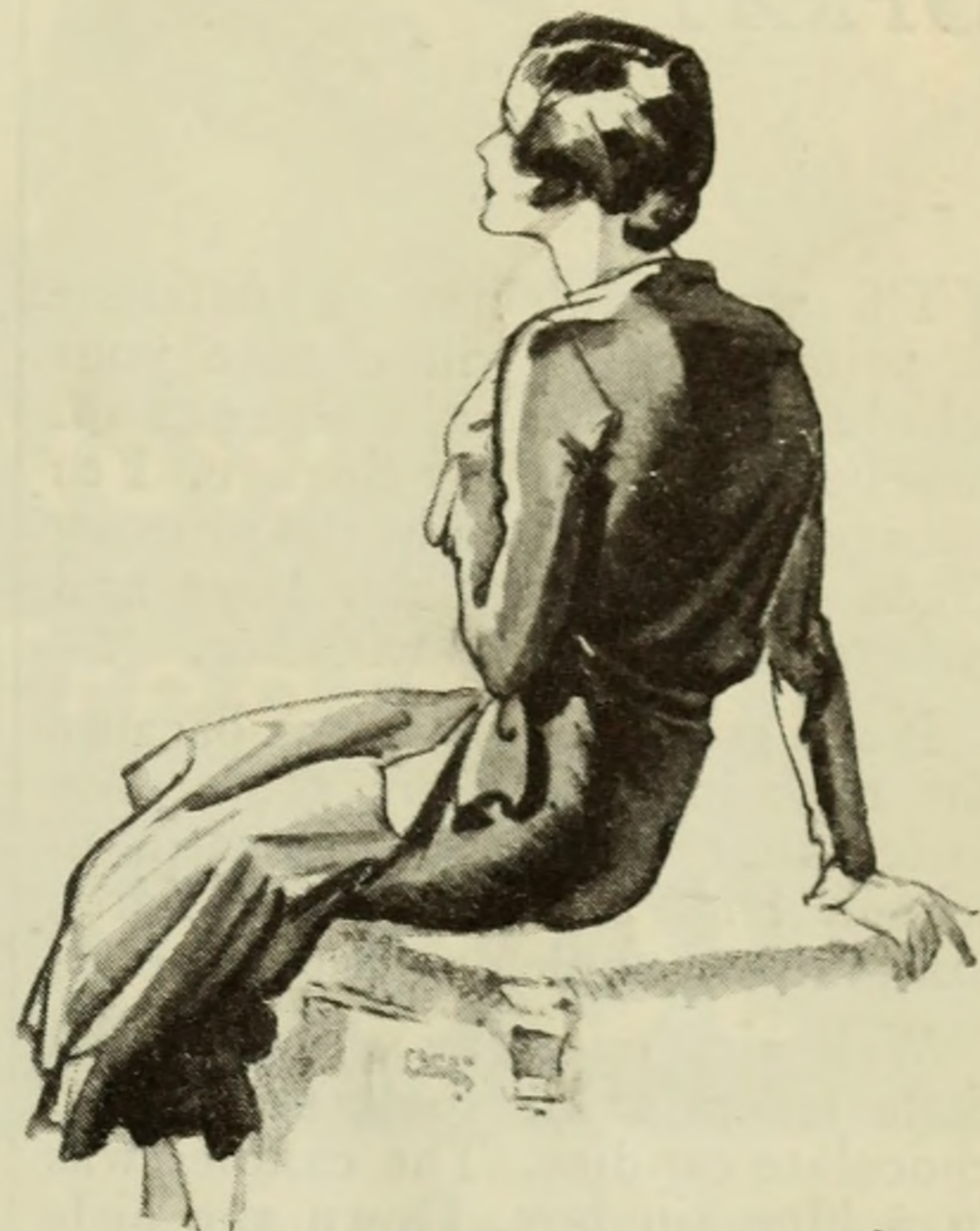
There are TWO KINDS OF WOMEN

*Those who now have all
the clothes they want*

This group is a large and *growing* family. They know from experience how enjoyable sewing can be. They sit at ease, press the control and watch the silent stitches flow like magic. They plan dresses for themselves, frocks for their children, draperies for their windows—and find joy in their swift creation.

*And those who have yet
to discover how to
have them*

These women are looking for a way to have more and prettier clothes. Each day this group grows smaller, for one by one they learn how easily they can have a modern Singer—a sewing machine so easy to use, so quiet and quick that making a lovely dress is merely a few hours of sheer enjoyment.



If you have not discovered the modern Singer—and found how easily you can have one—learn these facts:

The machine you want

No matter what type of machine you prefer—a table model or a handy portable; a lock-stitch or chain-stitch; an electric or non-electric—you can have it, built with traditional Singer quality.

*—at a new low price, on
convenient terms*

You can have your choice of Singer machines in a wide range of prices, all lower than they have been for years. Terms will be arranged, if you desire, to

meet your convenience. If you have a machine now, it will be accepted in part payment.

—with service near by

You will find that the Singer Shop near your home is ready with courteous, expert service, instruction, supplies, and special help on any sewing problem.

—and complete instruction free

With your machine you are entitled to a Complete Course in Home Sewing at a Singer Sewing School in your own community. A personal teacher will guide you in selecting appropriate designs and fabrics, altering patterns to your individual measurements, laying out and cutting your material and assembling, fitting and finishing your dress to the last detail.

WHEN you buy a sewing machine, you buy it not merely for immediate use but for a lifetime of service. Why, then, should you even consider having less than the best? You *can* have the best—a modern Singer, product of eighty years of skill and experience. And you can have it *now*.

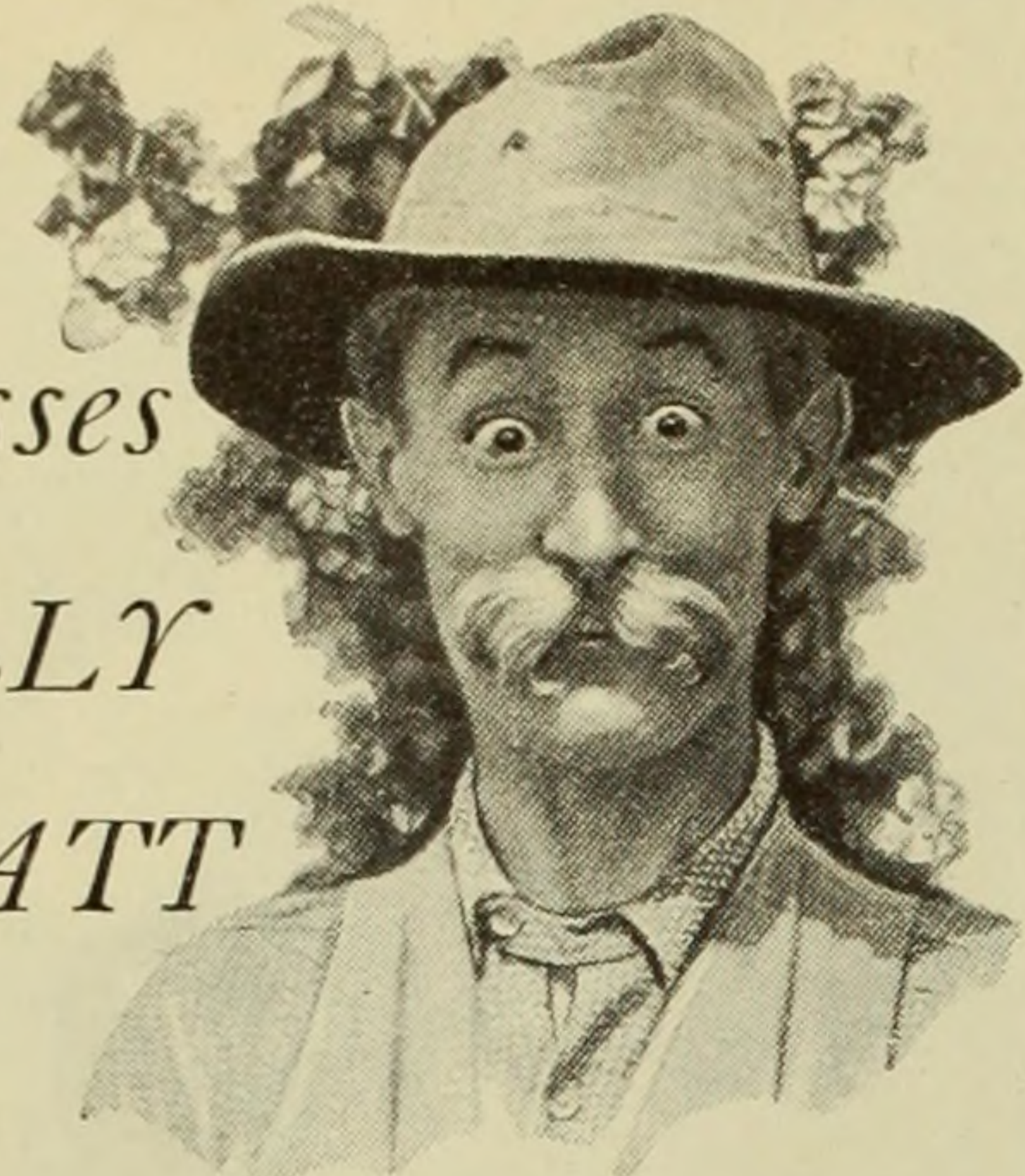
Go to the Singer Shop in your community and see and try a modern Singer yourself. Or let the Singer man who calls at your home send you a machine on the Self-Demonstration Plan. Look in your telephone directory for the nearest address of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

discusses

MILLY
SPRATT



IT'S wonderful how a different point of view will change your whole life. You take the school teacher, Miss Milly Spratt. For twenty years she taught the primary grade because the older boys and girls wouldn't put up with her.

If she got an apple it was because she took it away from some poor little hungry feller that was eatin' in school. Didn't any of the children bring her an apple on purpose.

Well sir, one day she saw the little fellers eatin' some squares of chocolate candies. The candies was in a blue tin box. Down the aisle went Milly Spratt and snatched up the box and put it in her desk. After school she got it out and ate a couple of the candies herself. They was so good she examined the box and read the little printed slip inside. Now she is principal of that school and everybody likes her.

"Chic" Sale

"Those little chocolated tablets" in the little blue box—Ex-Lax—mean a lot in the lives of millions of people!

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. It is safe, gentle, effective. It can't form a habit. It won't gripe.

Try it tonight—it will sell itself to you! All druggists, in 10¢, 25¢, and 50¢ boxes, or send coupon below for sample.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE of Ex-Lax and
"CHIC" SALE'S WELLS
CORNERS GAZETTE

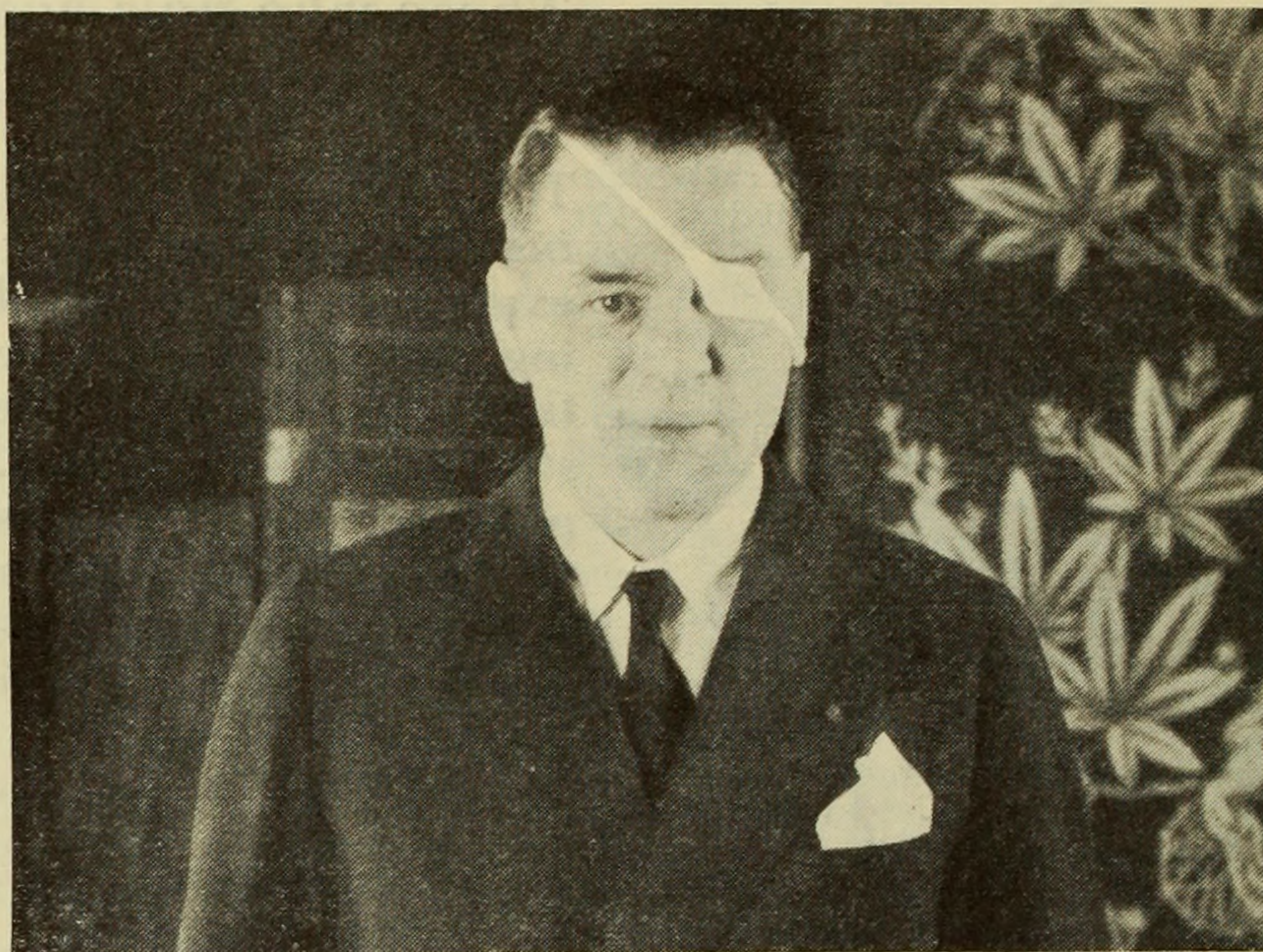
Name

Address

City State

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., P. O. Box 170,
Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. P.H.-101

Short Subjects of the Month



Floyd Gibbons, purveyor of high-voltage wordage, has brought his rapid-fire delivery to the screen. His first short is reviewed below

FLOYD GIBBONS' SUPREME THRILLS

RKO—Van Beuren

Floyd Gibbons turns from the radio to the talking screen to recount some of the great news events of the past. This first one in a series of thirteen concerns itself with the war days of the late President Wilson and, aided by news clips of the time and Admiral Cary T. Grayson, Wilson's personal physician, Gibbons builds up a breathless and exciting narrative. Fine.

VOLLEY AND SMASH

M-G-M

More sports instruction, this time in tennis and from Bill Tilden, the old marster, himself. Slow motion, stop shots and a running description make these of value to the ambitious amateur. Every stroke is thoroughly and lucidly shown and explained.

CANNON BALL

Educational—Sennett

In this, Andy Clyde, with his whiskers and glasses, is the owner and engineer of a decrepit railroad. The trick locomotive (built by clever Sennett technicians) gives Andy a run for it, though. Plenty of thrills, and the race between the locomotive and the auto bus is a riot.

FRAMED

William J. Burns—Educational

If you get a kick out of having your mystery plots real, you will enjoy these shorts dealing with actual cases solved by William J. Burns, the famous detective. This one shows how the leaders of a dope ring were cleverly trapped into a confession.

SLIDE, SPEEDY, SLIDE

Educational—Sennett

There have been many funnier Sennett comedies than this one. Daphne Pollard, who is always good for several laughs, cavorts through a baseball slapstick with Wade

Boteler and Tom Dugan as the home-run rivals. Baseball fans will laugh at the big game.

SPRING TRAINING

Tiffany Prod.

Elegant entertainment for football fans, featuring five famous coaches headed by Howard Jones, and grand shots of how players work in action. This is the first of a series and you'll enjoy the football season better for having seen them.

MOVIE-TOWN

Educational—Sennett

Here's one of the comedies in color that Mack Sennett has been working on for some time. The comedy element is a bit obscured for the color scenery and the stellar performance of several aquatic stars. Sennett appears in person. Also Marjorie Beebe and George Olsen's orchestra. Good entertainment.

OLD SONGS FOR NEW

Welshay

A one-reeler in color; fast comedy of the gay nineties. A miniature revue, with swell music by Georgie Stoll's band, reminiscent of the "good old days." There are plenty of good laughs, too.

MELON-DRAMA

Radio Pictures

Clark and McCullough devote their antics to being two comedy detectives, who foil a plot to place a bomb, disguised as a watermelon, on a judge's porch. The laughs come often and steadily.

JUNGLE GIANTS

Educational—Howe Hodge-Podge

There are some excellent close-ups of big game in this short, and you will enjoy it. You get the same jungle thrills in more condensed form than from the average African super-spectacle.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

WHEN Harold Lloyd purchased a site for his new beach house at Santa Monica, he bought two lots. On one is a two-story white Colonial house and on the lot next to it is a tiny replica of it. Yes, you're right. It is the children's playhouse. A high wire fence surrounds it and the iron gates are padlocked.

SEVERAL years ago, Harold Lloyd almost lost the sight of one eye in a premature explosion of dynamite caps during the making of one of his pictures.

Last month, his brother, Gaylord, did lose the sight of one eye in a similar accident. During a gangster sequence, percussion caps went off too soon. A tiny bit of copper tore through one of Gaylord's eyeballs. Operations failed to save sight.

MARY NOLAN is nothing if not courageous. After an uphill fight against the publicity that attached to her while she was Imogene Wilson, she made good in pictures in Hollywood as Mary Nolan.

And then the bottom dropped out of things for her again, for one reason and another, and the denouement came when, in New York recently, she went into bankruptcy, owing more than \$50,000.

Soon afterward, she came back to Hollywood for a new attack of film fame. And with this proclamation:

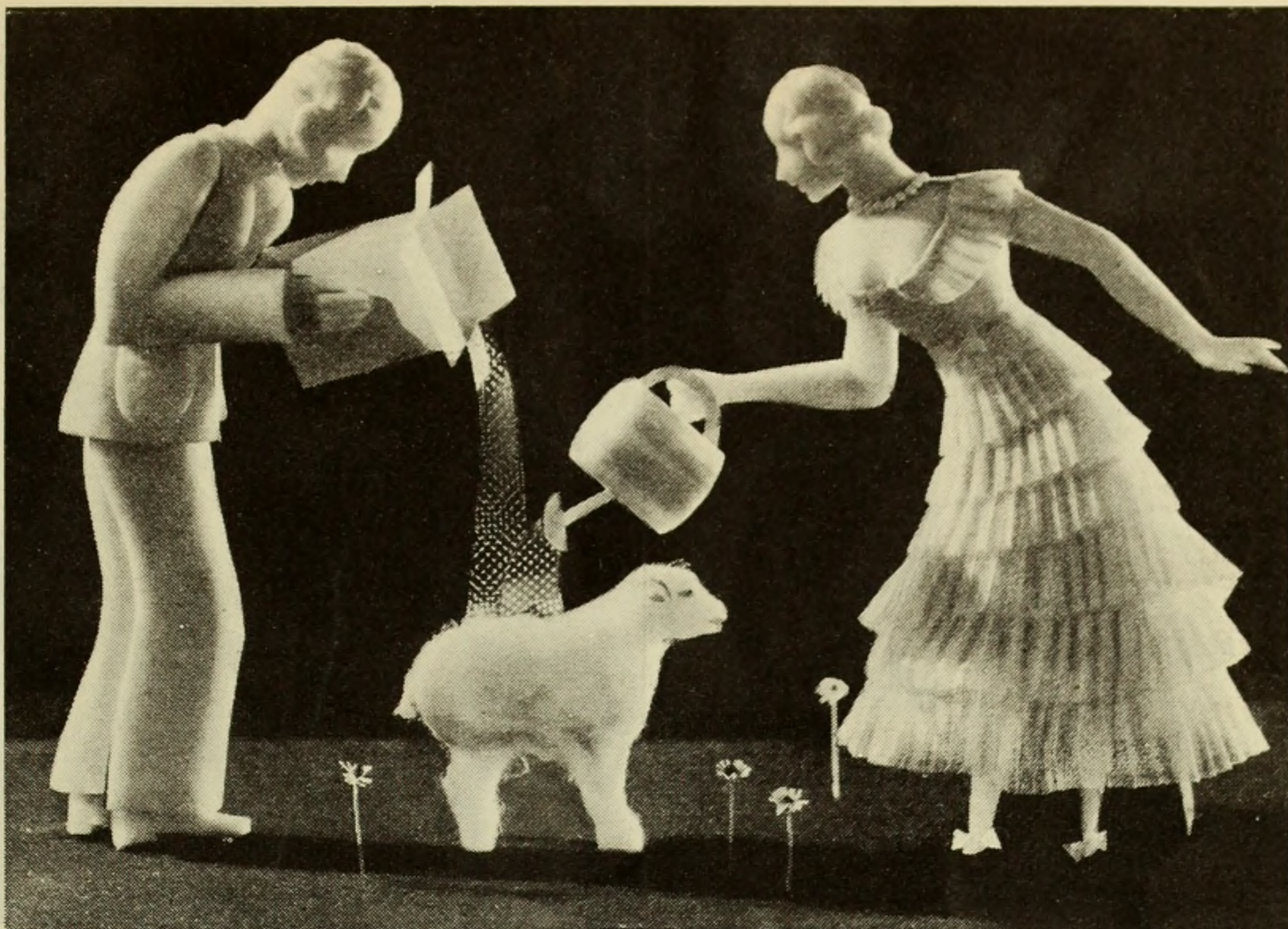
"I will pay back every penny I owe in this world. I did not go into bankruptcy to get out of paying—but I did as a financial investment. I did it so I could come back to Hollywood to work and make good. I knew the people I owed money to, in Hollywood, wouldn't let me come back unless I did. But they'll get back every cent I owe."

Here's luck! To Mary—and the creditors.

ALL quiet on the Garbo front.

DID Hollywood get a laugh out of Connie Bennett's New York crack that she hadn't been the least bit interested in Joel McCrea! . . . Paul Muni, while playing the tough gang leader in "Scarface," was robbed of one hundred dollars worth of jewels by a thief who rifled his locker. . . . Now that he's generally known as ex-Buddy Rogers, Paramount has withdrawn its objections to having Charles called Buddy. . . . A Hollywood actress had gold finger nails at a recent premiere. . . . John Barrymore's ex-wife, Michael Strange, has written and is acting in a play in the East. . . . Hollywood Boulevard got a laugh out of the sign on the back of a Ford: "The Public Enemy." . . . Rex, King of Wild Horses, has been sent to an Arizona ranch to spend his last years in peace.

OF Paramount's twenty-three contract actresses, three are redheads, nine blondes and eleven brunettes. . . . There's an oil well at Venice, Calif., named the Lewis Stone well. . . . A Hollywood wisecracker calls the town "the land of optional illusions." . . . Buddy (ex-Charles) Rogers got a fan letter embroidered in silk on a square of linen from a girl in Oklahoma. . . . Whoops. . . . If you haven't known it already, Anna May Wong's real name is Wong Lui Tsong and it means "frosted yellow willows." . . . June Clyde is crazy over deep-sea fishing. . . . "I'm going to film 'Queer People' when I'm ready and the whole film industry can't stop me," says Howard "Hell's Angels" Hughes.



A New Beauty Treatment for WOOL

NO wonder this bit of wool looks satisfied! Pure white Ivory Snow is the newest, kindest way to take care of fine woolsens and delicate silks.

These tiny Snow pearls are made of Ivory Soap. You know Ivory's spotless reputation when it comes to gentleness! But here's the surprise—these dainty pearls of Ivory dissolve instantly into frothy suds, in *lukewarm* water — exactly the

safe temperature for your finest things! Every one of those little Snow pearls works, too. Not one is left undissolved to stick to your precious fabrics!

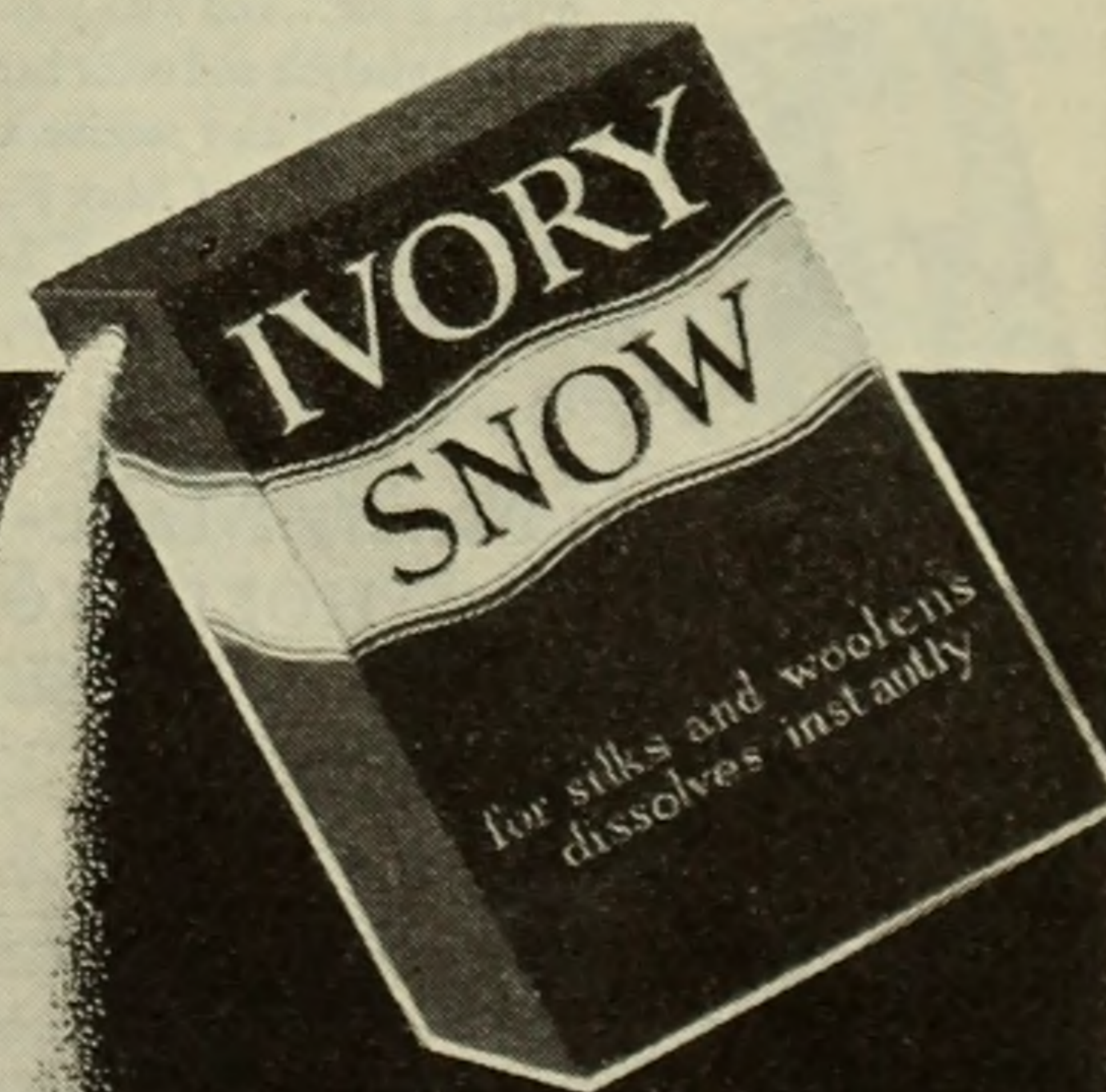
You get a big box of Ivory Snow for only 15¢. And it contains enough white magic to protect the youth and beauty of hundreds of dollars worth of clothes!

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

© 1931, P. & G. Co.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhn. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Home-spuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.





Laura La Plante and Max Factor . . . Hollywood's Make-Up Genius using Rouge.



Blonde?
Brunette?
Redhead?
Brownette?

Do You Know Your Color Harmony in Make-Up

As Hollywood Screen Stars Do?

Now, like the screen stars, you may emphasize your own personality and individuality by having your own color harmony in make-up . . . and Max Factor will analyze your complexion and chart your make-up color harmony . . . free.

An Amazing Discovery

In his Studio work, under the blazing "Kleig" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise odd, grotesque effects result . . . and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, faultless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

Based on this same principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for day and evening wear. Powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials in correct color harmonies for every variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Almost instantaneously leading stars and thousands of other beautiful women adopted it.

Learn Hollywood's Make-Up Secret

Now you may learn what Hollywood knows about make-up. What a wonderful opportunity! . . . to secure personally from Filmland's genius of make-up, a beauty secret prized by stars of the screen. Now it is



yours. Free . . . and with your complexion analysis and color harmony chart you will also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Fill in coupon, mail today.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up "Cosmetics of the Stars" HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS
Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, California. 1-10-24
Send me, without obligation, my complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart, and 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR OF EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR OF LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



At last—the two Carroll sisters play sisters in a picture! Nancy and her sister, Terry, as they look as the Ryan girls in "Personal Maid"

HERE'S another Hollywood racket: Man goes to smartest hotel. Wants to play rôle of big shot.

Pays telephone operator small sum a week to ring 'phone every fifteen minutes when he has guests in his room.

Conversations, loud enough to be heard, go like this:

"Hello, Lindbergh, ole boy, nice of you to ring. Sorry I won't be back in time to accept that invitation. Give my love to Ann." Or, "Well, that's nice of President Hoover to have you call. It was just an oversight on my part that I didn't answer his wire," etc., etc.

BILL HAINES is superstitious about starting pictures on unlucky days.

The other day, he was told that the starting date of his next picture would be on Friday.

Bill protested. Bill argued. Bill pleaded. "Any day," he proposed, "but Friday."

They finally capitulated. They agreed to start on Monday. Bill was overjoyed—until Monday, when he looked at the calendar. It was the 13th.

THERE are only two pawn shops in Hollywood. . . . Evalyn Knapp has recovered from her recent almost fatal fall. . . . Clark Gable has a new and very swanky dressing room. . . . Phil Holmes is growing a moustache. . . . And you'll have to get used to James "Bad Girl" Dunn co-starring with Janet Gaynor instead of Charlie Farrell. . . . In Paris Connie Bennett went on a clothes-buying orgy. . . . Sure, the Marquis was with her when she shopped. . . . Richard Barthelmess sued his stock brokers for \$72,225. . . . And Merna Kennedy has gone into bankruptcy.

AL JOLSON and Eddie Cantor were describing the merits of "Street Scene" following the preview.

"I will bet anything that it is the biggest box-office hit ever," said Cantor. "And I never gamble."

"Oh yeah?" Jolson interrupted. "You know I don't gamble. Oh, the stock market?"

"That? It was no gamble. It was a sure thing. A sure loss from the beginning."

THE story of how Kathryn Crawford won the leading rôle in the production which M-G-M is making of "Flying High" is another of those examples of the actually-dangerous lengths to which ambitious girls go, in Hollywood.

Innumerable film girls were being tested for the lead rôle in the musical, which is to be one of M-G-M's biggest pictures of the year. Naturally, rivalry was keen.

When Kathryn took her screen test, all went well.

They were enthusiastic about her but she was too—well—plump.

"If it weren't for that, you'd be a cinch for the rôle," they told her.

KATHRYN got busy at once. "Don't decide for a week," she said. She went to one of Los Angeles' best hospitals and underwent the most rigorous course of reduction that could be devised. At the end of a week, she reported back to M-G-M, *eleven pounds lighter!*

It made the necessary difference. Within two days, it was announced that she could have the part.

But Kathryn Crawford, before beginning work, had to return to the hospital for several days more, to prevent her collapsing from the effects of the strenuous weight-losing—and also, of course, to prevent her regaining the lost poundage.

IT'S amazing, the lengths to which bad taste can go!

For instance, huge 24-sheet billboards throughout Hollywood proclaimed to the world that "26 MEN DIED to open the HUGHES-FRANKLIN STUDIO THEATER!"

It was a hideous attempt to cash in on the fact that twenty-six men were killed in an explosion aboard the boat on which Varick Frissell and his crew were making scenes for "The Viking," the Arctic epic with which the new theater was opened. To call it bad taste is being mild.

The "Hughes" of the Hughes-Franklin chain of theaters is Howard Hughes of "Hell's Angels" fame.

Three men were killed during the making of "Hell's Angels."

Hollywood will start calling him "Killer" Hughes if he permits such publicity to keep up.

Lily's Coming Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

to see a charming lady? The boys smiled. There had been a lot of excitement that day, not any of it too pleasant, but the fact remained that the story had made every newspaper in the country. And after all, Lily Damita was a new star. And besides, Lily, herself, had been delighted. They looked at the red heart. What *she thought* had been more important to the boys than the outraged feelings of the royalties—Hollywood or London!

They scowled and skimmed over the stories of the captivity of the Prince by June Collyer. Lily had failed them a bit there. Too bad, June's press-agent wasn't going to overlook a bet. Why should he?

Then there were the magazine files! Story after story—"Love Life," "Men," "Her Regrets to Royalty." Dozens upon dozens of pages. And the syndicates. "Film Star Says All Men Are Playthings," "French Film Star Is Like Caribbean Sea Hurricane As She Tells of Her Loves"—

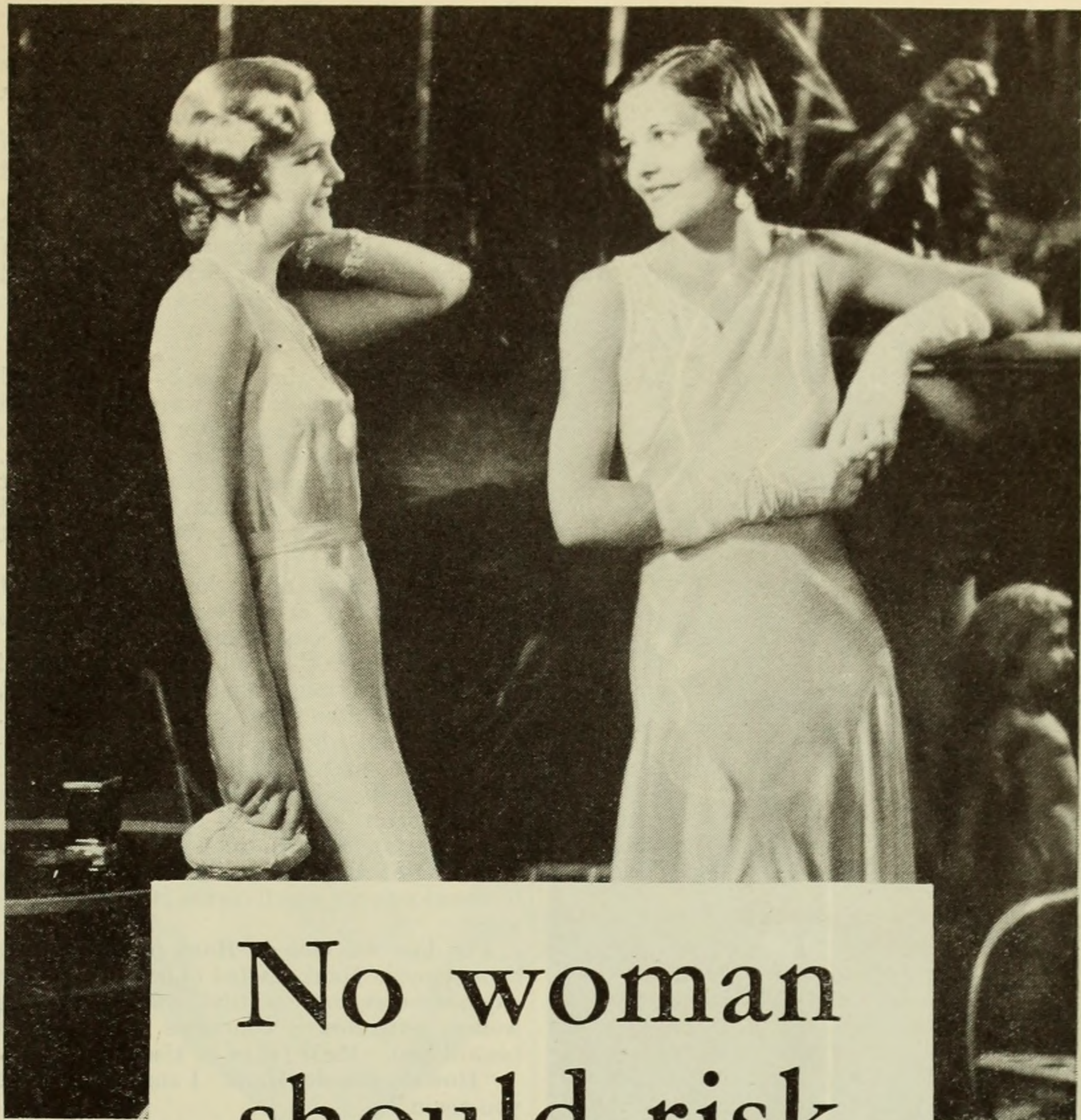
AND now she was coming back! Keeping things *out* of print might earn them their salaries but getting them *in* was the real kick of the job. And with Lily—

They paused to talk of the stories they hadn't dared print. After all, there had been a limit. How the papers would have loved the yarn of that party Sam Goldwyn gave for the dignified visiting publishers of England. Everyone ultra-impressive.

The party was going fine. Discussion of the third or fourth dimension in pictures, the progress of television—then Damita whirled in. She whirled right up to one of the Hollywood film magnates and kissed him on the cheek. "Hello, darling—" The mogul made



When crowds in Reno, Nev., saw this fellow, they let off shouts of "Hey, Doug!" But instead of being Mr. Bounding Fairbanks, this turned out to be Mr. Carlton Wines of Los Angeles. Mr. Wines says he knows Doug well, and may dress like him. As for looks—what do you think?



No woman should risk

unknown substitutes for Kotex

Kotex is safe, secure; it can be worn on either side with equal protection.

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex."

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

Why risk health?

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface.

The feeling of security that comes with perfect fit, perfect adjustment. And the fact—how important, too—that you can wear Kotex on either side. There's no worry about inadequate protection. No chance of embarrassing situations.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

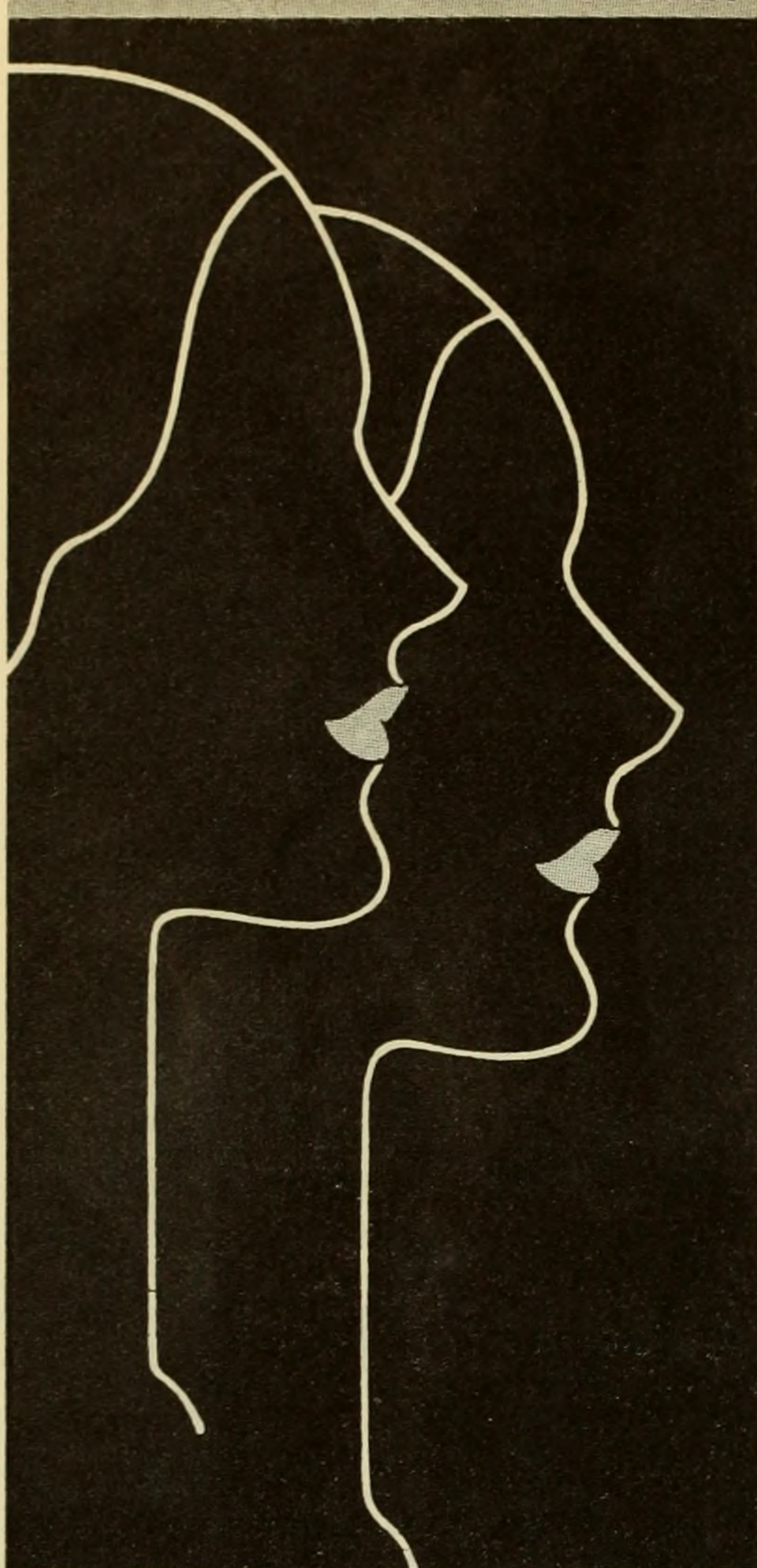
The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

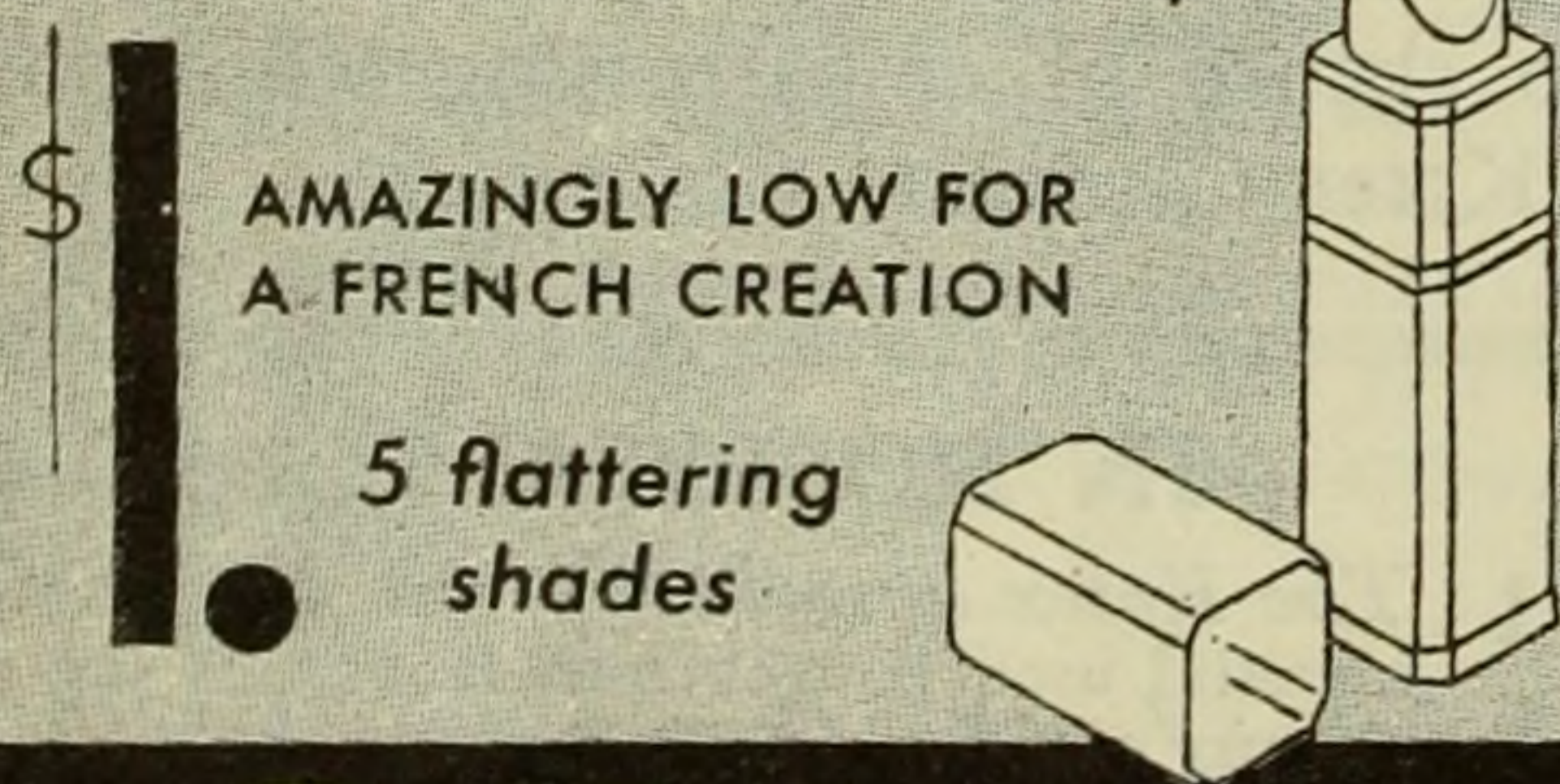
Sanitary Napkins

ENTRUST YOUR LIPS TO YBRY



Blonde or
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prefer those who prefer
YBRY. The truly perma-
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Exquisite in scent.

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A FRENCH CREATION

5 flattering
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Please send trial size Ybry Lipstick—10c enclosed

My hair is.....My eyes are.....

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

the most of it and went right on being dignified. And he never knew until he got home that she had left the imprint of that kiss on his cheek as indelibly as she had left the heart on the calcimined walls of his publicity office!

And the inside yarn of how she treated Prince Louis Ferdinand. The Prince had taken an apartment at the Villa Carlotta, right across from the Chateau Elysee where Lily lived. And he was always in the lobby of the Chateau waiting for her to come in and go out. Right on the spot so he wouldn't lose sight of her for a moment.

SO Lily learned about the back stairs and made her entrances that way. Then she'd call down and tell the operator that if any one asked for Miss Damita she was not home. She'd jump into a straight little tailored suit and a wide-brimmed, felt hat, *a la* Garbo, and dance down into the lobby and out the front door—incognito.

But the Prince never knew. He didn't recognize *his* Lily in this woman who passed, hat down, right before him!

Yarn after yarn that had never been printed! Time for the train. Whoops! Camera men, press boys, studio officials off for the Chief. Hank Arnold, who headed the publicity department at that time, led the way. As the train stopped, he bounded into the door of her compartment.

Arms extended! Oh, the joy of greeting Lily again as he had done so often in that easy professional manner which marks Hollywood customs.

The door was closed. Hank pounded. The door opened. Hank started to bound and then stopped—a svelte, beautiful, cold-eyed young woman extended a courteous hand calmly toward him. Raised it to be kissed—

“How-do-you-do, Hank. I am happy to see you again.”

No kisses; no emotion; no glad reception. And on the way to her apartment, “I am very dignified, now, Hank. I raise no more hell. I drink no more champagne. I do no more flirting. Damita has grown up!”

And that evening she told a close personal woman friend: “I have made a mistake the first time I am in Hollywood. I am a hell-raiser. I talk too much. I am too free and easy. When I first come all the big people are nice to me but I shock them and they are not so nice before I leave.

“I have learned now. I see only the right people. I will see none if they are not right. I stay home and read. I improve myself. I have only the right clothes. You must see my clothes.

“They are correct. Low heels for the street; high heels for the night only. I have learned the difference between low heels and high heels in life, see?”

Her first day back in Hollywood she went to the studio and erased the red heart from the white calcimined walls. She told the publicity boys:

“No more semi-nude pictures. I will pose only in all of my clothes. No more wild stories. There are no men in my life—”

She remained one year and lived up to her new creed.

She adopted her new personality as easily as a chameleon changes color. She became correct—very, very correct. She went with the best people.

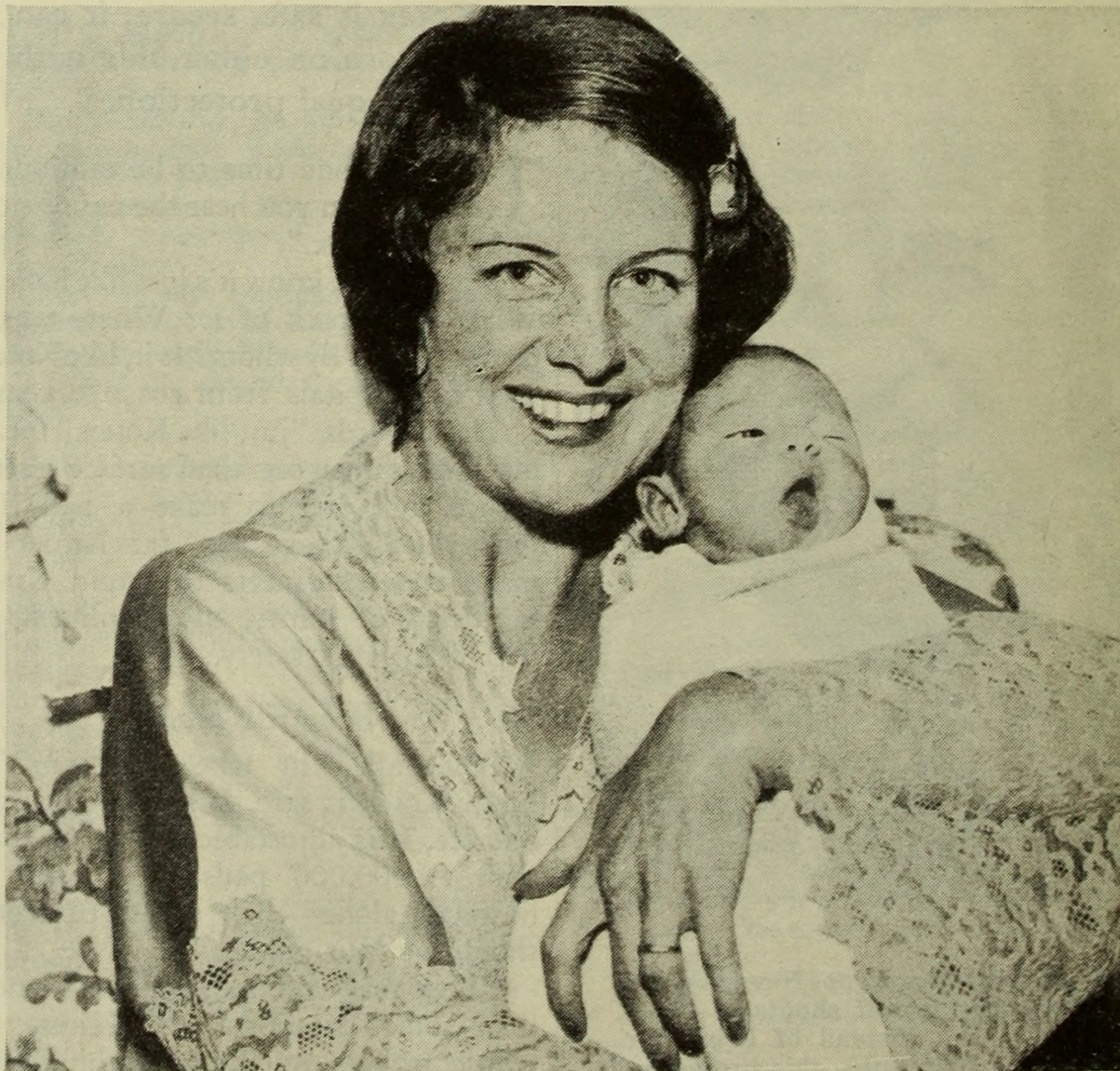
Her career? Oh, now there is the strange part of the story.

She finished at United Artists. She went to Radio for three pictures.

The first one, “The Woman Between,” was fairly good; her second “Friends and Lovers,” not yet released, is good. And her third—

DAMITA was big box-office two years ago. Her publicity had made her box-office before she had completed one picture. She had blazoned across the consciousness of the American public as Pola Negri had once; as Lupe Velez is still doing. Color, laughter and sex appeal. And then—dignity; reserve; seclusion. Publicity throttled.

Ah, Lily was a joy to all of us. But we are wondering about the third Lily. She'll be welcome anyhow.



An old and dear friend in a new rôle. Shirley Mason, famed in silent days and sister of Viola Dana, holding her new daughter, Sheila. Shirley's the wife of Sidney Lanfield, Fox director

“What a Man!”—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

great deal more than they do to-day—like Eddie Cantor's. But that's been overcome, too. It was easy. Gable may not be handsome—but he's a beauty compared with the Gable as was. He's a worthwhile lesson to any man or woman who is ambitious enough to overcome facial defects.

He has a noticeable measure of self-consciousness. His hands, for example, are rather large. He is patently worried about what to do with them. He is keenly clothes-conscious, and always dresses well. He likes to dress up. The biggest surprise that ever hit one of his acquaintances who “knew him when” came on Broadway one evening when Gable had just gotten out of the press-your-suit-while-you-wait ranks. The acquaintance beheld Gable resplendent in full evening dress—not Tuxedo, but tails—with all the trimmings; high silk hat, white gloves, silver flask (filled) and even a cane. The acquaintance will never be the same.

NOW that he's making big money, Gable buys clothes in quantities. He's fair game for the haberdashers of Hollywood. Clark may go into a store with the intention of buying nothing but a necktie; when the salesman get done with him, he's probably bought three or four hundred dollars' worth of clothes.

On the other hand, when things weren't breaking well for Gable, he paid no attention to his appearance. It's a manifestation of a chameleon-like trait in the man—he fits his mood and his self to circumstances.

By reason of that, he appears at home in whatever gathering he finds himself. When he's shooting craps with a gang of studio juicers and grips, you couldn't pick him out of the crowd, he's so much one of them. Set him down in a society drawing-room, and he can bow and scrape and broad-A with any of them. He always reflects, in his apparent personality, the group of which he's currently a part.

He's childlike in his reactions and enthusiasms. He has no definite hobby, but goes through a steady and rapid succession of passing fancies—like a kid with toys. He may be crazy about this game, or some new possession, for a week or two, say. Then, like a kid grown tired of a new plaything, he forgets it completely.

He sticks to golf, though. He loves it. And he rides a lot—but more to keep his figure than because he likes it. He really has a splendid body—broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted. He's an inch better than six feet tall, weighs 190, and is as healthy as a young steer.

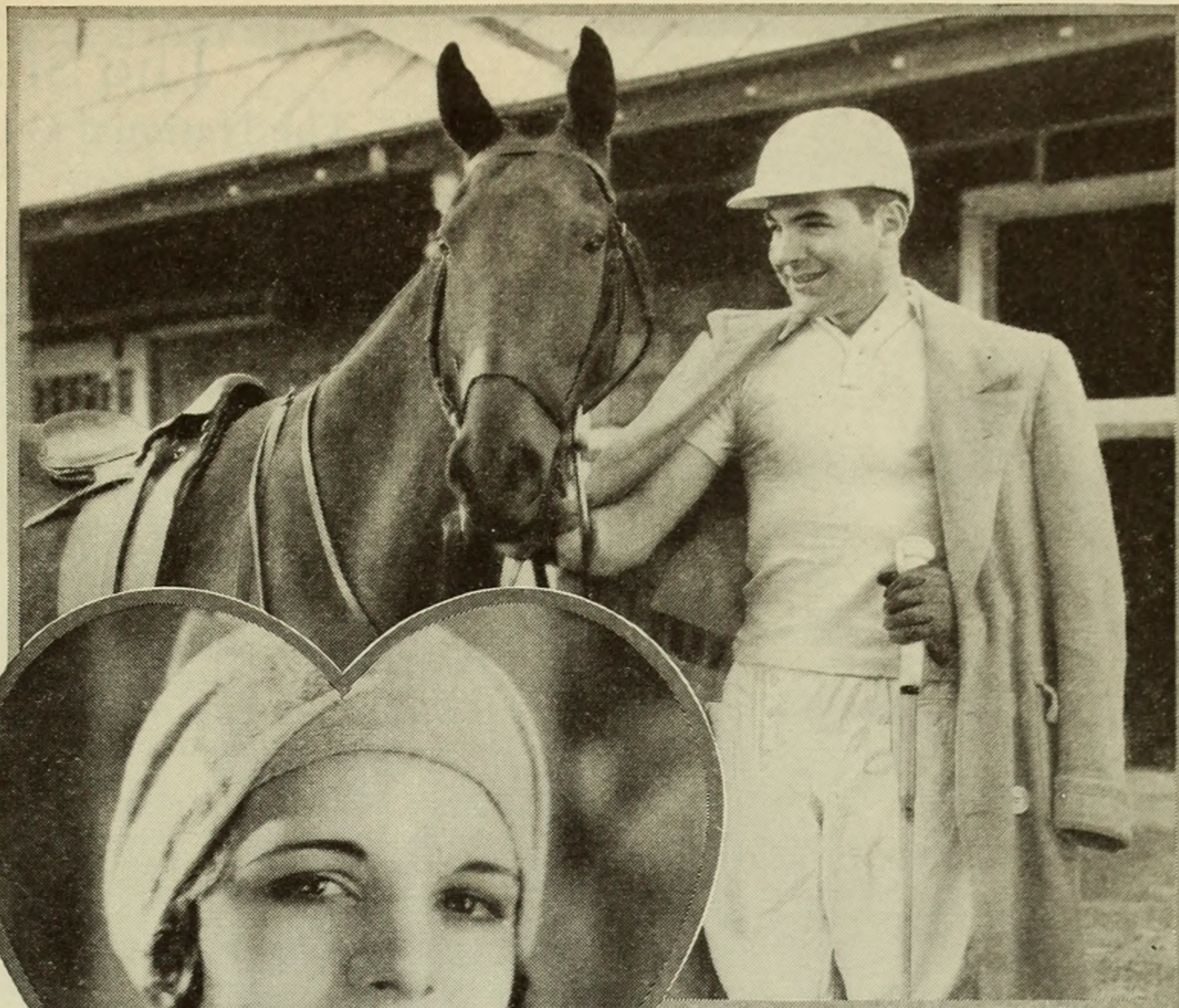
HE smokes, and drinks, but neither to any excessive extent. Food is no problem—there's nothing in the line of foods he won't eat. He drinks great quantities of coffee. And late at night, he likes to go into a restaurant and order eggs and bacon and hashed-brown potatoes.

He has all the usual actor-superstitions—won't light three smokes on one match, won't let people whistle in his dressing-room, and goes crazy when a mirror is broken.

He wants to own an airplane now. The first time he flew—it was from New York to California—he climbed out of the plane pretty sick and vowed he'd never like airplanes. Then he went to the San Diego naval flying base on a picture, went up with some of the navy's best flyers, did all the stunts they could think of, and came down wanting to own an airplane.

His big ambition is to stay on top of the heap, now, for about ten years and make a lot of money. Then he wants to quit working and spend the rest of his life traveling.

You're a grand guy, Clark. Good luck to you.



THIS BRONZED YOUNG POLO PLAYER says: “The girl I marry must have beautiful eyes and a clear natural skin.”

One of these Men is looking for YOU

During the past few months, I've asked 100 attractive and eligible young men to describe the girls they want to marry. Their answers differed in all but one thing. 94 out of the 100 agreed on a “real girl”—one who would look—and be—*natural*.

Looking *natural* doesn't mean looking plain, or leaving off rouge and powder. It does mean keeping your skin fresh and lovely—avoiding the hothouse look that even skilful makeup can't conceal.

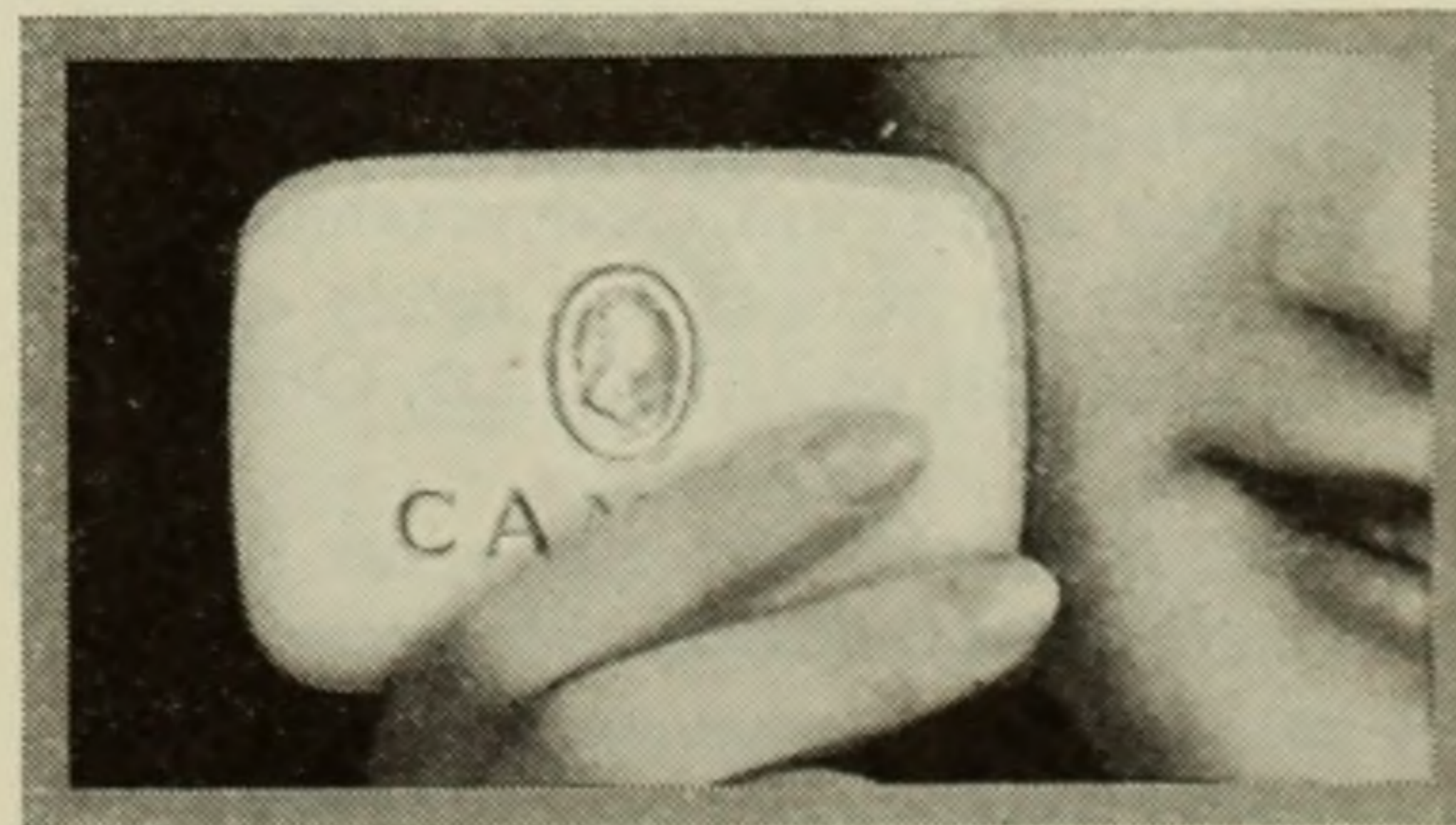
No other soap has won such medical approval.

Do try Camay for a week. You'll enjoy it more than any soap you've ever used. You'll like its palm-fitting shape, its satin-smooth texture, the instant luxury of its fragrant lather. And every day of Camay cleansing will bring you nearer to the fresh, *natural* loveliness that men are seeking

Helen Chase

Dermatologists say Camay

73 famous dermatologists enthusiastically approve Camay as an ideally *gentle* soap for fine, naturally beautiful complexions. Many of these doctors prescribe Camay for their own patients as part of the soap-and-water cleansing they all advise.



C A M A Y
COMPLEXION SOAP • 10¢

for the fresh **NATURAL** skin men admire



**NEW
WONDERFUL
FACE POWDER
STAYS ON LONGER
PREVENTS LARGE PORES**

You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks. MELLO-GLO Face Powder prevents large pores and coarse skin texture.

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO. One dollar at all stores.

For fine, dry or sensitive skin, ask for new light-weight MELLO-GLO in blue-edged box.

Canadian Agents, Lyman Agencies, Limited, Montreal

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 70)
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

Kindly write here name of your favorite store:

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

THE LAST FLIGHT—First National

THE madly gay adventures of four war-racked aviators, and *Nikki*, the girl they pick up in a Parisian café, make the first half of this a ridiculously merry affair. But when three are killed off, leaving only a somber Dick Barthelmess to marry *Nikki*, the picture lets down suddenly. Johnny Mack Brown, David Manners and Elliott Nugent, Dick's pals, overshadow him. Helen Chandler, excellent as *Nikki*, gives the picture its chief charm.

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount

OLD man *Fu Manchu*, in process of avenging something, kills half an English family and is about to kill the rest when Sessue Hayakawa—having trouble with his English, but looking gentlemanly—plugs him. Dying, *Fu* pledges his lovely daughter, played by Anna May Wong, to carry on the extermination. All right if you like murder stories.

GRAFT—Universal

THIS is a fast action thriller of the "gotta-have-a-chase" school, with a newspaper background. Regis Toomey is just dumb enough as the dumbbell reporter and is supported by pretty Sue Carol. City Editor Willard Robertson, and villainous Boris Karloff grab the acting honors. But beautiful Dorothy Revier gets honorable mention.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures

AN extraordinarily splendid cast of actors gets all tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too gosh-awful sophisticated. Eric Von Stroheim, Adolphe Menjou and Lily Damita give splendid performances that in themselves make the picture entertaining. Go see it, if you like "high-life-in-Europe" plots, but let the kiddies stay home and play lotto.

BRANDED—Columbia

GOOD ol' Buck Jones gets into a saddle again, and with the help of a competent Western cast, produces another of the old-time, dependable brand of Western thrillers. If criticism is to be made, it might be along the grounds that there could be more action and less talk. There's some grand scenery in this, and it's been perfectly photographed.

THE HARD HOMBRE—Allied

SEND the kiddies, by all means, and if you like wide-open spaces and comedy send the grown-ups, too. This is an attempt to get away from stereotyped Westerns. Hoot Gibson plays "*Peaceful*" Patton, taught never to fight. Of course, he gets into a whale of a one before the finish, much to everyone's delight. Lina Basquette was never more easy to look at.

THE IMMORTAL VAGABOND—UFA

TEDIOUS, and, oh, my, so serious. A Tyrolian lad turns to opera writing instead of the more ordinary yodeling and dashes off a piece which becomes an instant success. But a crool father separates him and his mountain sweetheart. Scenic effects—magnificent. Good acting by the lead, Gustav Frohlich, and a beautiful but buxom lass, Liana Haid. English dialogue.

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—Tiffany Prod.

ONE of the hardest things to do is produce a good murder mystery movie. They are all apt to be more or less alike. Tiffany made this one cleverly, with a cast of actors a bigger studio might well be proud of. It keeps you guessing and excited. Alice White returns to the screen in a small part, revealing a voice with sex appeal.

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL—UFA

A DREARY, long drawn-out tragedy in which each and every character gets killed for the final fade-out. Neat trick, wot? If it had happened a little sooner you wouldn't have cared. Conrad Veidt, a splendid actor, has little chance to show his skill and the girl is just too sugary for words. Foreign-made, with English dialogue.

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia

AUGUSTUS THOMAS' play "Arizona," which mother and dad relished when they were young, has been brought up to date with Laura La Plante and John Wayne in the principal rôles. Being a story of Army life and love, you will like the modern flashes of an Army-Navy game, infantry and cavalry maneuvers, and the general military atmosphere. Laura is as pretty as ever and John Wayne is a handsome lieutenant. If you don't expect too much, you'll enjoy it.

THE AGE FOR LOVE—Caddo

TOO bad. We had hoped for much from this picture marking the return of Billie Dove to the screen. But a trite and old story, heavy direction and poor photography give disappointment. True, Billie does her best acting and reads lines well, showing what a year's assiduous training has done. But it's a shame to belittle one of our most beautiful women. Better luck next time, Billie.

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathé

ONLY a boy like Tom Keene (our old friend George Duryea) with good looks, personality and ability, could put over this Western in a manner to make us forget the poorly constructed story. Nick Stuart's winning smile and excellent work help, too. Pretty Marion Shilling suffers from a most disagreeable rôle, but Keene is worth going far to see.

MOTHER AND SON—Monogram Prod.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, as *Faro Lil*, just doesn't seem right, even though her work is convincing. She is still beautiful and poised. Another Reno story of the mother who gambles to place her son in a better position. Bruce Warren is the attractive son and Mildred Golden is his sweetheart. This girl deserves a better part. Ernest Hilliard, old time favorite, is excellent as *Lil's* friend.

A PRIVATE SCANDAL—Headline Prod.

AND still they come—these underworld stories. This is the story of the reformed crook and his sweetie, who, as the District

Attorney's secretary, saves him from going back to jail after his reform. It's fast moving, well directed, and holds the interest at all times. Lloyd Hughes and Marian Nixon make the most of the leading rôles, with Theodore Von Eltz and Walter Hiers doing good work.

EXPRESS 13—UFA

THE action of this all-German melodrama is crowded into the three hours necessary to repair the tracks so Express 13 can proceed to Berlin. In that short time a bridegroom, leaving his bride in their honeymoon compartment while he strolls about, runs into intrigue, murder, fire and bombing, and yet manages to get back in time to catch the train as it continues on its way. Fast, thrilling stuff, but better if you understand the language.

PARDON US—Hal Roach-M-G-M

THIS might be subtitled "Glorifying The American Buzzer," for that distinctly American sound—most frequently made by inserting the tongue between the lips and blowing—accounts for practically all the laughs in this first full length Laurel and Hardy comedy. Because of a loose tooth, Stan Laurel can't help making that noise when he talks. It gets them into trouble and it gets them into jail, where the fun takes place. All hokum, but lots of fun.



Soft white velvet is one of the most charming evening choices this Fall, especially for young things like Madge Evans. The high fitted bodice with soft draped neckline is both smart and becoming. The skirt gains fullness toward the bottom



Last winter teachers wrote us voluntarily, asking for Kleenex samples to distribute to their pupils. More than a million samples were distributed in this way, at the express request of teachers.

**“We teachers want Kleenex—
in the hands of children in place of dirty handkerchiefs”**

MOTHERS, the teachers of the nation are up in arms against the handkerchief.

They know how a soiled handkerchief goes back to the face time after time, carrying germs to self-infect the user. They know how *one* handkerchief, used carelessly, as children will, can spread a cold through the entire class.

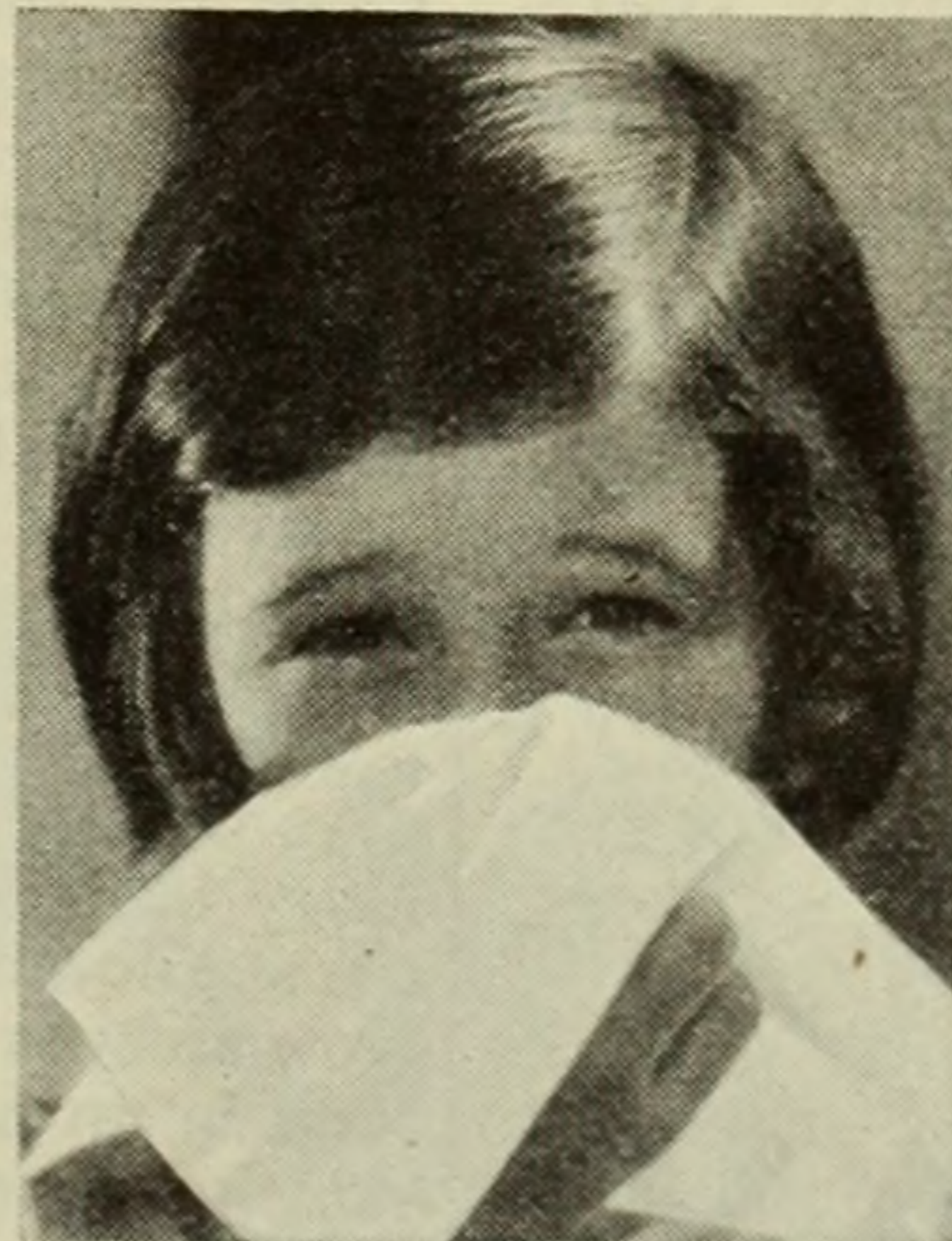
Many teachers tell us they are teaching the use of the disposable handkerchief in hygiene classes. But they need your help. You, the parents, must co-operate.

Kleenex helps you, too

You'll find Kleenex a boon to you, as well as to the teacher. It eliminates the most unpleasant washing you are called upon to do. And there are no lost handkerchiefs to worry about.

Kleenex costs so very little, that each tissue is used only once. Then it's destroyed, completely. This sanitary practice disposes of dangerous germs *at once*,

**KLEENEX
Disposable TISSUES**



Tender protection for sore little noses! Kleenex is so soft, dry and gentle, so absorbent, that it never irritates.

before they have a chance to contaminate clothing and laundry bags.

Kleenex Tissues are marvelously soft and gentle—much softer than you ever thought a tissue substance could be made.

Useful in many ways

Once you've learned about Kleenex you'll want to keep a package in your kitchen, bath and bedroom ... and another in the automobile as well.

Kleenex is perfect for removing face creams. It is invaluable in caring for young babies.

All drug, dry goods and department stores sell Kleenex. Insist on genuine Kleenex, for its greater softness and perfect cleanliness; each package is cellophane wrapped. You can remove the tissues with one hand.

PH-10

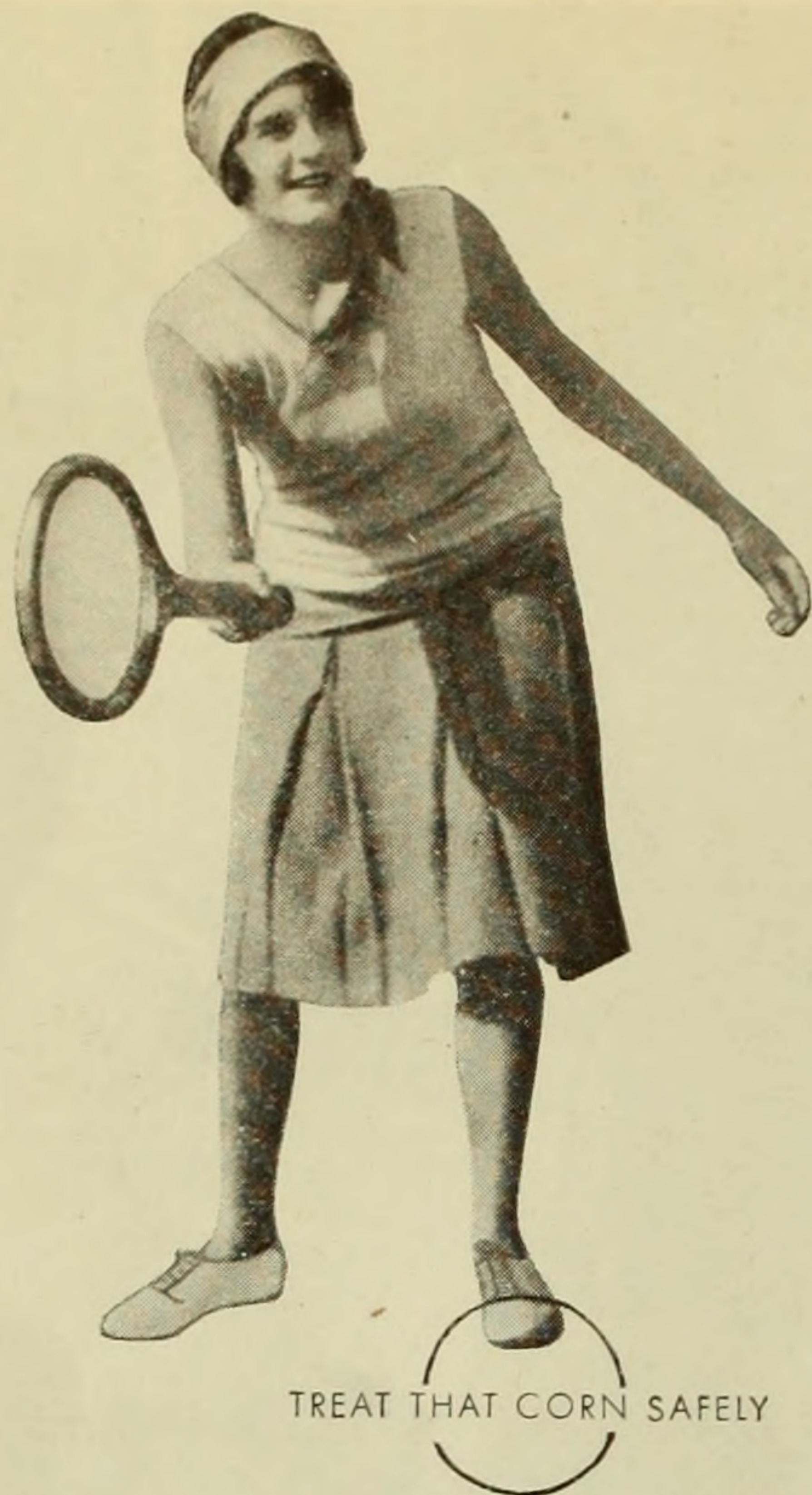
Kleenex Company,
Lake Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me a free trial supply of Kleenex.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Talk about "foot faults"!

There's *one* in tennis that's always scored against you—the mean little corn that slows up your game and makes you long for the set to end.

A Blue-jay corn plaster will make all the difference! Blue-jay is the sensible way to treat a corn—proved by millions for more than thirty years. Let Blue-jay *instantly* relieve the pressure and pain; mildly prepare the corn for early removal—and soon you'll be on *easy* feet!

Blue-jay is the cleanly, pleasant, hygienic, safe treatment—made by a firm noted for the quality of its surgical dressings.... At all druggists, 25c.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . . New York . . . Toronto

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and *prevent* corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or *send 10c* for samples to Bauer & Black, 2530 S. Federal St., Chicago.

How Ten Stars Overcame Self-Consciousness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

speak—is probably one of the most self-conscious people I ever have met. She herself laughs over her habit of spending from ten to twenty minutes in a dressing-room powdering her already perfectly powdered nose because she dreads joining parties and meeting new people.

However, out of this intense self-consciousness and because of her need to be socially adequate under many trying conditions, Alice has discovered a trick that amounts to a perfect conversational spring-board. She didn't know about this herself, as a matter of fact, until Blanche Sweet called her attention to it. Blanche became aware of it first when Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell were married in that little Yonkers parsonage and she and Alice stood up with the bride.

"I was nervous and fidgety," Blanche said, talking of the wedding one day, "but it didn't seem to me that anyone shared my confusion. I looked over at Alice and she seemed especially cool and serene. But even while I looked at her, admiring her calm, she turned to the minister and with her slow smile said, 'I'm sorry, I didn't get your name.' And immediately, in one of those rare intuitive flashes we have sometimes, I realized Alice always used this line when she wanted something to say, whether she knew the person's name or not.

"And a very good line it is, too. There's something reassuring about the sound of your own voice. I've tried it since with excellent results."

"I'm sorry, I didn't get your name" would help. If it did nothing else it would give you something to say. *And something to say or something to do can prove a great big asset.* Stage managers always give the players who must remain on the stage while others carry on the play's action some trifling business which won't obtrude but which will nevertheless occupy them.

ENTHUSIASM SEEN AS BLESSINGS

FOR the same reason, enthusiasms offer a perfect escape. Be the enthusiasm tennis or bridge, backgammon or golf it can so absorb the enthusiast that even in talking about it she forgets herself entirely. And once you are able to forget yourself you are that much more likely to be attractive. All of which is a little involved but I trust my reader will make an effort to follow me.

Who next? Let us consider Mary Astor.

"I was painfully self-conscious in the old days when I used to pose for photographers," Mary has told me. "If there was anyone in the studio watching I would go all to pieces—grow awkward—simply ruin my pose. Finally I made up my mind that people would constantly be in and out and that if I didn't adjust, if I kept on ruining plates, the photographers simply wouldn't use me. So I used to say to myself, 'Tend to business, Mary. Tend to business.' After all, posing was my way of earning a living and I couldn't permit anything to lessen my efficiency.

"Later, in the movie studios, I resorted to the same tactics. And again they saved the day. Putting my posing on a business-like basis I can convince myself that I'm not being a fool before onlookers but that I am simply doing my job."

This point of view also can be taken by girls in private life. After all, being as attractive as possible is everyone's job. And since *gauche*, clumsy manifestations of self-consciousness seriously jeopardize charm we may all say, with Mary, "Tend to business."

Self-consciousness is nothing more and nothing less than our ego on parade. It is born of our fear that others won't think highly enough

of us; that something we say or something we do or something we wear won't present an attractive picture.

IS IT COWARDLY TO BE SELF-CONSCIOUS?

IT was a teacher in high-school who impressed Ricardo Cortez with the fact that *self-consciousness is related very closely to cowardice.*

"I'll never forget that teacher," said Ric. "He was a little man with big glasses. Andersen was his name. He told me without mincing matters that it was downright cowardly of me to be self-conscious. I remember I was very sensitive on the subject of bravery and when he made me see his point of view he had helped me immensely."

Men are self-conscious as well as women. Which is something worth remembering when you find yourself with some simply grand male. Talk about something calculated to interest him. Be maternal by helping him forget his own self-consciousness and the chances are he will think of you as one of the most attractive girls in the world forever after—besides which this will help you to forget yourself.

Back in St. Paul they made Richard Dix debate. Rich enjoyed the debating part of it but he was one of those "all-hands-and-feet" boys and he always had a wretched time trying to find some way of parking said impedimenta.

"Then," explains Rich, "I began to realize that my fellow-beings were basically friendly—that when I stood before them, on the debating platform or in some living-room, they were ready to give me every chance. Even if they did 'razz' me I was convinced there was no malice in it, that it was meant in fun and that if I allowed my feelings to be hurt it was inevitable that I should remember the episode long after everyone else concerned had forgotten all about it.

"I'm sure nothing could have helped me curb my self-consciousness more than this particular, comforting realization."

That Gary Cooper is self-conscious isn't at all surprising. Great big Western Gary, born to the Montana plains and forced by fate into the spotlight and some of the most famous drawing-rooms both here and abroad.

"Sometimes," Gary explained, "my self-consciousness gets positively acute. And then again, I'll go along not much bothered by it for a long time. The first week on a picture is always pretty bad, especially if I'm working with new people. But I use the same remedy in the studio that I use when I find myself in a bad box socially. I laugh my way through. I back off and say to myself, 'Well now, this really isn't so important.' I've tried lots of other remedies but nothing helps me so much as minimizing the importance of the occasion."

SENSE OF COMPETITION A HELP

LILYAN TASHMAN, on the other hand, calls her sense of competition into play, quelling any threatening self-consciousness by saying to herself, rather furiously, "If others can be confident and poised, so can I. Am I stupid? Am I any less mistress of myself than they are?" And in this way she literally whips herself into a satisfactory calmness.

Estelle Taylor had the worst siege of self-consciousness she ever remembers one evening when she was to address a group of writers.

"I sat there and was miserable," Estelle says. "I wondered what had possessed me to attempt such a thing. I felt I had nothing to say that these people didn't already know. I began to feel that everyone in the room was

staring at me, prejudiced about me before I began. My hands had never been so large before.

"Finally, way over in a corner, I spied a dull, meek looking person. I realized she might be most estimable in many ways but I was also satisfied that she would prove a reassuring audience. So I addressed my speech to her. I thought of her only when I got up and while I was talking.

"It is possible to do the same thing in a social group. I have tried it since—I've found someone who didn't impress me at all and kept them in mind until I had found my bearings and recovered from the first strangeness that is the worst part of parties.

"Helping others you know to be suffering from even more acute self-consciousness than you experience is, of course, a great boon. It was, as a matter of fact, when Jack and I were first married and I was attempting to help him overcome his self-consciousness that I made the greatest strides in this direction myself."

HELP OTHERS AND YOU HELP YOURSELF

"GET up on the fence and watch yourself go by" our well-meaning and often short-sighted elders used to tell us. It was the old-fashioned idea to keep children from growing conceited, to tell them they weren't especially pretty or bright or graceful. No wonder, brought up like this, we are a self-conscious generation.

Corinne Griffith thinks instead of getting up on that old, well-known fence and watching ourselves go by it is a good plan to watch others pass from that vantage point.

Corinne often has said to me, "I'm sure it is because we go through life forever thinking of everybody else in the world as our audience that we become self-conscious and remain self-conscious. It's a thousand times more comfortable to place yourself in the position of the audience. In this way you come to realize that Lizzie Jitt laughs to cover her confusion—that Larry Doe fiddles with his tie when he's embarrassed—and so on. I don't mean this observing should be done in a critical sense, rather with sympathy and understanding.

"Certainly it was the acquisition of this perspective that helped me overcome my self-consciousness. And then, of course, realizing that others were ill at ease I tried to help them and succeeded in helping myself as well."

Which is pretty much what Estelle said about having helped herself in her endeavor to help Jack.

ALL REMEDIES MUST BE MENTAL

ALL the remedies the stars suggest are mental, you'll notice. Which is as it should be, since the basis and cause of all self-consciousness is entirely mental regardless of the fact that it takes many unpleasant physical manifestations, resulting in nervous tics and speech defects such as stammering, stuttering, lisping and even some forms of being tonguetied. Blushing, in fact—and this only when done in moderation—is the one and only symptom of self-consciousness that ever has been looked upon with any favor.

It seems perfectly ridiculous, doesn't it, to think of ninety per cent of the population, conservatively speaking, going about more or less uncomfortable all the time because of their fear that they won't measure up. So much unnecessary suffering is experienced because people insist upon feeling themselves the axis for everything that goes on within sight or sound of them—convinced when people laugh they are laughing at them—convinced when people talk they are talking about them—and that when people frown they are frowning at them.

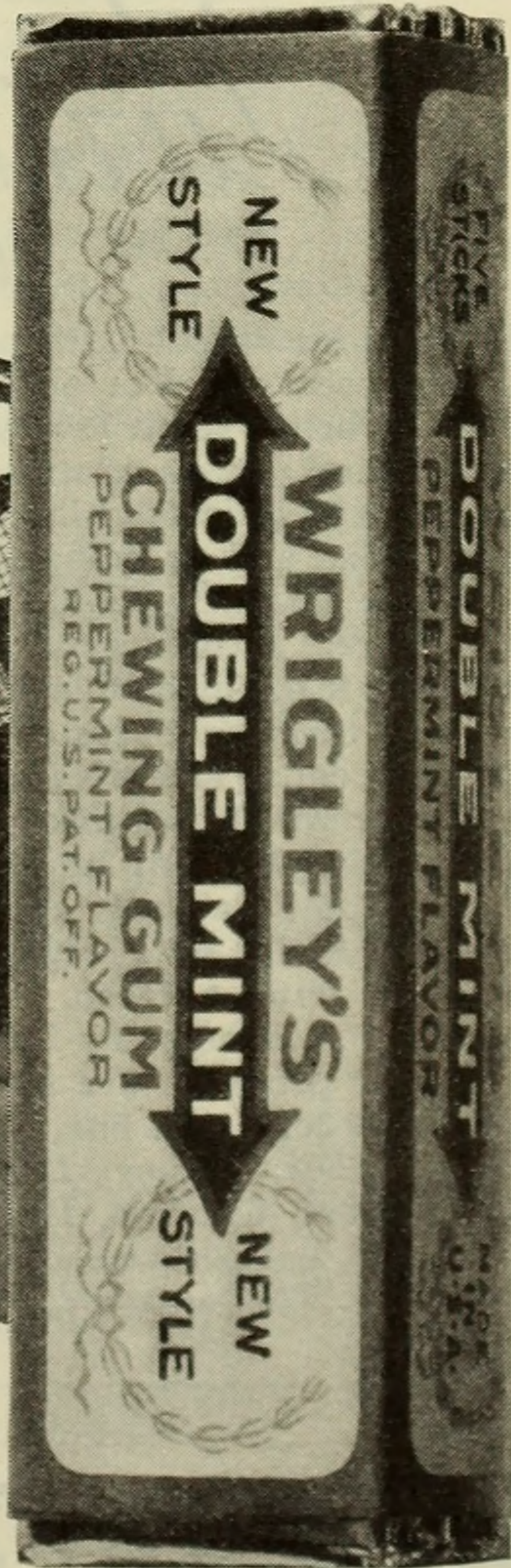
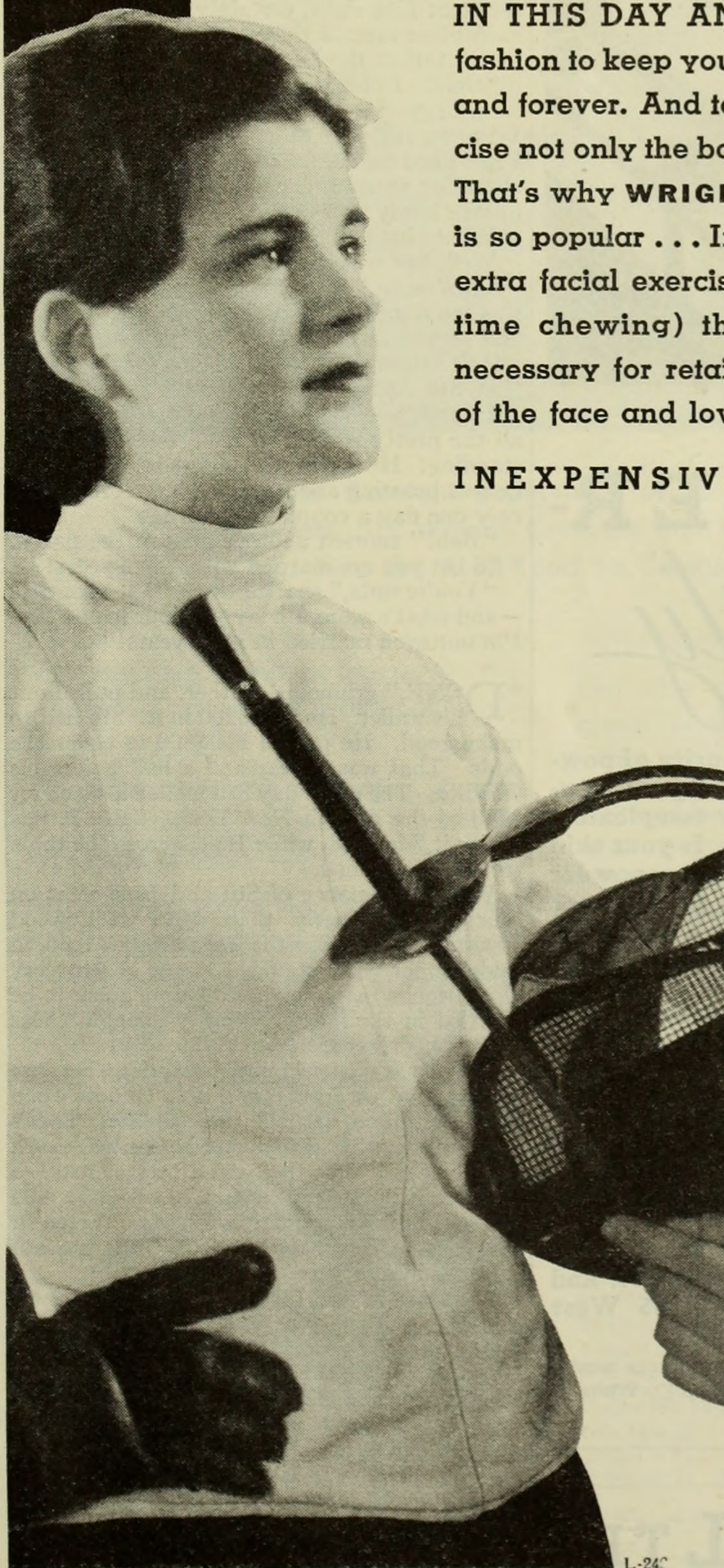
The more you think about it the more ridiculous it becomes. Every minute of the time in every country of the world hundreds of people are entering rooms heartsick lest they fail to appear to good advantage. Lovely young girls are less lovely because, standing

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

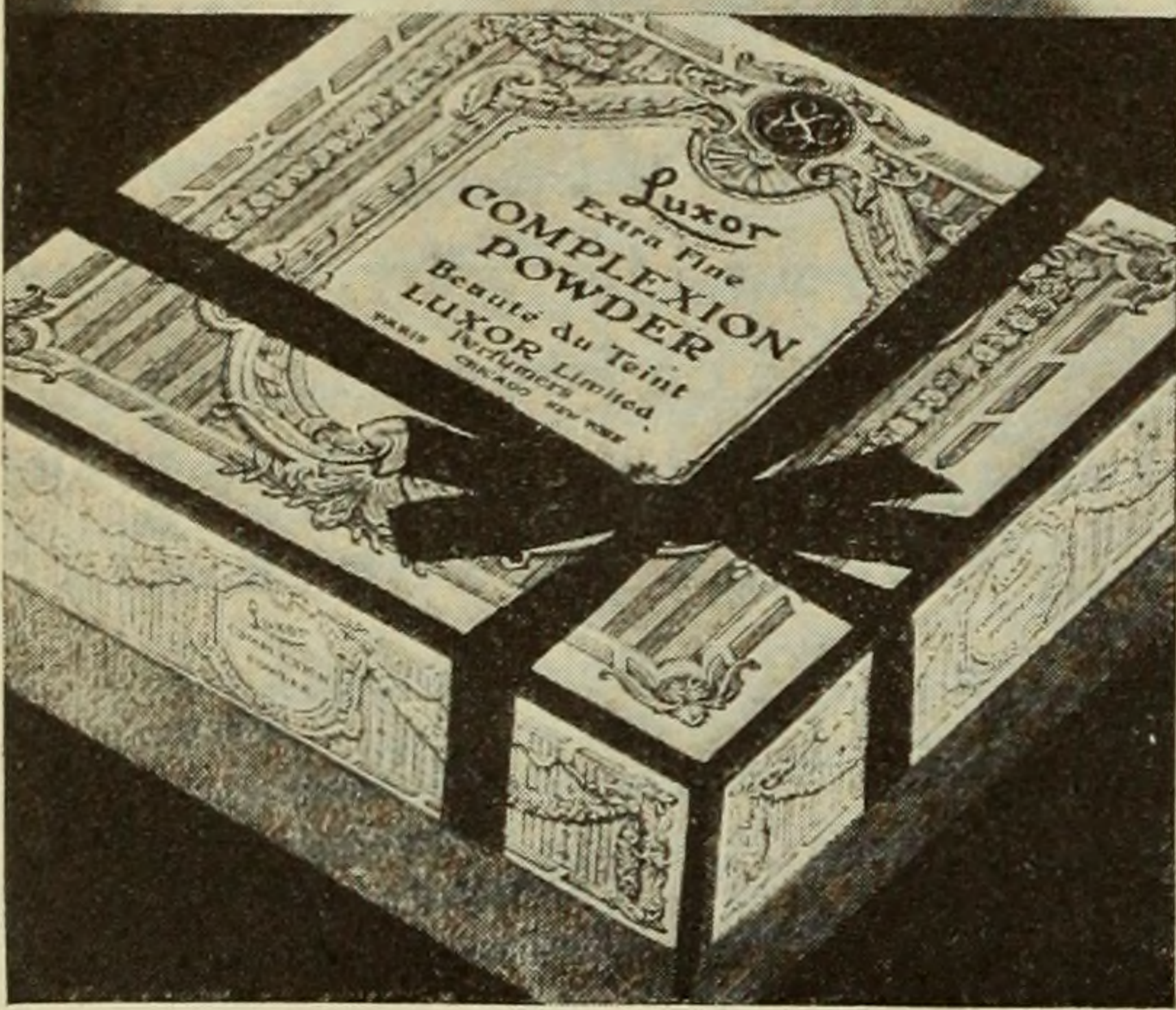
In the proper nineties the young beauties went in *timorously* for bicycling, croquet and ultra-modish fencing lessons. And precious little exercise did they get when the fear of a broken corset stay overshadowed every stroke and thrust. But what did they care when they, and all their friends, would soon become placid and oversized matrons with a hint of a double chin? *And Society Approved!*

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beside attractive young men, they find their throats so constricted that it would be physically impossible for them to speak if they could, in their panic, think of anything to say.

AN INGENUOUS AND STARTLING CURE

Which brings us to Claudette Colbert's ingenious and startling remedy for escaping any such fate.

"As soon as I discovered how prevalent self-consciousness is and realized that even most of those who seem poised are actually fidgeting underneath," says Claudette, "I made up my mind to take advantage of this general absorption in self to have a good time—satisfied nobody was paying much attention to me.

"It seems so stupid, so utterly stupid, to go about being miserable for fear people aren't thinking well enough of you or for fear you may not be getting by for one reason or another

when nine out of every ten people are too occupied with the misery of their own self-consciousness to consider you at all.

"Of course it took me a long time to convince myself that this was really the case, but once I succeeded in doing this I had my self-consciousness pretty well in hand."

Unfortunately there is no sleight of hand we can perform or no magic words we can say that will leave us poised and serene. But it does seem that no matter how difficult the process of overcoming self-consciousness may prove it is well worth while. It means liberation from a wretched and humiliating sensation. It means a very real step towards becoming as attractive as it is possible for us to be. Which in turn, means we have laid a pretty satisfactory and solid foundation for anything else we aim to attempt. Essentially, judging from the remedies of the stars, overcoming self-consciousness is entirely a matter of thinking right.

He's Not So Dumb

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

—not at first sight, certainly, for they'd seen each other around the lot for a year.

"But that day, I knew it was something different. I didn't admit to myself that it was love," says June, seriously now, "but I knew I'd never felt that way about any man before. I had liked men and had found some men more charming than others. But I had never been in love in my life—until Stu came along."

What about Stu? you ask.

Well, Stu was never what could be called a "ladies' man." Maybe the girls thought he was too dumb, after seeing him on the screen, and stayed uninterested. Or maybe Stu just wasn't interested in girls. It's a fact, you see, that Stu had always sworn that he'd never get married—not for years and years and years, all the pretty women in Hollywood notwithstanding! He carried the obsession so far that he was boasting about it in a New York speak-easy one day a couple of years ago.

"Bah!" snorted another man in the party. "I'll bet you are married within five years!"

"You're nuts," snarled Stu. "I'll take that—and what's more, I'll lay you four to one that I'm not even married in *seven* years!"

"**D**ONE," grinned the other, and pulled out his wallet. He had \$200 in it. Stu had to make good. He posted his \$800 to cover the odds. That was a year and a half before his wedding. The other day Stu mailed a check for \$800 to the man in New York. "But it was worth it," he said, while June, across the table from him, beamed.

Well, the romance of Stu and June went on much more quietly than other Hollywood romances. But none the less warmly. And, in midsummer, June confided to one or two very close friends that she and Stu were going to be married in the fall! Strangely enough, those friends kept her secret.

"We couldn't set any wedding date, because we were both working, and didn't know when we'd get time to marry," they explain. That's the trouble with Hollywood romances—work interferes so! But they got a lucky break—a picture Stu was working in at M-G-M was stopped in mid-production for some reason or other. And it so happened that June was not working in a picture.

That was in late July. One afternoon, June and Stu, at the beach, suddenly realized that neither would be working for ten days to come. Without a word, the same thought struck them simultaneously. They looked into each other's eyes for a long moment. . . . Stu's were questioning, June's swimming. Then she nodded. That was all.

"He never proposed," she said. "Do people ever really get down on their knees and propose?"

June and Stu hurried to her Beverly Hills house. They told her two brothers. They packed a few things in fierce haste and flung them into Stu's car. At nine that night, the two of them, with June's brothers, started for Yuma, Arizona.

"We'll get married quietly. Nobody'll know until we come back in a few days and tell them," they gloated.

What a wedding trip that turned out to be! Out on the desert, the thermometer over 100 degrees even at midnight, they ran into a cloudburst that stalled them for hours because they couldn't see beyond the hood of the car. Then a sandstorm hit them, and June swore she'd die. So Stu got out of the driver's seat, comforted June in the tonneau, and let one of her brothers drive. Tires blew out with the heat; the car boiled furiously; and Stu fell asleep!

The sun came up as they were an hour or two out of Yuma. Sunrise on the desert is gorgeous. Colors that no painter ever found on his palette create a gorgeous spectacle. June, drowned in romance on her bridal morning, nudged Stu, asleep with his head on her shoulder.

"Stu, darling—Stu—look, this gorgeous sunrise," she whispered.

Stu opened one eye. The light hurt it. "Aw, I've seen the sun before," he muttered, and went back to sleep.

"I married him—even after *that*," laughs June. "And that proves that I'm in love with him."

A few hours later, with the thermometer reading 108, a judge married them in the Yuma courthouse. June and Stu hurried to a hotel for a breakfast and to plan their honeymoon. A half hour later, the telephone in their room began shrilling furiously.

"What's going on here?" thundered the hotel keeper. "I gotta call from Hollywood says you two are Stuart Erwin and June Collyer and there'll be no Hollywood goings-on in this hotel!" It seems Stu, in an effort to dodge newspaper people, had signed the hotel register "Mr. and Mrs. *Philip* Erwin"—Philip being his middle name.

THEY didn't have much trouble explaining that they'd just been married—but the cat was out of the bag. Across the country, the news wires carried the story—and their plans for secrecy were shot sky-high. But they did manage to escape to Del Mar by the Sea for a quiet honeymoon where no one found them for two days—and then they came back to Hollywood for the congratulations.

It was by telephone, from Yuma to Chicago, that June told her parents of her marriage. June's an ex-New York-débutante. For the first few moments, her marriage to a movie

actor shocked mama and papa no end. But then they realized that June's happiness was the paramount issue, and parental blessings hummed over the 2,000 miles of telephone wire between Yuma and Chicago, where June's folks were on their way to Hollywood.

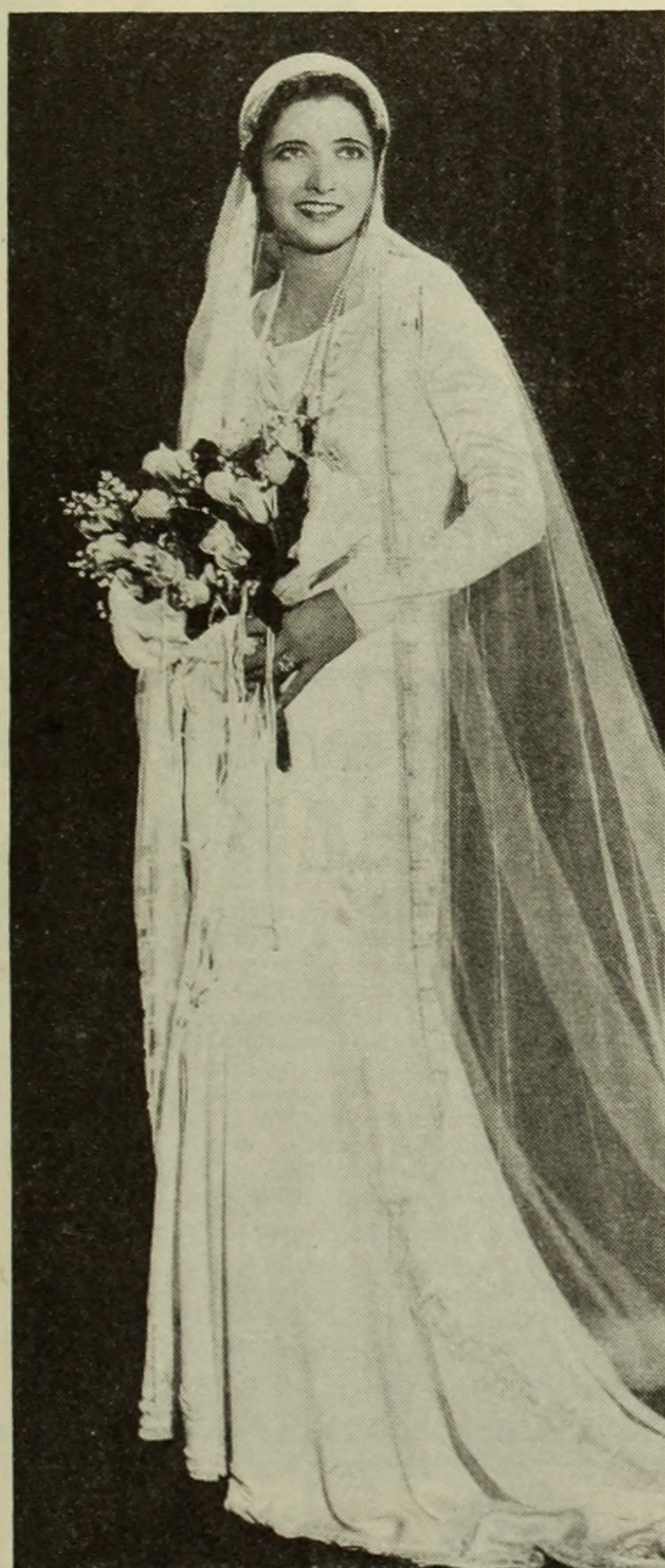
And there's the story. Some Hollywood crabby-tongues muttered that the elopement was just a publicity stunt. The fact is that not even the publicity department of Paramount, where Stu is under contract, nor June's own personal press-agent knew of the wedding until they heard of it from Los Angeles newspapers! No, June and Stu were married for love—and that's sort of hard for Hollywood to grasp, all at once. Love like theirs is the kind that flowers in your home town—Hollywood sees it so rarely!

THEY'RE living in a little apartment now. June has given up the big Beverly Hills house where she lived with her brothers. They prefer love-in-an-apartment, where June is doing a lot of the housekeeping herself. She cooks breakfast for Stu! And are they happy?

"Yeah—I fell for her on my birthday—but it's the swellest birthday present I ever had," grins Stu.

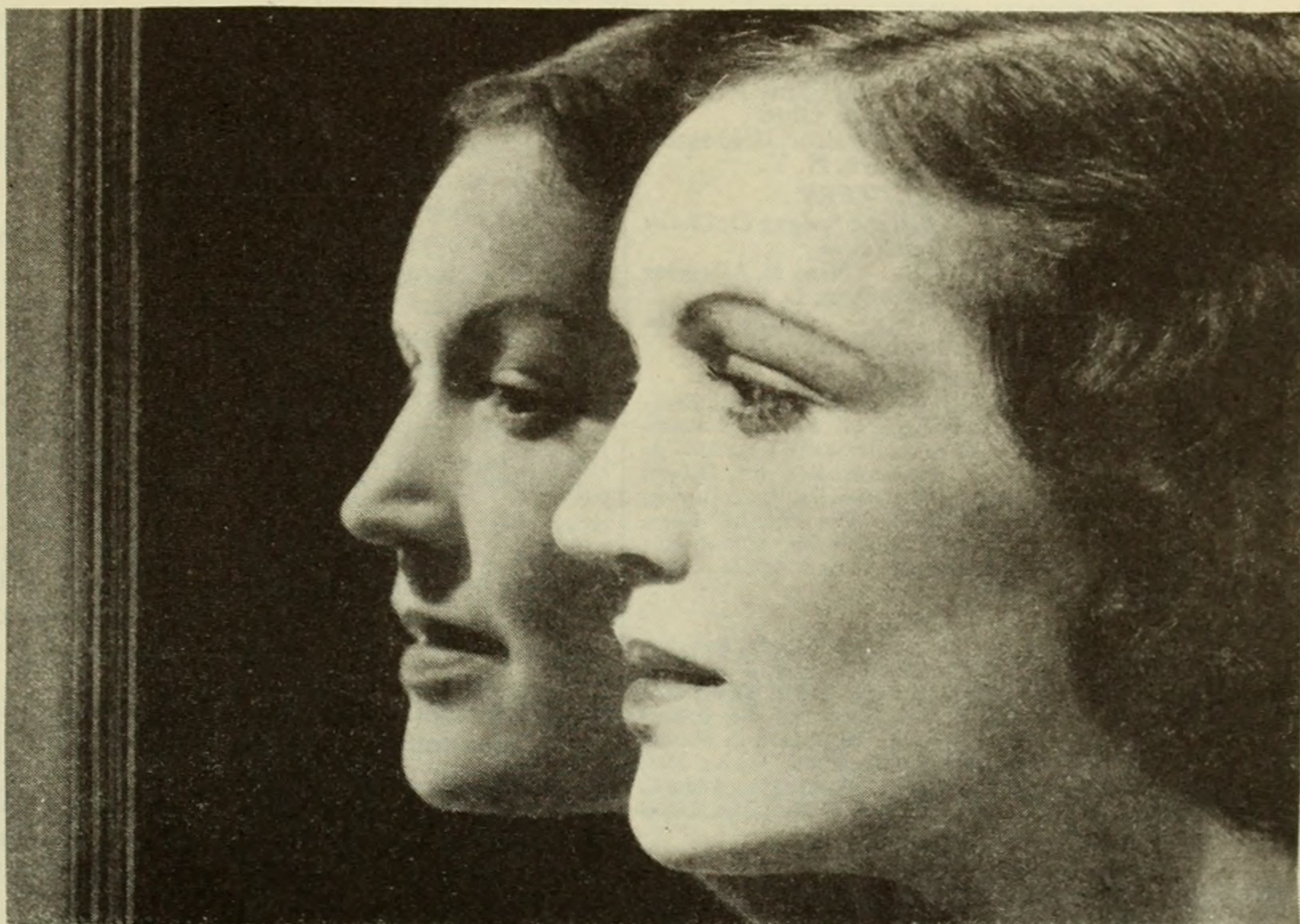
"I fell in love with him on Saint Valentine's Day. He's the sweetest Valentine I ever got," smiles June.

Good Lord, what are you going to do with kids like that?



October brides who haven't picked their wedding gowns yet, can well afford to copy this stunning one Kay Francis wears in "24 Hours." The white satin is made on simple moulded lines; its sole ornamentation is pearl beading worked in a Grecian key motif on bodice and train. The tulle veil has the same pearl trimming

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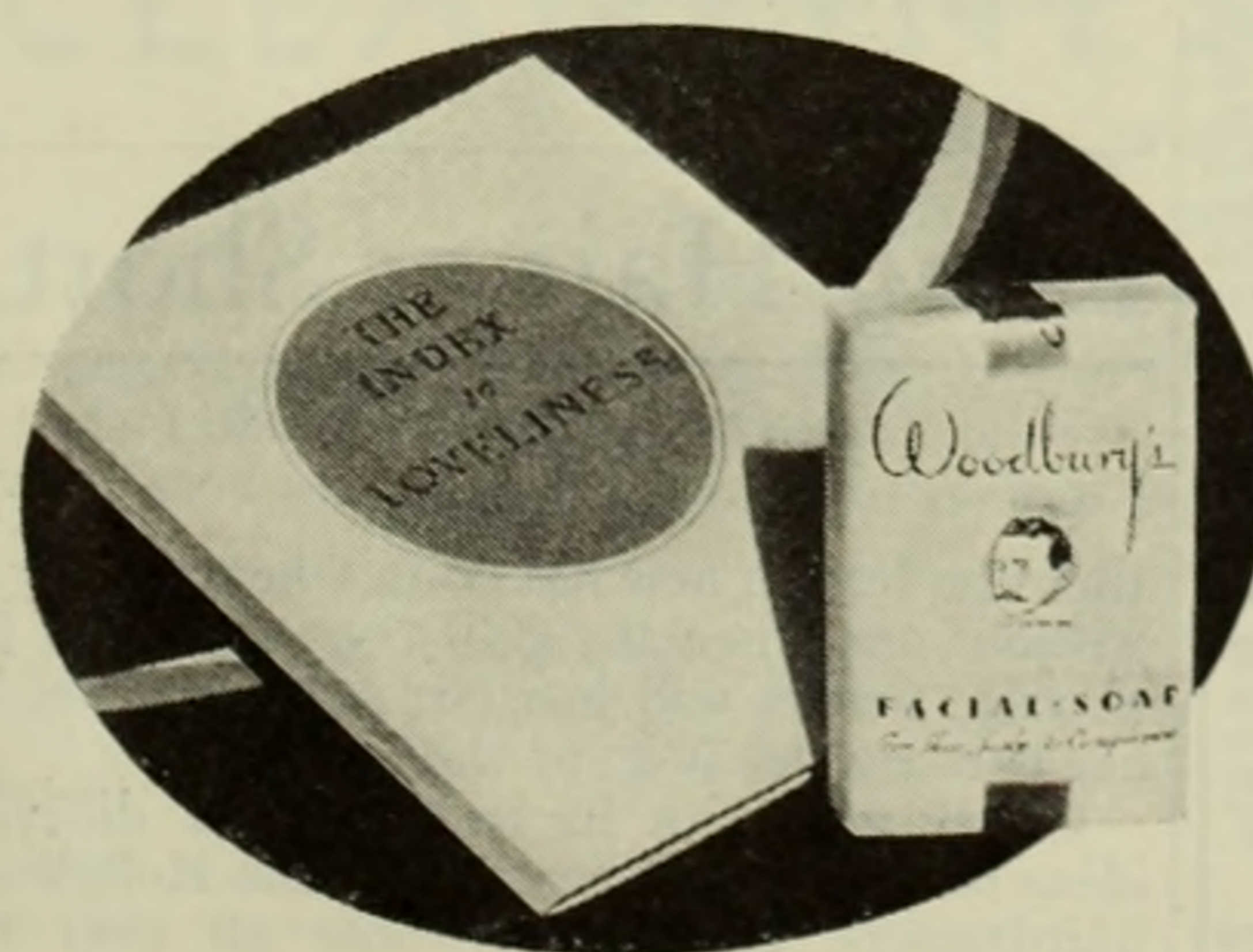
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To An Unknown Actor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

Farnum. I lasso him—not the horse."

The next day he had news that the expected heir was a boy. J. Gordon Edwards, Farnum's director, made it possible for Pete to make a flying trip to Los Angeles and someone passed round the hat, which came back to him heavy with material evidence of congratulation.

I left Hollywood shortly after that and it was years before I returned. I went on location with "The Virginian" to write an account of the goings-on, and there was Pete busy with dozens of horses and a thousand head of cattle for the stampede. "Hi, Pete!" I hailed him. His face broke into a flashing smile.

"Miss Helen. You come back, yes?"
 "How's every little thing, Pete? That boy must be in long pants by now."

He chuckled. "Pretty soon. He got a sister now. Times very good for me. Plenty work."

He had been trying in the old days to get on the regular pay-roll, not just to be engaged by the picture, and he had succeeded. The last time I saw him was in the Dick Barthelmess picture "The Lash," riding like a madman all over the place, no time to talk, but he waved his hat and greeted me with the old flashing smile as he dashed past where I sat beside the directorial chair, occupied by Frank Lloyd on this occasion.

PETE'S method of teaching people how to ride was simple and sure. He took them out every day for two or three hours, making them walk the horse. A week of this and they had become accustomed to the motion of the animal and were then ready to do anything, gallop or trot.

They "had their seat," the most important asset to good horsemanship. That acquired, the rest was easy.

He was one of those people who always seem to be on hand when someone is in trouble. Riding the hills one afternoon before his advent into pictures he passed a tiny cabin far from habitation of any sort.

Although there was no one in sight he thought he heard someone moaning and stopped to investigate.

A very young woman lay on a trundle bed in an agony of child birth. Her husband had gone for the doctor but it would be morning before he could return. Pete decided that all would be over long before that time. Gently he asked the suffering girl whether she would allow him to help her. In a crisis of this sort, human nature accepts unquestioningly the goods the gods provide.

Relief slowly replaced the look of fear in her dark eyes and she whispered, "Do—do you think you could?"

And just as he had so many hundreds of times assisted his ewes to lamb, he delivered this human mother of a lusty man child.

Books he knew nothing of.

He was that finer thing, Nature's true nobleman.

Adios, Pedro Leon.

Long Hair or Short?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

time she buys a new hat, Lita Chevet may go without one when she gets disgusted—but the average person will just cut several inches off her hair and let it go at that.

Changing styles in fashion, and differing ideas of individuals have made the Hollywood hairdressers, as well as those all over the



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country, realize that they have to conjure up ingenious ways to arrange growing or longer hair.

CURLS, carefully arranged twists across the back of the head, a neat curled roll, and the small chignon, therefore, are the newest hair twists on or off the screen. To make the new hats look properly dramatic, stars are brushing the hair softly back and up on the head-revealing side.

They do soft, flattering things with the odd ends in the back.

Ina Claire was 'way ahead of the procession last Spring when she appeared at a New York first night with fluffy bangs and curls at the back of her neck.

She looked for all the world like an old daguerreotype.

Now she brushes the bangs straight back off her forehead.

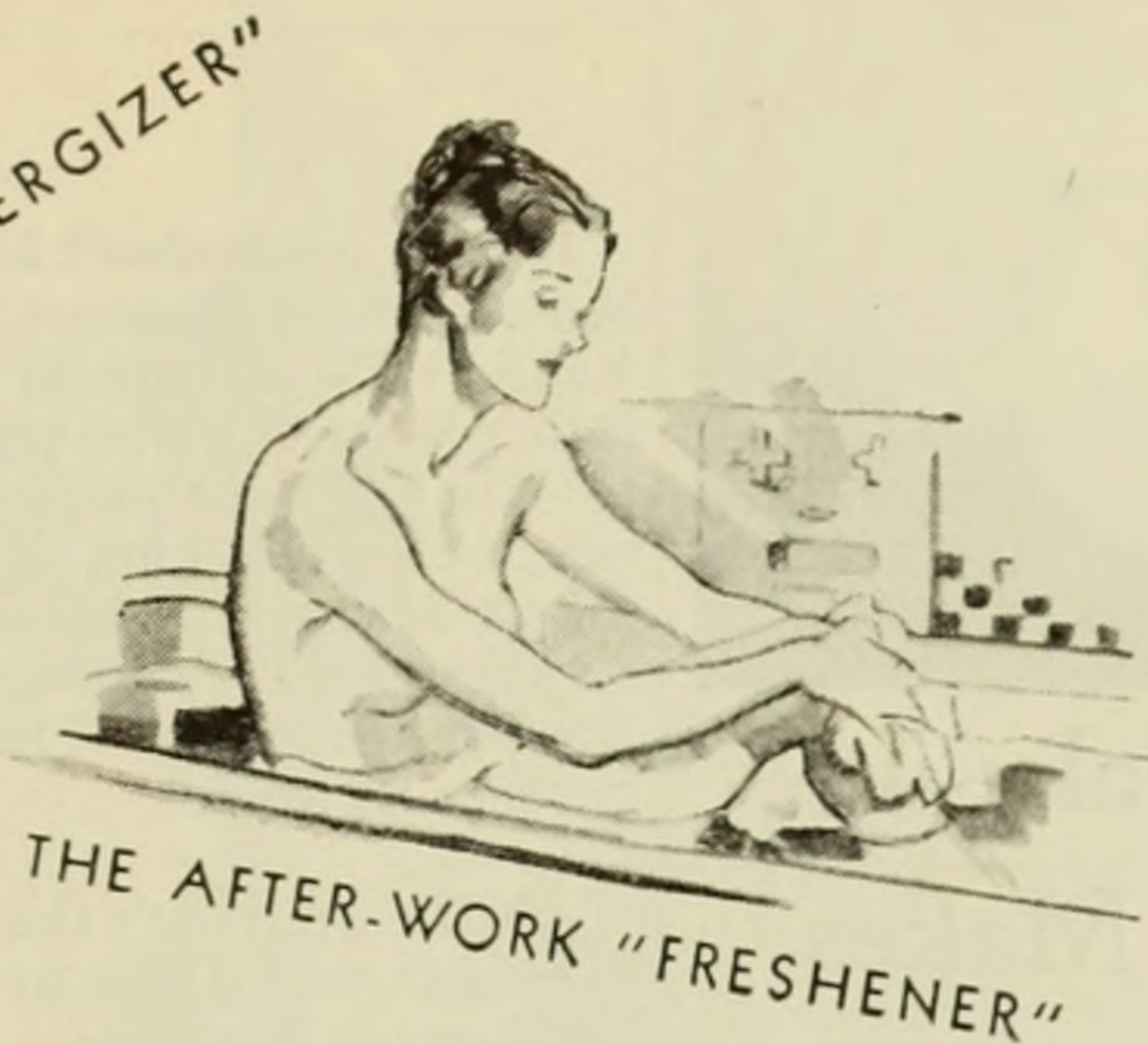
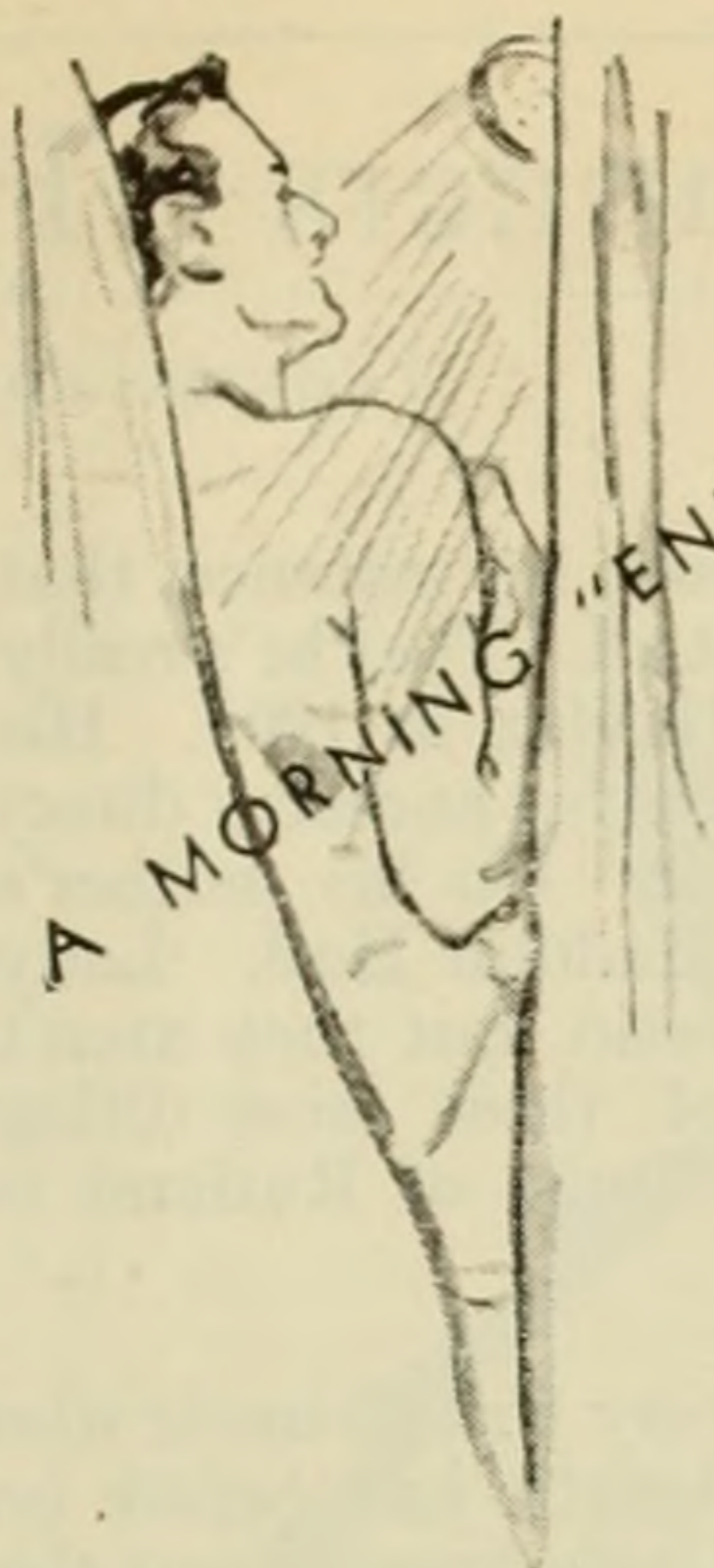
IF you saw Marion Shilling in "The Common Law," you couldn't help but notice what she did with her long hair in an evening scene.

She was wearing a quaint looking evening gown, so to emphasize it, she piled her dark curls up on the top of her head. The result was decidedly individual.

It isn't just a case of "to grow or not to grow" with the stars; it is a case of having a distinctive coiffure that will be attuned to their screen personalities.



The true dramatic flavor of the new fashions is caught in the costumes which Lynn Fontanne wears in the screen version of her great stage success, "The Guardsman." This black velvet and silver cloth gown is a striking example of it. The silver cloth tunic and the unusual sleeves which flare from the shoulders to tight cuffs are reminiscent of another fashion era



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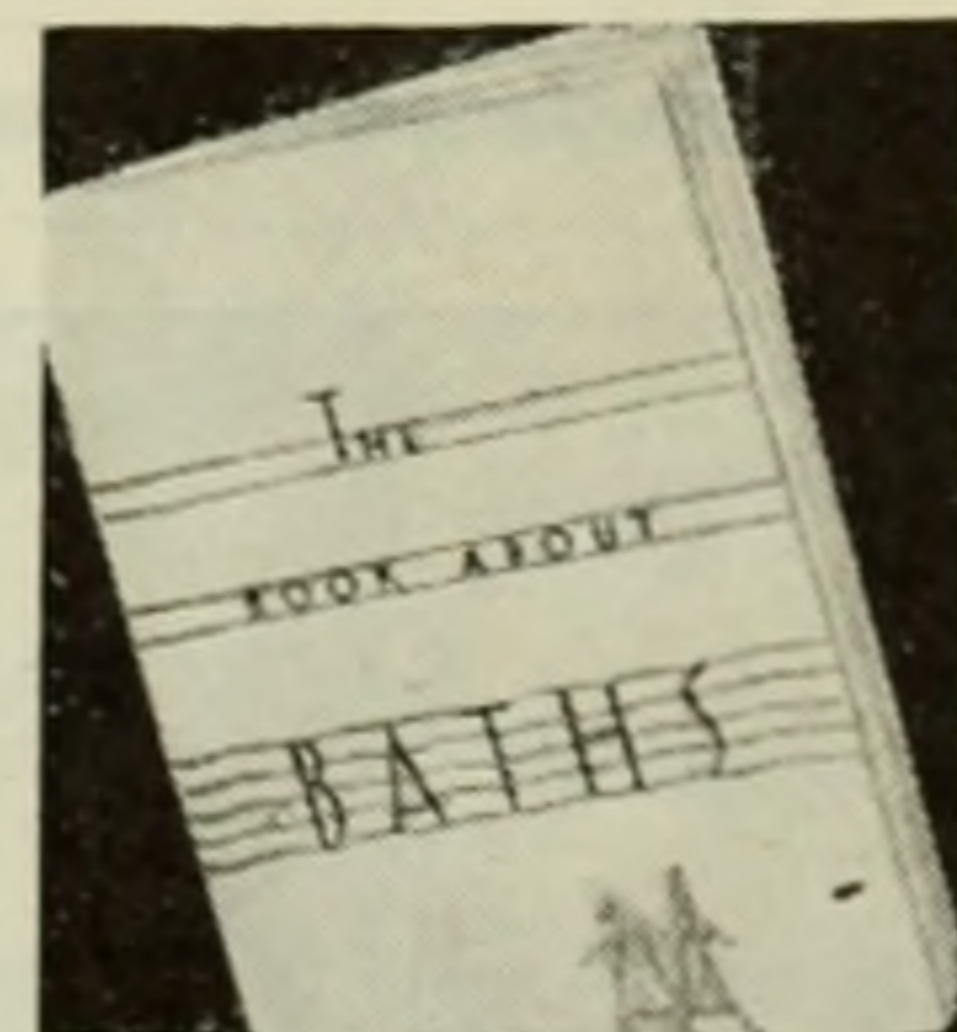
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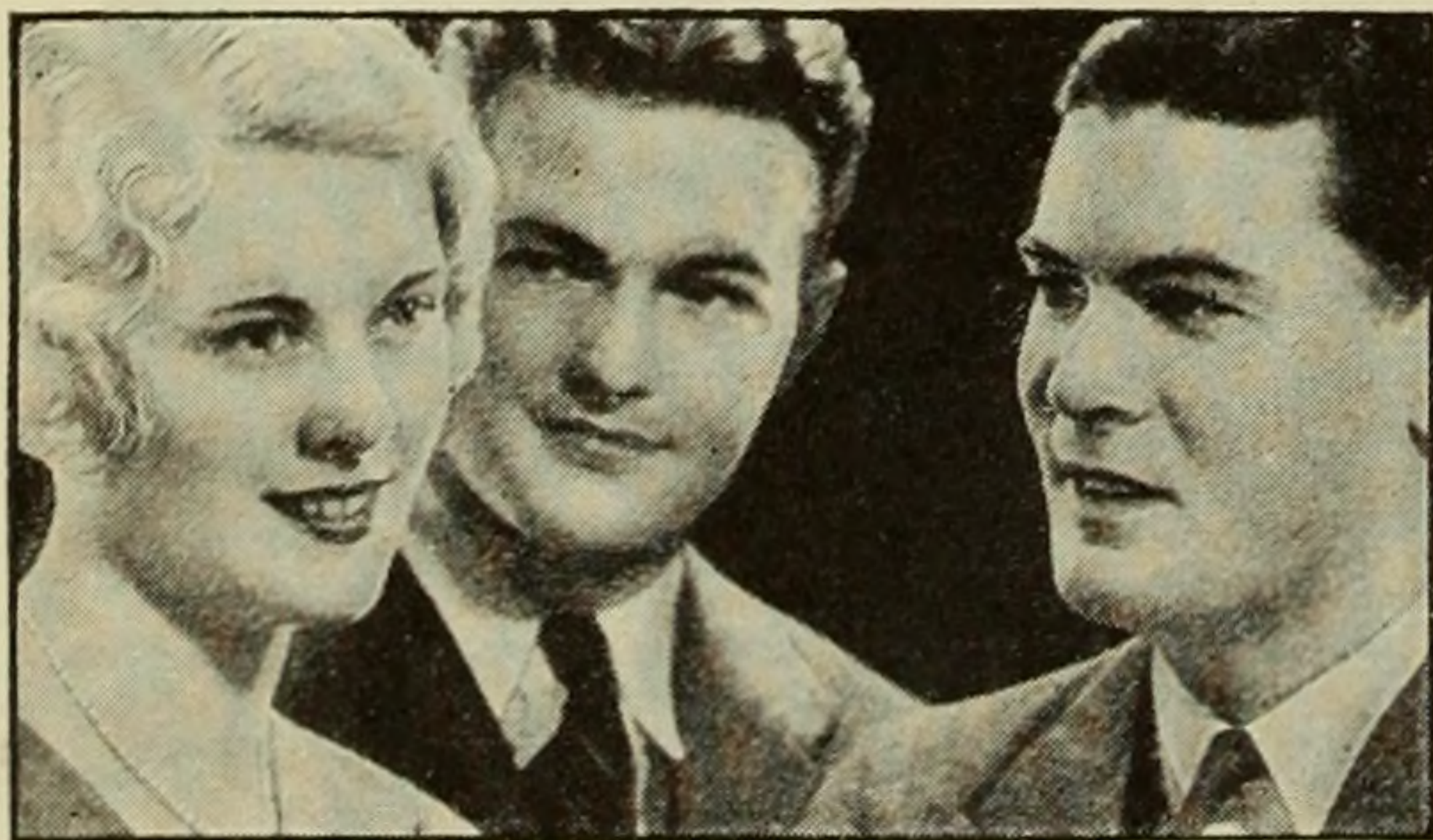
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Manners—He Has Them

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Probably you don't know, for instance, that he isn't David Manners at all. That he's really Rauff Acklom, born in Halifax in 1905. His father is the one who traces his ancestry direct to William the Conqueror. On his mother's side, he's a Haddon of Haddon Hall. Lady Diana Manners is his cousin, but they aren't speaking—there's one of those nose-tilting English feuds on. The Duke of Rutland is another relative.

AND then there's the very British uncle who harangued Dave at length just before he left London last time. Uncle brought out the family tree—Dave says it looked like a whole forest. Uncle, by the way, is a Knight of the Bath. . . .

"David, my lad," he said, or words to that effect, "look at that." He spread the family chart before him, with all the cryptic initialings that indicate so much to students of genealogy, and heraldry, and the peerage, and all that. "Isn't that glorious?"

Etc., etc., etc., the uncle went on, winding up to the peroration that David now stands as the last man of the line. With him, if he leaves no heirs, will pass one of the greater houses of the British Empire.

Uncle, having done, stood there and waited for David to be properly impressed. So David said:

"And what of it?"

Uncle is still trying to think of the answer to that, while Dave is enjoying himself in America.

It's not a pose, this Americanism of Dave Manners. It's real. Entitled as he is to a place, if he wants it, in Hollywood's snooty English colony, Dave spurns it. An English writer, having studied Hollywood recently, made this comment on Manners:

"He can switch from broad to nasal A's at will. He is very quiet, unassuming, un-snobbish. He does not sit in corners with other Britishers and refuse to talk to anyone else. In fact, he doesn't even know most of the Englishmen in Hollywood!"

It was when he first came to America that David made his most American gesture of all. He tried to be a cowboy.

It all began when the climate of old London got him down. Recurrent pneumonia threatened his lungs. "A warm climate, my boy, or it's all up with you," warned the doctors. Virtually any other Englishman would forthwith have toddle-ooed off to India or Africa, put on a white sun-helmet and a superior air,

and spent the rest of his life drinking warm whisky-and-soda.

Not Dave. Dave came to America, and learned that Arizona was warm. He hied to a dude ranch and, after he got the lay of the land, got himself a job as a cowboy guide! And did it well, too. Except for the fact that now and then, a more discerning person came along, listened a bit interestedly to David's richly-assumed cowboy drawl, looked him over quizzically, and asked: "Say, you're really not a cowboy, are you?" And David always admitted he wasn't a cowboy, but after all, not so bad with the bull, eh?

Of course, David can talk "English" with the best of them. If he wants to, he can use an Oxford accent broader than a censor's mind is narrow. He was educated in that sort of school. But he doesn't.

Only the other day, he was returning from a week-end visit to Agua Caliente. Immigration officers stopped his car at the border, as usual, with the customary query:

"Americans?"

David nodded. He had his first papers; besides, he was born in North America.

But his companion spoke. "Yahs, of course," he said. Now it so happened that the companion was a Texas-born youth who had been educated at Harvard. He took his Harvard seriously, especially the accent. And while David Manners, descendant of William the Conqueror, had not the slightest further difficulty, it took his Texas-born American companion many minutes of palaver before the immigration people believed he wasn't an Englishman trying to break in outside the quota.

AS a person, David Manners is a quiet, unassuming chap. He doesn't go for any forms of Hollywood whoop-te-do. He wants to write, and is now working on a novel. He takes his acting seriously, but not too seriously. He is overjoyed when he gets fan letters from movie-goers who have liked his work.

He is very likely to answer personally a fan letter if it interests him. But there is one he got recently which he has not answered and never will. It was from a woman in Ohio. It began with warm praise of his work. Then it switched into a paean of praise of David the man. And it concluded with this:

". . . and please send me a photograph of yourself in the nude."

Now, what would William the Conqueror have done in a case like that?

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The names of the lucky 70 who captured the prizes will appear in the January, 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

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The Photoplay Gold Medal

For the best picture produced in 1930 will be awarded as soon as the thousands of ballots can be counted.

It's Filmland's Nobel Prize!

She's Not a Parrot

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

Marlene. Doubly serious *now* because she returned to Hollywood determined to be happy. This time she had intended to enjoy Hollywood—not hate it as she did during her first eight months of American pictures.

"Why, the whole time I was here before, that same tree stood outside my dressing-room door and I never saw it. But now—I am able to see what is around me; I love it. I want to be happy here. And I thought I could. *I have my baby!*"

It is true—Marlene was ready to sacrifice everything *before* because her five-year-old daughter, Maria, was in Europe. She is so devoted to the child that I do not think it is a stretch of imagination to say she has a mother complex which would interest our most astute psychoanalysts.

TO prove it: She had just secured a foothold on the German stage when she discovered she was to have a baby. She retired for two years. The first year was necessary; the second wasn't. She nursed the baby for an entire year. The doctors warned her it might spoil her figure.

"Let it. I must nurse my baby as long as I can," was her answer.

She wanted to stay home continuously to care for the baby. But some force within her pushed her relentlessly on.

But she had tasted stage life and she could not—once the baby no longer needed her for actual sustenance—forget it.

It was hard to get back. Marlene has had remarkably few struggles in life, but this return to the footlights was not easy. Max Reinhardt finally turned the trick for her. Musical comedy in which Herr Josef saw her. Then America *without* her baby.

Ah, one would have to be a mother like Marlene to comprehend those eight months of torture. The two little lost teeth of the child were sent to her; she slept on them. They talked long distance, they cabled daily. And still the nausea of discontent continued.

"And when you arrived home?"

Marlene's face lit as though an electric light had been snapped on within her; her eyes glowed with excitement.

"When I got home at last, I found my home exactly as I had left it. Nothing was different. That is because I was not different. Eight months over here has not changed Marlene Dietrich!"

And that really is the amazing part of this woman. Hollywood usually touches its newcomers with a sure hand. Sometimes it paints with bold strokes; sometimes with deft subtlety. But it has always left some mark upon its captives.

"Divorce?" Her eyes widened. "People say I will get a divorce? But that is as funny as to say I would leave my baby. My baby and husband are altogether. They are one with the other.

"Of course, it is more expensive this way. It costs me much money. My contract must be for six months in this country and six months in Europe. It is natural they do not want to pay me. But it is the best we can do."

TO understand Marlene, you would have to know the psychology of European women. She is a true daughter of German routine and German traditions. While she was home she lost twelve pounds.

"When I am happy I always lose weight. I go so much. I dance every night; I see all the excitement. Here I live in a house very quietly—I already start to gain. It is strange," the lights in her eyes change to shadows, "but when I become just a little unhappy I gain weight."

Josef Von Sternberg is amazingly frank in

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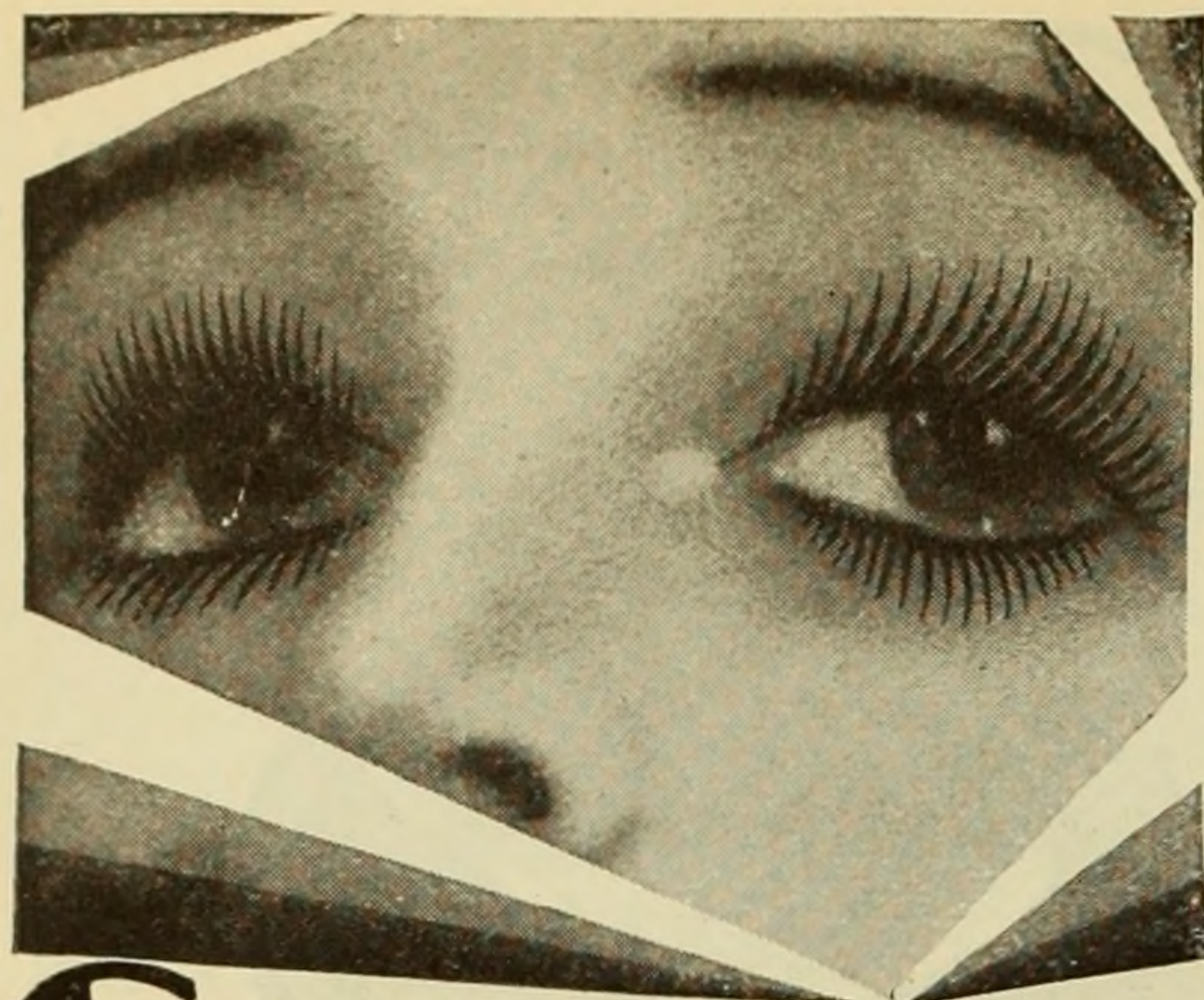
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his interest. "I think I will get sick on this next picture (which will probably be a German one made from a story Marlene brought back from the homeland) and stay away two weeks and let her direct it," he says. "She almost directed 'Morocco' and 'Dishonored.' No, I mean it.

"The entire stage scene in 'Morocco' was her idea. The songs were hers and it was the best scene in the picture.

"A PARROT!" He laughed. "I am going to make very few more pictures. I am going to retire. Yes, you can print it. I have few more stories left in me and I am ready to take a long rest. I shall recommend that Marlene direct, then.

"She spent hours every day in Europe hunting for stories, not only for herself but for Paramount to produce with other players. The only thing I put in her mouth is good English."

And Marlene is so afraid of Von Sternberg's harsh criticism on her pronunciation of English that she tries to get away with firing German at him.

For no matter how she improves in English pronunciation, he is never satisfied.

He criticises her in loud tones—until she shivers, but doubles her efforts at perfection. The result:

You would scarcely know today that she is foreign—except from her psychology; most certainly not from her diction.

A Nervous Wreck!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

blonde, who convulsed Hollywood by referring to "rocketeers."

Mentioning blondes reminds one that Leslie Howard himself is fair. He's blue-eyed, too. And as long as we're at that sort of thing, he's five feet, ten and a half inches tall; weighs 145 pounds, and is thirty-eight years old. Born in London.

If it hadn't been for the war, you'd probably never have heard of Leslie Howard, much less seen him at your favorite theater. For, after finishing private education, he went into the commercial world with no more idea of the stage than any other bank clerk, which was what he was when the war broke out.

Of course, he enlisted. Four years of it, and then he found himself contending with a few million other men for jobs. Business, after war, was too prosaic. He decided, for no reason at all except that he'd done a few bits in school theatricals, to be an actor. So he bothered agents until one of them got so annoyed that he hired Howard out to an English road show for about twenty dollars a week, in our money.

After playing in towns so small they didn't bother to put a dot on a map for them, Howard decided he'd rather be a metropolitan star, so he went back to London and bothered agents again until he got a small part in a London production.

AFTER that, his personality and natural ability lifted him out of the ruck and made him, today, one of the most sought-after leading men on both the stage and screen.

Ask him his recipe for success, ask him why he is where he is professionally, and he'll tell you very honestly that he'll be damned if he knows.

He doesn't profess to understand it, but is content that it is.

He talks a lot, but quietly, and with a droll, dry humor that is frequently Rabelaisian but never goes over that faint border-line between what's funny and what isn't.

He hates to eat in restaurants, always shaves himself, and laments the fact that he's got a reputation for being a bit high-hat and up-stage.

He insists he's merely timid.

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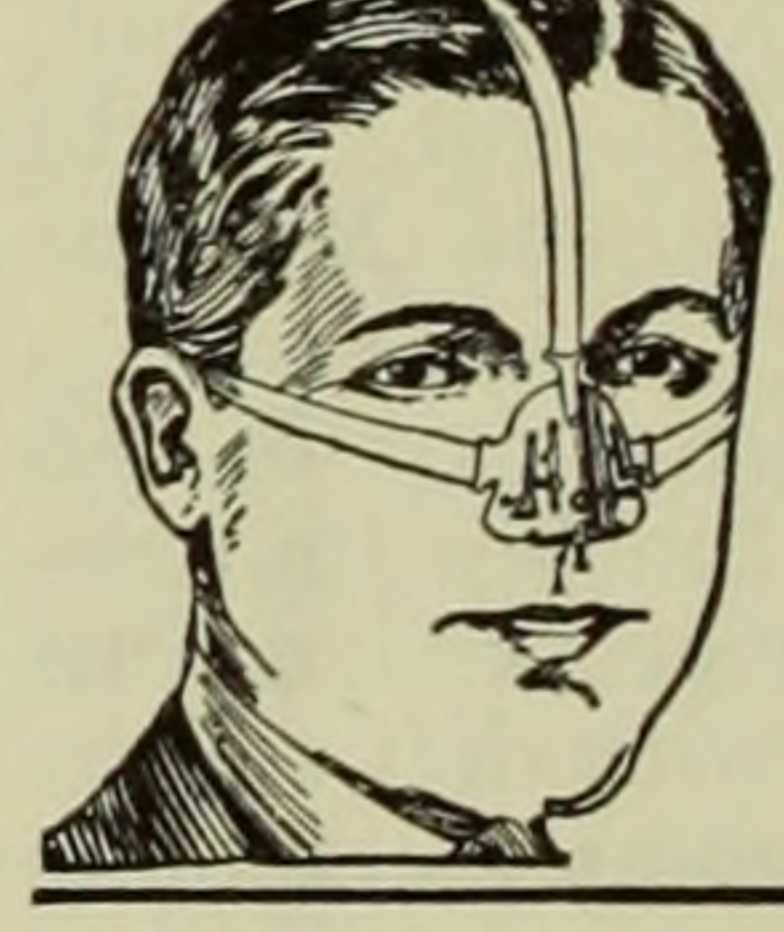
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He Is Her Man!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

lugubrious way in a month of comic-strips.

And it's that love which would make Barbara Stanwyck leave us—her millions of recent admirers—without batting an eyelash, and would send her off hand in hand with her Frankie, even if he were going to tend a gas station in the Gobi Desert!

Small wonder that some love is to be feared with a deadly fear!

At any rate, when Broadway struck gold in talkified Hollywood in '29, Fay shouldered his pickaxe, kissed Broadway a long goodbye, and headed Westward toward the big money. And Barbara held him trustingly by the hand.

The red-hot drama began.

FAY went to Warners. A Broadway laddie-buck who hadn't seen a horse in twenty years, Frank was hoisted aboard one and put through "Under a Texas Moon." It was no go.

His company fairly lathered itself digging up stories for him, surrounding him with snappy casts and beautiful girls, pushing him toward some sort of hit. Every attempt to cash in on his undoubted talent for droll, flip wise-cracking fell with a faint plop into the limitless sea of public apathy.

The feeling grew that Fay, as far as talkies were concerned, was a prime and pithy floppo—a dismal dud of the saddest sort.

Nothing, it appeared, could be done.

The head men began to look down their sun-tanned noses at the Broadway boy.

And our beauty? Stanwyck broke upon us like a flash of red fire. We chronic cheerleaders for the new beauties and talents turned handsprings and cheers over her discovery in "Ladies of Leisure." I myself hurled into Broadway beating a tom-tom and screaming hallelujah, and was promptly clapped into the calaboose.

Contracted to Columbia, a dicker was made with Warners whereby she was to alternate between the two lots. Producers demanded her.

And Fay's ticket at Warners wore out. Word went over the grapevine telegraph that Barbara had stepped to the bat and announced that unless Frankie was re-signed, she would take her dollies and roller-skates into another yard to play.

Fay got a new contract.

And suddenly Broadway's favorite son was no longer the big shot of the family. Barbara's name passed from lip to lip—Fay's to appear written in red ink, and not gold.

Did this make any difference to Stanwyck? None—except that she seemed more devoted to her red-haired spouse than ever.

No Frankie, no fame—she announced it proudly, while Hollywood wondered and sighed.

Suddenly, Fay was really through on the Warner pasture. And Barbara announced her declaration of independence from Hollywood and all its weird works and ways. Due to start work on a picture at Columbia, she simply failed to show up at camera-time.

SOME people may say it's money-trouble. But the knowing ones will tell you, in all honesty, that the heart is talking and not the check book.

Barbara Stanwyck will have no part of a world where Frank Fay isn't chairman of the board of directors.

And that's that.

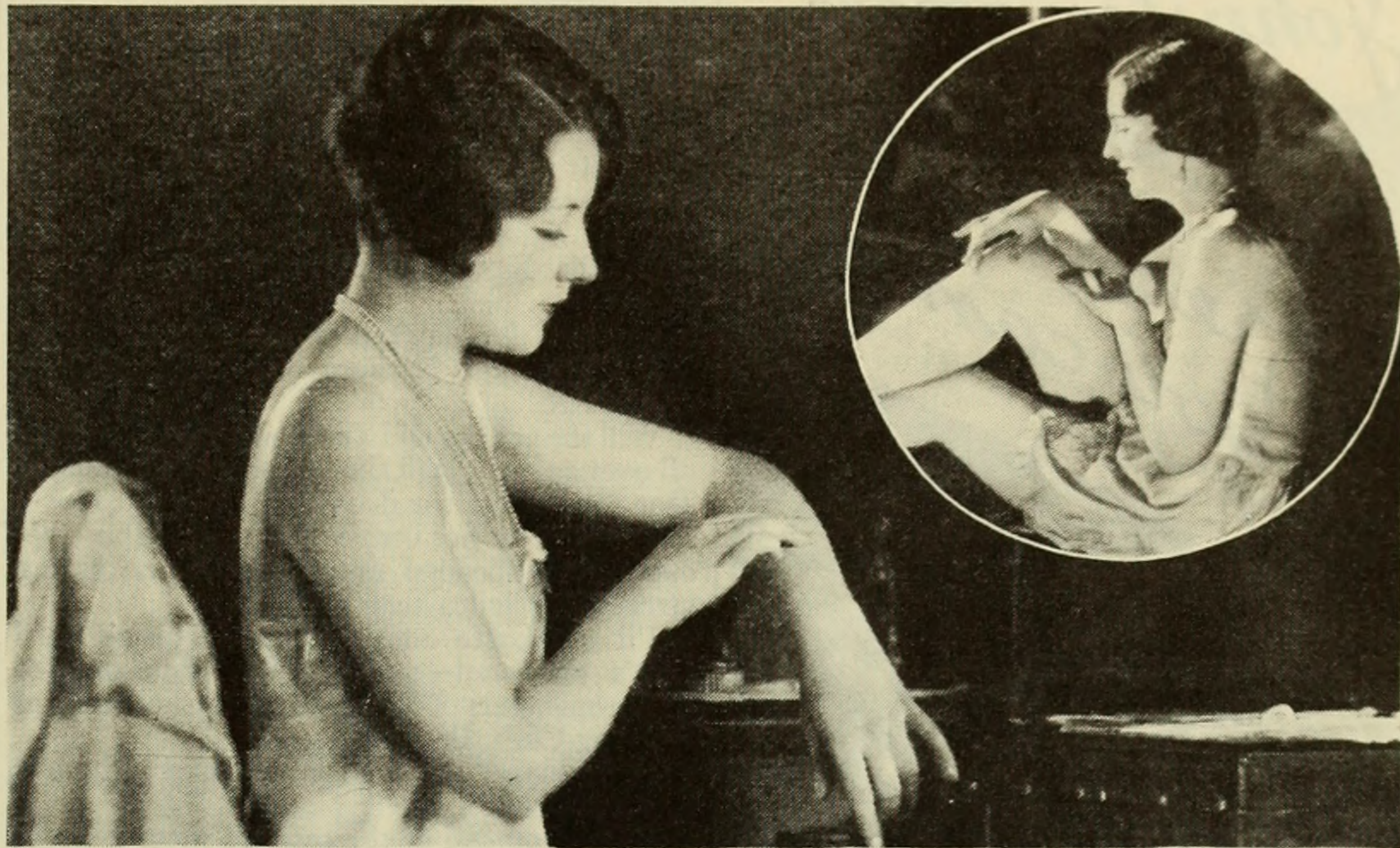
His eyes turn toward Broadway—Broadway with its familiar lights, its cheers for a pet wise-cracker, its well-known alleys, shops, beaneries and pals.

Fay evidently can't do without Broadway. Can Broadway do without him?

And here's where the sour note is struck—the sad thought smites the brain. For Fay

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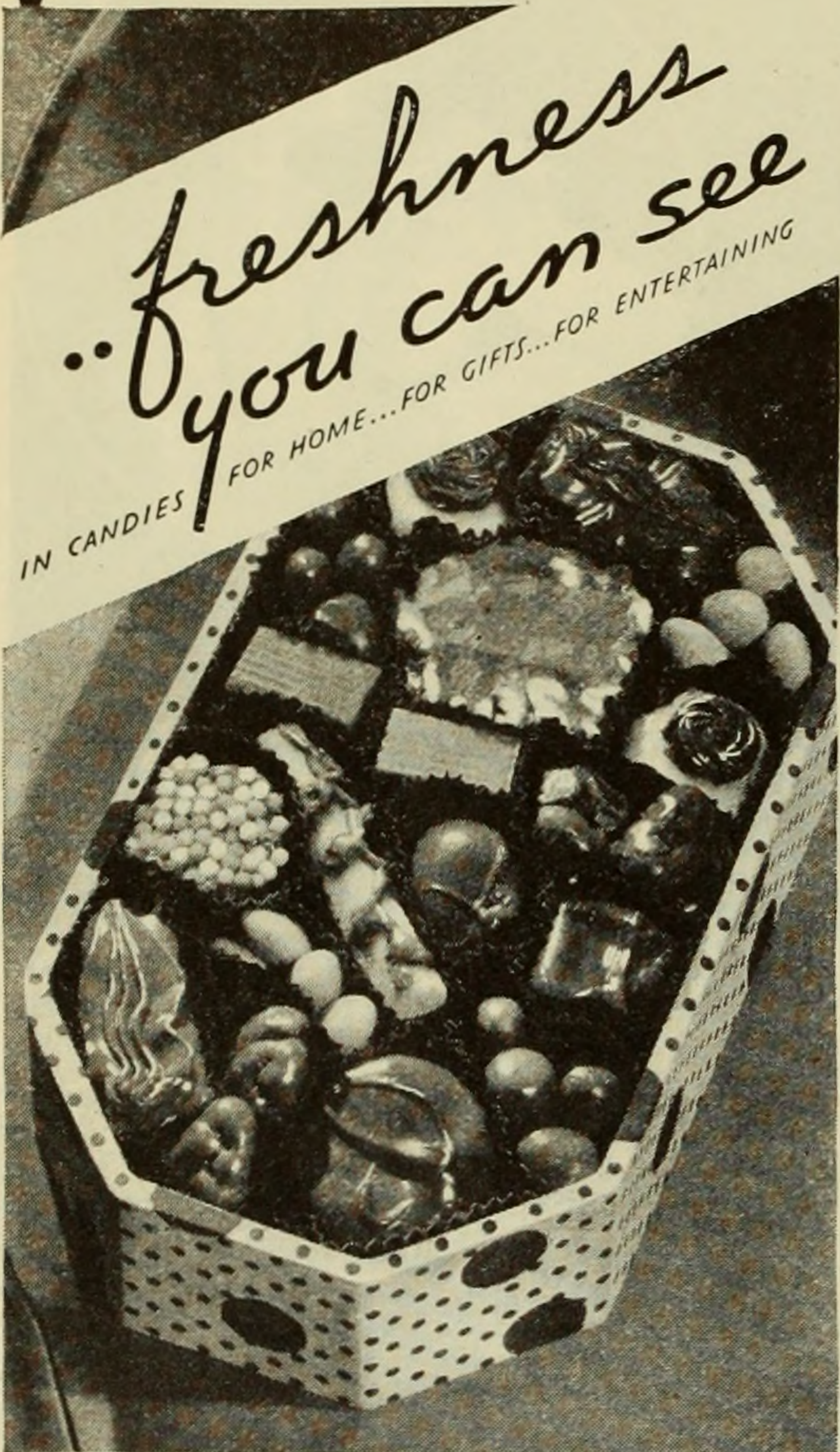


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came back to Broadway not long ago—back to the Strand Theater, across the way from the Palace, scene of his greatest triumphs.

He was to play a week of personal appearances with his own picture, "God's Gift to Women."

Imagine his anticipation of a great triumph on the lighted highway that's his happiest home!

AND he died—he and the picture both! Died on Broadway! I'll bet he can't believe it yet.

Audiences were sparse—his husky, rambling humors failed to carry across the orchestra pit, and they curled up and swooned in the foot-light trough.

It was too terrible. As a survivor, I know. It seemed that two years in Hollywood, away from his "wise crowd," had cooked Fay's goose to a turn.

And it is this to which Frank Fay, through in pictures, looks with longing!

Even if he leaves Hollywood, will Broadway take him back to its phony, forgetful heart?

So much for Fay's problem. It's beautiful Barbara on whom our eyes are riveted.

Will she act the Old Testament story of Ruth all over again? Will she be the greatest female Don Quixote of the decade—giving in to love, and giving up her own life in the sunshine because a red-headed man pines for a roaring street 3,000 miles away?

I'll not baste another hem in peace until that's answered—nor will my thousands of fellow-members of The Stanwyck Cheering and Adoring Club, Unlimited!

Oh, I suppose giving up fame and fortune is her business!

But losing one of the screen's most luscious and promising stars is another horse. That is strictly *our* business! Please don't leave us, Barbara!

YET a small, gnawing feeling tells me that if Fay so much as waggles a forefinger, she will!

And some day, in a theater lobby or restaurant, we may see a beautiful girl looking up at a shock-headed fellow at her side. And our hearts will drop a stitch, and we'll say, "Look! There's Barbara Stanwyck!"

"Haven't seen her for ages! Gosh—how beautiful!"

"Do you remember?"



Three pictures in her three months in Hollywood. That's the record of this pretty five-year-old, Marilyn Knowlden. At present she is lending her curls and big blue eyes to "The Cisco Kid" at Fox

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The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

Recently, I saw "A Free Soul." What a picture and what a cast! Norma, although her rôle was not outstanding, gave the same fine, sincere performance that she gave in "Strangers May Kiss." She never lets you down.

Her giggle is certainly unique. I adore it.
 NAOMI HOLTZ,
 Ellwood City, Penna.

A New Lad

At last they have given us a newcomer who is young, attractive, and has acting ability! Kent Douglass' splendid work in both "Paid" and "Five and Ten" could not have been bettered.

ELEANOR KEENAN,
 Atlanta, Ga.

Thrills or Sweet Romance?

There is not the slightest doubt that the smart, sophisticated phonoplays and gruesome gangster stories give us a thrill. But they lack realism due to the fact that few of us are gangsters and most of us, at the present time at least, are too busy earning an insufficient salary to be smart sophisticates.

Give us the charm, the simplicity and delightful love interest which characterize such pictures as "Daddy Long Legs."

CARL E. POPE,
 Calgary, Alta., Canada

Help! Can't we have something besides these gangster pictures? If we must have guns

and shooting, let's go to the good old Western pictures for our thrills.

DOROTHEA BOONE,
 Omaha, Neb.

Why all the howling about gangster pictures? Those who do not care for pictures of that type can purchase a ticket to a milder film. For my part, I prefer the picture depicting the life of the gangster. It takes me out of a monotonous, humdrum existence, into the center of a life of thrills and excitement.

MRS. H. C. SLEMMONS,
 San Diego, Calif.

Misleading Titles

Why are there so many lurid titles used for motion pictures? ("The Devil's Holiday," "Sin Takes a Holiday," "Up Pops the Devil," "The Doorway to Hell," etc.) And then the pictures generally have little or no relation to the title.

Often I stay away from what I learn later was a worth-while picture on account of its unattractive title.

MRS. M. O. WEIBY,
 Minneapolis, Minn.

Seymour

I went to see "This Modern Age" and there was lovely Joan Crawford in a stunning frock—one that I wanted for my vacation. But with only a fleeting glimpse of it I couldn't remember all the details.

So fancy how delighted I was when I got my PHOTOPLAY and discovered a photograph of the dress, described by that clever stylist, Seymour. And he even told me the correct accessories to wear with it!

My dressmaker copied the outfit in time for my vacation and I got many compliments on it.
 EVELYNE SAMPLE,
 Knoxville, Tenn.

Sidney—Holmes

In my opinion Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes make a more interesting team than Gaynor and Farrell.

IRVING C. BAKER,
 Springfield, Ohio

After seeing "Confessions of a Co-Ed" I am raving about Sylvia Sidney. She is different from any other girl on the screen.

What a partner Phillips Holmes makes. Here's hoping we see a lot of this grand pair.

MILDRED SABIN,
 Rutland, Ver.

Revive Old Ones

Why don't managers give us more revivals of the fine films of the past? A new generation hears much of such masterpieces as "The Covered Wagon," "The Four Horsemen," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and the Sarah Bernhardt films. They want to see them, yet have little opportunity to do so.

S. E. EHRENBERG,
 Minneapolis, Minn.

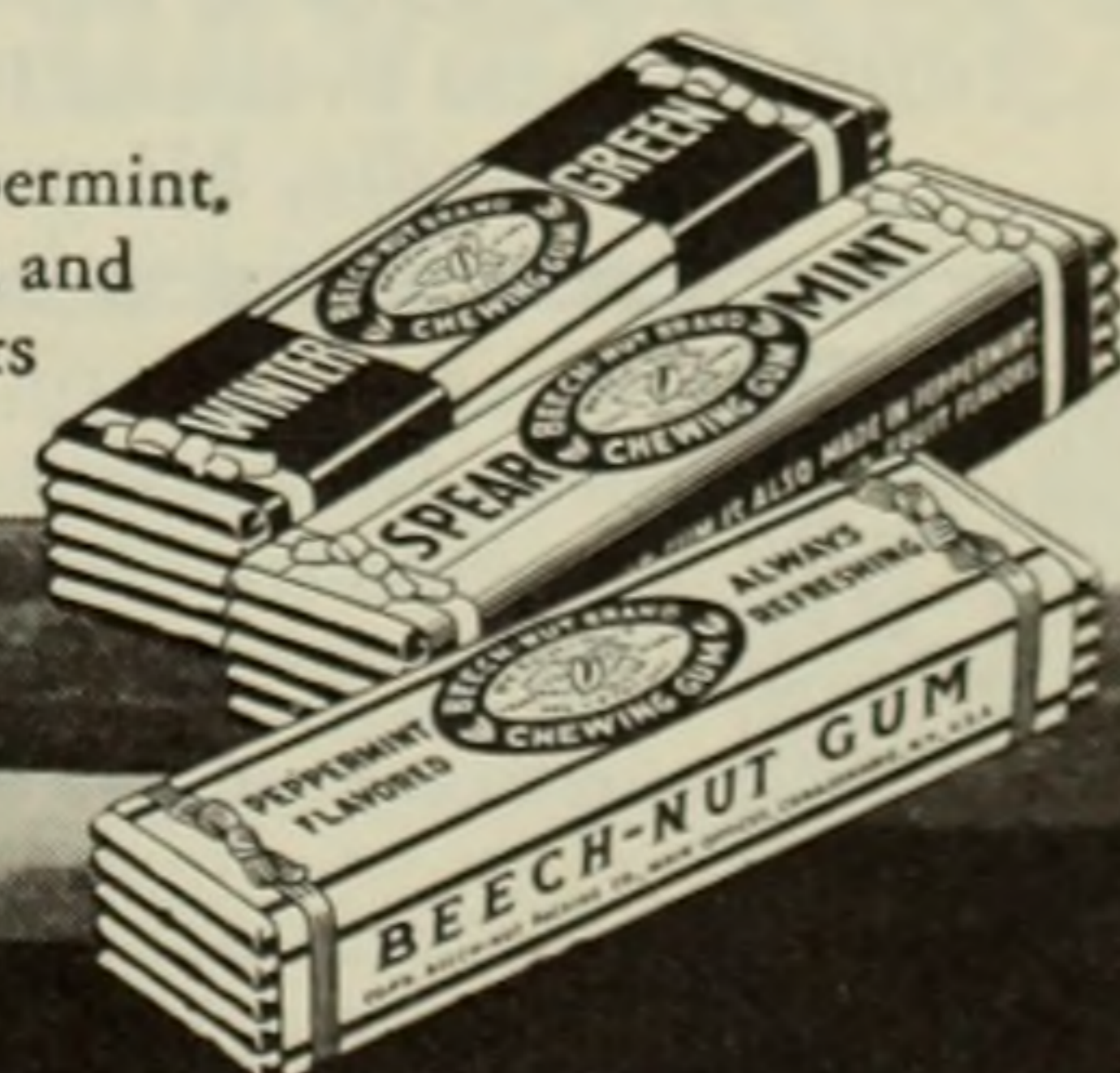
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 Spearmint Flavors



MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]



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body knew where—for a half hour, an hour, perhaps two or three. He always returned with "Well, where were we?" Everybody jumped and we continued. He never carried cigarettes although he was a constant smoker. Instead he'd call out, "Give us a cigarette," and every man in the room would bound to him with a package in hand. Griffith would look over the assortment and pick a brand he wanted. Then there was another flurry with matches. It was a great honor to have Griffith choose your cigarette.

His actors worshipped him as if he had been a god. The men called him "Boss" and once I do believe that I heard Eugenie Besserer murmur "Master." Sometimes—he was a great showman and loved to act—he would get up and show one of us how a scene went. Upon these occasions the actors stood about, mouths opened, eyes aflame with admiration, and watched. I remember once he was doing the mother's rôle and, his long, horse-like face turned heavenwards, he called out, "My son, my son, can you hear me there in heaven? Say that you hear me—speak to me."

We were spellbound but I realize now that it was pretty bad, pretty melodramatic acting. As he finished, quite pleased with himself, he happened to glance at my mother. In spite of the fact that she thought I could be an actress, she has a grand sense of humor and she was amused at Griffith's acting and showed it in her eyes.

SENSITIVE, quick to see any play of emotion, Griffith realized that she knew it was phony.

He shrugged his shoulders sheepishly, "Well, it goes something like that," he said and sat down.

Along with the great beauty of which the man was capable there was also in him a strong Rabelaisian streak and a love of horse play. I

think that "Way Down East" was a perfect picture of the man. He had, by his supreme artistry, made those dull characters come alive (Lord! he had intensity and emotion upon the screen) but he had also let his love for vulgarity and horse play run rampant. "Broken Blossoms" was Griffith at his best.

ON another stage Dorothy Gish (she wore a black wig then—remember?) made comedies. They called this "the pep company." Elmer Clifton, who was later to direct "Down to the Sea in Ships," directed her, and Dick Barthelmess who was, so my mother said, "much too big for his breeches," played the lead. Dorothy had a temper and it was not an unusual sight to see her stomping through our stage muttering to herself, her thin, yellow hair wound round hairpins so the wig, which she had no doubt just thrown off, would fit closely. Griffith thought she was cute when she was annoyed and Miss Lillian adored her. She was so entirely different from Lillian (about whom there'll be more later on).

Once Griffith took his company into the projection room to see a picture Dorothy had just completed.

He sat there without smiling and, as the thing unfolded, he would say, "That's very funny," or "That is not so funny," or "Better do that over again. Make a note."

Dorothy seemed to feel that he did not like the picture and she left the projection room in tears, her heels clicking on the pavement.

Carol Dempster was always quiet. She used to say, "Mr. Griffith thinks I'm an actress, but I'm not. I'm only a dancer." She was quite right, of course, and it was Griffith who brought out of her the talent—such as it was—that she displayed on the screen.

But it was a different story with Clarine Seymour. Here was a great artist, a fluid little person with large, dark eyes and dark hair



Lillian Gish in Griffith's old tear-jerker, "The Greatest Question." The author of this story rehearsed that part, but Lillian played it. That was twelve years ago

standing at angles around her head. You remember her in "Scarlet Days," perhaps. She died, following a major operation, a year or so later. At the risk of sounding sentimental I say that of all the actresses Griffith discovered I believe Clarine Seymour had the most to give, that she had the keenest talent of them all. Unlike Gish she was an emotional, temperamental little person.

Bobby Harron was the sweetest of them all. Once Griffith said to my mother, "He is like a pure young girl. That boy has never done anything that you would not want your daughter to do." He died, or so they said, of a broken heart. He was in love with Dorothy but Dorothy couldn't see him.

On days when there were no rehearsals they used me for general handy man. I remember making an insert for some picture. The leading woman is supposed to grab a gun that has been thrown on the floor. A close-up of this action was made and it was my hand that grabbed the gun.

AND then came the word that Griffith was going to move to a studio in New York. I was very discouraged for, with rehearsals ended and "The Greatest Question" in production, he seemed to ignore my existence completely. I used to go to the studio and see him come off the set, but I was too foolish and too timid to ask him anything.

I decided, therefore, that I had not pleased him, that my great career was over, that as an actress I was a failure. And, afraid of hearing these truths, I kept silent. So I went home one day, packed the picture hat, wiped off the sickly smile and we moved to another part of town, without leaving a forwarding address. If there'd been a river handy I'd have jumped in. But Hollywood is an arid land so I bore my sorrow and my failure.

In the papers I read that Griffith had moved to New York. That chapter of my life was ended. I would not be a D. W. Griffith discovery. There was only one small ray of hope. Once Griffith had given me letters of introduction to Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who were not married to each other at the time. I decided that when my eyes were not so red and I could smile again I'd present them.

Griffith was gone and I was a failure.

Many, many years later I walked into Harry

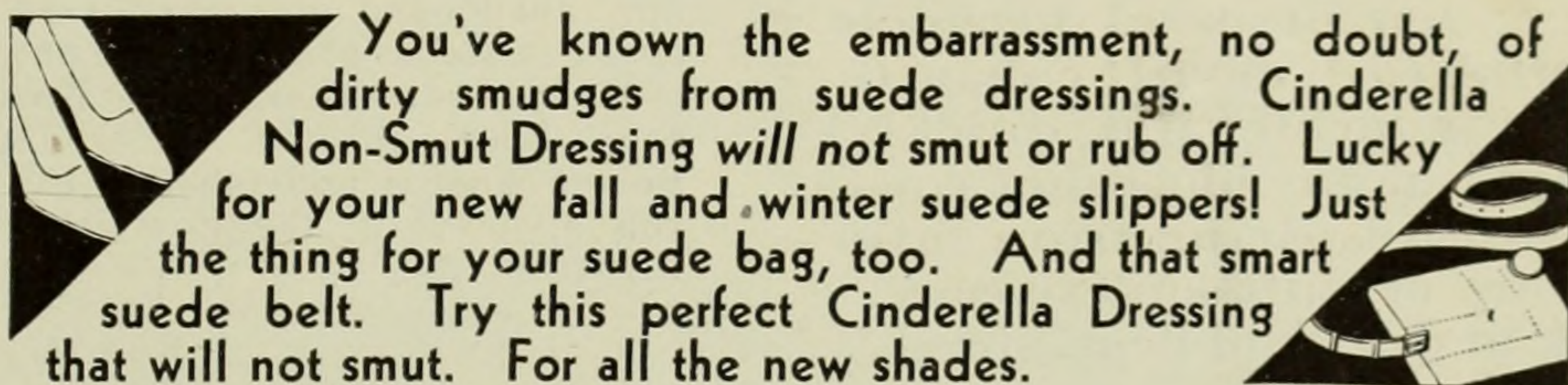


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- October 1—Alice Joyce
- October 2—Rita LaRoy
- October 3—Claude Allister, Warner Oland
- October 4—Buster Keaton, Carroll Nye
- October 5—Kathryn Crawford
- October 6—Janet Gaynor, Carole Lombard
- October 7—Jack Mulhall
- October 8—Edythe Chapman
- October 9—Marjorie Beebe, Jeanette Loff
- October 10—Harry Richman
- October 11—Lowell Sherman
- October 12—Karl Dane
- October 13—Irene Rich
- October 14—Lillian Gish
- October 15—Ina Claire
- October 16—Rex Bell, Molly O'Day
- October 17—Jean Arthur, Marian Marsh
- October 18—Miriam Hopkins
- October 20—Evelyn Brent, Bela Lugosi, Marian Nixon, Purnell Pratt
- October 21—Lloyd Hughes
- October 22—Mitzi Green, James Hall
- October 23—Sally O'Neil, Lilyan Tashman
- October 24—Gilda Gray
- October 25—Polly Ann Young
- October 26—Jackie Coogan, H. B. Warner
- October 27—John Boles
- October 28—Hugh Trevor
- October 29—Fanny Brice, Charles Chase
- October 30—Sue Carol

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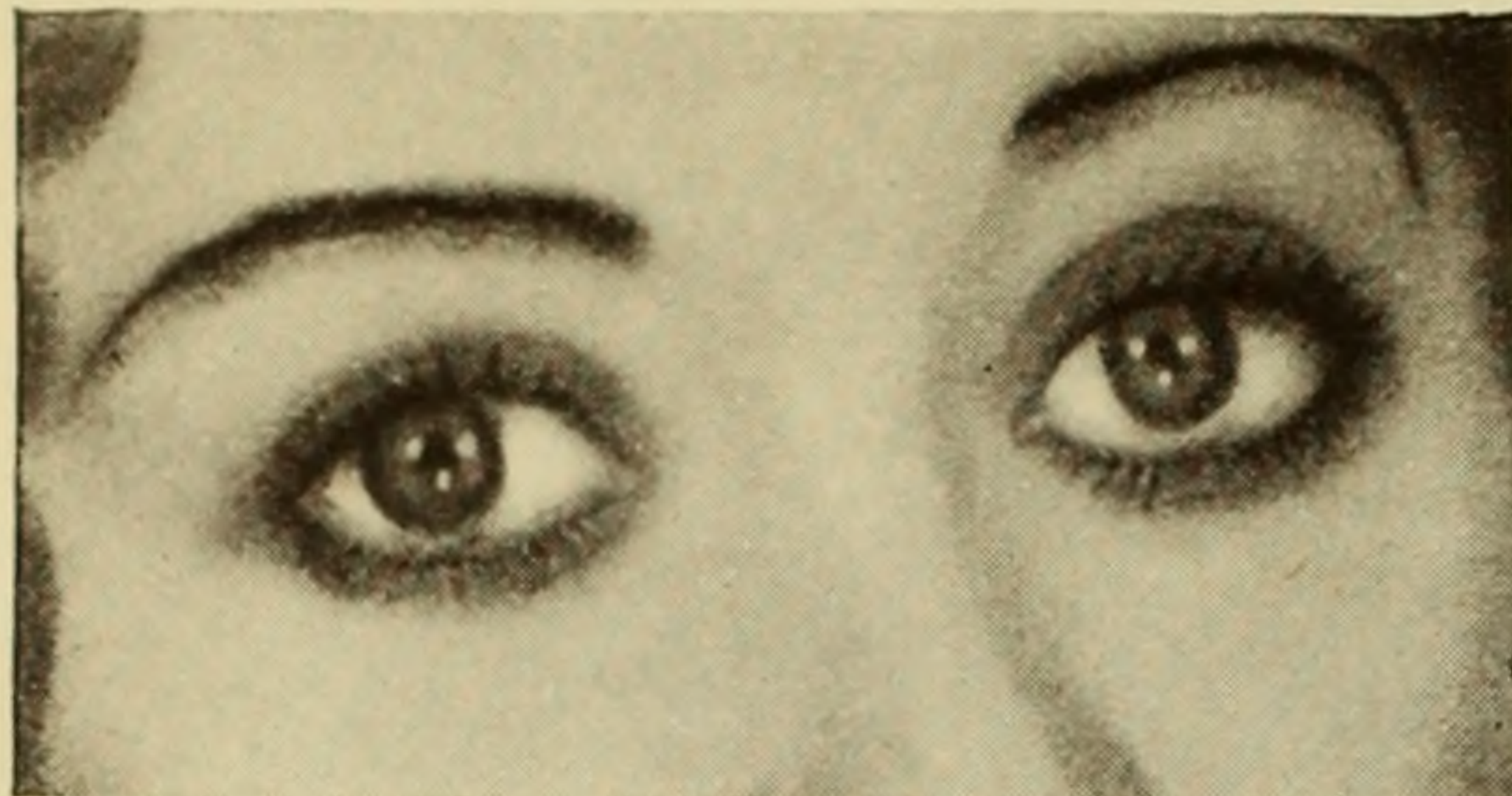
FLAT chested? Fashion demands the full, rounded shapeliness of the womanly form. The stars of Hollywood are developing their *feminine* charm. You, too, can quickly add extra fullness where needed. My new method plumps out the hollows and builds firm, youthful tissue. Just TRY my wonderful **MIRACLE CREAM** and special developing instructions!

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REMEMBER THESE EYES?



First a hit on the stage, this blonde comedienne now is winning new laurels in Warner Bros. Pictures. She is 5 ft., 4 in. tall, weighs 115 lbs. and has sparkling gray eyes. Name below*.

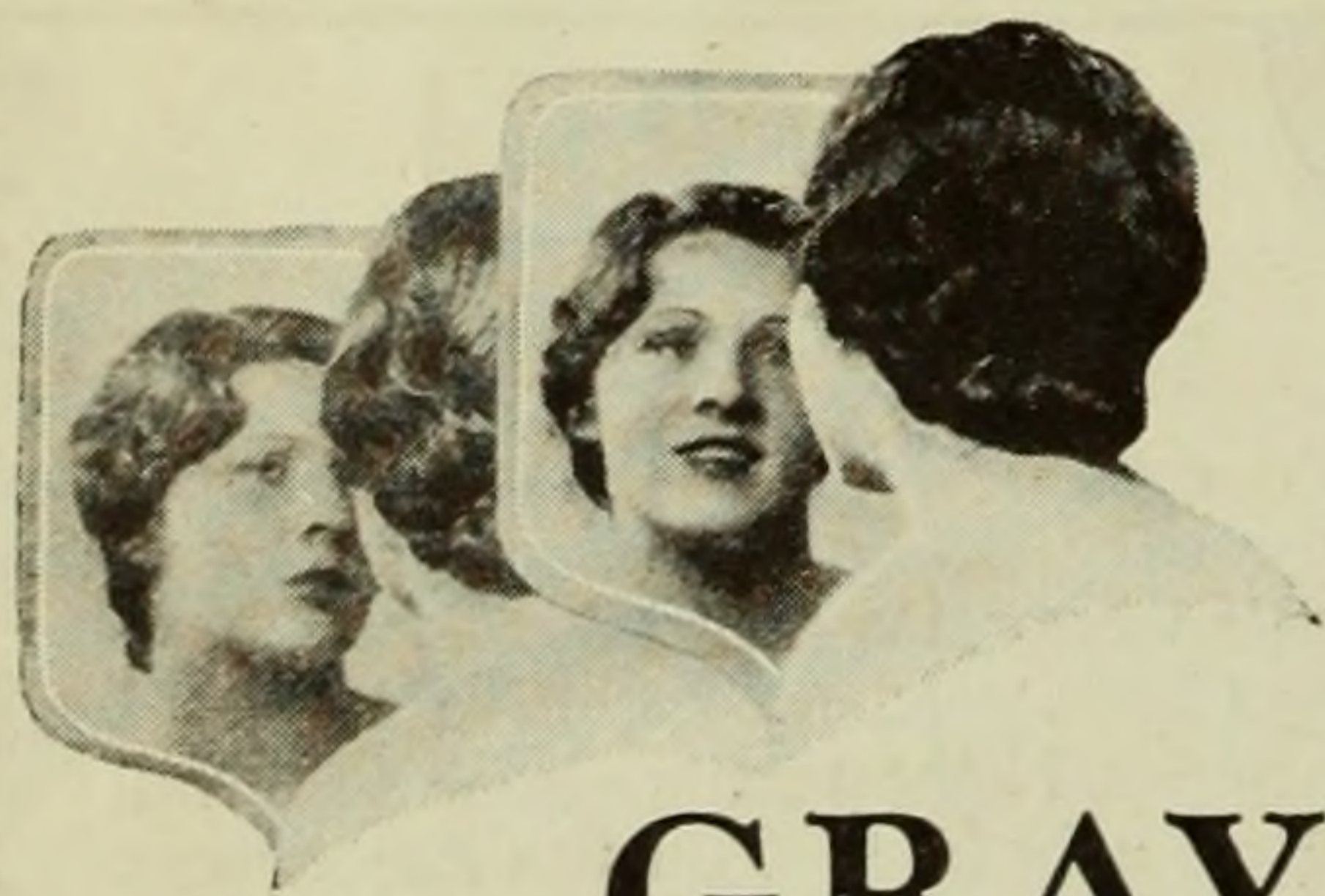
eyes win love of most men

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*Joan Blondell

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MARY T. GOLDMAN
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Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

Carr's office (he was then the Sunday editor of the *Los Angeles Times*) to try to sell him a story I'd written. "I know you," he said, "I know your face."

I knew that I'd never met him and said so. "Wait a minute," he went on, "I've seen you. You caused me a lot of trouble. I was looking for you. Wait—I've got it. Did you ever know D. W. Griffith?" I nodded.

"HOLY cats! It all comes back. Griffith wanted to take you to New York with him when he moved his studios to Mamaroneck. He said you were a find, a big bet, but when he'd finished shooting 'The Greatest Question' and he sent for you, you'd moved and left no address.

"He sent for me—I was working for him at the time—had your tests run off. He told me to find you. You'd done some swell work for him, something about splashing in a mud puddle or throwing an apple peeling over your shoulder in a rehearsal. He said you were natural, just what he wanted. And he gave me hell when I couldn't find you.

"I looked everywhere for you and I watched your test over and over again so I'd know your face and grab you if I ever happened to see you on the streets. And now here you are—too late. Let me see that story you've got there."

Next month the letters to Pickford and to Fairbanks are presented, and I get a job at the old Metro Studios—now abandoned and considered an abode of stellar ghosts by the natives of Hollywood. There I meet Nazimova, May Allison, Viola Dana, Buster Keaton and others. I'll tell you about it in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Why One Marriage Failed!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

it was. What everybody *didn't* know was that this marriage of two supreme individualists came within a case ace of being a star-spangled, 180-proof success!

Seldom have two human molecules been as strongly attracted as were John Gilbert and Ina Claire.

For the first time in his mad career, Jack discovered the charms of a first-rate mind in a beautiful woman. He hadn't the faintest notion that such a combination existed. As for Ina, nobody had ever told her that a man, famous, mature in years and handsome of person, could have the spirits and humors of a well-fed freshman.

Why, they caught fire like a drought hayfield!

THEY were as mad—as goofy—about each other as two people can be and not blow up. Boy, I saw them a week after the wedding, and I know!

Then, too, they had much in common. Both were ace figures in the world of public entertainment.

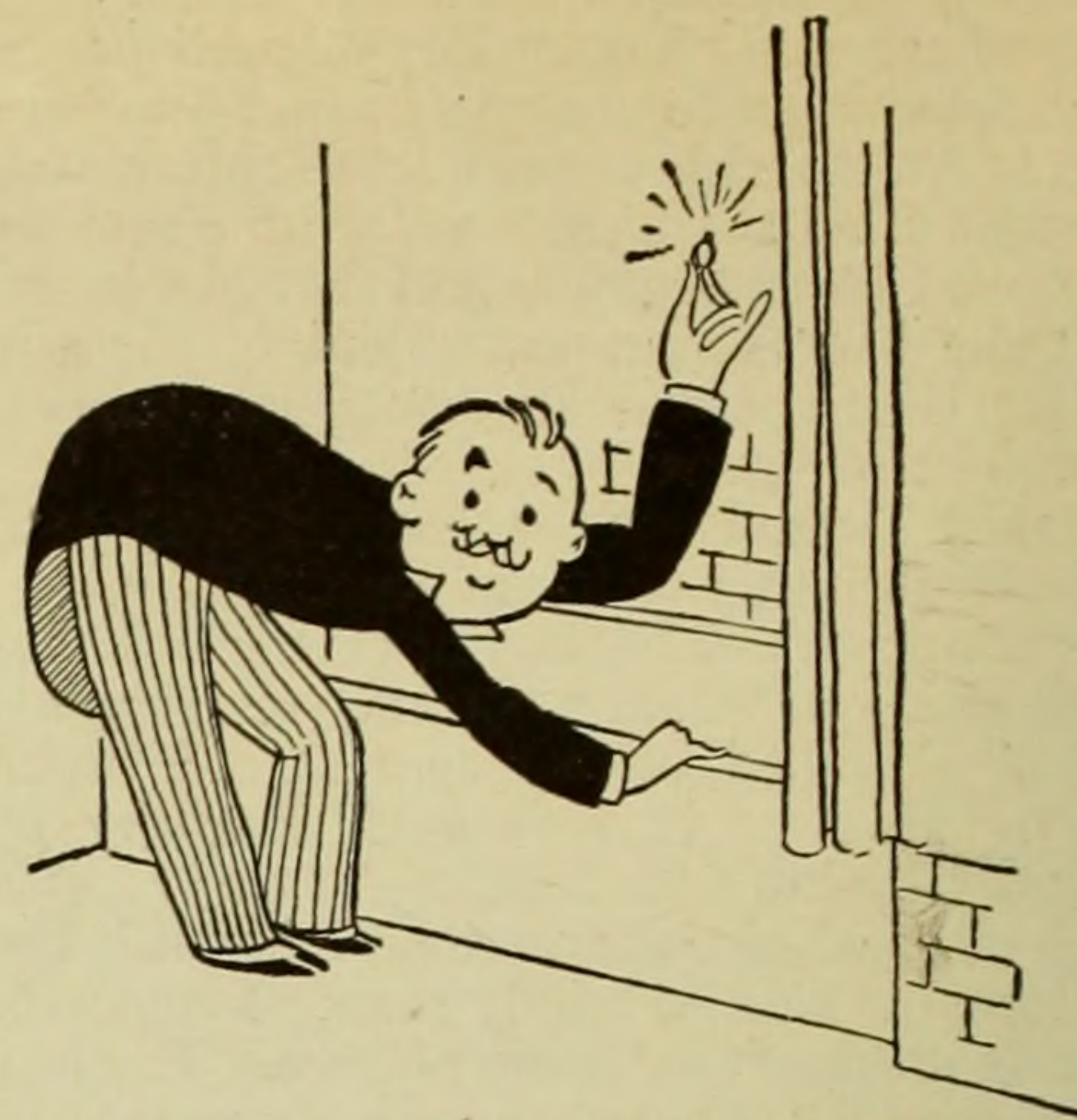
They spoke the same language fairly fluently. They had some mutual friends.

That was all very well and good, and I was a sucker and took some of the long-shot money. I had a hunch the thing might come off, and I played it.

They are both such swell people—I figured that each could sink a little of their enormous egos for the common good, and make a merry match of it.

You give a little—I'll give a little—that's the way the marriage racket goes.

But I was a boob. What I'd forgotten was



\$3,000 RING found in bath tub

THIS departing guest was frantic: A \$3,000 diamond ring lost—and he couldn't wait to look for it. With agony in his voice, he called the United Manager. Three hours go by. The guest has gone, but the manager is still on the job.

A wild idea—the Manager pokes a flash-light down the bath tub drain—there's a faint sparkle—plumbers arrive, the drain gives up a \$3,000 ring.

Another true story proving that United Managers do the impossible in finding lost articles. This extra service costs the hotel money? Yes, but what of it. Extra service is taken for granted at United Hotels, just like larger rooms per dollar—and handy garage accommodations.

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- ROCHESTER, N. Y. The Seneca
- NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. The Niagara
- ERIE, PA. The Lawrence
- AKRON, OHIO. The Portage
- FLINT, MICH. The Durant
- KANSAS CITY, MO. The President
- TUCSON, ARIZ. El Conquistador
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The St. Francis
- SHREVEPORT, LA. The Washington-Youree
- NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Roosevelt
- NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Bienville
- TORONTO, ONT. The King Edward
- NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Clifton
- WINDSOR, ONT. The Prince Edward
- KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I. . . . The Constant Spring



that they were too old to give and not take. Ina was set in her imperious, queenly ways—Jack, moody and ego-centric and a bit mad, in his'n.

I lost my dough. I don't mind that so much, in spite of hard times. What I do mind is that two charming people let me and twenty million others down flat.

And consarn and dingbust it, I'm sorry for their sakes, for two more interesting folks never flipped a nifty.

AHOY and avast, mates—two self-centered units couldn't combine, that was all. They'd passed years of marital discretion.

Ina found herself, once the moonlight had worn off, hitched to an impetuous, dizzy schoolboy who laughed, pouted and raved by turns.

And Jack, to his dismay, discovered that in the palace of Ina Claire, queen of New York's uptown wits, there was room for only one throne—and that was hers.

The wonder isn't that they split in a few months. The wonder is that they didn't beat each other's brains out.

For the big egos simply wouldn't give in—and the Devil chuckled and chalked up another goose-egg on the matrimonial scoreboard!

Well, being regular people and not Hollywood monkeys like a lot I could name (and would for a couple of rubles), both have behaved mighty well.

Ina mildly filed suit for divorce, charging good old "mental cruelty," which means anything from pouting at breakfast to eating soda crackers in bed. Jack, like a little major, said nothing.

Ina intimated that some of the mental cruelty consisted in Jack's saying that she was "too intelligent."

That's the tipoff. I can picture it—can't you? Jack, raging and storming, and the glacial, self-possessed Ina answering him with unanswerable logic and not emotional tornadoes. Why, that's the answer in the shell of a nut, and a small one at that! The stormy Gilbert just hasn't any answers for the mental machine-gunning of a girl like Claire. It's nothing against him.

I dare say there's hardly a man alive who could go up against Ina at her rapier-like best and finish better than second!

No financial settlement. No raised voices, no rancour. No cheap publicity. Neither really needs the other's dollarinos. Gilbert has raked in a million dollars worth of blue chips from Metro in the last two years, at \$10,000 a week, and Ina's been in the big money since she put up her hair.

It was all very nice, and quiet.

And what now?

OH, Ina will get along great. She always has and always will. Jack's contract is up this fall, and his fate is in doubt. There's been a lot of boloney about the worthlessness of his talkie voice.

It's all right! He gave a grand performance in "Gentleman's Fate," and he'll give plenty more before he's washed up and ready for the Actor's Home.

A fine actor. They'll go just dandy in single harness.

And here's a hunch. Jack, behaving beautifully in Hollywood, is reliably reported to be still hunting for a woman with the charm, beauty and intelligence of Ina Claire.

Isn't it heart-breaking that they couldn't make it go?

No little baby-faced nitwit with the mind of a stuffed doll is going to satisfy Gilbert from now on. He's lived with the best!

Well, good luck, sweet people! It's all a darned shame.

But if you'll excuse a little personality, my sorrow is not unmixed with hope. There may be a chance for me, once more. Even my worst friends know that I've been in love with Ina Claire for years!

62^d Prize

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Mrs. Charles T. Adams, Chicago.

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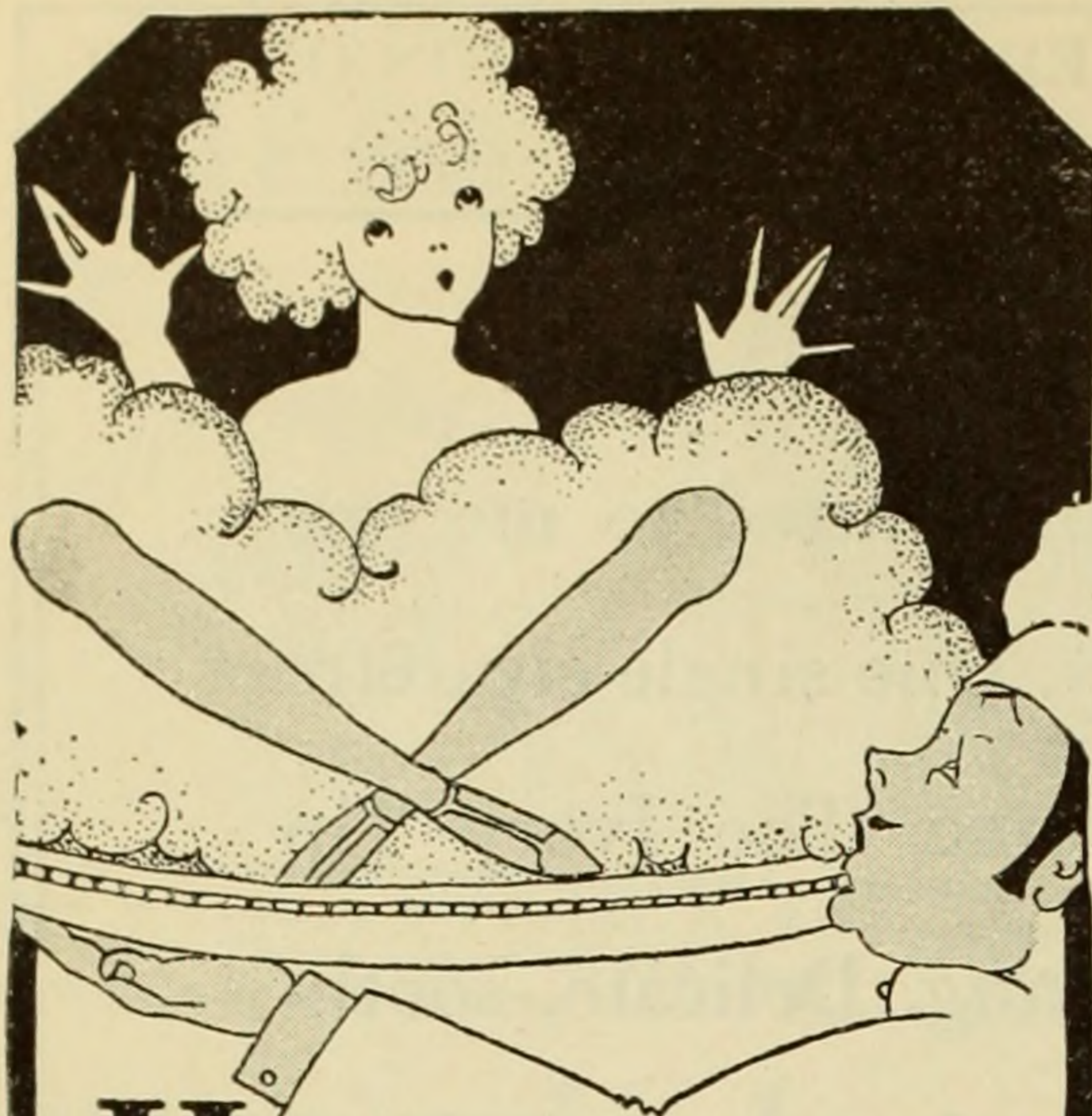
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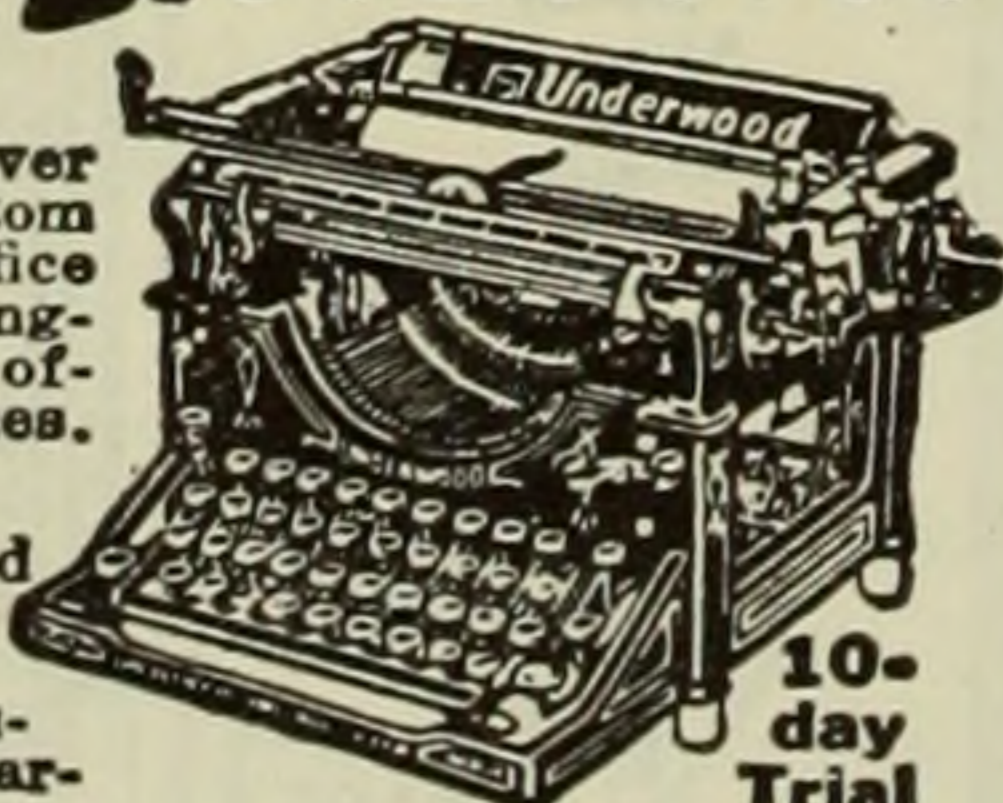
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured rôle. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (Aug.)

★ **STAR WITNESS, THE**—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia.—Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (July)

★ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathé.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)

TEXAS RANGER, THE—Columbia.—Carmelita Geraghty is the gal, Buck Jones the hero. (July)

3 LOST GIRLS—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

THREE LOVES—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich is the only reason for seeing this three-year-old German silent. (Aug.)

THREE WHO LOVED—Radio Pictures.—Excellent acting by Betty Compson and Conrad Nagel in a production that suffers from too much story. (Aug.)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodramatic plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (Sept.)

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures.—The same old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis wears swell clothes. (Aug.)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures. Risqué but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Tiffany.—A Western in old swashbuckling style, nothing new but good entertainment. Ken Maynard and horse! (Aug.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

UPPER UNDERWORLD—First National.—Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (July)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Paramount.—Young love and its struggles neatly handled by Norman Foster, as a young author, and his wife, played by Carole Lombard. Sprightly dialogue. (July)

★ **VICE SQUAD, THE**—Paramount.—Besides being something that will keep you interested, this is a picture you'll think about. Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson are excellent. (July)

VIKING, THE—Varick Frissell Production.—A picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. Good photography. (Aug.)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures.—An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (July)

★ **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—Universal.—It's morbid, yes, but it's intelligent and honest screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

WHITE SHOULDERS—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's dramatic story makes an interesting picture. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez form the triangle. (July)

WILD HORSE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's approval, all in one handsome gesture. (Sept.)

WILD WEST WHOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (June)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A—RKO-Pathé.—Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (July)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany-Cruze.—Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (Sept.)

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount.—Producers wasted their time and that of Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

WOMEN MEN MARRY—Headline Prod.—Don't take this picture too seriously and you may not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (July)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—Fox.—Another grand Will Rogers' film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (July)

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—Radio Pictures.—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)



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Falling Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

Robert Yore, her new leading man before she became aware of him. She wouldn't have even then but for Sam Alwein—and Lili Hajos.

Lili had turned in another good picture. Segne Cleve saw it the night it was previewed at the Alexander Theater, in Glendale. She recognized it as better than good. It probably would be hailed as one of the Ten Best of the Year. The Hungarian, Segne recognized as she sat alone in the darkness of the theater, had developed amazingly. And the story and direction were both excellent.

She had no personal feelings about either the picture or the actress, beyond a faint interest. Her presence at the preview was an accident. The Alexander, far removed from Hollywood as it was, happened to be one of her favorite spots. She was so safe from any chance of being recognized in her tweed disguise.

But the next morning when she arrived in her dressing-room to make up, her maid said:

"MR. YORE has been here twice this morning. He wants to see you. He says it's awful important."

"Mr. Yore?" The name meant nothing to her.

"Yes. Your leading man. He's all excited." And as a timid knock sounded on the door, "I guess that's him now."

"Show him in," Segne ordered and sat down at her make-up table.

Robert Yore was tall, dark and slim. His brown eyes were soft. He had a tiny mustache. His smile was appealing. But he wasn't smiling now.

"Miss Cleve," he plunged, "I've got to know why I've been unsatisfactory to you. I know I'm not well known. When I got the part, I knew it was the opportunity of a lifetime. Every actor prays for the chance to act opposite you. And I thought I was doing all right till this morning—"

She motioned for him to stop.

"Sit down, please," she said and picked up a cigarette and accepted the light he offered. "What about this morning?"

In the act of sitting down, he stared at her.

"Why, I was notified that I've been taken out of the part." Tears welled in his eyes. "It wouldn't have been so bad if I had never been given it. But to get it and then have it taken away—why, Miss Cleve, I'll never get another chance in pictures. I'll be branded as a flop."

She eyed him levelly through the smoke of her cigarette. There was something about him that made her think of Padraic Westbrook.

Padraic, soul brother of Pan and Puck, and Pandora, their sister—

"There has been a mistake," she told him, "I'm sure. Don't worry about it. You'll play the part."

He thanked her effusively, almost tearfully—which threatened to destroy the illusion. Padraic never thanked anybody for anything. When he went away, she sent for John Broadwell.

"WHAT'S the idea of taking the part away from Mr. Yore?" she asked him.

"It's Mr. Alwein's," he told her. "He saw Lili Hajos' new picture last night and he thought Yore was too light to play opposite you." Broadwell grinned. "He told me you needed every bit of help Mammoth can give you."

John Broadwell watched her, smiling. He expected an explosion. But she gave no sign. She sat there in her old tweed suit and blue beret, smoking her cigarette. She took a long last pull and tamped it out in the ash tray. Then she got up from her seat.



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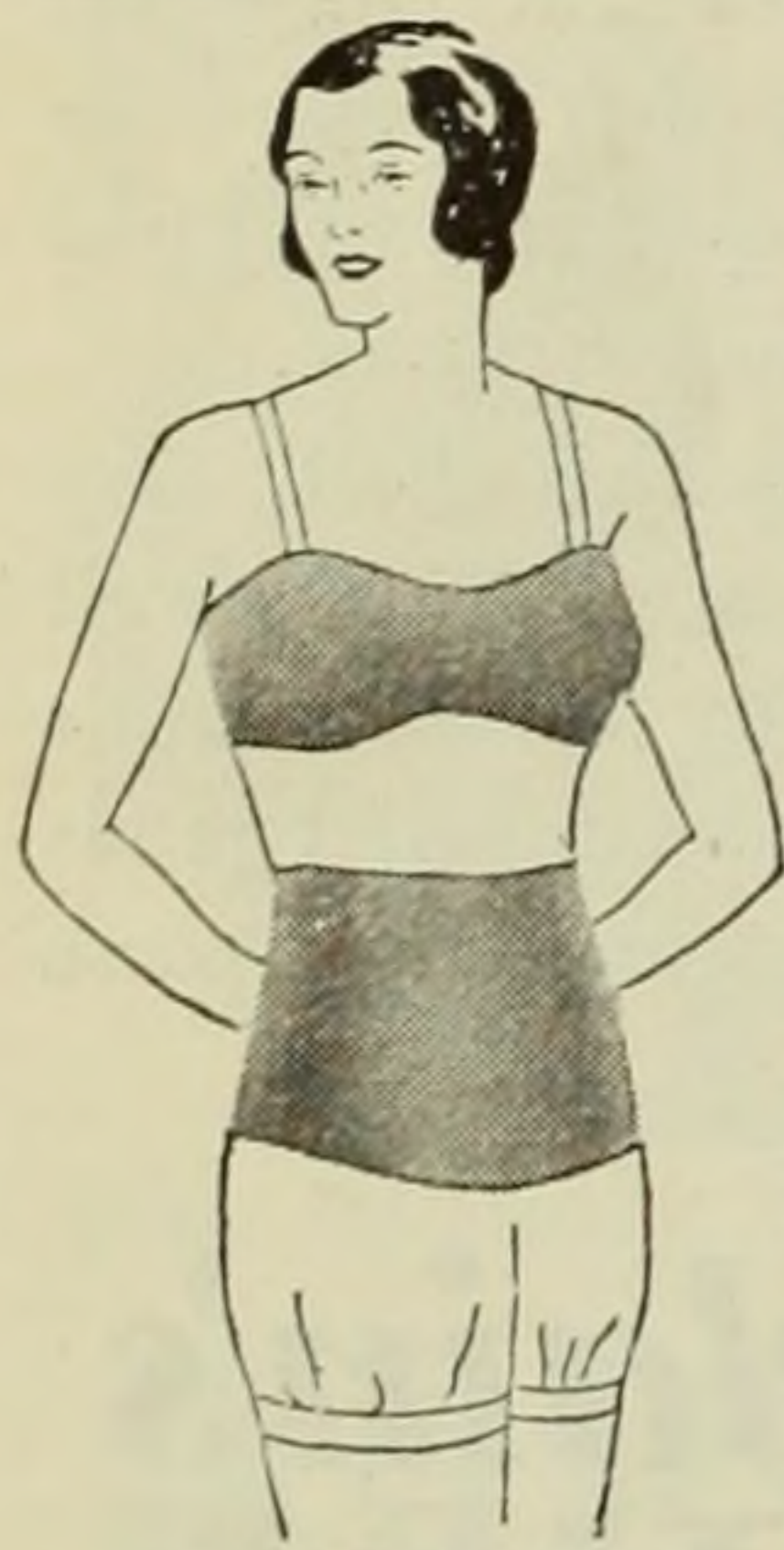
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"Tell Mr. Alwein," she said, "that Mr. Yore is just the help I need. And I don't appreciate Mr. Alwein's at all. As a casting director, he's a splendid general manager—maybe. And I don't feel like working today. And Lili Hajos holds onto her lines too long. And I'm not going to argue with him. When he decides to put Mr. Yore back, tell him to send me a telegram. Until then, he can go to blazes."

Sam Alwein quivered with indignation when he got her message. What? One of his actresses refusing to do what he told her? Get Miss Cleve on the telephone. He'd talk to her himself. But he didn't. A booming and emotionless Swedish voice burst out of the receiver with the information that, "Miss Cleve is busy. No, she won't talk to Mr. Alwein. She says to tell him to send her a telegram."

Sam Alwein sent the telegram. Segne Cleve, glancing over it indifferently, held it in her hand and wondered what it was about Robert Yore that reminded her of Padraic Westbrook.

* * *

IN the morning, when Hilda laid out the old tweed suit, the battered blue beret and the walking shoes, Segne Cleve eyed them distastefully.

"I'm tired of those rags," she said. "Find me something soft and feminine."

Robert Yore's gratitude pleased her. When he spoke, softly and humbly, she smiled and told herself that he looked and acted enough like Padraic to have been his twin. Which was sheer delusion. Yore no more resembled Padraic than a parrot does an eagle. It was a symptom of the love that hit her suddenly like a bolt from the blue sky of her casual indifference.

And it was characteristic of Yore that he grasped the fact immediately and proceeded to take advantage of it.

Segne Cleve in love with Robert Yore! He saw his name in lights on the Main Street of every town in the world.

So a new Segne Cleve appeared in Hollywood. She was a well-groomed Segne Cleve, rising out of the heap that was her old tweed suit.

She was a sociable Segne Cleve, who entertained and went places to openings and things. Never, it is true, alone. Always with Robert Yore, her leading man.

What was the use, asked Robert Yore of his image in the glass, as he admired the arch of his own eyebrows, of having a woman fall for you, if you couldn't advertise her fall?

Especially when the woman was Segne Cleve!

Certainly they went places. Every place that it was good for Robert Yore to be.

It was thus she learned what a celebrity she was. She encountered the silent, awesome pause that greeted her every entrance, the strong flattery of her charms and her position as the screen's greatest actress, the mirror of her beautiful self in the eyes of others. And she savoured the sweetness of it all and craved even more of it.

The happy, warm, animated beauty of a woman in love flowered from the bud that had been Segne Cleve's cold, taciturn and indifferent self.

EARLY one Sunday morning, Segne Cleve, in a green sports costume, and Robert Yore, sped southward in her new, shiny sports roadster toward Santa Monica for a look and a breath of her beloved sea.

She swung the roadster off the highway into a parking place from which they could see miles of beach, and beyond it the restless ocean.

Mackerel clouds scudded across the blue sky. Graceful gray gulls rose and soared and glided down to be cradled in the waves.

"Darling," she whispered, "isn't it beautiful? Are you very, very sure you love me?"

Robert Yore took her hand (Padraic West-

brook would have glared at her) and reverently kissed it.

"I never knew what love was," he said, "till I met you." (Padraic would have snarled, "Hell, yes!" But Robert *did* look like Padraic.) "I would give my life for you," went on Robert.

"KISS me, then," she said, and closed her eyes so that Robert Yore might for an instant become Padraic Westbrook.

He kissed her lingeringly, and sighed.

"You're gorgeous!" he murmured. "You're as wonderful a woman as you are an actress. I wish I dared say something to you."

"What is it, dear?"

"It's about Broadwell, your director. Segne, you let him get away with murder. He's taking the kick out of our biggest scenes. He keeps me in the background. Of course, I realize I'm only a foil for you. You're what the people want to see. But the more love-making I do, the more thrill the audience will get. After all, I'm the man and the man should dominate."

Segne Cleve shuddered and reluctantly opened her eyes and gazed seaward. She was furiously angry. What did it matter how a scene was played? It was nothing but make-believe. And Robert had a peculiar idea of the fitness of things. Of all times to bring up business, he had to choose the moment he had just kissed her. She turned and looked at him, anger glowing icily in her eyes. But his eyes were full of her.

"I'm only telling you for your own good," he said. "You'll forgive me, won't you? Segne, I hate to see anyone taking advantage of you."

Of course. She smiled and patted his hand. He was right. She could see, now that he called her attention to it, that John Broadwell was bungling. She would take it up with him in the morning.

She looked out over the sea and her gaze was wistful. Padraic, she thought, would never think of anything but love when he was making love.

Padraic was so concentrated. But Padraic was dead—

* * *

WHEN she sauntered onto the stage the next morning, she was dynamite swathed in silk. But John Broadwell did not know that. The scene they were to shoot was the pivotal scene of the story, the one in which she would lure the hero to her apartment and make love to him, reclining on a divan.

John Broadwell, watching her as she walked onto the set wrapped in her sheer, daring negligée, knew he had never seen her look so beautiful. The halo of her blonde hair seemed alive.

Her eyes were slumbrous, her full lips trembled as if on the verge of surrender, her walk was undulating.

When she took her place on the divan, every line of her body was accentuated by her silken costume.

And Robert Yore was a perfect foil. He was probably the handsomest actor in Hollywood. And the weakness so apparent in his face would help to put over the fact that he was easy game for her, something his acting could never do. Yore, Broadwell realized with awe, was probably the worst actor he had ever directed.

"All right," he said, "let's walk through it. You know the lines and the business. Miss Cleve, you don't care anything for this man. But you want him to think you do. Just the hint of emotion. You're promising him. But, when he kisses you, your feelings get out of control. Let's go."

And the dynamite exploded. Before the startled eyes of the director, the players awaiting their cues, the electricians and the "grips," Segne Cleve and Robert Yore played that scene so amateurishly and grotesquely that it looked and sounded like a cruel burlesque.

Segne Cleve's bosom heaved. Her eye widened. Her mouth spread in a silly smirk. Her voice was babyish.

She acted like a fifty-year-old woman trying to pass for sixteen.

YORE struck attitudes, his dialogue was declaimed in chest tones. He was the conquering male.

So terrible was the performance that John Broadwell got angry.

"Cut out the horse-play," he barked. "Play the scene right. Let's try it again."

They tried it again and this time they were even worse. Gradually it dawned upon the director that they were both serious. His anger increased.

"Miss Cleve," his voice was soft and cutting. "You're too old a trouper to play any scene that way. It's ridiculous. Let me show you."

Segne Cleve sat up and pulled her negligée about her.

"You're bungling the picture," she declared coldly. "People have noticed it. Now I'm through taking your direction. I'm through taking anybody's direction. For four years I've been living the way a cracked artist told me to live. He taught me that an actor was nothing but a sounding board, a monkey-on-a-stick that danced when somebody pulled the string. He said that was all an actor was good for. He made me believe that it didn't matter what happened to me as long as I got the message of beauty across."

Her voice grew suddenly shrill. "He lied! I'm more than a monkey-on-a-stick! I'm a human being! And the things that happen to me are the only things that matter. Nothing else is important. From now on, I'm playing my scenes as I feel them. And if you don't want to direct me, someone else will!"

John Broadwell stared at her, open-mouthed. He looked at Robert Yore and saw the faint sneer on his face that betrayed the conspirator who has inveigled someone else into saying the thing he doesn't dare say himself. He knew that Segne Cleve thought she was in love with this ham actor, who was taking advantage of her love.

"Okay, Miss Cleve." He at length broke the stunned silence. "We'll shoot it as you feel it from now on. Lights."

* * *

IT percolated through the Mammoth walls. It permeated into other studios. It rose in a miasmatic mist, like poison gas, along the boulevards, that "Lovers and Sons" was going to be a flop and Segne Cleve's long reign as a star was over.

Lili Hajos, the Hungarian, the gossip had it, would take her place.

Segne Cleve, herself, heard it in several places, but she merely shrugged her shoulders. Of course, it wasn't true. And even if it were, it wasn't important. She was sick of work. In a month or so, when they were through shooting on the picture, she and Robert were going down to Palm Springs to forget it.

One morning, made up early, she slipped down to Robert Yore's dressing-room to surprise him with a kiss before the day's work began.

She paused, her hand raised to knock, for Robert was speaking passionately.

"You're gorgeous!" he was saying. "I never knew what love was till I met you!"

"But Segne Cleve?" a woman's voice asked. "What about her?"

"Oh, Segne Cleve," said Robert scornfully. "I can't help it if she's in love with me. But I'd be a fool to throw away my chances. The whole picture swings around me now. I'll be playing opposite Lili Hajos next. And then I'll be starred. Kiss me, hon. Please—"

Very softly she returned to her dressing-room and sat down and lit a cigarette. She felt as though she had been awakened from

a sound sleep by a bucket of cold water. But she had awakened sane—and indifferent. So Robert Yore had been using her. Well, that was fair enough.

She didn't blame him. Hollywood was Hollywood.

Thinking of Hollywood, she felt a faint dart of fear. They thought she was through. Looking back on the last two weeks, she remembered the look in their eyes. That expectant look, like that of a wolf pack waiting for its trapped prey to weaken and sink to the ground. Or Hollywood screen players, watching the inevitable downward swoop of a falling star.

MAYBE she had failed. No, she believed they could still save "Lovers and Sons." When the assistant director knocked at her door to call her on set, she told him to send John Broadwell to her.

"I'll be good," she smiled at him when he came in and stood looking uncertainly at her. "Was I pretty awful, John?" Her indifferent gaze did not attempt to evade his.

"So you are all over it!" He grinned slowly. "I'll say you were awful! 'Lovers and Sons' is just about a mess. Gee, Segne, I waited a long time for you to snap out of it. I was beginning to think you never would. We'll have to spend about a month on retakes."

"You're the boss, John, from now on. They've got me buried already in this town. You've got to dig me out. I'm about due for a resurrection."

Robert Yore was beside himself. No one consulted him about the retakes. The first he knew of them was when he got orders to change his costume for a retake of the scene in which she makes love to him. He strode into her dressing-room.

"Look here, Segne!" he stormed, "what's the idea of retaking that scene? It was perfect. Why, in it I did some of the best work of my career!"

Segne took a puff on her cigarette and smiled at him through its smoke.

"About that career of yours, Robert," she said thoughtfully, "with your looks and your idea of what women owe you, I'd say it lay among the yearning wealthy women of New York, or London, or Paris, or Berlin—or even Hollywood. You see, Robert," her low voice crackled like a bull whip, "I overheard you talking to that woman in your dressing-room this morning."

* * *

ROBERT YORE, like many men before him, learned that the woman he had held so lightly was the thing he wanted most in all the world, the thing he could not do without.

But his chances were gone—forever. He had this burned into him as he worked in "Lovers and Sons," to the end which was so triumphant for her and so bitter for him.

The night the first-night audience rose cheering at the picture's close, proclaiming it Segne Cleve's greatest, he slunk away and sought refuge in a swanky speakeasy on Sunset Boulevard.

Leaving it at three in the morning, he staggered in front of a taxicab and suddenly found all his problems solved and his heartache soothed—in death.

At noon Segne Cleve, lolling in her negligée in her bedroom, picked the morning paper out of the mound of congratulatory telegrams, and read of his passing. She stared at the purple hills for a long time, calm, emotionless.

"Hilda," she ordered at last, "I want my old tweed suit and the blue beret, the wool stockings and my walking shoes. And my felt hat."

And, when the grim, silent Swedish woman had laid them out for her, she said, "You know, Hilda, an actor is just a sounding board—a monkey-on-a-stick that dances when someone pulls the strings. It doesn't matter what happens to you or me as long as we get the message of beauty across."

"Yah," said Hilda, who didn't know at all.



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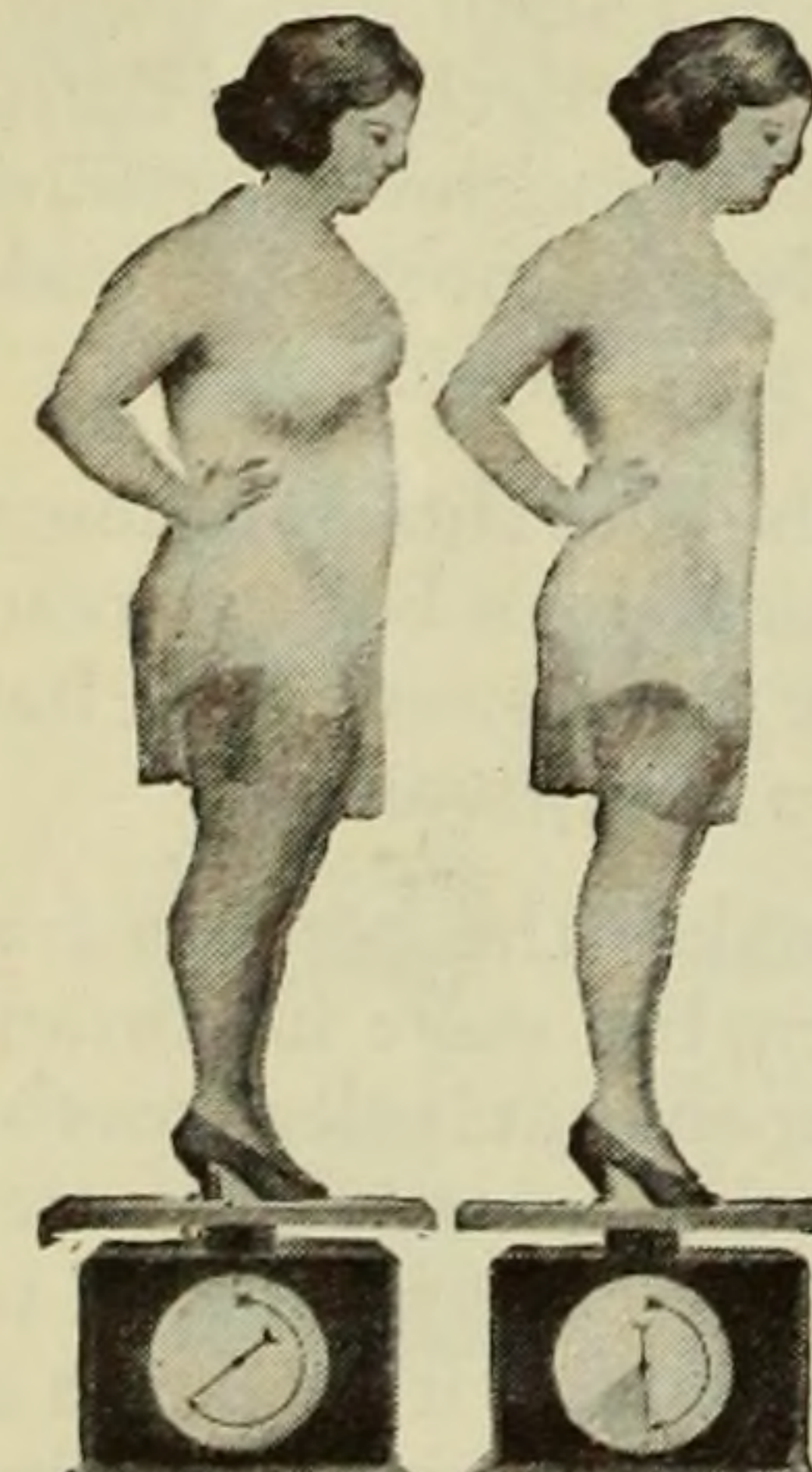
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AGE FOR LOVE, THE"—CADD0.—Story by Ernest Pascal. Adaptation by Ernest Pascal. Dialogue by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Photography by Harry Fischbeck. The cast: Jean Hurd, Billie Dove; Dudley Crone, Charles Starrett; Sylvia Pearson, Lois Wilson; Horace Keats, Edward Everett Horton; Nina Donnel, Mary Duncan; Jess Aldrich, Adrian Morris; Dot Aldrich, Betty Ross Clarke; Floyd Evans, Jed Prouty; Eleonor, Joan Standing; Mr. Pearson, Charles Sellon; Annie, Alice Moe; The Poet, Andre Beranger; Grace, Vivian Oakland; Jules, Count Pierre De Ramey; Pamela, Cecil Cunningham.

"BRANDED"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Randall Faye. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: Tom Dale, Buck Jones; Lou, Ethel Kenyon; Starett, Wallace MacDonald; First Sheriff, Philo McCullough; Moore, Al Smith; Swede, John Oscar; Tex, Bob Kortman; Second Sheriff, Fred Burns.

"BUSINESS AND PLEASURE"—FOX.—From the novel "The Plutocrat" by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by William Conselman and Gene Towne. Directed by David Butler. The cast: Earl Tinker, Will Rogers; Mme. Momora, Jetta Goudal; Laurence Ogle, Joel McCrea; Mrs. Tinker, Dorothy Peterson; Olivia Tinker, Peggy Ross; Arthur Jones, Cyril Ring; Wackstle, Jed Prouty.

"DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Sax Rohmer. Screen play by Lloyd Corrigan and Monte Katterjohn. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: Ling Moy, Anna May Wong; Fu Manchu, Warner Oland; Ah Kee, Sessue Hayakawa; Ronald Patrie, Bramwell Fletcher; Joan Marshall, Frances Dade; Sir John, Holmes Herbert; Morloff, Nicholas Soussanin.

"EXPRESS 13"—UFA.—From the story by Rudolph Katscher and Egon Eis. Directed by Alfred Zeisler. The cast: Herbert Schmitt, Heinz Koenecke; Ella, his wife, Fee Malten; Dorit, a mysterious blonde, Charlotte Susa; Slick Urban, Ludwig Anderson; Gaspar, Chief of the Political Police, Alfred Beierle; Terry, his Assistant, Victor Schwannecke.

"FANNY FOLEY HERSELF"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: Fanny Foley, Edna May Oliver; Seely, Hobart Bosworth; Lucy, Florence Roberts; Carmen, Rochelle Hudson; Lenore, Helen Chandler; Teddy, John Darrow; Burns, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Crosby, Harry O. Stubbs.

"FRIENDS AND LOVERS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel by Maurice de Kobra. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Captain Roberts, Adolphe Menjou; Alva Sangrito, Lily Damita; Lieut. Nichols, Laurence Olivier; Victor Sangrito, Eric Von Stroheim; McNellis, Hugh Herbert; General Armstrong, Frederick Kerr; Lady Alice, Blanche Frederici; Ivanhoff, Vadim Uraneff; Non Com, Lal Chand Mehra; French Maid, Yvonne D'Arcy; French Bar-maid, Kay Deslys; English Bar-maid, Dorothy Wolbert.

"GAY DIPLOMAT, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the screen play by Benn W. Levy. Adapted by Doris Anderson. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: Diana Dorchy, Genevieve Tobin; Baroness Corri, Betty Compton; Captain Orloff, Ivan Lebedeff; Blinis, Ilka Chase; Colonel Gorin, Purnell Pratt; Natalie, Rita La Roy; Gamble, Colin Campbell; Ambassador, Edward Martindel; The Suave Man, Arthur Edmund Carew.

"GRAFT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Barry Barringer. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Dusty, Regis Toomey; Constance, Sue Carol; Pearl, Dorothy Revier; Terry, Boris Karloff; Thomas, William Davidson; Harrison, Richard Tucker; Scudder, Willard Robertson; Speed, Harold Goodwin; Hall, George Irving; Secretary, Carmelita Geraghty.

"GUARDSMAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Ferenc Molnar. Adapted by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: The Actor, Alfred Lunt; The Actress, Lynn Fontanne; The Critic, Roland Young; Liesl, ZaSu Pitts; "Mama," Maude Eburne; A Creditor, Herman Bing.

"HARD HOMBRE, THE"—ALLIED.—From the story by John Francis Natteford. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: Peaceful Patton, Hoot Gibson; Senora Martinez, Lina Basquette; Senora Romero, Matilde Comont; Mrs. Patton, Jessie Arnold; Joe Barlow, G. Raymond Nye; Sheriff, Christian Frank; Ade, Jack Byron; Hard Hombre, Frank Winkleman; Juan, Fernando Ealvez; Maw, Rose Gore; Slim, Bill Robbins.

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Mark Twain. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by

Norman Taurog. The cast: Tom Sawyer, Jackie Coogan; Huckleberry Finn, Junior Durkin; Becky Thatcher, Mitzi Green; Sid Sawyer, Jackie Searl; Jim, Clarence Muse; Aunt Polly, Clara Blandick; Widow Douglas, Jane Darwell; Junior, Eugene Pallette; Senior, Oscar Apfel; Finn, Warner Richmond; Mary Jane, Charlotte V. Henry; Ella, Doris Short; Miss Minnie Watson, Lillian Harner; Mrs. Thatcher, Cecil Weston; Judge Thatcher, Guy Oliver; Abigail Prentice, Aileen Manning; Male Teacher, Frank McGlynn.

"IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE"—UFA.—Adapted by Robert Liebmann and Karl Hartl. Directed by Gustav Ucicky. The cast: Anna, Liane Haid; Hans Ritter, Gustav Frohlich; Franz Lechner, H. A. Schlettow; Reisleitner, Karl Gerhardt; Tenor, Cavara.

"LARCENY LANE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Bert, James Cagney; Ann, Joan Blondell; Dan, Louis Calhern; Helen, Noel Francis; Joe, Ray Milland; Jewelry Salesman, Guy Kibbee; Peggy, Polly Walters; Motor Cop, Nat Pendleton; Bell-hop, Ray Cooke; Lee, Walter Percival.

"LAST FLIGHT, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel "Single Lady" by John Monk Saunders. Directed by Wilhelm Dieterle. The cast: Cary Lockwood, Richard Barthelmess; Bill Talbot, John Mack Brown; Nikki, Helen Chandler; The Outsider, Frink, Walter Byron; Francis, Elliott Nugent; Shep Lambert, David Manners.

"MEN ARE LIKE THAT" (also shown under the title "Arizona")—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Augustus Thomas. Adapted by Robert Riskin. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: Evelyn, Laura La Plante; Denton, John Wayne; Bonita, June Clyde; Colonel Bonham, Forrest Stanley; Conchita, Nena Quartaro; Dot, Susan Fleming; Peggy, Loretta Sayers; Hank, Hugh Cummings.

"MONKEY BUSINESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by S. J. Perleman and Will B. Johnstone. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: Groucho, Groucho Marx; Harpo, Harpo Marx; Chico, Chico Marx; Zeppo, Zeppo Marx; Lucille, Thelma Todd; Gibson, the First Mate, Tom Kennedy; Mary Helton, Ruth Hall; Joe Helton, Rockliffe Fellows; Capt. Corcoran, Ben Taggart; Second Mate, Otto Fries; Manicurist, Evelyn Pierce; Opera Singer, Maxine Castle; Briggs, Harry Woods.

"MOTHER AND SON"—MONOGRAM PROD.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: "Faro" Lil, the Mother, Clara Kimball Young; Jeff Payton, the Son, Bruce Warren; Joe Connors, Gordon Wood; Maurine Winfield, Mildred Golden; Mr. Winfield, John Elliott; Jameson, Ernest Hilliard; Faro Dealer, "Steamboat" Simon; A Broker, Thomas A. Curran; A Barber, "Cheyenne" Musselman.

"MURDER AT MIDNIGHT"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by W. Scott Darling. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Montrose, Hale Hamilton; Mrs. Kennedy, Aileen Pringle; Inspector Taylor, Robert Elliott; Grayson, Leslie Fenton; Millie Scripps, Alice White; Lawrence, Brandon Hurst; Aunt Julia, Clara Blandick; Colton, William Humphries; Mr. Kennedy, Kenneth Thomson; Channing, Robert Ellis.

"PALMY DAYS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Eddie Cantor, Morrie Ryskind and David Freedman. Continuity by Keene Thompson. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Eddie Simpson, Eddie Cantor; Helen Martin, Charlotte Greenwood; Joan Clark, Barbara Weeks; Mr. Clark, Spencer Charters; Steve, Paul Page; Yolando, Charles Middleton; Cake Eater, Walter Catlett; Plug Moynihan, Harry Woods; Joe, George Raft.

"PARDON US"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—Supervised by Hal Roach. Directed by James Parrott. The cast: Stan, Stan Laurel; Oliver, Oliver Hardy; Warden, Wilfred Lucas; Tiget, Walter Long; Warden's Daughter, June Marlowe; Instructor, James Finlayson.

"PRIVATE SCANDAL, A"—HEADLINE PROD.—From the story by John Francis Natteford. Directed by C. Hutchison. The cast: Mary Gale, Marian Nixon; Daniel Treve, Lloyd Hughes; Rita Grey, Lucille Powers; Matthew Grey, Theodore Von Eltz; Honest John, Walter Hiers; Count Raymond d'Alencourt, Fletcher Norton; "Eddie," Eddie Phillips; George, George Wells.

"ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE"—WARNERS.—Based on the play by Roland Pertwee. Story by Denise Robins. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Hugh Dawltry, William Powell; Philippa, Doris Kenyon; Rene, Marian Marsh; Mrs. Wey-Smith, Allison Skipworth; Wey-Smith, Lumsden Hare; Dr. George March, Louis Calhern; Mrs. Everard, Ethe

Griffies; *Mr. Everard*, Arthur Clayton; *Dr. Muir*, A. E. Anson; *Simpson*, Douglas Gerrard; *Duckworth*, H. Reynolds; *Reginald*, Colin Campbell; *Khan*, Amar N. Sharma; *Ali*, Huspin Ansari; *Nikki*, Tyrrell Davis; *Ayah*, Margaret Martin.

"SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK"—M-G-M.—From the story by George Landy and Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Jules White and Zion Myers. The cast: *Harmon*, Buster Keaton; *Margie*, Anita Page; *Poggle*, Cliff Edwards; *Butch*, Frank Rowan; *Clipper*, Norman Phillips, Jr.; *Sergeant*, Frank La Rue; *Judge*, Oscar Apfel; *Mulvancy*, Sid Saylor; *Lefty*, Clark Marshall.

"SILENCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Max Marcin. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin. The cast: *Jim Warren*, Clive Brook; *Molly Burke*, Marjorie Rameau; *Mrs. Powers*, Peggy Shannon; *Norma Powers*, Peggy Shannon; *Arthur Lawrence*, Charles Starrett; *Harry Silvers*, John Wray; *Phil Powers*, Willard Robertson.

"SKYLINE"—FOX.—Based on the novel "East Side—West Side" by Felix Riesenber. Screen play by Kenyon Nicholson and Dudley Nichols. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Jim McClellan*, Thomas Meighan; *John Breen*, Hardie Albright; *Kathleen Kearny*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Captain Brien*, Stanley Fields; *Mike Kearny*, Jack Kennedy; *Paula Lambert*, Myrna Loy; *Jerry Gaige*, Donald Dillaway; *Mrs. Kearny*, Alice Ward; *Judge West*, Robert McWade; *Una*, Elda Vokel; *Rose Breen*, Dorothy Peterson; *Gilroy*, Lee Shumway; *Catfish*, Willie Best.

"SMART WOMAN"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "Nancy's Private Affair" by Myron C. Fagan. Adapted by Salisbury Fields. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Nancy*, Mary Astor; *Don*, Robert Ames; *Bill*, Edward Everett Horton; *Peggy*, Noel Francis; *Sally*, Ruth Weston; *Sir Guy*, John Halliday; *Mrs. Peterson*, Gladys Gale; *Brooks*, Alfred Cross; *Ellen*, Pearl Varvelle; *Mrs. Windleweaver*, Lillian Harmer.

"SPIDER, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano. Continuity by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by William Cameron Menzies and Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: *Chatrand*, Edmund Lowe; *Beverly Lane*, Lois Moran; *Alexander*, Howard Phillips; *Carrington*, Earle Foxe; *Ole*, El Brendel; *The Kid*, Kendall McComas; *Estelle*, Manya Roberti; *Tommy*, John Arledge; *Dr. Blackstone*, George E. Stone; *Inspector Riley*, Purnell Pratt; *Butch*, William Pawley; *Goldberg*, Jesse DeVorska; *Schmidt*, Warren Hymer; *Mrs. Wimbleton*, Ruth Donnelly.

"STREET SCENE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Elmer Rice. Adapted by Elmer Rice. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Rose*, Sylvia Sydney; *Sam*, William Collier, Jr.; *Abe Kaplan*, Max Montor; *Mr. Marrant*, David Landau; *Mrs. Marrant*, Estelle Taylor; *Sankey*, Russell Hopton; *Easter*, Louis Natheaux; *Mae Jones*, Greta Granstedt;

Emma Jones, Beulah Bondi; *George Jones*, T. H. Manning; *Vincent Jones*, Matthew McHugh; *Olga Olsen*, Adele Watson; *Karl Olsen*, John M. Qualen; *Shirley Kaplan*, Anna Kostant; *Alice Simpson*, Nora Cecil; *Willie Marrant*, Lambert Rogers; *Dick McGann*, Allan Fox; *Filippo Florentino*, George Humbert; *Greta Florentino*, Eleanor Wesselhoft; *Mary Hildebrand*, Virginia Davis; *Laura Hildebrand*, Helen Lovett; *Charlie Hildebrand*, Kenneth Seiling; *D. Buchanan*, Conway Washburne; *Dr. John Wilson*, Howard Russell; *Officer Harry Murphy*, Richard Powell; *Marshall James Henry*, Walter James; *Fred Cullen*, Harry Wallace.

"SUNDOWN TRAIL"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Robert F. Hill. Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: *Buck Sawyer*, Tom Keene; *Dorothy Beals*, Marion Shilling; *Flash Prescott*, Nick Stuart; *George Marston*, Hooper Atchley; *Joe Currier*, Stanley Blystone; *Jenny*, Louise Beavers; *Ma Stoddard*, Alma Chester; *Pa Stoddard*, William Welsh; *Judge Lawlor*, Murdock MacQuarrie.

"THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL"—UFA.—Based on the play "The Last Company." Directed by K. Bernhardt. The cast: *Captain Burk*, Conrad Veidt; *Dora*, Karin Evans; *The Miller*, Erwin Kalsar; *The Miller's Wife*, Else Heller; *The Maid*, Maria Pederson.

"UNHOLY GARDEN, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Barrington Hunt*, Ronald Colman; *Camille*, Fay Wray; *Hon. Mrs. Elize Mowbry*, Estelle Taylor; *Baron de Jonghe*, Tully Marshall; *Smiley Corbin*, Warren Hymer; *Colonel Von Axt*, Ullric Haupt; *Prince Nicolai Poliakoff*, Mischa Auer; *Captain Kruger*, Morgan Wallace; *Dr. Shayne*, Lawrence Grant; *Nick-the-Goose*, Henry Armetta; *Kid Twist*, Kit Guard; *Mme. Lucie Villars*, Lucille LaVerne; *Lautrac*, Arnold Korff; *Alfred, the Baron's Brother*, Charles Mailes; *Native Dancer*, Nadja.

"WEST OF BROADWAY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Ralph Graves and Bess Meredyth. Continuity by Gene Markey. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Jerry*, John Gilbert; *Axel*, El Brendel; *Dot*, Lois Moran; *Anne*, Madge Evans; *Mac*, Ralph Bellamy; *Judge Barham*, Frank Conroy; *Maizie*, Gwen Lee; *Mrs. Trent*, Hedda Hopper; *Barbara*, Ruth Rennick; *Buller*, Richard Carlyle; *Wing*, Willie Fung.

"WICKED"—FOX.—From the story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Continuity by Kenyon Nicholson and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Scott Burrows*, Victor McLaglen; *Margot Rande*, Elissa Landi; *Tony Rande*, Theodore Von Eltz; *June*, Una Merkel; *Blake*, Allan Dinehart; *Judge Luther*, Oscar Apfel; *Matron*, Blanche Payson; *Miss Peck*, Kathleen Kerrigan; *Stella*, Eileen Percy; *Arlene*, Mae Busch; *Mrs. Johnson*, Blanche Frederici; *Prisoner*, Lucille Williams; *Prisoner*, Alice Lake; *Fanny*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Luther*, Irene Rich.



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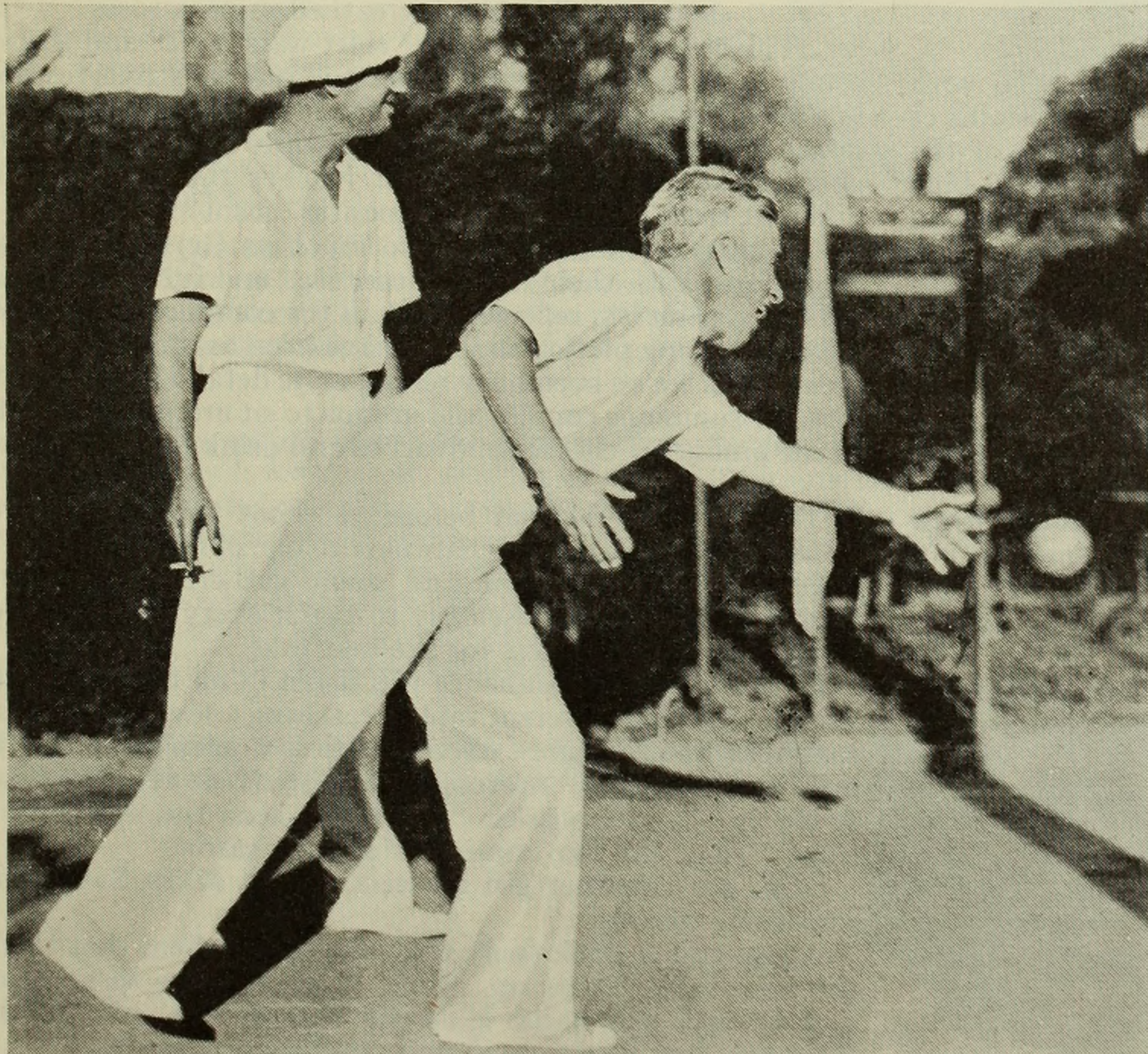
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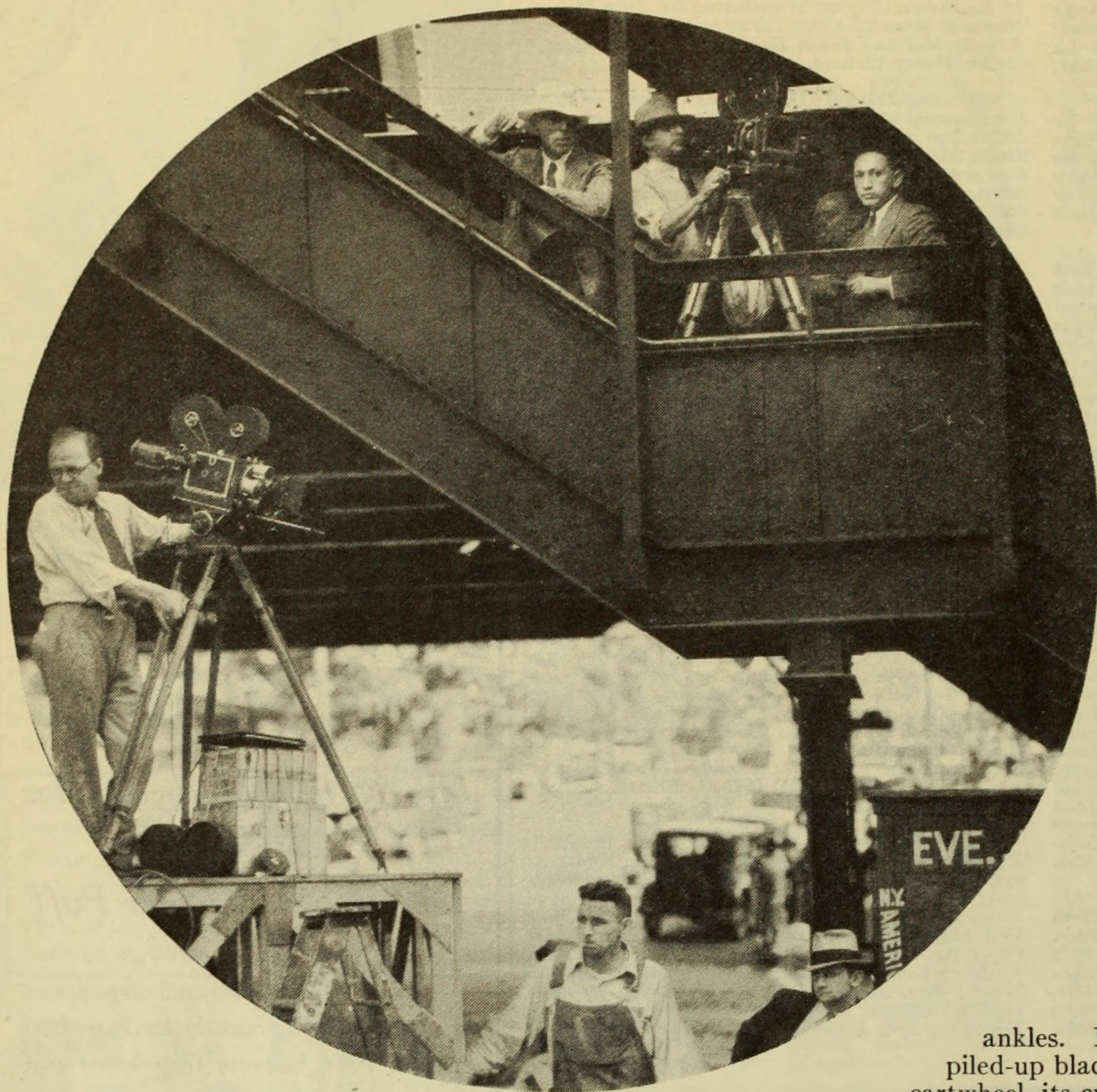
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Just a couple of the boys at their bowling, Maurice Chevalier, the host, watches Charlie Chaplin cut loose with a mean ball at Maurice's place at Cannes, on the French Riviera. Look at Charlie's white hair. And he's left-handed

A "Location" Ramble



Getting set up for a difficult location shot. D. W. Griffith, during the filming of "The Struggle," decided to get a scene of his leading lady, Zita Johann (from the New York stage), actually breasting a rush hour crowd on a New York elevated stairway. Miss Johann, in company with one or two other players, descended these stairs and met the tide of commuters flowing up them, with a resultant natural scene in which a woman in a hurry is pressed back by a crowd going in the opposite direction. Griffith, megaphone in hand, is on the stairway directing the setting of a camera to get the crowd as it approached the station

THE unpolished wooden dancing floor is crowded with motley couples, young and old, swaying to the strains of "Beautiful Ohio." The rude wooden covering of the dance pavilion is draped with gay red, white and blue banners. Great trees surround it with shade, stirring sleepily in the breeze.

The hundred or more extra players who take part in this "location" scene for D. W. Griffith's latest picture, which right now he is calling "The Struggle," don't seem to mind the heat of mid-afternoon. They hum the familiar popular tune of pre-war days as they weave in and out in a slow waltz.

But their hats do bother the girls. "Where *did* you get those hats?" I call to a group resting between scenes.

For answer, a stately blonde cocks her enormous rough straw cartwheel *chapeau* at an even more rakish angle, smooths out the huge velvet bow that perches precariously across the wide, shallow crown, and calls back: "Believe it or not, I went fishing in a trunk stored in the old Edison Studio right here in New York and this is what I caught."

And that's exactly where it came from. The time of the scene is about the year 1911 B. T. (Before Talkies). Mr. H. M. K. Smith, whose articles on film costuming have appeared in *PHOTOPLAY*, is in charge of wardrobe for this picture. Searching for authentic costumes of the pre-prohibition period—the scene takes place (whisper it!) in an old-fashioned Beer Garden, a real one that dates back to 1867—he dug out some rare finds from trunks and boxes stored away and forgotten in the old studio.

A ghost walks across the set, in broad daylight—a girl who so resembles the *gamine* Dorothy Gish of those early Edison films that she is followed by startled eyes. Her discreetly high-necked, long-sleeved dimity dress is hugged close at the waist by a wide band of embroidery through which black velvet ribbons are strung. Her skirt falls straight and full to her

ankles. Placed carelessly on the back of her piled-up black hair is another version of the straw cartwheel, its crown wreathed in pink roses.

This was the period of the "shirt-waist suit" and there are some classic examples here. A pretty brunette strolls toward us in a pink linen tailored suit—notched lapels; nipped-in jacket, fastened high at the waist with two white pearl buttons; long, gored skirt flaring slightly as it reaches the ankles—not so different from this season's "romantic" fashions.

The men resemble nothing so much as German vaudeville comedians, with their tight trouser legs and funny derbies.

Lights, cameras, reflectors and all the complicated paraphernalia of talking picture-making have been assembled for a new scene while we've been busy noting style details. The assistant director summons couples and groups to sit around small tables, to eat limburger cheese sandwiches and drink from huge steins.

"**O**NE more rehearsal before we shoot this scene," orders Griffith, placing his chair next to one of the cameras. The huge circular microphone and sound-gatherer, which can be turned quickly and noiselessly to catch every whisper of conversation, is in readiness for the first take.

In this scene, the audience will listen in on the various conversations at the different tables, catching a few phrases here, a snatch of humor there—about politics, women's fashions and, finally, the movies. A group of five or six sit at a front table. A girl in the group asks: "Have you seen the new *Biograph Girl*? They say her name is Mary Packard."

"Oh, no," another girl answers. "It's Mary Swickard, or something like that."

A gay young sheik (only they didn't call them that then) at the next table jumps up. "My brother works in a the-a-ter and he says her name is Marie Picard," he informs them. "Anyhow, *she* won't amount to anything in movies."

But the first staunch supporter insists that the little *Biograph Girl* is going to be a winner, and it seems to her on second thought, that the name isn't "Packard" but "Pickford"! And that she gets *ten dollars a day!*

By Frances Kish

As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use
Too Much Rouge"*



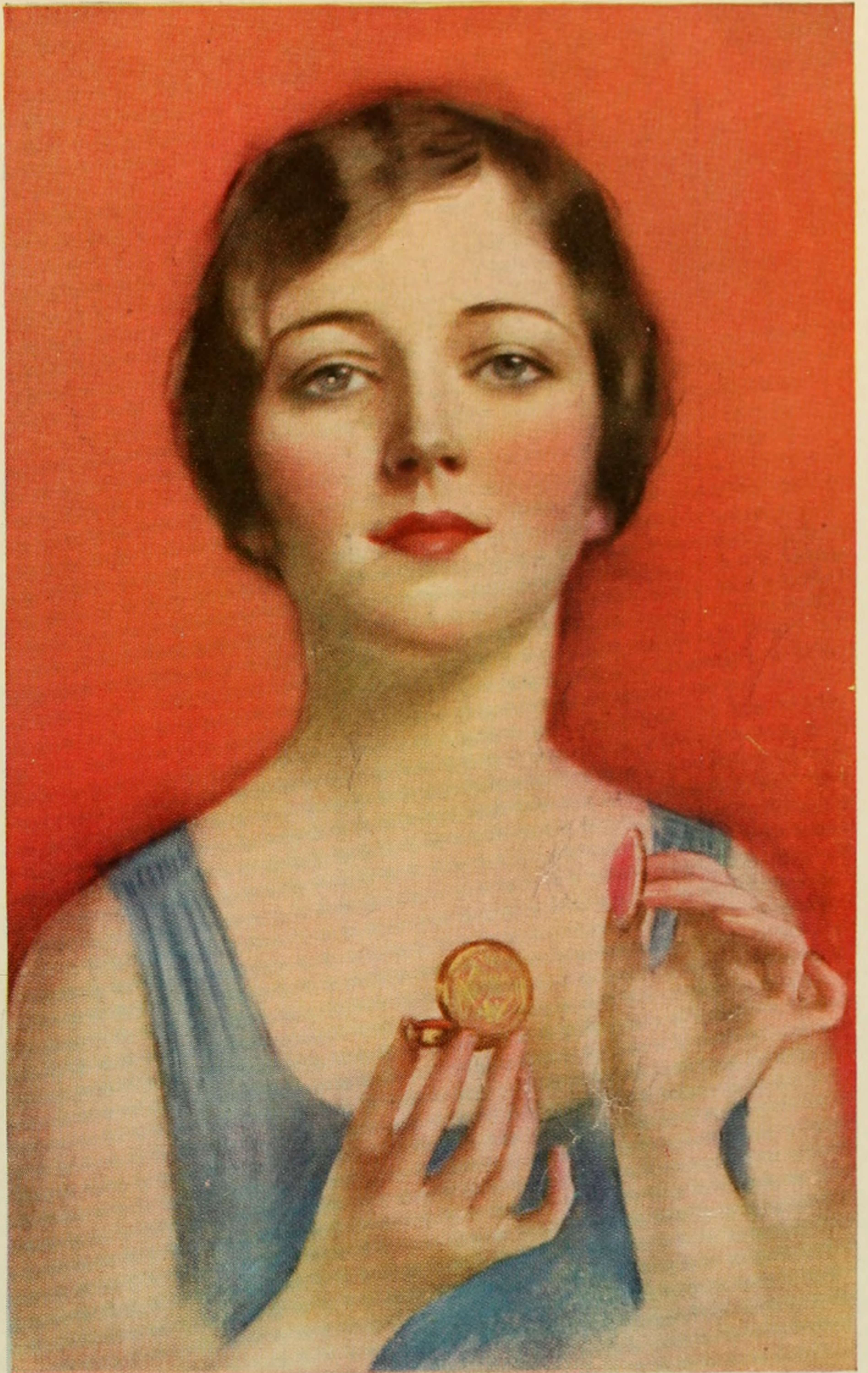
The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Powder Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

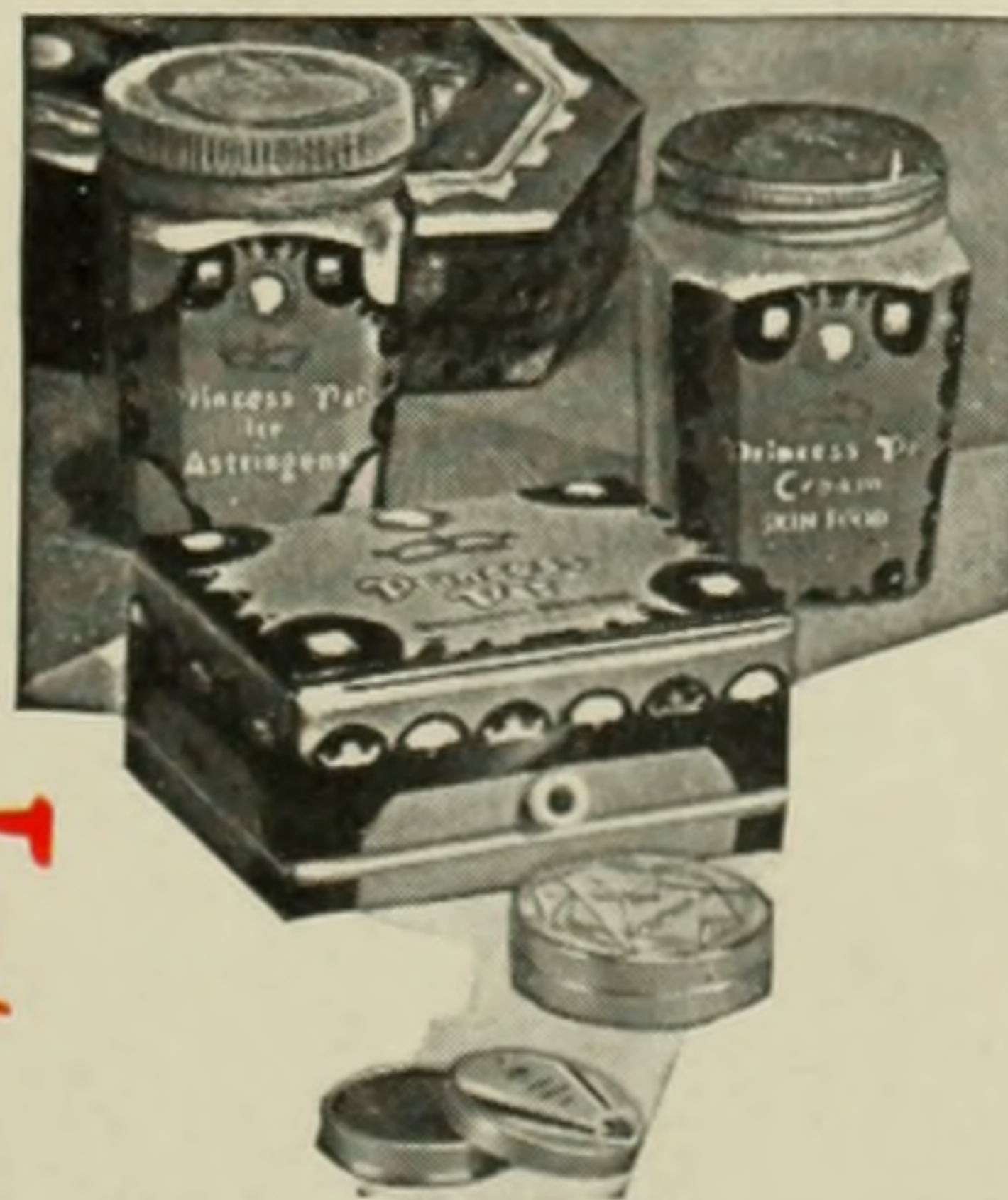
Princess Pat almond base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the



new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips Just what you've wanted — lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Six Aids-to-Behauty in Princess Pat Week End Set This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



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