

The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY

25 CENTS

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JOAN
BENNETT

Who Is Hollywood's Greatest Screen Lover?

BE "Mouth-Happy"



SOFT STRAINS of a lazy Viennese waltz float in through the open door. Somehow you know that the next few minutes will live long in your memory. Spud is equal to the occasion. Full tobacco flavor. Cool and clean-tasting.

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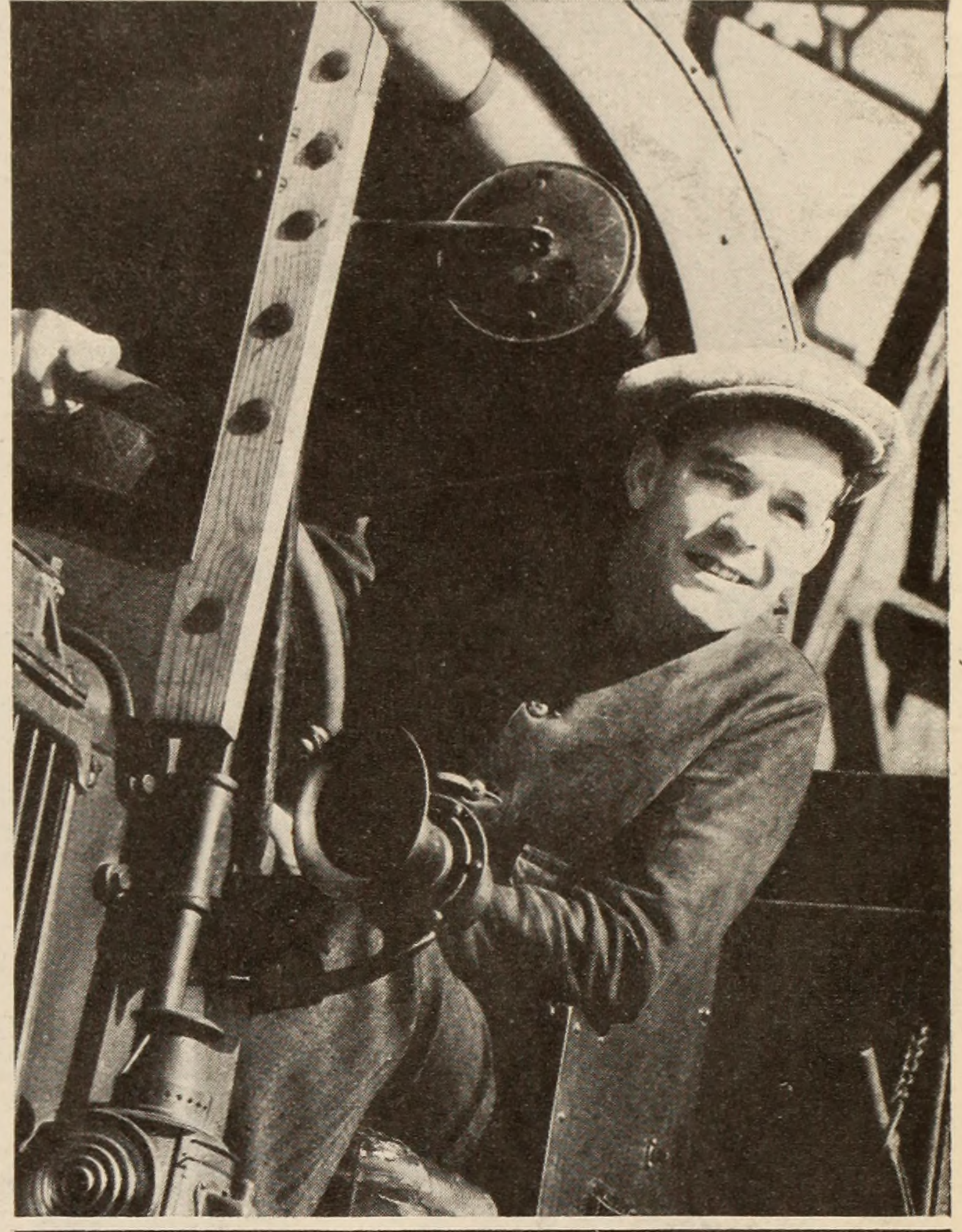
She—RIDES A HORSE

You may have everything money can buy. But unless you give care and exercise to your gums, "pink tooth brush" threatens!



He—DRIVES A TRUCK

You may be hardy as a truck driver—and get "pink tooth brush." Massage gums with Ipana when you clean your teeth!



"Pink Tooth Brush" Threatens them both!

NATURE sees to it that you start out with healthy, firm gums. But gums need stimulation and exercise to keep in condition—to continue healthy and hard. And our present-day foods are much too soft to give them the stimulation they actually need.

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Do something about those tender gums of yours. Heed that telltale warning "pink tooth brush." For ignored, it may lead to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or the dread but rare pyorrhea. Neglected, it may even threaten good, sound teeth.

Check "pink tooth brush" now. You can't afford to delay, and the treatment is so simple and takes so little time.

Get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Clean your teeth with it twice every single day. First of all, Ipana is a splendid modern tooth paste. Its flavor is refreshing.

And it does clean your teeth thoroughly—brightens and whitens them.

But it does more. Each time you clean your teeth, rub a little more Ipana into your flabby, lazy gums. Massage it in lightly and don't rinse it off—leave it there. Ipana contains ziratol, and ziratol left on the gums works with the massage to correct that soft, unhealthy condition.

Schedule this treatment for your gums. In a month they will be firmer, healthier. Keep on with Ipana and massage—and you can forget "pink tooth brush."

Ipana

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He took them from his mad menagerie...nights were horrible with the screams of tortured beasts...from his House of Pain they came re-made...Pig-men...Wolf-women... thoughtful Human Apes and his masterpiece—the Panther Woman throbbing to the hot flush of love.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

From H. G. Wells' surging rhapsody of adventure, romance and terror, "The Island of Dr. Moreau" with CHARLES LAUGHTON
 B E L A L U G O S I
 R I C H A R D A R L E N
 L E I L A H Y A M S—AND THE
 P A N T H E R W O M A N

Paramount  Pictures

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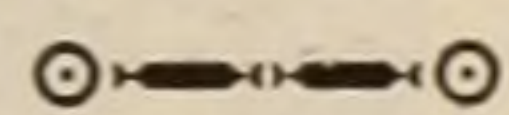
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

February, 1933



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

1920	1921	1922
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	1930	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	
1931		
"CIMARRON"		



Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets	6
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems	70
Hollywood Menus	89
Questions and Answers	94
Screen Memories from PHOTOPLAY	106
Addresses of the Stars	110
Casts of Current Photoplays	118

High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long Shots	KATHRYN DOUGHERTY	25
Mary Pickford on the "Secrets" Set		30
Who Is Hollywood's Greatest Screen Lover?	ROBERT RYAN MILLER	32
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood		36
Such a Naughty Nero	BARBARA BARRY	46
30 Years Married		48
Why Norma Shearer says "Let the Honeymoon Wait"	LOIS SHIRLEY	50
Babies, Babies, Everyone's Got Babies!	SARA HAMILTON	54
Seymour—PHOTOPLAY'S Style Authority		62
"I Got a Divorce, Because—"	VIRGINIA MAXWELL	69
Sylvia Tells All About Connie Bennett	SYLVIA	70
The Hollywood Beauty Shop	CAROLYN VAN WYCK	72

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	8
The Shadow Stage	56

Personalities

Boris Karloff	27
Clara Is the Ideal Wife	REX BELL 28
Why I Love Rex Bell	CLARA BOW 29
Only Muni Can Do It	JEANNE NORTH 35
Big Girl	LEONARD HALL 40
Charlie Goes on His Own	REGINALD TAVINER 45
The Man Who Can't Talk	RUTH BIERY 49
"Here's to You, Son"—"The Same to You, Dad"	MAY ALLISON QUIRK 52
I Was Once a Star	MARY MACLAREN 60
ZaSu, Good Samaritan	SARA HAMILTON 78

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KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, President

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EDWIN C. CRAWFORD, Secretary

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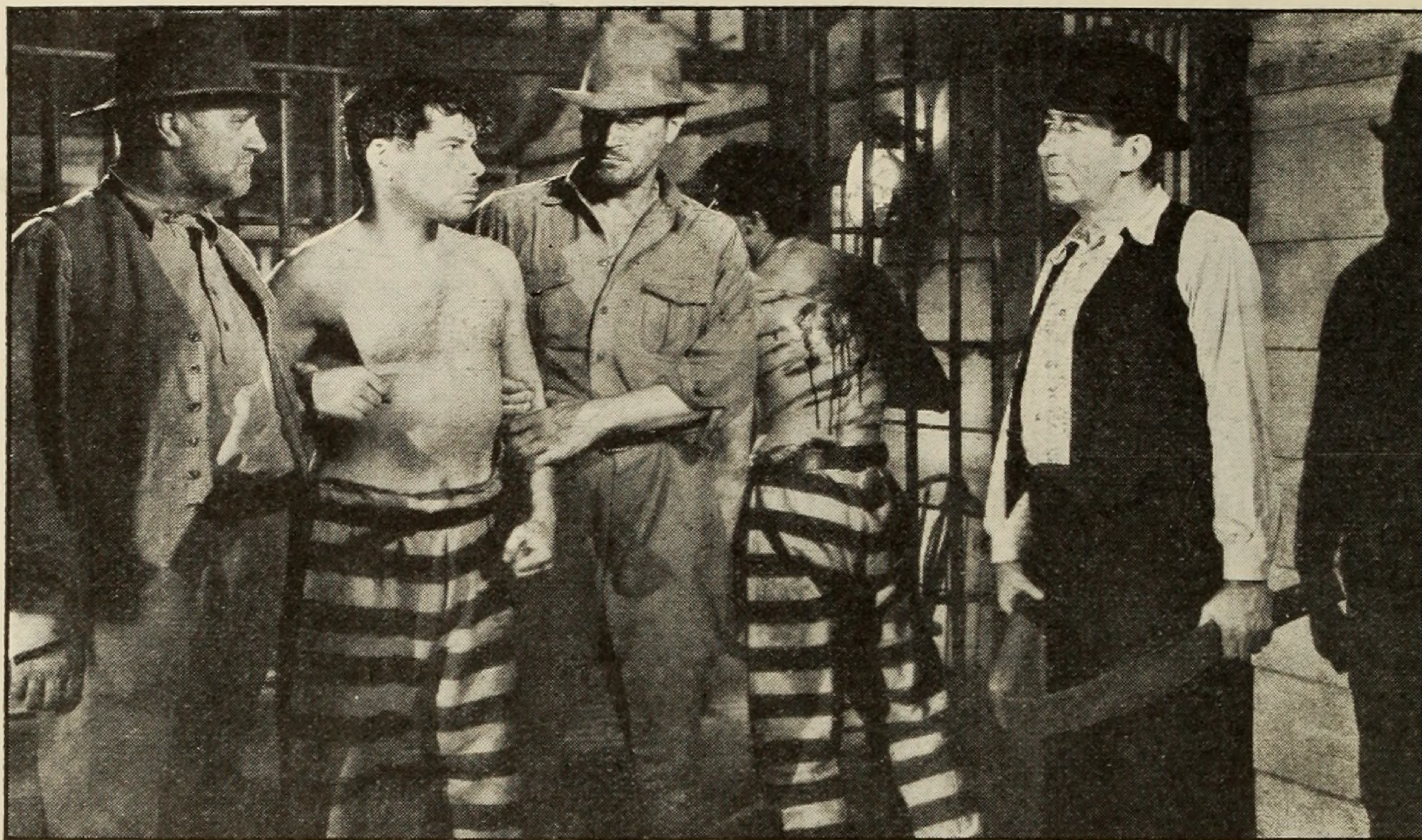
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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Paul Muni's superb acting and its heart-rending frankness bring "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" most applause from readers. Added to strong cinema red meat, audiences find the picture to be a powerful sermon against crime and a spotlight on an appalling penal problem of today

THE \$25 LETTER

I recently returned from my first trip to New York. I expected to find myself awed and surprised—a strange man in a strange town. But I found New York curiously familiar.

Broadway—a million lights—skyscrapers—crowds—these were neither strange sights nor strange noises to me. I had seen all this many times in the movies back home.

Then the Bowery and Chinatown. The speller did not need to point out interesting sights to me. I knew what to expect and was not disappointed.

Then I went to a night club. No surprise, everything as I expected. My check was the real surprise. I went to a movie where I would see something new.

I saw few things in New York that I had not seen portrayed many times on the screen and accurately, too. I don't travel much but I go to the movies often and I feel that I have acquired an education and have seen the world—from the screen.

FRANK ISAACS, Akron, Ohio

THE \$10 LETTER

Who is it takes me to the show,
No matter if there's rain or snow?

MARIE DRESSLER.

Who is it never, never poses?
(And hence these "literary" roses)

MARIE DRESSLER.

Who reeled as *Marthy* through the play
Of "Anna Christie"—in her way
"Outgarboed" Garbo? Who? I'll say

MARIE DRESSLER.

Who made us laugh in "Min and Bill"
And cry in "Emma" at her will?

MARIE DRESSLER.

Who is it really satisfies?

Because in human lore she's wise
Above all other movie guys?

MARIE DRESSLER.

L'ENVOI

Go on, Marie, for years and years,
Moving us now to smiles, now tears,
Fame cannot spoil you—we've no fears,
MARIE DRESSLER.

MIGNON QUAW LOTT, Baton Rouge, La.

NOT a single adverse criticism is there on "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," nor on Paul Muni's performance in it. That film and "The Conquerors" draw the largest applause of recent pictures. And rightly.

"Night After Night," "Call Her Savage," and "If I Had a Million" come in for a generous share of praise, too. "Smilin' Through" remains among the leaders in its special field.

Many plaudits came for Joan Crawford this month, and closely in line with her were Shearer and Garbo.

An interesting note from an Alaskan reader says, "So few people in the U. S. A. realize how very much we appreciate the movies up here in 'Uncle Sam's Attic.'"

Another letter from Capetown, South Africa, tells us, "There are at least five different types of pictures being shown here tonight." Now that's diversity! And still so many of us go right on grumbling about the sameness of our film fare.

THE \$5 LETTER

I specialize in nervous troubles. When I ordered a woman patient to throw away her medicines and go to the movies instead, she and her friends thought I was crazy.

But it cured her because it got her interested in something besides her ailments, largely imaginary.

I have done this whenever I have had a baffling nervous case, and I never found it to fail.

When the price of my prescription is checked with the usual doctor's bill, it will be seen that I'm not lining my own pocket exactly, but I don't mind, for I get results. Grateful husbands have told me that I saved them hundreds of dollars with my simple remedy. Incidentally, I'm not above taking a dose of my own medicine.

DR. D. W. DAVIES, Regina, Canada

MUNI STANDS ALONE

Speaking of a different picture, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," is it—plus! Paul Muni may not have a dimple to compare with Clark Gable's, or a winning smile such as Bob Montgomery's, but when it comes to acting he's right there.

PEGGY LOWE, Tulsa, Okla.

In contemporary American life motion pictures play an important rôle. "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" is a shocking, brutally frank reproach to a civilization which permits such things. There should be more pictures of this type.

They do a vital, if somewhat intangible, constructive work by placing before the public illustrations of various conditions badly in need of correction.

CHARLES WINSTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

The story of a thousand **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN** ... and of their women who can't do without men!

Never such a sensationally novel spectacle! Condensing into one mighty film a thousand unfinished love stories—and ONE that ends in a soul-gripping thrill! Every scene a blazing highlight from the endless drama that parades before Sing Sing's famous warden. He knows enough inside stories of headline criminals to make 20 motion pictures . . . Instead he's packed it all into 1933's first great hit . . .



"20,000 YEARS IN SING SING"

FROM THE WORLD-ACCLAIMED BEST-SELLER BY
WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

With a huge cast including **SPENCER TRACY**
BETTE DAVIS

and Arthur Byron. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Ask your theatre now when they're going to play this amazing **FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE**



The girl outside who couldn't wait.



The man doomed by her love.



Warden Lawes, who lives on a volcano of human passion.

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AFRAID TO TALK—Universal.—(Reviewed under title "Merry-Go-Round.") This one is an exposé of some crooked police methods. Gripping and timely, but not for children. Eric Linden's work stands out. (Nov.)

★ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Here's your chance for a true-to-life look at a co-educational college. And don't miss Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, who does exceptional acting. (Sept.)

★ **AIRMAIL**—Universal.—Thriller of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail with a virile, romantic background. Ralph Bellamy as the airport superintendent and Pat O'Brien as the daredevil stunter shine. Gloria Stuart and Lillian Bond are the girls. (Dec.)

ALIAS MARY SMITH—Mayfair Pictures.—Not much to this one, except an interesting cast. (Nov.)

★ **ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Universal.—A picture for the whole family, gridiron-wise or not. Dick Arlen and June Clyde sparkle romantically. Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine pass loads of laughs. And thirty-five pigskin stars play a thriller. (Dec.)

★ **AMERICAN MADNESS**—Columbia.—Here is the first picture that looks "The Depression" straight in the eye. Don't miss it! Walter Huston's performance is flawless. (Sept.)

AREN'T WE ALL?—Paramount-British Prod.—Gertrude Lawrence in a very British, very, very talkie Lonsdale comedy. (Sept.)

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou in a sophisticated and amusingly cynical piece about marriage and all that. (Aug.)

BACHELOR'S FOLLY—World Wide-Gainsborough.—All about honor among race-horse owners. With those two real-life romancers, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. (Sept.)

★ **BACK STREET**—Universal.—Fannie Hurst's heartrending tale of unconventional love, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles rise to new heights. (Sept.)

BALL, THE (Le Bal)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Amusing, though weak French film of middle-class family who go "society" with sudden wealth. Knowledge of French not necessary. (Dec.)

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film.—Well presented German picture, with Lil Dagover glamorous as a fiery opera ballerina. (Jan.)

BEAUTY PARLOR—Chesterfield.—Two little manicurists (Joyce Compton and Barbara Kent) find it pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. (Oct.)

★ **BIG BROADCAST, THE**—Paramount.—Here's novelty—romance and swell fun in a radio locale. Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams—and Bing Crosby with a galaxy of radio stars doing their best stuff. Weak story, grand music. (Dec.)

BIG CITY BLUES—Warners.—Just another version of the innocent youth in the big city—this time with Joan Blondell and Eric Linden. (Aug.)

BIG PARADE, THE—M-G-M. (Reissued with sound).—Sound effects skilfully added to an old favorite. (Aug.)

BIG STAMPEDE, THE—Warners.—Typical Western characters well portrayed. John Wayne and Noah Beery. (Nov.)

★ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A**—RKO-Radio.—Unusual and dramatic story concerning an inherited taint of insanity, powerfully acted by John Barrymore, Billie Burke and a sensational newcomer, Katharine Hepburn. (Nov.)

★ **BIRD OF PARADISE**—RKO-Radio.—A real million dollar production with romantic love scenes, beautifully played by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. But the story seems out of date now. (Oct.)

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal.—Adolphe Menjou suave as a gentleman jewel thief—woman-proof till double-crossed by a girl crook. British-made. (Jan.)

★ **BLESSED EVENT**—Warners.—A real picture, with Lee Tracy hilariously funny as the big-shot chatter columnist. (Aug.)

BLONDE VENUS—Paramount.—A mother-love story in which Marlene Dietrich does best work in the exotic scenes and Herbert Marshall is unforgettable as the soul-torn husband. (Nov.)

CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN—Fox.—Edmund Lowe as Chandu, modern worker of magic, in an exciting picture. Bela Lugosi helps provide thrills. For the whole family. (Nov.)

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.—Realistic and impressive German film of men trapped in a blazing coal mine, revealing the brotherliness and self-sacrifice inspired by tragedy. (Jan.)

★ **CONGORILLA**—Fox.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures among a tribe of Congo pygmies in Africa. Great stuff! (Sept.)

★ **CONQUERORS, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Splendid! Linking three generations with tomorrow—practically the story of America's progress since 1870. Ann Harding and Richard Dix are superb as husband and wife. (Jan.)

COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE—First Division-Allied.—The days of sheriffs with huge "soup strainers." Hoot Gibson becomes a bogus lawyer to defend "the girl." Sheila Mannors' work deserves promotion. (Dec.)

CRASH, THE—First National.—Yes, it's about the Depression. But it's even more depressing to see Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent wasted on such an unbelievable story. (Oct.)

CROOKED CIRCLE, THE—World Wide.—Snappy mystery-comedy, with ZaSu Pitts as a maid and Jimmy Gleason as a cop furnishing the laughs, and Ben Lyon and Irene Purcell supplying the romance. (Nov.)

CROONER—First National.—Hands a loud but amusing razz to radio crooners. David Manners plays the college lad who croons his way to fame, and Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help make it entertaining. (Oct.)

CRUSADER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—Law and press war on crime and enmesh the reformer's family in scandal. H. B. Warner, Evelyn Brent, Ned Sparks and Lew Cody head the cast. (Dec.)

★ **CYNARA**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Drama of a happy husband suddenly enmeshed in an "affair." Ronald Colman the husband; Kay Francis the wife; Phyllis Barry the other woman. (Jan.)

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC—Explorer's Film Prod.—If you're an ardent travelog fan, you may want to add this to your collection. Not unusual. (Sept.)

★ **DARK HORSE, THE**—First National.—One of the funniest films in years—a political satire with Warren William and Guy Kibbee. You must see this. (Aug.)

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.—French with English subtitles. Golder, after amassing wealth, finds his wife faithless, his daughter scheming and his partners false. Sad but well done. (Jan.)

DEVIL AND THE DEEP—Paramount.—Introducing Charles Laughton, an actor you'll remember. Triangle stuff, with Laughton a jealous, crazed submarine commander, Tallulah Bankhead the wife and Gary Cooper the lover. Breathtaking undersea shots. (Oct.)

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY—M-G-M.—Jackie Cooper's best since "The Champ." All about what happens to children when parents divorce and marry again. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. (Oct.)

DOCTOR X—First National.—Something new—a murder mystery in Technicolor with plenty of thrills. (Aug.)

DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert does his best work in a long time as a chauffeur who bestows his attentions on both his lady boss and her maid. (Sept.)

Ann Harding's
Life Story
as told by her sister,
will start in
next month's
PHOTOPLAY
Never has a more surprisingly
intimate biography been published
anywhere.
Be sure to ask your newsdealer
to reserve a copy of the
MARCH
PHOTOPLAY
On sale at all newsstands
February 15

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES—M-G-M.—Interesting backstage atmosphere. Marion Davies and Billie Dove play Follies Girls rôles and Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante furnish the romance and comedy. (Oct.)

BREACH OF PROMISE—World Wide.—Small town girl sues political candidate for breach of promise, with unexpected results. Even Mae Clarke and Chester Morris could not lift this above the ordinary. (Nov.)

CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess excellent in this well-told story of the Old South. Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan add "girl interest." (Oct.)

★ **CALL HER SAVAGE**—Fox.—Clara Bow comes back with the best performance of her career. You'll want to see this old-new Clara. Monroe Owsley, Thelma Todd and Anthony Jowitt give excellent support. (Jan.)

CENTRAL PARK—First National.—Good entertainment. Thrills galore keep you excited throughout. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford. (Jan.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



A boy and a girl from Main Street...youth...loneliness... flirtation.. love.. innocence.. and a way out to happiness. A drama of young love that is true wherever lonely hearts answer the call of romance. It will make you laugh...cry...and glow with happiness.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY

with

JAMES DUNN
BOOTS MALLORY

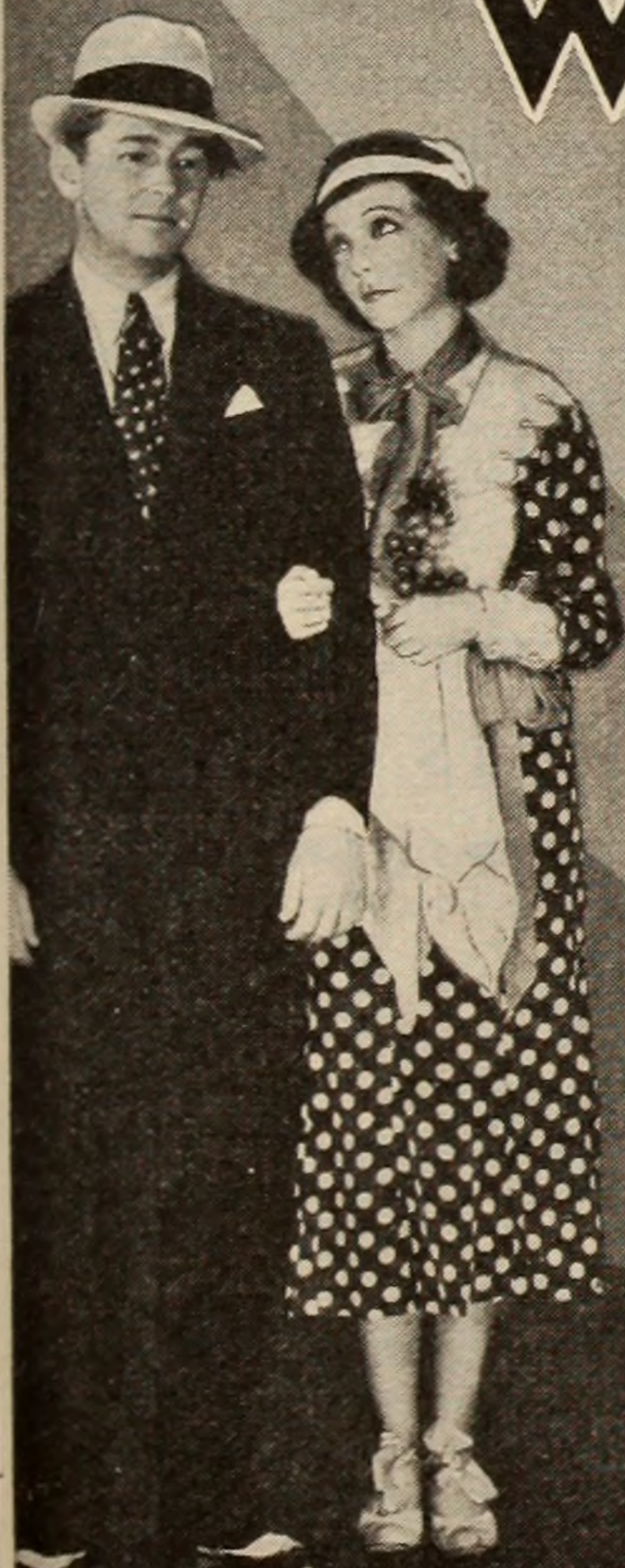
ZaSu Pitts Minna Gombell

Terrance Ray

Directed by

Erich von Stroheim

A FOX PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DOWN TO EARTH—Fox.—In which Will Rogers gives some good advice about the depression. An entertaining little film. (Sept.)

EVENINGS FOR SALE—Paramount.—Sparkle, artistry and romance stud this story of post-war Viennese society. There are Mary Boland, the sentimental American millionairess, Herbert Marshall, the pauperized nobleman, charming Sari Maritza, and a very sober Charlie Ruggles. (Jan.)

EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.—The honest hero turns "stool" to trap a gang. Follow the moss-grown lovers' misunderstandings. Too much for Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr. (Dec.)

EXPOSURE—Tower Prod.—Good cast, but a weak story about a newspaper columnist. (Nov.)

FAITHLESS—M-G-M.—Tallulah Bankhead rates cheers as an heiress in love with struggling Robert Montgomery. Crash! "Primroses" for Tallulah, skids for Bob. The depths reunite them. Sincere acting overcomes triteness. (Dec.)

FALSE FACES—World Wide.—Startling, with a brand-new idea—an exposé of malpractice in "face lifting." Lowell Sherman is the suave, unethical doctor, and directed excellently. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee please. (Dec.)

FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE—Freuler Film.—Fast moving but trite. Good prize ring scenes with ex-champ Jim Jeffries as referee. William Collier, Jr., and Josephine Dunn enliven an antique plot. (Dec.)

★ **FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a story about the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. Well worth seeing. (Sept.)

FLAMES—First Division-Monogram.—If a fire engine siren thrills you, this picture is just your meat. Johnny Mack Brown is the hero. (Aug.)

FORBIDDEN COMPANY—Invincible.—Just another story of the rich young man and the poor girl. Ho-hum! (Sept.)

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount.—C. B. De Mille's "Ten Commandments" incorporated into a story of what Hollywood thinks modern Russia must be. Don't bother. (Aug.)

FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.—Take the children to Tom Mix's best in an age. Little dialogue but packed with thrilling action. (Dec.)

GIRL FROM CALGARY, THE—First Division-Monogram.—Fifi Dorsay as a Follies girl, saved from a designing millionaire by her press-agent. (Nov.)

GOLDEN WEST, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey Western with a Kentucky feud and a wholesale Indian massacre. George O'Brien is dressed almost as Adam. (Dec.)

GOONA-GOONA—First Division.—A charming love story taken from an island of Bali legend. All native cast. (Sept.)

GUILTY AS HELL—Paramount.—Mystery with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And that sparkling friendly-enemies team of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. (Oct.)

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram.—Melodrama that becomes comedy unintentionally. The trials of a girl convicted of murder, imprisoned and freed only to get in gangsters' clutches. Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas. (Jan.)

★ **HAT CHECK GIRL**—Fox.—You'll like this. Sally Eilers plays the pert little check girl and Ben Lyon the wise-cracking son of a millionaire. (Nov.)

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners.—A Western with a spooky background—a deserted mine in a ghost town. John Wayne, Sheila Terry and Duke, the horse. (Jan.)

HEARTS OF HUMANITY—Majestic Pictures.—A cast of capable weepers gathered together in a drama that will make you weep, about a widower and a motherless child. Jean Hersholt and Jackie Searl. (Nov.)

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—Paramount.—Stuart Erwin, a wealthy bookworm, engages two women as secretaries. He wins the love of the gold-digging husband-hunter (Susan Fleming) and charms the blackmail (Alison Skipworth). Very funny. (Jan.)

HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide.—Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Not much story, but plenty of action. (Sept.)

HELL'S HIGHWAY—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix gives a fine performance in this first film of a new cycle dealing with prison chain gangs. Too morbid and brutal for children. (Nov.)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—Paramount.—Horse opera *de luxe*, chuck-full of shooting and cattle rustling, with virtue triumphing in the end. Randolph Scott and Sally Blane. (Nov.)

HER MAD NIGHT—Mayfair Pictures.—A mother (Irene Rich) shielding her daughter from a murder charge. Conway Tearle splendid as family friend and "foe." (Dec.)

HIDDEN GOLD—Universal.—Western with forest fire high spot. Tom Mix, little Judith Barrie and Tony, of course. (Dec.)

HOLD 'EM JAIL—RKO-Radio.—The kids and grown-ups, too, will get a kick out of Wheeler and Woolsey's impossible gags and the knock-out game by the jail football team. (Sept.)

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS—Columbia.—Not in the running with all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood. (Oct.)

★ **HORSE FEATHERS**—Paramount.—The four mad, hysterical Marx Brothers race through nine uproarious reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom. (Oct.)

HOT SATURDAY—Paramount.—Merely amusing, gets nowhere. Cary Grant's part (city slicker) is lifeless. Nancy Carroll is the village belle, Randolph Scott her childhood sweetheart. (Dec.)

★ **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**—Warners.—Powerful, timely, brutally real, it castigates the chain gang system. Paul Muni is compelling as the soldier, irked with routine, who goes criminal. He and Director Mervyn LeRoy have made a fine but depressing picture. (Dec.)

★ **IF A HAD A MILLION**—Paramount.—A wealthy eccentric (Richard Bennett) gives a million to each of eight persons selected at random. The picture reveals the recipients' lives before and after the gift. Jack Oakie, Frances Dee and Gary Cooper. A new and different type of film fare. (Jan.)

★ **IGLOO**—Universal.—A grand real life film of the Eskimo's struggle for existence. Educational and exciting. (Aug.)

IRONMASTER, THE—Allied.—A "millhand to millionaire" story that might have been powerful but lacks polish. Reginald Denny and Lila Lee fail to make their parts realistic. (Jan.)

ISLE OF PARADISE—Adolph Pollak Prod.—A colorful film about the Island of Bali, excellently photographed. (Oct.)

★ **IS MY FACE RED?**—Radio Pictures.—Ricardo Cortez as America's première chatter columnist on the loose. Great stuff. (Aug.)

JEWEL ROBBERY, THE—Warners.—William Powell as a handsome and amorous burglar in a fairly gay film that tries to be smarter than it is. Kay Francis, excellent. (Aug.)

★ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Lavish, hilarious. Eddie Cantor, introduced as the famous matador *Don Sebastian the Second*, is forced to fight the bull and make good his title. Lyda Roberti is a señorita. Excellent supporting cast. (Jan.)

KING MURDER, THE—Chesterfield.—A "Broadway butterfly" murder mystery that really mystifies. Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects. (Dec.)

KLONDIKE—Monogram.—Old melodrama of silent days, made into a talkie. And it limps from sheer old age. (Nov.)

KONGO—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney did it better silently. The jungle in all its horror. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce are wasted. Spare the children. (Dec.)

LADY AND GENT—Paramount.—George Bancroft, as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter, does a grand job. You'll like Wynne Gibson, too. (Sept.)

LAST MAN, THE—Columbia.—Lurid tale of mutiny at sea, with good work by Charles Bickford and Constance Cummings. (Nov.)

LAST MILE, THE—World Wide.—Intense drama in the morbid setting of a penitentiary death house. George Stone's performance is outstanding. (Oct.)

LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE—Mascot Pictures Corp.—A stirring serialization of the Cooper classic, that you'll want to follow from the first to the last chapter. (Aug.)

★ **LIFE BEGINS**—First National.—Unusual story, laid in a maternity ward where life begins and sometimes ends cruelly. Relieved by comedy, nevertheless a serious film, for adults only. Eric Linden, Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young head a fine cast. (Oct.)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—RKO-Radio.—Mitzi Green is reason enough for seeing this picture. Little Buster Phelps runs a close second and May Robson is a magnificent grandma. (Dec.)

LOVE IN HIGH GEAR—Mayfair Pictures.—This is supposed to be funny. It isn't. All about brides, grooms and stolen pearls. (Sept.)

★ **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—Paramount.—All through this riot of entertainment and catchy music you have zat naughty Chevalier, to say nothing of Jeanette MacDonald, and the Charlies Butterworth and Ruggles. (Oct.)

[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.

	Page		Page		Page
Animal Kingdom, The—RKO-Radio	56	Half-Naked Truth, The—RKO-Radio	57	Slightly Married—Invincible	114
Bitter Tea of General Yen, The—Columbia	57	Heart Punch—Mayfair Pictures	115	Son-Daughter, The—M-G-M	58
Das Schoene Abenteuer (Enchanted Adventure)—UFA	113	Hypnotized—World Wide	114	Speed Demon—Columbia	114
Death Kiss, The—World Wide	114	Island of Lost Souls—Paramount	58	That's My Boy—Columbia	113
Devil Is Driving, The—Paramount	59	Lawyer Man—Warners	58	They Just Had to Get Married—Universal	115
Employees' Entrance—First National	59	Madame Butterfly—Paramount	58	Under-Cover Man—Paramount	58
Farewell to Arms, A—Paramount	57	Man Against Woman—Columbia	115	Unwritten Law, The—Majestic Pictures	113
Fast Life—M-G-M	59	Mummy, The—Universal	59	Virgins of Bali—Principal	114
Flaming Guns—Universal	115	No Living Witness—Mayfair Pictures	114	Yorck—UFA	113
Flesh	56	No Other Woman—RKO-Radio	58	Young Blood—Monogram	114
Forty-Niners, The—Freuler Film	114	Racing Strain, The—Willis Kent Prod.	59	With Williamson Beneath the Sea—Principal	113
Frisco Jenny—First National	59	Robbers' Roost—Fox	113		
		Self-Defense—Monogram	113		
		Sign of the Cross, The—Paramount	56		

She looked the lady of leisure
 -but her hands shrieked
 "HOUSEWORK!"



IN ONLY 3 DAYS Chapped, red hands made soft and white

Pain ended instantly!

HOT WATER...harsh cleansers
 ...housework! All take away
 the natural oils that keep hands soft.

Then cold weather comes. It roughens, chaps and cracks open the dried-out skin. Hands hurt like raw cuts! Hands look terrible! They shriek "Scrubwoman!" Whenever you want to dress up, those awful hands spoil everything.

But now you can end all this with a dainty, gossamer-fine cream that instantly puts back the natural lubricating oils — brings immediate relief from pain. The moment you rub it into your hands, they feel soft, soothed. Pain goes. The skin loses that tight, strained look that makes it crack every time you bend your hand. And in 3 days hands are healed...soft...white.

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Hinds is utterly different—a delicate *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores.

Leaves invisible "second skin"

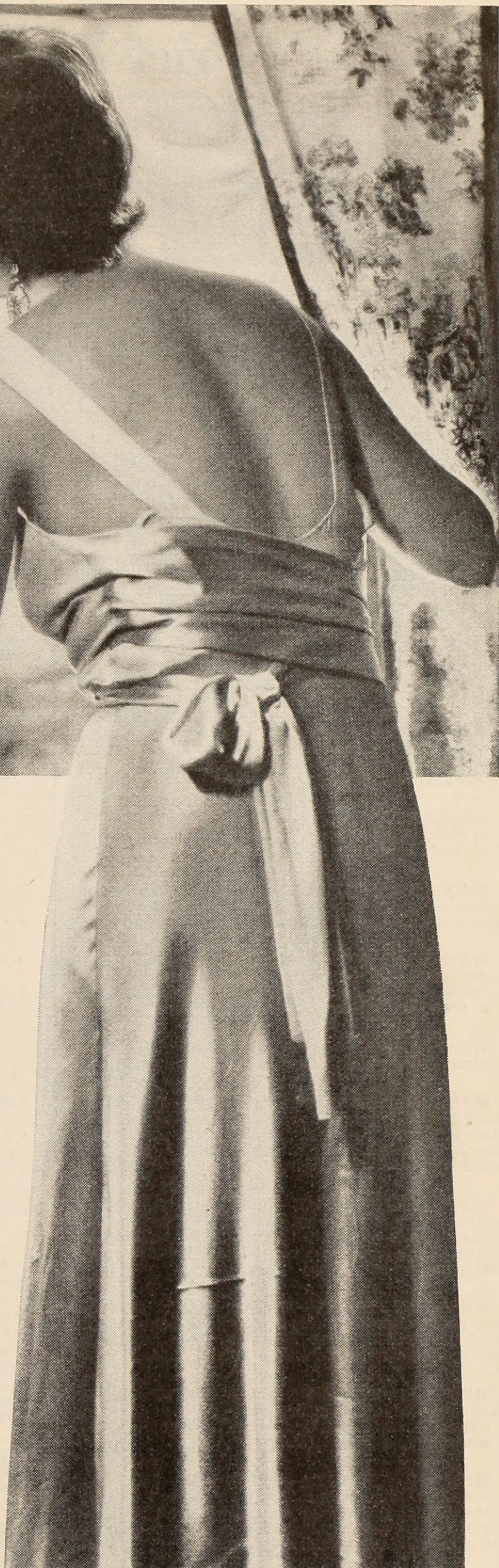
It actually leaves an invisible "second skin" that acts as a constant protection to your hands. That's why women all over the world depend on Hinds to keep their hands—their family's hands—soft, smooth and comfortable.

A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE

Coupon at right brings you generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. Ends chapping pain instantly. Use at night and after any hand-roughening task. The first day you'll see hands much softer and whiter. Next day—still lovelier. The third day—the beautiful white hands you've longed for! And to keep this new loveliness always, just continue using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! Fill out and mail coupon NOW!



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Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount.—Alison Skipworth as a crook who poses as a countess, gives one of those performances you don't forget. You'll get a full quota of laughs. (Sept.)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Paramount.—The lowdown on the American sports industry showing all the products. Film notables and ex-champs. Jack Oakie is an aspiring palooka, Marian Nixon the slight romantic interest. (Dec.)

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM—Carl Froelich Prod.—German language film with English subtitles, about a Prussian school for girls and the effect of its rigid discipline and repression on their emotional lives. Expertly directed and acted. (Nov.)

★ **MAKE ME A STAR**—Paramount.—Magnificent blending of laughs, tears and Hollywood studio secrets. Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell are great! (Aug.)

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists.—English-made musical with Jack Buchanan (so fine in "Monte Carlo" with Jeanette MacDonald) miscast in an artificial, slow story. (Jan.)

MAN CALLED BACK, THE—Tiffany.—That old plot about the doctor who fumbled an important operation is all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. (Sept.)

MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE—Monogram.—Incongruous and improbable, the climax spoiled by poor dialogue. With Neoma Judge, Nat Carr and James Marcus. (Jan.)

MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES—World Wide.—Gun play, flying fists and fast horsemanship in this Bob Steele Western. (Aug.)

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE—Paramount.—Another modern version of "Enoch Arden," this time with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. (Aug.)

MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE—UFA.—A soldier, after seventeen years, regains his memory lost in the war. Interesting but lagging German-dialogue film, with Werner Krauss. (Jan.)

MAN'S LAND, A—First Division-Allied.—Cattle rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding. (Aug.)

MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE—M-G-M.—Boris Karloff in the title rôle. Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy and Jean Hersholt are also in this struggle between British scientists and the dreaded *Fu Manchu*. (Jan.)

MATCH KING, THE—First National.—Based on Ivar Kreuger's life and distinguished by Warren William's portrayal of the title rôle, it dramatizes the magnate's rise from racketeer to match industry czar, ending in suicide. (Jan.)

ME AND MY GAL—Fox.—A mixture of slapstick and melodrama, well played. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as a cop are good. George Walsh comes back as a villain. (Jan.)

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS—RKO-Radio.—Badly handled story but fine acting by Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel. Suffering lifts a musician to genius. (Dec.)

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio.—Mild entertainment contrasting "covered wagon" Indian fights with today's gangster warfare. Bill Boyd is hero, Dorothy Wilson the girl and Ralph Ince a grand bad man. Chic Sale adds color. (Jan.)

★ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—Paramount.—Fredric March plays the rôle of a charming drunkard, and you'll like Sylvia Sydney. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT LADY, THE—Chesterfield.—The old "Madame X" story, but an evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Andy Clyde make this one continual round of swell fun and nonsense. (Sept.)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE—RKO-Radio.—Capable British actors and good direction don't liven this dull yarn of a tragedy-bringing monkey's paw. (Dec.)

MONTE CARLO MADNESS—UFA—First Division.—A foreign-made musical with a few gay tunes and Sari Maritza, now making pictures in this country. (Aug.)

★ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Banks, a new *Frankenstein* type, gives a great performance in a gruesome but thrilling picture. (Oct.)

★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd's first in two years—the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame—is a peach of a picture and how sorry you'll be if you miss it. (Sept.)

★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks Sr., at his bounding best in a tropical island. Grand gags. Laughs aplenty. Don't miss this! (Sept.)

MY PAL, THE KING—Universal.—You haven't seen all Tom Mix stunts until you get a big load of this. And what a battle royal in the Wild West Show! (Sept.)

MYSTERY RANCH—Fox.—Just the average Western, with a dash of mystery tossed in for good measure. (Sept.)

Gag Contest
Winners
Announcement has been
postponed until the
March issue of
PHOTOPLAY
The judges were unable
to examine carefully the
huge number of entries in
the time originally allotted.
They, as well as the editors
of PHOTOPLAY, herewith
express their regrets over
the unavoidable delay.

★ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—Paramount.—Fast story—it never slackens—artfully blending Broadway and Park Avenue. AND a new hero, George Raft, as a culture-crazy "speak" owner. Constance Cummings is elegant, Alison Skipworth perfect and Mae West a riot. (Dec.)

NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE—Columbia.—Exciting mystery story. Adolphe Menjou takes first honors, and you'll be interested in Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage. (Oct.)

NIGHT MAYOR, THE—Columbia.—Grand satire about a frivolous mayor and his feminine and political problems. And how Lee Tracy plays him! (Oct.)

NIGHT OF JUNE 13, THE—Paramount.—New situations and a brand new plot idea covering the events in an average neighborhood on one certain night. Fine cast includes Clive Brook, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Lila Lee. (Nov.)

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia.—Fresh and smart treatment of an heiress chasing a poor lad. Carole Lombard, Lyle Talbot and Louise Closser Hale outstanding in a good cast. (Jan.)

★ **OKAY AMERICA!**—Universal.—Lew Ayres portrays a famous tabloid columnist with a dash that carries right through to the dramatic ending. (Oct.)

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff in another horror thriller. Sure, you'll shiver. (Sept.)

★ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—Universal.—Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious way that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (Oct.)

★ **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—Warners.—The best of the Kay Francis-William Powell pictures, a romantic ghost story, believe it or not. Don't miss it. (Oct.)

OUTLAW JUSTICE—Majestic Pictures.—A Jack Hoxie Western that's just a little different. Gorgeous scenery, lots of excitement. (Nov.)

OUT OF SINGAPORE—Goldsmith Prod.—About a villain (Noah Beery) who shanghai's sailors, sinks ships and kidnaps innocent daughters of kind sea captains. (Nov.)

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—M-G-M-Hal Roach.—This full-length Laurel and Hardy comedy is a sure-cure for the blues. They're in the army this time, and a riot, as usual. (Sept.)

PAINTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Peggy Shannon, as another South Sea Sadie Thompson, Spencer Tracy and a good supporting cast make this entertaining. (Oct.)

PARISIAN ROMANCE, A—Allied Pictures.—Lew Cody as a roué, Gilbert Roland an artist and Marion Shilling the girl, in a rather dull story. (Nov.)

PASSPORT TO HELL, A—Fox.—Another triangle story about a lonely white woman in an isolated army post. Elissa Landi is the woman. (Oct.)

PASSPORT TO PARADISE—Mayfair Pictures.—All about a young man who has to do some startling things to collect a legacy. Jack Mulhall is the hero. (Aug.)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—M-G-M.—A grim problem of Nemesis, murder and suicide. Charles Laughton repeats his stage triumph. (Dec.)

PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE—RKO-Radio.—For the laugh-hungry. Murder in an aquarium, solved by an elderly school teacher (Edna May Oliver). She's a scream. Jimmy Gleason, Mae Clarke, Don Cook and Bob Armstrong score, too. (Jan.)

PHANTOM EXPRESS—Majestic.—A mystery thriller that rides the rails. Old time melodrama. (Nov.)

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Diverting but not as "creepy" as the action intended. Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez head excellent cast. (Dec.)

★ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE**—Paramount.—Don't pass up this political farce, which introduces George M. Cohan to the talkies. George and Jimmy Durante are a great team and Claudette Colbert adds her beauty. (Nov.)

PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE—Mascot Pictures.—Too much dialogue and too little action. Victor Jory scores and there's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. (Dec.)

PROSPERITY—M-G-M.—Amusing but not enough so for the Dressler-Moran team. Again the stars are mothers-in-law. Norman Foster and Anita Page play their children. (Jan.)

PURCHASE PRICE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent wasted in a dull, old-fashioned story. (Sept.)

RACKETY RAX—Fox.—Victor McLaglen scoring in a howling burlesque on the college football racket. (Dec.)

★ **RAIN**—United Artists.—Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson*, and Walter Huston as the stern reformer do interesting work in an adult story that never seems to grow out of date. (Nov.)

★ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy give charming performances in this idyllic story. Louise Closser Hale is great. (Aug.)

★ **RED DUST**—M-G-M.—Squaring a triangle in the jungle, Clark Gable is grand as a he-man, but Jean Harlow almost outshines him. The climax is gripping and true, the dialogue perfect. (Dec.)

RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.—About a girl (Merna Kennedy) innocently involved in beer running and murder and the target of blackmail. Theodore Von Eltz fine as the racketeer. (Jan.)

★ **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—M-G-M.—Be sure to see Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, gone red-headed. She gets her men, and how you hate her! Not for children. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

TALA BIRELL

The Glamorous /n
NAGANA

Presented By
CARL LAEMMLE

featuring
MELVYN DOUGLAS
with Onslow Stevens,
Everett Brown, William
H. Dunn, Miki Morita,
Frank Lackteen

Story by Lester Cohen
Screenplay by Dale Van
Every and Don Ryan

Directed by
Ernst Laemmle
Produced By
Carl Laemmle Jr.

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

From every point of the compass

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

"I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" was great! Paul Muni is, in my opinion, a truly great actor. It is my bet that he will travel far along the screen road. He not only gave a good performance—he gave a powerful dramatic lecture to any boys or men who may have had the slightest thought of crime.

HELEN MAE LEWIS, Warren, Ohio

JOAN CLIMBS ALOFT

Hurrah for Joan Crawford! I think she is a wonderful actress. Perhaps Garbo is still just a step ahead of her. But, come on Joan, you can make that one step!

VIRGINIA R. MARTIN, Detroit, Mich.

A rumor has recently reached me to the effect that Joan Crawford is being considered for the rôle of *Sonia* in "The Merry Widow." Joan has long been my favorite. Still, I am not convinced that she is the one for that rôle. However, she is often surprising (witness her *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain"), so I'm perfectly willing to be shown.

MARY E. LAUBER, Philadelphia, Penna.

What has happened to Joan Crawford? Where is the fascinating girl of "Our Modern Maidens" and "Our Dancing Daughters"? I am afraid she is losing lots of admirers.

THELMA C. SRACH, Los Angeles, Calif.

"THE CONQUERORS" CONQUER

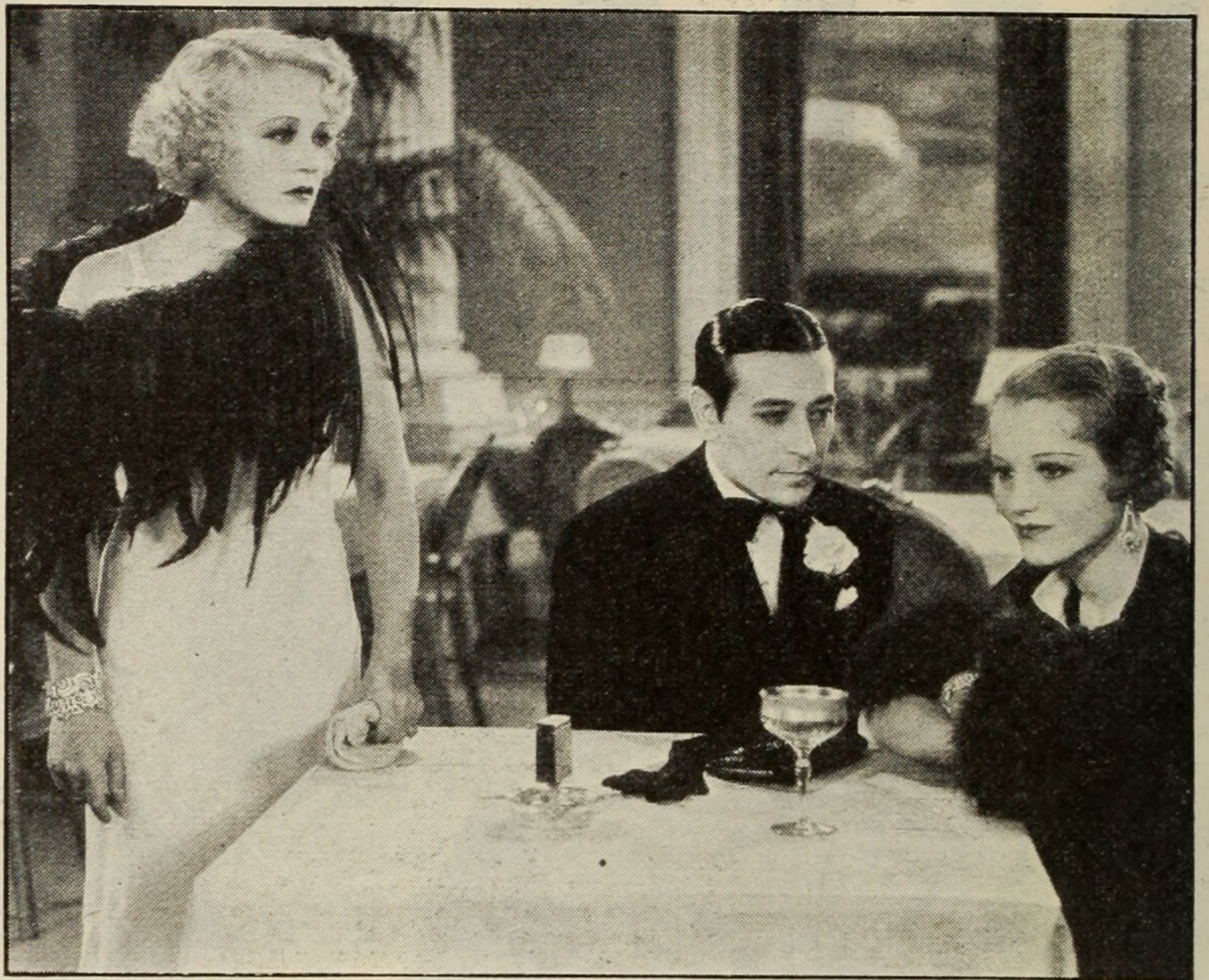
For those who believe the current depression is unusual, let them see "The Conquerors"—low other generations have gone through similar conditions. It is a truly fine picture and one the whole family should see.

The cast is splendid. Richard Dix and Ann Harding give extremely convincing performances. The delightful comedy touches of Edna May Oliver and Guy Kibbee are excellent.

BERYL CROWELL, New Orleans, La.



The event Clara Bow's host of admirers have long been waiting for. Her comeback picture, "Call Her Savage," sends them into raptures. They find her at once the old mad-cap and a very much more poised Clara. She delights both boys and girls, and receives huge bouquets



George Raft proves our prediction that he would click heavily with the fair sex audiences in "Night After Night." Mae West also gets a big hand on her film début for her riotous comedy. There are posies, too, for Wynne Gibson and Constance Cummings as rivals for suave Georgie

I have been an admirer of Richard Dix since he started in pictures. In "The Conquerors" he has left nothing for the Barrymores to brag about. His aging stunt was done beautifully. We hope he will still be thrilling us when he is eighty-five.

MARY EDWIN McLAUGHLIN,
Rochester, N. Y.

GRAND "NIGHT" AND STARS

I have just seen one of the finest pictures in a long time, "Night After Night." It's "good to the last drop—of the curtain." Congratulations to Mae West and George Raft! And I do hope we shall see them playing together again real soon.

VIRGINIA SPENCER BERTOLOTTI, Mobile, Ala.

I have never been so thrilled by a picture until I went to see "Night After Night." The whole cast was great; Mae West's work was especially good. I feel George Raft could play Valentino rôles successfully and revive the movie spirit of old.

ORELL BACIRS, Denver, Colo.

PLEASE, MISS BROWNE!

The world knows and realizes what a great artist and genius Greta Garbo is, but it is very noticeable that practically only letters from those who knock her are published in your magazine.

LORRAINE BROWNE, Toronto, Canada

FROM HITHER AND YON

This little missive comes to you from the "Land of the Midnight Sun." We are thrilled to face the hard rains of fall or wade the deep snows in winter to see a picture. Very few people in the good old U. S. A. realize how much we appreciate movies up here in "Uncle Sam's Attic."

LEONA L. NELSON, Cordova, Alaska

Give us more pictures like "Grand Hotel." Garbo ought to have heard the ovation she received. That ought to make her return from Sweden. Never will I forget Lionel Barrymore's rendition. Joan Crawford was gorgeous.

GERALD HAINES NEIL COHEN,
Calcutta, India.

As a foreigner living in China, I find it interesting to watch the reaction of the Chinese to the movies. The cinema is deservedly popular out here—the chief source of entertainment.

The Chinese are particularly fond of "leg shows"—spectacular choruses and the elaborate settings that usually accompany revues. They also appreciate gangster stories but display little interest in domestic tragedies or drawing room farces.

American movies are by far the most popular and the Chinese show unerring good judgment in their choice.

MRS. W. G. CUMINE, Shanghai, China

Born in China, I had the start of my English education in a Canton missionary school. When I came to Hawaii, I carried my embarrassing Oriental accent with me. It seemed impossible to shed what seemed part of my heritage. After high school, my English, writing and speaking, still had the Chinese slant.

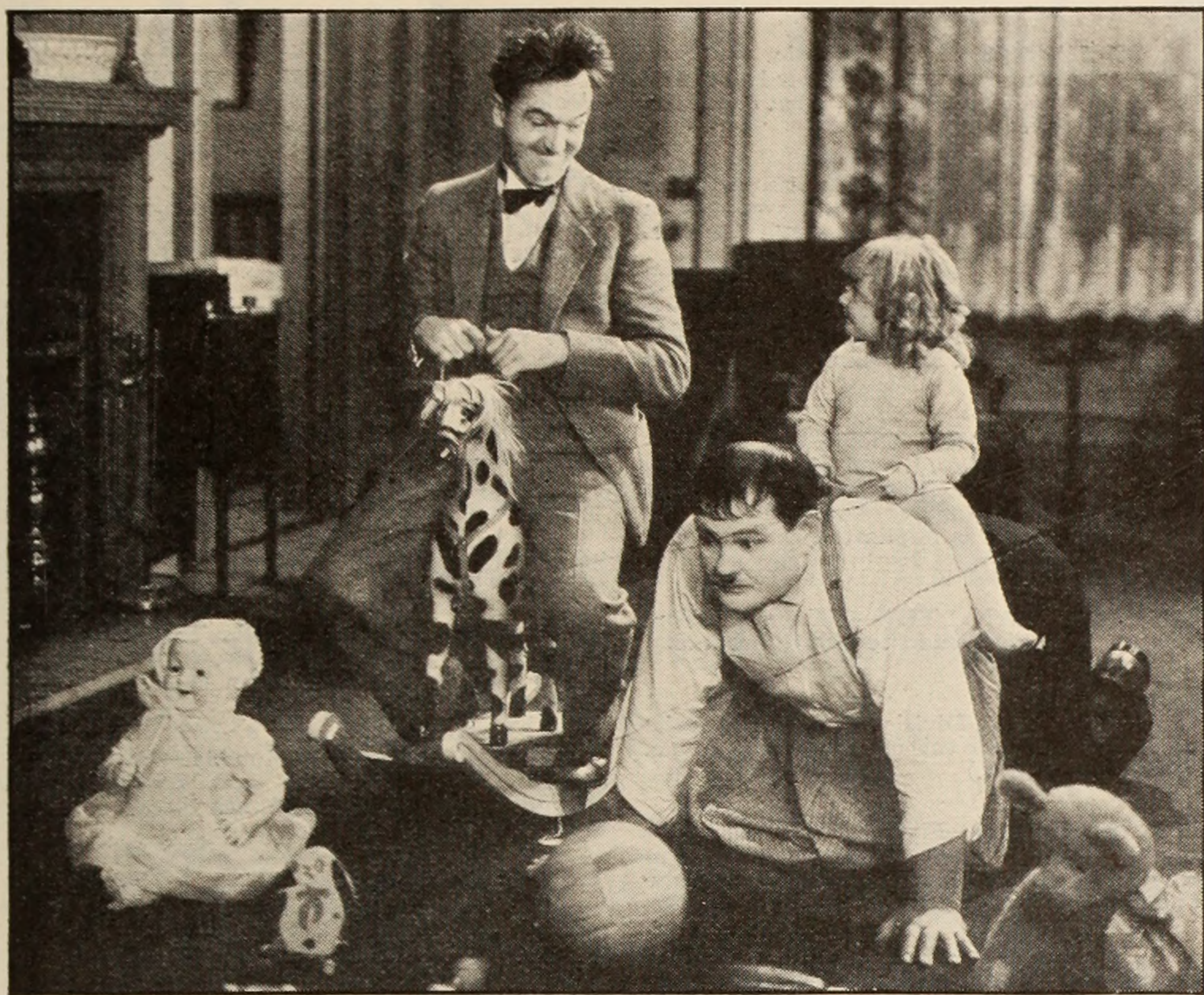
One day I read in PHOTOPLAY, which I have been following for the last twelve years, that Paul Lukas did not speak one word of English before he arrived in America. I read, too, of Greta Garbo's Swedish accent. Yet they astonished me with their mastery of English.

I have made it a point to attend at least two talkies a week, paying particular attention to smooth or smart dialogue. Today I have lost my Chinese accent. Over the telephone people say they can't tell me from an American.

M. SING AU, Honolulu, Hawaii

There are thousands of people in the cities of South Africa who never have the opportunity of seeing famous actors and actresses in

come movie-goers' pros and cons



Maybe we should call them Doctors Laurel and Hardy—a writer says they cured her blues over a broken hand and lost job. Their acting as self-constituted fathers of little Jacquie Lyn in "Pack Up Your Troubles" also pleases those who like comedy tinged with a bit of sentiment

the flesh. Do you think that worries them? No. Why should it when we can see and hear the world's best on the talking screen?

The talkies have spoiled my appreciation of the stage out here because it compares very unfavorably with the movies we see. As for variety, there are fifteen movie theaters and there are at least five different types of pictures being shown here tonight.

N. RUMBELow, Capetown, South Africa

A GARBO QUANDARY

Just what is wrong with Greta Garbo? Or is it me? Every time I see one of her pictures I swear I'll never see another. Then I see she is to appear in a new picture; I get all thrilled anew. So I guess I must like her.

MAXWELL HOOPER, Asheville, N. C.

CLARA AT HER BEST

Clara Bow is back again, even better than before. In "Call Her Savage" she is wonderful. Just full of the old Bow pep and fire. We hope she will always be on the top rung where she belongs.

MR. AND MRS. RUDY F. BOUTELLER,
Louisville, Ky.

Clara Bow has come back to her loving public via "Call Her Savage," for which we have anxiously waited almost two years. No one can deny Clara's will power after seeing her new film. The lines have disappeared from her youthful face, and the merry twinkle in her eyes characterizes the Clara of old. Her figure is once more slender and graceful. "Call Her Savage" will re-establish Clara Bow!

MISS CATHERINE L. PILSITS,
Steelton, Penna.

PLAY, PLAYERS PERFECT

"Smilin' Through," ladies and gentlemen, "Smilin' Through"! A superb production!

The greatest picture Norma Shearer has ever made. Leslie Howard, Fredric March and O. P. Heggie all deserve high praise.

E. L. BERNHARDT, Tonawanda, N. Y.

RICH CINEMA FARE

"If I Had a Million"—there is a picture!—one whose entire meaning cannot be found merely on the surface. The directors (and there were seven of them) have given us a truly worthy production, leaving out all superfluous frills and unnecessary details. What a cast! What a story!

MAURICE DRELL, Chicago, Ill.

SEX FILMS GUIDE YOUTH

I am sixteen. Although I have always been an ardent admirer of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and enjoy their sweet romances best of all, I do not condemn sex pictures. So many parents try to prevent their children from seeing this type of film. They do not realize the high school student of today cannot learn anything from them he doesn't already know and that it wouldn't do him any harm to see what happens to those who fall from grace.

Do you see anything about the life of the hero or heroine of sex films to envy—to make you wish you were in his shoes? Emphatically no! Aren't they always shown as being unhappy and disillusioned? I can find very little in sex pictures that would put wrong ideas in young people's heads. But a very good moral can be found in them—that it doesn't pay to lead the wrong kind of life. I'm sure there must be many who agree with me in this.

EDWARD F., Asbury Park, N. J.

THE BARRYMORE ACE

We are proud indeed of our "royal family" and this is a tribute to the great genius of John Barrymore, so clearly demonstrated in "A Bill of Divorcement." His acting is superb.

Katharine Hepburn was so brilliant that she easily took second honors.

ELIZABETH AVERY, Baltimore, Md.

JEAN COMES THROUGH

Here's to Jean Harlow, one of the bravest girls ever to face a camera! Consider her wonderful performance in "Red Dust," when the eyes of the world were upon her, mostly in disapproval! She will go on to bigger and better parts.

I think I like Jean best with red hair.

ALICE E. JOHNSON, Bonaparte, Iowa

FOR THOSE PANIC PAINS

"Prosperity" is a fine picture and certainly prosperous in laughter. Marie and Polly help to brighten our gloomy depression mood.

MRS. H. SCHRAMM, Wheeling, W. Va.

You're too good, Lady Dressler! After seeing "Prosperity" I'm convinced that your public will never let you go. Whether this gossip about it being your last picture is the truth or not, you're still what the American public needs. I was "blue through and through" when I went to see "Prosperity," but by the time the picture was over I was humming a tune. How you do put it over, Marie!

TOM O. MURFIT, Syracuse, N. Y.

A PEST DESTROYER

Aside from the entertainment value of the now perfect photography and unerring sound reproduction found in the present-day talkies, there is an additional satisfaction—one that has afforded relief to theater-goers in that it has silenced the inevitable fellow in a nearby seat who persisted in reading out loud or murmuring the captions that appeared in the silent pictures. The sound and talking are now where they belong—on the stage and not in the audience.

R. BILL WILLIAMSON, Lafayette, La.



"The Conquerors" draws raves aplenty for its stirring romance and stars. Ann Harding and Richard Dix. His aging stunt causes one woman to hope he will still be a star when he is eighty-five. After seeing what oldtimers overcame, another girl thinks our panic mild

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

RENEGADES OF THE WEST—RKO-Radio.—A Tom Keene Western with a twist. Rosco Ates does the clowning. (Dec.)

RESERVED FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Leslie Howard as a cultured headwaiter, in a charming comedy. (Aug.)

RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners.—A good, rip-roaring Western, with John Wayne heroing. (Sept.)

RIDERS OF THE DESERT—World Wide.—Bob Steele riding through a story of rangers and desert outlaws. (Aug.)

RINGER, THE—First Division-Gainsborough.—A mystery story from England in which a murderer gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. (Aug.)

ROAR OF THE DRAGON, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn with Richard Dix, fine; Arline Judge, cunning; and Gwili Andre, provocative. (Aug.)

ROCKABYE—RKO-Pathe.—Constance Bennett in a mother love story that misses the mark but provides background for the star's charm. Joel McCrea plays opposite her, and Jobyna Howland is a riot as an inebriated mother. (Jan.)

SCARLET DAWN—Warners.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as refugee Russian noble, Nancy Carroll playing his forgiving peasant wife and Lilyan Tashman portraying the other woman can't make this move. (Dec.)

SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING—Capital Film.—Taken from episodes in Schubert's life. His "Serenade" is the theme song. German dialogue and English captions. (Sept.)

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio.—Thrilling if unconvincing drama of the French police unravelling several murder mysteries. With Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton. (Jan.)

70,000 WITNESSES—Paramount—Charles R. Rogers.—Murder on the goal line of a football field. So the game is re-enacted, play by play, and the murderer is discovered. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Charles Ruggles and Dorothy Jordan. (Oct.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—Fox.—The master sleuth baffling gangsters invading London. Thrilling and humorous. Clive Brook does a different *Sherlock*. (Dec.)

SIGN OF FOUR, THE—World Wide.—Arthur Wontner again makes a perfect *Sherlock Holmes*, supported by a fine, all-English cast. (Oct.)

★ **SILVER DOLLAR**—First National.—Edward Robinson shines as the genial, susceptible prospector of early Colorado mining days, who reaches the U. S. Senate but loses his fortune with the silver standard downfall. Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels. (Jan.)

★ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE**—Fox.—A man scientifically brought back from death to serve his country. Warner Baxter's is a memorable performance, Miriam Jordan is lovely and John Boles fine as the other suitor. (Dec.)

SKYSCRAPER SOULS—M-G-M.—The drama of a skyscraper! A most unusual picture, with a fine cast including Warren William. (Sept.)

★ **SMILIN' THROUGH**—M-G-M.—A poignant love story. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Fredric March, O. P. Heggie—all at their best! Don't miss this treat. (Nov.)

SOCIETY GIRL—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn tries to be a tough boxer, but he's too nice to be quite believable. Pleasant enough film, however. (Aug.)

SPEAK EASILY—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante does a swell burlesque of himself in this goofiest of comedies. Buster Keaton is funny too. See this! (Sept.)

SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio.—The line-up was good but there's no touchdown here. And with Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Marian Marsh, too. (Dec.)

★ **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—M-G-M.—From a technical standpoint—the most daring picture ever produced. Imagine Eugene O'Neill's analytical play in movies! The utterance of unspoken thoughts makes the film both novel and interesting. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable astonishingly good. (Sept.)

STRANGE JUSTICE—RKO-Radio.—Story doesn't ring true, but excellently directed and well acted. About a Broadway play boy, a hat check girl and a chauffeur. (Nov.)

STRANGER IN TOWN—Warners.—When you've seen Chic Sale in one picture, you've seen him in all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. (Aug.)

TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE—Warners.—Pioneer story of the telegraph with Indian menace. Romance by John Wayne and Marceline Day. Fine for kids. (Dec.)

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY—Fox.—For Farrell-Gaynor devotees, though Farrell's part is subordinate in a complicated, draggy story. Janet Gaynor does well as the daughter of a sea captain who becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. (Jan.)

TEXAS BAD MAN, THE—Universal.—Tom Mix impersonates a desperado to trap the bandits. (Aug.)

THE STOKER—First Division-Allied.—Even the American Marines get into this melodramatic jumble. Pretty poor stuff. (Sept.)

THEY CALL IT SIN—First National.—Loretta Young lovely as the church organist who falls in love with the city boy (David Manners). George Brent and Una Merkel help make this entertaining. (Nov.)

THEY NEVER COME BACK—First Division-Artclass.—A dull story of a prize-fighter and a night club performer. Regis Toomey and Dorothy Sebastian. (Aug.)

THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE—First Division-Monogram.—A thrilling murder mystery, with bright dialogue and comedy to offset the horror. (Nov.)

THIRTEEN WOMEN—RKO-Radio.—Mental suggestion, with fantastic results, is the brand-new theme of this gripping picture. Myrna Loy (who plays a Hindu girl magnificently), Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. (Oct.)

THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia.—Romance born of polo and army life, with Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp. (Dec.)

THOSE WE LOVE—World Wide.—Slow moving story about a novelist, his self-sacrificing wife and the other woman. Lilyan Tashman, Mary Astor and Kenneth MacKenna. (Nov.)

THREE ON A MATCH—First National.—Tragedy follows bucking the superstition. Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are the violators, Warren William and Lyle Talbot the men. (Dec.)

THRILL OF YOUTH, THE—First Division-Invincible.—About a young couple and an older pair who finally find their way to happiness. (Nov.)

★ **TIGER SHARK**—First National.—An exciting adventure picture. Edward G. Robinson is great, and Zita Johann brings a new type of shady dame to the screen. (Oct.)

★ **TOMBROWN OF CULVER**—Universal.—All the action takes place at Culver Military Academy. A swell picture for the whole family to see. (Sept.)

TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox.—An insipid attempt making Will Rogers dramatic. But he makes parts good. (Dec.)

TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide.—For dog lovers. Animals, wild and domestic, in a drama with few humans. (Dec.)

★ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE**—Paramount.—Real entertainment! Intriguing, sophisticated, colorful story. Perfect acting by Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis and Lubitsch direction. This comedy of crooks and a witching widow reveals a different, fascinating Herbert Marshall. (Dec.)

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING—First National.—Rather unconvincing story of a swaggering tough's prison life from cell through death house, made real by Spencer Tracy's acting and good dialogue. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron give good support. (Jan.)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners.—Weak story, but Constance Bennett looks pretty and does good work in a shallow rôle. Neil Hamilton and Allen Vincent are the boys. (Oct.)

TWO FISTED LAW—Columbia.—Tim McCoy Western in which another villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch. Heh-heh! (Aug.)

UNASHAMED—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone tries hard to save this unbelievable story, but doesn't quite. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young. (Sept.)

UNHOLY LOVE—First Division-Allied.—Based on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Neither very important nor very entertaining. (Oct.)

UPTOWN NEW YORK—World Wide.—Jack Oakie is fine as a regular guy falling for a lady with a past (Shirley Grey). Grand comedy and good human-interest drama. (Jan.)

VANISHING FRONTIER, THE—Paramount.—You'll like Johnny Mack Brown with a Spanish accent as the hold-up man in this story of early California. (Sept.)

VANITY STREET—Columbia.—Story of kind copper Charles Bickford and desperate Helen Chandler with killing and heartbreak. All ends well. (Dec.)

VIRTUE—Columbia.—A "shady lady" (Carole Lombard) marries a taxi driver (Pat O'Brien). Discovering her unrevealed past, he forgives, then suspects. The climax is her implication in murder. (Jan.)

WAR CORRESPONDENT—Columbia.—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee in a stirring story of activities on the Chinese battle front. (Oct.)

★ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE**—M-G-M.—Washington—politics—Lionel Barrymore as the respected attorney who goes wrong, and Karen Morley as the scheming vamp. A grand picture. (Sept.)

★ **WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND**—Columbia.—Lee Tracy plays a young congressman who goes to Washington on purchased votes, and then tries to double-cross the gang in the interests of his country. A fine cast in an exciting film. (Nov.)

WEEK-END MARRIAGE—First National.—Wives, it seems from this, shouldn't work and Loretta Young and Norman Foster explain it all in this earnest picture. (Aug.)

WEEK ENDS ONLY—Fox.—Not new in plot, but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett does well as a rich girl made poor by the stock market crash. (Aug.)

WESTWARD PASSAGE—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding, ZaSu Pitts and Irving Pichel. The story is entertaining enough but it lacks pep and punch. (Aug.)

★ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD**—RKO-Pathe.—Fast and fascinating entertainment and all very true to Hollywood. Constance Bennett gives her finest performance. Lowell Sherman is great. (Aug.)

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Fox.—A rip-snorting mellerdrammer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spyglass. (Aug.)

WHITE EAGLE—Columbia.—Buck Jones as an Indian brave in a rustling "meller" with a surprise. (Dec.)

WHITE ZOMBIE—United Artists.—An utterly fantastic tale about the half-dead, known as zombies, who rise from their graves. Madge Bellamy and Bela Lugosi. And you don't need to bother seeing it. (Sept.)

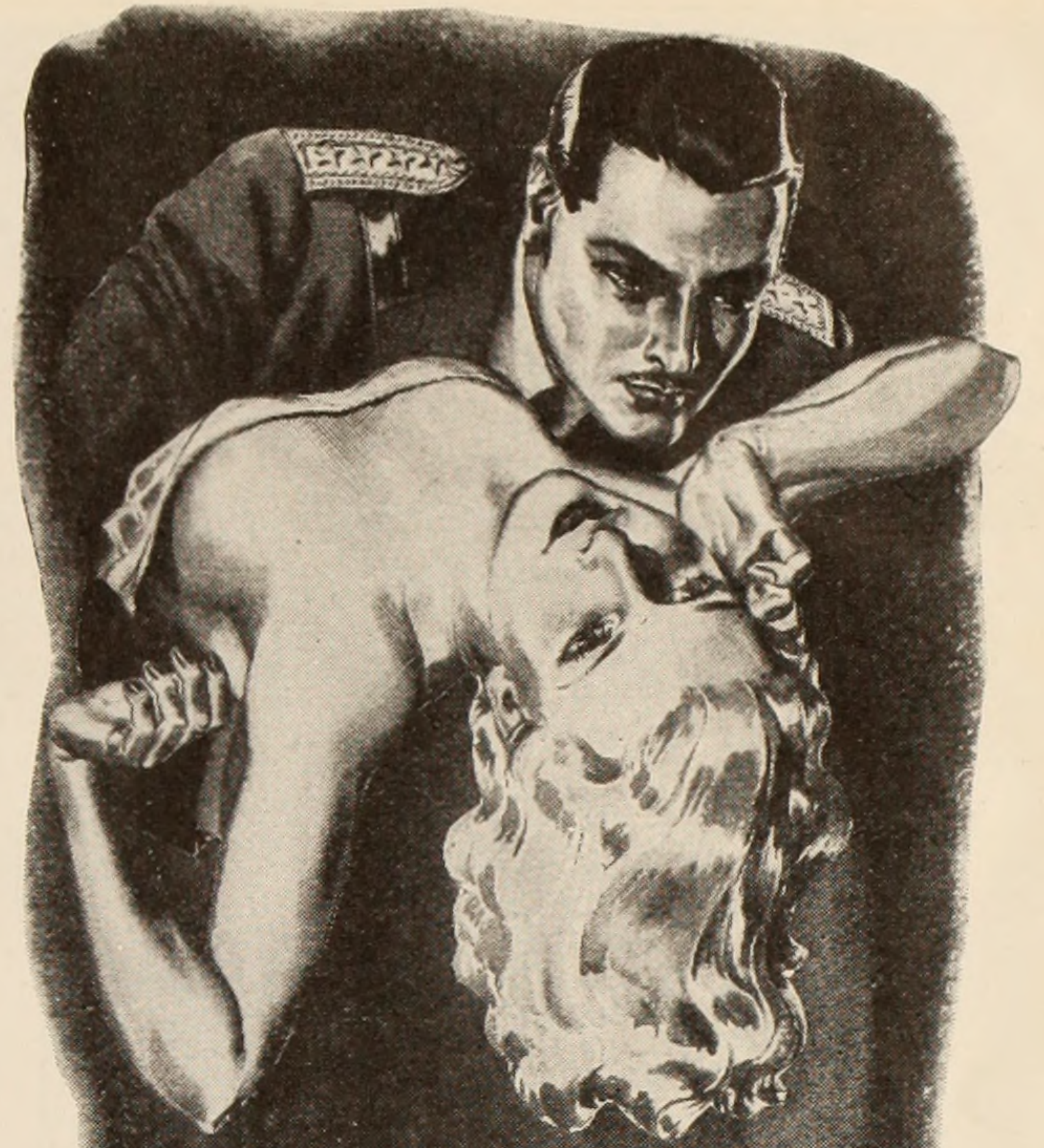
WILD GIRL—Fox.—"Salomy Jane" with the wonderful outdoors and all the thrills. It's different! Joan Bennett's *Salomy* may be a subdued tomboy but she's lovable. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy and Minna Gombell are splendid in a fine cast. (Dec.)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—Elementary Western marked by good riding and a wild horse stampede. Randolph Scott is the equestrian hero. The kids will enjoy this. (Jan.)

★ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—First National.—Uproarious comedy about a fellow who can't swim, mistaken for a champ and forced to go through with a race. How Joe Brown makes it causes the howls. (Jan.)

Her dreams reveal
a Passion she
dare not rouse

... She dreamed of the kiss that
would have sent their hearts
soaring to heaven...but plunged
their souls into hell!



Barbara Stanwyck
in The
BITTER TEA
OF GENERAL YEN

NILS ASTHER • WALTER CONNOLLY

directed by

FRANK CAPRA

From the Novel by Grace Zaring Stone



THE
BITTER TEA
OF
GENERAL YEN
by
GRACE ZARING STONE



A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Lupe Velez

CUTS DOWN ON STOCKINGS



A STOCKING BIOGRAPHY
BY
HERSELF



When I first become a star I am paid more money each week than I used to think there was in the world. I say to myself, "Lupe, you are rich!" Then I pinch myself to be sure I am not dreaming.

So I spend money like water. I buy the most expensive dresses and hats and shoes I can find. If a dress cost hundreds of dollars I say, "Pouf! That is nothing. Send me home two of them."

It is that way with everything. Bracelets, handbags, even, and stockings. I pay them what they ask and think I get the best because it costs most.

Then one day a man calls at my house. He is from Realsilk and he wants I should buy stockings from him.

I look at those stockings. They are very beautiful. I ask him how much they cost?

He tells me. It is a low price for fine stockings.

So I sniff and say, "They are not good enough for Lupe, they do not cost enough."

He laughs. Then he asks me if they are beautiful enough. And if they are sheer enough. And if they feel luxurious enough. And if I like the way they are made.

And I have to say, "Yes" to all those questions. It is true, too.

Then he laugh again and say, "Only they don't cost enough, eh?"

By that time I am laughing myself and saying to myself, "Lupe, you are a big fool with your money."

So I buy some of those Realsilk stockings which I like very, very much. And that is how I cut down on stockings, and on all the other things I have been spending money so foolishly for.

The *fresh* Silk Stockings

REALSILK

with 7 Exclusive Features



Lupe Velez hit Hollywood like a Mexican cyclone. Fiery, lovely and a born actress, she scored instant success in "Cuban Love Song" and "The Broken Wing". Her latest picture is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feature, "Kongo".

BEAUTIFUL SILK STOCKINGS THAT WEAR

Realsilk stockings are made differently because they're sold differently. They are sold direct from our mills to you rather than through stores. And they are delivered direct to you, with no in-between steps and delays, so that you are always sure of getting *Fresh* Silk Stockings with Realsilk. That means greater beauty, elasticity and wear. Realsilk's direct method of doing business

has also resulted in dozens of other hosiery improvements, among which are Realsilk's famous Seven Exclusive Features. If the Realsilk Representative in your neighborhood has not called on you lately, ask him to do so by 'phoning your local Realsilk office. (Listed under "Realsilk.") Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. World's largest producers of women's and men's silk hosiery.



Hal Phylfe

SINCE Hollywood has begun to turn more and more to the English actors, accent and themes—Clive Brook has been bounding from one British picture to another. Three in a row: "Sherlock Holmes," "Cavalcade" and next, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." More than twelve years of unvarying success in American-made pictures. What a record!



Hal Phyfe

IT'S a thread-worn word, but this striking portrait of Marian Nixon truly reveals real sophistication, the kind that isn't synthetic, or that doesn't rub off like face powder. A woman of the world—of the world of culture—is what this unusual camera study depicts. You will see Marian next in "The Face in the Sky," which is now in production



THE ash-blonde from Copenhagen has the eyes—her own and every other pair, as well, within range of vision. They haven't found yet the right niche in films for Gwili Andre, but beauty like hers illuminates every picture she is in. She is now appearing in "Secrets of the French Police," and may be seen next in RKO's "No Other Woman"



Elmer Fryer

A DREAM of a costume and a dream of a girl that wears it. Kay Francis here sets a style that will wring the masculine heart. (It isn't quite fair, Kay!) You saw her subtly suave performance as *Marianne* in "Trouble in Paradise." She's going to play a woman detective rôle in "The Keyhole." George Brent will be the lucky lead

Some Like
Them High,
Some Like
Them Low

THE new Gossard foundation, illustrated, has "fashioned" elastic panels from armpit to thigh, that mould your figure to a smooth, princess outline . . . so you may wear your waistline wherever you choose—high, low or normal! Peach satin-finished batiste is the fabric and fine lace forms the uplift bust. Model 6062.

The GOSSARD
LINE
of BEAUTY

The H. W. Gossard Co.
Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.
Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta,
London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires.



College Girls *in one-leg test* cut down Stocking Runs *75%*

"I washed one stocking every day the Lux way—the other I rubbed with cake soap . . . See the run in the cake-soap stocking! The Lux stocking is like new. Nothing but Lux for our stockings from now on, we girls all say."

Marjorie Sheerin

A GROUP OF COLLEGE GIRLS got together recently on a test of stocking wear.

The "One-Leg Test" they call it, because *one* stocking was washed every night the Lux way—the *other* rubbed with cake soap.

They reported amazing results! *75%* fewer runs in the Lux-washed stockings than in the stockings labeled "Cake Soap."

Cake-soap rubbing destroys the *elasticity* of the silk. This is the live, stretchable quality of silk which makes it wear. Lux is made to *preserve* this vital elasticity. That's why clever girls *save* their stockings by washing them the 2-minute Lux way each night.



"WE GIRLS were awfully keen about this test," says Miss Sheerin, "because it showed us how many stocking runs you can avoid by washing your stockings the right way. In the test, we each took a pair, labeled one stocking *Lux*, the other, *cake soap*."



"EVERY NIGHT we Luxed one stocking—rubbed the other with cake soap. There were *75%* fewer runs in the Lux stockings!"



"THAT'S WHY we all use Lux now—it's such an easy way to cut down stocking bills. It takes only 2 minutes, and when you save elasticity with Lux, stockings not only *wear* better but *fit* better. Keep their color and look smoother, too."

Mrs. H. N. Aikens
washed 468 pieces
with only one box
of LUX

48 pairs
silk stockings
51 pieces silk
lingerie
18 silk pajamas
36 children's
undies

126 pairs socks
66 pieces
table linen
120 hand-
kerchiefs
3 sweaters
(baby's)

LUX *saves stocking elasticity*

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

ON attending the opening of "The Sign of the Cross" in New York, I naturally expected to be either entertained or edified. I was neither.

De Mille, in spite of his rather fixed tendency to over-zealousness in striving for effects, has, nevertheless, usually been able to wrest a spiritual significance from some of the greater themes he has chosen.

Certainly the opportunity should not have been lacking in "The Sign of the Cross." But I left the theater with the feeling that I had not been emotionally or spiritually satisfied.

Perhaps "The Sign of the Cross" is a great picture. Perhaps what I regard as serious defects may be applauded by the majority of motion picture theatergoers who see it. However, I believe I am not squeamish, and that I am right in thinking that certain sequences in the production had much better have been omitted.

TAKE that dance scene. Because of its peculiar nature, it is distinctly offensive. Some years ago Nazimova played *Salome* on the screen. She danced the terrible dance of that half-mad, neurotic woman when the head of John the Baptist was brought to her on a platter. Nazimova's dance of *Salome* was no more decadent than that of Joyzelle in the palace of *Marcus Superbus*.

Having rather astonished his audience with this type of spectacle, De Mille, one might think, would have restrained himself from going on to another offense. He lays bare with brutal frankness the horrible orgies of the Roman Coliseum. Lions and elephants destroy human beings and men—yes and women, too—mutilate and slay with gross savageness.

Two or three of the worst episodes have, I understand, been cut from the film since I saw it, but Mr. De Mille will pardon me when I say that several hundred feet of additional footage could well have been eliminated.

Whether such spectacles are bad taste or good entertainment is, of course, for the individuals that make up picture audiences to determine for themselves.

DEMILLE did a tremendously fine piece of work when he created "The King of Kings," and for that millions of persons owe him a debt of gratitude.

His magic touch is obviously still there if he cares to exercise it.

Probably his latest picture will in no wise mar his reputation as a great director, but I most sincerely trust he will not make a similar attempt. Yet oddly enough, even the very defects of "The Sign of the Cross" are singularly impressive. No one who has once seen it will ever be able to forget it.

AFTER many months of picture inaction, Mary Pickford proves she has pondered to good advantage. Taking her cue from costume pictures mixed with sentiment, and obtaining for her lead the unmatched Leslie Howard, her forthcoming production, "Secrets," is likely to usher in a new screen era for her.

Mary is a finished actress. Her technique has always been illumined by an understanding intelligence. She has a gift of personal charm, exactly suited to the manners and customs of a more leisurely and polished age. In such an atmosphere, too, Howard is well nigh perfect. In "Secrets" each will have a sympathetic rôle.

All this Mary well knows, and we cannot help but applaud her for having thus met the problems that for the last couple of years have thwarted her. Her return to the screen should be a personal triumph.

AS I write these lines Clara Bow has stepped into a world unique to her experience. She is touring Europe under the tutelage of a former attaché of an embassy, in quest of culture. The expedition, I understand, is not really of Clara's choosing. This girl of appealing personality, of which the curious crowd never tires, frankly says Rancho Clarito is more alluring. Just previous to sailing with husband Rex Bell she visited the New York zoo, attired in blue pajamas, a turtle neck sweater, a little red cap and a magnificent fur coat.

I FEAR that the wonders of the Louvre and St. Peters may pall upon her. Clara is too emotionally simple and direct to be much impressed by the culture of Europe. And that, to my mind, is the real reason for her perennial hold upon the public.

There are no complexities in her acting. Even a child can understand it. And by her very simplicity she achieves near-greatness.

EVERYBODY has a pet belief that he can pick them, and B. P. Schulberg is no exception. You may recall that he picked Clara Bow.

He believes that any actor or actress who is destined to become a star makes a hit in the first picture, no matter what the picture or how small the part. He points to a whole list of stars to prove it.

But what does that make of a lot of other stars?

JOAN CRAWFORD has given more aid to aspiring young screen heroes than any other actress on the screen. In fact, with the exception of Clark Gable in "Possessed" and Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton," Joan has never had a big name in her pictures.

Kent Douglass was a brand-new comer from the Pasadena Community Theater when he supported Joan in "Paid." It was the unknown Lester Vail in "Dance Fools, Dance" and now comes Franchot Tone in her new one.

And if one reads the signs correctly, Joan is growing a lot irked at the Leslie Howards and Fredric Marches being passed about elsewhere.

"How about a big name for me?" Joan asks.

AND this, we are assured, is Joe E. Brown's favorite mother-in-law story.

Henry was sitting in the living-room concentrating on his evening paper. He failed to look up when his wife rushed in, evidently agitated.

"Henry! Mother says she wants to be cremated."

Henry finished his paragraph, breathed a patient sigh, and remarked, "Well, all right. Tell her to get her things on."

IF a Gold Medal were offered for the world's most enthusiastic motion picture goer, the award would undoubtedly fall to General Juan Vicente Gomez, president of Venezuela. Every day for three hundred and forty days of the year he sees a motion picture. Practically all that are produced.

He gets a big laugh out of Laurel and Hardy. With him, however, pictures are more a serious matter than recreation. He finds in them great educational value and knows far more about other lands and their customs than many men who have travelled extensively.

EVEN when he journeys into the interior, he does not permit himself to be denied his one great interest. On one occasion he had sent up to the top of a mountain a projection machine and a week's quota of films. At the age of seventy-five, he husbands his physical strength by having special motion

pictures made of the progress of public works and roads throughout Venezuela.

Cameramen are also sent to his several ranches for pictorial reports as to just how they are being operated. A wise man, this Gomez, who has found that motion pictures are really of the great educational value that has been claimed for them.

HERE'S an elementary lesson in "How to Win Over the Reluctant Fan-Writer," as demonstrated by Miss Lupe Velez.

Fan-writer is talking with publicity exploiter, when Lupe is heard approaching in the distance—and I mean *heard*.

"Dear me," disapproves the P. F. W. (Prim Fan-Writer), "isn't she the noisy thing? And she uses so much make-up!"

At this moment, Lupe hurls herself into view and spies the pair. She gallops up with a cute little prance—and straight over to the P. F. W. whom she doesn't happen to know, but a little thing like that seldom stops Lupe.

"DARLEEENG!" exclaims Lupe, quite undismayed, smack in the face of the lady's obviously disapproving look, "you are *suuch* a pritty girl—but you need leep-rouge! Here, let me fix." With which she whips out a lipstick and proceeds to decorate the undefiled lips. "Theere," coos Lupe, "she looks precious now. She look irreseestible, how you say. Darleeeng, use always the leep-stick. Here, I give you mine. It is soo pritty on you."

And is the F. W. (we can now drop the P.) sold on Lupe?

Thinks she's the most charming, refreshing, adorable, natural, talented—this could go on and on—girl in pictures!

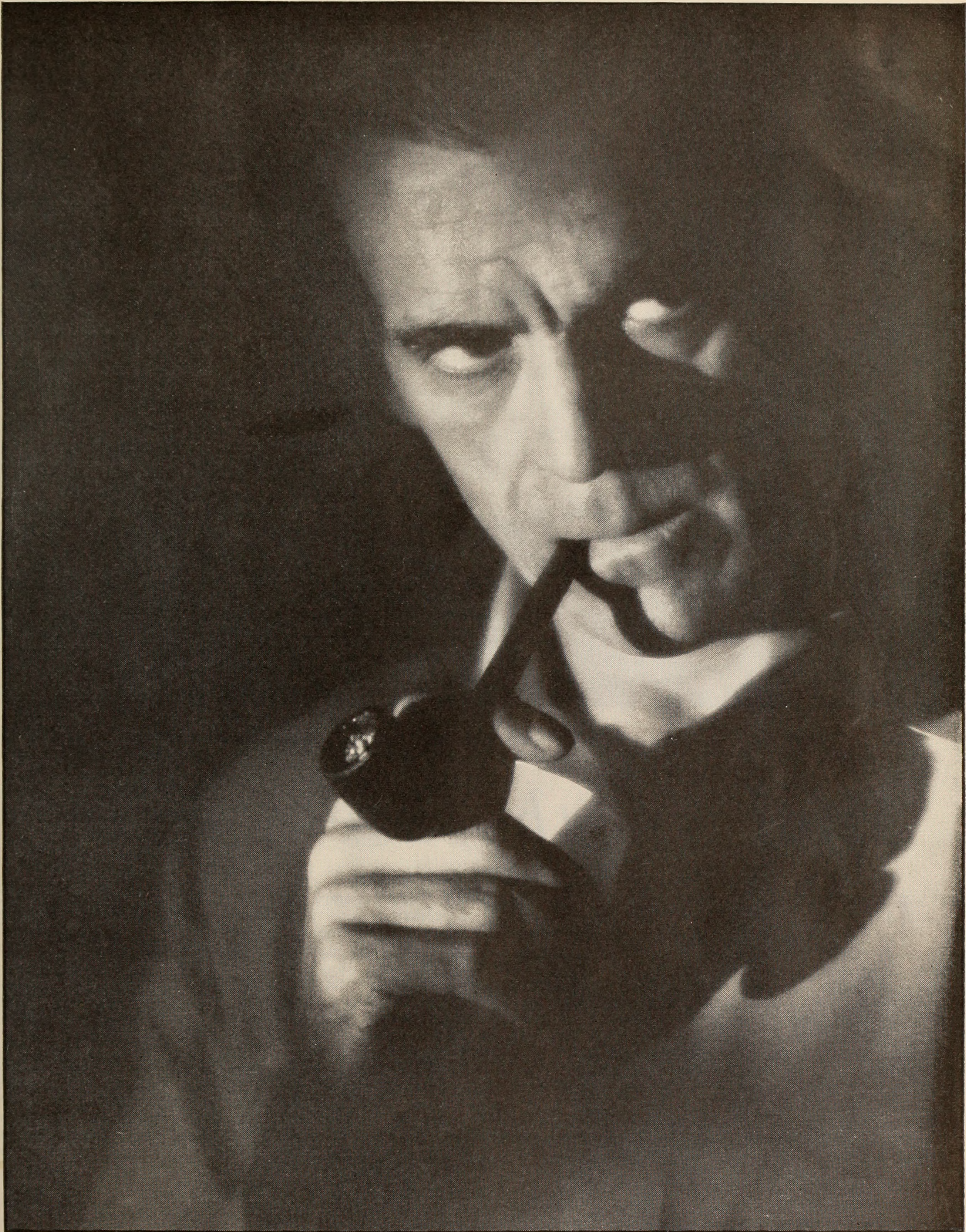
WHEN sixty million people, who have never kissed before, begin to kiss that's really more significant than a political revolution, and motion pictures must be given credit for this astounding sociological change. It is the Japanese who are discovering what they have been missing all these centuries. American love scenes on the screen have become so irresistible that the Japanese censors have removed the ban from them.

Progress? Well, perhaps and perhaps not, but it must be a grand thing for the boys and girls.

A CERTAIN Hollywood director who has studied the movie extra and knows the species thoroughly, makes this estimate:

Take any twelve girls now doing extra work and you will find in one year's time that six of them will be married, one will be playing bits, one will have left the struggle for other work, and the other four will be exactly where they are now—just extras, contented with little work and less food.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



Freulich

AND now his bosses have issued orders that hereafter Boris Karloff is to be photographed only in character. So this is the last straight portrait you will see of *The Monster*. At any rate, as long as he may continue under contract to Universal Pictures. Sinister, those eyes, even here



"Clara and I could be cast away on a desert isle all alone, and have a good time every minute"

Clara is the Ideal Wife

HONESTLY, I was never so miserably unhappy in my life.

I have been married for a year to the grandest girl in the world, and on our very first anniversary, we had to be separated!

It was necessary for Clara to go to New York to make a personal appearance with "Call Her Savage"—and I had to stay in Hollywood to finish a picture.

I am getting through these lonely two weeks of our first separation by looking forward to the moment when we will be together again, and to the trip to Europe after that, with two whole months all to ourselves. We are going over on the great Italian liner, the "Rex." That was Clara's idea.

I like married life. I like being married to Clara. Fact is, I can't imagine being married to any other girl. It took me years to find the girl I wanted, and I know darn well I'd never find another like her.

We went together two years, and found out each other's faults and failures, as well as the good points. She decided to take a chance on me, and I knew I wasn't taking any chance on her!

Believe me, she's all gold, that girl.

Clara's love and companionship have given me a confidence in myself and my work that I never hoped to have. She knows exactly what an actor is up against every day, because she is in the same profession. In my opinion, no one in the acting profession should marry out of it. Better to stay unmarried.

Situations arise in the moving picture business that anyone on the outside finds practically impossible to understand. That's

where Clara is marvelous. There isn't a spot I can imagine, an embarrassing situation that might have me in the worst light you can think of, that Clara wouldn't comprehend instantly. She understands this peculiar business of being an actor.

Now a non-professional wife—that's something else again. I've seen them—lovely, well-meaning girls who adore their husbands—but they just can't seem to get the angle. To realize the unexplainable things that can happen every day.

TAKE the hours, for instance. I am apt to get home for dinner any time between six o'clock and midnight—sometimes not until morning. After we finish work on the set, there are always things to go over with the director, people to see, a hundred and one details that need attention. We both know all about it. So if I arrive home at nine o'clock, and Clara knows we finished work on the set at four, she is not curious about what I did with the intervening hours.

It is far different with a non-professional wife. She may be married to the most devoted actor alive, but she can't help being exacting and curious because she doesn't *know* what goes on. She feels out of it, neglected, if he doesn't tell her every little thing. A tired man, after a hard day's work on location or under lights, doesn't feel like giving a recitation or a lot of explanations. I honestly think this is the foundation of much trouble between couples who have married out of the profession. They don't speak the same language.

Clara knows exactly what to do and say if I happen to get home all burnt up because something went [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

By Rex Bell



"From the way we feel now it looks like our love is one of those things that last forever and ever"

Why I Love Rex Bell

I THINK it's hard to say why one person loves another one, don't you? I might tell you it's . . . what do you call that? Oh, yes . . . a kind of magnetism between Rex and me . . . maybe that's what makes me love him. Or maybe it's more because I feel *right* . . . sort of peaceful and safe . . . when I'm with Rex . . . you know the sort of feeling I mean. Or maybe again it's the kind of loyalty we have for each other. Rex stuck by me day in and day out during troubles before we were married. We saw each other every day for a solid year. Well, that starts a kind of friendship that's going to last. Rex was so good to me, so kind and understanding . . . such a friend . . . I'll never forget that . . . not till my dying day.

Oh, but don't think I knew the minute I saw him that I was in love with him. I didn't at all. I thought he was charming and nice. And very kind. But the rest all came afterwards. It grows and grows and every day I love him a little more.

And from the way we feel now, it looks like one of those things that are going to last . . . forever and ever. So you see, I can't exactly put into words why I love Rex. But I do. That's all I know.

But I can tell you little things he does . . . and it's certainly the little things that count for a woman, don't you think . . . that may explain what I mean.

When I was working so hard in "Call Her Savage" I never went out. I'd come home so dead tired I could hardly move. I'd just tumble into bed at eight-thirty every night, and that was that. So I'd say to Rex: "Darling, why don't you go out and play cards with the boys? I hate to think of your sitting in here

every night doing nothing!" And how do you suppose he'd answer me every time:

"Well, Punkin, (that's what he calls me) if you want to know the truth, I'd rather stay here quietly, just feeling you were in there in your own room next to mine, than win at cards for ten nights running."

Now, that's Rex for you!

No, you're wrong, there isn't any boss in our house. Rex always says to me: "Punkin, I want you to do anything that will make you happy. But if I don't like it, I'll tell you so. And I'll tell you *why*, too."

And he *does!* Believe me, he does!

IT'S funny, too, that Rex isn't jealous. Or at least, he's just jealous enough. A man wouldn't be interesting to a woman if he weren't a *little* bit jealous, don't you think? But he isn't jealous like other men.

Maybe that's the reason we don't quarrel. I can't remember one quarrel we've had since we married. Not about anything that counts, anyway. Oh sure, we have our differences over tiny little things. You know how it is.

For instance, I love dogs. And I've got a lot of them. I had five thoroughbred Great Danes . . . but I've given three of those away now. And I have two of the cutest little cocker spaniels you ever saw, and one of those big, red hunting dogs . . . you know the kind with the sad eyes.

Well, when I say I love dogs, I mean I love them all around me, everywhere, in and out of every room, and that kind of thing. But Rex doesn't like to have them [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

By Clara Bow



"IT'S a SECRET, gentle readers," Mary seems to be saying at the top, in keeping with the title of her film. "But I'll let you in on it." What's a secret? Why, the elaborate care with which all outdoors—or so much of it as Mary may need—is brought indoors, and securely housed. Now that twain

of bothersome villains, Noise and Weather, cannot spoil otherwise perfect shots, and impose the heart-breaking burden of costly retakes upon the expense sheet for "Secrets," the forthcoming Pickford picture.

Here is a complete old Salem homestead, reproduced to the last detail within four

studio walls. The scene about to be shot is that of Mary preparing to elope with Leslie Howard. Director Frank Borzage, pipe in hand, stands behind the pair, between the cameras and the microphone, while at the extreme right is Mary's personal maid, Erna Jorgensen, alert for instant service, as is her hairdresser, Mrs.



Photo by Stagg

Nina Roberts, standing, next to the microphone boom stand.

"Going on location" is practically a thing of the past, for the auto horns and drone of airplanes of Southern California have brought Hollywood to it.

Many a sound sequence has been ruined by

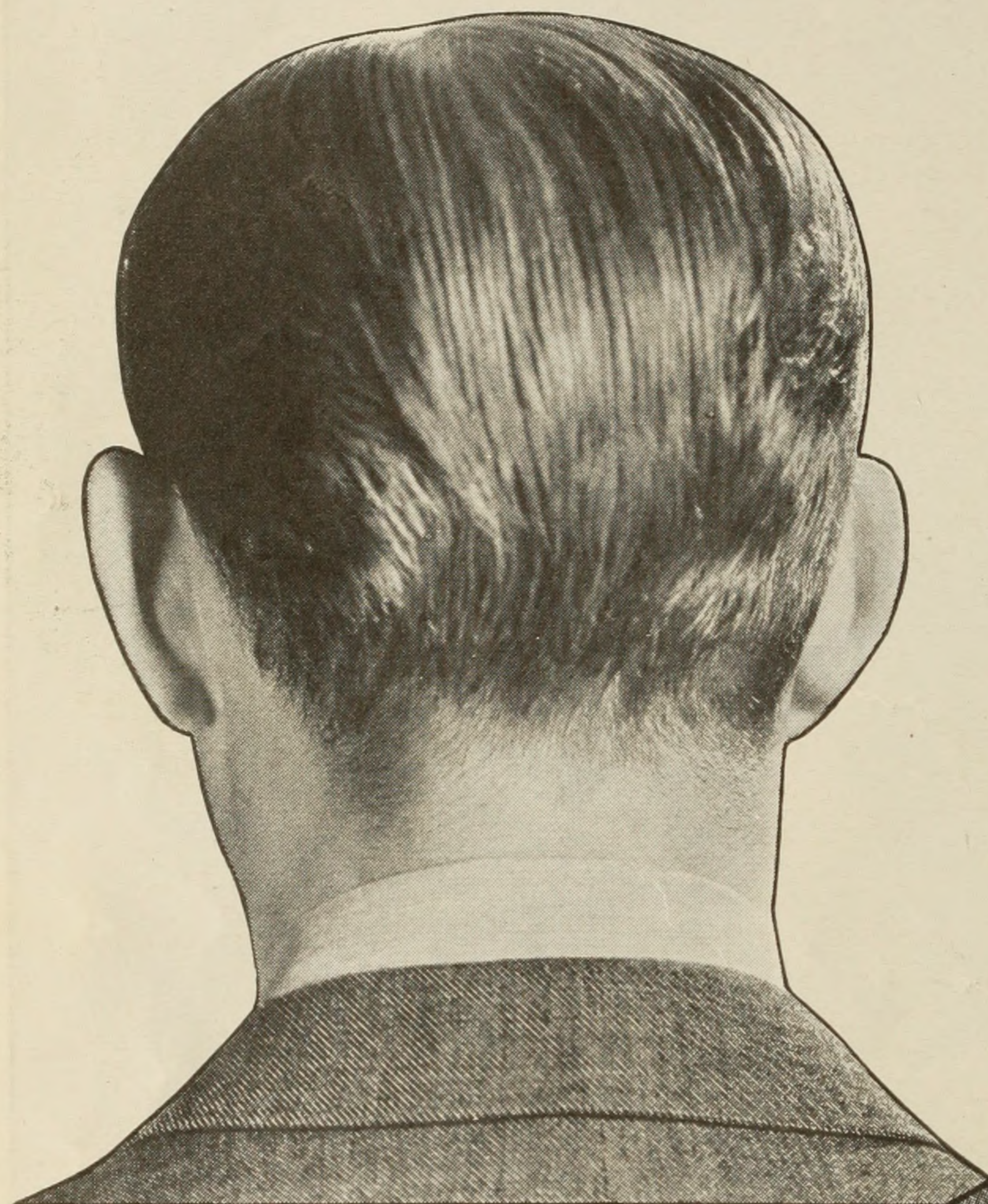
these extraneous noises. On no studio set has an outdoor scene been worked out better than the one shown here. The house is surrounded by a synthetic garden of rare beauty, with birch trees built from tissue and oak trees made from plaster of Paris. Even some of the flowers have been set in cement, so they will break off

when Mary picks them, as well-bred flowers should, and cause neither trouble nor delay.

And when all is said and done, and Mary finally makes her bow to us from the screen, the financial department, after scanning the production costs, will be sure to utter a heart-felt "Thank you!"

Who Is Hollywood's

Eighty leading ladies can't be wrong—he's champion by acclamation! But who can this paragon of lovers be?



Here he is—and practically every one of screendom's loveliest heroines has demanded him for her wooer. Who is he?

WHO is the greatest lover of the screen? The greatest lover of all time—the greatest lover the screen has ever known? If you were asked that question, whom would you name? You know him, of course—but who is he?

Three guesses—or three dozen, if you like. And a dollar to a doughnut you're wrong.

Would you say Wally Reid, the typical young American lover whom countless fans still remember even after all these years?

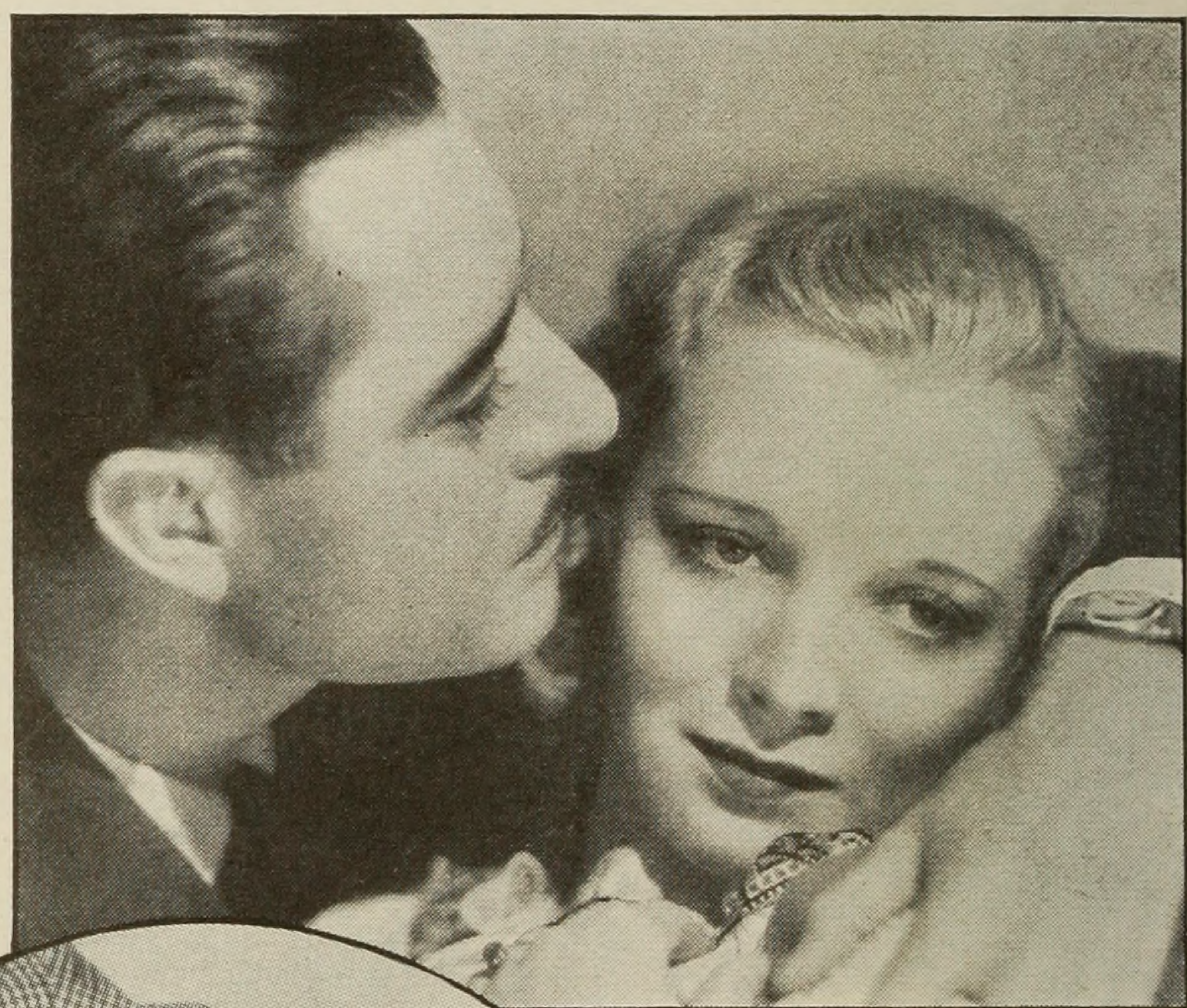
Would you say Rudy Valentino, the unforgettable Latin lover whose passionate embraces swept millions of feminine fancies into amorous frenzy?

Would you say Jack Gilbert, the matinee idol lover who skewered maidenly hearts like beads on a string with his bold glances?

Would you say Dick Barthelmess or Ramon Novarro? Francis X. Bushman, or Lou Tellegen? Conway Tearle or Milton Sills or Bert Lytell or Thomas Meighan?

You might say any of these. But you'd be a long way from the truth.

Would your choice be among the more up-to-date lovers, the reigning heart-breakers of today? Would you say, for instance, Clark Gable, the rough guy lover, George Raft, the gangster lover, Warner Baxter, the romantic lover, James Cagney,



The dashing, compelling tenderness of John Gilbert won the hand of lovely Virginia Bruce, shown with him as they appeared in "Downstairs." But has it earned him the title of acknowledged champion?



Pulses quicken throughout the land when Chevalier reveals his ardent love, as here with Jeanette MacDonald in "Love Me Tonight." Perhaps that makes him premier

Your guess may be the cultured, powerful Richard Dix. Here he is with Gwili Andre in "Roar of the Dragon," to help you decide his right to leadership



Greatest Screen Lover?

By Robert Ryan Miller

the up-and-at-'em lover, John Barrymore, the imperious lover, Maurice Chevalier, the naughty-naughty lover, Joel McCrea, the nice boy lover, Richard Dix, the ceremonious, eloquent lover—would you say any of these?

Sorry, but you're still wrong.

The screen's greatest lover is none of these. None of them can even remotely compare with him in the record he holds; he has made love to more of the beautiful women of the screen than any three of them put together. He has held with his arms and kissed with his lips more gorgeous creatures than any man on earth. Not one of the famous love-makers already mentioned can even challenge his right to the title of "The Screen's Greatest Lover."

Listen:

In the past fourteen and a half years this king of lovers has played in a total of one hundred and seventy-five pictures. During that time he has made love to over eighty different screen heroines. Since the beginning of the talking pictures alone, in the past four years only, he has been in fifty-three different feature films and "got his gal" in almost every one of them.

Valentino, during his entire screenlife, played in only fifteen pictures—a mere bagatelle.

Wally Reid did about eight a year for some five years.

Novarro and Barthelmess make three or four a year—often less. Gable and Raft and Chevalier are mere screen youngsters, who really can't even begin to compete.

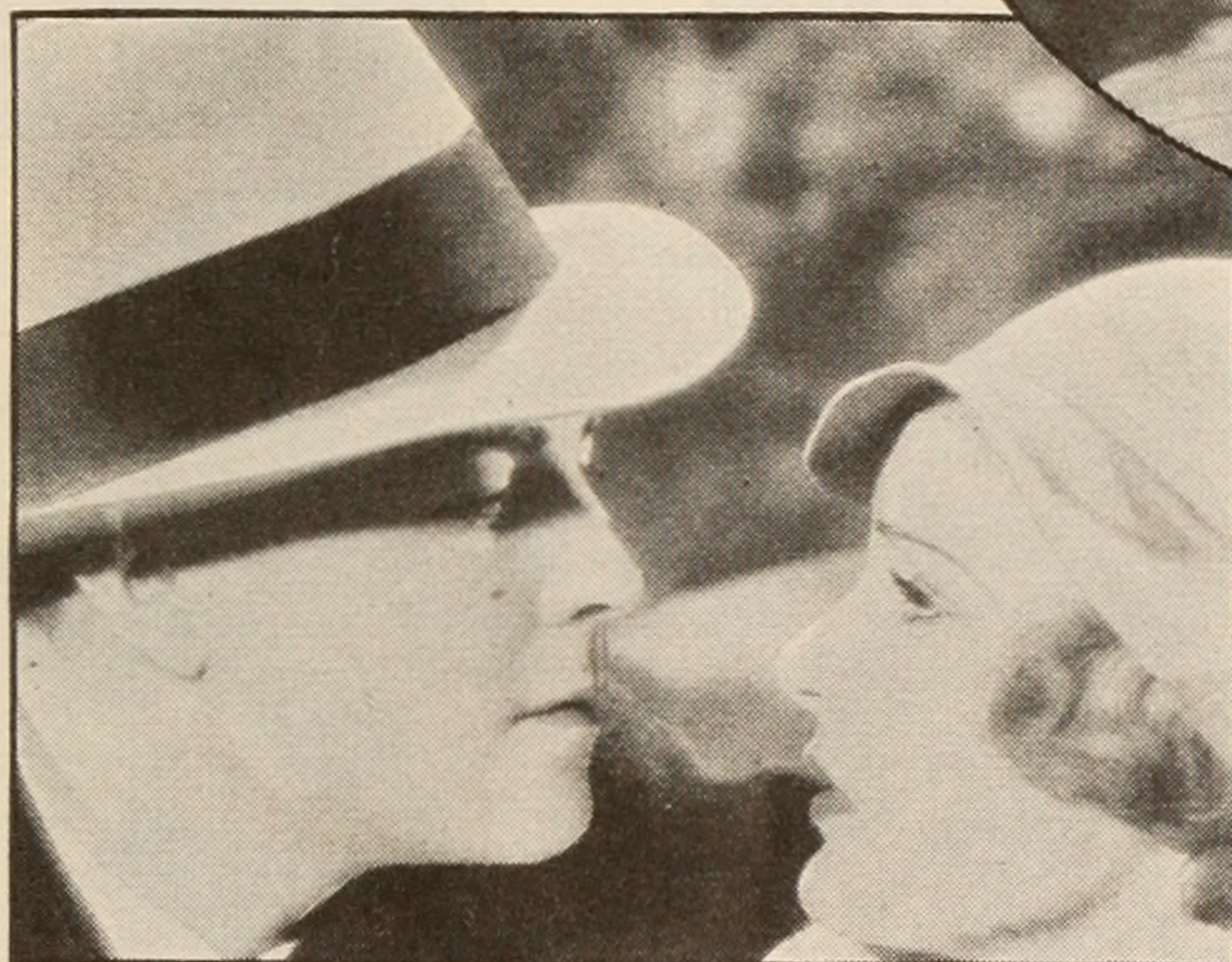
Can you guess yet who he is?

No? Well, that isn't to be wondered at. Only one person has picked this man as the Perfect lover, and you'd expect it of her. Elinor Glyn. Nobody else would even suspect it. Least of all the screen's greatest lover himself.

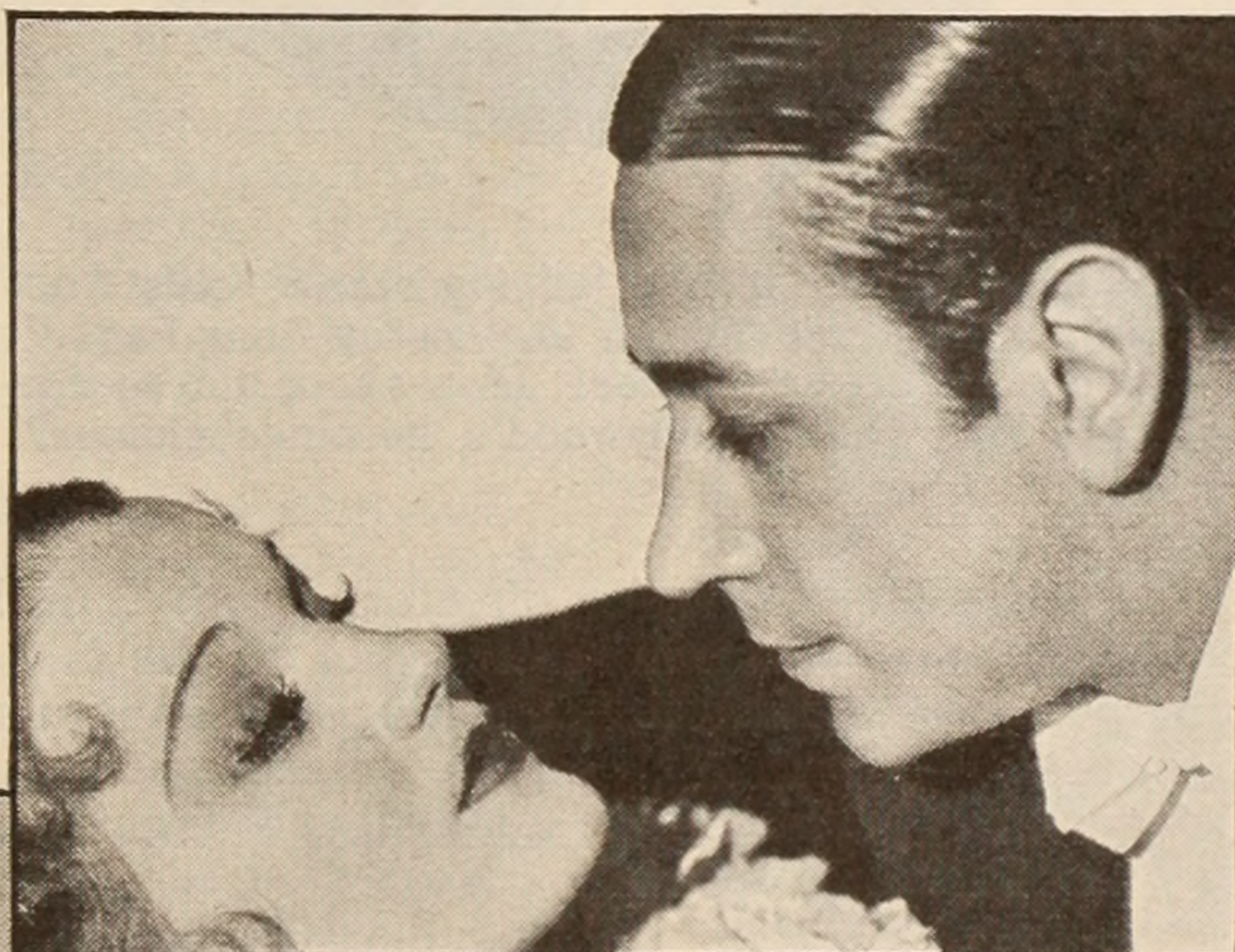
He is a tall, slim, nice blond young man. He is suave and polished, and makes love with finesse and a marvelous voice. He has been married for nearly fourteen years—to the same woman—and has a daughter twelve years of



John Barrymore! After seeing him with Garbo, as here in "Grand Hotel," many may say, "no doubt about it." Still, that's opinion, and we're talking of settled fact



Naturally, Ramon Novarro's claims must be weighed. Wonder what Madge Evans, shown with him in "Huddle," thinks of it



Latin ardor may have won George Raft first place. Constance Cummings' ideas, after this scene in "Night After Night," might help us guess



Do you suppose that Joan Crawford, shown with Clark Gable in "Possessed," has been convinced that he is the screen's lover beyond compare?

age. He has been leading man for almost every important woman star who has graced the silver sheet in the last generation. He began lovemaking with Alice Brady, when she was the reigning queen. He continued with Bessie Love, Norma Talmadge, Pauline Frederick, Lillian Gish, Renee Adoree, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Lupe Velez, and on down the line. His list of screen "dates" looks like the bluebook of film-dom; it includes even fiery Pola Negri and the great Garbo herself. Eighty of them—what other mortal was ever so fortunate? What comparisons he could make! Nor is that all. The oddities about him match his record for range of experience.

CAN you imagine the screen's greatest lover coming, not from the fabled Sahara or the romantic Argentine, but from Keokuk, Iowa? Well, he did. And can you imagine such a heartbreaker being a pillar of the church? Well, he is. And can you imagine his being Hollywood's dignified, official representative at functions great and sundry? His name never mixed up in any scandal at all?

Now you do know him. Conrad Nagel, to be sure.

Conrad Nagel is unquestionably the greatest lover of the screen. All the statistics prove it—and figures, unlike kisses, do not lie.



Oh, that compelling yank on the scarf—no, it's a towel! Perhaps Loretta Young, after this treatment in "Taxi," puts Jimmy Cagney's rough manner in first place



We must think of Richard Barthelmess when romantic prowess is in question. Here he is with Marian Marsh in "Alias the Doctor." Is he your choice as champion?

No other picture actor can even begin to approach his record of romances, no other screen lover can point with pride to even half as many celluloid conquests. Elinor Glyn wept the first day he came on the set to play in "Three Weeks"; when he had finished she sent him her portrait thus inscribed:

"To Conrad Nagel—the Perfect Paul and the greatest lover of the screen."

YOU'RE laughing at the thought of Conrad as the great lover? Well, so did he when the matter was mentioned to him.

"Why, I'm not a great lover," he protested, "that's one thing nobody can ever pin on to me."

But when he was asked to name any feminine star to whom he had not made love at some time or another—well, he had to stop laughing and think.

"Yes," he said after a long thought-conference with himself, "there is one. I never played opposite Mary Pickford in any of her pictures."

Too bad. What Mary has missed!

Conrad began his career on the stage in New York, playing opposite Dorothy Bernard in "Little Women," and making love, of course. But it was Alice Brady, who in 1918, convinced him that his real future lay in the then ridiculed moving pictures. The two made "Red Head" together.

"I remember one incident with Alice particularly," Conrad reminisced. "We were doing a wedding scene, and, anxious to make it authentic, the director had us go through the entire ceremony. The studio was in New Jersey, where no marriage license was necessary, and after the scene was finished somebody told us that we were really legally married because we had gone through the ceremony in the presence of witnesses."

That's about the best he can do by way of a hidden past.

Warner Baxter to the judging stand—either as here with Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs," or any picture you prefer! How about him as the hero for whom Hollywood's heroines clamor?

Shortly afterwards Conrad married the present Mrs. Nagel, and they came to California to follow his movie hunch. His career in Hollywood began with "The Fighting Chance," in which he played with Anna Q. Nilsson. In that picture they invented the "submarine kiss"—he making ardent love to Anna submerged in a swimming pool.

Then came Sylvia Breamer, Lois Wilson, Elsie Ferguson, Ruth Chatterton of the silent screen, Dorothy Dalton, and Mildred Harris.

"I played with both Dorothy and Mildred in 'Fool's Paradise,'" the great Lover recollected, "and C. B. De Mille, the

director, began it in his usual way with a general story conference of all the cast and crew. Poor Mildred was late that morning—an unpardonable sin; and I'll never forget Mr. De Mille's classic speech complimenting her upon being the first of a long line of famous women to keep him waiting."

Next, Conrad played opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew" and then, in rapid succession, made love to Leatrice Joy, whom Cecil B. De Mille nagged and scolded into stardom, Agnes Ayres, May McAvoy, Edith Roberts, and Bebe Daniels.

IT was with Bebe that Conrad got his first—and only—taste of Hollywood scandal. The company, making "Nice People," were working on a little deserted road in Topanga Canyon, and some passing motorists saw Bebe and Conrad sitting in one of the closed studio cars between scenes. They did not see the rest of the company, though, and the next day the "romance" was broadcast from the housetops.

"Thank Heaven, though," Conrad remarked, "Mrs. Nagel paid no attention to Hollywood rumors."

If she had paid any attention [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

Only MUNI Can Do IT

"The Fugitive" is the envy of every actor in Hollywood and on Broadway, too

By Jeanne North

PAUL MUNI has the most perfect contract of any actor in Hollywood. We hear of Connie Bennett's \$30,000 per week contract (a gross exaggeration since she only gets this by the picture!) and Ruth Chatterton's \$750,000 one. (Not an exaggeration.) And we count them as the most fortunate contract-holders.

But that is not the way other actors look at it.

Spencer Tracy said to me, recently, "Have you ever investigated Paul Muni's contract? The lucky dog. He's got the drop on Hollywood as no one else in the business."

"But Muni is in New York doing a play!"

"Certainly. That's how he has the drop. He does a play in New York and then a picture in Hollywood. He demands his own price out here. He does only the picture he chooses—"

Spencer's description sounded like an actor's paradise. I was going to New York and decided to investigate this Utopian arrangement.

I did. Spencer was right. Paul Muni ("Scarface," "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang," etc.) is the envy not only of every actor in Hollywood but on Broadway.

He is under contract to Warner Bros. That is the way *he* terms it. I should say that *Warners* are under contract to *him!*

If Warners produce a script which he approves, he goes to the Coast to make it—when his New York play has finished its run. While at the Coast—he chooses his next Broadway production. He recently finished a run of "Counsellor-At-Law" on Broadway.

But he didn't get this drop on Hollywood without suffering and experience. His early Hollywood adventures taught him that fearlessness, and fearlessness only, can secure for a man complete independence. It's a startlingly unusual story only in its consequences. Almost every actor out there has been through the same disheartening disappointments.

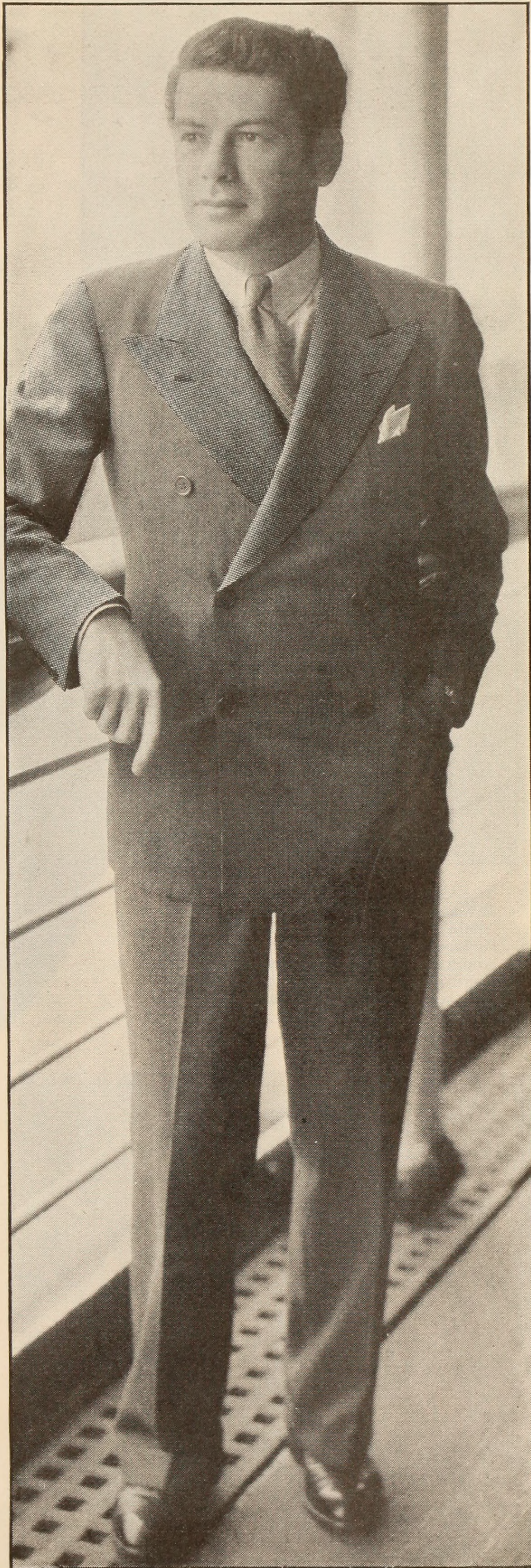
It was in 1928—those early, bewildering days of the talkies. Hollywood producers reached Broadway and exclaimed, in unison, "Ah, here is the end. These actors and actresses are the solution. They can *talk*."

So they carried them to Hollywood in hordes. Anyone on the stage was whisked into any compartment headed westward.

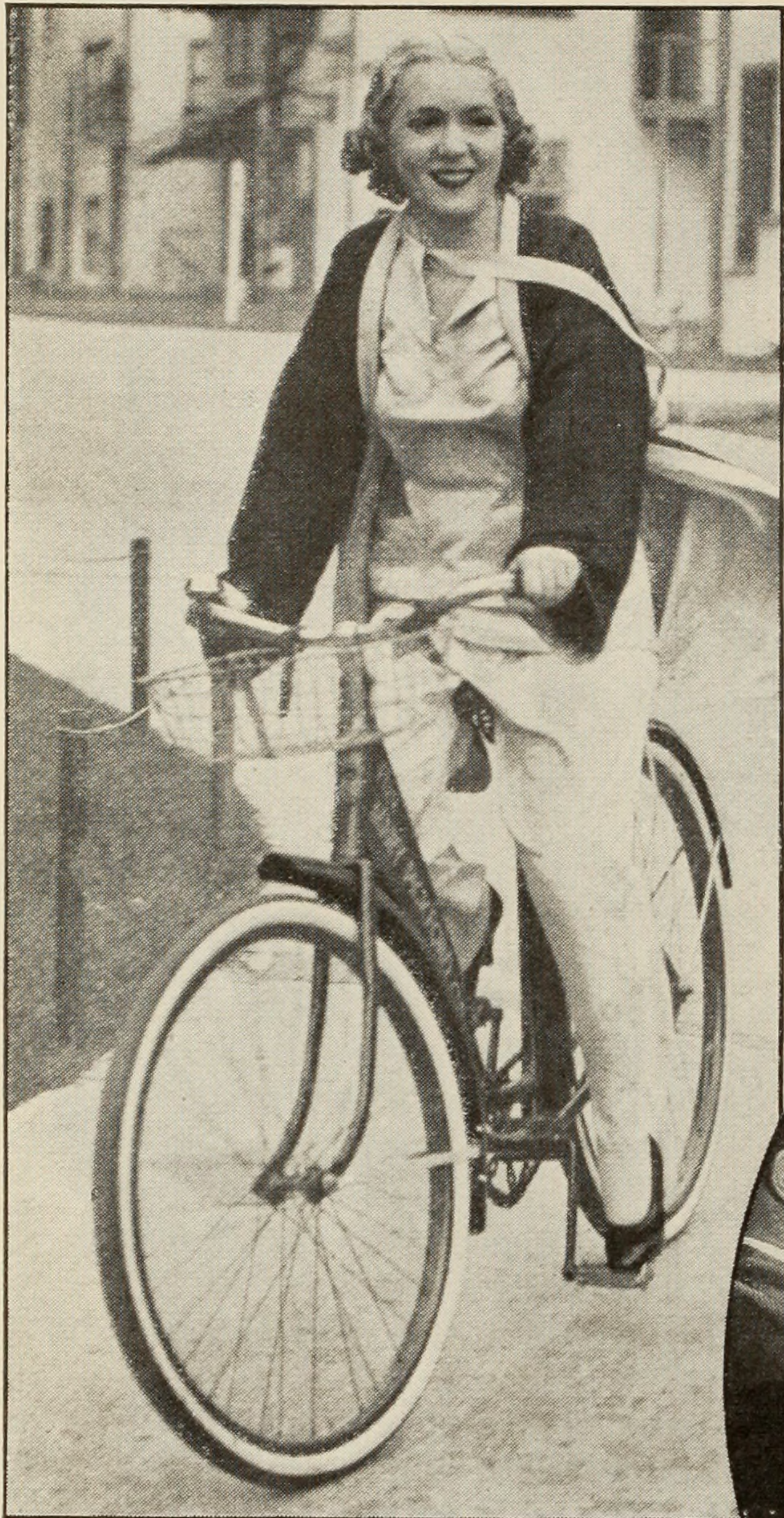
Among them—Paul Muni.

"They had no vehicles for us," Paul Muni laughed at the memory. "They popped poor fellows, like myself, into anything and everything. Plays that they tried to trick up.

"I was out there six months before they gave me something to do. I drew my salary every week and did no work. I couldn't understand! Then 'The Valiant.' It was to be a big production and then, right in the middle, they cut the cost. They had discovered Broadway names didn't mean a thing. 'This Muni guy—no one knows [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



Paul Muni may not have Hollywood's goat, but he does have probably the best contract in screen history

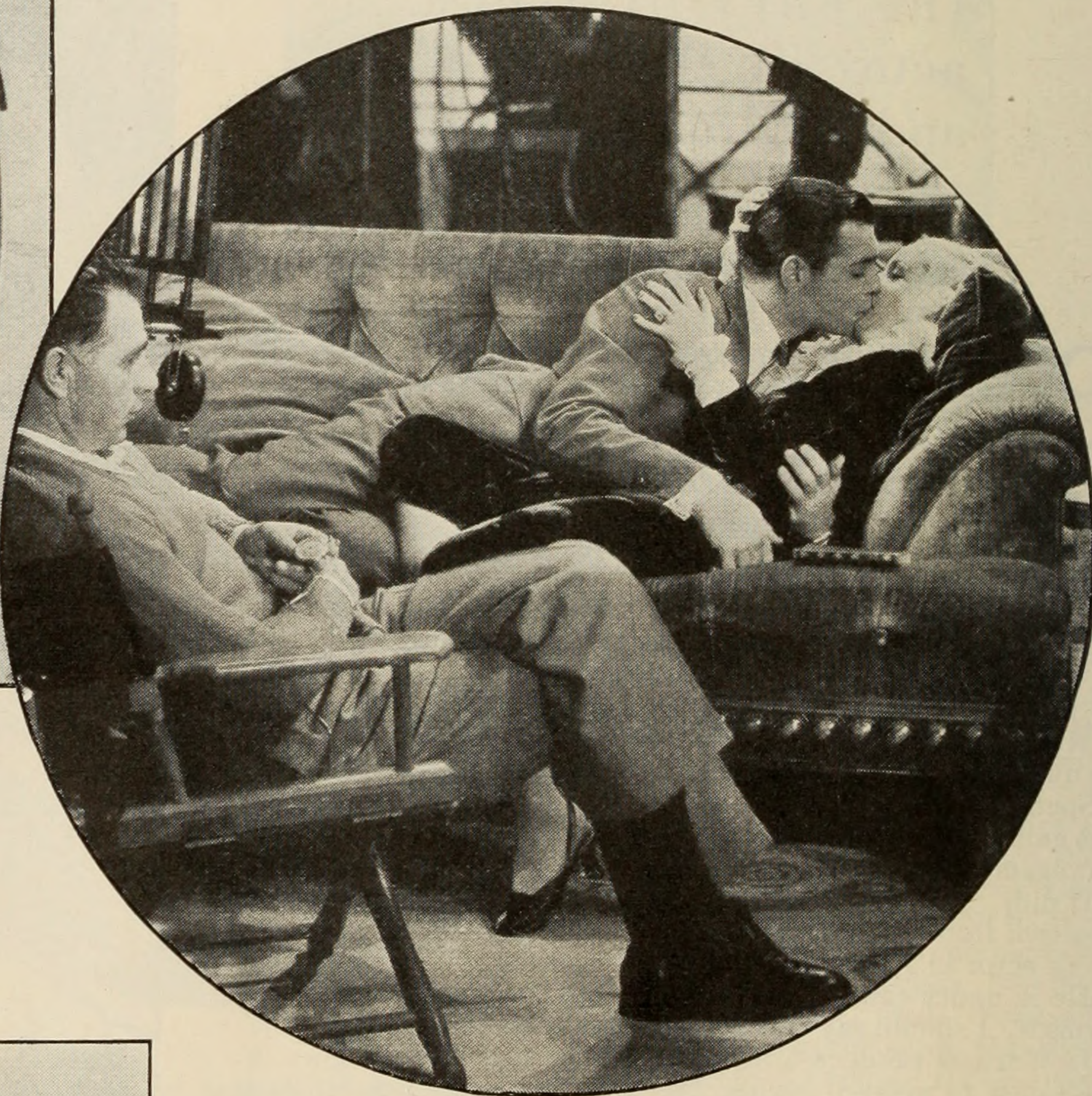


Keystone

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "To the studio set where my 'Secrets' are laid. Since my dressing-room seems a hundred miles away, I take out the trusty bike and pedal my way," should be Mary's answer

Cal York

Announcing-



Referee Wesley Ruggles holding a stop watch on the kiss that broke world records. Contestants: Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. Is this picture to be titled "No Man of Her Own?" Tut! Tut!

Does the inscrutable Garbo think she may have to remove "a leetle avoirdupois" when she returns to Hollywood? Anyway, here she is on the golden isle of Capri, by the blue Mediterranean

SAM RORK, who acts the guardian to his reborn protégé, the inimitable Clara Bow, is accompanying Clara and Rex Bell on their European jauntings. They're telescoping a "grand tour" into six short weeks, probably. London; Paris (and Clara's ideas about clothes have been toned down as much as has her flaming, combustible temperament; she dresses with taste and restraint now); Berlin; perhaps Vienna; St. Moritz.

According to Sam, what Clara needs just now is that broadening of vision, that understanding which Europe with its culture and tradition can give. And then just watch "our Clara," with her natural instinct for acting, her intensity, skyrocket to heights on which only the world's greatest dramatic actresses have been able to balance themselves.

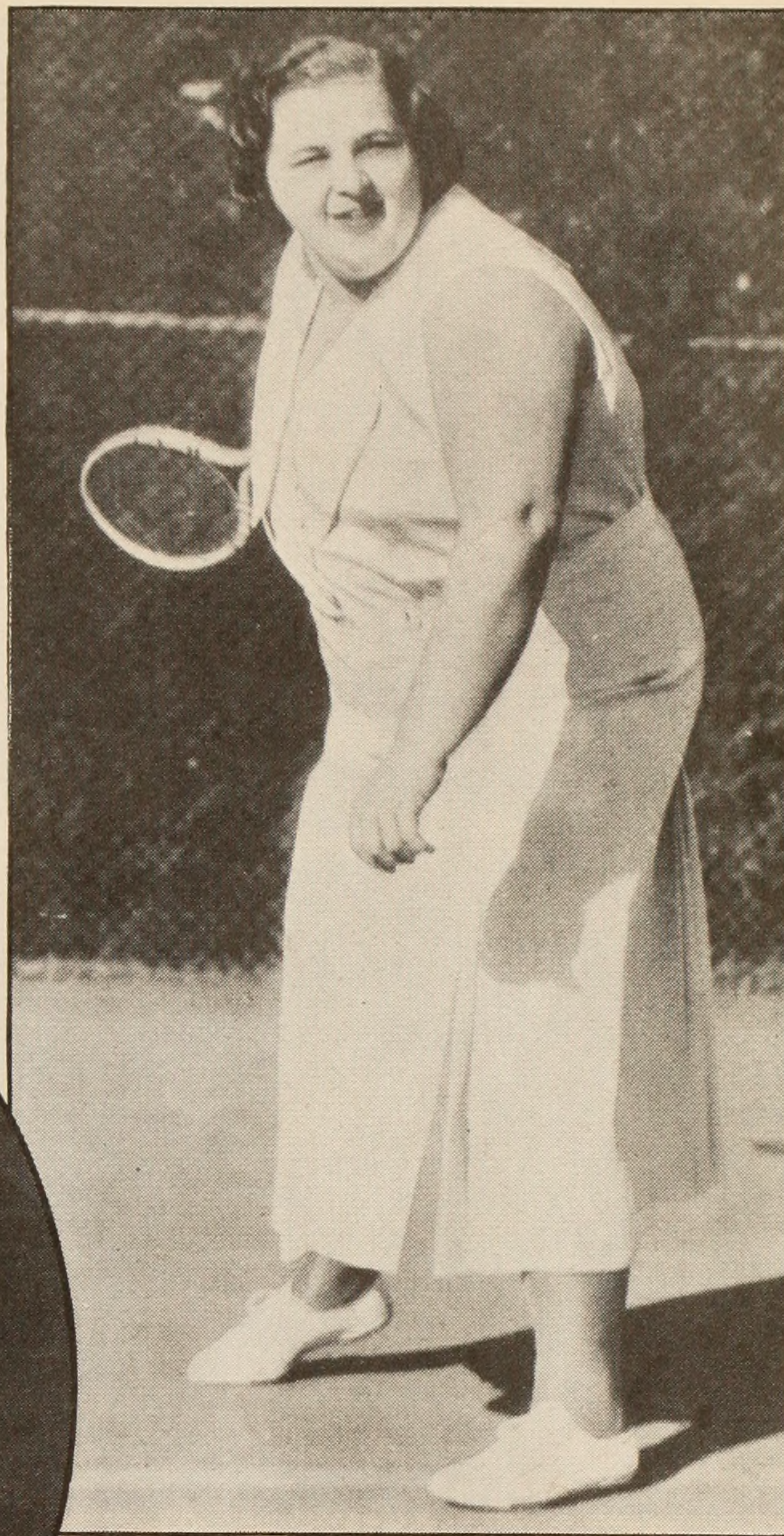
We're with you, Clara. We hope you make it!

THREE days before Rex Bell's scheduled arrival in New York, Clara was in bed at the Savoy-Plaza with a "Don't Disturb" sign



Wide World

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



International

"Hello, everybody," says that delicate little crooner, Kate Smith. "I'm in the movies as well as being on the radio. But if this back-hand stroke develops I'll be leaving them both to challenge Helen Wills. Just watch my wallops"

on her door. She had contracted a severe case of laryngitis two days after arriving in New York for her personal appearance at the premiere of "Call Her Savage."

"Oh, I don't want to go to Europe," she is reported as saying, "I want to go home to the ranch!"

BILLY SUNDAY, the "sawdust trail" blazer, went over to the Mae West set at Paramount—a bar-room, at that—to have his picture taken by the news camera boys. He was to make a few remarks and Mae was to make a few remarks, and that was to be that.

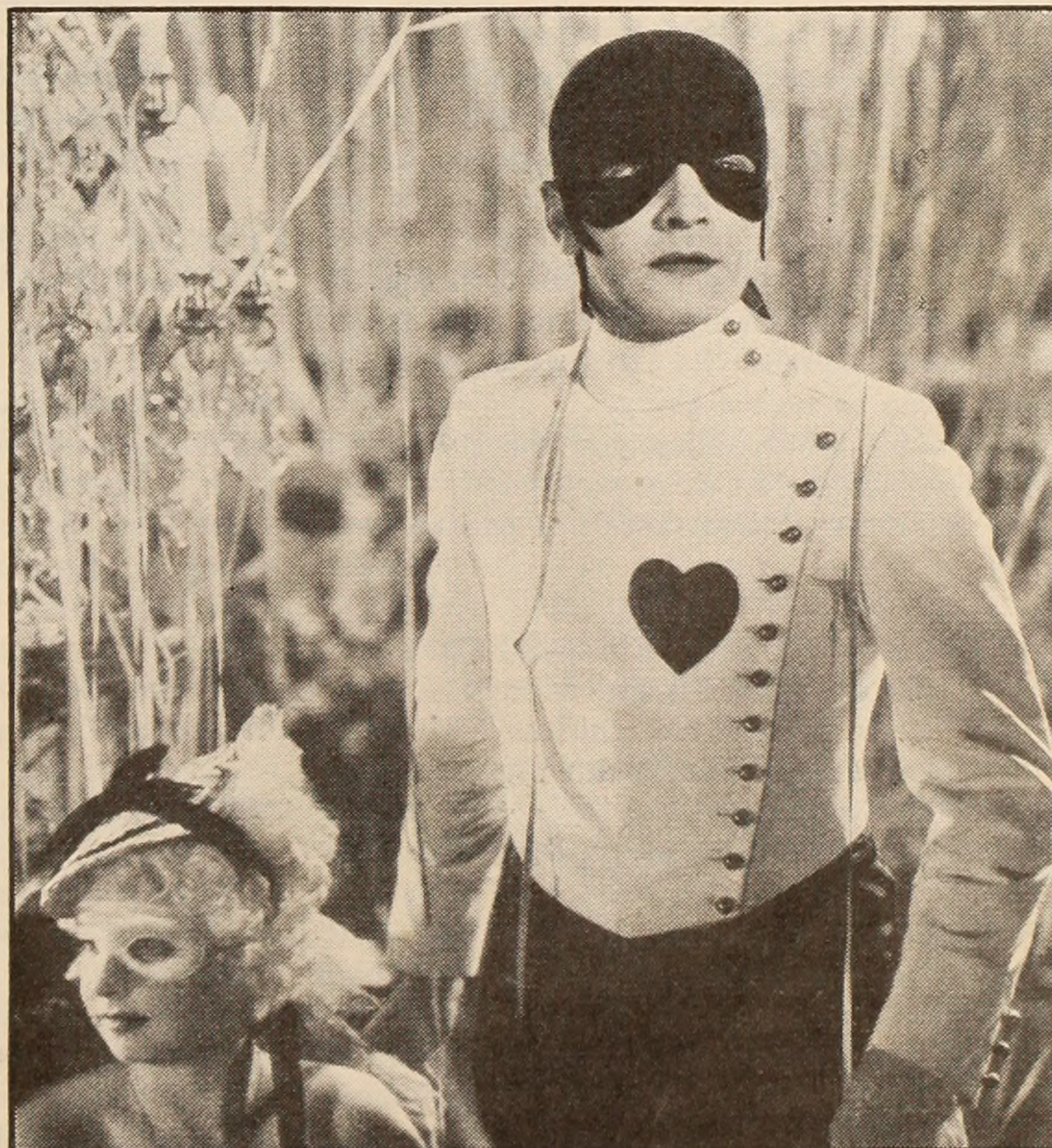
But Billy spouted and spouted—and kept on spouting, just as though he were conducting a revival and that Mae was a sinner whom he had to convert. But at last he stopped. And Mae stepped into the breach.

"Retake," she suggested quietly. "My turn now."

"Reload, you mean," one of the boys told her. "We had only short ends to begin with—we got about two minutes of all that, I guess."

They shot the "sermon" for two minutes. But Billy Sunday, inspired by that dizzy queen, Mae West, kept right on evangelizing. Maybe that is why they call her picture, "She Done Him Wrong"

"Tonight Is Ours," they call it. But our hero seems to have lost his Claudette Colbert, now that she's changed her naughty Roman empress costume. Don't lose heart, Freddie March! You'll find her!





International

Well, well—will wonders never cease? Here are Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmie Dunn "duetting" again. This time it's the six-day bicycle race—with soda pop 'n' everything. Now tell us, do we hear wedding bells? Well, we're prepared. We always have an extra supply of rice on hand

IT'S the topic of all Hollywood. What will happen to Dietrich when Von Sternberg's contract expires? Both contracts are soon up but Von's is up sooner than Marlene's and in that strange interlude Paramount is extremely anxious for Dietrich to make a picture with another director. To sort of break the combination, as it were. The question is, will she or will she not? So far she has refused to even listen to such a thing.

We don't mind telling you the bets are if Marlene makes that extra picture, Von Sternberg will direct it, contract or no contract and try to stop him.

PRESTON FOSTER says he has a pal who told his girl friend: "Your lips are like rubies." And the girl friend said: "Ruby who's?" Now say you're sorry, Preston!

IN the theater program of "Counsellor-At-Law," in which Paul Muni starred in New York, under the heading "Who's Who in the Cast," was given a short record of Mr. Muni's activities previous to the present engagement. It states: "Paul Muni, who originated the

rôle of *George Simon* last season, has just returned from California where he spent a busy summer in the Hollywood manner."

Now what can that mean?

A LITTLE ragamuffin stood outside the Paramount gate, watching the stars go in.

"Who's that one?" he suddenly asked.

"Kate Smith, the radio singer."

"Gee, any picture they take of her will be a close-up."

JEAN HARLOW has been dancing at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica a lot these days, and Hollywood has just discovered why. It seems Jean has a good old healthy schoolgirl crush on Jay Whidden, the orchestra leader and everyone is glad Jean has taken a new interest in life, at least.

In fact, Jean is just that interested she wants Jay for her next leading man. And the idea has pleased the young man so much, he's even had his nose remodeled. Just in case, you know.

So don't be surprised.

WE hereby nominate Katharine Hepburn for the official title of Hollywood What-A-Girl. She even has her own publicity department stopped, and that takes some stopping.

Up until a week ago, they didn't even have a stock biography of this baffling lady.

She doesn't want to tell, she wants to let us speculate. Pinch-hitting for Garbo?



Jeanette MacDonald and her faithful Robert Ritchie were among those present at the Frank Joyce birth day fiesta. The piquant songster insists that Robbie is accompanying her and mother on that European jaunt because it's always nicer to have a man around! Yes, we've heard that one before!

YOU saw an item in *PHOToplay* last month about Marlene Dietrich's street ensemble of man's flannel trousers, etc. Well, come to find out, she really *has* no dresses.

IT was "No, No, Janet," when piquant Gaynor took it upon herself to blast the fan-made Gaynor-Farrell romance. Despite all, in 1929 she upped and married a certain young lawyer, Lydell Peck.

It was a much firmer "No, No, Janet" from studio executives which prevented her from changing herself into a more temperamental Crawford-Shearer-Bennetty screen lady. For was she not—in those rosy, sentimental rôles—the people's choice?

But, at least, Janet, no one dared attempt to stop the "temperamental differences" which, you tell us, have called a halt to your marriage with Lydell Peck, now a Fox supervisor.

Yet, now that Charlie Farrell has gone from the Fox lot for ever and aye . . . So what?

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE has recently learned to drive a car, but she is taking no chances. It's a sedan and she keeps the doors locked. Yes, when she's inside, also.

Arriving at M-G-M in make-up for "The Son-Daughter," Mrs. Hale discovered the lock had sprung and there she was.

Warm day, too.

It took two lock-smiths to release the lady, and by that time all the make-up was down her neck.



International

"She didn't say yes—and she didn't say no. She wanted to stay" . . . and she *did*. They were carried to Europe "by accident", you'll recall. From the looks of that table we agree with goldilocks Marilyn Miller and raven-haired Don Alvarado that the stowaway racket is a mighty pleasant one



Keystone

The old marriage game still continues. This time the entry is petite Sidney Fox, twenty-three. And not-so-petite Charlie Beahan, scenario writer for Universal. Twenty-nine, and his second try. From the contented fireside expression on his face, we'd wager that this time will be his last

THE most amazing transformation of this last year is that of Joan Crawford. A year ago Joan went in for little sew-at-home dress-makers and had every dress copied in a half dozen colors.

They were simple little things with that home-made look.

But the home-made things have become a part of the Crawford past as Joan steps out in the latest Schiaparelli model or Hattie Carnegie knockout.

WHEN Marilyn Miller "and party" failed to attend to that little detail of leaving the *Bremen* at New York when the "all-ashore" signal was given not so many moons ago—it was just *too good to be true!*

"Nuts," was the remark of the Broadway "know-it-alls" when they read the stowaway story.

But, when Marilyn and Don Alvarado, "that big, bold answer to a maiden's prayer" (that's what his agent calls him), found themselves in mid-ocean, minus clothes, funds and passports, and plus twin headaches—it was just too true to be good!

SO was the fact that Marilyn "and party" weren't permitted to land at Cherbourg, when Marilyn suddenly made up her mind that she must visit the bedside of Jack Pickford, her former husband, who was lying ill in Paris at the time.

The petite Miss Miller denies all reports that she was married at sea. Says she and Don Alvarado are engaged, but that's as far as the romance has proceeded.

Well, it may not be Don Alvarado at all by the time you read this.

IT'S a funny story they are telling on Lew Cody and Buster Keaton.

At a grand party one evening, at which many people were present, they became more and more downcast at the apparent stinginess of the host.

It seemed to them refreshments were being served in eye-droppers and very infrequently, at that.

Getting more and more burnt at such a lack of hospitality, they put on their hats and stalked right out of—Keaton's own house.

LOOKS as if our Jack Gilbert has the right girl at last. He had to search around a bit—but then, so do prospectors.

The gay and merry Jack of old with the I-dare-you smile has returned, and welcome home, big boy.

Virginia takes him places and with her quiet smiling approval, brings out the best in him as no one else has ever done. Which reminds old Cal of his original theory that the smartest women are the ones who know when *not* to talk.

WORD comes breezing into town that Garbo (you remember Garbo?) has grown—er—quite plump. Returned travelers to Hollywood carry tales of Greta's wholesale consumption of the good old Swedish pastries, long denied, and now what?

One of Greta's greatest objections to this

Hollywood was her constant need of diet and doing without the things she loves to eat. So it looks like another long, hard siege of denial and exercise for Greta who does so love her Swedish coffee cake.

HOLLYWOOD has a new mystery, more puzzling, more interesting, more intriguing, more just everything than any it has ever had.

One newspaper reported that Charlie Chaplin was arrested on a certain Sunday night in Ventura for driving faster than the law allowed.

Paulette Goddard was riding with him, the news item said.

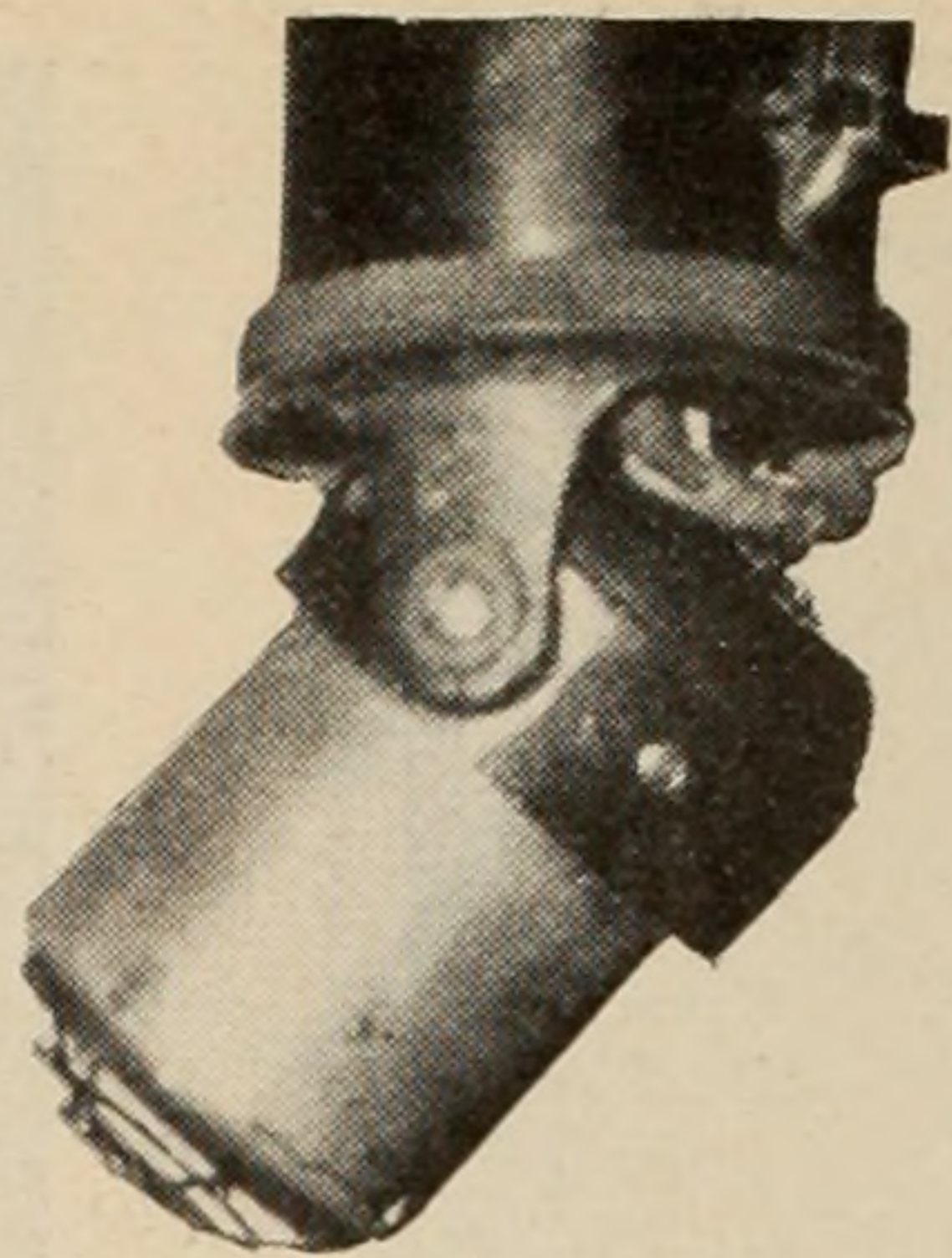
Another newspaper printed a story that Paulette Goddard was given a speed tag on the same Sunday night in Ventura by the same motorcycle officer and cited to appear before the same judge.

Charlie Chaplin was riding with Miss Goddard, the news item said. Hollywood no longer cares who hit Lew Brice, nor which one of the four Marx Brothers is the maddest, nor what became of all the song writers.

Hollywood wants to know who was driving that car! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

Big Girl

By Leonard Hall



The romantic story of Kate Smith, who now adds, to stage and radio triumphs, a career in the talkies



Those dulcet tones that soothe like a mother's caress, and Kate Smith's equally rich personality, will charm you in Paramount's current production, "Hello Everybody"

PERHAPS Kate Smith is only a voice to you. A big, mellow voice of peculiar sweetness, coming out of the old family loud-speaker and filling the warm, lamp-lit living room with luscious melody.

But Kate Smith is more than that—much more. She has, for five years, been a big figure on the stage and on the air. Now she is bound to be a big figure in talking pictures—all 215 jolly pounds of her!

For the past year or two Kate's rich organ-tones have been trying to push the moon over the mountain by way of the microphone. She is one of radio's mightiest names and talents. She has hurled her enormous bulk about the stages of Broadway, to great acclaim.

Now big Kate has succeeded at last in her major endeavor. She has boosted the moon over the whole Sierra Nevada range of mountains and plump into Hollywood. There, bathed in floodlight, she spreads sweetness across the Paramount lot. Soon her first starring talkie, "Hello Everybody," will stir you. You probably heard her sing in "The Big Broadcast."

Yes—probably Kate Smith is only a big sweet voice to you. To me, however, she is an old and dear pal. A girl-woman in her early twenties, a gay and gallant spirit, one of the most winning figures before the public's eyes and ears.

You see, I've known Katie since she was knee-high to a hippo. When I first beheld her, she was a mere chit of a girl in her 'teens—she couldn't have weighed more than a meager 180 when first she burst upon my startled sight. All these busy years we've been friends. Separation has made no changes. I've watched her rise with joyous affection.

And I think you should know her truly dramatic story.

One day my newspaper phone, down in Washington, jingled. The caller was Nelson B. Bell, then a potent press-agent and now a picture critic. He must always rank as the first of Kate's many "discoverers."

"Len," said Nels, "I want you to come down and see a girl I've found and am getting a job. She's a real find."

I was and am skeptical of all "discoveries." But I ambled down.

And there, filling Bell's office, was the girl. After the first shock at her bulk, I no longer noticed it. For her face was truly beautiful—regular features, lovely eyes and a peachy-creamy skin anyone would love to touch.

"This," said Mr. Bell, "is Kate Smith."

I HEARD her sing, in a little rehearsal hall, and I was thrilled. That rich, sweet voice caught hold of me, did something to me. It was made to order for the ballads of our era.

"Who for gosh sakes," I asked, "taught you to sing like that?"

"Nobody," said Kate. "I just learned."

That glorious voice, like little Topsy, just grew. How she sang—and how she sings! She was and is entirely a "natural" singer. She has none of the petty monkey-tricks of the prima donna. If

there is such a thing as a human song-bird, it's Katie. She warbles as easily, naturally and unaffectedly as the rest of us breathe.

She opens her mouth, and out comes song. And that sweet and easy voice has made her rich and famous.

And so it was my pleasure to give Kate Smith one of the very first good newspaper notices of her career. 'Member that piece, Kate?

In those early days Big Girl took her jobs where she found them. They were few and feeble enough. She'd let off a ballad or two and then crash into an astounding "Charleston" routine, for it was the day of that goofy craze. The Charleston always brought down the house, not to mention the plaster and most of the lighting fixtures.

She played in Washington movie theaters for a few paltry pence. I used to visit obscure road-houses around the capital city with my lady of the moment.

And there would be Kate, warbling and hoofing for coffee and cakes. Sometimes for just cakes. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



BLONDE Karen Morley and dark-haired Ricardo Cortez make a perfect couple, don't you think? Only in pictures, my dear. Director Charles Vidor recently walked with Karen to the altar. She has been hitting a popular picture pace. And Ricardo is coming back more strongly every day. The scene above is from M-G-M's "Flesh"



Eugene Robert Richee

AH there, Charles! You look just like a cat watching a partridge in a tree—well, watching something, anyway. But, no kidding, you gave us such a laugh in "If I Had A Million," that we wouldn't have considered for a moment missing out on "Madame Butterfly." Good lad, Ruggles. He's as convincing as he is funny, and that's saying a lot



Bert Longworth

CAN we believe our eyes? Little brown-haired Mary Brian gone blonde! Calm yourselves, that hair is not gen-u-wine. It's only a wig. Mary gets quite a kick out of it, just as Ann Harding does disguisn' in a *black* one. Mary has just finished "Hard to Handle" and is already hard at work on "The Blue Moon Murder Mystery"



GIRLS may come and girls may go but Thelma Todd's beauty is always with us. Isn't she an artist's dream in this model of black and gold tissue cloth? Her shoes match the frock. "Deception" is Thelma's latest. Next, "The Air Hostess," another Columbia film. Remember that hair-pulling match with Clara Bow in "Call Her Savage"?

Charlie goes on His Own



By
*Reginald
Taviner*

One of the last scenes Janet and Charlie ever made together. This is from "Tess of the Storm Country." They have co-starred in ten smash hits

SEVEN years ago a couple of kids started up the cinema ladder to fame. Together, they climbed swiftly to the top. America took them to its heart. The whole world embraced them. They were *Diane* and *Chico*, who arrived together in "7th Heaven."

The perfect screen romance was born between wistful, wee Janet Gaynor and boyish, bold-eyed Charlie Farrell. Almost unheard of before, they triumphed together. They triumphed equally. They were a perfect pair—so well matched that the millions of followers, whom they won overnight and have kept ever since, hoped for a real-life romance as well.

They were the screen's ideal young sweethearts. A welcome, refreshing relief from the old, hectic movie-lovers. Love's simple, unsophisticated young dream, personified. Clean. Sincere. A boy and a girl, more appealing than sex. You believed them. You sympathized with them. You loved through them, with them.

When you thought of one you thought of the other. Gaynor, Farrell; Janet, Charlie. They seemed to belong to each other, like moonlight and honeysuckle or bluebells and Scotland. And both of 'em belonged to you—together.

Now Charlie has gone on his own. He has left Janet, left the Fox studio altogether. His contract has been torn up at his own request. The kids whom you saw come together, grow up together, aren't together any more—the sweethearts have gotten a screen divorce. It isn't Janet's fault. It isn't Charlie's fault. It isn't any-

one's fault. But everybody's all broken up about it. It's almost as though you had made the match yourself, watched it bloom for seven years, and then saw it go up in smoke.

Not that it all came about in a minute. Charlie didn't get mad and impulsively pack his make-up case. He still adores working with Janet, still hopes for another "7th Heaven." And thereby rests a story.

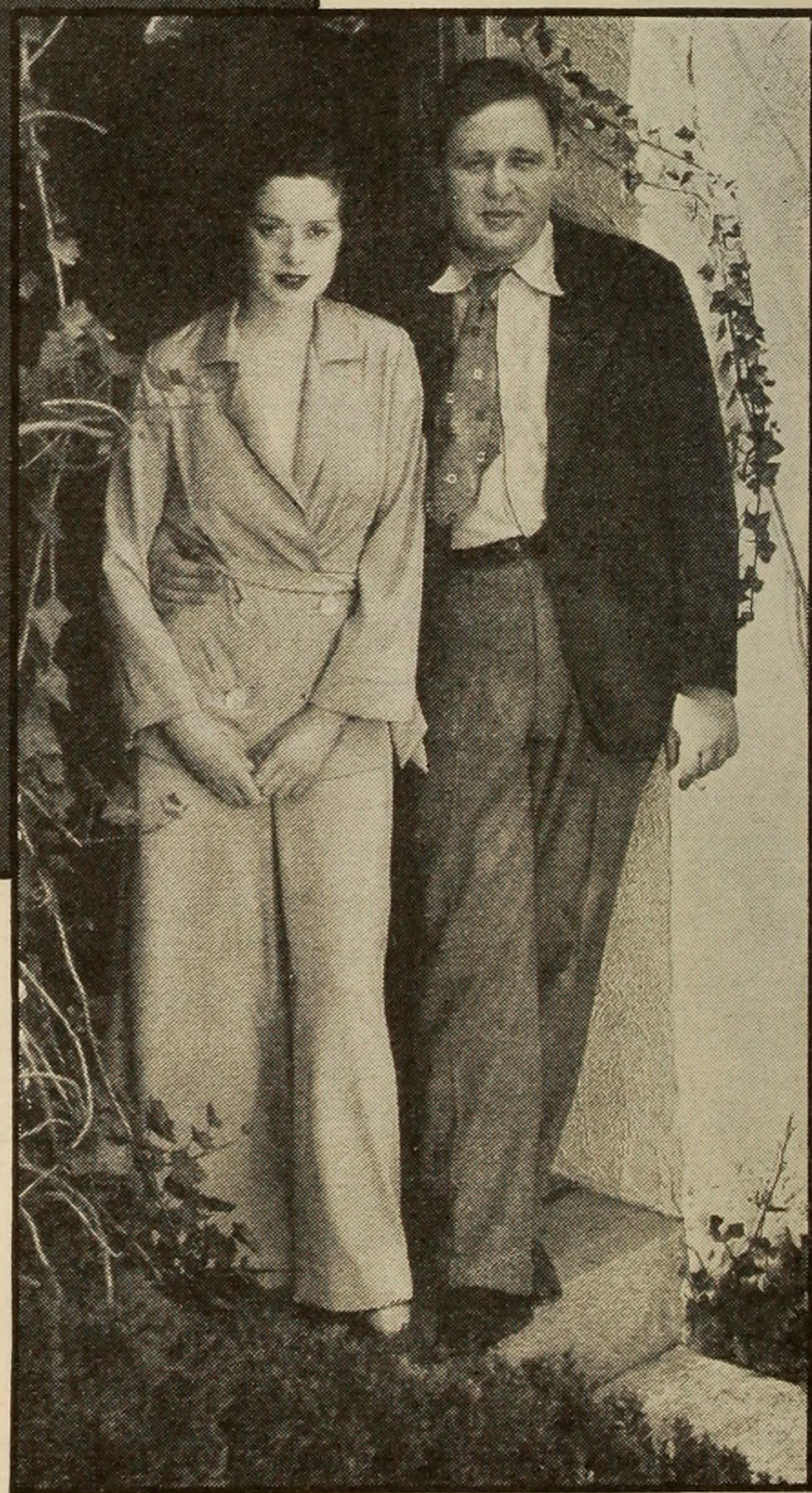
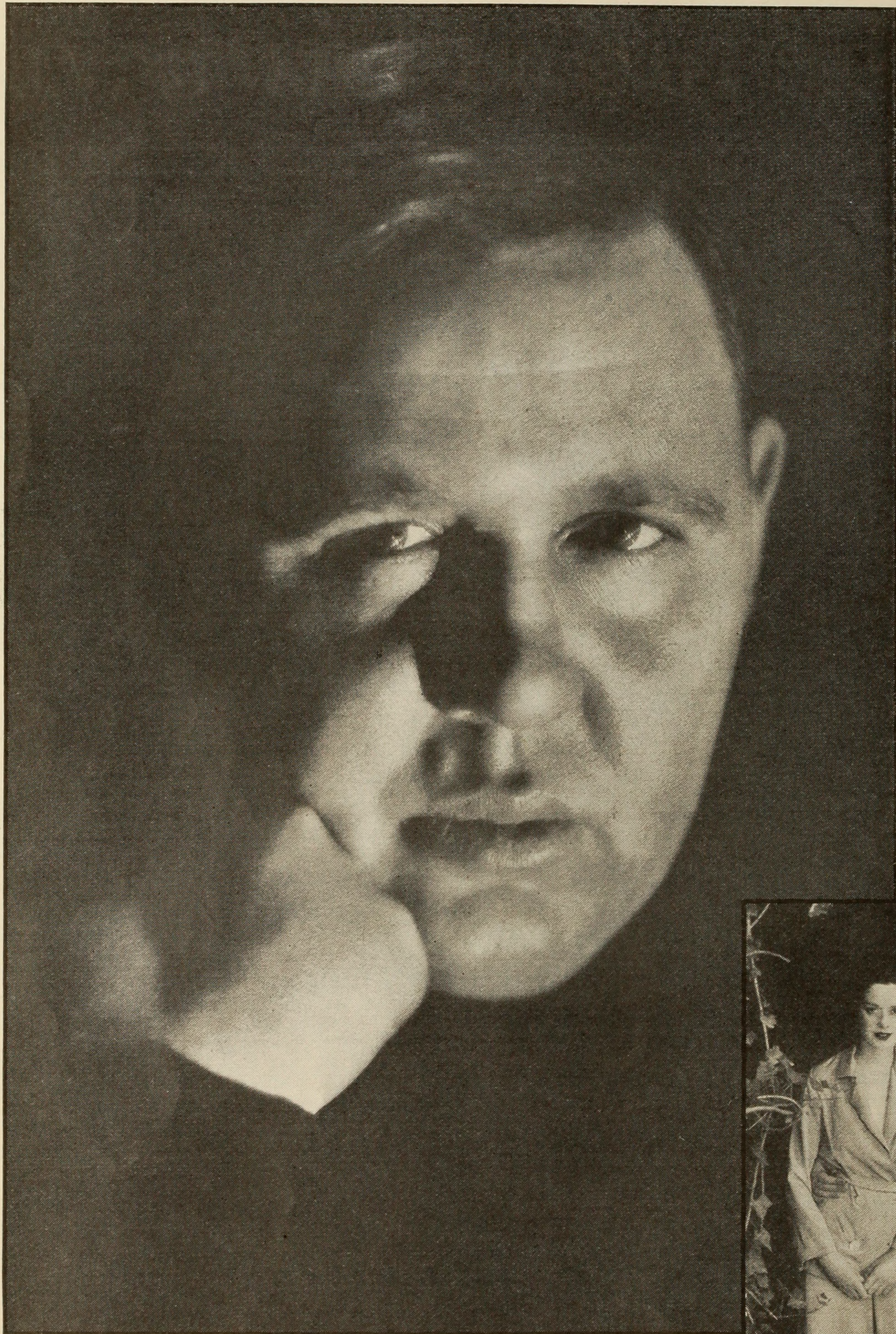
OUT at his comfortable unmovie-like Beverly Hills house, over an eleven o'clock breakfast, Charlie explained it all. Between necessary occupation with baked apples, little pig sausages, coffee and fried eggs—it hasn't affected his appetite at all—he told exactly how he felt. Just then he felt grand, for he had just come back from a week's cruise on his little yawl and had slept twelve hours; sailing, he says, makes you both hungry and sleepy.

Before he went sailing he bade Janet goodbye. He took leave of the studio. He told the studio heads first, in Winnie Sheehan's office, where a lot of big shots were gathered to see if he didn't want to change his mind. He didn't. He had been too long making it up.

Then he went to the set where Janet is working on a picture with Lew Ayres, borrowed from Universal. There was quite a lump in Janet's throat when she saw Charlie.

"So you're going," she said in that little voice of hers. "You're going on your own—and that means I'm on my own now, too." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Chico had to leave his Diane at last because he felt his future was in peril



WOULD you take him for a master of laughs? Or a chap who totes stenographers around the office when they call him Buster? Well, the serious visage above is the foundation upon which Charles Laughton builds his powerful studies, comic and otherwise. At the right, is the "home body" side, with Mrs. Laughton. The opposite page tells of his whimsies

Such A Naughty Nero

And he's just as roguish in the studio as he often is on the screen

By Barbara Barry

AN English accent, mind you, on that old tyrant, Nero! It's too funny. The audience, attending the preview of "The Sign of the Cross," howled with laughter. Rolled right out into the aisles, they did. Wailed hysterically on one another's shoulders. Blasé Hollywood simply went wild. And with just cause.

Charles Laughton, our popular English acquisition, has done a refreshingly original job in characterizing the witless emperor, who fiddled on three strings while naughty Rome stewed in its own juice. And how he loved doing it!

You saw him man-handle Tallulah Bankhead, smash up a perfectly good submarine, and drown himself, with blood-curdling sound effects, in "Devil and the Deep." You saw him murder an innocent bystander and lay him among the sweet peas of his own back yard, in "Payment Deferred."

And all the time—even while he sneered and slaughtered—this Laughton chap had a wistful eye on the grinning mask of Comedy. Yearning for a chance to make folks laugh. If murder must be done, he argued, why couldn't it be accomplished by allowing the victims to laugh themselves to death? There you are. A nice clean murder, you know. Splendid! as Charlie himself would put it.

WORKING as desk clerk at the Claridge Hotel, in London, Laughton had an excellent opportunity to study the various types of humanity that passed in review before his discerning eye.

He knew them all. Peered beneath the veneer of civilization and beheld the elemental qualities that made them what they were—plodder, fop, sophisticate.

His tolerant understanding of human nature makes it possible for him to portray the widely diversified rôles he has assumed, so successfully.

For this reason, Charles Laughton need never be "typed," as the casting directors say.

Watching his work on the screen, you are probably convinced that the man himself must be a great deal like his characterizations. Stolid . . . prosaic . . . even a bit sinister. Which is decidedly not the case.

His ability to submerge his own personality so completely, in favor of the character he is portraying, marks him as one of the chosen few. Incomparable. The real McCoy.



As madly Neronian as ever Nero managed to be—yet using a broad English accent that bowled them over laughing! Isn't that just the turn you might expect, though, from Charles Laughton, shown here as he appeared in "The Sign of the Cross"?

The real Laughton is a revelation. In private life, this genial Englishman is a direct contradiction to his screen self. Unselfish, unspoiled, and with a humor as rare as it is subtle, he is a delightful, unforgettable personality.

My own first impression of the man was more or less hysterical.

He sat in the office of Paramount's publicity manager and scattered "still" pictures about the floor with a dead-pan nonchalance that sent the lady p.m. into immediate hysterics.

"Char-lee!" she squealed protestingly.

Char-lee's left eyebrow quivered almost imperceptibly. Apparently, he heard nothing. More stills fluttered to the floor and curled about his ankles like a sophomore's socks. His expression was one of gentle dignity and refinement.

"Char-lee!" the lady p.m. begged. "Stop that!"

CHARLEE stopped, because there were no more stills to be dropped. Calmly, he inspected the systematic arrangement of publicity paraphernalia on the desk.

His roving eye, with the faintest suggestion of a twinkle, lighted upon a miniature file case.

He pounced. The p.m. pounced. And won by an eyelash.

Char-lee sighed profoundly. A page of studio news caught his attention. Deliberately, he stooped to peruse it.

One paragraph described, in glowing terms, the unselfish magnanimity of one Charles Laughton, who had, voluntarily, arranged with the Powers-that- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

30 Years Married



Thirty years—it's a long time since wedding bells rang out for Ernest and Mrs. Torrence, and a notable Hollywood group, clad as of 1902, gathered to help celebrate the anniversary. Here, left to right, we see Ronald Colman, the Torrences and Lois Wilson. Many other celebrities were present



Perhaps because this was "thirty years after," the photographer posed the smiling groom with Ronald Colman (left) and Richard Barthelmess, and the blushing bride with Mrs. Barthelmess (right)



Having recently done "Frisco Jenny," Ruth Chatterton (above) was all set as to costume, while her husband, George Brent, lent international flavor as a Russian officer



What, after all that recent buzz-buzz about a rift in the marital lute? Well, here they came, Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou—and how the Menjouian mustache has grown



Cold and reserved, these British? Not on this happy day, Clive Brook (right) for sample! Nor Mrs. Brook (lower left), Carole Lombard, or William Powell!

The Man *Who* Can't Talk

That is, for publication only—but Warren William has, nevertheless, a most satisfactory mouthpiece

By Ruth
Biery

HERE'S a Hollywood phenomenon—an actor who won't talk, not even about himself. No, he's not dumb. You've heard him talk on the screen. And judging from his success, you'll hear him more and more.

He's anything but dumb mentally, but there's a gap between his thinking and his tongue that denies vocal expression to his thoughts. An interview with him would present a page with nothing on it but a photograph!

Of course, Hollywood thought it was a pose. Everybody decided he was trying to pull a Garbo.

Warren William has become a star in the last three years and yet this is the first story PHOTOPLAY has had about him! Why? Thereby hangs this tale.

Whenever a magazine or newspaper writer wanted to interview him, he looked baffled and asked the studio publicity man, "Why don't you hand them that biography I wrote for you?" If he was, reluctantly, induced to be interviewed, he took the scribe to luncheon, acted the perfect host, listened with polite interest—and said practically nothing. Now, how can you get what's in the heart and mind of a star who's a taciturn host, offering besides hospitality nothing but brief, biographical notes?

Here was a most attractive actor, who had done big things on the stage, had clicked on the screen and was getting bigger and better with every picture. Certainly a film star with an interesting story. But how to get it? His continued and demonstrated inability at conversation seemed to answer, "Impossible!"

What to do? Where to turn? An idea! How about Mrs. Warren William?

Surely the wife of a celebrated husband would be willing, indeed proud, to talk about him.

Mrs. William was the answer to an interviewer's prayer. Not only could she talk about Warren; she did. And among other items, she vouchsafed the most fascinating revelation a reporter could ask—the story of how a (vocally) dumb man managed to win the woman who is now his wife.

It began back in those exalted, strained days when the youth



When interviewers ask Warren William questions, his screen voice freezes. But the missus handles this situation as competently as she does her husband

of America were in training, preparing themselves to grapple with the Kaiser's veterans in France. In those anxious days petite, blonde Helen Nelson was living in New York City, and chanced to notice a new photograph which graced the dresser of her most intimate friend.

At first she hesitated to ask questions. But each time she looked at the photograph, she felt a compelling magnetism. Finally she could be polite no longer.

"Pauline, who is that handsome fellow?"

"That's my brother. He's an actor."

Like most girls, Helen Nelson pictured actors as charming, eloquent, witty—brilliant conversationalists. So, when Pauline took her to an officers' training camp to meet her brother Warren, she knew exactly what to expect—so she thought!

The girls had to wait three hours before he was free from duty. When he finally appeared, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

Why Norma Shearer says



After five years of wedded life, Norma Shearer is as enthusiastic and interested in every phase of it as any prospective bride

BE enthusiastic about everything in life. But be most enthusiastic about your husband."

That is what Norma Shearer believes to be the secret of a woman's share in a successful marriage.

"No one is more boring to others than a woman who is bored with herself," says Norma. "To be interesting, you must be interested. It seems to me that the successful wives are the ones who have for their husbands the same enthusiastic interest they felt for their sweethearts. Please, if you want to make a success of this business called marriage, refuse ever to take it for granted, to accept it casually."

Norma likes to talk about marriage. She has thought a great deal about it. This charming, completely poised young lady is as thoroughly Mrs. Irving Thalberg, wife, as she is Norma Shearer, actress. After five years of marriage she is as enthusiastic and interested in every phase of it as any bride-to-be, venturing forth with a head full of theories, or any young wife of a few months, struggling to adapt these theories to practical living.

For she has successfully adapted them. And in doing so, she has learned that the very keynote of marital success is enthusiasm and interest.

She began by blasting that time-worn statement, "the first year of married life is the hardest."

Follow Mrs. Irving Thalberg's suggestions on how to be happy though married. But if you can't or won't, then look out!

By Lois Shirley

"Because," she explained, logically enough, "the word 'hardest' should not be used in speaking of marriage. With marriage, life becomes easier. You have the one you love to help you live it. It seems to me it would be better to say that the first year of married life is easy, and each succeeding year becomes easier."

Original? Not necessarily. But at least it's a fresh and wholesome viewpoint. It begins with the assumption that married life is going to be successful, and surely that mental attitude is important and helpful.

"Of course, that first year does present difficulties which do not come with later years. All adjustments bring problems to be solved and the first few months of marriage are necessarily a period in which two separate human beings are becoming adjusted and adapted to each other. But there is a vast difference between the words, hard and difficult. The very fact that love and romance and glamour play so strong a part in that first year makes the difficulties easy."

NEXT, she upsets the hallowed tradition. Or, at least, changes it. She believes that it is one of the most difficult phases of the first year.

"I don't think that any couple should take a honeymoon trip until after at least six months of marriage," Norma said.

"We waited almost a year before going to Europe for our wedding jaunt. At the time of our marriage our work made an extended trip of any kind impossible. Now I realize that it was the wisest and best thing which could have happened. It is much easier to go through the period of adjustment to each other's personalities while living the ordinary routine of life amidst familiar surroundings



"Stepping out" to the Calif.-U. S. C. football game, but Irving Thalberg is not going alone—

"Let the Honeymoon Wait"

than it is to be thrust suddenly into a world for two, an exciting, unknown, unreal place, with nothing to serve as a balance.

"Unconsciously, during those first few months, you are trying to put your best foot forward. You are a little uncertain of the other's love. You wonder whether the other will grow tired of seeing you each day, of having you as a vital and ever-present part of life. You are filled with doubts as to your own ability to prove as interesting as he had expected, the thought that you may possibly be a heart-breaking disappointment.

"**T**HAT is why it seems almost cruel to me to send two young people away by themselves on a long trip, with no preparation except the bewildering confusion of a wedding and all the attendant excitement. After they have stood the test of everyday life for a few months, the honeymoon trip would be a far more beautiful experience. The nervousness and self-consciousness, the uncertainties, would be gone."

There are at least two problems that soon raise their trite but potentially ugly heads in the midst of the marriage haven and have to be settled promptly and firmly. The first is the task of striking a happy medium, finding a common meeting ground upon which two people of different temperament and disposition may base their mutual conduct. The second is the old familiar "former friends" puzzle.

I asked Mrs. Thalberg, wife of five years' experience, how they should be dealt with. Here are her answers:

"Two people rarely feel in the same mood at the same moment. After marriage you can talk things over, help each other up or down the mental scale, balance each other's whims and fancies in a comfortably satisfactory manner impossible during the days of courtship.

"A man and woman of opposite temperaments can find ideal happiness in married life if they are wise and willing to give and take. They can help each other to reach a middle ground which will make each a happier, more well-rounded person.

"**T**HE question of friends is a difficult problem in most marriages. I don't think it is wise to attempt to mix two groups of people, the friends of both, before marriage. It is rarely successful. And here, it seems to me, is where it is the wife's job to make her husband's friends their mutual friends. Women are usually more easily adaptable socially than men. Women, too, have time to keep up their friendships of former years without intruding them upon the scant leisure hours of their husbands."

I asked Norma Shearer if, after five years of being married and observing the



Norma is in stride with her husband, on the opposite page, because she's a staunch football devotee, too

Irving Thalberg never has his business hours intruded upon by his wife, nor are domestic problems a topic of conversation. Norma is the one who solves them

marriages of others, she could phrase any workable rules for marital success that I might pass on to the readers of PHOTOPLAY. Her blue eyes lighted in a quick and sympathetic smile. She thought a moment, her sensitive mouth compressed seriously. Then she spoke slowly.

"Yes," she said, "I think I have. And you can tell your readers that I try to follow them myself. Like any other wife, I don't always succeed. But I keep on trying."

And here's the way she told them to me for you.

"The first rule, naturally, is to keep romance and enthusiasm alive every day. Make your husband know that he is as attractive to you today as he was the day you were married.

"Never, never ridicule your husband or argue with him over personal matters when others are present. Nothing can destroy love more quickly than ridicule. A wife who indulges in this form of mental cruelty loses something from her married life that can never be quite regained.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

"Here's to You, Son"—

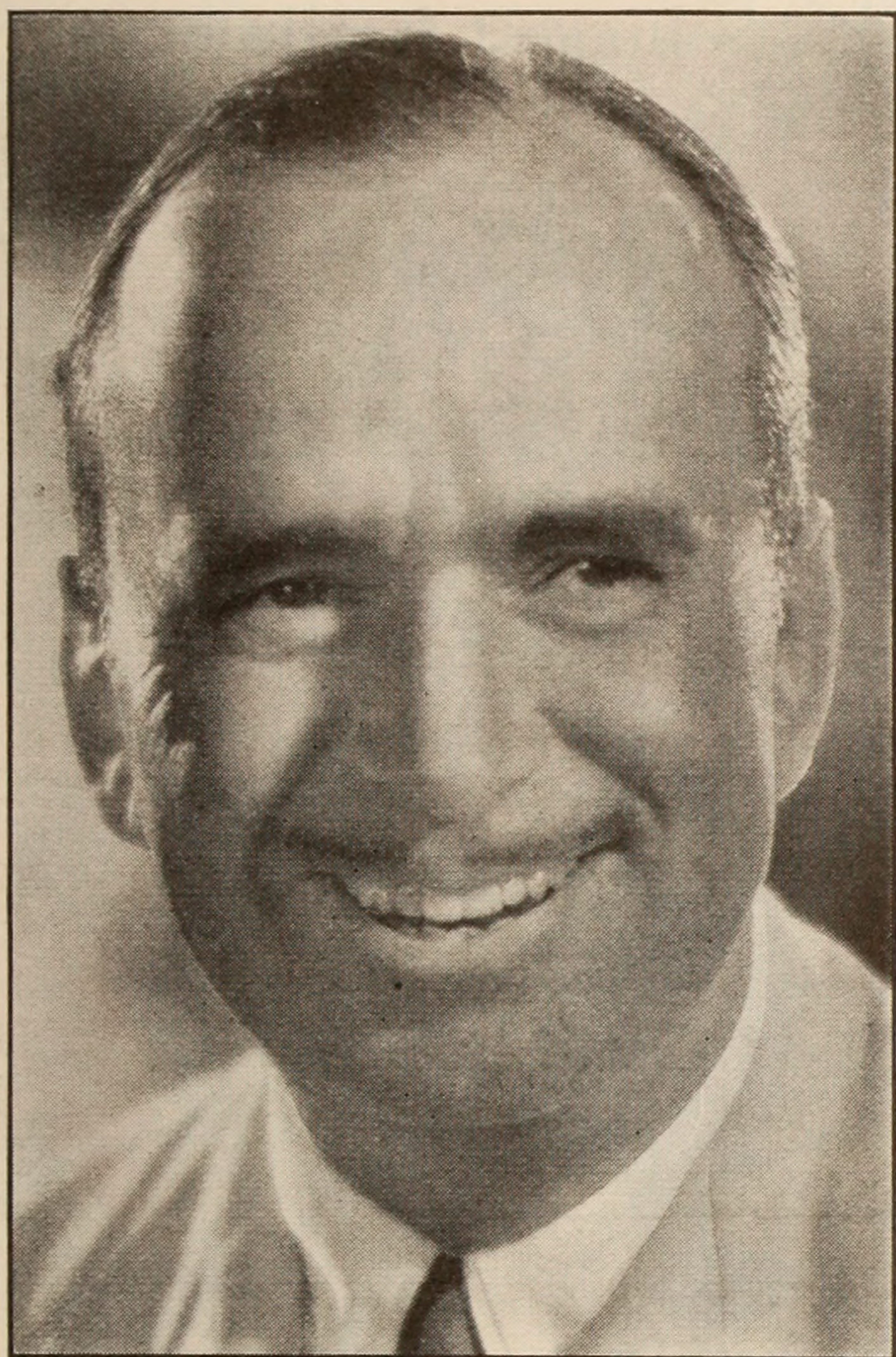


"WELL, Herman," says the younger, "prepare to take a licking on this hole." "George, Bobby Jones couldn't do that to me," retorts the elder. Herman, George—no, it's no mistake. That's what they've been to each other for years. Ever since Doug, Sr., started kidding Doug, Jr., and found he had tackled an expert

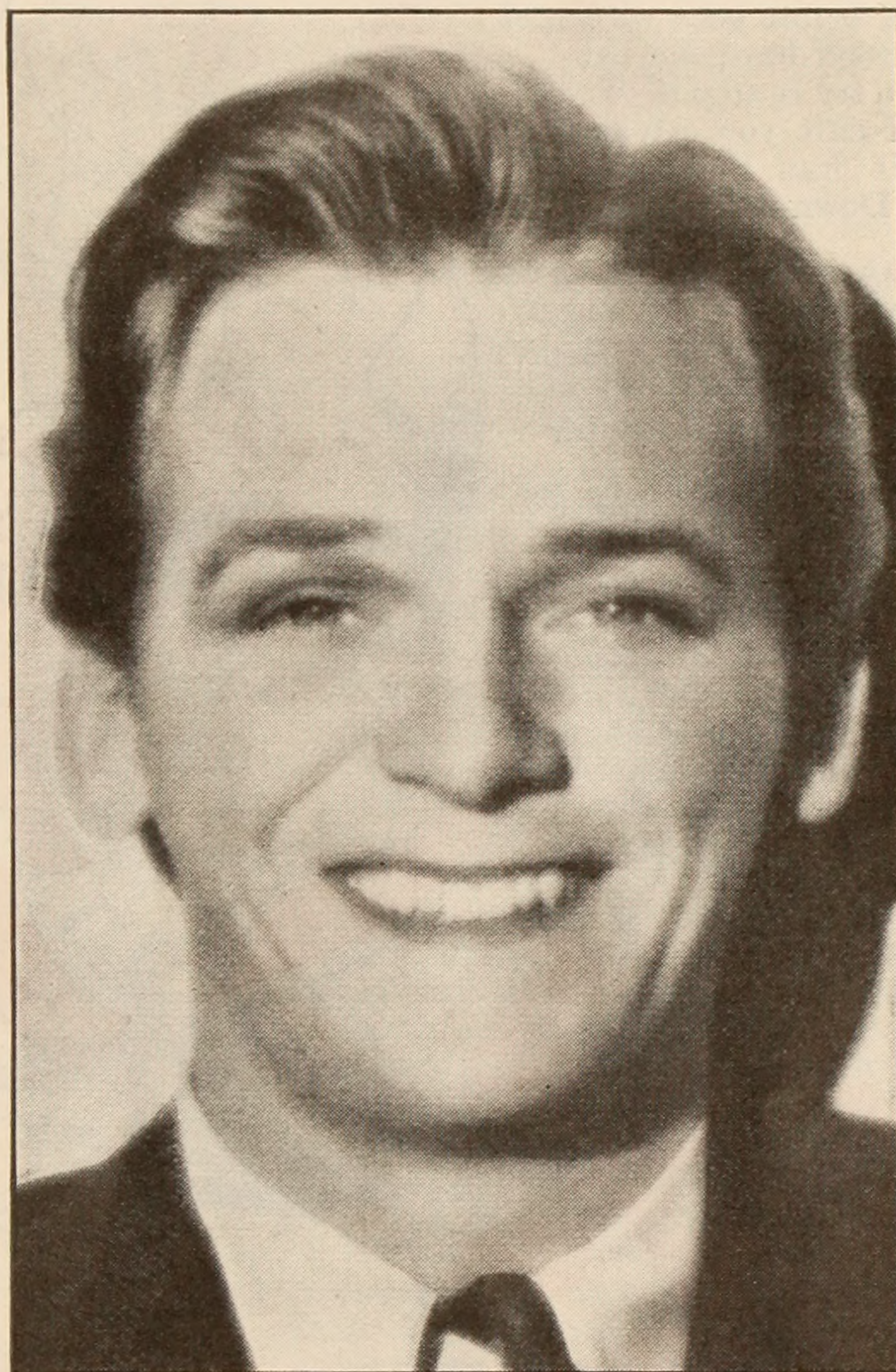
"The Same to You, Dad"

An intimate story of the most famous father and son in Hollywood

By May Allison Quirk



Doug, Sr.: "I think he's the swellest guy I know"



Doug, Jr.: "He's the best friend I'll ever have"

HE is the most modern father I know, he has less ego than any male parent I ever met, and he has the most talented son in Hollywood.

I'm speaking of Douglas Fairbanks and young Doug.

Said Doug, Sr., "If you mean do I have that exalted pride of a parent when I look at 'George,' the answer is no. I just think he's the swellest guy I know."

We were dining at Pickfair. There were sixteen people at dinner, all names amounting to something in the literary, film and artistic world.

Mary graced the head of the table, looking hardly a whit older than when I first met her many years ago. I sat between Douglas and young Doug.

Dinner was half over. Even G. B. (Bouquet) Sterne could find no fault with the gastronomical delights to be encountered in the Fairbanks ménage.

Under the stimulus of excellent food, perfectly served, conversation was very lively, and contrary to the general impression of Hollywood parties, the repartee was brilliant. Yet many times during the evening, young Doug had topped everyone else with a retort that sent the entire table into peals of laughter.

I turned to Douglas on my left and said, "Aren't you pretty proud of him?" to which he answered as above.

Many years ago Douglas started calling young Doug "George" and George retaliated by calling his father "Her-man." The names stuck. Then Douglas continued.

"There must be something wrong with me. I know all men are supposed to fairly burst with self-esteem over their particular progeny, but I've never felt that way."

Yes, Douglas, I thought. There is something wrong with you. In a community of egotists, you stand alone, for you are not one.

Then he went on in that crisp, staccato voice of his.

"I got a great kick out of 'George' being born but I never thought of him then as *my son*, nor do I now. To me, he was always an interesting human being with rights of personality and thought that every individual is entitled to.

"As a matter of fact, from the very first he and I went on the theory that we had to make good with one another."

IFELT as if I wanted every male parent in Christendom to hear that statement. It was the solution to the eternal struggle that goes on between parent and child—age and youth. Douglas Fairbanks, without intentional purpose but merely following his inner feelings, had eliminated the greatest evil of parenthood—ego.

Here I'd known him for years yet never suspected him capable of that kind of parental philosophy, or shall we call it horse sense. True, I'd never discussed fatherhood with him. Pride in progeny is something we just take for granted.

All women say they *adore* babies and hope to have a house full of them. All men thumb their suspenders, or their belts, pass out the cigars and exclaim, "Looks just like his dad, doesn't he?" when Junior comes [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Babies, Babies, Everyone's

YOU have never seen anything like it. You wouldn't, no, not even with signed affidavits, you couldn't believe it. Fads and fancies have descended on gay old Hollywood, have come and gone, thank heavens, but the likes of this has never before been witnessed.

Hollywood has gone baby crazy and try to stop it. Try. Go on, I dare you. What's more, it has Hollywood licked. Down for the count of ten.

No longer does Hollywood breathe in (and out) the deep alluring scent of "Scarlet Night" perfume. Now Hollywood is redolent of bath soap. No longer is the love life of Mamie Glutz and her handsome leading man of supreme interest to Hollywood. Today, my hearties, they talk of vegetables, grated finely. The odor of cod liver oil wafts lightly from upstairs windows where nothing remotely resembling cod liver oil wafted before. Diapers flap gaily in

It's a race in Hollywood these days as to who will be the biggest family man



"He's gained two pounds," Miriam will shriek into the phone

the morning breeze where only chiffon step-ins once flapped. Production schedules are upset. Homes are upset. Love scenes are upset. Meals are upset. The Hollywood baby is king, queen, and all the little "Prince of Wails" combined. He rules his domain with a plump and grasping hand (ah, ah, let go papa's toupee) and Hollywood loves it. Absolutely dotes on it.

Groups gather at formal dinners and heated arguments arise. Some hold out for tomato juice and some for orange juice. Some for prune pulp and some for coddled egg. In fact, prune pulp cliques are formed. They meet on Wednesdays and slander the coddled egg group that meets on Thursdays. Life long friendships are broken and lost. Many a prune pulper has openly walked out of a picture that had a coddled egger in its cast. What the outside world doesn't dream is that the prune pulp hero of "Her Burning Desire" openly and deliberately bit the ear of the coddled egg heroine in the sultriest love scene of the picture. So you see:

At exactly six weeks of age, Fredric March's baby, according to Fredric remember, smiled openly at Fredric each and every time he entered the room. And I think recited "You Are Old, Father William" and blew him a kiss, Fredric said. Or maybe that was Miriam Hopkins' baby, so we'll let it pass.

But anyway, Freddy bragged on that knowing smile 'til people could hardly bear it. And then came the morning in the "Sign of the Cross" for Fredric's great love scene. They did it over and over but still it lacked something.

"What's the matter, Fredric?" De Mille finally asked. "You don't seem yourself this morning."

"Well," said Freddy, his face a picture of dejection, "you remember I told you how my baby always smiled at me every time I entered the room."

"Yes, yes, go on," the director said.

"Well," said Fredric, "she *laughed at me* this morning."

"My Gawd, no," screamed the director. "This is terrible. Now brace up, old man, and try to forget. We'll have the lions eat the Christians this morning and you can make your love scene tomorrow."

A formal dinner awaited the Marches. The hostess waited patiently and then the phone rang. "We'll be late," Mrs. March said, "go ahead with dinner. The baby has detained us."

HALF way through the dinner, the Marches arrived. "What is it?" everyone asked breathlessly. "Has anything happened to the baby?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. March replied, "you see, tonight it was Freddy's turn to hold the six-thirty bottle and it took him a bit longer than usual."

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon own one of the most expensive and exclusive lots on the Santa Monica beach. They bought it for the fine bathing facilities it offered. Practically at their front door, the ocean called.

And then came Barbara Bebe. Today that beach is carefully wired off from the ocean. It's a play-yard, boys and girls, a play-yard. No one can possibly bathe, except in a tub, but what of it? Where bright umbrellas and bathing suits once

Got Babies!

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY
VAN ARSDALE



Underneath his tree sits Wally, fishing pole in hand, while above his head wave the baby's unmentionables

gleamed, snow white diapers wave in the balmy ocean breeze. You could knock the sea gulls down with a pin.

Barbara Bebe loves the bright light on the radio. So the radio is on full blast from morning till night. Actors scream themselves into laryngitis and can't go through their scenes the next day, but who cares? The baby loves the "ittie ittie lightie to pay wis." Cute?

Door-knobs stick to the hands, backs are practically broken on concealed toys on rollers, trouser seats (to say nothing of injured pride) are damaged beyond recall in bowls of oatmeal quaintly concealed on davenport, the radio blares and diapers flap in the ocean breeze while lovely Bebe assures the guests, "You'd just never know there was a baby in the house. Never dream it."

"Oh dear," as ZaSu would say.

Then came Barbara Bebe's first tooth. Ben himself discovered it. He gazed at the amazed baby and like a mad man, raced up the stairs and stood in the doorway of Bebe's room pawing the air and making funny sounds. "A tooth," he man-

ages to gasp at last, "she has a tooth." Wires hummed, phones rang with the news, cables sang, while Ben spent the day with a movie camera lodged in the baby's mouth trying to take a news-reel of the tooth.

Will somebody hand over the smelling salts?

AS for good old hard-boiled Wally Beery, he'll never be the same. It's even got Wally. He's been called many a name, has Wally Beery, from tough mug on up, but nothing anyone has ever called him has affected Wally like the little five letter word of Daddy. "D-a-d-d-y." It does something to Wally's face that brings a lump to the throat. He haunts the baby shops, big lumbering hands fingering tiny silk garments. Clutching one monstrous forefinger, Carol Ann toddles along beside this mountain of humanity, her daddy. Together they lunch at the Brown Derby, or the M-G-M commissary, Wally carefully wiping her chin.

And that mountain cabin of Wally's. His famous paradise hide-out. Whoops my dear, you should see the dear old rustic cabin now. Even its own mother wouldn't know it. Electric lights, frigid-aire, heating systems and what have you. Carol Ann must have all the comforts of home even in the high Sierras. Underneath his tree, sits Wally, fishing pole in hand, while above his head wave the

baby's white unmentionables in the mountain air.

Ah there, Wally.

And there was that never-to-be-forgotten interview of John Barrymore with a dignified lady writer, when John ordered all the dishes removed from the small commissary table and, with the table cloth, demonstrated his ability as the champion diaper folder of the colony. Dear me.

Oh, I told you. I tried to warn you.

They even rearrange production schedules, an unheard of thing. For instance, Stu Erwin was just about to begin on "He Learned About Women" just as the new baby arrived and Stu couldn't be pried away. He wouldn't Learn About Women with a new boy here, if he never learned about 'em. So they rearranged their whole schedule and for one week they shot scenes around him, until he finally came back, dazed but happy.

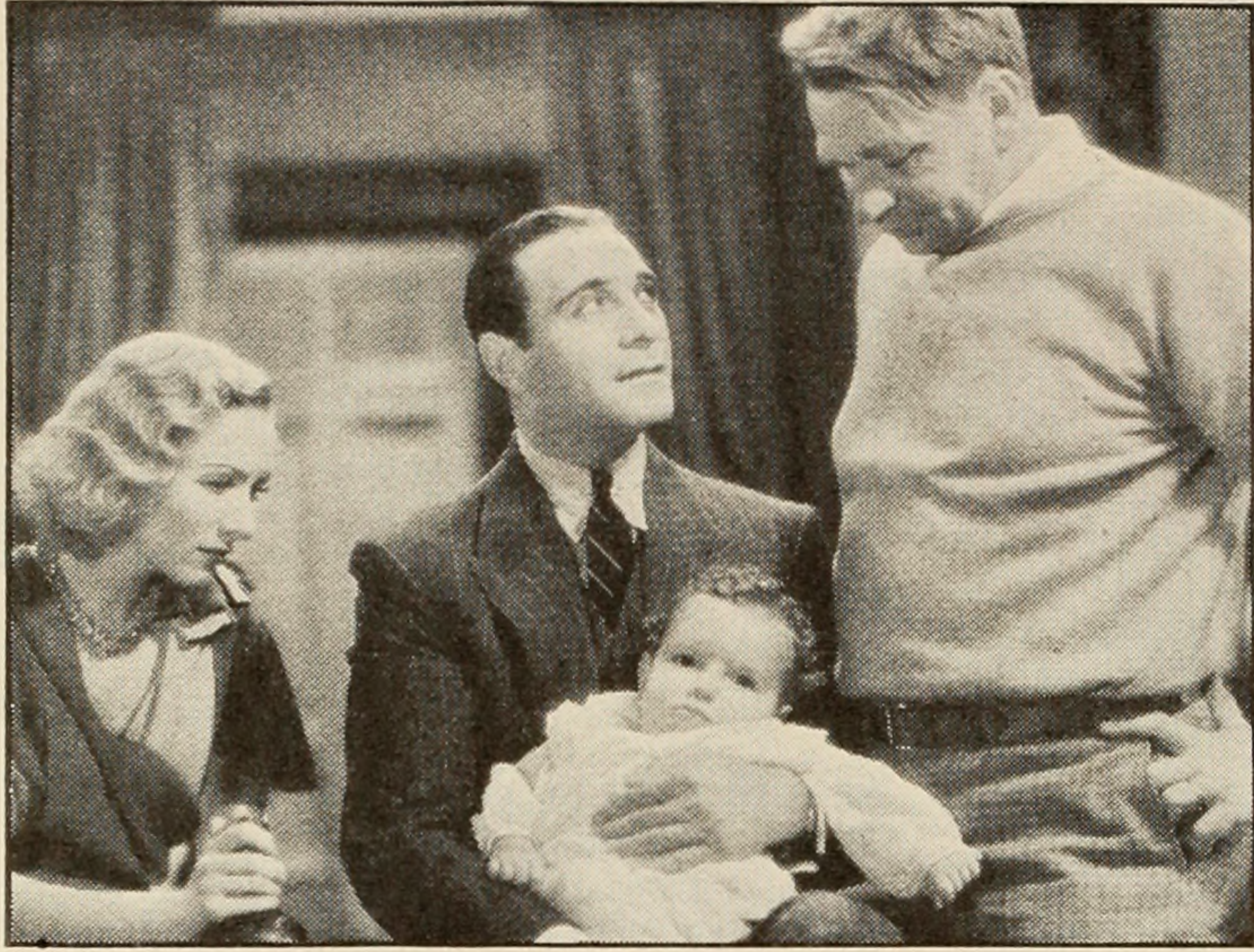
THERE is no sacrifice too great. No lengths to which they wouldn't go for their little darlings.

For years John Miljan has loved birds. The raising of canaries was John's consuming passion. Along came the new baby, the birds gave one disturbing cheep and it was bye bye birdies. "Amscray" for the canaries.

There was no room available for the baby, so John hauled a couch into his dressing-room, and there he sleeps, while baby occupies the front room with the Southern exposure.

Little Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ FLESH—M-G-M

THIS time Wally Beery is a wrestler instead of a prize-fighter, and if "Flesh" doesn't quite come up to "The Champ," it still approaches mighty close. As the dumb beer-garden waiter-grappler who is infatuated with and subsequently marries a girl with a prison record (Karen Morley), Wally turns in another of those flawless, appealingly human performances that stick in your memory. The girl crosses him up with her crook lover (Ricardo Cortez), posing as her brother; and Wally's love for the other man's baby, believing it his own, is genuinely touching.

Miss Morley's work is second only to Beery's own, and Cortez as the rat-sweetheart and Jean Hersholt as the beer-garden proprietor do splendidly. The wrestling shots look brutally real.



★ THE SIGN OF THE CROSS—Paramount

THE stage melodrama of our fathers' day comes to the screen as a De Millean spectacle of gigantic proportions marred, at times, by over-frankness in the presentation of details.

Charles Laughton, as *Nero*, largely carries the performance and the subtle satire of his interpretation is delightful. He does the incredible feat of making the vicious Roman emperor not only convincing but almost likable. Claudette Colbert supports Laughton admirably as his equally wicked consort, the *Empress Poppaea*. Fredric March is given a most difficult rôle to sustain, and because of that—and that only—must take second honors. Elissa Landi, as his Christian lady love, errs on the side of frigidity in her acting. Positively not for children.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE ANIMAL KINGDOM—RKO-Radio

COUNT the days until you can see this one. "The Animal Kingdom" is adapted from the stage play, one of those brilliant Philip ("Holiday") Barry successes.

Leslie Howard and Ann Harding are so perfectly cast that you forget they are playing a part. They are *Tom* and *Daisy*. And thank Heaven, the play has not been sacrificed to give all to the star. Ann Harding actually has less footage than Myrna Loy—but what she does with it!

The story is subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. *Tom*, a young publisher of beautiful books, has had a fine association—more than merely an affair—with a talented illustrator, *Daisy*, for three years. They have avoided chaining each other with ties or "duty." *Daisy* is profoundly in love with *Tom*, who depends on her friendship, her opinion, her uncompromising honesty.

But he marries *Cecilia* (Myrna Loy), who gives her best performance as this "nasty-nice" unscrupulous woman, using sex-allure with consummate cleverness to get what she wants.

At last he wakes up—he leaves—to go back to his real "wife" *Daisy*.

William Gargan is simply grand as an ex-pug butler. Entire cast is excellent. Don't miss this.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

FLESH

THE SON-DAUGHTER

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH

The Best Performances of the Month

Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom"

Ann Harding in "The Animal Kingdom"

Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms"

Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms"

Adolphe Menjou in "A Farewell to Arms"

Wallace Beery in "Flesh"

Charles Laughton in "The Sign of the Cross"

Claudette Colbert in "The Sign of the Cross"

Nils Asther in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"

Lee Tracy in "The Half-Naked Truth"

Helen Hayes in "The Son-Daughter"

Ramon Novarro in "The Son-Daughter"

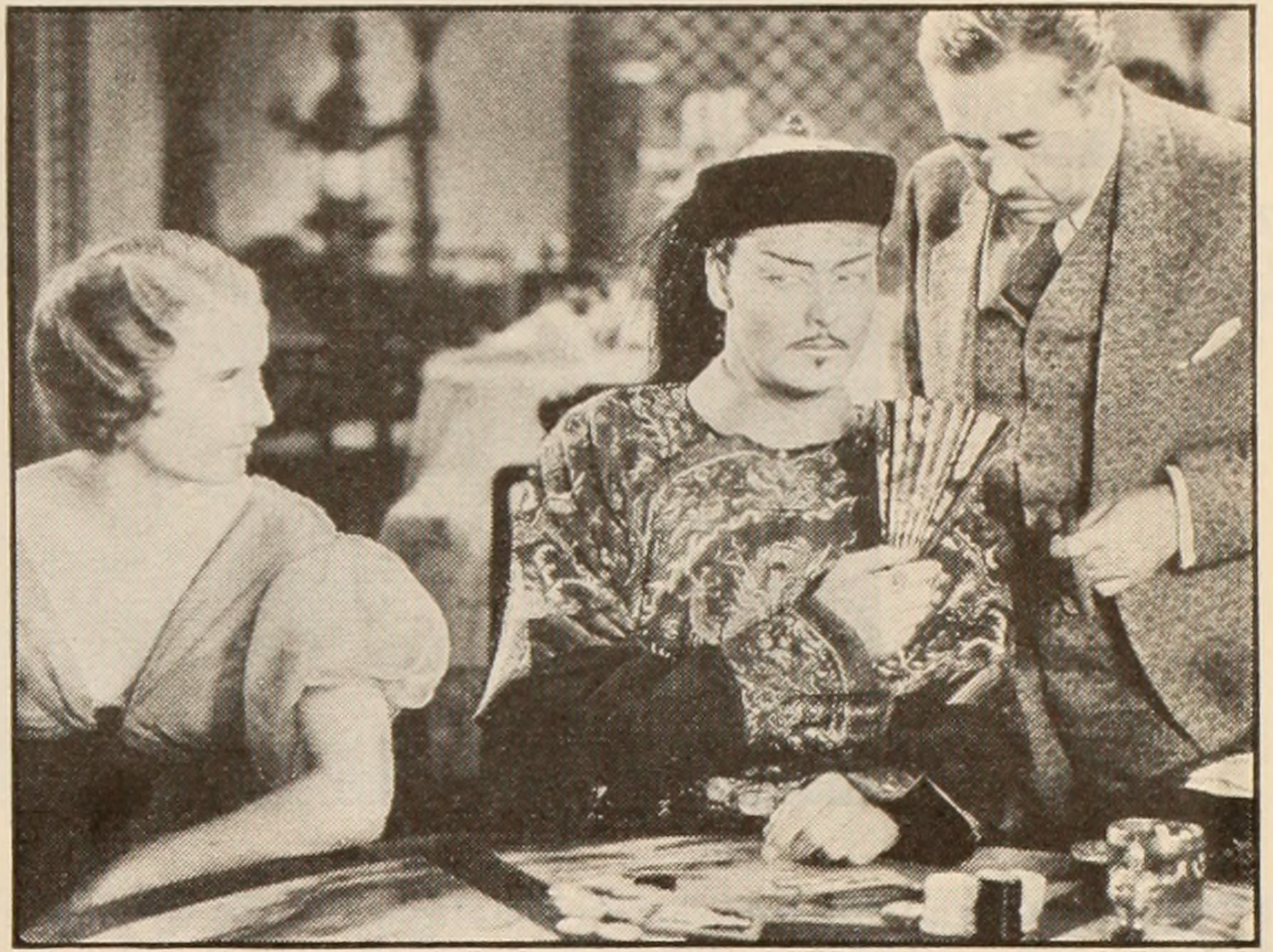
George Raft in "Under-Cover Man"

Irene Dunne in "No Other Woman"

Sylvia Sydney in "Madame Butterfly"

Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118

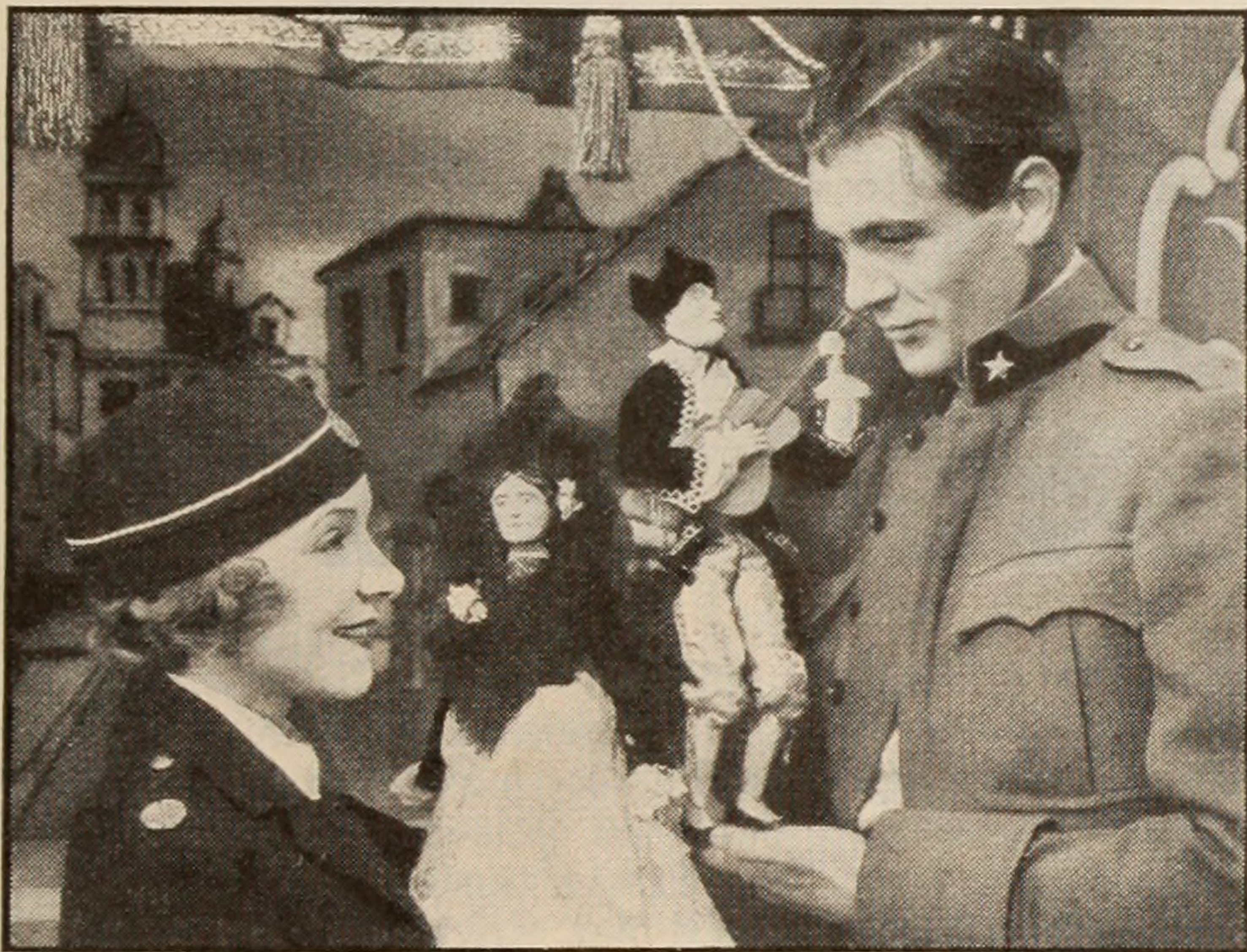


★ THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN—Columbia

PRIMARILY a triumph for Director Frank Capra, this film inevitably invites comparison with "Shanghai Express."

Nils Asther, as *General Yen*, in love with a white girl played by Barbara Stanwyck, steals the show. Stanwyck fans may be disappointed to find her in a rôle which, while excellently handled, is secondary. She is engaged to a missionary when *General Yen* abducts her.

The story, contrasting the Oriental and Occidental philosophies against a background of war and intrigue at Chapei, is necessarily slow in tempo, but absorbing, and helps to make logical the melodramatic events. Most of the plot hinges on the decision of *General Yen* to "convert a Christian," which he does at the cost of his own life.



★ A FAREWELL TO ARMS—Paramount

THE memory of this poignantly tragic love story of Ernest Hemingway's, laid amidst the brutal futility of the World War, is one that will linger for many days.

Scenarists Benjamin Glazer and Oliver H. P. Garrett kept their eyes on both Hemingway's novel and the censors without apparent compromise. And Frank Borzage merits another bright feather in his directorial cap.

Helen Hayes, a nurse, falls in love with Gary Cooper, an American who has enlisted in the Italian army. Torn between love and duty, Gary returns to the front, and Helen to the tiny Swiss village to await the coming of their child. Sensing her peril, Gary deserts, fighting and dragging his way back to her. He arrives a few minutes before she dies while armistice bells ring about them.

The performances of Helen Hayes and Adolphe Menjou are among the outstanding of the year, while Gary Cooper probably does the best work of his career. Jack La Rue and Mary Philips contribute splendid performances. And Cinematographer Lang must not be forgotten.

The scenes showing the retreat of the Italian army after the great defeat at Caporetto are especially magnificent. A picture you should see.



★ THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH—RKO-Radio

IF you liked Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event," you'll like him in this—which, while not quite of that caliber, very closely approaches it. A high-powered spieler and press-agent does his stuff, and how Tracy does it! He "sells" New York a carnival girl (Lupe Velez) as an Indian Princess dancer, and a chamber-maid as the high priestess of a nudist cult; the laughs come so fast they leave you almost breathless.

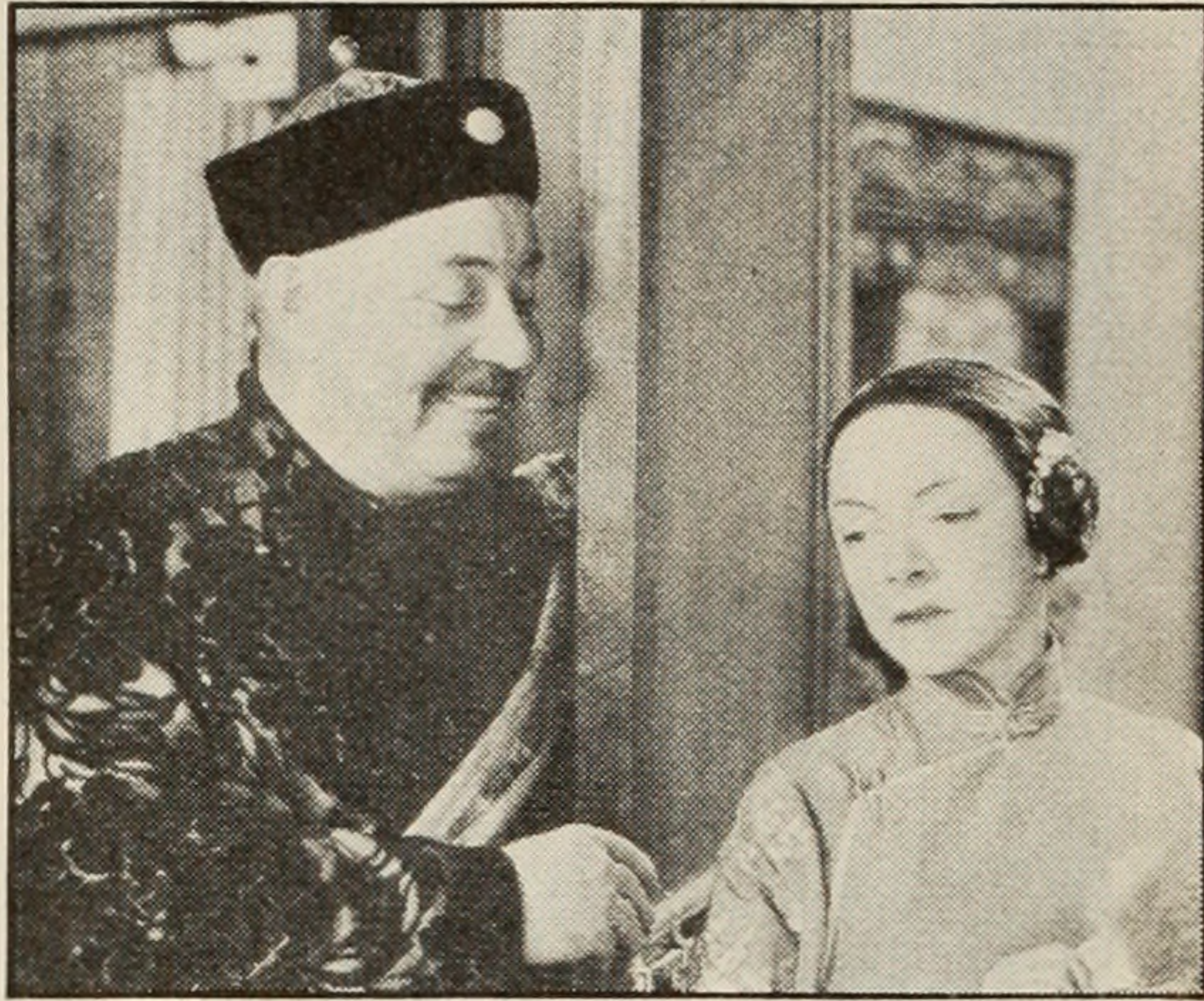
Lupe is enticing both as the carnival dancer and the princess. Frank Morgan turns in a splendid performance as *Merle Farrell*, the producer, and Eugene Pallette helps keep the comedy ball rolling at a high speed, which will make you forget everything except that the movies are mighty good medicine for the blues.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

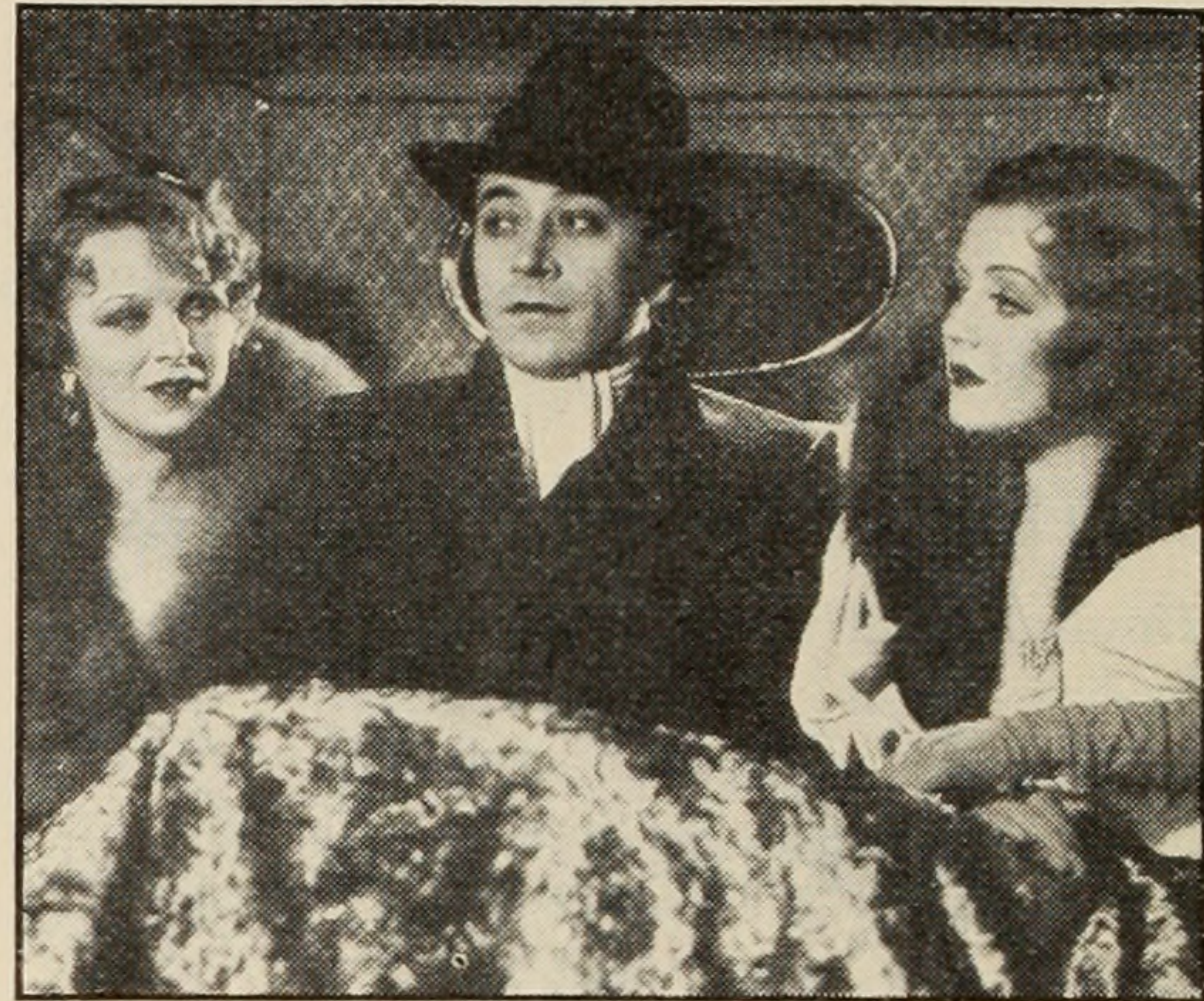
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



THE SON-DAUGHTER— M-G-M



DAINTY as a Chinese doll, Helen Hayes brings to the screen the portrayal of *Lein Wha*, son-daughter of *Dr. Dong Tong* (Lewis Stone). In love with *Tom Lee* (Ramon Novarro) a prince [in disguise, she insists her father sell her in order to obtain ammunition money. *Lein Wha* strangles her repulsive husband (Warner Oland) with his own queue. The cast includes H. B. Warner, Ralph Morgan, Louise Closser Hale.



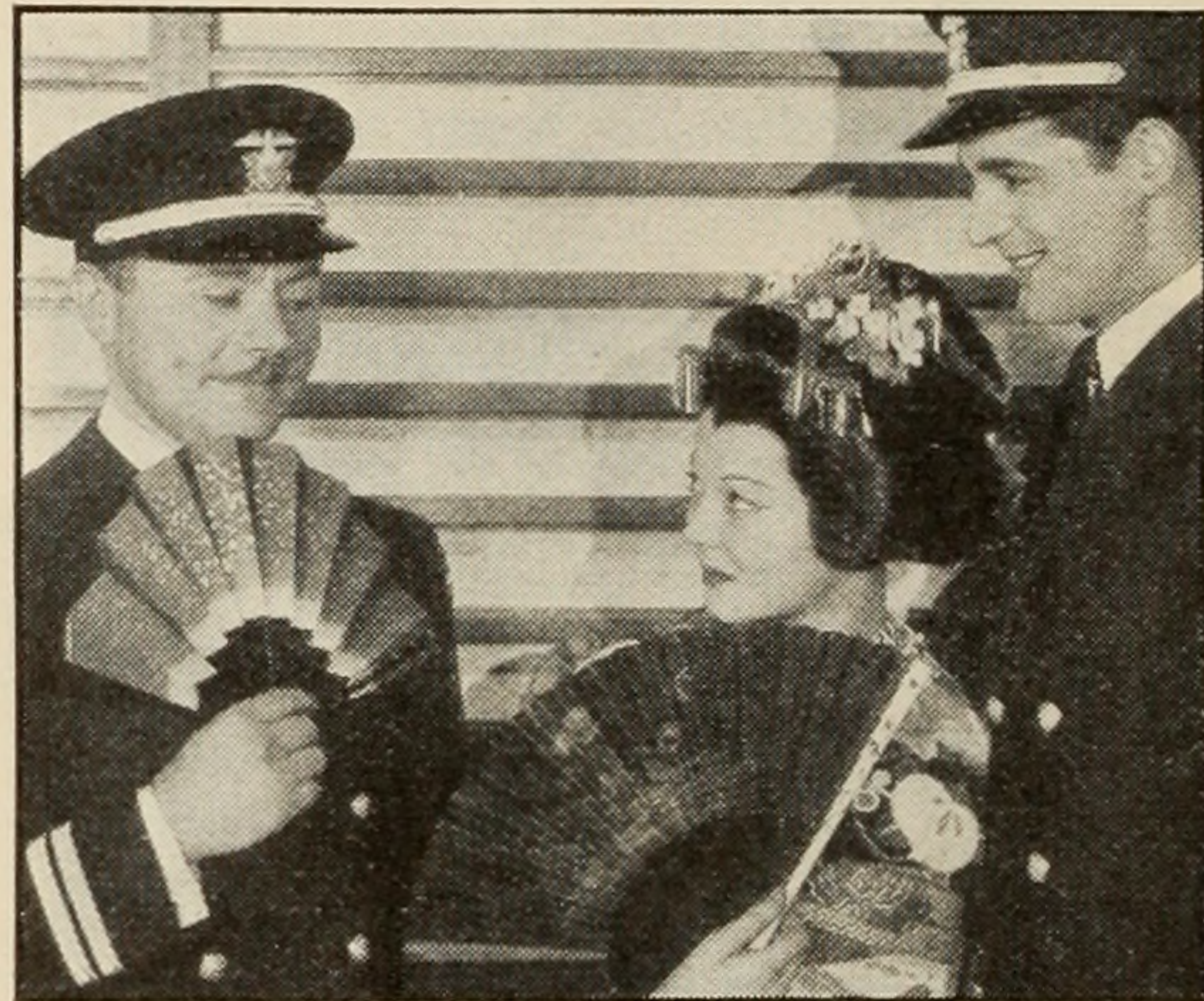
UNDER- COVER MAN —Paramount

IF you have been resisting George Raft because you didn't like the element his picture character stands for, prepare to give up. Mr. Raft will have you right in his pocket after this one. The film is slow in getting under way, but George's high tension never relaxes. The story is about the knavery in the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll and the rest of the cast give good performances. Not for children.

NO OTHER WOMAN— RKO-Radio



IRENE DUNNE does another of those abused wives—and does it well. Her court-room scene is something to get up and cheer about. Charles Bickford turns in a realistic performance as the steel-worker who makes millions, thanks to his ambitious wife, and then goes haywire over a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden is fine as the young inventor. Good entertainment, but don't take the kiddies.



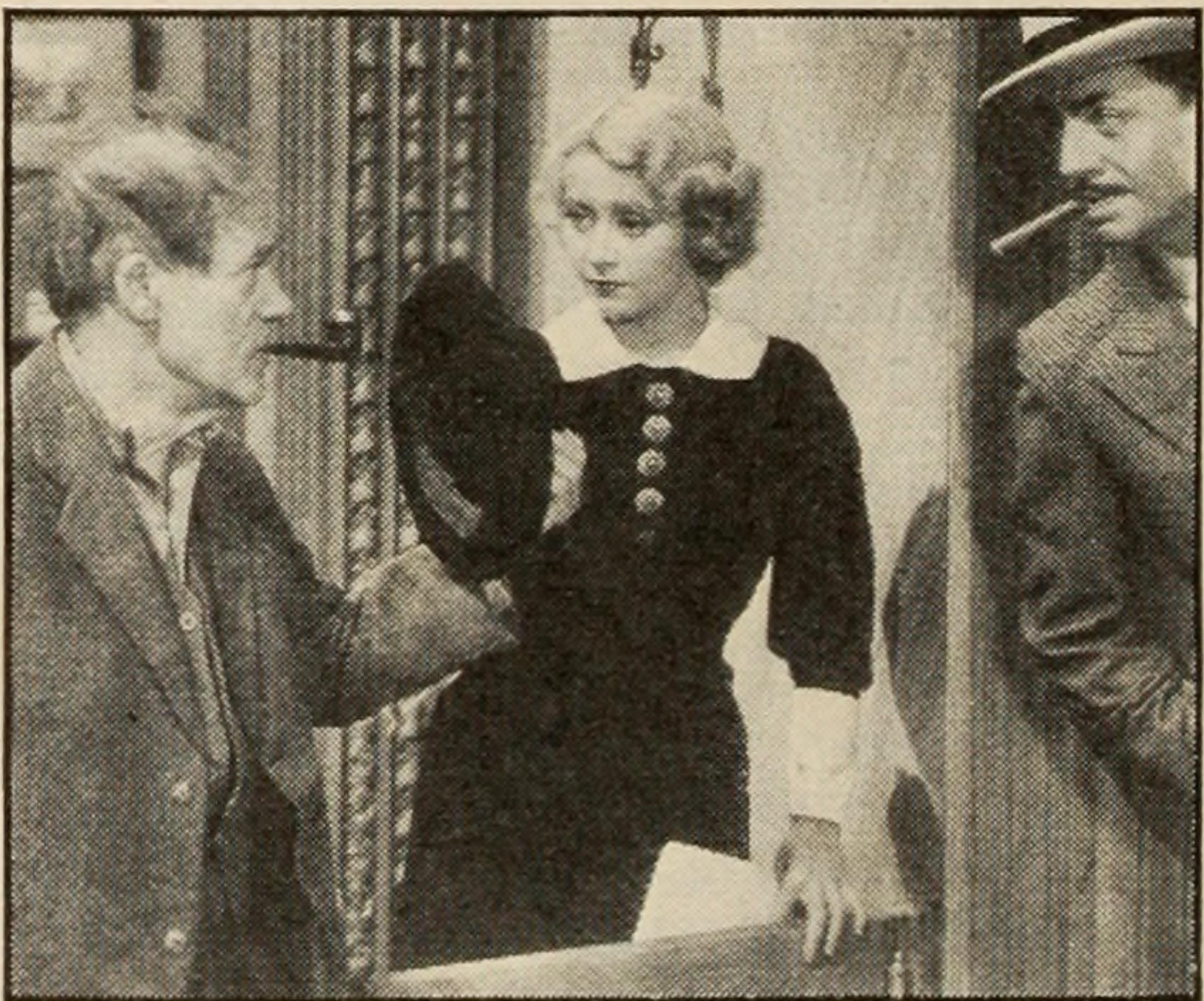
MADAME BUTTERFLY —Paramount

BEAUTIFUL photography and the sensitive performance of Sylvia Sidney revives this creaking old vehicle into a lovely production. Backgrounds and settings are exquisite, the whole feeling brought up-to-date. A personal triumph for Sylvia Sidney, who beautifully portrays the pathetic tragedy of the little geisha girl who loved not wisely but too well. That Japanese baby is adorable. Entire cast excellent.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS —Paramount



A THRILLER of thrillers. Charles Laughton, in the rôle of a demented scientist on an island, tries to make human beings out of animals. Among the monstrosities created is *Lota*, the much publicized "Panther Woman" (Kathleen Burke). To test her reactions he detains a shipwrecked traveler (Richard Arlen). The uprising of beast-men will bring you out of your seat.

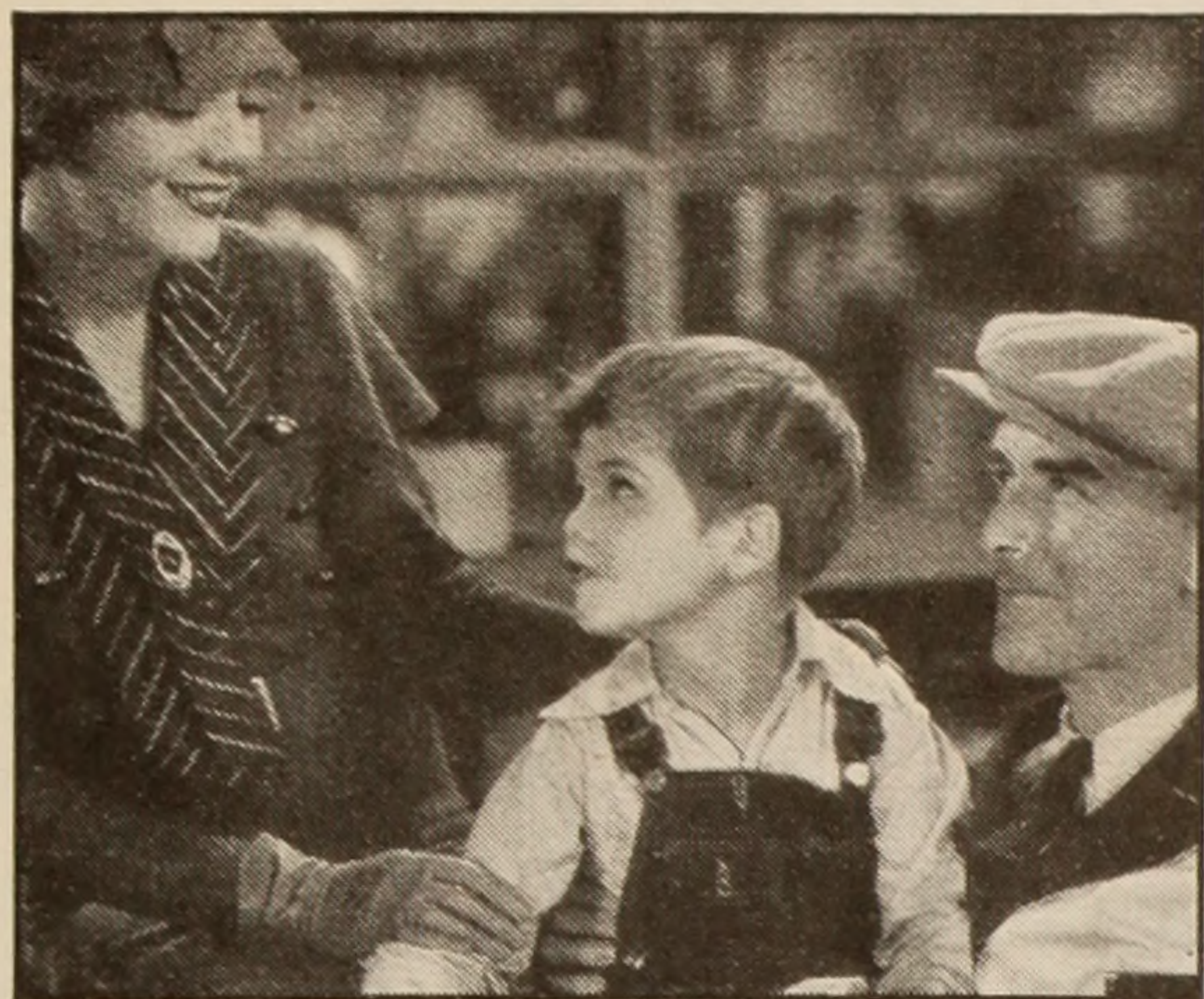


LAWYER MAN— Warners

BILL POWELL in top form as the East Side attorney who goes Uptown and tangles with the political machine. Bill is excellently aided and abetted by a bang-up cast—especially Joan Blondell as his secretary, David Landau as the pork barrel boss, and that new girl, Helen Vinson, who's going to be heard from a-plenty. If you know any law, forget it—see the picture anyway.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE DEVIL IS DRIVING—
Paramount



EDMUND LOWE and James Gleason are employees of the Metropolitan garage managed by unscrupulous car stealers. Dickie Moore, little son of Gleason, is run down by one of the car thieves, resulting in a show-down and Gleason's death. Gleason and Lowe are splendid, with Alan Dinehart, Lois Wilson, Guinn Williams and Wynne Gibson turning in nice performances. Strong story gone astray.



THE MUMMY—
Universal

PREPARE to thrill and shiver when Boris Karloff, as an Egyptian mummy brought to life, stalks through reels of gruesome horror. Buried alive 3,700 years before for having loved a priestess, Zita Johann, the mummy attempts to bring back to life his lost love, only to find her soul in a modern young woman. David Manners, Bramwell Fletcher and Arthur Byron complete the cast.

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE—
First National



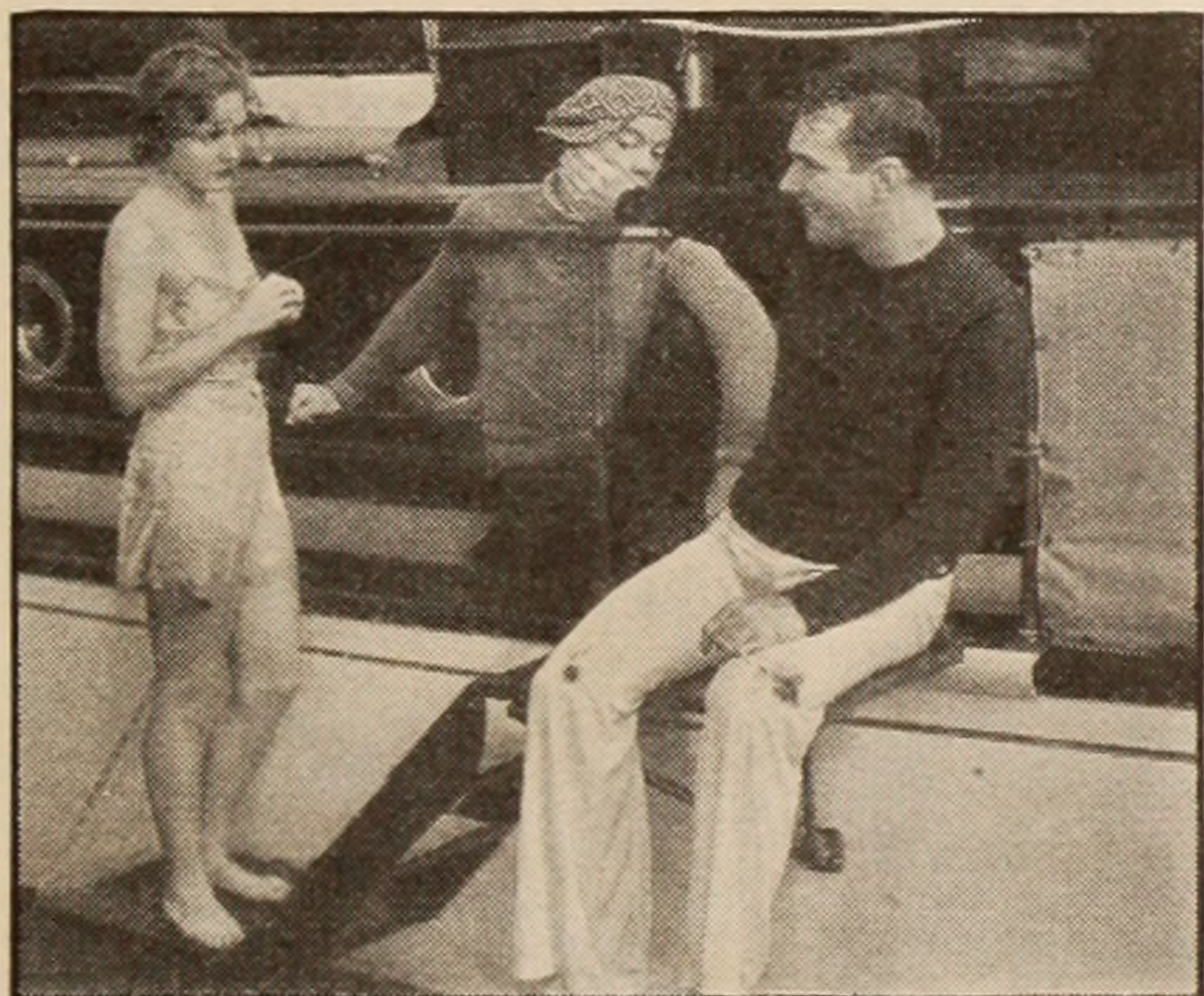
A VIVID story of the "inside" of a great department store and the forces that keep it moving. As the cruel and heartless store manager, Warren William gives one of his finest performances. Wally Ford and Loretta Young, employees, are but pawns in his hands. Alice White is a cute little gold-digging model, while the late Albert Gran, Ruth Donnelly and Charles Sellon contribute fine bits. New and entertaining.



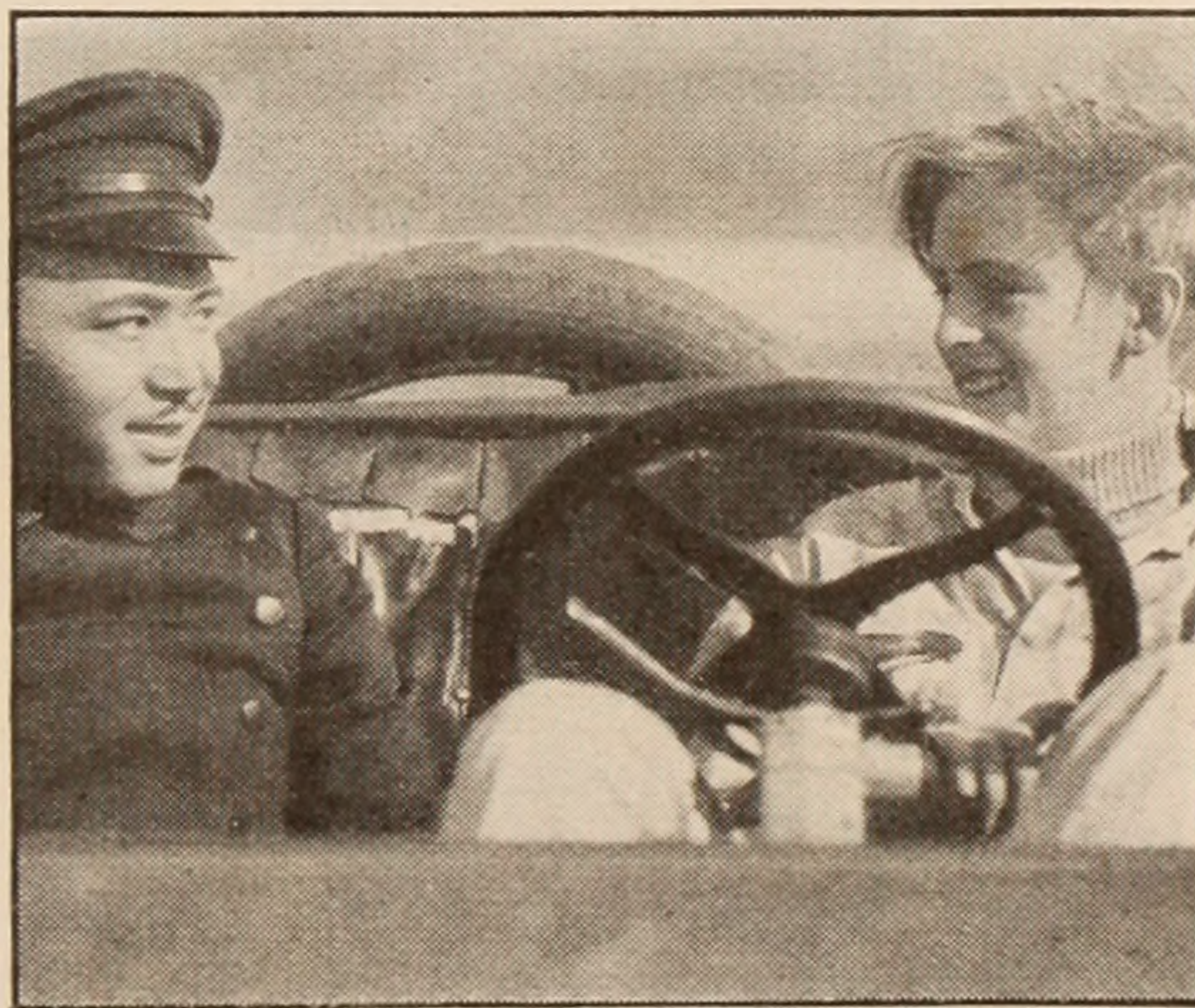
FRISCO JENNY—
First National

ONLY the triteness of the story keeps this picture from being great. Ruth Chatterton is at her best as *Barbary Coast Jenny* who, bereft of father and lover during the earthquake, rises to power through political corruption. She kills the friend who threatens to expose her to the son who is district attorney. Direction is excellent. Donald Cook, Louis Calhern, Robert Emmett O'Connor, James Murray lend able support.

FAST LIFE—
M-G-M



HILARIOUS excitement that the young in spirit, with a slight hankering after horseplay, will devour. It's a speed-boat racing yarn to which Bill Haines adds the thrills; Cliff Edwards some divine nonsense; Madge Evans the pert love interest; Conrad Nagel the expert villainy; and Arthur Byron the faith that makes all its absurd impossibilities possible. Happy and giddy.



THE RACING STRAIN—
Willis Kent Prod.

THE attractive fourteen-year-old son of a famous father in his first picture. Wally Reid, Jr., comes across with an easy, natural performance and proves his right to the Reid mantle. Story is a suitable vehicle for the presentation of young Wally. The type of yarn youngsters love—lots of action and some wholesome comedy. Good supporting cast. Clean entertainment for the family. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 113]



In 1924, Mary MacLaren—then a ranking movie favorite—deserted her film career to marry an English colonel who was stationed in India

Disillusioned, four years later she was back in Hollywood. And now, a beautiful, cultured woman, she hopes to make a screen comeback

I was Once a Star

But today I must take my place in the ranks of countless extras

By *Mary MacLaren*

ONCE the center of the stage was rightfully mine. The klieg lights and the cameras were focused on me. It was what I did that mattered, and mine was all the adulation, all the attention showered upon success.

Wherever I went people stared at me and uttered my name. Dinner parties waited for me if I happened to be late, and directors showed me marked courtesy.

My life was truly a bed of orchids.

Now I am one of the extras among the mob. If I am fortunate, I get a "bit" to play. You, who used to stand in lines before the theaters because it was my name up there in the lights, now sit through film after film never knowing that I am even in any of them.

I am only a bit of "atmosphere," one of a hundred, one of a thousand other such, drifting unnoticed across the background of the screen.

Your eyes are fixed today upon some other star. It was her name instead of mine that drew you in. It is her face, her emotions that you watch now in the close-ups that once were mine.

But I am still in the picture, and I was on the set while it was being made. I stood aside, one of the many, watching this new star in the place that was once my own. The honors and attentions that I used to know now belong to her.

Do you remember "Shoes," a picture which, in 1915, was possibly as great a sensation as "Grand Hotel" is today? Do you remember "The Petal on the Current," Fannie Hurst's beautiful love story? Do you remember—

But, of course, you don't. These were among my pictures. I was starred in them.

Do you remember Lois Weber, the woman director, who in my time was as important a figure in the motion picture world as Lewis Milestone or Ernst Lubitsch is today?

No, I suppose you wouldn't. What of her? Well, she discovered me.

You do know "Call Her Savage," though. You've seen it, perhaps. You didn't notice me, to be sure; you were naturally watching Clara Bow. But I was there just the same.

I was one of the crowd in that ballroom scene where Clara Bow and Thelma Todd pulled each other's hair. Just one of the crowd drifting through. Clara Bow had the spot where I used to be.

You possibly have seen "Ladies They Talk About," too. You went to that to see Barbara Stanwyck, but you might also have seen me. However, you wouldn't know anything about that.

Perhaps you took in "The Devil Is Driving." If you did, you might possibly recollect the hysterical woman whose car was stolen. More probably you [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



"WE'VE licked the blighters!" A great scene in the making of Fox's picture, "Cavalcade." Historic Trafalgar Square, London, on November 11, 1918. The gentleman in the high hat is Clive Brook. The lady with the pearls, at his right, is the English actress Diana Wynyard. Director Frank Lloyd rides on the traveling crane. Trafalgar Square and Nelson Monument sets, for this classic of England, are copies of originals



FOR DINNER AND AFTER

YOU may call it the "cocktail" frock, the "five-'til-mid-night" dress—or anything you wish, but it will be the same dress. It's a dress, like this one of Constance Cummings—perfect for dinner or the hours after. A positive essential to the smart wardrobe at any season.

CONSTANCE wears this charming white silk crepe dress to dinner in her new picture "Billion Dollar Scandal." For the new season, you will want it in one of the pastel tones, perhaps "Moonlight blue" which sounds as romantic as this gown looks. Here you see both back and front. Note the demure back detail which shows just a slit of décolletage. The deep girdle and the softly puffed sleeves are all a part of its charm. For dancing purposes, you will want the skirt in a more modified length.



SILK RATINÉ IN PINK

LOVELY Jean Arthur has returned to the screen in "The Past of Mary Holmes." Walter Plunkett has used a shell pink silk ratiné for this graceful gown which she wears at a dinner party in her home. It is perfect in its simplicity—the fabric is distinctive and new for now and spring.

— Seymour

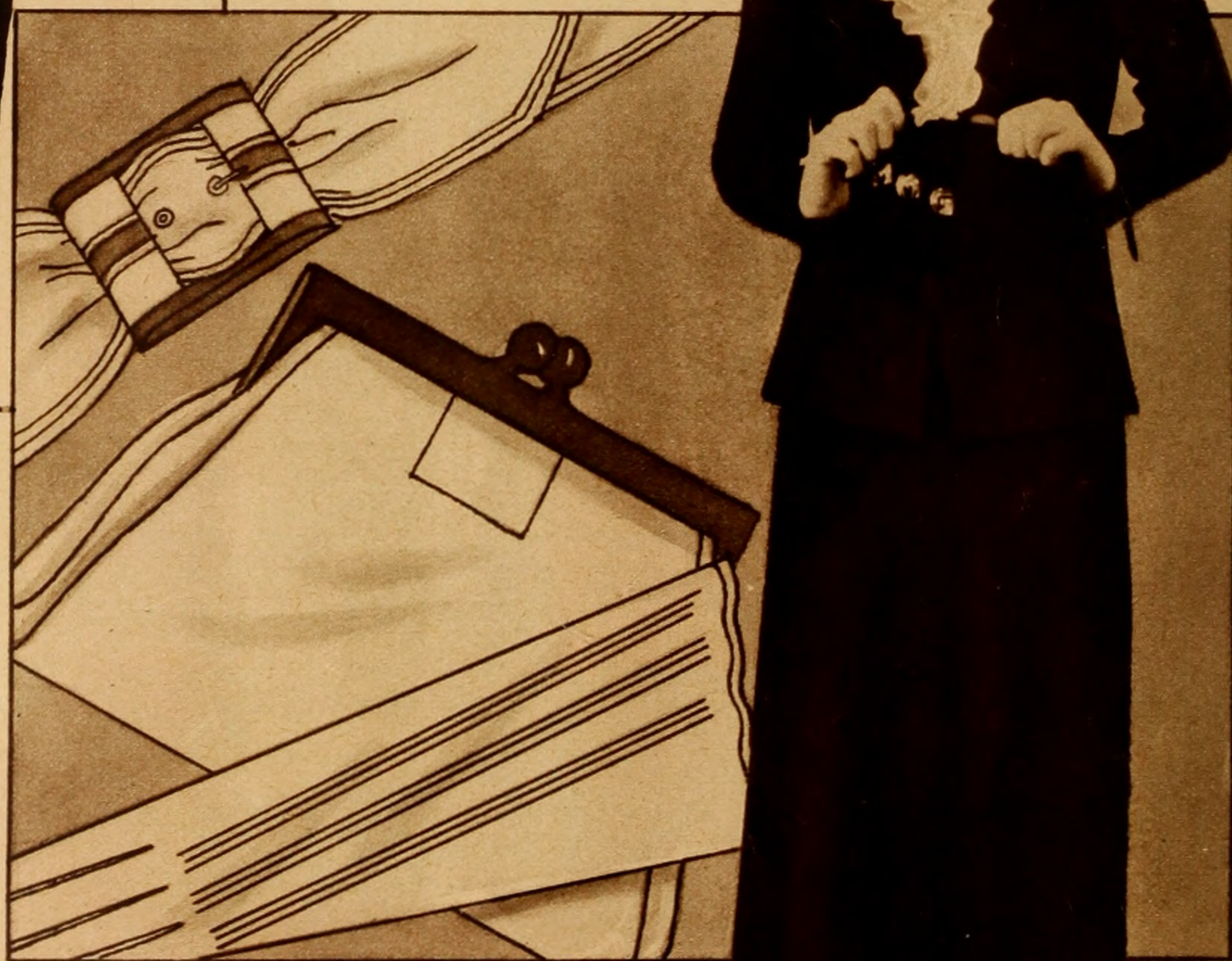
LIKE Constance Cummings' dress on the opposite page, Jean's is adaptable for formal or informal affairs. Sleeves puff out below a dropped shoulder—the neckline, high in front, is cut to a deep "V" at back. A jeweled clip and bracelet in pearls and gold are charming accents.

New Notes From Hollywood



THERE'S nothing quite so satisfactory as a soft wool suit to wear under your winter coat. Nancy Carroll wears a trim, youthful one in "Child of Manhattan." This suit has been duplicated for you in a fine rabbit's hair cloth in black with a very flattering ruffled blouse of white woven crinkled organdy. Although it is difficult to discern the detail of the suit in this photograph, Robert Kalloch has used careful tailoring in the line of the jacket and skirt. The jacket is held together by buttons arranged in the manner of a man's tuxedo—the skirt is slightly full with the blouse tucked into it. Nancy carries a smart black suede handbag trimmed with copper initials.

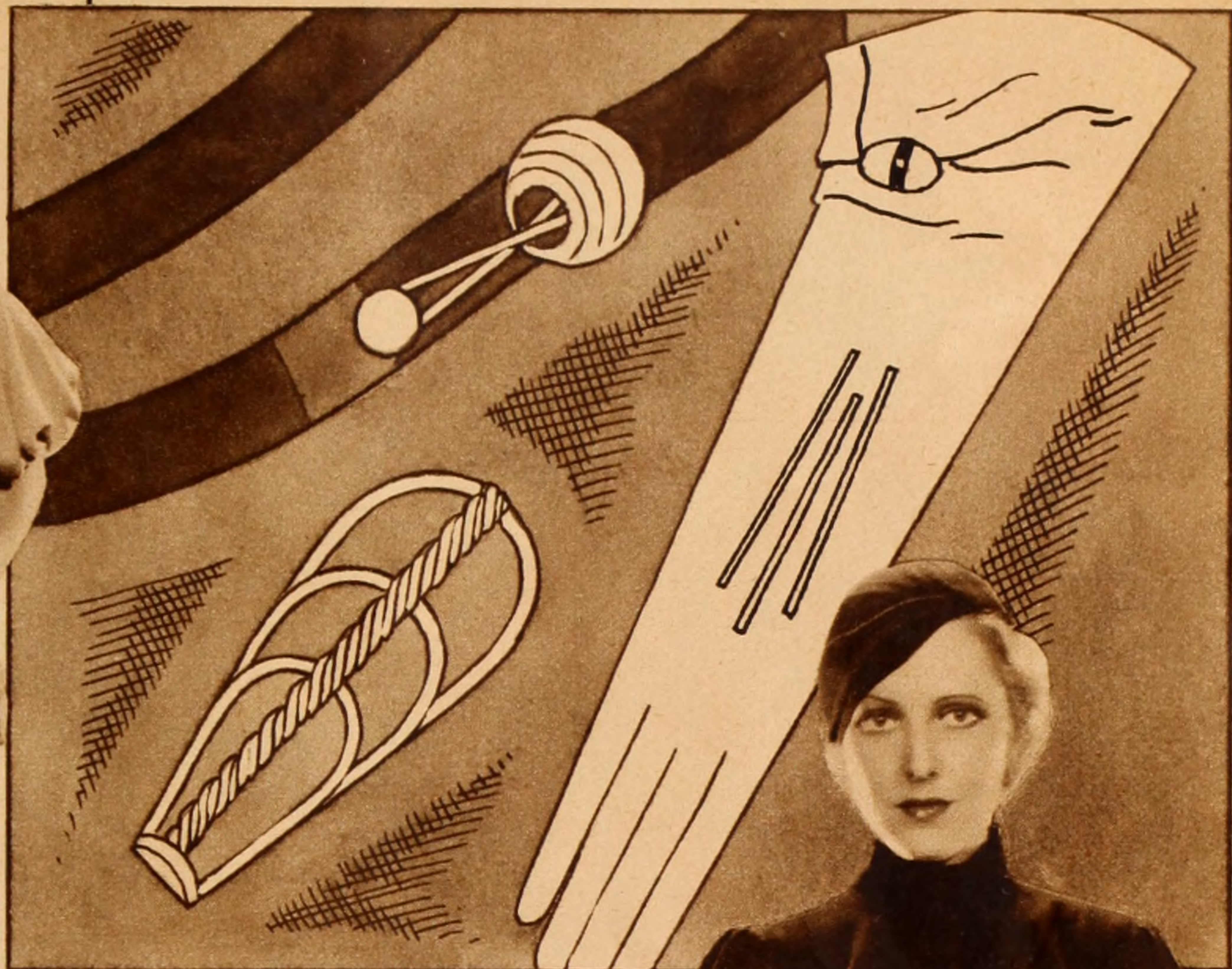
Seymour



GINGER ROGERS has a flair for wearing the type of gay, young clothes you would like to have for yourself. That's why it is so nice to know that you can actually buy some of her picture fashions. Take this clever checked woolen dress she wears in "Forty-Second Street," it is a green and brown combination with contrasting brown crepe belt and collar. A trick copper buckle on the belt—and buttons used in an amusing way. By Orry-Kelly.

CHAMOIS is quite the newest thing under the sun in accessories—you could wear these, sketched here, for both tailored and sports costumes. The chamois belt has a smart wooden buckle. The bag has a tortoise shell top. And the gloves are pull-ons with stitching.

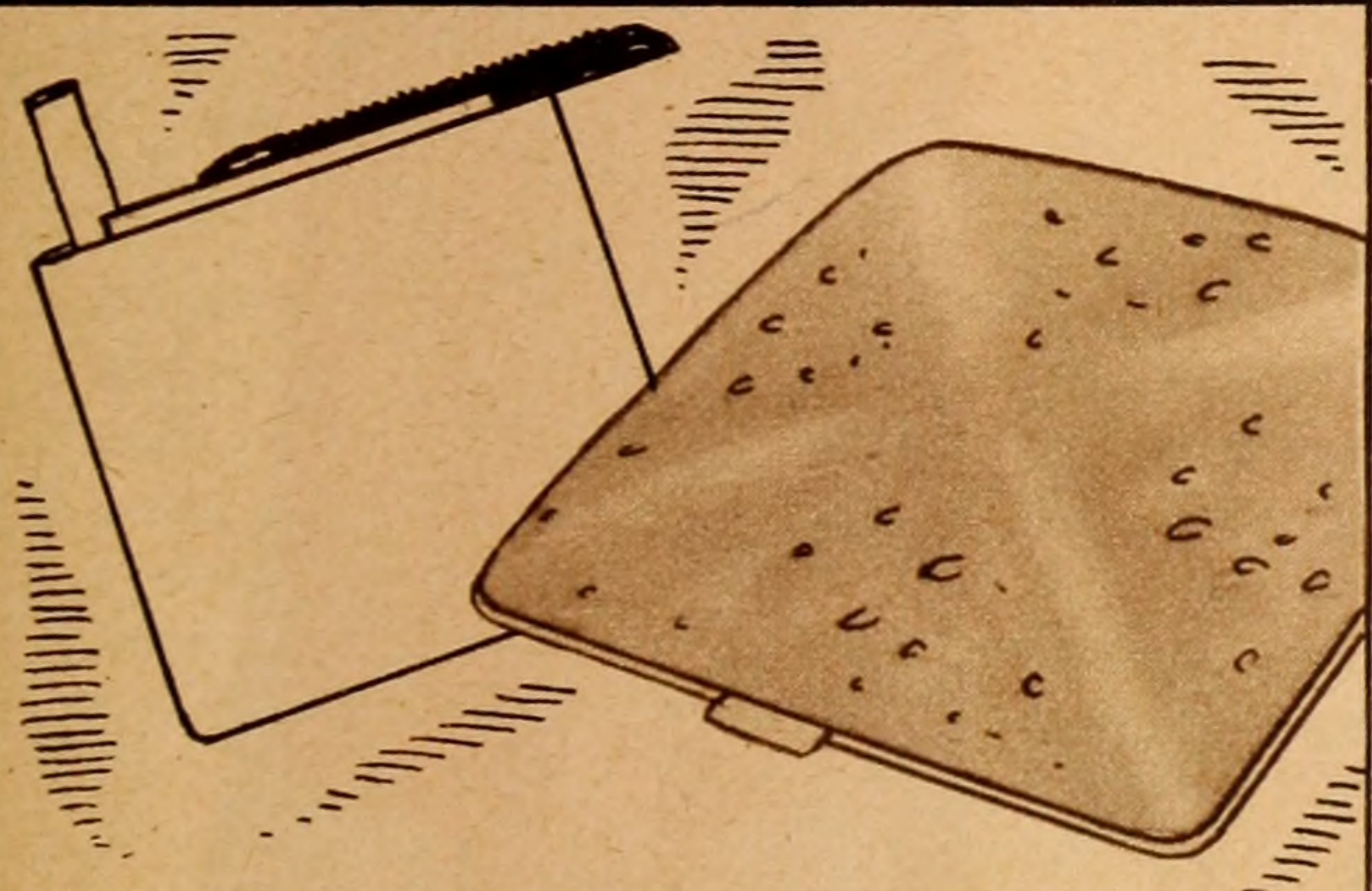




THE very newest note in accessories must accompany your Hollywood frock. There's the trio, above. A black suede belt with metal buckle that buttons together. A new gold clip looks like an egg beater! And a white kid glove is draped with a button.

ANOTHER attractive dress from the "Billion Dollar Scandal" is this one in silk crepe worn by Constance Cummings, at left. Again the soft sleeves puff becomingly and the scarf neckline is charming. You'll like it to wear right now under a dark coat—in a bright tone.

WALTER PLUNKETT has designed an unusually attractive dress for Jean Arthur to wear in the court scene of "The Past of Mary Holmes." It is a navy blue rough silk crepe with a high neckline and jabot. Its lines are slim and tailored. To make it becoming for you with dark hair, it has been made up with white collar and jabot.



TWO gadgets for your purse are these, above. One is a white kid covered cigarette case. You pull back the top and out pops a cigarette. A speckled green enamel compact is square and flat.



EPAULET clips are the newest rage for evening gowns. These, sketched above, show you how they fasten. A dark silk slip with ecru lace is perfect for dark dresses.

WHEN you see "Hot Pepper," look for this attractive evening gown worn by Lilian Bond. Earl Luick designed it for a nightclub scene. It is made in one of the new silk crepes with an interesting texture. The frills over the shoulders are satin. Straps of the crepe fasten over these with buckles. This gown is sketched above. Isn't it smart?

JOAN BLONDELL is playing "Blondie Johnson." When you see her in the picture, you will find her wearing some very smart clothes. One of them is this evening ensemble. The short jacket is beige with brown buttons. The sleeves are fitted to the elbow where fullness starts. Note the wide lapels. The dress of brown crepe is designed for double duty purposes, it may be worn evenings without the jacket.

CAROLE LOMBARD knows how to choose smart clothes and wear them well both on and off the screen. In "No Man of Her Own," she plays the rôle of a young librarian who marries a man of means—as you can imagine, this gives her a grand opportunity to wear some stunning costumes. One of them is this attractive black crepe dress trimmed in white. Isn't the ruffled cuff, placed above the elbow, a unique detail? The ruffled collar is especially flattering about the neckline—all in all, an ideal dress for you to choose for this season. Don't miss the clever use of buttons on both the cuffs and collar. Travis Banton is the designer—as you will recall, he has done some beautiful costumes for Carole.

LOUNGING pajamas have become indispensables to everyone's wardrobe. Especially pajamas of the type worn by Claire Dodd in "Hard to Handle." This pajama, shown at left below, combines the practical tailored qualities with nice feminine detail. A light blue crepe is contrasted with a darker blue trim. The trousers are quite mannish in their center creasing. The bodice is intricately cut and is topped by a high collar tied nonchalantly like a scarf. Full sleeves are gathered into a tight cuff, tied like the collar. This is an Orry-Kelly design. Don't overlook those slash pockets. Claire is wearing sandals.



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 123.



Manatt

THIS scene from "Rasputin and the Empress" (latest title) is perfect in its artistry. In the palace of the czar, at this mystic hour of the night, what is John Barrymore saying to czarina Ethel? "Get rid of that monk, *Rasputin!*" might be a safe guess. And Ethel for the moment has a doubt. But, careful John, there's eaves-dropping going on! Don't you see that huge "mike" overhead?

"I Got A Divorce, Because—"

Maurice Chevalier,
for the first time,
tells why he and
Yvonne Vallée broke
the marriage bonds

*By Virginia
Maxwell*

SINCE the surprise volley of Chevalier's sudden divorce in Paris last summer—a divorce he had sought to keep secret from the world—he has hidden himself away from interviewers.

Maurice, a shy fellow at heart, feared terribly the glaring spotlight of publicity which he realized American curiosity might turn upon him. American women *are* curious about the dapper Frenchman, who, presumably happily married to his little French wife, Yvonne, suddenly up and divorced when everyone least expected it.

Maurice evaded newspapermen in Paris when news of the affair leaked out. He shied away from all questioners. And then, quite unaware that he might step accidentally into the tentacles of an interview, he found himself, one afternoon recently, chatting merrily about everything in the world, except his divorce.

Chevalier was in New York, on his personal appearance tour. And New York means gay little gatherings—tea parties they're usually called—where folks chat informally.

I'd known Maurice Chevalier since that memorable day, five years ago, when he stepped from a transatlantic liner to face a battery of reporters and cameramen, confident that his inimitable smile would make him rich and famous in the land of plenty.

He was right. But he is a different Maurice since then. There is an air of seriousness about his blue eyes when he looks at you, as if those eyes, once accustomed to the peasant fields of peaceful France, had suddenly seen the shadowy ghost which haunts the famous.

Maurice was in a thinking mood when I asked him if he were still happy, as happy as that first day, five years ago.

He had just arrived again—this time without his wife. Quite alone.

"Of course, I am 'appy. And why not?" He threw up his hands in that little gesture which has made him so beloved on the screen and his eyebrows went up in surprise.

"Well, some of your followers are wondering lots of things about you, Maurice," I began cautiously. "They are wanting to know why you got a divorce—why the sudden smash-up of a marriage everyone believed to be happy."



Bound for *la belle France* just after his big success in "The Smiling Lieutenant," M. Maurice, with Madame at his side, looked quite happy, though perhaps her smile was just a bit enigmatical. Was there even then the undercurrent of matrimonial unrest that was eventually to separate them?

If anyone had told me a movie actor could actually blush, I wouldn't have believed it. But Maurice's jolly cheeks turned a little crimson and I felt sorry instantly that I had asked the question.

"Oh, but my dear Madame Maxwell," he flustered, "that ees so very private—so very, very private—in Europe we never speak of such things—eet ees unchivalrous—eet ees mean—eet ees terrible—no."

"I'M sorry to seem rude, Maurice, but I was only asking in the name of curiosity for thousands of other women who have always admired you in pictures and who now are frankly amazed at your marital smash-up."

Maurice's eyes opened wide for a moment as if he were surprised anyone would wonder about anything so private. We sat down across from each other and he offered me a cigarette.

"And what are they saying about me?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"They are saying, for one thing, that your movie success turned your head—that the little woman who was your wife back there in the serenity of a French household, became a bit burdensome in Hollywood when your time was claimed by a world of other admiring, beautiful women. *N'est-ce-pas?*"

Chevalier's eyes flashed.

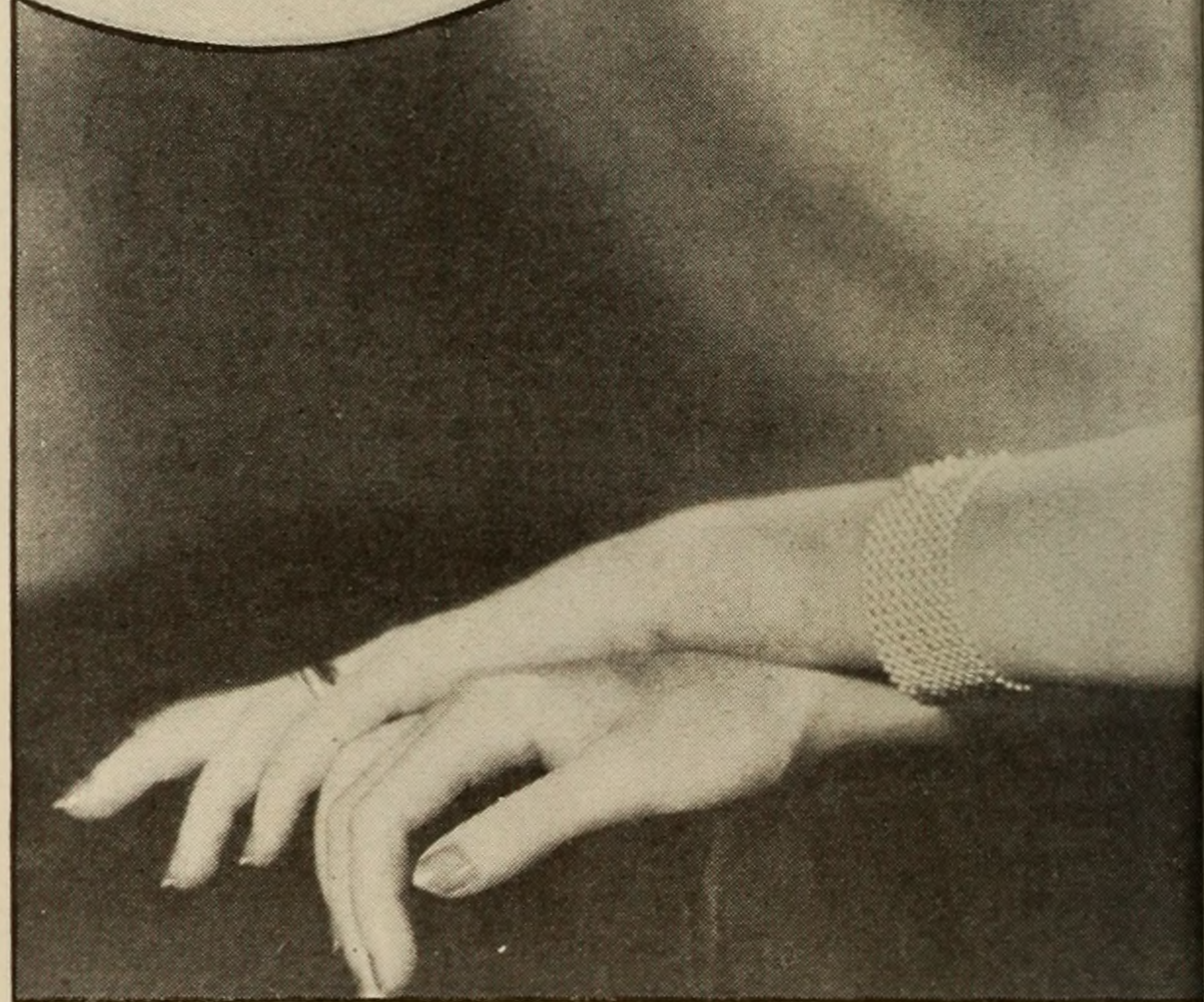
"Eet ees not so—eet could not be so. I never went to parties in Hollywood—I lived [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Sylvia Tells All About

YOU know Sylvia as America's most famous masseuse and beauty culturist, who has shaped and re-shaped half the lovely figures in Hollywood. You have read her remarkable series of articles, from month to month, in PHOTOPLAY.

Sylvia herewith begins a new series. She will tell you how various types of stars achieved their present physical beauty, and you can follow her instructions and attain the same results. Her dynamic personality—which shines through these columns—will encourage and inspire you to the completion of your task.

Sylvia has agreed to do something she has hitherto always declared impossible. That is, to answer personally your letters. Her expert services are now freely at your disposal. See her statement on the opposite page. Address Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



DO you want to look like Connie? Do you envy her attractiveness, her grace, her poise?

Listen—you girls and women—if Connie is your ideal; if you are, basically, the Connie Bennett type—listen while I tell you exactly how I treated her and what system I used to help make her the lovely woman she is today. And you can do for yourselves what I did for her.

The first time I heard about Connie was when Joe Kennedy, at that time head of the Pathe Studios, came into my office and told me about this new star, the daughter of Richard Bennett, whom he had just signed up. "But," he said, "she is very thin. Do you think you can do anything with her?"

"You bet I can," I said. "I can take off pounds or put them on. Lead me to your new beauty."

A few nights later, I was asked to a dinner party at Kennedy's house. Gloria Swanson, who has been my patient for some time, was there, and over in a corner, sitting all humped over in a short fur coat, was a sickly looking girl.

"Who is that?" I whispered to Gloria.

"That's Constance Bennett," she said.

"Why, the poor kid is sick," I said and went over to talk with her. I saw that her face had a grayish look and she was much too thin. I could also tell that she was a bundle of nerves. She told me she had been trying all over Europe to gain weight and couldn't.

A couple of days after that I got a hurry call to go straight to her hotel (she was living at the Beverly Wilshire, then). Now I had said I wouldn't take Connie as a patient until I was sure it was all right with her physician for me to do so. But she looked so pitiful that night that I relented.

BEFORE I tell you just what sort of person Connie Bennett really is, I'm going to tell you everything I did for her and made her do, and if you're thin and underweight and suffering from nerves you can follow this program.

The first night she was very nervous—and a little later I'm going to tell you some of the reasons that Connie gets nervous—so for an hour I gave her a gentle massage with hot cocoa oil. You can do this for yourself. Rub gently with your hands over your body, paying particular attention to the solar plexus, for that is a nerve center, until you feel those muscles relaxed. Then work on the face nerves and muscles, digging in with the fingers at the cheek bones and working gently around the eyes.

Then, lying on your stomach (you thin girls can do this, for you usually have long arms) work all up and down your spine with your fingers, digging under the vertebrae. I worked like this for an hour with Connie, and when I left her she fell right to sleep.

She had to get up at seven o'clock every morning she was working. All reports to the contrary, she was never late at the studio. But before leaving for work she had her breakfast and I'm going to tell you about it. When she first got up she had a glass of water with a few drops of lemon juice in it—that's marvelous for the complexion. When she was dressed she sat down to this breakfast. It will put weight on all thin girls.

Hominy with a sliced over-ripe banana and cream.
Whole wheat toast and plenty of butter and honey.
Glass of milk.
Cup of hot tea (this was Connie's choice).

At eleven o'clock, she had brought to her a big glass of orange juice. It is a stimulant, and when you need something to keep you going take orange juice. It will keep you pepped up at a fast speed for four hours. But [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Connie Bennett



Are you the Constance Bennett type? Sylvia reveals in this article the exact methods she employed in treating the famous star and in bringing her to radiant health. (Inset) Sylvia

Sylvia Now Answers Your Personal Letters

WELL, girls, I see there's no way out!
I've fought and fought against answering letters.
I've told you to spend the time that you would take
in writing me in doing your exercises—but you insist
on writing and I guess there's nothing I can do but answer those
letters.

If you want a personal reply enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, otherwise letters will be answered here, in their turn. Now that I've started to answer letters, the lid's off and the more the merrier, so write me all your troubles about your figure and I'll tell you what to do. Write enough details to enable me to answer you intelligently. Be sure to give your full name and address and don't be afraid of your name appearing in the column. Address me in care of PHOTOPLAY. Here goes for the first batch of mail!

SYLVIA.

THICK ANKLES

Dear Sylvia:

What can I do for thick ankles? My legs are thin enough, okay in fact, but my ankles are thick and look ugly.

Mrs. B. H., Detroit, Mich.

Put a Turkish towel over your ankles and, with the palm of your hand, pound the flesh beneath the towel as hard as you can. Don't be afraid of hurting yourself. Hit—and hit hard. Then here's an exercise. Lie flat on the floor with arms above your head and toes pointed downwards. Without moving your toes spring to a sitting position and try to touch your toes with your finger tips. Of course, you can't touch your toes, but that's not the idea.

You can feel the muscles pulling in your ankles. It's a wonderful exercise. Do it fifteen or twenty times a day.

SAGGING CHIN

Dear Sylvia:

I'm not old—only twenty-six—and yet my chin is beginning to sag. The rest of my face looks young but the muscles of my chin are drooping. What do you suppose causes this?

S. H. R., Hopkinsville, Ky.

I can't tell you what causes it—maybe you stand wrong and throw your chin too far forward—but I can tell you how to cure it. Every night and every morning smear your chin with a good cold cream and then with the palm of one hand rub down from the tip of your chin to your chest, and with the back of the other hand rub up from your chest to the tip of your chin. As you do this, be sure to dig well under the chin and relax the muscles of your chin—don't hold them tight—as you work with your hands. Then with the backs of both hands slap hard underneath your chin. Do this twice a day and watch the results.

EXERCISES FOR THE SICK

Dear Sylvia:

Because of an illness in which I have to lie flat in bed I have grown too fat. I'll be able to get up in a couple of months and I don't want to look so fat. Isn't there some exercise that you can give me to do in bed to reduce?

H. F., Chicago, Ill.

I'd certainly have to know more about your illness first or I might give you the wrong exercise. Usually, when people have been in bed a long time they lose that surplus weight when they get up and start to move around. Write me again and tell me what your trouble is and whether the doctor says you can take any sort of exercise or not.

BONY HANDS

Madame Sylvia:

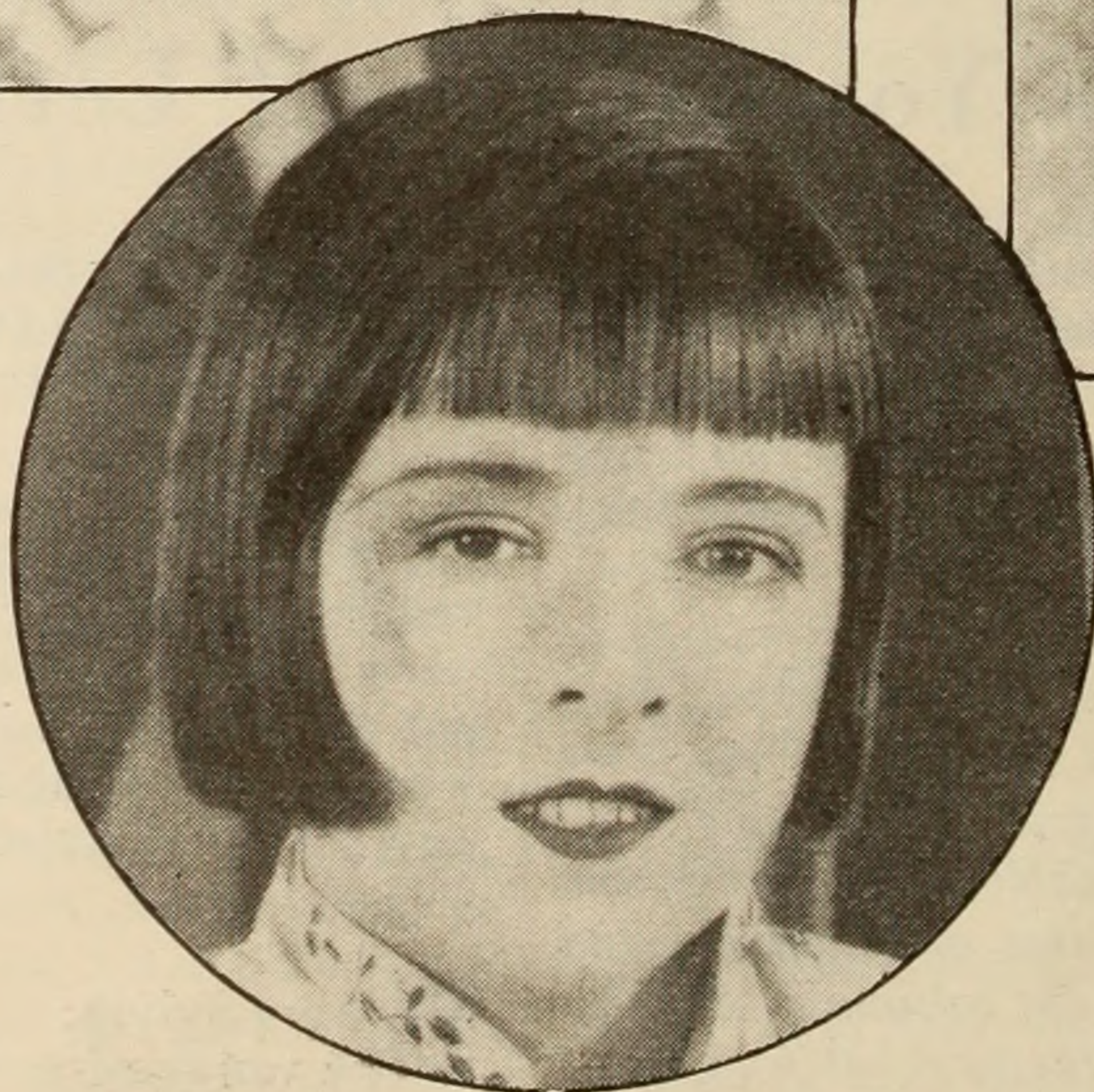
The worry of my life is my bony hands. I wish you could tell me how to have nice plump [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



THE famous Colleen Moore bang has given way to a more modish bob, which one columnist considers the nicest bob in Hollywood. Certainly much is to be said for it. Colleen's straight hair is slightly waved toward the ends, which are turned up or under, according to caprice.



COMPARE the Colleen of today with the Colleen of six years ago, shown in circle! Amazingly little change, except that her severe coiffure has been replaced by lines that reveal and soften her face. Even Colleen's natural brows have not changed in six years!

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck



PENSIVE Clara Bow offers a fundamental lesson in brow make-up. Clara's exotic brows harmonize with her mahogany hair. Unless your hair is very dark or silvery blonde, avoid a black brow pencil or dye; use brown, instead. Spare the brows and concentrate on the eyes.



FOR clearly defined, smoothly rouged lips, follow Mary Carlisle's advice: "Outline lips horizontally with edge or point of stick; then fill in vertically with flat side."

EAU de COLOGNE is a welcome addition to toilette accessories because of its revitalizing properties. Gwili André bathes her temples with it to relieve fatigue.



Five Steps in a Holm Manicure

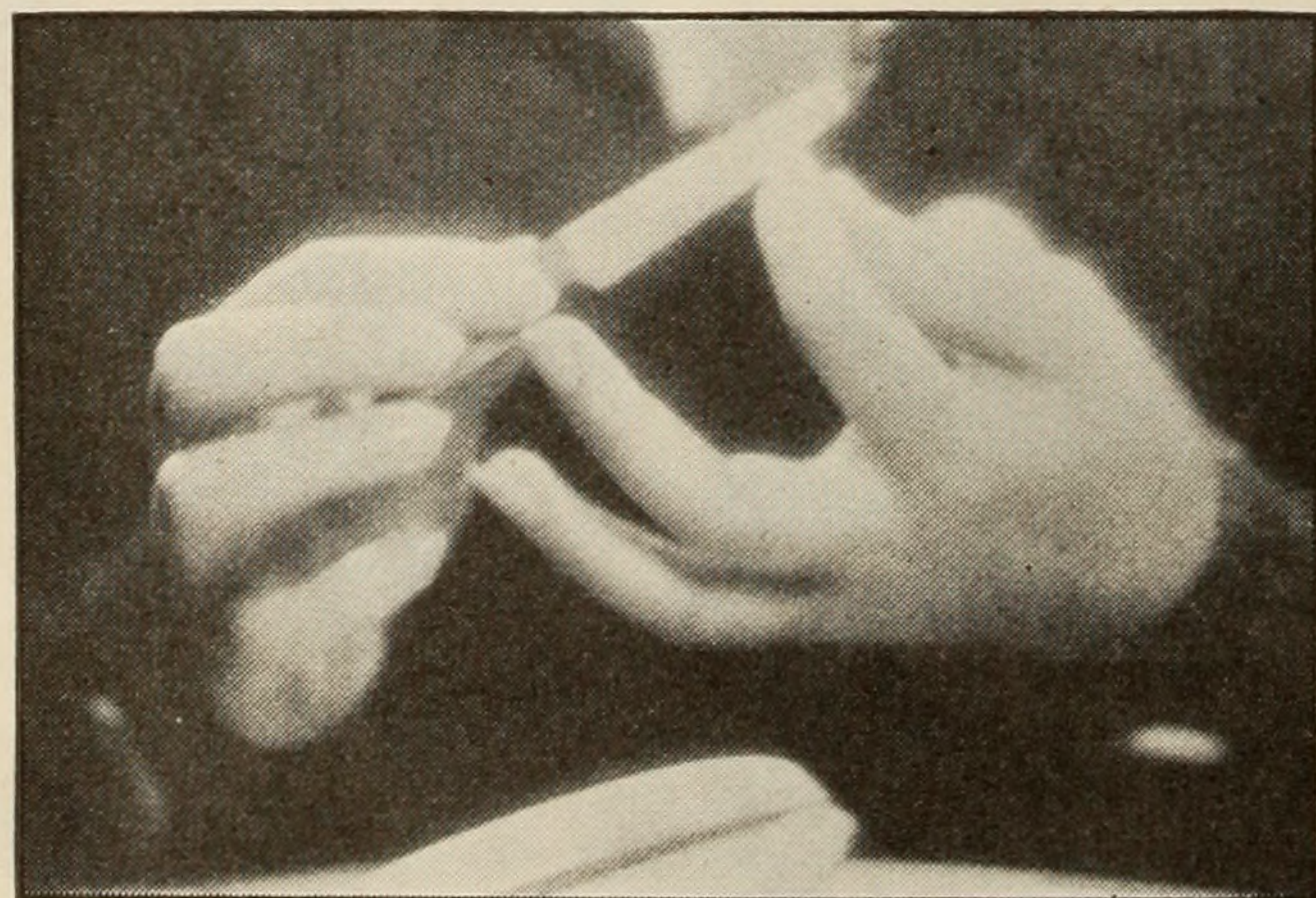


YOUR hands are almost constantly the cynosure of another's gaze. They are far more eloquent than eyes or mouth, for these we have learned to veil. But hands have a way of telling all—that you are fastidious, dainty, careful in your personal ways, or careless, neglectful of the fine points that create charm and loveliness.

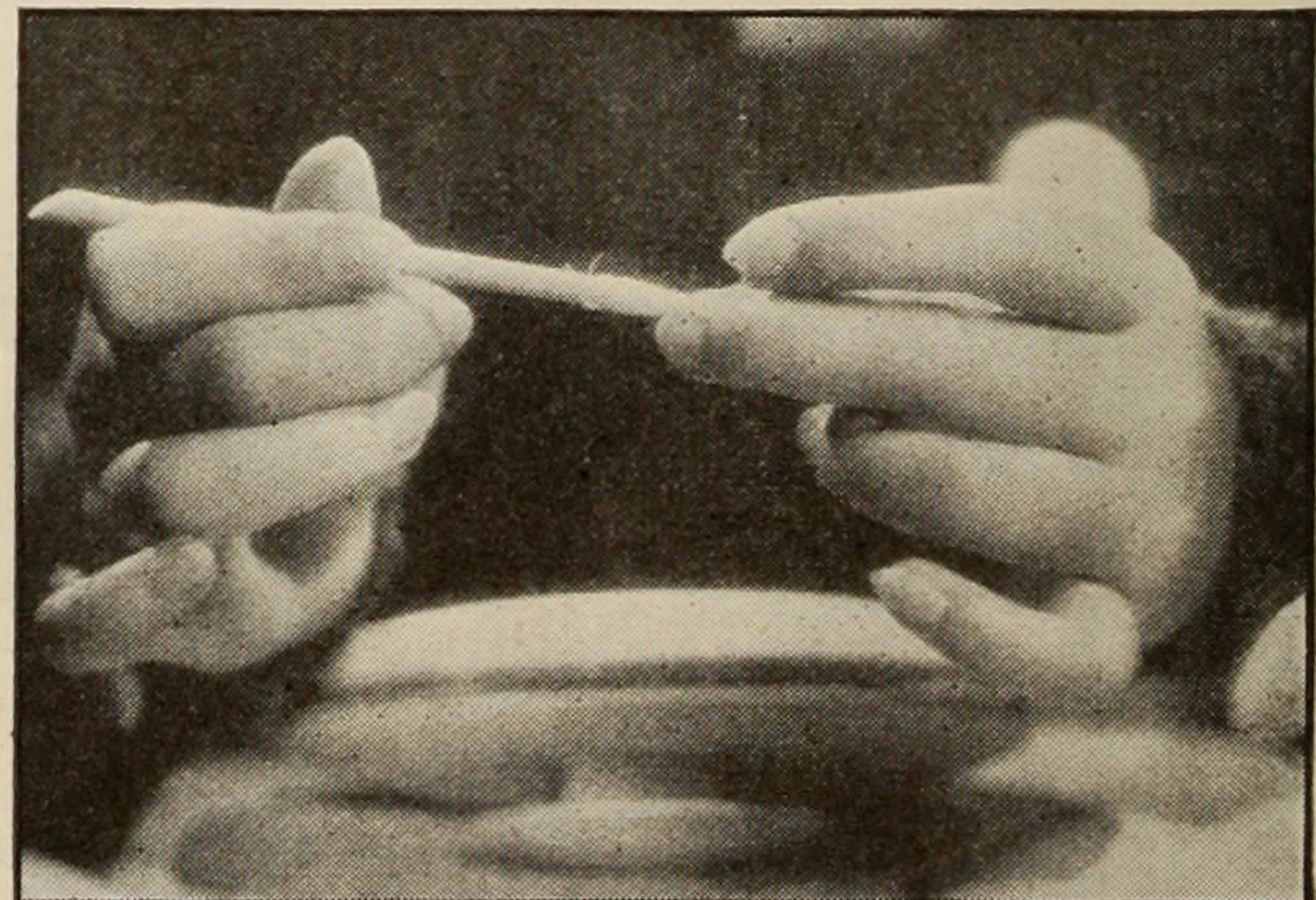
If you will use your hands gracefully, keep the skin soft and smooth, nails well-groomed, your hand beauty is assured. In your business, social and home life, in achievement and personal adornment, hands are all-important. To say that you may often stand or fall by your hands alone is no exaggeration.

The listless, lily hand is a thing of yesterday; today's hands do, and through doing become strong, capable and beautiful.

ELEANOR HOLM begins her manicure by removing old polish. Notice that she is applying the remover with a brush. Cotton is more efficient, since it will serve both application and removal at the one operation.



AFTER soaking her nails in mild suds for a few minutes, Eleanor files them lightly, gently, to the desired shape.



NOW the cuticle is ready to be pushed back with cotton-swabbed orange stick dipped in cuticle remover.

HOLLYWOOD
REVEALS ITS
OWN WAY
TO BEAUTY



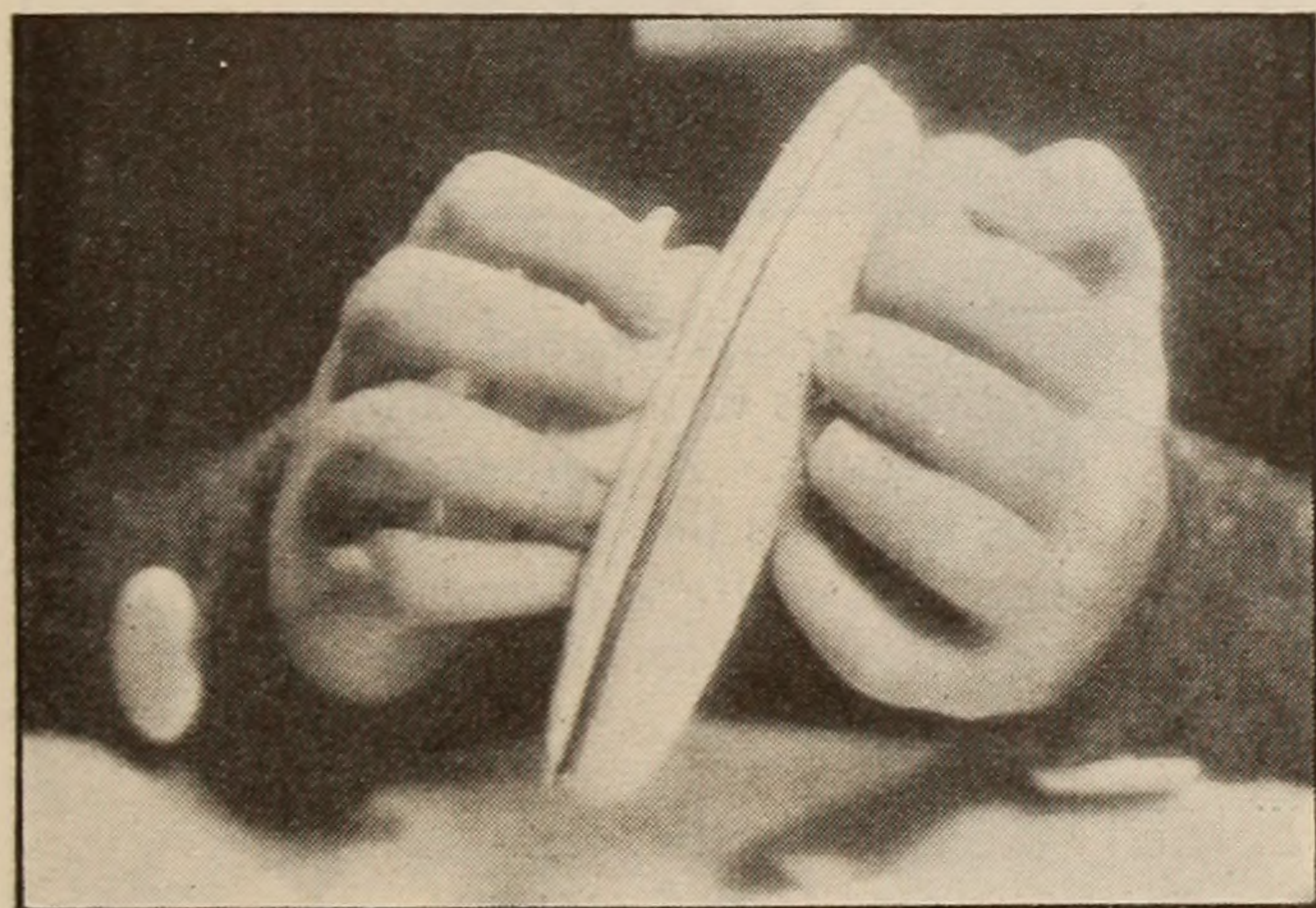
MARTHA SLEEPER reveals her color chart for the benefit of similar types. Her skin is olive, eyes hazel, hair brown. A rachel powder, raspberry rouge and lipstick and brown eye make-up are her preference.



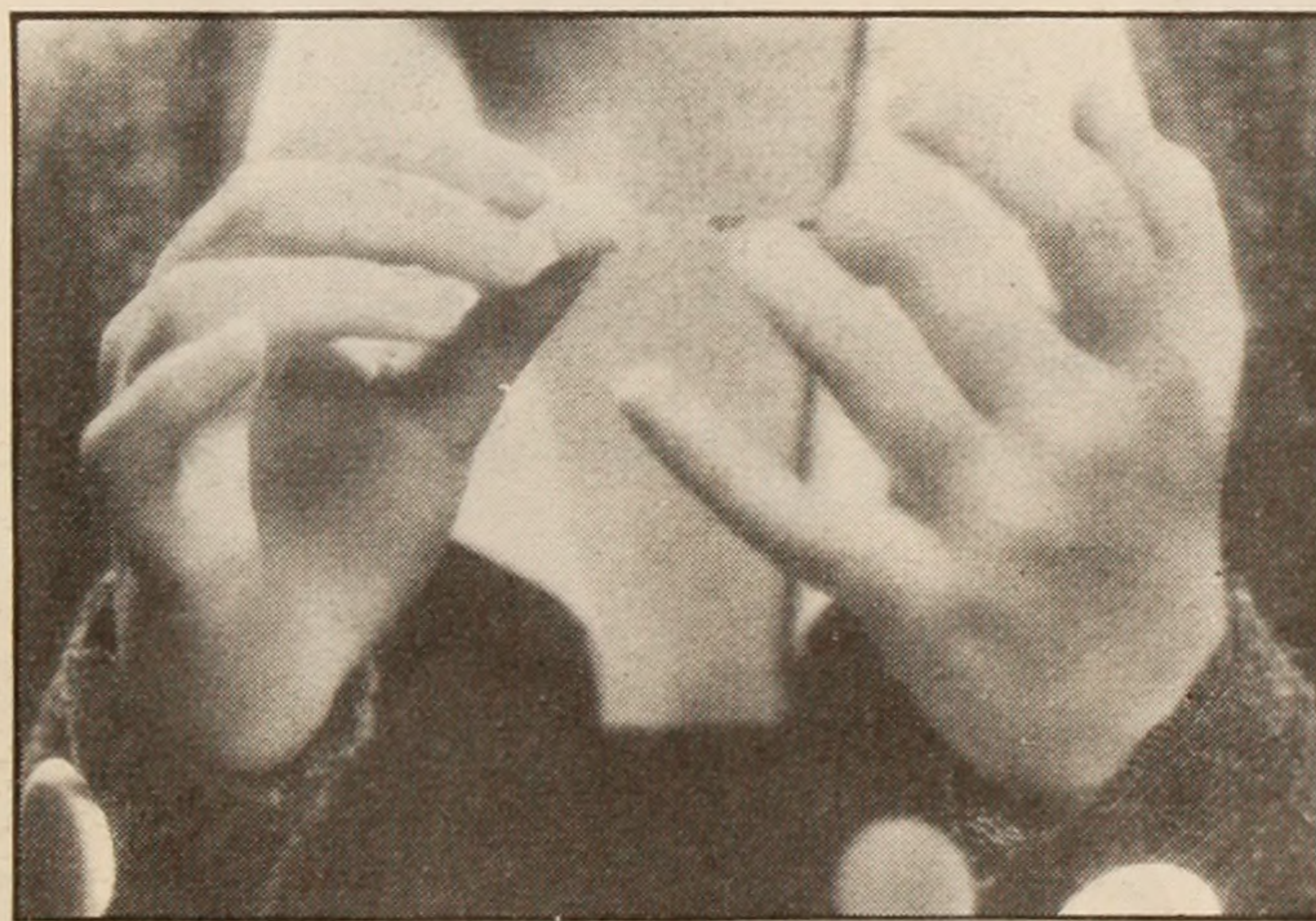
FOR cleansing and lubricating, Florence Lake uses a pasteurized cream. After cleansing, she pats on, leaves on while in her warm bath, then removes the surplus.



UNA MERKEL considers cucumbers a definite skin beautifier, not only in creams and lotions, but in the diet. Una looks as if she enjoyed them, too.



ELEANOR then buffs her nails with paste or powder polish, especially the tips, to rid them of surface roughness.

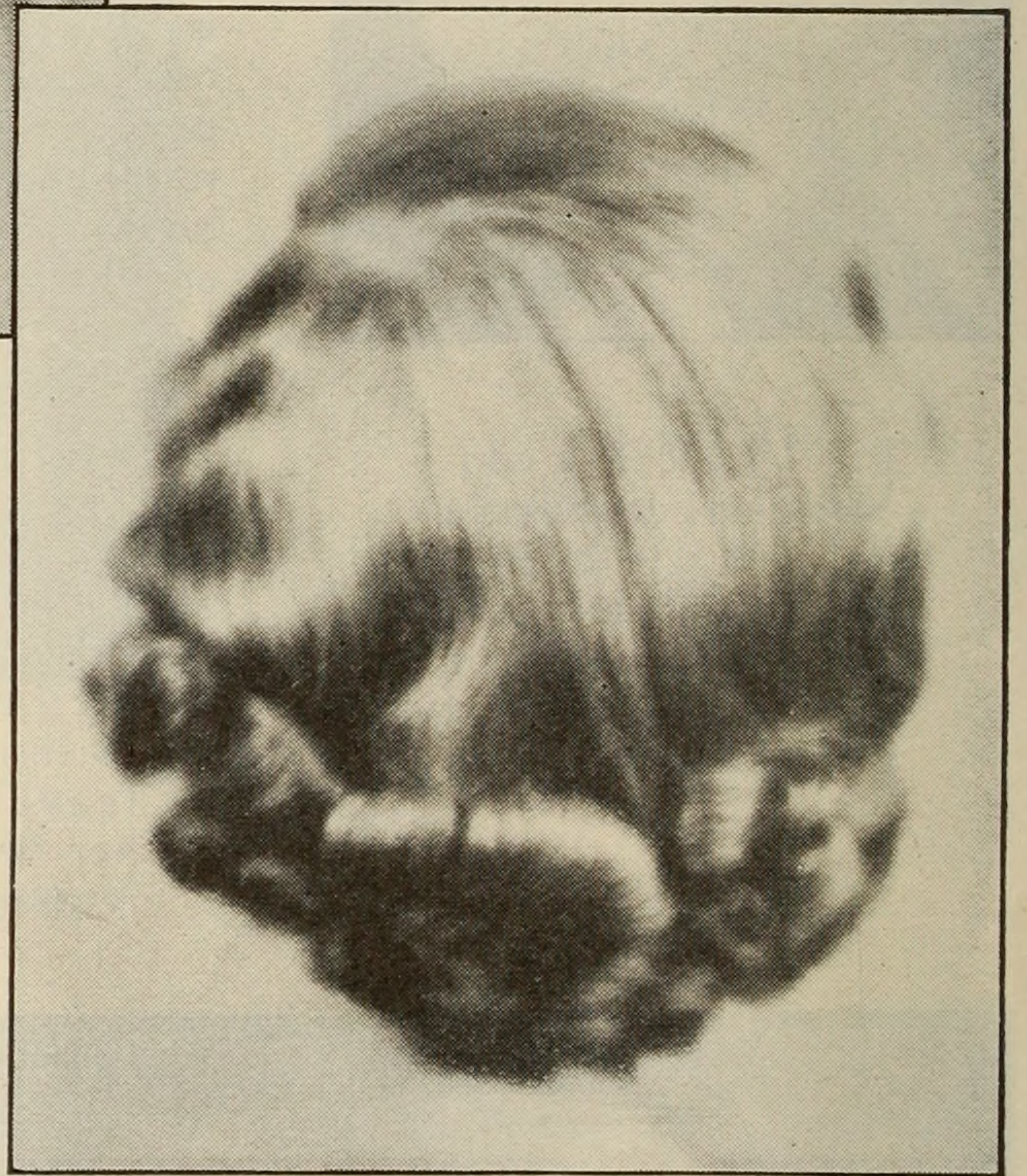


THE beauty of Eleanor's nails is now emphasized by liquid polish. Leave the half-moons and tips au naturel.

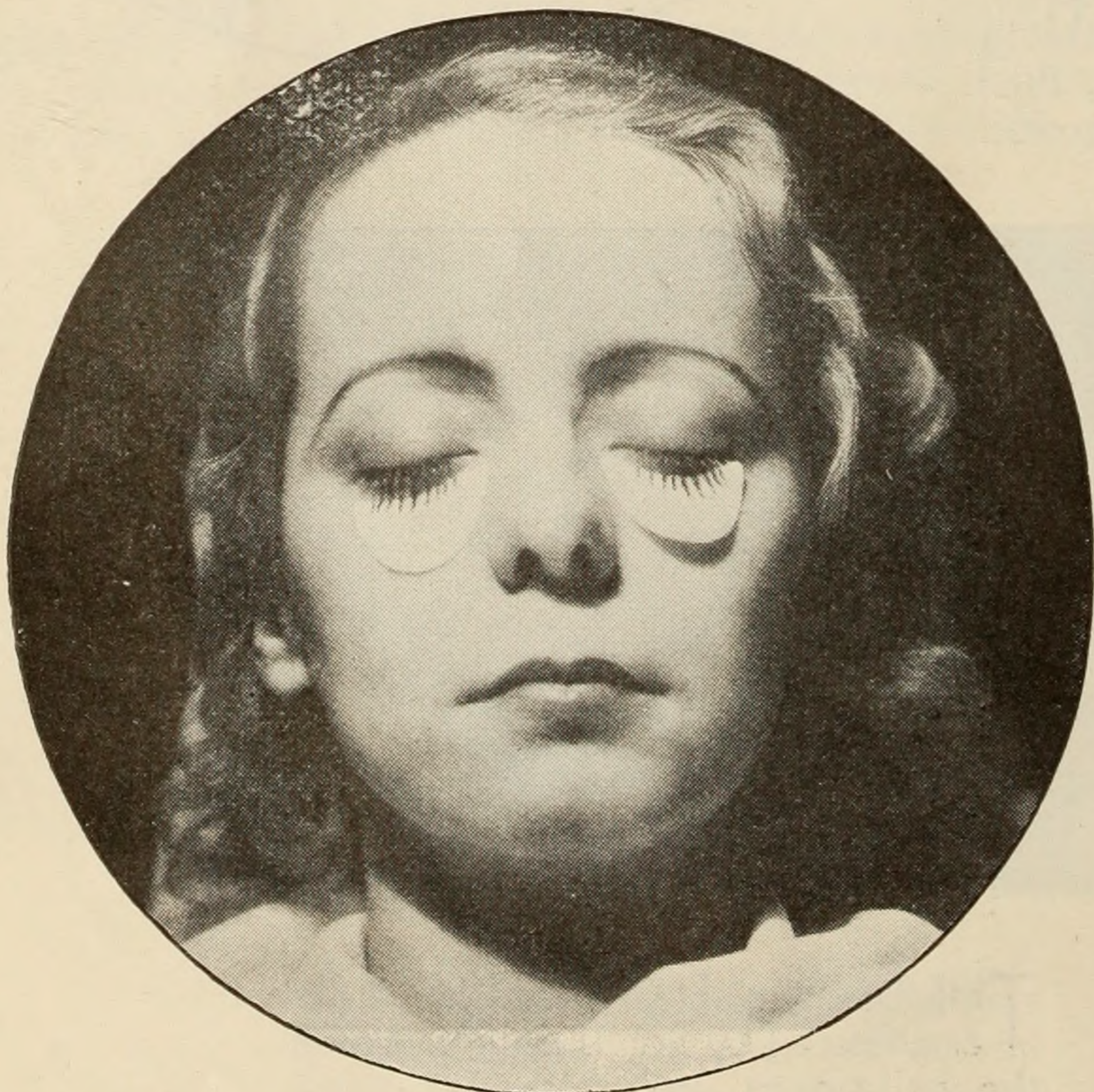


Putting Your Best Face Forward

SHARON LYNNE'S full, soft bob should prove an inspiration to those who still like a longish coiffure. The waves are wide and irregular, the forehead hair-line revealed in an unusual manner. The left part is very low. I think this type bob will be in good style for years to come.



THE back is devoid of wave until the ends turn upward in masses of heavy curls. A permanent is marvelous for curls like these. Sharon rolls her hair, while wet from shampoo, on wood sticks for these lovely curls.

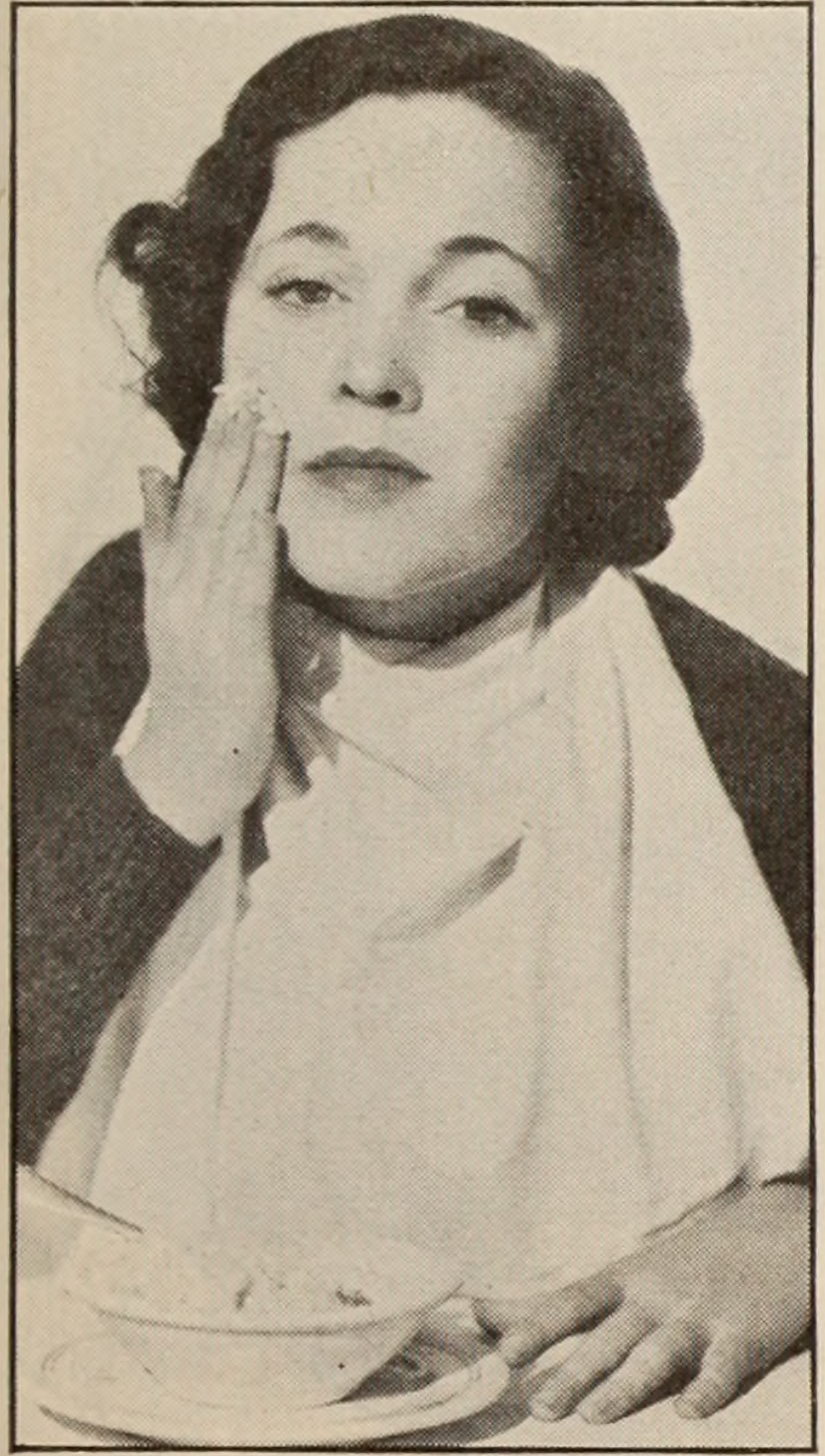


FLORENCE LAKE is having her lashes dyed in a prominent Fifth Avenue salon. Dye has been applied to her long lashes, which are naturally blonde, to make them inky black. Shields protect the skin from the dye.

Dressing Table Tricks for Every Girl



MARY CARLISLE remembers to slip on cotton gloves over her well-oiled hands before retiring, a sure way to flower-like skin. Specially treated sleeping gloves come for those with unusually sensitive skin. Beautifying and protective for linen.



ALMOND meal mixed to paste with lemon juice makes a good, safe bleach, says Maureen O'Sullivan. Apply to cleansed skin, let dry, remove with cold water. Leaves the skin soft, clear.

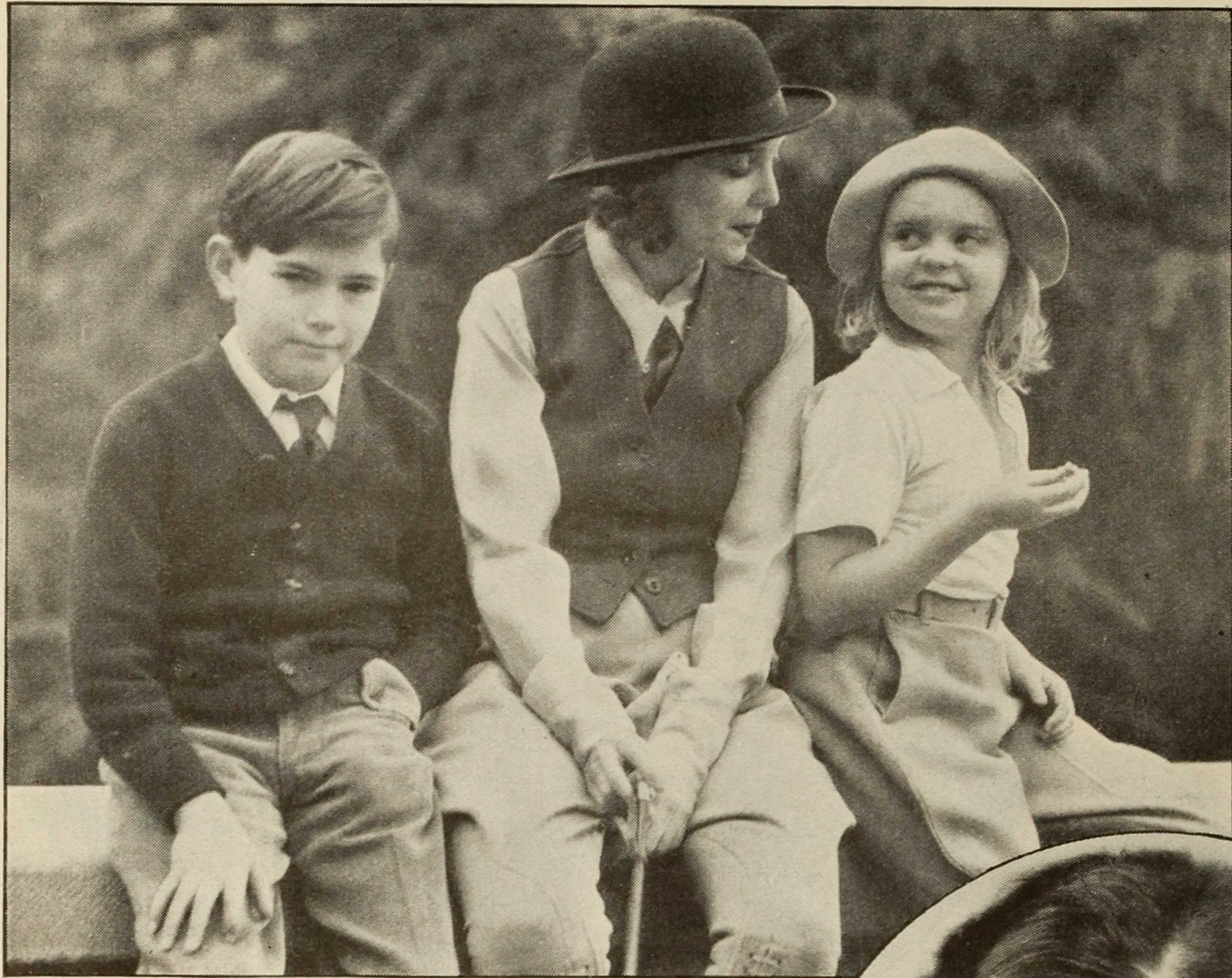


THE second beauty-mark to appear in these pages is worn by Jean Harlow, a coquettish accent with platinum hair. Beauty-marks are for the fair-skinned only, where the contrast between black and white is striking and exotic.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 86)

SOAP, water and a sponge rubber face cloth is Rosalie Roy's recipe for skin beauty. The cloth mildly massages, stimulates. For cold application, chill this cloth a few minutes in icebox.





ZaSu wouldn't think of leaving the kids behind, so here are Don Mike and Ann, taken on location with mother. She is co-starred with Slim Summerville in "They Just Had To Get Married"

ZaSu, Good Samaritan

Those fluttering hands strew charity in private life, as well as screen laughs



RECENTLY, at a movie, I sat next to a woman who had known ZaSu Pitts many years. Had been, in fact, one of the legion whom ZaSu had helped in time of need. People about us were howling as usual at ZaSu. Suddenly, through the laughter, I was conscious that this woman, sitting next, was very quiet. And still. And then I heard through the laughter, strange little sounds, like suppressed or choked sobs in her throat. I wondered. "I don't mind," I heard her say later to her escort, "I don't mind them making her funny. It takes a great actress to be funny. But why, why do they make her look like that? Why, ZaSu's the most beautiful woman I have ever seen!"

ZaSu Pitts is a lovely woman. Her eyes are deep violet. Great, round lovely eyes that never smile. "They weep," some one said, "even when ZaSu is funniest." Her hands are slim and beautiful, her feet and ankles are quite the trimmest in town, her figure slender and graceful, her features small and lovely. About her clings an indefinable, ethereal quality.

And yet, you know what they do with her on the screen.

Oh, it's a strange story, I tell you, this story of ZaSu Pitts.

She stole into this land of movies a

quiet little wraith of a person, unknown and certainly unwanted. Her mother thought ZaSu should be an actress. So after graduating from high school (with honors, and the best tennis player in the school) she donned her best taffeta dress, grabbed up her little straw suitcase and bid Santa Cruz, California, farewell. She was on her way to Hollywood. Alone and lonely. She had never been away before by herself. And yet, here she was, starting out to conquer the world.

And at eighteen, ZaSu was playing in pictures—tiny bits as old maids or fussy old women. But there were days when a homesick, heartsick little girl sat alone in her poor little hotel room, and cried out her heart in loneliness and defeat. She was backward, unused to the ways of movies. She suffered.

Later, she moved to the Studio Club in Hollywood. Surrounded by girls like herself, normal, fun-loving girls, all eager and anxious to get on in the movies, life became a little more pleasant. In fact, ZaSu, with her funny little ways and understanding heart, was the pet of the club. Things picked up. She got herself a nice part in Mary Pickford's picture, "The Princess," as a drab little slavey. And was thrilled and happy.

By Sara Hamilton

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

“The two creams I praised *Eight years ago*
I believe in *even more today*”

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt



In 1925 —“compellingly beautiful.” Mrs. Vanderbilt cared for her skin with Pond’s Two Creams.

Today —Even lovelier! This portrait is startlingly like the one taken eight years before. How can *anyone* remain so beautiful?

“Most women do too much to their skin . . . I believe the simplest kind of care is the most intelligent.”

Mrs. VANDERBILT has today the same dazzlingly white skin—the dark passionate eyes, full red lips and almost black hair as when she first came out.

“I believe I have the simplest and the wisest method of caring for my skin,” she says.

“It’s so simple you can keep it up faithfully day in and day out. And there’s a great deal in that. Moreover, it’s based on the few things the skin really needs.”

And what are those few things?

“Cleansing—with an absolutely pure oil cream. And—protection.

“Twice a day I give my skin the thoroughest kind of a cleaning and toning up

with Pond’s Cold Cream. It leaves your skin feeling wonderfully fresh.

“Then I never go out without first putting on the finest softening and protective cream I know—Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

“I always feel that Pond’s Creams are absolutely reliable!”

Here are some special uses to which women put these two precious creams:—

The Nightly Cleansing—Pat Pond’s Cold Cream liberally all over face and throat. Wipe off with Pond’s Tissues.

The Perfect Powder Base—Pond’s Vanishing Cream smooths the skin and holds the powder for hours.

To Heal Roughnesses—To Prevent Chapping—Pond’s Vanishing Cream is marvelous! Use it all the time.

For Smooth, White Hands—Pond’s Vanishing Cream always before going out in the cold.

Pond’s Creams are praised and used by:
Lady Louis Mountbatten
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth Lady Violet Astor
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton
Miss Anne Morgan Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples



POND’S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. B
114 Hudson Street New York City
Please send me (check choice): Pond’s New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream , Rose Cream , Brunette , Naturelle .
OR Pond’s Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener .

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1933, Pond’s Extract Company

"How can I win

You will want to share the screen stars' secret of winning—and holding—admiration! It is so vitally important to a woman's happiness to know she is truly attractive. Read what the exquisitely lovely Claire Windsor has to say. She tells you how to have the most important feminine charm of all—and how to keep it in spite of birthdays.



*Here's one secret
you MUST know*

CLAIRE WINDSOR *replies*

"I WANT your advice," thousands of women write to Claire Windsor. "How can I become truly attractive? How can I win admiration—and how can I hold it?"

"You can be attractive at any age. Birthdays haven't a thing to do with it," Claire Windsor replies. "Provided, of course, you are careful to guard complexion beauty!"

"A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have . . . Screen and stage stars know the secret—and keep this youthful charm right through the years."

Claire Windsor, like so many other fascinating stars, actually grows *lovelier* as years pass by!

How does this charming star keep her skin so glamorous?

"I use a very simple care, but I use it regularly," she says. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in wonderful condition."

*Have YOU tried the
Beauty Soap of the Stars?*

Hollywood's beautiful stars have found fragrant, white Lux Toilet

Soap the very finest complexion care. Of the 694 important actresses, including all stars, 686 use this luxurious soap *regularly*. This overwhelming verdict has made it the *official* soap in all the big film studios.

Naturally you will want to try it. Buy a few cakes today, use it regularly. The beauty soap of the stars is sure to make *your* skin glamorously smooth and fine!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

LUX Toilet Soap

”

Admiration?

women write this
famous star

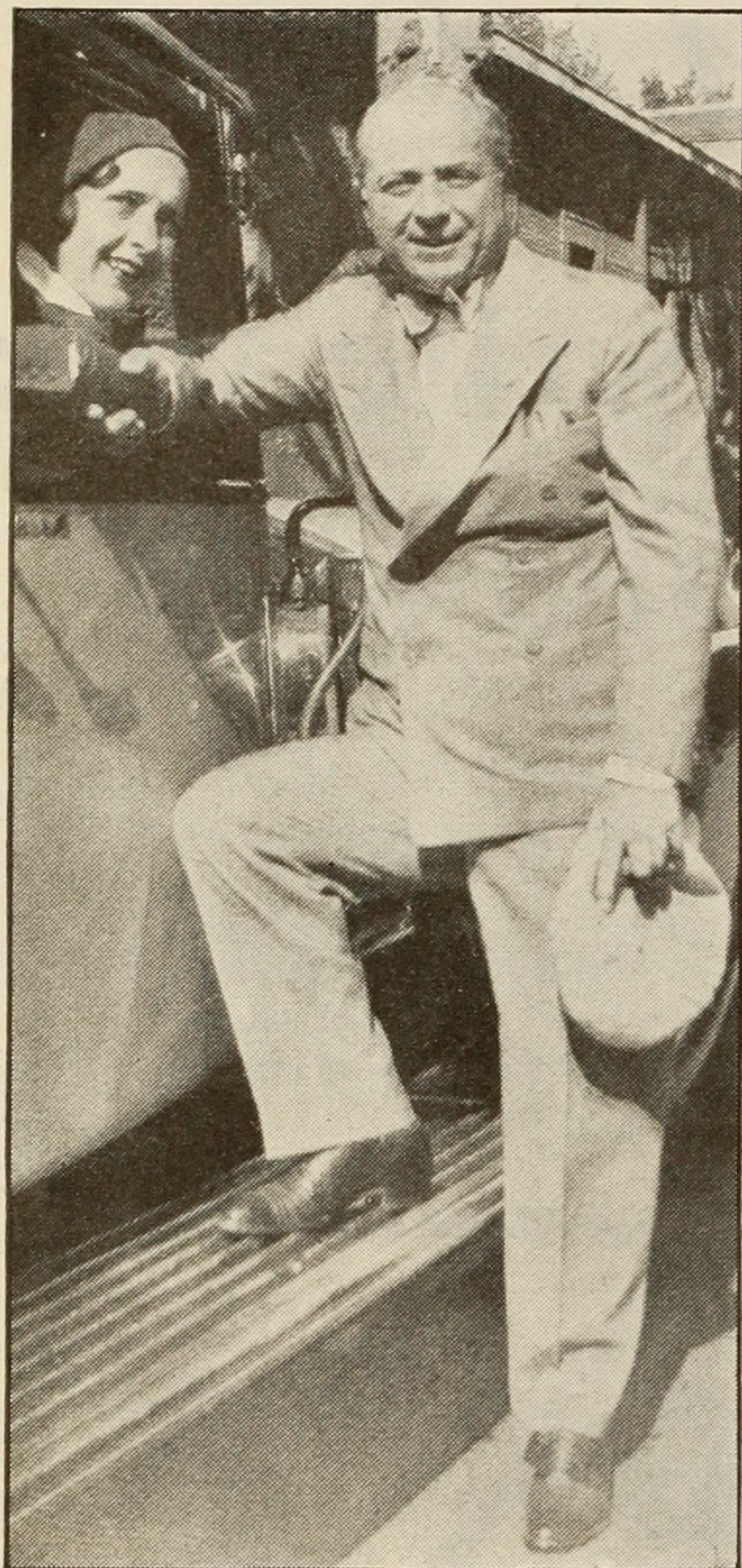
CLAIRE WINDSOR

This fascinating screen star declares any woman can win admiration—and *hold it*, too—if she knows how! “A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have,” she says.



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



When movie serial queen (that was!) meets director (that is!) they give each other the glad hand—be it in Hollywood or Timbuktu. Which is what's going on between Herbert Brenon, one of our veteran directors and Pearl White, who now lives in France most of the time

JIMMIE DUNN and Maureen O'Sullivan are back after a week at Arrowhead. They still maintain they are not married, although Jimmie does break down and confess they are going to be. Maureen looks mysterious and says, "Ask Jimmie." So there you have it.

AND one little girl explained to us that the reason for the Hollywood Boulevard Christmas decorations was because Santa Claus didn't have any money this year, but the stars did.

LUPE VELEZ and her "Chonney" Weissmuller are going every place together these days and Lupe, with her "Chonney" back, seems happier than she's been in a long time.

Hollywood's criticism kept them apart as long as Johnny was married to Bobbe Arnst, but now that Johnny is free, they are making up for lost time.

Lupe has just signed with M-G-M and during a recent M-G-M preview, Lupe called a certain publicity woman aside and whispered:

"See, I keep my promise. I make "Chonney"

stay away while he still married. And now it's all right, isn't it, baby? Say you not mad with Lupe." And Lupe was like a pleased child when assured everything was all right now and no one was "mad with Lupe."

LUPE VELEZ drew many a laugh with her recital of how she gave Johnny Weissmuller the air when she learned he had been stepping out with Tallulah Bankhead but, now that Tallulah is in the East, she apparently has forgiven Johnny.

TO El Brendel goes the prize whimsy of the year.

"Aren't those conversational lulls at a table embarrassing?" a hostess said to El. "What do you do?"

"I just keep right on talking," said El.

WHOOOPS, my dear. We just heard that the big Ann Harding romance down at Palm Springs was none other than Dudley

Murphy, writer and director on her home lot. And very much that-a-way they are said to be, too.

DURING the making of a scene in Mae West's new picture, "She Done Him Wrong," an actor's lines read, "I don't like these flies." Quick as a wink, Mae flashed back, "Okay Buddy, pick out the ones you don't like and we'll have them killed for you."

WHEN Jeanette MacDonald left for Europe for a three months' concert tour, she took no chances on getting lonely.

With her went her mother, her manager-fiancé, Bob Ritchie, her secretary, a chauffeur and a personal maid. Not to mention her old English sheep dog, and the car. They left the kitchen stove home, but what do you bet they'll be sorry when they get in one of those cold Continental hotels?

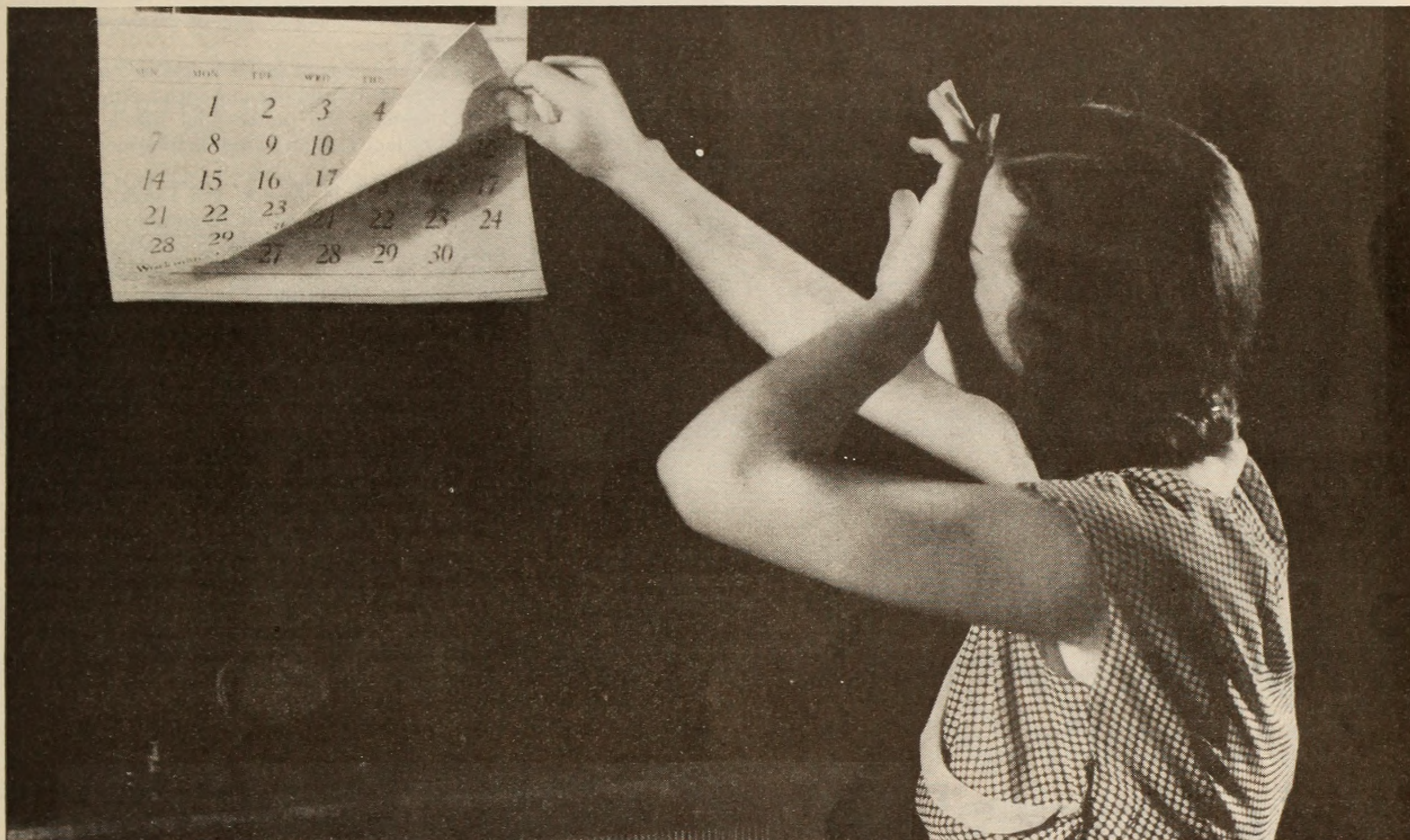
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Mary, Mary—you look contrary! Or are you merely keeping your "Secrets" to yourself? But we're so thankful for having you back again! Particularly in that luscious gown which we should imagine is soft baby blue or pale pink, with tiny roses peeping from beneath its billowy folds

"CALENDAR FEAR"

THE FEAR THAT ACTS LIKE A POISON ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY



LOOK back on your own marital experience, or drop into your doctor's office, and you will soon learn that "CALENDAR FEAR" often acts on the feminine system like a poison.

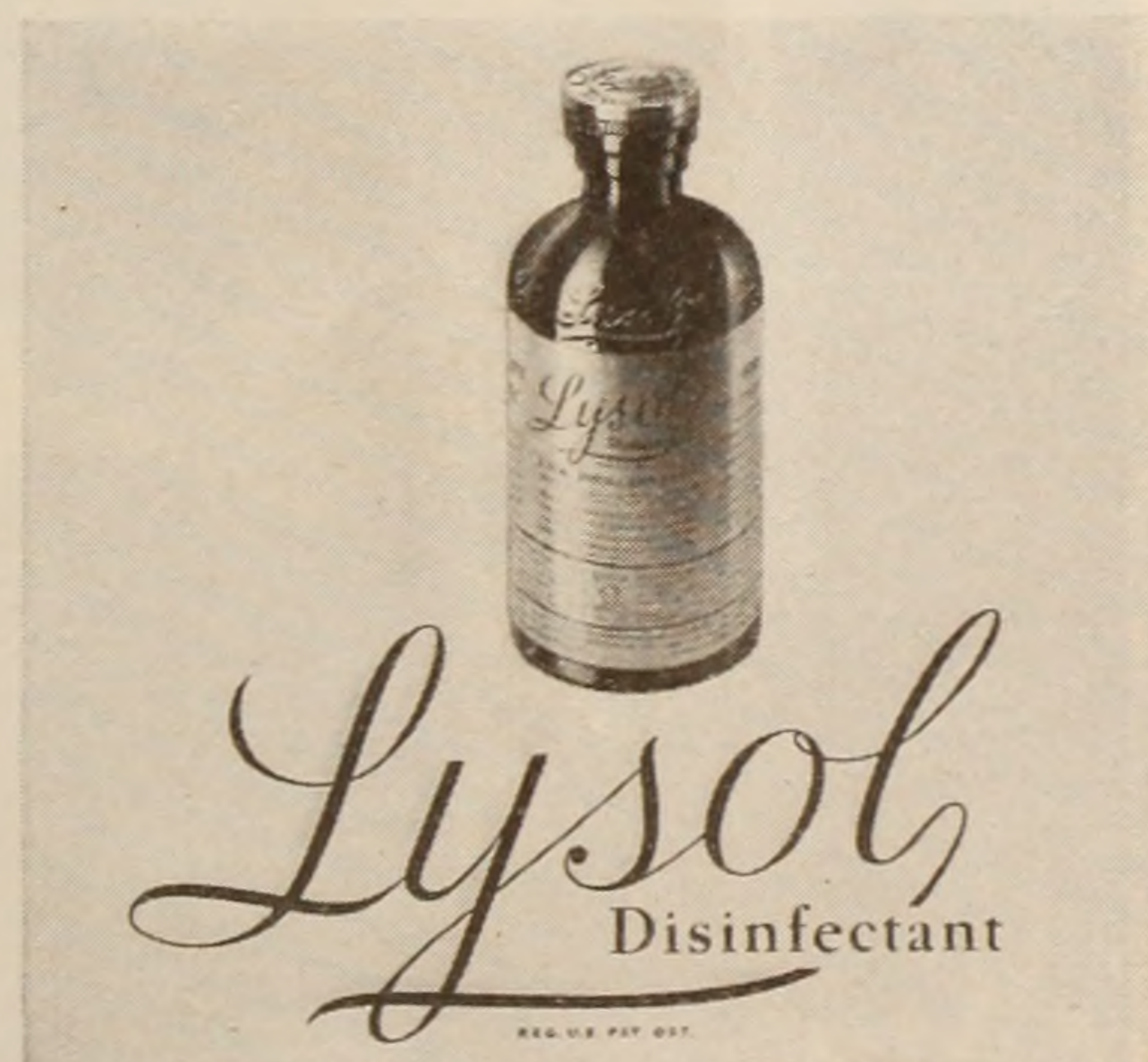
If you don't know, a doctor will tell you that FEAR alone can upset the delicate feminine mechanism . . . FEAR alone can magnify a minor feminine irregularity until it seems like a physical crisis . . . FEAR alone can, and does, upset a woman's nerves until her very health is menaced.

Yet how easy it is to banish this fear! . . . How simple to replace the failings of questionable feminine antisepsis with the blessings of approved marriage hygiene! How wise to follow the authoritative advice of the world's great physicians, hospitals and clinics! . . . For over forty years they have recommended to womankind the regular and unflinching use of "Lysol" for complete feminine antisepsis and cleanliness.

The gentle, soothing results secured by "Lysol" cannot be approached by certain chlorine-type antiseptics. They release

free caustic alkali which sears delicate membranes and deadens live, sensitive tissues.

The dependable effectiveness secured by "Lysol" cannot be approached by certain chlorine compounds. They lose 95% of their power to destroy germ-life when in active contact with organic matter . . . "Lysol" under such practical conditions maintains its potency.



"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.

The clean, safe, refreshing administrations of "Lysol" go a long way toward preserving feminine health and protecting marriage happiness. Use "Lysol". Your druggist has it . . . Your doctor recommends it . . . And while this vital subject is uppermost in your mind, write for a copy of the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage" . . . The coupon herewith will bring it to you in a few days.

FACING WOMAN'S OLDEST PROBLEM

A new feminine health-booklet prepared exclusively by women for women . . . World-famous gynecologists offer their professional and personal advice in simple, frank English. Send for *free* booklet, "Marriage Hygiene."

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. LM-2
Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me *free*, postpaid, a copy of "Marriage Hygiene."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



We never heard of such a thing! Players on the wrong side of the footlights! Well, if Mae West insists on seeing the pretty chorines "hoof" . . . I suppose you'll have to give in, Director Lowell Sherman, and let Alice White, Cary Grant and Wynne Gibson have a little fun. For a star can do no wrong. Even though her picture's called "She Done Him Wrong"

AFTER all these years it does come as something of a shock and we hope Alice White and Cy Bartlett have some explanation to offer.

A spy reports Cy was seen in the Brown Derby, lunching with two girls, while at a table, some distance away, Alice sat with a couple of other people.

IT was the irony of something or other that Bob Savage should arrive in Hollywood the day Clara Bow left.

Six years ago they were such pals.

Only the fact the marriage license bureau closed at five o'clock kept them from getting married one night.

They arrived for their license ten minutes too late.

Later still, Bob pulled that suicide gag—but not soon enough to keep him from writing some sloppy verse.

In the intervening six years, Bob has been to South Africa, and many other places.

"I haven't been crazy over a girl for six years," he said.

"No, it's not because of Clara. She's married now, happily, I am told, and that's the end of that.

"Maybe I'll find another girl somewhere some day but so far I haven't had much luck."

DICK POWELL and Patricia Ellis are playing opposite each other in a picture over on the Warner lot. And when the day's work is over, what do Dick and Patricia do but stay right in character. Or you could figure it out another way and say they weren't playing any of the time.

This one looks pretty serious. And what about it, Mary Brian?

THE announcement of the engagement of Estelle Taylor and John Warburton, credited to John by a news service, evidently

was all that was needed to break the engagement, if it ever existed.

Estelle denied it vehemently for the public and what she said to John privately, of course, was private.

In any event, he is back in circulation again, dining and dancing with a different girl every night and rumors that Estelle may remarry Jack Dempsey are gathering momentum.

BELIEVE it or not, Fifi Dorsay and her "Four Riders of the Argentine," as Hollywood calls them, are still going strong.

During the Olympic games in Los Angeles last summer, the four Argentine riders caught one glimpse of Fifi and then refused to go home.

So no matter where Fifi goes these days, there are the four Argentines in her wake. Fortunately, they don't take their horses.

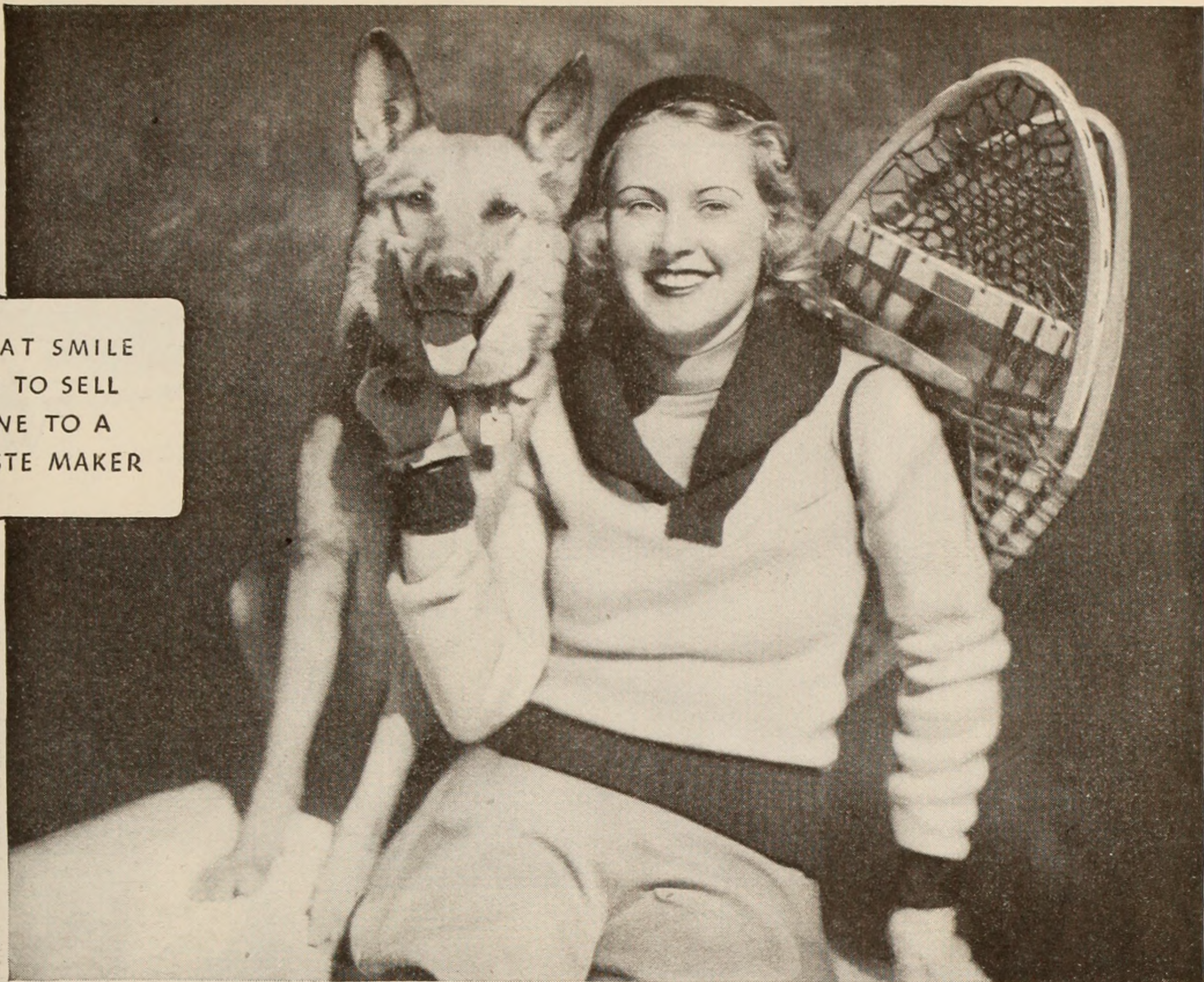
CLARA BOW! After declaring all the way across the continent on her way to New York that "Hot cha" didn't pay, that she was through showing her legs in pictures, that she wanted people to forget her sexy pictures and recognize her as a serious actress, every town that has played Clara's new picture to date, used billboards and photographs of her with nothing on but a chiffon step-in.

Well, Well! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



Acme

So the two jazz babies are teaming up for vaudeville, are they? Jeanette Loff (remember "The King of Jazz"?) and orchestra leader "Buddy" Rogers are seen here going over "their stuff" in the United Artists Theater in Hollywood. Here's hoping that the team goes over in a blaze of glory!



HOLD THAT SMILE
 I'D LIKE TO SELL
 THIS ONE TO A
 TOOTHPASTE MAKER



“Since Colgate’s made my smile worth while
 this picture goes to Colgate’s!

Besides—they’ve saved me quarters on toothpaste since I was a youngster”

No tooth preparation—of any kind—at any price—with any
 claims—can clean your teeth better or more safely than Colgate’s
 Ribbon Dental Cream. Any dentist will verify this statement.

25¢



This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

If You Want Beauty, Be Active!



MAX FACTOR is inspecting Dorothy Dix' make-up. She holds a real beauty secret—a powder brush. Powder, brush away for that screen-beauty look.

A NICE foible, changing hair to match evening gowns. Muriel Evans covers her sleek, auburn hair with a mass of platinum curls for fairy-like beauty.



By Carolyn
Van
Wyck

UNQUESTIONABLY, the workers and the doers get the good things in this life. Especially beauty, vivacity, appeal.

Until I went to Hollywood recently, it never occurred to me that the stars and the near-stars are among the hardest working women on this earth today. Now, when I meet them here in New York on vacation, business or personal appearance tours, I become very conscious of my own inactivities. These girls struggle for a spare hour or two, and even their vacations are spotted with interviews, appearances, business appointments. Yet, they somehow manage to look their loveliest and to be cordial and pleasant under trying circumstances.

I think they are a lesson and a great inspiration for everyone who desires loveliness and charm. If the deep, deep secret of beauty and all the good things that both men and women want in themselves could be whispered in the magic formula of two words, they would probably be these: Do things.

Recently I had tea with Sue Carol, radiant, more beautiful than I have ever seen her. Yet the last year has been more eventful than any other in Sue's life. For Miss Carol Lee Stuart, her young daughter, arrived, July 8th. But Sue goes on with her career and numerous other interests, probably doing all a little bit better than before.

Then there was Jean Harlow a while ago. Jean had been on tour twenty-three successive weeks, making four or five appearances daily. Yet Jean was still as voluptuously beautiful as ever. Shortly after, she was to meet with stardom and bitter heart-break as well.

Clara Bow is among the newest of these

doers to claim attention. You have only to look at present-day pictures of Clara to see that something important has happened to her. She has changed, and I think we shall all like the new Clara better than the old, who let fortune rule her instead of ruling fortune, herself. When Clara began to take her own life into her hands, things happened, changes came about, and Clara's acting, at least, was hailed as it never was before.

So if you're one of those girls who is not satisfied with yourself, your life, your asso-

ciates, do something about it. Don't wait for things to work out. If you're not satisfied with your looks, decide just what is wrong and begin to correct it. If life is narrow and dull for you, try to find some outside interests. Keep yourself busy. Don't give yourself time in which to concentrate on yourself and worry.

Find things to do, preferably happy things. Try to make yourself what you'd like to be. You may succeed, and certainly you will save yourself the agony of self-reproach.

SENSIBLE care, I find, is very prevalent among the stars. Enough sleep! Yet how we shy away from it if we're very young. A bugaboo, a stop signal, that shuts out fun, cuts off pleasure. But Norma Shearer has different ideas. Sleep is necessary to her loveliness and well-being. Even when there's a party in the Shearer-Thalberg home, Norma will excuse herself before the hour is too late, go off to bed.

To bed at nine-thirty, at least one night a week, might be a wise platform for every wide-awake girl.

THE curled coiffure still continues in high favor. From Hollywood, down, we find curls and bangs still very popular. But there is one severe curl complaint from the average girl. The coiffure that, the night before, was so crisp, so compellingly devastating, the next morning often looks like a pile of hay. When you are having your hair done, ask your hairdresser to arrange it so that it is also practical for day and have him show you just how to do this yourself. You will save your looks, disposition and money by this little forethought.

OUR looks have a way of letting down at this time of the year. Skins misbehave, hair gets lustreless, figures a little out of hand. Our skin leaflet, with special attention to acne and blackhead conditions, our reducing booklet and a new leaflet on hair are yours on request. Individual beauty problem letters will also be answered promptly and completely. Remember to send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



**AS YOU
DESIRE
ME**

Take a lesson in confidence
from "those dear...but younger friends"

A LITTLE hard to admit, isn't it—that you find yourself more and more inclined to avoid those younger friends—that your skin is fading—that you are slipping...just a little?

Just imagine the great beauty expert, Vincent, of Paris — studying your own case. Nine chances in ten he would exclaim...“But you do not *clean* your skin properly. Even if you come to me for treatment—you must first wash your skin thoroughly at home...I cannot perform miracles...”

Beauty experts—the whole world over—will tell you that a skin thoroughly cleansed, twice daily, is the first rule of beauty care. But—beware—all too many soaps wash away the natural oils —leaving your skin dry, parched, a prey to wrinkles and lines . . . while a skin cleansed with Palmolive is not only cleaned but protected against the ravages of time and age. Its olive and palm oil lather has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

Make a simple two weeks' test of Palmolive, the soap containing olive oil. Follow our directions and see natural beauty return to your skin...and almost forgotten admiration return to the eyes that appraise you...

**This much Olive Oil
goes into every cake
of Palmolive Soap.**



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

3 AGELESS SECRETS

of charm



MAE CLARKE, *Radio Pictures'* player, keeps fit by the best exercise of all—riding! For evening, she wears this lovely velvet gown, in brown with gold sequins. Her formal daytime suit is of cocoa-colored ostrich cloth, lavishly trimmed with fox.

THE centuries have not changed the desire of every woman for a good figure, for sparkling eyes and a lovely complexion. With modern fashions as exacting as they are, a slender, round figure is almost imperative.

These three secrets of charm are usually the gifts of good health. So when reducing, diet and exercise should be watched with care. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination—the enemy of charm and good complexions.

Fortunately, a delicious cereal provides this needed "bulk." Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"—as well as vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that of leafy vegetables.

Two tablespoonfuls daily will overcome most types of faulty elimination. How much better than unpleasant patent medicines—so often harmful and habit-forming.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians.

Serve ALL-BRAN as a cereal, or use in cooking. Appetizing recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "CHARM"

Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

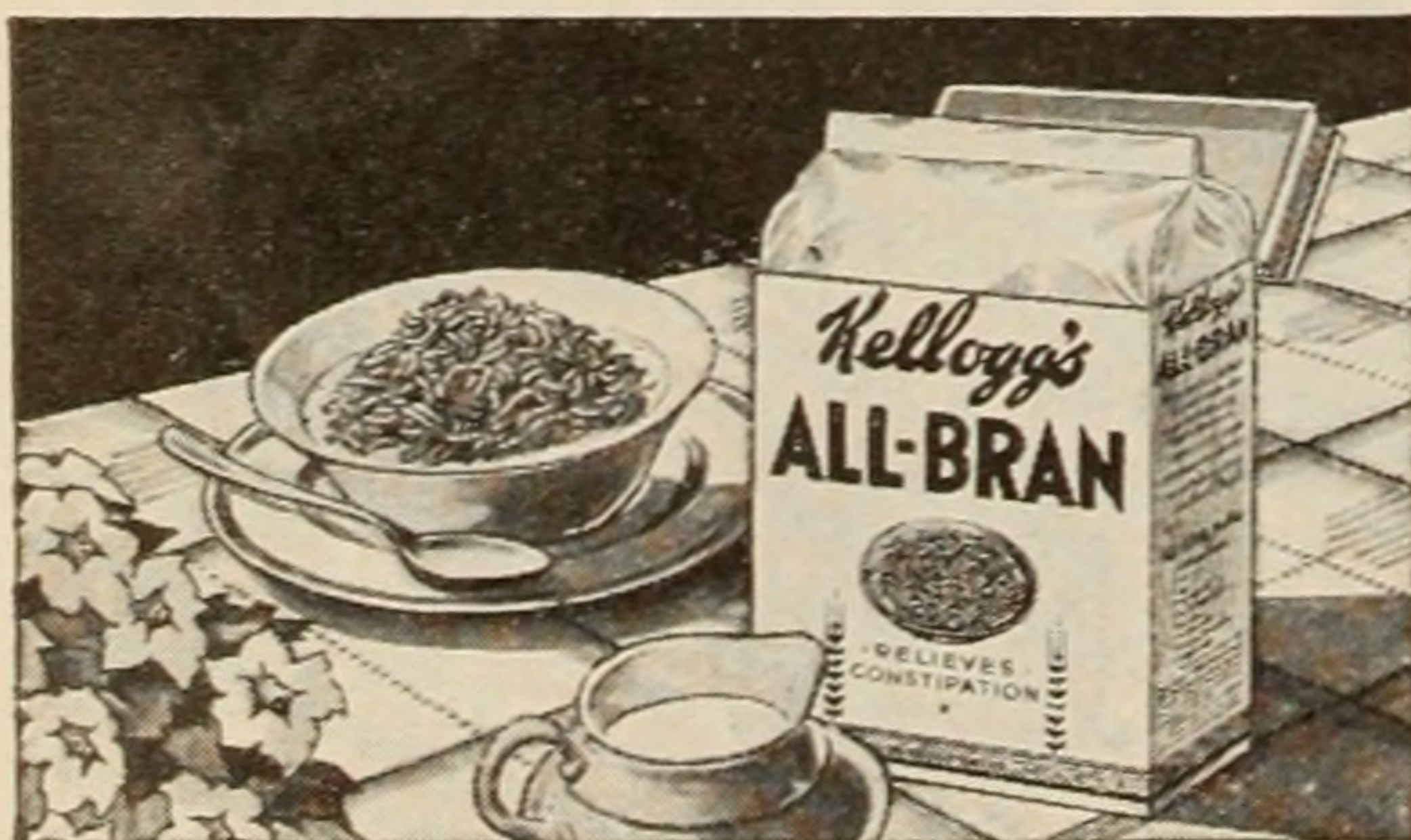


KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. C-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Charm."

Name _____

Address _____





A waggish guest caught Ralph and Frank, the brothers Morgan, in the actual throes of preparing one of their famous suppers. You must try "Bolero"—the Morgan masterpiece, hot from Spain!

Spanish Accents The Menu

THERE'S an hour 'round about midnight when the average man gets a hankering for a good snack from the ice-box. And if the ice-box doesn't yield anything, fertile masculine imaginations will! Three famous midnight cooks of stage and screen are Alfred Lunt, and the two Morgan brothers, Ralph and Frank. The Morgans have a slight edge on Lunt because they cook in a regular brother act—and their prize dish is Spanish.

If you daren't eat hearty food before retiring, you can use the Morgan concoction, "Bolero." It may be served as an entrée at luncheon, dinner or supper. Because it is one of those special dishes that guests remember for days, it should be a *must* on your menu.

BOLERO

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 tamale | 1 cup fresh corn cut from cob |
| 2 tomatoes | ½ cup chopped carrots |
| Chopped celery | ½ cup chopped raw potatoes |
| 1 egg | 1 clove of garlic |
| Ripe olives | ½ cup chopped pimentos |
| | ½ cup grated cheese |

To begin, you heat the tamale and mix with the egg. Then prepare a casserole or baking pan with a cover, by buttering it liberally. When this is ready, put in a layer of corn—if you can't get the corn cut from the cob, canned corn will do just as well. Next comes the tamale and egg. Then a layer of olives and chopped pimentos with a dash of the garlic. The garlic, of course, is an authentic Spanish touch but if you don't like the flavor, it can be omitted without ruining the dish. Over this layer, distribute the chopped vegetables. Add salt

and paprika. Add the rest of the corn and the sliced tomatoes. Over all this, sprinkle the grated cheese.

Your oven should be heated to 350 degrees when the casserole is put in.

Bake the contents for thirty minutes, if you have used the above recipe, for four people.

For eight, double the ingredients and bake for forty minutes. Just before serving, uncover and brown the cheese under the broiler flame.

The Morgans usually counteract the hotness of this dish with a cool, green salad.

And if they are serving it for luncheon or supper they precede it with chilled tomato juice, finishing off with fresh fruit and black coffee.

Frank makes a green salad with lettuce, endive and watercress topped by a savory French dressing. Here's his dressing recipe:

FRENCH DRESSING

Rub a mixing bowl with garlic. Then use three parts olive oil to one part vinegar. Season with mustard, salt and black pepper (freshly ground, if you have a grinder). Add a little sugar and paprika to taste.

Mix and chill in ice-box before pouring over the salad.

Ralph prefers a salad of cole slaw with Spanish dishes. He maintains that it is cool, refreshing and forms a pleasing contrast to the spicy main dish.

He likes it prepared with a sweet and sour dressing made with cream, vinegar and sugar. Or with a French dressing to which has been added a hard-boiled egg.

Frank likes his slaw mixed with chopped carrots and raw spinach—its sounds strange but is delicious—try it.

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.

Charlie Goes on His Own

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"There was a big lump in my throat, too," Charlie confessed as he related that scene. "But I had to do what I did—I just had to."

There was no question of money involved. Charlie was sitting on top of the world financially, making a salary so big that his income tax alone would almost pay the salary of the new president of the United States, all by itself.

Only two months ago the studio took up the last option on Charlie's contract, and he was all set for another year. When he told them he didn't feel like taking a cut in salary, that was all there was to it.

They paid him the increased figure. It was only when that was settled that he asked the front office to let him go—and the real difficulty stood exposed.

BAD parts were the reason for Charlie's decision. Just that and nothing more. There was no unpleasantness of any sort. When he left, the studio officials patted him on the shoulder, told him they hoped he'd soon come back and wished him well. But Charlie wants more *Chicos*, and he's going to try to find them wherever they happen to be.

"I knew that I picked possibly the worst time to begin free-lancing," he said, "and Mr. Sheehan told me so before I left. But I couldn't stand that colorless diet of straight leading men any longer. How can you play characters that haven't any character?" he demanded, spearing a sausage a bit viciously. "I couldn't go on playing them forever—I couldn't go on being simply the unimportant half of an important team, and that was what I was getting to be."

As he spoke his voice was almost pathetically sincere, and a couple of furrows appeared on his boyish brow. He had worried about it endlessly, he said—you could see that it meant the world to him. Make no mistakes, there isn't any so-called professional jealousy involved. Charlie isn't jealous of the good parts Janet gets—he wants her to have them, always

will. Charlie was always ready to help Janet by playing cat to her Queen.

He did it in "Tess of the Storm Country," did it for Janet after he had refused to do it for the studio. His part held nothing for him. Janet did the same for Charlie in "The First Year." That part held little for her, but Charlie asked her to go on for him.

"Sure, she did," he said enthusiastically, "although she knew in her heart she shouldn't. Janet would always do almost anything to help me." That's the kind of team they were.

But Charlie doesn't want to be merely a foil for Janet Gaynor on the screen. He can't see why there couldn't be two good parts in the picture—one for Janet and one for him. He would have been perfectly satisfied with that, would have asked nothing more. But the stories were picked for Janet, and his part usually wasn't so good. Then, when they each made a separate picture, Janet's pictures were always big productions while Charlie was given any old thing. He isn't blaming anybody for that, except possibly himself. Least of all does he blame Janet.

"When they started us out in '7th Heaven,'" he explained, "they gave us a lot to live up to—and it was really up to us. Janet realized that and did what she had to do to get what she wanted. I didn't—I just kept putting it off. Janet would walk into the front office and insist upon having the parts that were right for her and she got them. They built her. I took what they gave me, with the result that they just kept me around the lot to be Janet's leading man. But we began as stars together, and that's the kind of stories I wanted."

Having made the break, Charlie is under no delusion regarding what he is up against. He has not grown temperamental or gone Hollywood. He is simply making a deliberate sacrifice for a purpose—with his eyes open.

"I know that there aren't any too many really good parts to be had," he said, "and I know that even of those there are, I shan't get a chance at most. I may not make half the

money I have been getting, or I may do less work and make more—but the money part doesn't matter. I do know, though, that I shall wait for the kind of parts I want, and accept nothing else. I owe that, not only to myself, but to the memory of *Chico*."

While he is waiting for those parts, Charlie is improving his work with constant study. He spends as much time with teachers of various sorts as he formerly spent at the studio.

Asked whether he would return to the Fox lot to do another picture with Janet if a suitable part should be forthcoming, Charlie nodded unhesitatingly.

"I'd be tickled to death," he said, "—after I do a few good parts elsewhere and if they really do have a story for both of us. Even if I should be lucky and get several good pictures by myself before one came with Janet, when I did go back, there wouldn't be any difficulty over money. I'd rather work with Janet than with anyone else on the screen, but I do want the last couple to be forgotten before I do any more with her."

THERE'S always the picture around the corner," he said, a bit wistfully, "and that was what I was waiting for. I dreamed of the big picture that was coming. I found out what they had on the schedule for me, and that picture wasn't there. It wasn't easy or pleasant to do as I did."

Voluntarily giving up the certainty of several thousand dollars a week these days would scarcely be easy or pleasant. Leaving little Janet on that big lot, severing an association that had begun in the clouds—no, that wouldn't be easy or pleasant, either. *Chico* leaving, with *Diane* still waiting for him to come back—just as she did in "7th Heaven."

"But, you see"—and here Charlie bit down hard on the sausage—"I just have to have some real parts I can sink my teeth into."

Chico, you will remember, was really a most remarkable fellow!

Babies, Babies, Everyone's Got Babies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

on tour, write long feverish letters to their publicity agent wholly about the baby and forget the publicity. And when they neglect their publicity, well—

The Fredric Marches spent one whole year, plenty of thought, care and money on the perfection of their home and then along came Penelope. They were crowded. So without a regret the Marches moved in order to have plenty of room for baby to smile at Freddy and the ice man.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay were in the midst of remodeling their home. Floors were torn up, partitions out and things in a mess. Word came baby could be had sooner than they expected and instantly all work was halted while an entire upper floor was made over into a nursery with Barbara and Frank personally supervising the painting of ducky-wuckys and giraffey-waffeys hippity-hopping across the walls. No matter the discomforts of torn down walls and torn up floors. The nursery was perfect.

Miriam Hopkins' secretary became the baby's nurse, as Miriam would trust no one else. So business letters, invitations, fan letters, important mail gathered dust on the table. "He's gained two pounds," Miriam will shriek into the phone to every soul she knows and many she never heard of before.



My! My! Those bike races must be absorbing. Pat O'Brien hasn't even taken time off for a shave. And Patsy Ruth Miller's absolutely hypnotized by them. But her hubby, Tay Garnett, looks away for a moment

Whoopee rooms are now drying rooms. With baby shirts drying above gilded, forgotten bars and soap chips in the poker chips. The "witching hour" is now the stretching hour. My, you should see Junior stretch! In fact, if you're in Hollywood you will see Junior stretch if you have to be drugged and dragged there.

Von Sternberg was known to go into immediate hysterics if one as much as passed his stage door. But regardless of time or scenes, Dietrich's little girl bounced in and out exactly when she pleased. Mamma said she could. And mamma loved it. Rehearsals were on for "Blonde Venus." Marlene was going over her song with little Maria looking on. Marlene sang:

"You so and so" (Did you eat your carrots, darling?)

"You little so and so" (Musn't eat any more ice cream, darling.)

"Look what you've done to me" (Your hannies don't look clean, sweet.)

And so far into the night.

Love scenes were broken in upon. "Oh, darling," Norma Shearer said to Leslie Howard during the making of "Smilin' Through." "Oh, dearest, how's mamma's little baby?" which sent the astounded and slightly near-sighted Mr. Howard reeling into a corner. But it was

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

re-designed to end revealing outlines without sacrificing needed protection

the new Phantom[★] Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

A NEW KOTEX... a self-concealing-Kotex... re-designed to conform perfectly with the demands of the closest-fitting dress... yet... (and this is so important to you) every bit of thickness, of needed protection, is retained. This New Phantom Kotex, so skilfully constructed, contains identically the same layers of filler, but *you don't realize it!* Because the ends are flattened and shaped, you are scarcely aware of the presence of protection.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

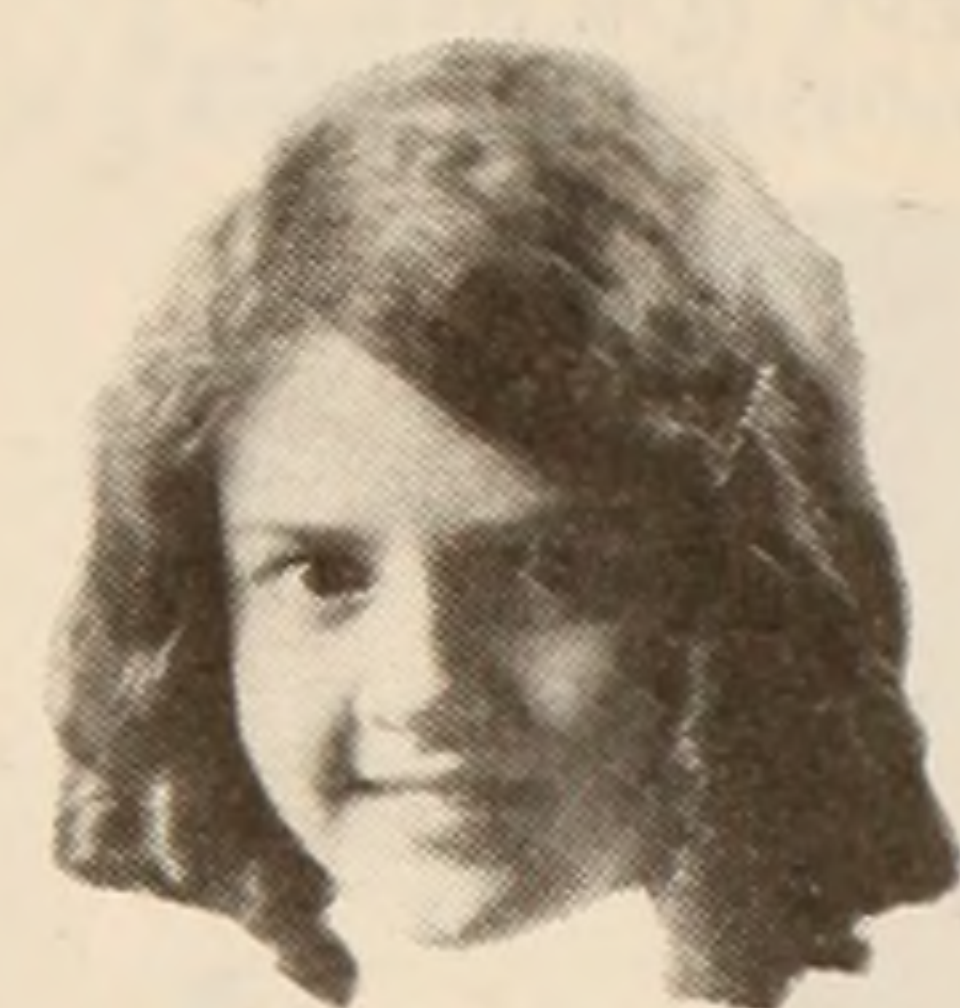
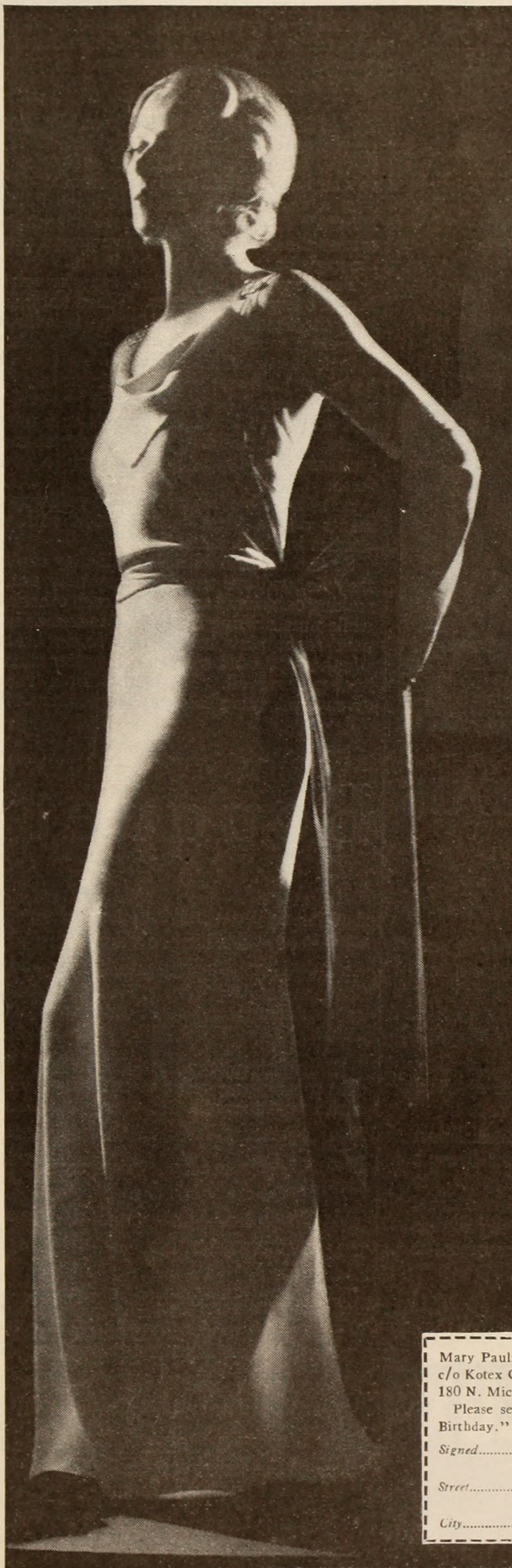
Softness... safety-plus!

That wonderful absorbency... that softness... that delicacy so characteristic of Kotex are exactly the same in the New Phantom Kotex. It gives you supreme safety. Disposable, of course. Hospitals alone last year used more than 24 million Kotex pads.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little. Make sure, when buying Kotex wrapped, that you get the genuine. For your protection, each tapered end of the New Phantom[★] Kotex is plainly stamped "Kotex." On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.



To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians, in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms, and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter, there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today, the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers, courageous, intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness... what heart-breaking experience.

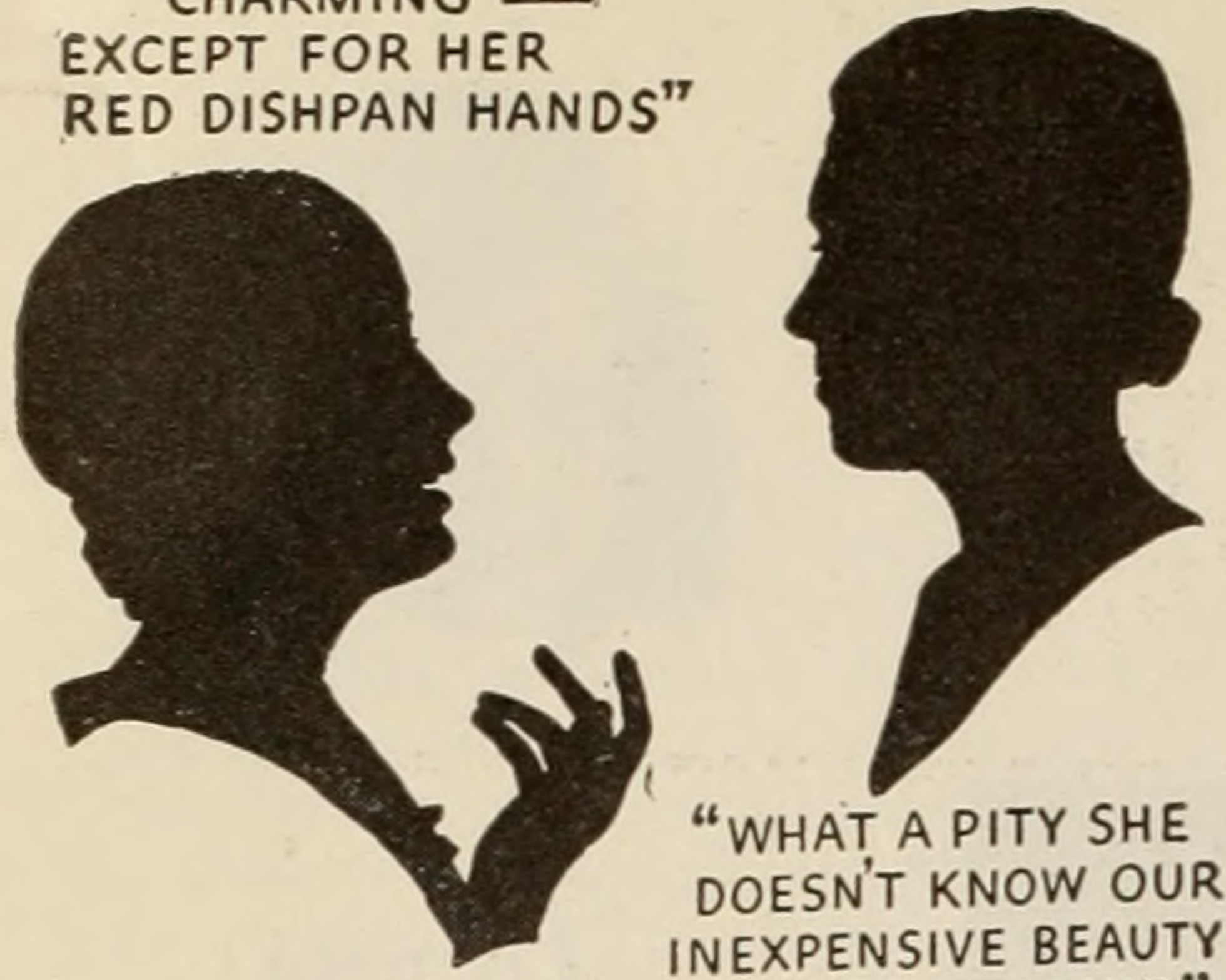
To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this book, the subject has been covered completely... in simple, understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
c/o Kotex Company, Room 2164A,
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."
Signed.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

"CHARMING —
EXCEPT FOR HER
RED DISHPAN HANDS"



"WHAT A PITY SHE
DOESN'T KNOW OUR
INEXPENSIVE BEAUTY
TREATMENT"



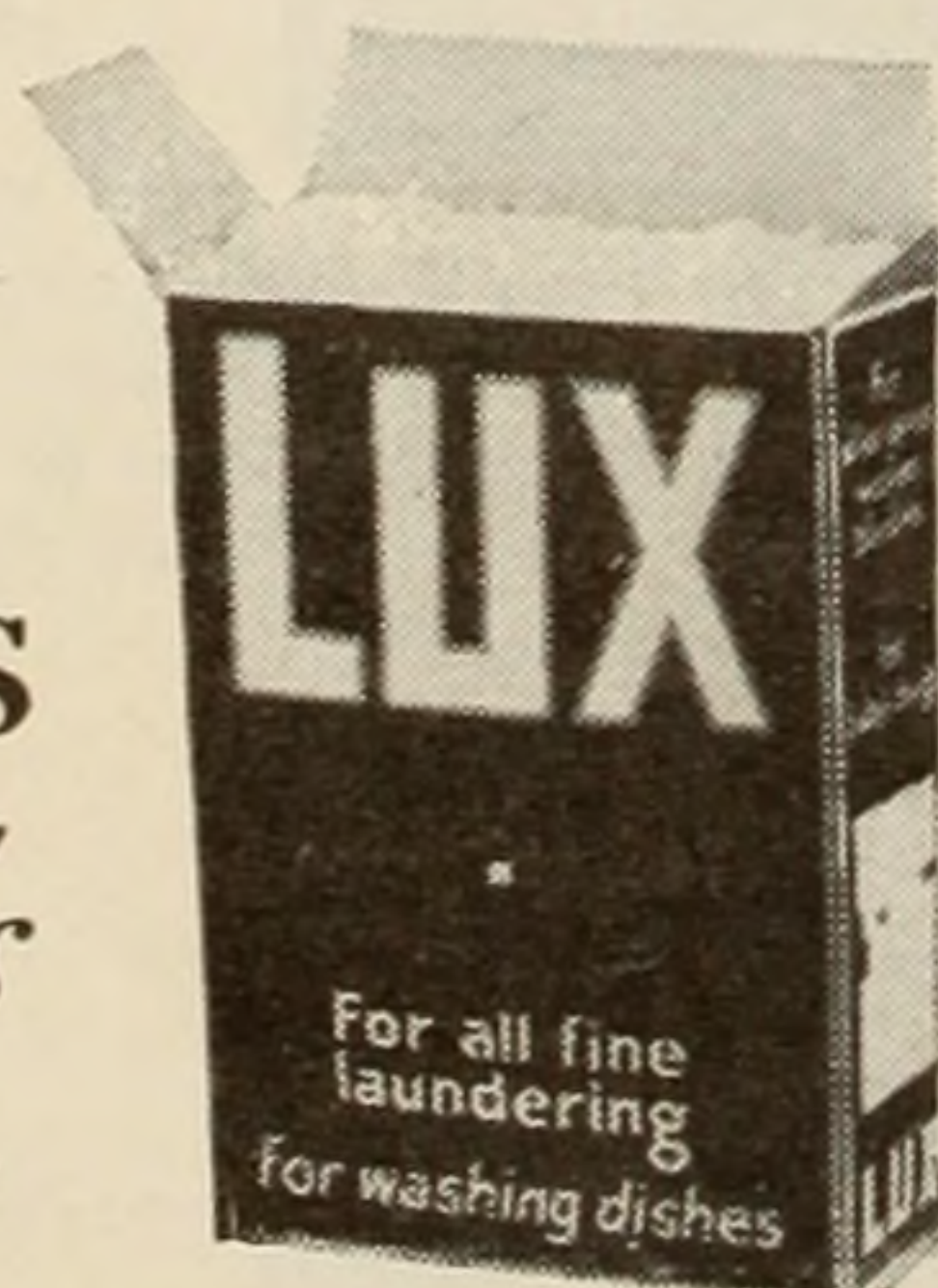
"I was furious
at first *and then*

... well, my curiosity got the better of me. I heard these women saying that *they* did all their own work, too, but they kept their hands daintily white by using Lux in the dishpan!

"Of course I've always used Lux for fine things. Next day I started right in using it for dishes, too.

"In a few days all that dishpan redness had disappeared! Lux doesn't dry my skin as ordinary soaps do. Its quick suds get dishes clean in no time. Since a big box of Lux does my dishes for a month, it's the most inexpensive beauty care I ever heard of."

LUX
for dishes
*lovely hands
for 1¢ a day*



Babies, Babies, Everyone's Got Babies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

just Norma's little son paying his daily visit to mother's set. And mother's golden wig reposed dizzily on mother's ear by the time the visit was over, but who cared?

People wait in the outer office of Irving Thalberg, important M-G-M executive, and have been waiting, in fact, since last Tuesday week. And there they sit, in awed silence while papa talks to "sonny" three times a day about "the great big bears" over the phone.

It's beyond me.

MANY a screen laugh has been lost forever because of Hollywood babies. For instance, Joe E. Brown tries out every new gag on the baby. He'll open that mouth of his, take a deep breath and then gasp "Razzle Dazzle." If Mary Elizabeth merely yawns or throws the oatmeal spoon down papa's throat, the gag's out. If she laughs, it's in.

Then my, oh my, there are the parties. Mustn't forget the parties. When baby is exactly three months old, the first party is thrown. Usually a small family group. At six months, a little larger affair is given. At one year, a pip. A jamboree, no less. Limousines drive up. Nurses alight with baby on one arm and a suitcase on the other. Baby's own refreshments, clean clothing, toys, comforts, sheets, blankets, waterbags, bottles, nipples and so forth.

A festive table is set with solid gold appointments and a huge cake covered with pink candies in the middle.

So two dozen babies sit, or if they can't sit, they lie, and eye the cake they may not eat, making occasional snatches at each other's hair while nurses wring hands and mammas in the next room play bridge and argue heatedly whether plain old castor oil is better than the new mineral oil. Flashlights from twenty-seven newspaper photographers boom and flare,

babies squeal, the castor oilers leave in a rage at the mineral oilers and well—pardon me, I'm exhausted.

Skeets Gallagher, Jr., exactly three-and-one-half years old, is Hollywood's boredest man-about-town.

Skeets has attended exactly twenty-eight parties, knows all the tricks and little of life's thrills are left for Skeets.

They even give up cheerfully and gladly, these screen lovers, that coveted and sought after fan worship. That oh-my-gorgeous-hero thing. For instance, John Boles stood at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard at Highland Avenue. Nearby, stood several beautiful girls frankly and openly overcome at the Boles charm. And John loved it. They noticed the manly physique and were thrilled. The ravishing mustache and were overwhelmed. The blue eyes and were simply limp.

And just then the car for which John had evidently been waiting, drew up to the curb, and like a flash two little girls from the car were on him, one completely wrapping her legs about his middle, the other slowly strangling him by the necktie, his hat flew under a passing truck, his trousers were slipping, his hair was on end while the two girls kept squealing, "daddy, daddy, daddy."

He loved it. Ate it up. Completely forgetting the worshipping group who were standing with mouths open and eyes popping.

YES, it has good old Hollywood laid low, this baby thing. Depressions and reverses have tried in vain to knock the props from under its feet. While bankers and big men fought to control it, it took the clutch of a baby's hand, the gurgle of a baby's voice and a diaper waving in the breeze to do it.

Yes, good old Hollywood is licked at last. And loves it!

Bouquet Hollywood

CLARA BOW—New York. "Those stories that I'm trying to be a lady are wrong. I just want to be myself."

MERVYN LEROY, Director — New York. "Give me a story, give me a star and I'll set up a camera in any room corner and make a picture."

KATHARINE HEPBURN—Hollywood. "I intend to speak my mind when I please, despite movie traditions."

LUPE VELEZ—Hollywood. "I have changed. I am getting sense and I see life from a different viewpoint."

AL JOLSON—Chicago. "I didn't know that I'd been rich until the depression slapped me in the face three years ago."

MAURICE CHEVALIER—New York. "A wife should not work. If the man and wife both go out to work every day you do not have a marriage. You only have a standing dinner date."

TALLULAH BANKHEAD—Chicago. "Just let Hollywood get some good, nasty, cloudy, rainy, gusty weather for a change and the place will be God's country."

SIDNEY FRANKLIN, Matador — Chicago. "Naw, a red cape don't mean nothing to a bull. It's just part of the show. A bull is color-blind."

CHARLES LAUGHTON—New York. "You've got to use your brains a lot more in pictures than on the stage."

RUDY VALLEE—New York. "Quantity plus quality spiced with simplicity and mixed with personality are the essence of showmanship."

ETHEL BARRYMORE—Chicago. "Hollywood is a factory. My brothers have become institutionalized. I couldn't."

For how much could you Ethel?

NORMA SHEARER—Chicago. "My baby can talk—just as well as I can."
(The lad is two.)

RUTH CHATTERTON—Hollywood. "Life has taught me it's better to be a little bit gullible—at least so far as appearances go—and give others a chance."

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND—New York. "My great pastimes are asylums, jails and courts."

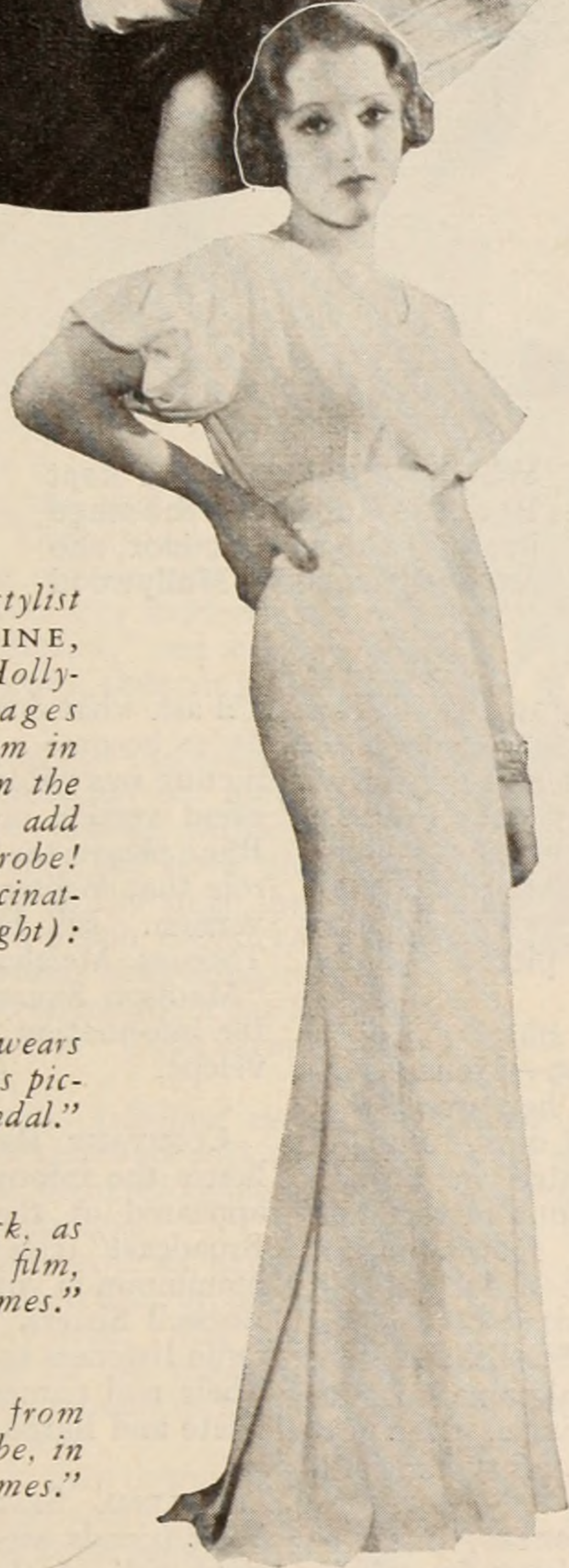
MAE MURRAY—Hollywood. "I am entirely dependent on my husband, the Prince, for support."

HELEN HAYES—Hollywood. "A sailor kept me off the screen for years. He walked out of a movie where my first picture 'The Weavers of Life' was showing and said, 'This is the — awfulest picture I ever saw.' I agreed with him!"

Now! Wear Hollywood's Clever Clothes!



OUT of motion pictures come the smartest of fashions; dainty frocks, charming coats, gayest of sportswear created by Hollywood's skilled designers especially for your favorite stars in latest picture plays. Now, you, too, may wear these clever clothes—for exact copies are offered at moderate prices by many confidence-commanding stores! (See Page 123.) If you do not know where to buy "Hollywood Fashions" ask PHOTOPLAY, using the coupon printed for your convenience below.



Each month Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, presents the newest "Hollywood Fashions" (see Pages 62-67). Read about them in PHOTOPLAY; see them on the screen in local theatres; add them to your own wardrobe! Three of February's fascinating fashions (left to right):

As Constance Cummings wears it in the Charles R. Rogers picture, "Billion Dollar Scandal."

Jean Arthur's smart frock, as she wears it in RKO's film, "The Past of Mary Holmes."

Another lovely dress from Miss Arthur's wardrobe, in "The Past of Mary Holmes."



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

In Association With Wakefield & O'Connor, Inc., Chicago, Ill.



Look for the "Hollywood Fashions" label, shown above, in your movie frock!

MR. DALE NORTON, DIRECTOR "HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I am interested in "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of the smart frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures), but know of no store in my community where they can be purchased.

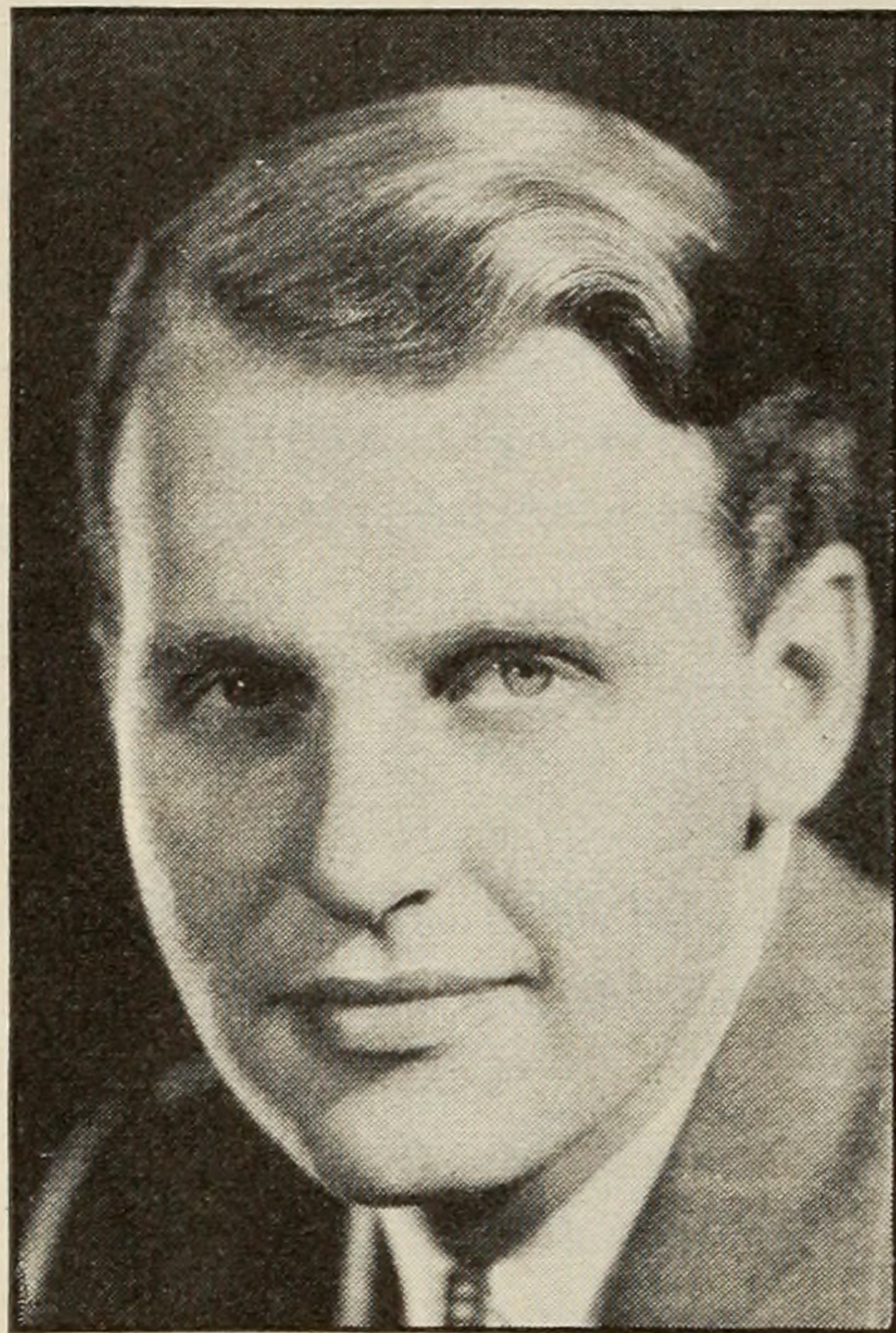
I like to shop at (Please name the department store you prefer) _____

My Name and Address is _____

Ask The Answer Man

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. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Ralph Bellamy was most asked about this month. If the wishes of admirers come true his movie future is safe



When Oklahoma laws kept Rochelle Hudson off the stage because she was a minor, she promptly moved to Hollywood

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, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

LETTERS poured in this month asking about Ralph Bellamy. "Don't hold out on us, Mr. Answer Man, tell us all you know about Ralph," is the general plea. So I surrender! Now listen:

Ralph is a native of Chicago, Ill. He was born there on June 17, 1904. He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 178 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Began his theatrical career when he ran away from home and joined a Shakespearean repertoire company. This was during his first year in high school. After that came work in stock companies, where he was everything from leading man to chief carpenter. In 1930, he headed for New York determined to crash Broadway. Later, while appearing on Broadway in "Roadside," he was given a movie contract and started off to Hollywood. He made his talkie debut in "The Secret Six," playing the rôle of a reporter. Since then he has appeared in "The Magnificent Lie," "West of Broadway," "Surrender," "Almost Married," "Disorderly Conduct," "Forbidden," "Young America," "The Woman in Room Thirteen," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Airmail" and "Wild Girl." Quite a record for a chap who has only been in Hollywood since 1931.

Ralph is married to Katherine Willard from the stage. His chief hobby is collecting old music boxes. He has about fourteen ancient models in his collection now. Has a weakness for neckties, preferably blue ones.

ROCHELLE HUDSON, the girl about whom readers are all asking, was born in Claremore, Okla., the home-town of Will Rogers, eighteen years ago. Her theatrical ambitions began at the age of four. From then until she went to Hollywood, she appeared before clubs, societies and school audiences. Her first screen appearance was in "Laugh and Get Rich," which was followed by minor rôles in many Radio pictures. In "Fanny Foley Herself" she gave an exceptional performance and won the feminine lead in "Are These Our Children?"

Rochelle is just 5 feet, 3 inches tall, but re-

member she still has time to grow more before she is twenty-one. She tips the scale at 105 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. Was chosen a Wampas Baby Star in 1931. She can sing, dance, and paints beautifully. And I don't mean her face either. Has a Ford roadster which she drives herself. Speaks French fluently. Her next picture will be "The Savage Girl."

LOUIE, WATERTOWN, CONN.—Mona Maris has covered some territory in her twenty-four years in this merry world of ours. Born in Buenos Aires, S. A., educated in France, entered silent pictures in London in 1928 and talkies in Hollywood in 1929. How's that for traveling? Mona is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 115 pounds and has dark brown hair and green eyes. She speaks Spanish, French, German and English. Her real name is Emita Capdevielle and she is still single. Her next picture will be "Secrets" with Mary Pickford.

ED PORTERFIELD, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—'Member Ed, if you're the winner I get half. Edmund Lowe was a newspaper reporter in "Guilty as Hell." He doesn't go in for that type of rôle very often.

WINIFRED KLINE, RICHMOND, MICH.—Here you are, Winnie. Charles Farrell was born in Onset Bay, Mass., on Aug. 9, 1902. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 170, has brown hair and brown eyes. Virginia Valli has answered to the name Mrs. Farrell since February 14, 1931.

D. L. W., TENAFLY, N. J.—Dot, the chap you described is Alan Mowbray, and that English accent of his is the real McCoy. He's a native of dear ol' London, born there on August 18, 1896. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 158 and has light brown hair and grey-blue eyes. Is married and has one daughter. Appeared on the stage before going into pictures in 1930.

FILM FANS FIFTEEN FUNSTERS, ELYRIA, OHIO.—If it wouldn't break up the tongue-twisting rhythm of the name of your fraternity,

I'd ask what does a tottering chappie have to do to become a member. Jane Novak's last picture was "Red Skin," made in 1928. In the silent version of "The Bad Man" Holbrook Blinn played the rôle of *Pancho Lopez*, the same rôle that Walter Huston played in the talkie version. Bill Hart was only married once. Thomas Meighan's latest appearance is in "Madison Square Garden." For the rest of the information, girls, send me a stamped envelope.

CONSTANT READER.—Stop the disputing, here's the information. The three girls who appeared at the switchboard in "The Big Broadcast" (can you imagine having operators hmmm in your ear like that?) were not the Boswell Sisters. They are singers known to radio listeners as "Major, Sharp and Minor." Their real names are Josephine Riley, Anita Nieto and Barbara Johnstone.

HELENA SECHREST, LAKELAND, KY.—Your friends were as far from guessing the right title of the picture as I am from *Fu Manchu*—and I hope that's as long a distance as I think it is. The name of the picture was "Such Men Are Dangerous." If you have any back issues of PHOTOPLAY, look in April 1930 and you can see the review and show it to your friends.

RUFUS PRADOS, JR., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Yes, Rufie, Dorothy Wilson has real long hair. Hope she doesn't bob it before this reaches print. She is still single, so you won't have to go hide in a monastery. The little lady was born in Minneapolis, Minn., on November 14, 1909. Is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 103 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Men of America."

MRS. E. HARTMAN, BRONX, N. Y.—You're both wrong. Dick Powell has real auburn hair, but it photographs dark. Next time you see Jimmy Cagney or Clara Bow on the screen notice how dark they photograph, yet they are both red-heads.

Such a Naughty Nero

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Be to shift his working schedule with Dick Arlen, that Dick might be free to attend a long-anticipated football game.

Char-lee straightened abruptly. He scowled ferociously at the helpless p.m.

"Rubbish!" he announced crisply. "What do you mean? Writing such confounded nonsense?"

"But, it's true!" the p.m. declared. "And, anyhow, I didn't write it. Frank did."

Snatching up the offending page, Char-lee started menacingly toward the door.

"Frank? Who's Frank? Where's Frank?" He glared at the page and flushed uncomfortably. "This silly thing makes me look like a darn sissy!"

THAT was my introduction to Charles Laughton. A modest man, he has a genuine dislike for fanfare. Is a difficult subject to interview, because he honestly hates to talk about himself.

Paramount's entire personnel, from office boy to president, adores him.

He terrorizes delighted office girls; tucks squealing stenographers under his arm and dashes the full length of the corridor with them; generally upsets the efficiency of the whole organization. And they love it.

When Charlie walks in, the staff automatically declares time out. They crowd around and listen eagerly while he relates, with exaggerated gestures, various amusing incidents of the day. They call him "Buster," and are rewarded with a terrifying scowl, then an infectious chuckle.

Laughton is an actor because he can't help it.

Years ago, a chubby youngster sat in the gallery of a London theater, stifling, with difficulty, a wild desire to stop the show and shout down to the puppets on the stage that they were all wrong. Real people didn't act that way. Stomping around, and throwing themselves about. His own technique is vastly different and doubly effective. Extravagant gesturing is no part of him.

Instead, he stands quietly, fulfilling even the most difficult emotional reactions with the mere flick of an eyelash, a slight drooping of the lips. Subtle. Acting supreme.

In the short time he has been with us, Laughton has made the talkie industry sit up on its hind legs, roll over and play dead. And now, with the public clamoring to see more, he merely bows graciously and announces his intention of returning to London.

Producers toss restlessly in their downy beds, scheming frantically on bigger and better ideas to keep this new gold mine from walking out on them. Platinum-plated contracts are being held temptingly before his eyes. But Charlie continues to shake his head regretfully.

"I'm getting stale," he said simply. "They've offered me more money than I ever saw before, to stay here and carry on. But, money isn't the whole thing, if a fellow's stale. I've been working pretty consistently during the seven months I've been here, and I'm tired. Empty."

"**I** WANT to go back to England for a while. The change will do me good. Set me up. Then, I can come back, go to work, and feel that I'm really giving them what they're paying for. That is, if they still want me."

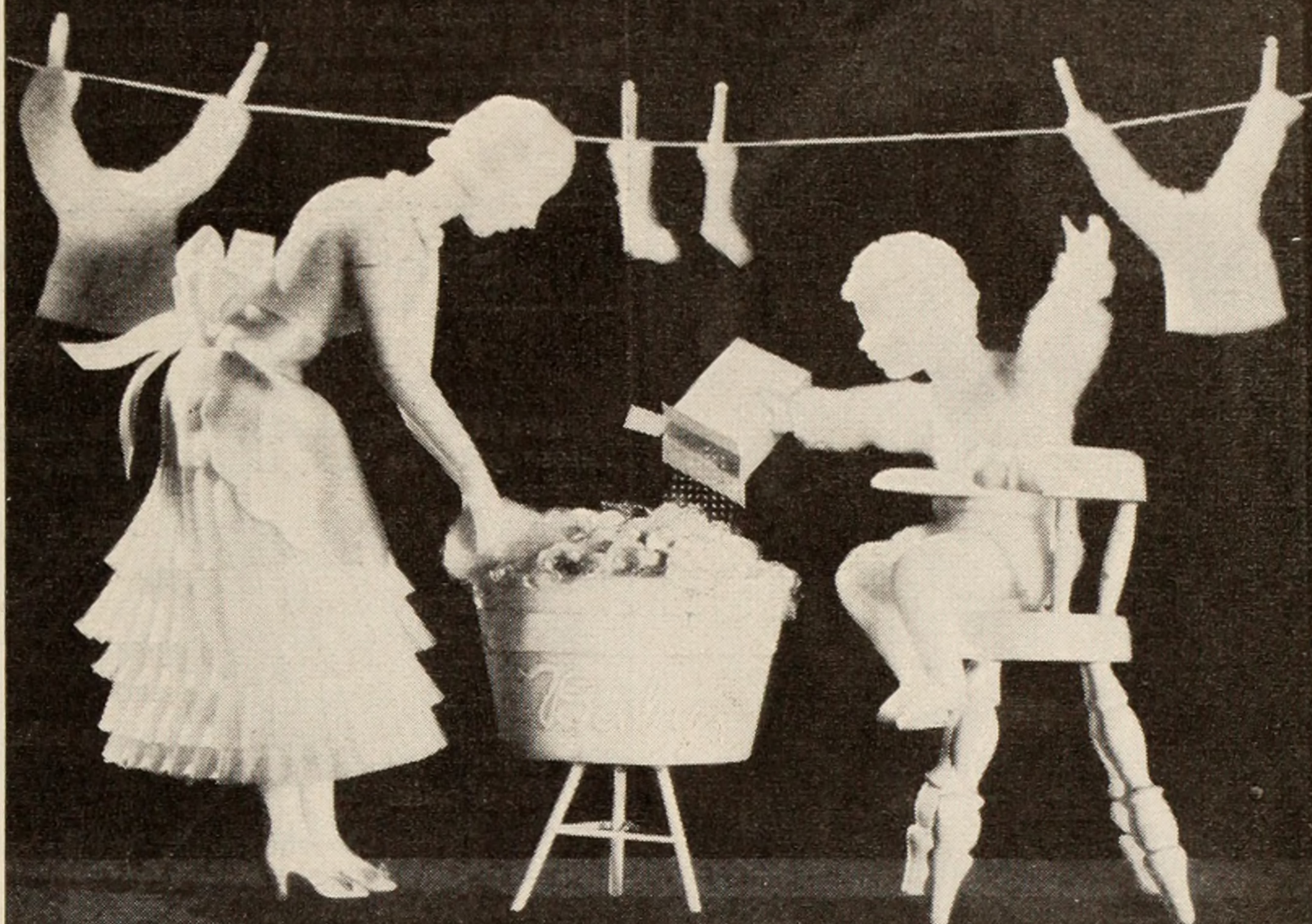
"They'll want you!" I hastened to assure him. He seemed rather dubious.

"I've been warned that the public will forget me in six months," he said.

Real ability is not forgotten in six months. I told him so.

Furthermore, the producers should appreciate his reluctance to give them anything but

QUICK, PURE SUDS in lukewarm water



keep baby's "undies" soft as down

Could anything be a surer test of soap than baby's little silk-and-wool shirts! Washed every day, yet they *must not* shrink and stiffen . . . they *must not* hold any harsh irritant to harm baby's skin! Try Ivory Snow for baby's washing. See what beautiful pure suds you get instantly in **LUKEWARM WATER**. See how soft and sweet and comfortable they keep baby's clothes.

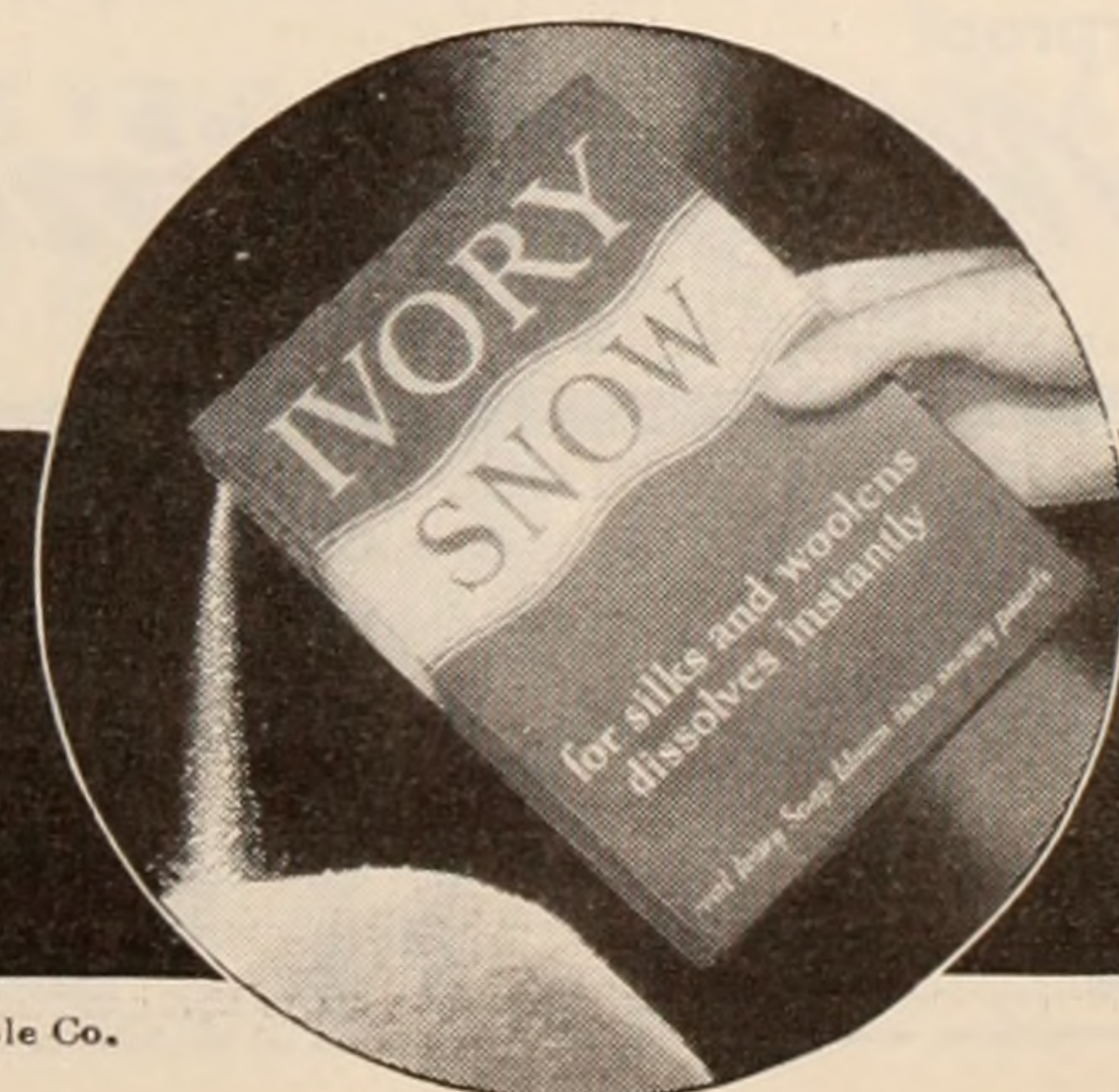
Ivory Snow is a new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics—made to dissolve without hot water. You can start with the lukewarm water that is **SAFE** for silks and wools and colors. For Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes, but **BLOWN** fine as drift-snow. It melts like snow, yet each tiny particle is packed full of rich, smooth, pure Ivory suds. You'll have no trouble rinsing Ivory Snow—no trouble with soap spots—because it dissolves *thoroughly*. It

has no flat pieces that can stick to fabrics.

You will like Ivory Snow for speedy dishwashing, too. It keeps your hands young and fair, without extravagance, for a whopping big package costs only 15¢! At your grocer's.

Makers of fine fabrics praise **IVORY SNOW**

After thorough washing tests, Malinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhelka call Ivory Snow "**a perfect soap for silks.**" "**Ideal for woolsens,**" say the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespun, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills.



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Famous
women

KNOW
THIS
SECRET



Since the days of ancient Egypt, it has been known that woman's most effective beauty is in her eyes. Not their color—not their size or shape—but the *expression* of which they are capable when properly made up. Cleopatra knew this secret. Stars of the stage and screen know it too. Famous beauties—including the one whose picture appears above—know the charm-value of the "expression" made possible by dark, long appearing, luxuriant lashes. And they know that the NEW, non-smarting, tearproof, harmless Maybelline is the easy way to acquire such lashes *instantly*. Try it yourself. You will be delighted with results. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown is 75c at all toilet goods counters.

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For 10c and coupon below we will
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10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size box
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the best that's in him. His decision marks him as infinitely wise and just.

Studio "red tape" amazes him. When they planned to use an extra's hands, instead of his own, in the close-up shots in "Devil and the Deep," Laughton protested. His hands are expressive, a definite part of his personality.

Why substitute other hands when his own were available?

They told him why. The picture had finished shooting, and salary complications would arise if they used him in the close-up retakes. An extra man would cost only ten dollars.

After much altercation, Charlie succeeded

in convincing them that the money was a minor issue, and the scenes were shot with his hands performing the necessary duties—gratis.

At the door of the publicity office we said goodbye. A stenographer passed us and said, with devilish intent: "Hullo, Buster!" She knew what she would get for that, and Laughton didn't disappoint her.

With a ferocious scowl, he reached out and caught her by the back of the neck.

"Char-lee!" she squealed merrily.

And, as Char-lee swung her under his arm and started down the corridor, I heard for the last time that delightfully infectious chuckle.

Sylvia Tells All About Connie Bennett

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

because it is a stimulant, don't take it at night before going to bed. It will only keep you awake.

Then here is the luncheon menu I gave Connie:

Thick vegetable soup
Small lamb chop
Baked potato and cold butter
One fresh vegetable
Cup custard and caramel—or some other sauce
Glass of milk.

Right after lunch—she usually had the meal served in her dressing-room—she rested on her couch for fifteen minutes. You girls who work in offices can do the same thing. Instead of loitering over the luncheon table chatting with your girl friends, go to the rest room in your office building and lie down.

In the middle of the afternoon Connie had a big glass of tomato juice.

For dinner:

Ripe olives
Celery (wonderful for the nerves)
Creamed soup
Any kind of meat, broiled or roasted (no fried meats)
Two fresh vegetables
Baked potato
Avacado salad with mayonnaise
Rice pudding, or jello or fresh fruits
Demi-tasse

You shouldn't need me to tell you this, but some of you never seem to realize that the hours before midnight are the hours of real beauty sleep. No matter where Connie Bennett was, no matter what grand party she attended, she always, while she was under my care, came home at nine o'clock to be ready for my treatment—the gentle massage with the cocoa oil. And she got right into bed, too. She obeyed me exactly and I certainly think that when a girl as attractive as Connie and a girl who loves parties as well as she does, can do that, you can.

I made her take plenty of breathing exercises—standing in front of an open window and inhaling slowly, raising the arms at right angles to the body and then exhaling and lowering the arms. I told her to sing—that's a wonderful figure developer. She really has a lovely voice—low and small, but appealing.

And I made her laugh—laugh heartily, too—for that's a swell way to put on weight. "Forget you are a lady, Connie," I told her, "and let out a big hearty laugh when something strikes you funny."

She took lukewarm showers after which she rubbed her body with a rough towel for ten minutes.

Just before she went to sleep at night she had a glass of grapefruit juice. This is a real sleeping medicine. Why orange juice is a stimulant and grapefruit juice a sedative, I don't know—but I do know it's the truth.

So much for Connie's routine—a really very simple one that all girls can do.

Connie did exactly as I told her to, for she is a smart enough business woman to know that without looks and a lovely figure, she could never be a great star, and from her you may take a lesson in obedience. But Connie had a hard time conquering her nerves. She was easily upset. When she came home at night and her German maid had gotten the telephone messages that came during the day wrong, she would fly off the handle. She called the girl "Dumb Dora," and yet Dora was crazy about Connie and never took these outbursts seriously.

Another thing that always upset Connie was when she got so many letters asking her for help. She wanted to help everybody and knew she couldn't and it worried her.

"Forget it," I used to tell her. "Your worry should be to restore your looks."

Connie loved being the big shot at the studio and was very ambitious. She was a tireless worker. Once I watched "the rushes," scenes of herself that had been taken the day before, with her. She looked at them over and over again, tirelessly watching her every movement.

As I have said, she was really sick and run down when she first came to me. After the first week she said to me one night, "Look—I'm building up and I'm feeling so much better."

She gained, under my treatment, fifteen pounds in one month, and her pep came back.

Connie is like the great French actresses. She loves a political intrigue and likes to have things revolve around her. Of course, you know about the feud that existed between her and Gloria Swanson. Poor Joe Kennedy—he had to settle many difficulties, yet when Connie and Gloria met they were very polite to each other—too polite to be natural, I always thought. Connie often asked me if I thought Gloria was beautiful.

CONNIE has many typically European ideas. She loves parties and that's why I give her so much credit for coming home every night at nine. When she wasn't working she liked to play a little tennis and golf but her chief sport was sitting around talking. Connie loves to talk. She was also crazy about tango records and she liked to dance.

Connie Bennett is certainly a strong character. I remember that her sister Joan used to call her often while I was there and Connie used to give Joan advice. It was darn good advice, too. One night Joan had asked her something and Connie said, "Now don't cry, Joan, no man would ever make a sap out of me, I can tell you." Connie always had plenty of spunk and courage and she was very appreciative of everything I did for her.

"You give people life," she said to me one day. "You give people confidence in themselves again."

It was one of the nicest compliments I ever had paid me, but remember that Connie cooperated with me and did what I told her to do and that's what you girls who want to be like her will have to do, too.

Sylvia Now Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

hands like some of the girls whom I know.
F. H., Pasadena, Calif.

You're probably skinny all over and need to build yourself up generally. That means you should go through the routine I've given in my article this month. Do what I told Connie Bennett to do for a while and gain fifteen pounds in one month. Then spend special care on your hands. Massage them gently night and morning with a good feeding cream. Let this cream stay on overnight and wear loose kid gloves while you sleep.

LONG NECK

Dear Sylvia:
What should I do for a long neck?
H. H. K., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Be thankful you've got a long neck and that your head isn't slammed down on your shoulders like those fat women I rave against. Look at the actresses—all the great ones have long necks. It's a sign of beauty. Stop complaining about something that a lot of people wish they had.

There—those are the only questions I have time to answer now. But come on you girls—ask me about what's bothering you. Now that I've been forced into answering letters I'm ready for you. Come on and tell your Aunt Sylvia all your figure problems.

The Man Who Can't Talk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

sister's friend was tingling with excitement. She started to chatter. She found her words echoing back as from a granite mountain. Warren spoke hardly a word, after acknowledging the introduction, until the girls were ready to leave. Then he announced, "I'll drive you to the station." And at the station, "I'm going back to New York with you."

"But you haven't been given leave!" was his sister's astonished exclamation.

"I'm going."
They all dined together. The two girls talked. But right in the middle of dinner Warren leaned over and kissed the neck of the beautiful young woman sitting beside him. The next day, sister's chum received a special delivery letter from Warren. And the next day, another. She didn't see him often, but each day brought one of his long, beautiful letters.

For the man who couldn't talk, could write. What a woman expects her loved one to say with his lips under the moon and the stars, Warren William could say with his pen without moonlight or starry skies. He didn't need Nature's romantic aids to put just the right thoughts into the right words—in letters.

Helen offers some facts which may explain this. Warren comes from a line of bankers. His real name is Warren William Krech, of the banking house of Krech, but he dropped the surname for professional reasons. Perhaps his ancestry accounts for his conversational silence, since almost all bankers seem to have a one-word vocabulary consisting of "no."

But as it happened this twig of the family tree possessed the non-banking ability to write letters that charm. When he went overseas, the letters continued. After the armistice, he remained in Europe to entertain the doughboys who were still in service there. And his

RADIANT Health!



HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear skin, come when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, charm. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

... WHEN YOU PURIFY YOUR SYSTEM THE SAL HEPATICA WAY!

IT'S easy enough for *sixteen* to bubble over with high-spirits. But after that first flush of youth, you can't feel exuberant and look lovely unless you keep your system free of poisons.

Sal Hepatica will keep your entire blood stream fresh and pure. For Sal Hepatica is no ordinary laxative. It is America's great saline—it contains the same salines as do the health springs of Wiesbaden and Carlsbad and Aix.

First of all Sal Hepatica flushes wastes and poisons from your digestive tract—

and gently. But because it *is* a saline it does more. It purifies and tones up your whole system—keeps you from getting sick. It combats colds, headaches, acid system, rheumatism.

And how much lovelier you look! Your skin is translucently clear. Your eyes sparkle. There's new spring in your step. You feel young and look young. Whatever you do, you *enjoy!*

Just get a bottle of Sal Hepatica, and try this saline road to health! You'll feel like a different person!

MANY OF THE COMMON ILLS OF LIFE YIELD TO SAL HEPATICA



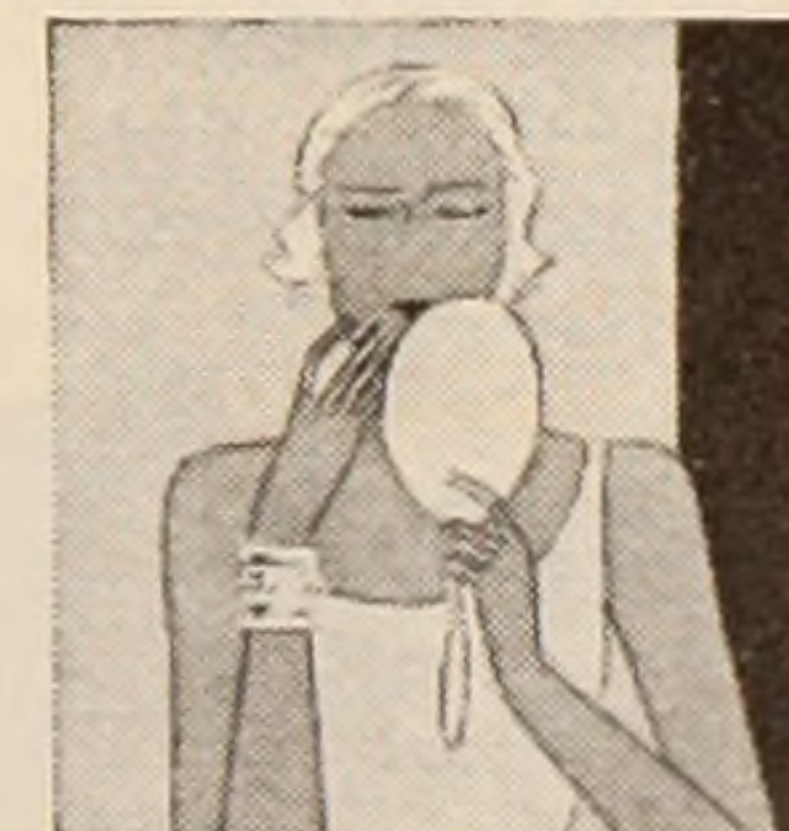
CONSTIPATION



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COMPLEXION



RHEUMATISM

SAL HEPATICA



are you "Hair-Conscious?"

Worrying about your hair—wondering if it's looking its best—destroys poise, makes you self-conscious and ill at ease. Don't be guilty of nervously pushing in pins and constantly tucking in stray wisps of hair. And don't, *for heavens sake*, let falling hair pins embarrass you. Depend on Sta-Rites to keep your hair securely in place at all times. Remember, too, that Sta-Rites come in three different styles, each designed to meet a particular hair dressing need.

NEW DE LUXE BOB PINS

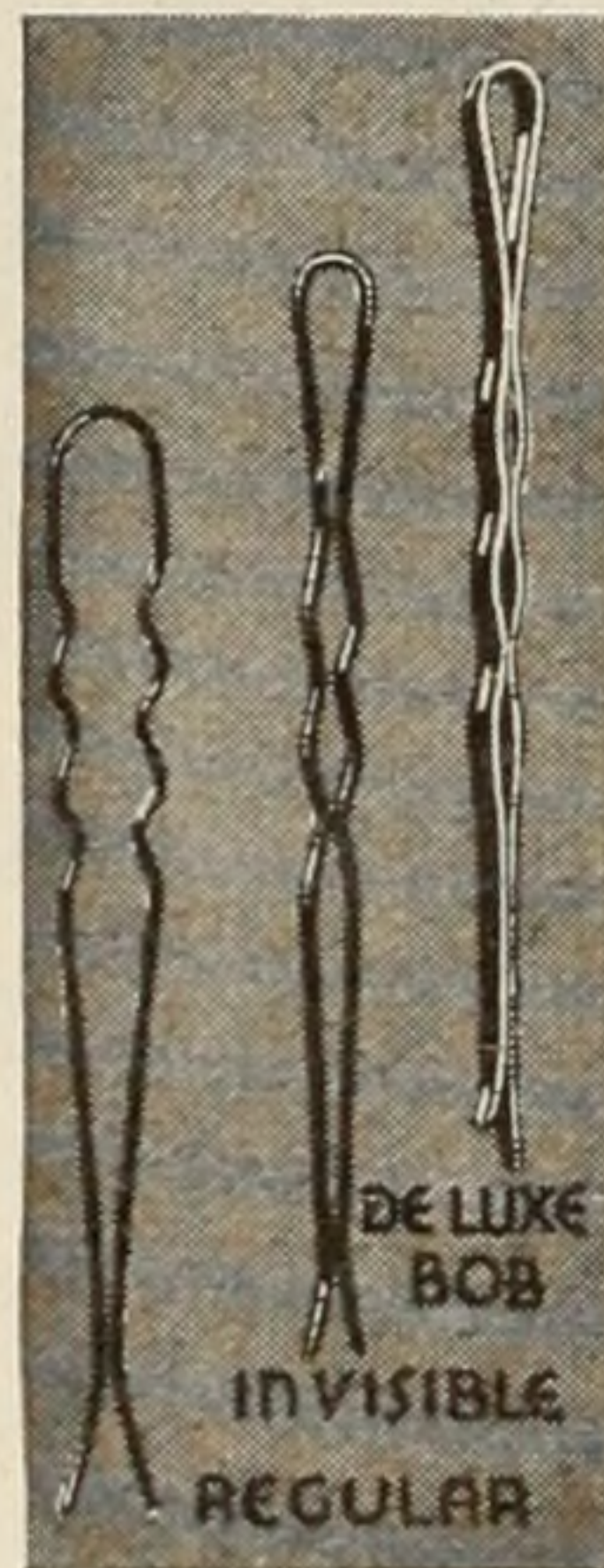
Flat on the inside, round on the outside, they are stronger, smoother and neater than ordinary flat bobs, and less visible in the hair.

REGULAR STA-RITES

Because of their exclusive design they keep the hair neatly in place for a longer time.

STA-RITE INVISIBLE BOBS

Made from small round spring steel wire, they are tight gripping and fashionably inconspicuous.



New Sta-Rite Wave Set

The colorless wave set that will not flake or scale. Comes ready to use—easily applied—leaves hair soft, lovely and natural. Eliminates the dull, lifeless look so common when hair is waved at home.

At your favorite store or send twenty-five cents for complete dressing table assortment.



"Precious little aids to beauty"

buddies learned that this fellow, who could never entertain them at their informal gatherings because he had nothing to say, could hold them spellbound by his acting. The submerged self which went into his letters also expressed itself in eloquent glory when he was playing that he was some other fellow.

THEN Warren came home. The actors' strike was on, so times were tough even for an actor of his ability. Work came eventually, as it always does to those for whom Fate has decreed fame from the beginning.

On the road with "I Love You" in the rôle Richard Dix played on Broadway. Fifty weeks which produced more letters. It's perfectly obvious why the William family must always live in a house with a garret.

In "Mrs. Jimmy Thompson" he was a pickle salesman; a dignified lawyer in "We Girls"; with Ruth Chatterton in "La Tendresse," a straight leading man. Pictures, too—a half-wit carpenter with whiskers is one product of the silent days. Mrs. William explains that when she married him in 1923, she felt an urge far greater than love—a compelling need that seemed to draw her—a feeling that he was going to do big things and that she could and must find her happiness helping him.

There was a long list of plays after they were married. "Twelve Miles Out," "Let Us Be Gay"—it would take a page to print them. Successes and flops, about equally divided.

Warren didn't want to play in "The Vinegar Tree." But work was scarce—you know what success it won. Mary Boland and Warren William. It brought him into the talkies. He finished his engagement in it on a Thursday night, hopped a plane and started work the

next Monday morning with Dolores Costello in her last screen appearance, "Expensive Women."

Whereupon Hollywood received its star who can't talk—except for strictly professional purposes on the screen. And his studio fell heir to a problem. Movie-goers want to know who's who and what's what about rising stars. The movie capital is a Babel of publicity—actors and actresses and their press-agents—so even a shrinking violet's praises have to be shouted in self-defense. A star's public has a right to know about him. But how can they if their favorite is possessed by an overpowering shyness that prevents him talking to reporters even when they seek him out?

They wanted him to appear at the electrical parade in honor of Franklin D. Roosevelt's visit. He said, "No." They thought he was being temperamental. He wasn't. He'd heard that the stars would have to say "a few words" into the microphone. He did go, finally—and said, "Good evening."

HE loves the sea. That comes from his wish to avoid people. He has owned three yachts, and he's going to buy one soon for the Pacific Ocean. Then he'll go away and commune with the waves that don't talk to him or expect him to talk back—which is fine for Warren, but not so helpful to his public.

It does seem there's only one thing for Warren William to do, while he's on land and making pictures, if he's to be understood by his professional associates—producers, directors, fellow players, as well as interviewers and admirers.

He must write all Hollywood and all fandom a stream of his inimitable letters.

"I Got A Divorce, Because—"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

economically—drove around in a small, inexpensive car. I am a peasant at heart and always I shall remain that way. I love home and books and fireplaces. That ees cruel for anyone to zink zat."

"Then," I countered, "they are thinking that you fell in love with Jeanette MacDonald and no man's life could hold two loves at once, especially if one of the ladies happens to be his wife."

"No, really, they are not saying zat, are they?"

FOR the first time since we began talking I thought I detected a bright little light in the Chevalier eyes, a light which any actor could keep controlled like a business man can put on a poker face.

"It has been rumored," I assured him. He threw up his hands then and a little frown puckered his brow. He looked exactly like a small boy who's been suddenly called upon by his teacher and doesn't know the answer.

"Eet ees an injustice to 'Jonette,'" he said, after a moment. "She is a fine actress and we have worked together harmoniously in many pictures. But her fiancé, Bob Ritchie, was in zee studio every moment of our love scenes together. Please say to those who believe thees story that I am not in love with 'Jonette,' I have never been in love with her. I have no plans for another marriage and thees vow will hold good for a very long time, if not forever."

"Then what?" I entreated. "Won't you come through and tell just what was wrong with your marriage?"

Maurice's expression dropped to a noticeable sadness and he sat meditating for quite a while. Suddenly, he looked up and his eyes lighted on the pedestrians in the street below.

"Do you see those women hurrying home?" he asked quietly. I nodded.

I stood at the window beside him, studying

the six o'clock throng moving briskly through the twilighted, winter evening to the subways and street cars which would take them home; home to small apartments and big houses dotted throughout the city and suburbs, many of them to join husbands after a day at the office or shop. Some of these women would be bored all evening, some of them would be secretly railing at their fate, some of them would sit quietly listening to husbands relate their clever business *coups*, all the while, perhaps, thinking of someone else.

"I don't know," I admitted, "perhaps four out of every seven are happy and the other three are miserable. Our American divorce rate is three out of every seven marriages, I believe."

"And what can they do about it?" Maurice asked, spiritedly. Before I thought of an answer, he went on:

"Nothing—usually! If they're rich—or if the husband can make enough money to do the elegant thing—the chivalrous thing—in the gentlemanly manner, he will release the wife on whose nerves he is constantly treading." He had said enough now to make him want to go on and explain.

MARRIED people who are not suited to each other's temperament get horribly on each other's nerves. Eet starts as small arguments—over nothing. The arguments become more frequent. Suddenly, you wake up to the realization that you are both quarreling over trivial things and that these things become tremendous issues.

"Anyone who has gone through the horror of incompatibility will understand what I mean. Two people, who, through days of bickering, petty quarreling, magnifying issues which normally could be laughed off, gradually strangle the love that once was theirs.

"And then, too late, they discover that in

place of the lovely, fragile emotion which they held in their hearts for each other, there is nothing left but a void; a constant dread of a new encounter with a foolish triviality only to bring out again that "ole devil" incompatibility.

"Thees ees what happened to us—to Yvonne and to me—after seven years of marriage."

I looked at Chevalier and he had suddenly grown a bit haggard in those boyish lines around his mouth. There was no actor play in what I saw in his eyes that day. He seemed so helpless, so lonely, so completely stripped of all sham.

I remember Maurice's parting words as we said goodbye that evening. He said: "If you *must* tell all this, please tell those who have wanted to know that I have been a gentleman all the way through this divorce, I have executed every detail of our arrangement in the elegant, Continental manner. And no matter how long we live nor how far apart we may be, I shall always hope Yvonne and I can be good friends!"

Here's to You, Son—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

into the world, so when a thing is as completely pigeon-holed and settled as that you rarely bring the matter up for discussion.

Why this subject of parenthood should be too sacred to permit of any new ideas towards perfecting it, I have never understood, but let a voice be raised in dissent, let a brave soul agree with Emil Ludwig, that only weak and apathetic natures see in their children the highest consummation of their lives, and they will call forth such a diatribe from the public press as would scorch them alive.

Personally, a controversy delights me and one of these days I'm going to start one on that subject.

There was no need to ask young Doug here just where his father stood with him. I had seen them come down the stairway with their arms around each others shoulders and laughing like a couple of freshmen on a lark. But I turned to him anyway with the question.

"What do you think of your father, Doug?"

He shot a quick look at me, his eyes laughing. He thought I was framing some gag and he was not going to be caught napping.

"No wisecrack," I said. "I'm serious."

HIS face sobered instantly and he answered, "He's the best friend I'll ever have. You know we've never been a conventional father and son."

"What do you mean by conventional father and son?" I demanded.

"Oh, the sort that treats his offspring as a sounding board for his own egoism. Herman let me think for myself but we did everything together."

I turned to Douglas again, hoping the chatter down the long table would continue so we could talk uninterrupted.

"Was this a theory of yours as to how children should be brought up?"

"Oh Lord, no," he answered. "No theory, I just wanted 'George' to express himself, not me. Don't misunderstand me. I think a lot of youngsters who express themselves are simply being ill-mannered. Like the little boy who was at a party with his mother and suddenly yelled, 'Mother I heard what you said. Mother you are a fool.' At which his mother smiled charmingly and explained, 'You see my son has been brought up to express his mind without fear.'

"George's mother and I taught him good manners and let him grow."

My mind turned back to the first time I ever saw young Doug. He was living with his mother at the Hollywood Hotel. He must have been all of eight years old.

The famous old hostelry on Hollywood Bou-

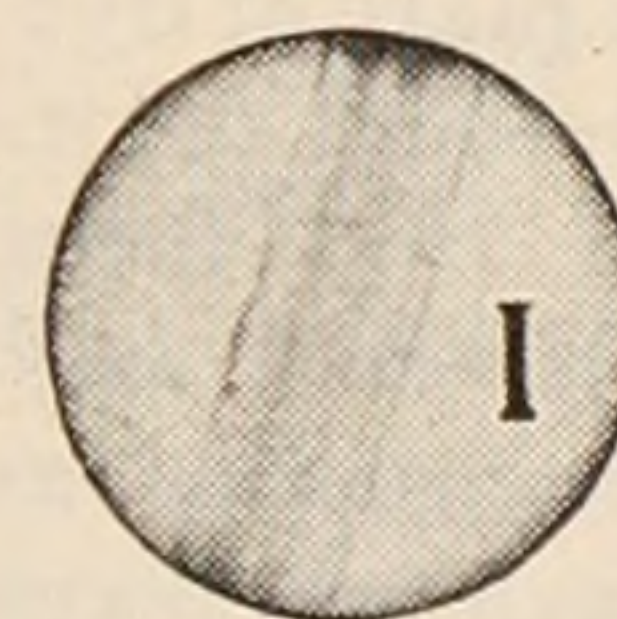
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And here's a great health factor. During colds, Kleenex does not infect hands and pockets as does a handkerchief, from whose fibers germs are dis-

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YOU USED TO BE

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You must cherish your beauty! Re-color your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the shaft—and colors the hair where nature does . . . Notox shades duplicate nature's own—and *keep* their even shade just as permanently as natural color no matter how much you wave or wash your hair or expose it to the sun.

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COLORS HAIR INSIDE
WHERE NATURE DOES

levard sheltered under its tile roof all the famous names of the screen at one time or another, and its Thursday night dances, held in the lobby of the hotel, were as informal and gay as moonlight hayrides.

Everyone of note in the film world attended those weekly affairs.

I have a mental picture of young Doug, sitting on the broad stairway that led into the lobby, dressed in a magnificent cowboy outfit; metal-studded belt, lasso, longhaired chaps and all.

Undoubtedly, he had been permitted to wear this costume as a pacifier for being too young to join the dancers.

HE would sit there with his elbows on his knees, chin cupped in his hands and watch the people making merry, and, in all probability, dreaming of the time when he would outstride Tom Mix and capture the bandit, or else lick big Bill Farnum in a hand-to-hand combat.

It was pretty hard to reconcile that youngster in chaps dreaming on the stairway with the muscular, bronzed young man impeccably dressed in evening attire, sitting on my right. Scarcely more than fourteen years could have passed and half of those years covered the period of adolescence; yet here was a fellow who had already won distinction as a writer, artist, sculptor and actor, any one of which is an accomplishment.

Time alone does not account for such amazing development. He is that rare person possessing not only many talents but also the talent to make use of them, and say what you will, the method of his bringing up accounts for much of it.

Somewhere along the line, probably from observing what went on around him, young Doug must have learned that it is fatal to be average.

He'll never be that. He does not follow the crowd.

His short articles on other film luminaries are unique and utterly delightful, principally because of his ability to pin down in a single paragraph their various idiosyncrasies.

He is audacious. Will use an indelicate word now and then but never infringes on the nicer rules of human etiquette.

"How did you learn to write at your early age?" I asked him. "Don't you know that it is an American tradition that one must serve at many things before becoming a good writer?"

"Well, you see," he answered, "I secured the waste-paper basket concessions at all the big clubs and hotels and from these I pilfered enough cast-off manuscripts to learn about life—"

"Stop it," I cried. "If you won't be serious for a second I'll leave you to play with your silver for awhile."

And now young Doug will want to murder me for what I am going to tell you.

At my first meeting with him after he grew up, I couldn't observe him without confusion. Silly statement that, but true. He seemed more sophisticated than anyone I had ever known and the contradiction between his youthful years and that state of affairs sort of embarrassed me. Then I saw him again and came to a conclusion.

His sophistication is simulated. It's part of a defense.

MANY people think on first meeting with him that he is high-hat. Even Joan had that impression before they really knew each other. That's part of the defense, too. Defense against what, you ask?

He hates to be so young.

His mind and abilities are far ahead of his years, and I'm sure he is always afraid that strangers will discover how youthful he is and treat him as such.

He will do anything, try anything, wants every experience of life, and is eager and enthusiastic when once you break down that world-wise exterior, which proves his is not a real sophistication. Sophisticates are usually

blasé, particularly about the thrills that life has to offer.

Recently a famous educator, Dr. Schmulhausen, lectured on psychoanalytical matters, in Los Angeles. Men like Upton Sinclair, Judge Ben Lindsey and others were on the reception committee in honor of the gentleman, but young Doug was head of the committee and master of ceremonies.

Rather remarkable company for a lad in his early twenties.

THAT night, during dinner, I noticed that Douglas enjoyed a glass of wine with his food, and commented on it, knowing that in former years he never drank anything stronger than tea.

"That's true," he answered. "I never tasted alcohol in my life until about five years ago. But George liked a glass now and then so I got to taking one with him." Then he added smilingly, "You know a glass of beer or wine serves to increase the feeling that life is a very agreeable thing."

If a few short years have developed young Doug into a personage, the last three or four have done something fine for Douglas also.

He is still forceful, dynamic, but he has grown much warmer, more human. He has learned something that few people ever know—the great art of listening, of seeming to be completely absorbed in what is being said at the moment.

I have only known half a dozen people who could listen. So few realize that flashes of silence improve any conversation.

Douglas' attitude toward young Doug narrows to a very thin line, the difference in their ages, the late forties and the early twenties.

Father and son meet and play golf, shake up something hidden in the locker, indulge in a few cigarettes and later, perhaps, sit together in the front row of the hottest show in town.

I feel the inner man in Douglas Fairbanks has captured something of priceless value these last few years. Perhaps the leisure he has taken for himself has done it. Most people work and live too fast to think, and there is no growth without thought.

The story comes to mind that on Douglas' last birthday someone gave him a party and during the course of dinner Mary was asked how old Doug was.

She replied, "He's twenty-one going on twenty."

Douglas responded by looking fondly at her and answering, "That's right Mary—a man is old only when his imagination becomes so feeble he can no longer fancy himself in love."

As this story is written, I learn that young Doug is busier than an orchestra following a newsreel. He is working on a picture called "Sucker," is writing a book for which he is also making the drawings, and has a play in mind which he hopes to get time to put on paper.

I GOT to wondering if there was no limit to his abilities and just what heights he would reach within the next ten years, so I wired him and asked what he hoped to be doing ten years from now.

His answer is typical:

"First I hope to be situated so that in case I want to go to the U. S. C.—Notre Dame football game I can do so without having to work nights to make up for it. After that, all I can say is ten years is a long time. No man can look ahead that far because too much beyond the horizon obscures his view. The reason you make plans is so you can change them. Nobody hoping to progress will hold unswervingly to a fixed course. It may be wise to take a different road through a new field if your pathway is hopelessly obstructed, but only prophets with long grey beards make predictions, and beards are out of style just now. If a fellow can bring to himself some measure of success in any field, he should feel satisfied."

Well, whatever you do Doug, Jr., your biggest success will have been making good with "Herman."

Clara is the Ideal Wife

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

wrong during the day. Maybe the sound-machine went flooie. Or I've done stunts all day and am badly bruised up. Perhaps they rushed us to death to get a lot of shots before sundown, and I'm fit to be tied. For the moment, they can take the whole picture business and toss it in the Los Angeles river. I do a rave, although ordinarily I'm not much of a raver.

Does Clara blow up because I bring my troubles home and let off a little steam? Not that girl. She knows all about it. She stays very calm, has dinner sent up to our room where we can dine in cozy privacy, and talks it over with me. In no time at all, everything is smoothed over and cooled off. She understands all about it. I don't have to tell her just what happened, in detail. Half the time, you can't put it in words. But she has had identical experiences herself. Even if she has troubles of her own at the time, she doesn't mention them until she has me "yessed" and happy. Of course, she "yesses" me. And, of course, I love it.

THE next morning, when I go to work, all is serene. Generally I have completely forgotten whatever it was that sent me home grumbling. "They can have their picture business—I'll take horses."

Clara is domestic. She likes to see the house looking nice and orderly, but always livable. Only she has that sixth sense, that sort of God-given instinct, for keeping a man comfortable. Lots of good housewives never learn it. If I kick off my boots and chaps wherever I happen to be, or set up a rubbing-table in the parlor, Clara figures that probably the world won't come to an end—the damage isn't very serious, and maybe it will all come out in the wash, anyway. You see, I live there *too*. She knows whatever she wants to do will be okay with me.

I am no hen-pecked husband. Clara lets me think I'm the head of our house, and that's more than lots of men can say. She asks my advice about everything. She wouldn't think of making an investment or signing a contract without consulting me. And she won't enter into any long contracts, for that would keep us from going to the ranch when we want to, or might separate us for weeks at a time.

My wife makes more decisions on my business affairs than her own. She will put up a better fight for me than I can. She intercedes on contracts and studio matters and gets more for me than I would think of asking. I can do the same for her. If you love someone, you can promote that person's interests better than your own.

We always try to help each other. She has more faith in me than I have. She likes my friends and I like hers. We never criticize them. We are fond of each other's relatives, would do anything for them except let them interfere with our marriage. We do not allow them to advise us in our domestic relations or business matters. That leads to misunderstandings, and we prefer to make our own decisions, even if they are wrong sometimes.

WE have absolute faith in each other. We do not attempt to trap each other with questions as I have seen so many young married people do. That's fatal. It means there is suspicion some place. Having faith, not fear, is the way to be happy.

People ask me about that "ole debbil," professional jealousy, since we are both, as it were, members of the same club. Not a chance, I tell 'em. Clara would like nothing more than to see me the biggest star in the business. She was the biggest star once, and can be again if she wants to be. I enjoy seeing her success and her pleasure in it.



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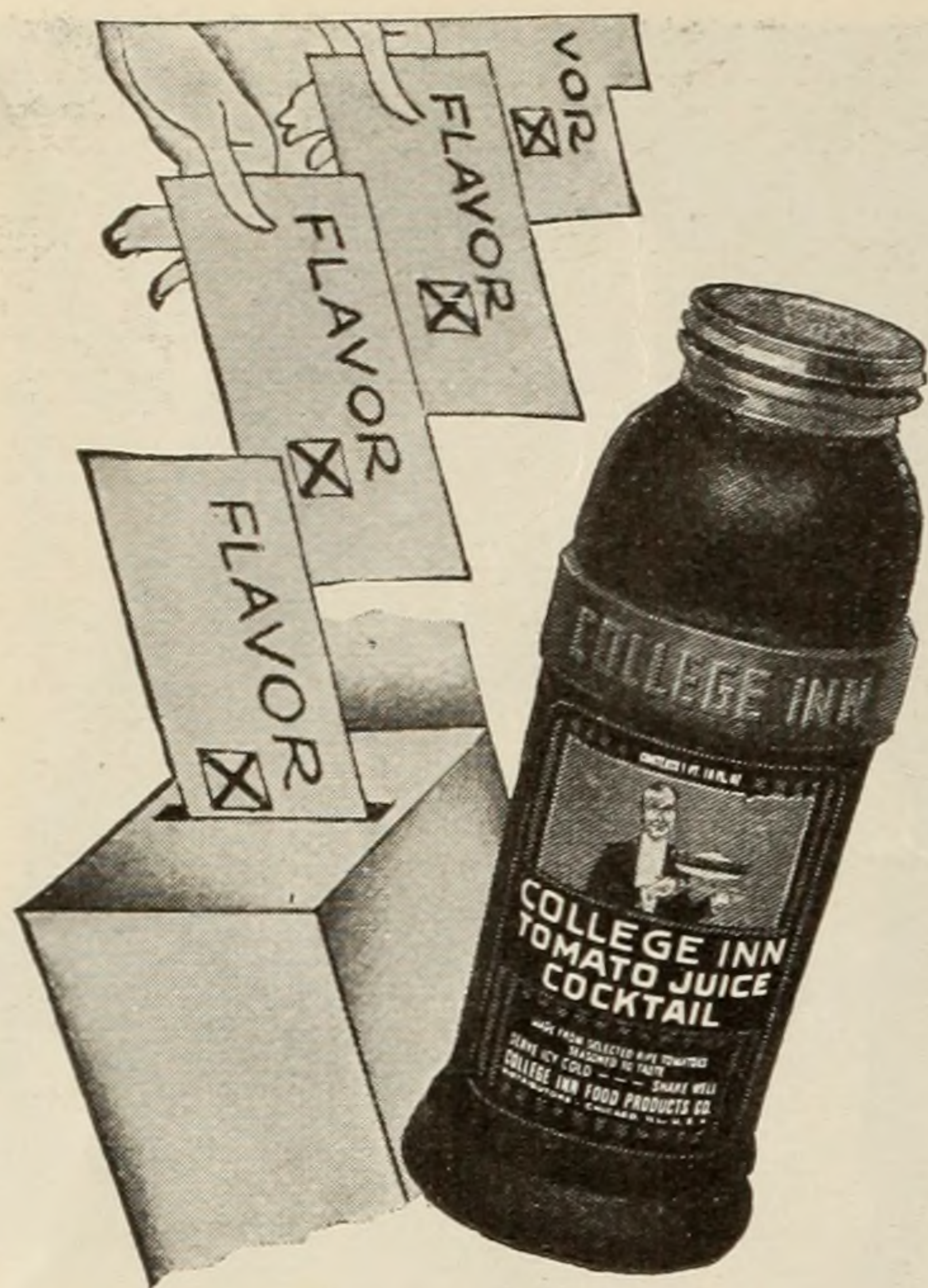
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We do not think that two people can remain in pictures indefinitely and be happy. The pressure is too great. We want to work hard while we are young, get our money and back away. I think one member of the family can continue longer, and it should be the husband. At any rate, I would never be happy idle, no matter what I did. My wife and I look forward to the time when we can live on our ranch the year round, do some traveling when we want to, and have children. Two, I think, would be ideal.

Clara is domestically inclined, but she is not the type who can go out in the kitchen and help someone else get dinner. In other words, do the puttering. She is no putterer. No sir. She has to take the department over and run the works. She would rather have her pie fail on her own initiative than succeed on somebody else's. That is like her. Whenever she has been in a jam, she hasn't tried to shift the blame to anyone else.

We live quietly when we are working, spending many evenings alone playing two-handed bridge until nine o'clock and then going to bed. We have our own bed-rooms, because my stu-

dio cal's are generally two or three hours before hers and she can sleep that much later.

Our friendships are all tried and true. We agree that it is a bad idea to form life-long attachments overnight.

Clara acts on impulse. I am more deliberate. She does impetuous things that spring from her heart. I have always sort of envied spontaneous people like that. You see imitations of it all over, but it can't be forced. Clara's is the genuine article.

From my observation, two opposite natures like ours get along better. We all like to discover new traits in our beloved. With all her other characteristics, Clara is lots of fun. I think too many wives overlook the importance of being a playmate as well as a helpmate. Clara and I could be cast away on a desert isle all alone, and have a good time every minute.

There's a whole lot to making a man contented and happy. It takes a smart girl, and one who loves her man. . . . But it takes a smarter one to make him want to make *her* happy. To feel that absolutely anything is worth giving to see her in fine spirits.

Perfect wife? Perfection plus, I think.

Why I Love Rex Bell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

in the house, jumping all over everything . . . dragging the china off the table when we're at dinner, chewing up our best living-room rug. You know how playful they are. And when a Great Dane is playful . . . Oh, Lordy!

So we have our tiffs about whether the dogs will remain outside or whether they'll come in. And so far it's been fifty-fifty.

Then I love monkeys. And Rex doesn't. Except in a zoo. And so we have our words over monkeys every once in a while. . . . But really, that's about all.

And that's not very much to get excited about, is it?

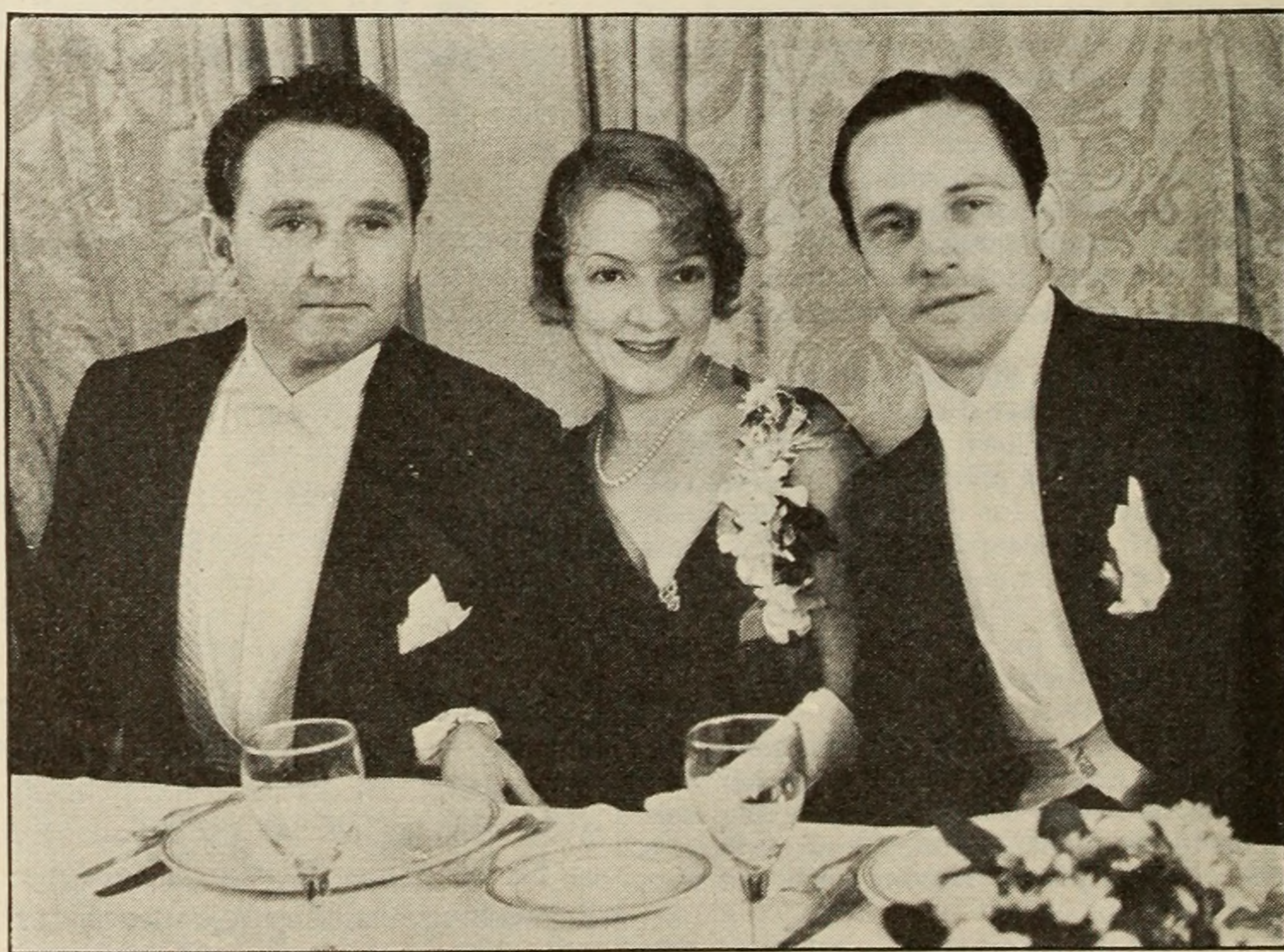
Speaking of zoos, where do you suppose I took Rex the first minute he arrived in New York? The Bronx Zoo, of course! And did he love it!

You see, here we are with only three days

left before sailing for Europe . . . and I wanted Rex to see something of New York. It seemed a shame going all the way off to Europe and strange places when you haven't even had one tiny peep at the grandest town in the world. So I thought the zoo was the best place to start.

But the funniest thing was this. We were motoring up Riverside Drive to get to the zoo. All at once, Rex made the chauffeur stop the car. "Isn't that Grant's Tomb?" he asked. And what do you think, here I was born and bred in Brooklyn and I'd never even seen Grant's Tomb . . . didn't even know where it was. Can you beat it! I suppose Rex will be the one who'll discover the things worth seeing while we're traveling.

If you've talked to Rex, he's probably told you about my cooking. He always does talk



Laurels to you, Frank Borzage, for your deft direction of "Bad Girl." And to you, Helen Hayes, for that great emotional performance in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Three cheers, Freddie March for your work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." No wonder the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences gave this trio the highest awards of 1933. Bravo!

about that. I expect he didn't think I could do it. Particularly since his mother is one of the grandest cooks alive. Well, if he hasn't told you about my three masterpieces, I'm going to brag right now. If you ever come out to visit us on the ranch you're going to taste biscuits and angel food cake and devil's food cake that will make your eyes roll right up to heaven.

Sure, I had to use a cook book at first . . . to learn how to measure things. It always bored me to have to measure everything exactly. So finally I just got sick of it and threw the darn book away. Then I started to play around with my own ideas on how to cook vegetables and meats and make sauces. Oh, boy! you know the kind of grand rich food that makes one put on pounds and pounds. . . . Well, I put on the *pounds* and *pounds*. You've heard about that. But when that got serious I took them all off again by sticking to a tough diet for three months, and exercising and having daily massages . . . and racing around the ranch like mad.

NO, I wasn't irritable. Ask Rex. I never felt better in my life. And Rex says I never looked better either. But that's the wonderful thing about Rex. He's so thoughtful. He remembers all the little things to say that mean so much to a woman. And he remembers to do all the sweet little things that most men forget, or never even think about. He *never* gives me a chance to be really irritable.

I mean things like this: When I was working like a horse at the studio all day, coming home ready to drop in my tracks at night, there, in our Beverly Hills house, would be Rex, waiting to pull my shoes off for me. And if I looked grumpy and too tired to talk, he'd just be quiet . . . not say a word until I was ready to talk to him.

And while I was here in New York for the premiere of "Call Her Savage," and Rex was making "Diamon' Trail" and "Crashin' Broadway" in Hollywood, he sent me flowers practically every day. And every day there was a letter and a telegram. And we talked to each other on long distance at least ten times.

Well, we've been kidded for that . . . told we acted like sweethearts, not like husband and wife. But if more husbands and wives were thoughtful in this way, there'd be more happiness in the world.

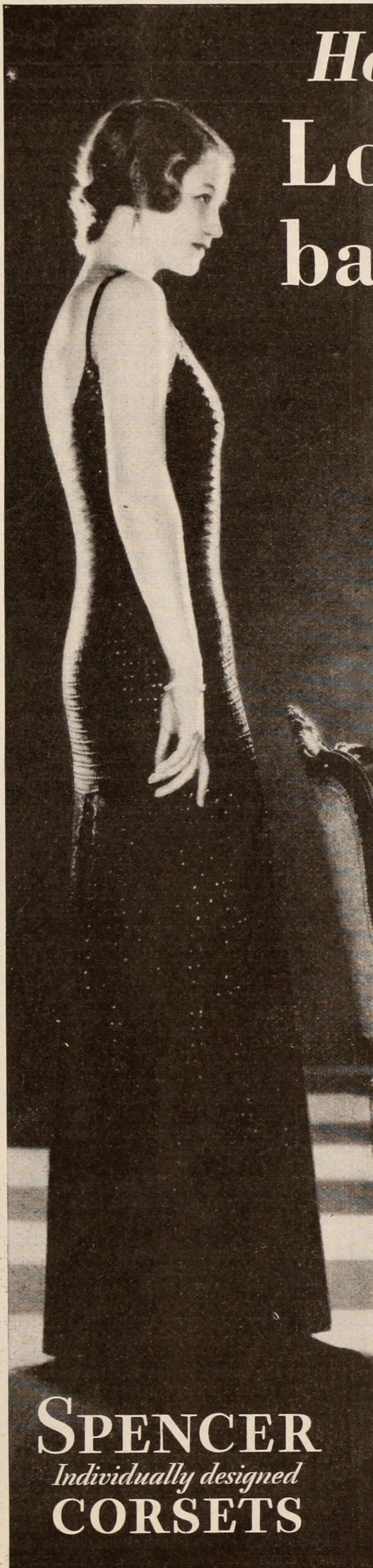
Of course, Rex doesn't understand all my moods. I don't think men ever do understand all the different things that go on in a woman's mind, do you? But Rex isn't like the rest of them. He doesn't ask questions. He doesn't force me to give explanations until I'm ready. And then I always do.

LIKE the day he arrived from Hollywood. We were both terribly excited at the thought of seeing one another. I hadn't slept more than two hours the night before. And I'd been ill all week with laryngitis. What makes it worse, I wouldn't stay in bed as the doctor ordered. I won't give in. When you've fought everything all your life, you even fight a silly thing like a sore throat. That's me, you see.

Then I rushed down to the station an hour early and sat there in the cold, getting more fidgety every minute. And finally, there was Rex . . . Looking all worn out and dark under the eyes as if he hadn't slept a wink either. Which he hadn't.

Well, women are funny. Naturally, he was excited to death to see me. But do you know, I was just too tired and weary after all that excitement of looking forward to his arrival to be anything but dumb . . . and a little weepy. Of course, Rex didn't exactly understand. . . . But he didn't act hurt. He just said: "Well, honey, you're all worn out. What you need is a lot of rest before that long trip of ours. So just you forget all about me. I can take care of myself. I won't bother you at all."

Now, do you understand why I love Rex?



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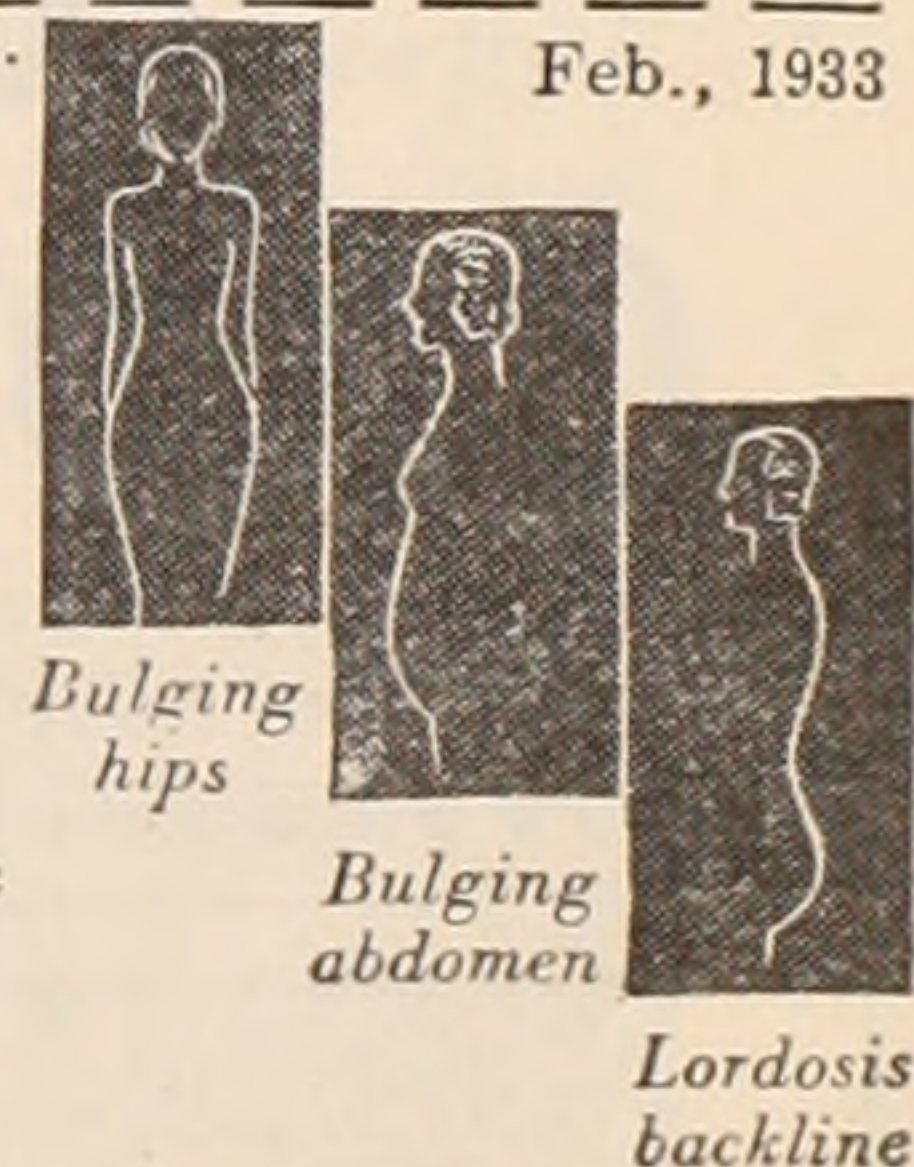
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PHOTOPLAY

is first always with latest Hollywood beauty secrets. Valuable hints for you every month

ZaSu, Good Samaritan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

Her friend, Julianne Johnston, was attending the Hollywood School for Girls at this time and on week-ends ZaSu would visit Julianne and prepare for the big dance at the Hollywood Women's Club, on Saturday nights. And what a time. "Oh, my!" ZaSu had herself a pink organdie that was a dress. It puffed and billowed and did strange things. And in her little pink organdie, round the floor she flew, a beautiful dancer, her trim ankles twinkling. Then the pink organdie would be carefully washed and ironed for the very next Saturday night.

IT was while she was still at the club that she fell in love with Tom Gallery. Madly and deeply. Her mother didn't want ZaSu to marry just yet and perhaps spoil that promising career, so up until the very last minute, ZaSu couldn't make up her mind what to do. It was awful. The very day they had planned to marry, ZaSu was still running around in circles.

The phone rang. The doorbell rang. Everything rang. ZaSu, unable to pack her suitcase amidst so much excitement, was running about waving a step-in in one hand and a nightgown in the other.

"All right, all right," Tom finally announced, "either you'll marry me or I'll go away this minute and not return." So that settled it, and a few minutes later ZaSu and Tom stepped into the car that King Vidor and Florence (now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz) had waiting, and were gone.

ZaSu gave him every ounce of love she knew how to give. But Tom's didn't last. With her two children, one by adoption (Barbara La Marr's little Sonny), she lives alone since their divorce.

ZaSu Pitts possesses the greatest understanding of any woman this or any other town ever had. There isn't a thing you could do, no matter how wretched and mean, there isn't a depth too low for you to sink, that ZaSu couldn't understand the whys and wherefores and reach out a helping hand. She has a terrific weakness for the weak.

Her works of charity are beyond number. In fact, only ZaSu herself knows. And often the people she has helped haven't the slightest idea of the source of the help given. She works quietly through friends and organizations.

One day, ZaSu met a former favorite of the screen on the street. She told ZaSu, with streaming eyes, of the help she had received from such and such a person. "Without it, I would have died," she said. "I'm glad, so glad," ZaSu said. And the friend never dreamed that ZaSu herself had been the one behind the helping hand.

MOTHERS and babies are her specialty. Hundreds and hundreds of little children, but for ZaSu Pitts, would have gone ragged and hungry.

She is a woman in constant, agonizing pain. Her body is never free for a moment, since the birth of her baby, from racking torture. Often at midnight she'll trail home from the studio, weary, aching with pain, tired from the long day's work, and at seven she's up and at the phone. Calling this party and that. "Did you get the money or the food to so and so? Will you do this today for them?" Or calling Central Casting, "You will help that little extra today, won't you? Please promise you will."

A certain actress whom ZaSu knew but slightly fell into deep trouble. It led to jail and ZaSu followed her. Day after day, with a thousand pressing things to do, she found time to visit this unfortunate woman. When they took her on to prison, hundreds of miles away from Hollywood, ZaSu didn't forget.

Time after time she made the long journey with candy, cigarettes, a joke, a smile, a hand-clasp and best of all, understanding.

On one of her trips to San Francisco, walking quietly along, ZaSu spied a very old man on a corner selling apples. His eyes looked pleadingly at the busy people hurrying by. Without a word, ZaSu seized the basket of apples, and was off. "Apples, mister. Apples, lady," she was calling. "Just a dollar. Here you are." Dashing out to cars, in and out of the crowd. The bewildered pedestrians were handing out dollars and clutching red apples in their hands without knowing just how it came about. In five minutes she had collected a handful of bills. The old man, to this day perhaps, wonders who this good Samaritan could have been.

But every so often the very ones she helps and benefits are the ones that turn against her. Lay plans to bleed her, or grumble openly at the amount given or the work secured.

It has never embittered her. "You see, the poor dears, it was really my fault. I just didn't understand," she'll say, hunting and searching for excuses to shield them.

Withal, she has a grand sense of humor. Or rather, a sense of the ridiculous. She laughs at things and at times when no one else would think of laughing. Her friends know it and they know better than to meet the glance of those violet eyes at certain times.

IN one of those Thelma Todd-ZaSu Pitts comedies there was a certain bit of business and dialogue, certainly not very funny, but every time the two girls reached that point and turned to look at each other—well, they couldn't go on. They grew hysterical and finally the whole crew, watching and waiting for that moment, grew hysterical with them. It was just funny to ZaSu and she'd have laughed if they'd have killed her.

Every man that has ever worked on her set adores her. Yet, she is a woman of strong positive personality. She knows exactly what she wants and gets it. There is nothing wishy-washy or negative about ZaSu. She's definite, strong, determined.

Once in a long while she'll lose her temper and then will quietly and firmly say what she thinks. They'll stand about her respectfully and a bit awed, and listen. And then she'll end it with one of those "oh, my's" and everyone will be in tears with laughter. ZaSu included.

She loathes jewelry and never wears it. But yet she has a passion for lovely clothes. And buys them for her friends to wear.

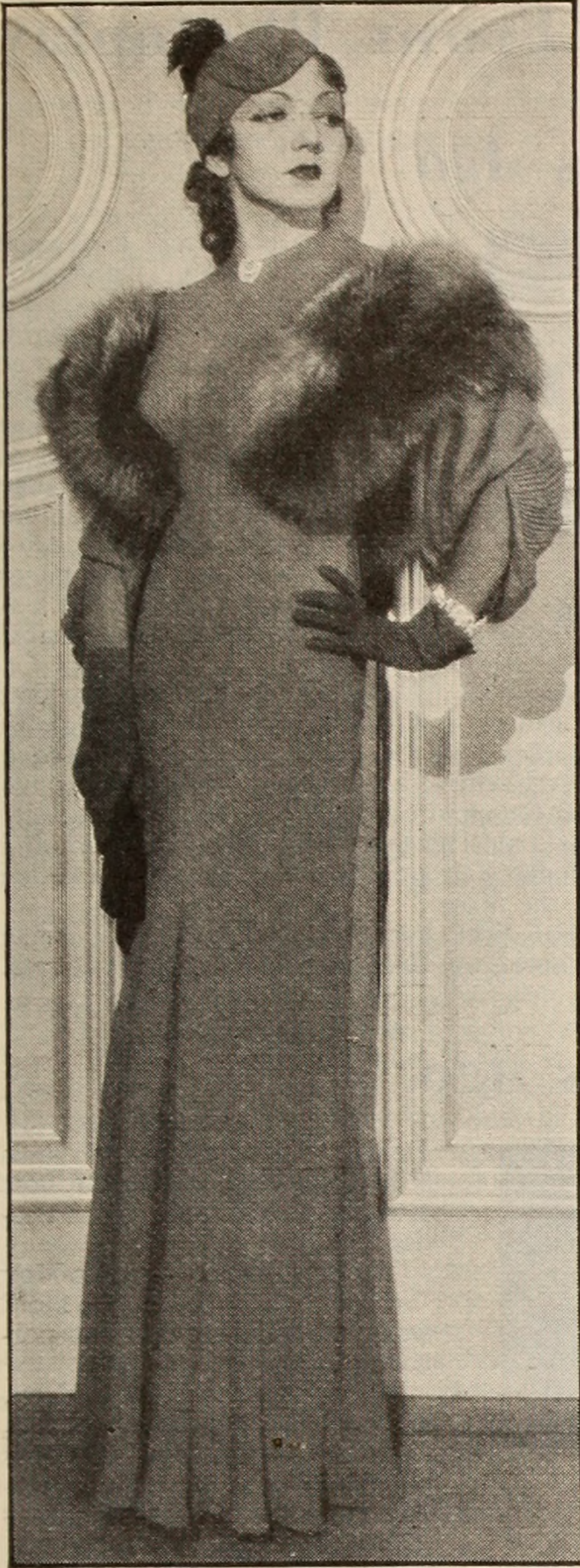
Did you ever hear the story of ZaSu's ermine coat? It seems ZaSu went out and purchased one. She then called all her friends on the phone and announced she now had an ermine coat for the girls to wear and to take turns now and decide when each of them wanted it.

And if I should tell the names of some of the stars in Hollywood that have strutted into the swanky Mayfair or glamorous openings in ZaSu's coat, you'd gasp with surprise.

THEY were laughing one day about ZaSu. It seems one of her friends returned the community coat, after the last Mayfair, and ZaSu looked it over. "My," she said, "I'll have to have this thing relined. The girls won't want to wear it with this old lining."

At openings, at swanky night clubs, at most any place stars gather and glitter, you'll never find ZaSu. She's like a shadow in this Hollywood that steals in and out of people's lives, hiding away within her own four walls with her two beloved children.

She's capable of great and lasting friendships.



Claudette Colbert wears this stunning costume in her new picture rôle of a queen. It seems she has taken a mad fancy to the little hat, with its jaunty feathering poking up out of the crown, so it will probably become another fashion fad. Her gown is a henna crepe trimmed with cross fox

Her dearest friends are those same girls of Studio Club days whom ZaSu knew when she was making a few dollars a week instead of her four-figured salary of today.

Europe, you know, rates her as one of the greatest of American actresses. Hollywood rates her the greatest clown. An artist worth little consideration. For instance, they seldom hand her a script. "Ad lib, ZaSu," they say, "just say anything."

Most of the time they never bother to write out dialogue for her.


They give her no special lighting. No thought. They drag back her hair from that lovely, sensitive face, hand her a drab rag or uniform, shove her on and she walks away with every scene they throw at her.

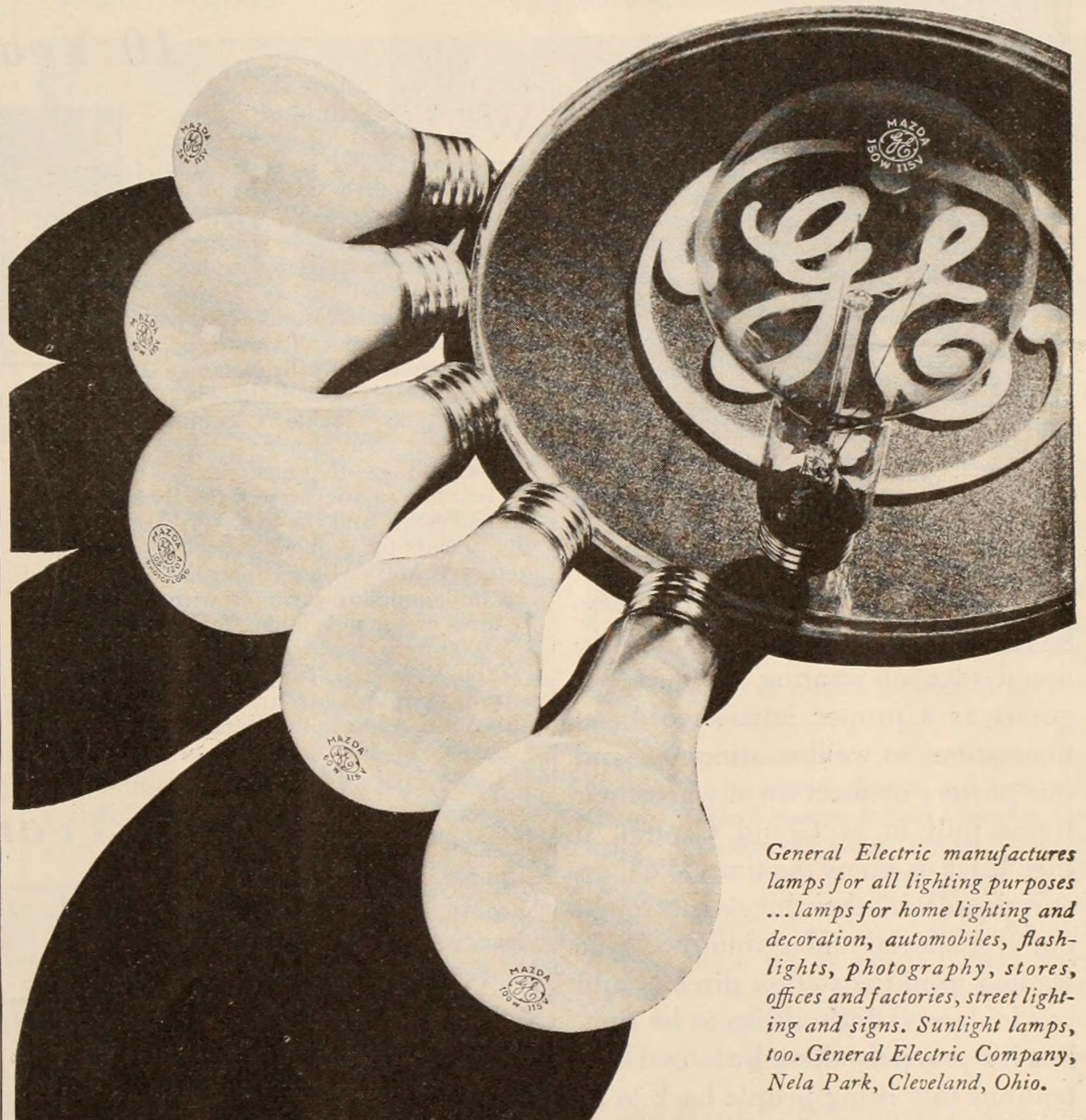
WHEN she can do so much with so little, what do you think would be the result if the same effort, care and opportunities afforded other actresses were given ZaSu Pitts?

Some day this Hollywood may awaken to a tremendous fact. They may eventually learn that here in their midst is this woman, a great and beautiful actress, and a great and beautiful character.

Some day—perhaps.

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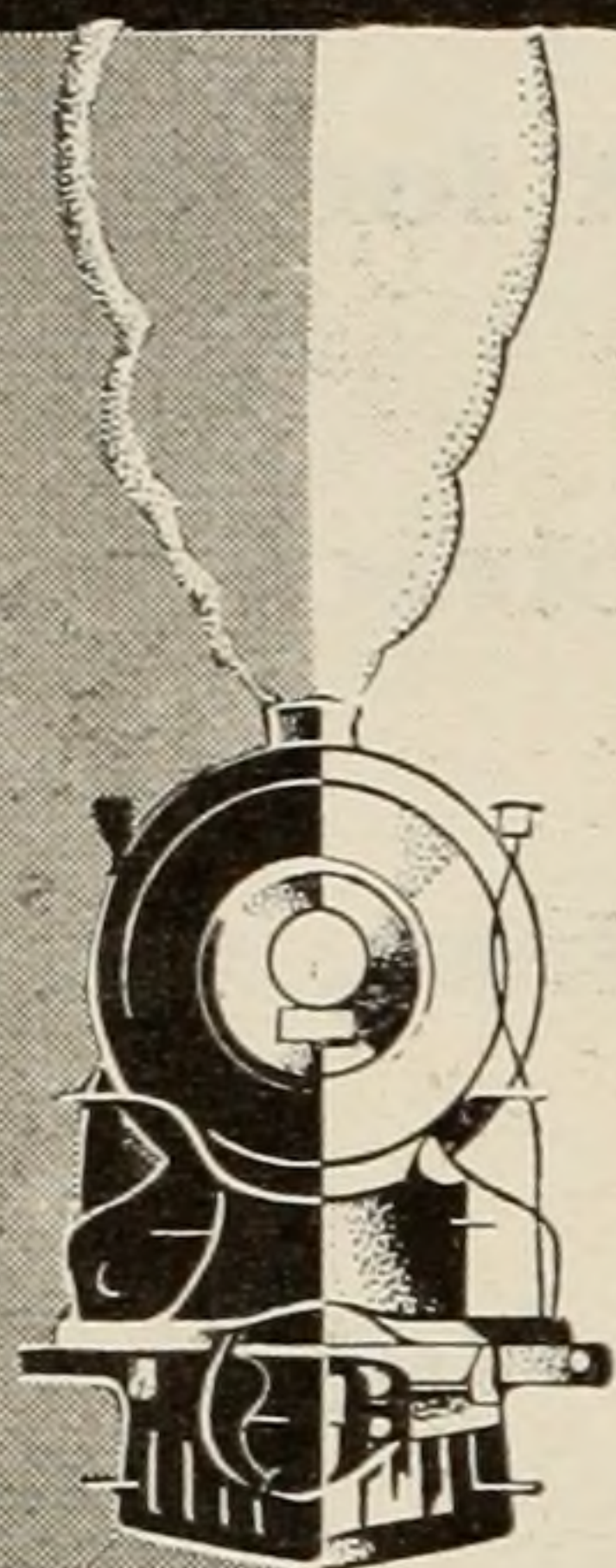


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WE'VE tried hard, but we *cannot* get over our old-fashioned idea of wanting to meet our guests as a proper host should—at the station. So we'll continue to send our porters to meet them when their trains pull in at Grand Central, if they'll let us know the time. We'll escort them, with their luggage, through our very special underground passage leading from the station directly into our lobby... a little thing, to be sure, but it's precisely these little extra attentions that bring people back to us again and again when they visit New York. When may we meet *your* train?

*Our new tariff is thrifty—
it starts at \$4.00.*

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Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York
Edward Clinton Fogg—Managing Director



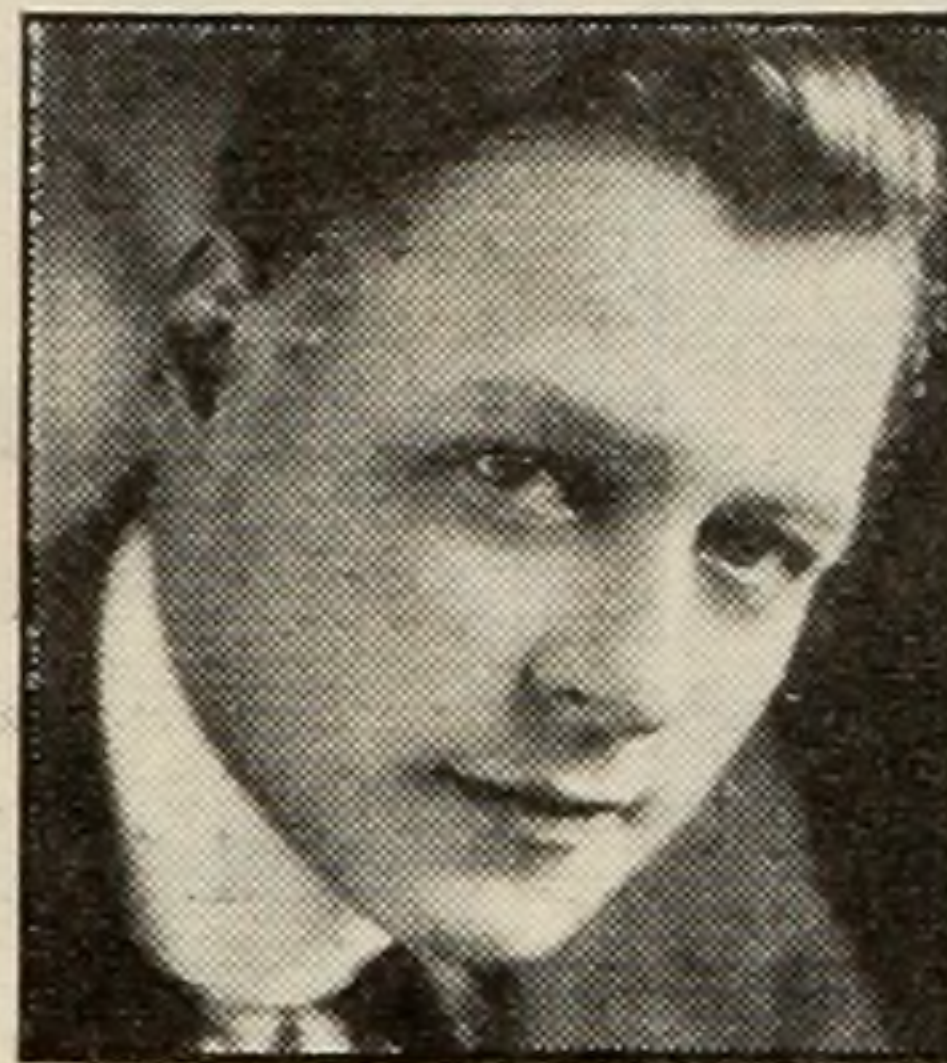
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

OUR doughboy readers must have been thrilled when they saw our February 1918 issue. All the biggest stars were enthusiastically knitting for them. Ethel Clayton, Marguerite Clark, Beverly Bayne, Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick and a bevy of others were pictured engaged in this patriotic endeavor.

Did you ever know that a McSweeney of Chicago made good in the movies in a big way? In the article "From Stenography to Stardom" we learned that Virginia Valli (now the wife of Charlie Farrell) started life as Virginia Helen McSweeney.

Who said the Viking invasion was comparatively recent? The Swedish Warner Oland reached Hollywood long before the Sphinx-like Garbo, and an interview revealed the interesting pre-movie career of this Scandinavian who excels in Oriental portrayals. The Mary Pickford-Marguerite Clark competition was raging.



Harold
Lockwood

A story on Harold Lockwood appeared also—the handsome, talented player whose successful career was cut short by death.

Families were featured in the rotogravure with cunning baby pictures of Jane and Katherine Lee, a charming sisterly pose of Norma and Constance Talmadge and Ethel Barrymore with her three beautiful children. Alice Joyce paraded across two pages as a ravishing model for the season's knock-outs of a fashionable couturiere.

Petrova's "Daughter of Destiny," the first of her own productions, was reviewed along with "Raffles" which brought John Barrymore back after having "been absent from pictures too long for pictures' good." Other features were "A Little Princess" with Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks' silent version of "Reaching for the Moon."

Cal York item: John Barrymore is being divorced by Katherine Harris, stage actress.

10 Years Ago

WHAT with all of us having to put our Rolls-Royces in storage for lack of gasoline, the way millions were tossed about in this number makes rather satisfying depression reading. Isn't it jolly to contemplate being able to refer to, say, half a million as a paltry sum? Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Ruth Roland, Cecil B. DeMille and that juvenile Midas, Jackie Coogan, had at that time acquired their hardest million—that first one.

Their film salaries were shrewdly invested in oil, real estate and the like. (Jackie Coogan's investments today include stock in a brassiere factory.) Mary Miles Minter had just finished her million-dollar contract with Paramount. Pictures of her new home, for which she paid \$150,000 were shown.

ZaSu Pitts and Tom Gallery, recently divorced, were then Mr. and Mrs., both playing with Agnes Ayres in "A Daughter of Luxury."



Pola
Negri

DeMille was making "Adam's Rib," with Pauline Garon, Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills and Theodore Kosloff.

The performance of Anna May Wong in "The Toll of the Sea" was mentioned as the best portrayal of the month.

Pictures of Dorothy Dalton, Elsie Ferguson, Nita Naldi, Charles deRoche, May McAvoy and Antonio Moreno bring pleasant reminders of these old favorites.

The then reigning vamp, the exotic Pola Negri, was the cover queen.

The six best pictures were "Peg o' My Heart" with Loretta Taylor; "The Beautiful and Damned," "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "Minnie," "The Hottentot" and "Down to the Sea in Ships," the film that started Clara Bow on her career.

Cal York item: Constance Bennett, starting her film career, announces frankly she is in pictures to make money.

5 Years Ago

CLARA BOW was very much to the fore. Her red-headed vivacity sparkled from the cover and the story of her life revealed her conquering spirit, so pluckily shown in her present comeback. She won plaudits in "Get Your Man," Charles (Buddy) Rogers playing opposite her.

Other lauded pictures were "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," featuring Ruth Taylor; "Chicago," with Phyllis Haver; "The Enemy," starring Lillian Gish; "The Legion of the Condemned," with Fay Wray and Gary Cooper, and the late Milton Sills in "The Valley of the Giants" with Doris Kenyon. "Wings" was the long-run picture on Broadway.

Places in the gallery were accorded Greta Garbo, Laura La Plante, Betty Bronson, Lupe Velez, John Mack Brown, Camilla Horn, Ruth Taylor, Renée Adorée and John Gilbert.

Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Bebe Daniels,



Ruth
Taylor

Sally O'Neil, Madge Bellamy, Joan Crawford, Olive Borden, Phyllis Haver, Janet Gaynor, Lois Moran, Mary Philbin and Jetta Goudal were dodging the wedding ring. Joan Crawford threatened never to marry as long as she could support herself. Of the famous twelve only four are still outside the marriage circle—the Misses Garbo, O'Neil, Moran and Philbin.

We told of finding Mary Miles Minter living in obscurity in Paris with her mother. She was a voluntary exile seeking peace after the publicity over the Taylor case.

The story of Lon Chaney's rocky road to fame revealed that, as the son of deaf and dumb parents, he unconsciously learned pantomime, this being his only means of communication with them.

Cal York item: It's a girl at the King Vidor's (Eleanor Boardman).

I Was Once A Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

won't, because it was only a bit. But the woman in that bit was me.

Ex-star! I'll say I am. There are lots of pictures you've seen me in lately, for the way things are I've been lucky. In the old days I helped a lot of people and made many friends, and now a few of them are glad to do something for me. It isn't so hard to throw a day's extra work, a bit, or even a small part my way if they want to—and some of those who "knew me when" are willing to do it.

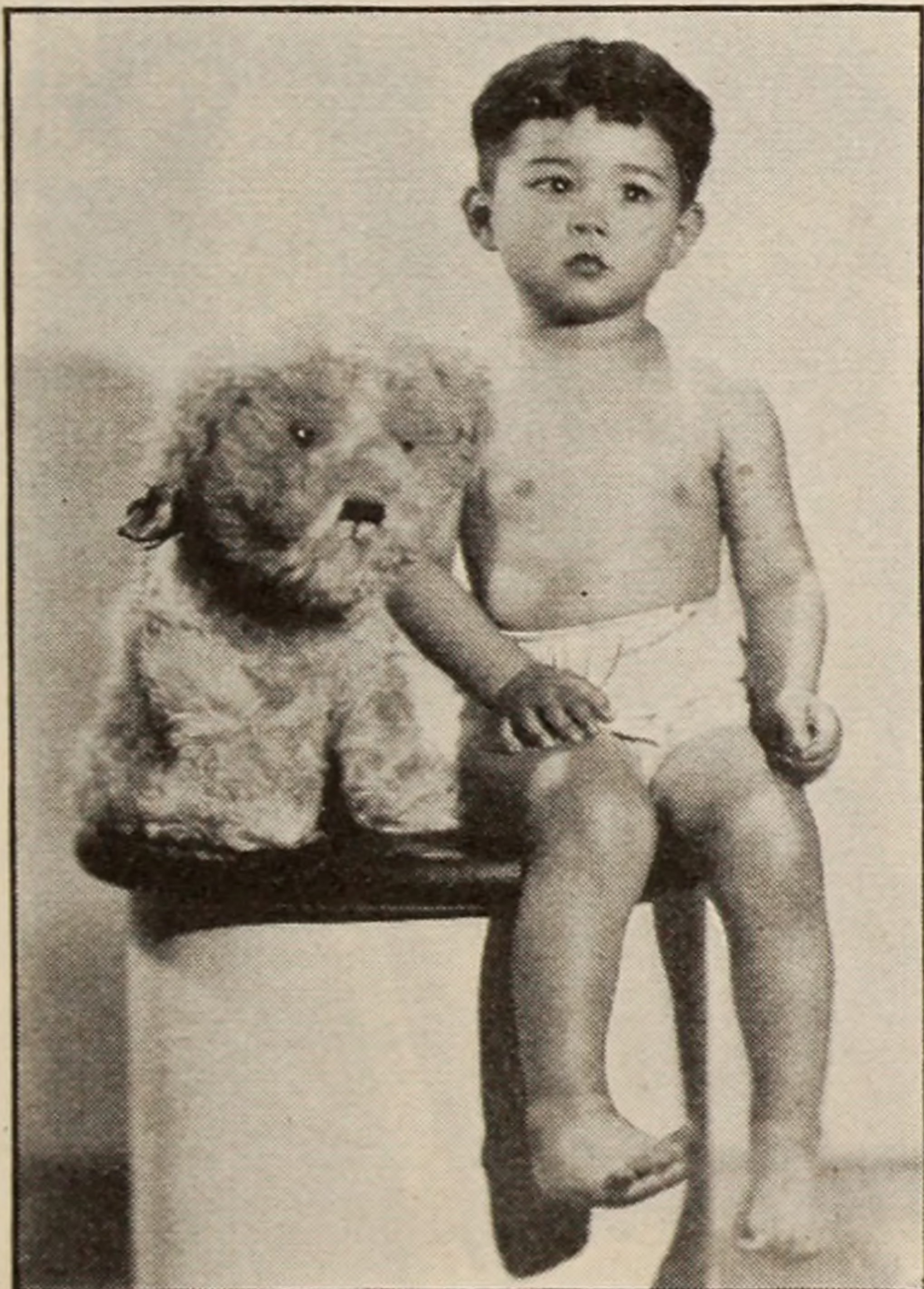
I'm willing to take whatever I can get. I've swallowed my pride long ago.

SOMETIMES the pill has been a bit bitter, though. It was especially bitter once. Thinking over old acquaintances whom I might ask for work, I remembered one whom I was sure would be glad to do something for me. I would almost have staked my life on him. He used to be my leading man. Since then he has become a director at one of the biggest studios, with big cars, a big house at Malibu, and all that sort of thing.

I helped him get his first job playing opposite me, and I used to help him even in his personal affairs, patching up his squabbles with his girl.

So sure was I of him and his welcome that I went all the way to his beach house to see him. Malibu is a long way from Hollywood for a girl who has to ride the bus, and the bus fare is a lot for a girl who is broke. But so sure was I that I gambled my last few cents to get there, and then walked from the end of the busline. He was giving a party. A lot of Hollywood's big names were there. I did not belong; I knew that directly I saw him. He took me quickly into a little anteroom where there was no danger of my being seen. Sandwiches and decanters were everywhere, and I was famished; but he didn't offer me anything to eat or drink. He didn't even ask whether I had eaten.

I couldn't help thinking of the innumerable times when he had been a guest at my house in the old days—but no matter.



"I can't be bothered memorizing lines," says Philip Horimoto, Hollywood's newest and cunningest Japanese wonder child, now playing with Sylvia Sidney in "Madame Butterfly." "Being quite a man—I'm two and a half—I make up my dialogue as I go along. Don't I, Bonzo?"

What color nails at the Ritz?

all colors



MRS. JULIAN GERARD
MRS. OLIVER CARLEY HARRIMAN
MISS BETTY GERARD

Lunching in the Oval Room of The Ritz—Mrs. Julian Gerard in black with the latest *Ruby* tint. Mrs. Oliver Carley Harriman in vivid green crêpe and silver fox—Rose nails. Miss Betty Gerard in beige with *Coral* nails.



Natural goes with all costumes but best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange, yellow.

Rose is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . with green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white, or any of the very pale shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue.

Garnet, smart with the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) a real red red you can wear with anything when you want to be gay.

Quality of the polish you choose.

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Thus does another add her praise to that of millions who know there's nothing like *Murine* for quickly and safely relieving eye weariness. Formula of a veteran eye specialist, it contains 10 ingredients which act to invigorate the eyes and to make them clear and sparkling. Sold by all drug stores.

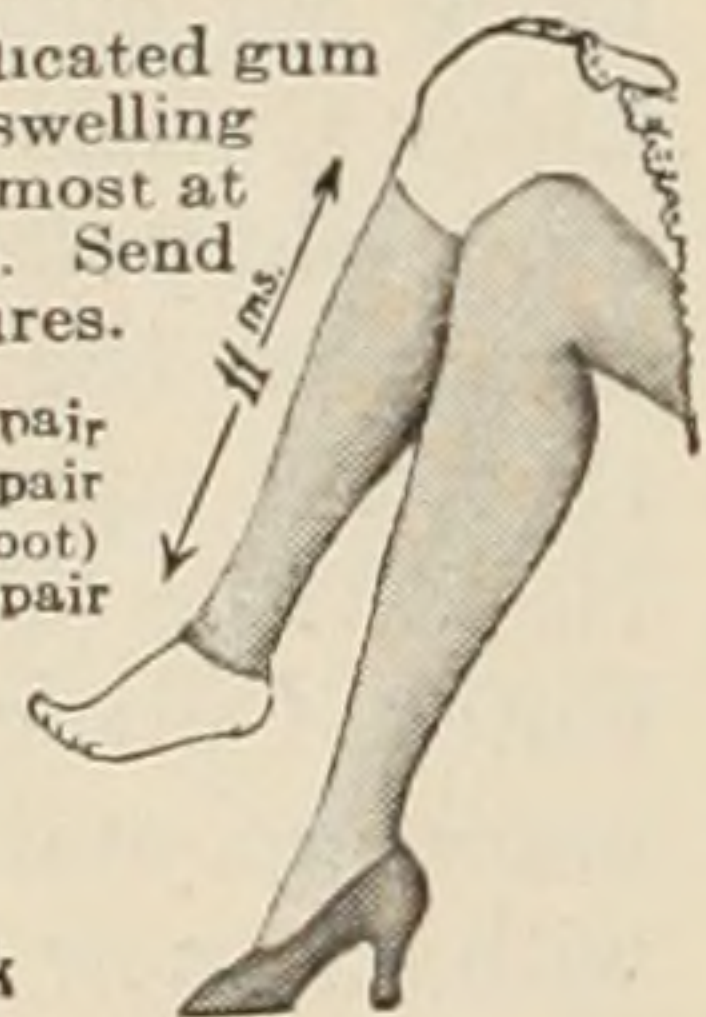
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"I'm trying to begin over again," I told him, "and you're in the very spot where you can help me. I need a job."

"I'll see what I can do," he answered, "but—well, you see—"

"Oh, I'm not asking for anything big," I told him, "I'll do whatever you can give me. A small part, a bit, extra work even—anything."

"Yes, yes—of course. Er—well, leave your name and telephone number, and I'll let you know."

He left me sitting there and went back to his guests. I saw him again at the studio and repeated my request. I even asked a mutual friend to speak to him for me, because I knew he could help me if he wanted to. But I guess he didn't want to. Anyway, I have never heard a word from him from that day to this.

MANY of my "fair weather" friends look the other way when they see me coming. They would rather not bother speaking to me. If I ask them for work they give me a dull shake of the head and mutter, "I'm sorry—I'll see what I can do." Then, when I leave, they turn to whoever is near them:

"See that girl? Well, she used to be—"

In the old days I gave many of them money to look after their sick wives and kids. I got them jobs, saved jobs for them when they were going to be fired. Now some of them are up; but they don't seem to remember me. That's what it means to relinquish the throne. That's what it means to fall from the pinnacle. That's what it means—to be an ex-star.

How did it happen? Well, it happened in a number of ways.

To begin with, none of us can turn our backs on the calendar. Just as in the prize ring, youth will be served. Some of us accept defeat; others try to hang on. You've seen an aging champion in the ring take fearful punishment from a fighter just coming up—and an aging star who tries to remain at the top despite her loss of popularity, makes a spectacle just as pathetic.

Some of us go into character parts—and

some are too far gone even for that before we realize that we're gone at all. After that, it's retirement if we can afford it, and extra work if we can't. And then, some of us make mistakes. Mistakes that automatically take us off the screen. Some of us come back, and others don't.

In my particular case I left the screen at the height of my career to marry. My husband was a colonel in the British army, and I went to India with him. We were divorced some time ago, and it became necessary for me again to make a living. Naturally my thoughts turned to Hollywood, and I came back to the screen.

I am still a young woman, but I had been away eight years—too long. Perhaps, had I remained here, the story might have been the same. It is the same with too many stars. None of us can last forever.

WHEN I came back I thought I had many friends. I did not expect stardom again, of course, but there was no reason why I shouldn't get good parts. I thought that I would have no trouble getting work. However, I did not know my Hollywood.

I went to see those old friends—some of them in very important places now—but there were no cheers. I left my telephone number, but the telephone seldom rang. So, like all the others, I started the round of the casting offices. I was afoot; my limousine with its liveried chauffeur, like the name which means nothing now, belonged in the past.

But it *was* an old friend who did give me my first job after I came back. I had been pounding the pavements for days; that morning I was flat broke. I hadn't had any breakfast; I didn't know just when or where I was going to get any. Then I saw a face I knew, and this time it was a face which wasn't turned away when it saw me coming.

"Why, Miss MacLaren—"

He came towards me with hand outstretched. It was Ben Stoloff, who had been a prop boy in the old days when I was a star. Now he was a director, making a picture for Para-



Mary MacLaren does a "bit" in "Cavalcade," the picture that is so British in theme and broad a's. Here she enacts the part of a lady who has fainted

mount. Had he something for me—anything? Sure he had. Within the hour I was made up and playing a bit. I have found out since that the bit wasn't in the script at all; he had thought it up for me right there.

"Why didn't you come to me before?" he asked as he took me to lunch and listened to my tale of woe. I was eating ravenously; hungry girls do.

I told him that I hadn't known he had risen to be a director, and that, anyway, most of the directors I had known in the old days had turned me down.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I guess most of 'em would. That's Hollywood."

BUT there were a few others who knew what I was up against, who were willing to do anything they could. Among them was Frank Lloyd, who found a job for me in his big special, "Cavalcade"; Harry Joe Brown, who used me in "Billion Dollar Scandal"; Ralph Ince, who gave me a bit in Radio's "Heroes for Hire," and, lately quite a few others.

I am grateful to all of them. I am bitter against none. In the others I am just—well, disappointed.

I've started again. I manage to make some sort of a living. Still, I can't lose the feeling that I'm waiting, always waiting for the assistant director to come over to my chair:

"We're ready for you now, Miss MacLaren."

But he doesn't come now, of course. Besides, I haven't any chair. Instead, I hear him yell: "Now, you people in the background, try and get some life into it. You're all happy—you're having a whale of a good time—"

Of course we are. I am. I'll get a ten-dollar check and tonight, dead tired, I'll go back to my little apartment and try not to think of the time when I was a star. I'll ride home on the bus, cook a simple little meal on the gas plate, and eat it by myself. There won't be anyone waiting there to bother me with a bushel or so of fan mail, and the telephone won't ring with someone wanting me to put on my diamonds and go to a big party. I'll wash out my stockings and underthings, and then maybe I'll read a bit, if I can stay awake. I'll get up tomorrow morning at six to be made up on the set at nine; I don't dare be late now. That is, I'll be on the set if I'm lucky, for even ten-dollar checks don't come along every day.

VERY few of the people I work with now know that I was once a star. I don't tell them, and not many remember. A new star is born—and the old one is forgotten. Pathetic? Well, perhaps it is.

But it's life, and as Edna Ferber says, any experience we have in life is just that much velvet. Sometimes it feels more like burlap, though.

Sometimes some of my old acquaintances tell me that I'm on my way back, that I'm headed for stardom again. I know they're only trying to cheer me up. But I don't think I would want to be a star again, even if it were true.

I'm an ex-star now, and I've learned many things.

I've learned, for instance, who my friends really are.

I've learned the inestimable value of real friendship as distinguished from the synthetic, the flattering kind. I've learned to live simply, and that simplicity is the only road to happiness.

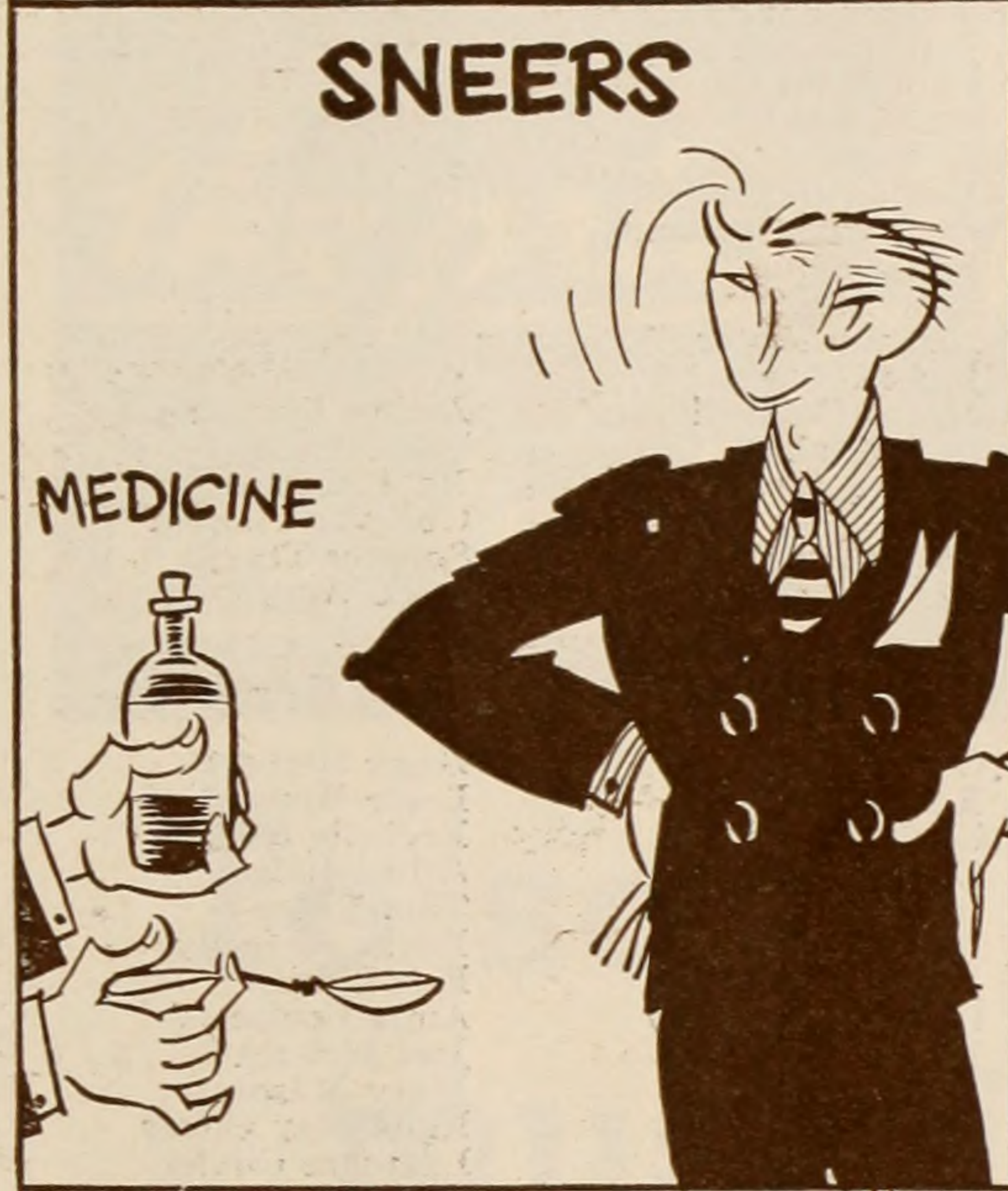
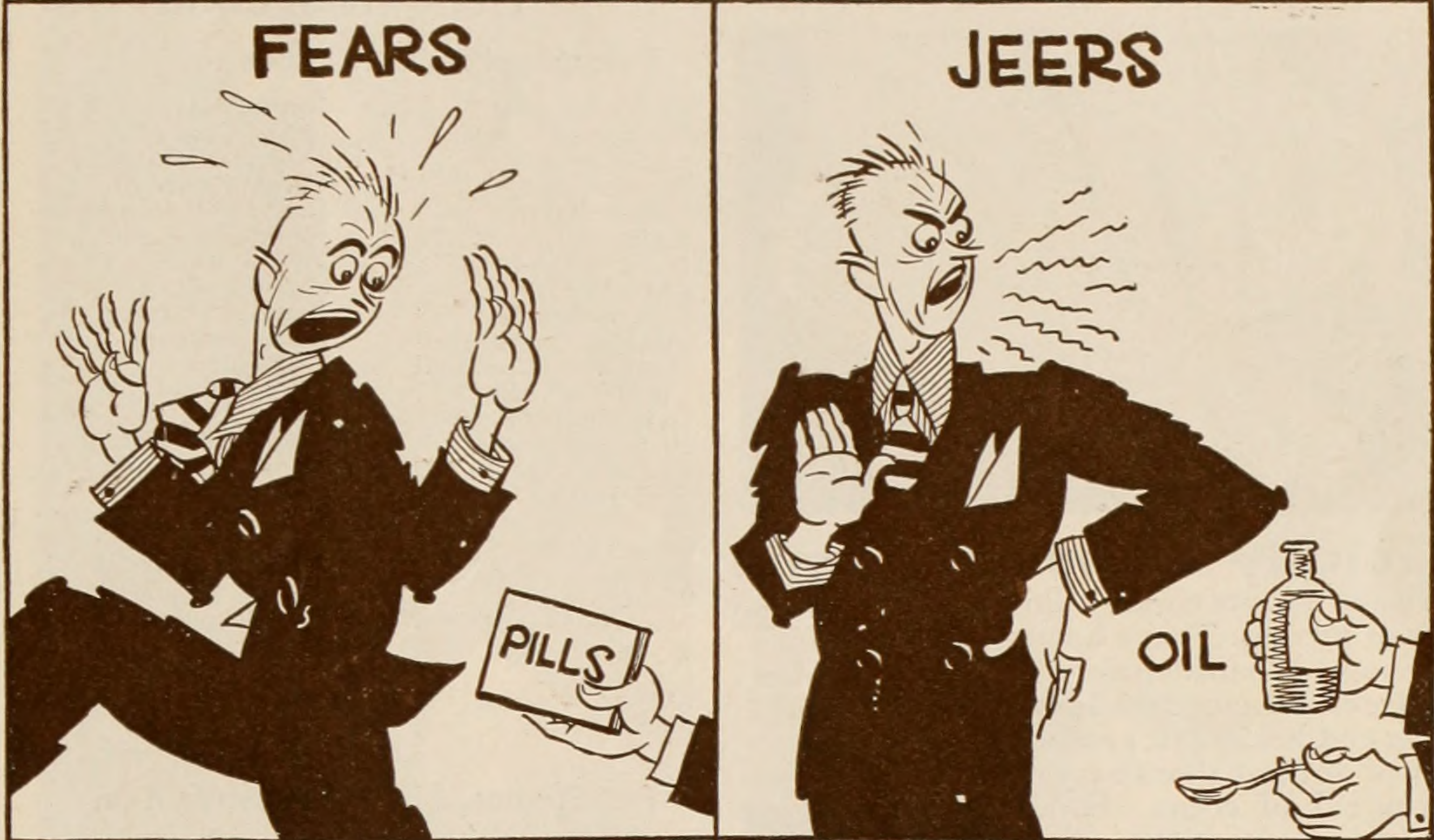
A star is a goldfish in a bowl, showing her glittering glory to the public gaze. Her life is lived for her—she never has a minute of her own.

She has to do this, she has to do that, whether she wants to or no; her stardom is a ball and chain around her soul. She is chained to big mansions, to big incomes and expenses, to big affairs and big careers.

I am an ex-star and at last I am free—free to find my next month's rent, my next job and my next meal, wherever I can.

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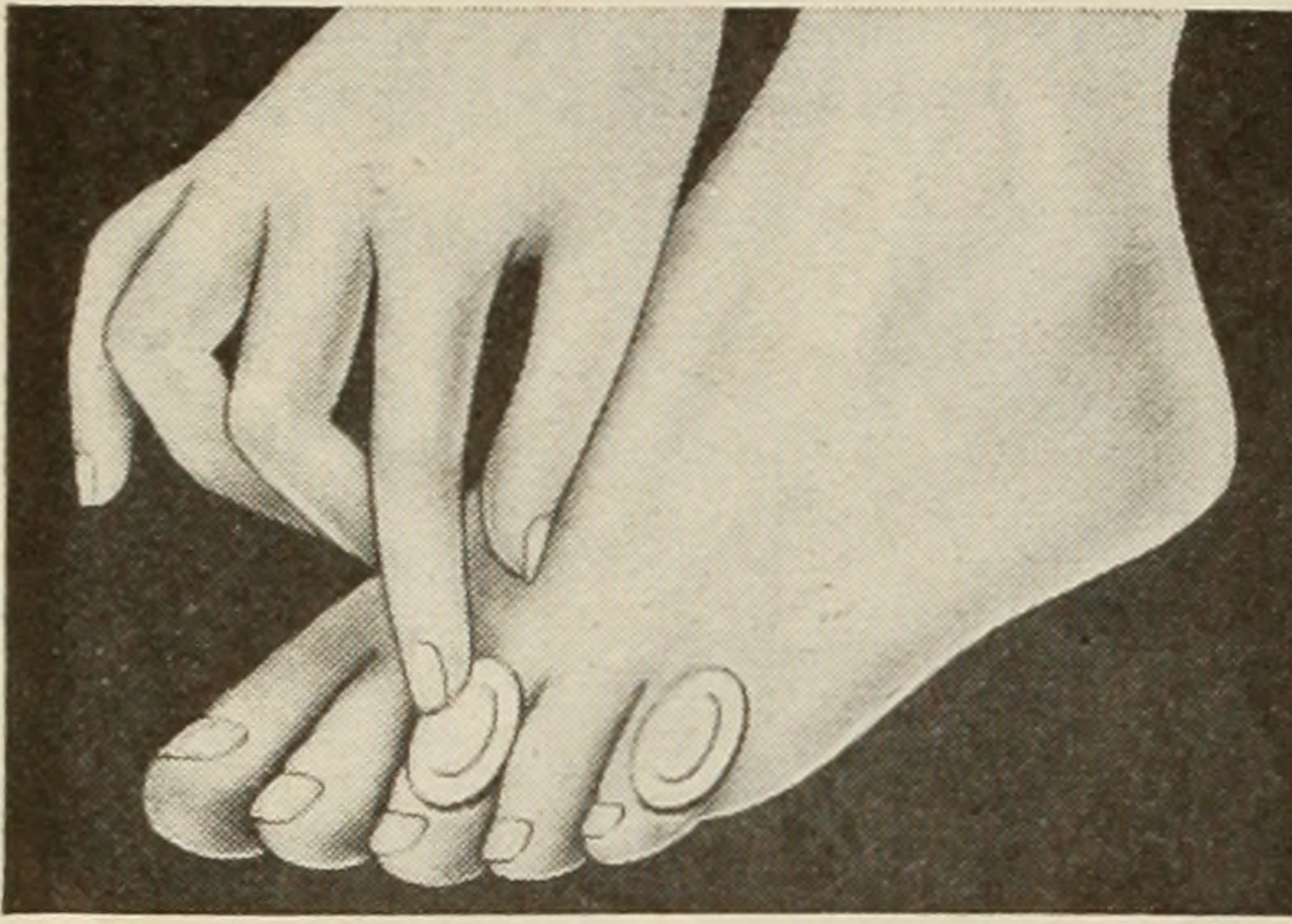
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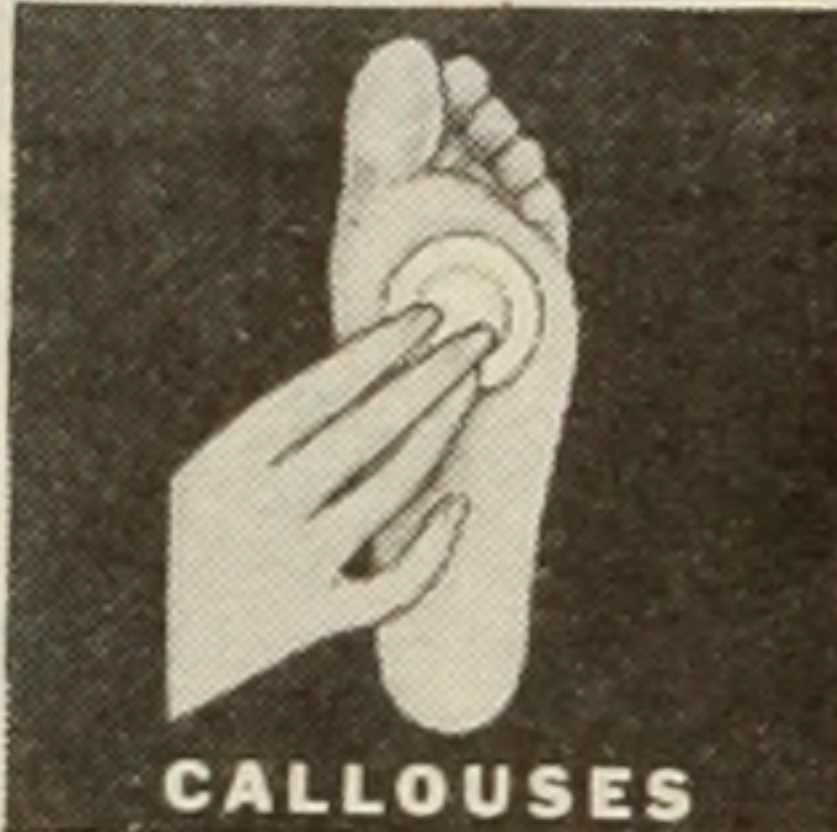


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To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander	Roscoe Karns
Adrienne Allen	Charles Laughton
Adrienne Ames	John Davis Lodge
Richard Arlen	Carole Lombard
George Barbier	Jeanette MacDonald
Richard Bennett	Florine McKinney
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Sari Maritza
Nancy Carroll	Herbert Marshall
Maurice Chevalier	Marx Brothers
Marguerite Churchill	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Irving Pichel
Gary Cooper	George Raft
Ricardo Cortez	Charlie Ruggles
Bing Crosby	Randolph Scott
Frances Dee	Sylvia Sydney
Marlene Dietrich	Alison Skipworth
Stuart Erwin	Kate Smith
Patricia Farley	Sir Guy Standing
Susan Fleming	Charles Starrett
Norman Foster	Kent Taylor
Wynne Gibson	Jerry Tucker
Cary Grant	Mae West
Miriam Hopkins	Gordon Westcott
Bobby Jones	

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Warner Baxter	Edmund Lowe
Joan Bennett	Patricia "Boots" Malory
John Boles	Philip Merivale
Clara Bow	Ralph Morgan
El Brendel	Herbert Mundin
Marion Burns	Greta Nissen
Henrietta Crosman	Marian Nixon
James Dunn	George O'Brien
Sally Eilers	Nell O'Day
Norman Foster	William Pawley
Janet Gaynor	Arthur Pierson
Minna Gombell	Will Rogers
Bert Hanlon	Raul Roulien
Miriam Jordan	Genevieve Tobin
Victor Jory	Spencer Tracy
Alexander Kirkland	Irene Ware
Elissa Landi	

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre	Hugh Herbert
Rosco Ates	Leslie Howard
Leslie Banks	Rochelle Hudson
Constance Bennett	Arline Judge
Bill Boyd	Tom Keene
Bruce Cabot	Edgar Kennedy
Joseph Cawthorn	Eric Linden
Creighton Chaney	Anita Louise
Richard Dix	Joel McCrea
Irene Dunne	Mary Mason
Jill Esmond	Edna May Oliver
Phyllis Fraser	Laurence Olivier
Betty Furness	Vivienne Osborne
Skeets Gallagher	Gregory Ratoff
William Gargan	Sandra Shaw
John Halliday	Helen Twelvetrees
Hale Hamilton	John Warburton
Ann Harding	Dorothy Wilson
Julie Haydon	Fay Wray
Katharine Hepburn	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Phyllis Barry	Douglas Fairbanks
Florence Britton	Greta Granstedt
Eddie Cantor	Ruth Hall
Charles Chaplin	Weldon Heyburn
Ronald Colman	Al Jolson
Lili Damita	Mary Pickford
Melvyn Douglas	Gloria Swanson
Billie Dove	Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Charles Bickford	Adolphe Menjou
Eddie Buzzell	Mayo Methot
Walter Connolly	Lillian Miles
Richard Cromwell	Pat O'Brien
Constance Cummings	Ruthelma Stevens
Ralph Graves	Lee Tracy
Jack Holt	Barbara Weeks
Buck Jones	Bert Wheeler
Evalyn Knapp	Robert Woolsey
Tim McCoy	

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue	Stan Laurel
Charley Chase	Gertie Messinger
Mickey Daniels	Our Gang
Dorothy Granger	David Sharpe
Oliver Hardy	Grady Sutton
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander	Walter Huston
Nils Asther	Leila Hyams
Ethel Barrymore	Dorothy Jordan
John Barrymore	Buster Keaton
Lionel Barrymore	Muriel Kirkland
Wallace Beery	Myrna Loy
Virginia Bruce	Una Merkel
Mary Carlisle	John Miljan
Virginia Cherrill	Robert Montgomery
Jackie Cooper	Colleen Moore
Joan Crawford	Polly Moran
Marion Davies	Karen Morley
Marie Dressler	Conrad Nagel
Claire DuBrey	David Newell
Jimmy Durante	Ramon Novarro
Madge Evans	Maureen O'Sullivan
Muriel Evans	Anita Page
Clark Gable	Jean Parker
Greta Garbo	May Robson
John Gilbert	Ruth Selwyn
C. Henry Gordon	Norma Shearer
Lawrence Grant	Martha Sleeper
William Haines	Lewis Stone
Louise Closser Hale	Charlotte Susa
Jean Harlow	Verree Teasdale
Helen Hayes	Franchot Tone
Jean Hersholt	Johnny Weissmuller
Phillips Holmes	Diana Wynyard
Hedda Hopper	Robert Young
Benita Hume	

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Frank Albertson	Russell Hopton
Lew Ayres	Boris Karloff
Noah Beery, Jr.	Paul Lukas
Tala Birell	Tom Mix
Tom Brown	ZaSu Pitts
June Clyde	Onslow Stevens
Dorothea Cunningham	Gloria Stuart
Andy Devine	Slim Summerville
Arletta Duncan	

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright	Allen Jenkins
George Arliss	Ruby Keeler
Richard Barthelmess	Guy Kibbee
Joan Blondell	Lorena Layson
George Brent	Aline MacMahon
Joe E. Brown	Helen Mann
James Cagney	Frank McHugh
Ruth Chatterton	Edward McNamara
Bebe Daniels	Paul Muni
Bette Davis	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	William Powell
Ann Dvorak	Edward G. Robinson
Patricia Ellis	Barbara Stanwyck
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Lyle Talbot
Glenda Farrell	Sheila Terry
Preston Foster	Helen Vinson
Kay Francis	John Wayne
Geraine Grear	Alice White
Eleanor Holm	Warren William
Harold Huber	Loretta Young
Alice Jans	

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Only Muni Can Do It

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

him. He isn't handsome like Buddy Rogers. When only partly finished, they decided to cut the bridge in half.

"The end of the year came around and they took up my option. Yet I had had only that one picture. It was a weird time; a nightmare.

"One moment I decided to get myself a swimming pool and swim the rest of my life in Hollywood. The next moment I told myself I'd go to New York.

"Then they made a test to see if Muni could act. I used only plays for that test in which I had done character rôles. That gave them the clever idea I was to be a Lon Chaney.

"They bought a brilliant little story, 'A Friend of Napoleon.' They wanted Muni to play six statues that came to life. Even the yes-men voted against it. But, somehow, the picture was made (used with the title "Seven Faces") without much credit to anybody.

"BY this time I had begun to wake up. I learned that exhibitors, the men who show the pictures to the audiences, have a lot to do with a player's success. And they knew nothing of Muni.

"Then I was sent out on personal appearances with the six statues.

"On the train coming back I received a telegram to read a book called 'Louis Beretti.' I was already 'sold' to exhibitors for 'Mad Musician,' 'Rasputin,' 'Louis Beretti' and 'Liliom.' I bought 'Louis Beretti' and read it on the train. It seemed like a good vehicle. I was pleased. And when I arrived in Hollywood, I discovered Edmund Lowe was to do it, and Charlie Farrell was scheduled for 'Liliom.'

"Instead of saying, 'Go on home and forget us—your name does not mean anything,' they tried to give me a little rôle in 'Liliom.'

"Everyone told me to be 'subtle.' They talked about Hollywood politics.

"One of the big directors was in 'the dog house' just then. He had done something to displease them. I met him at the studio gate one morning and he asked me where I was going. I told him I was going in to see the producer for the last time.

"'Don't be a fool,' he told me. 'I am in bad. I come to the studio and collect my \$3,500 every week.'

"He urged me to take the little part in 'Liliom' and collect my salary.

"I went on to the producer and said, 'Let's finish this business!'

"I had made up my mind. I didn't and don't give a whoop for Hollywood unless Hollywood gives a whoop for me.

"I DON'T want them to think they are doing me a favor or me doing them one. I wasn't going to be hanging around if they didn't really want me. I don't believe there is money enough in Hollywood to keep me there if I am not wanted.

"If I must work upon the idea of pleasing everybody and displeasing myself—I will not work.

"I had about \$22,000 coming on my contract and I settled for \$10,000. And I said I would never sign a straight contract in Hollywood again and I meant it. I will choose my stories and make pictures only under my present conditions. I have in my arrangement that I am *not to be starred* and I do not argue about money. Starring and money are not important to Muni. Good stories are!"

I looked at Paul Muni—expecting to see his eyes flashing. Instead, they were twinkling. "I do not think I am temperamental. Just sensible. As I tell it, I see the whole story.



To save teeth you must fight film

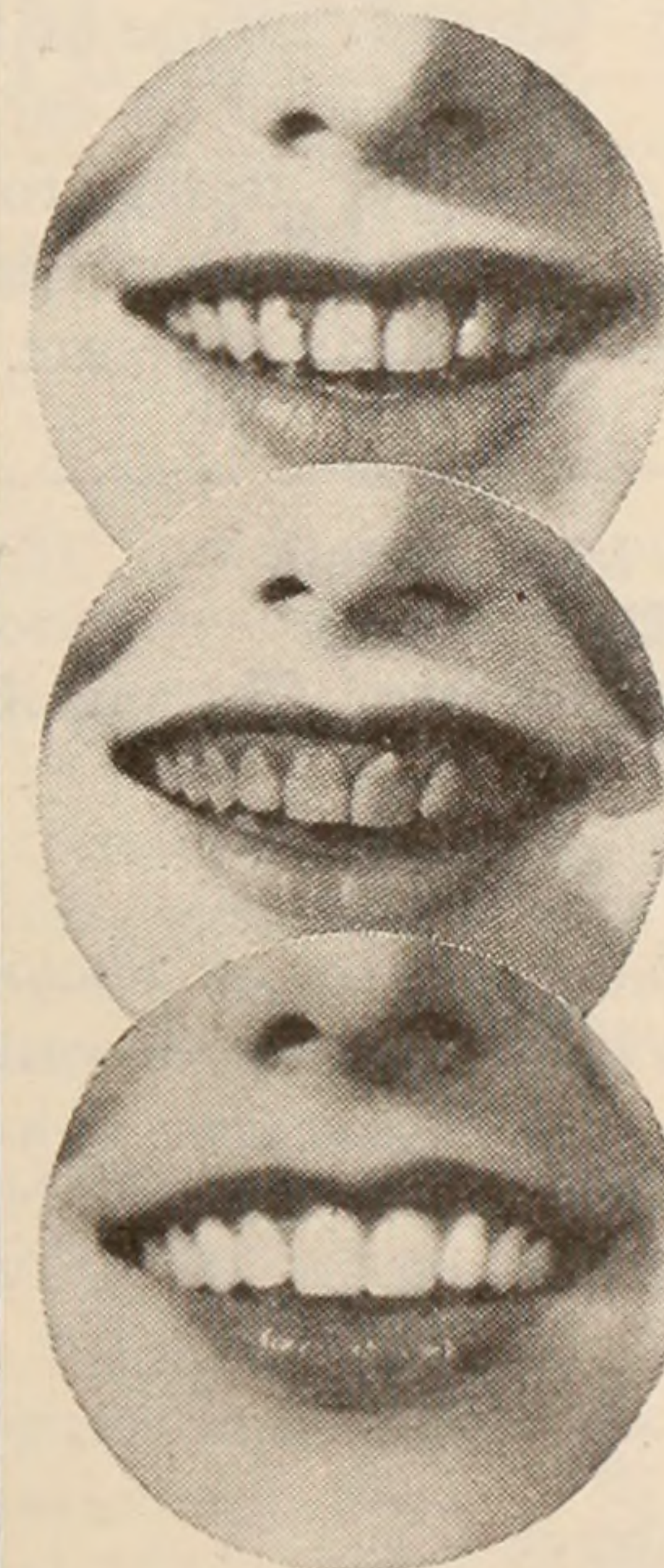
WHAT is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has gained wide recognition. Remember, the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent—twice every day and to see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p. m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p. m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent— is the special film-removing tooth paste

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It is the first time I have seen it all in one picture. It is quite funny."

Not many people could leave Hollywood like that and return to it. But Paul Muni is an actor and Hollywood does need true actors.

His reputation is for being temperamental. Not difficult to understand the reason!

That reputation was renewed during the Olympic games.

He refused to allow visitors on his set—and picture studios during the Olympics were like Westminster Abbey during the London tourist season.

One day, a guide brought some "most important" persons to his set.

Mr. Muni left. "When they have seen the picture being shot, I will return."

Temperamental!

"It is difficult enough for an actor to get in front of a camera. He has to work hard to get before a machine and breathe into it life. It is a challenge to any actor unless he is a great technician. I do not mean an actor must live his part exactly, but from the moment he first reads it, he does get a vibration.

"He must. Something begins boiling within him and he only gives his best when he is at the boiling point.

"So often something happens during that point in pictures. The sound track. Something. And visitors are most disconcerting. I cannot help that.

"Guides and sightseers take me out of myself and make me self-conscious. If that is temperament—

"To me it is just being myself. I am not an exhibit like an actor is supposed to be.

"I have been on the stage twenty-four years. I guess I am an idealist about it. The joy of doing the thing I want to do. I have given up more money to do the things I want to do—"

An idealist whom Hollywood could not understand. Neither could Broadway in the early days. Ten years ago he was offered an opportunity to play with Lorette Taylor in "Humoresque." He chose, instead, "We Americans"—the part of an old man, which gave him a chance at human-interest characterization. Friends and advisers thought him crazy. The billing with Lorette Taylor would have been five times as high. The money twice as much.

The reputation—. Yet he did the other because he wanted to do it. And he has practically followed that course ever since.

INDEPENDENT. Living up to a code. Allowing himself to be shown in performances only of his own choosing. "I got my feet on the ground in Hollywood—and I intend to keep them there."

It's the only way for a person to get the drop on Hollywood, but it takes a fearlessness possessed by so few that it makes Paul Muni the single exception among so many.

Heart Throb

Most of my life reading has been my greatest pleasure. Not long ago I lost my sight. I had seldom been to see a movie.

Now I turn to talkies as my one recreation.

Although unable to see, I can follow the thread of the story. In the silences my granddaughter whispers what the actors are doing and I can make a mental picture.

The talkies, I feel, have kept me from going insane.

Lou Lewis,
Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

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STREET ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA—Principal

FASCINATING, informative scientific picture—with a thrill or two—interestingly and chattily explained by the producer, J. E. Williamson. From the watery depths of his glass studio you watch divers overcome those monsters, the shark and the octopus, and see them exploring sunken ships for buried treasure. An artistic color sequence reveals the beauty of West Indian fish, coral and the fantastic feathery flora undersea.

DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPE)—UFA

A GROOM without a bride—a bride without a wedding ring. Otto Wallburg—Kaethe von Nagy. The stage is set for an elaborate wedding, the guests are assembled, when the unwanted groom-to-be discovers his bride has deserted. She and her lover flee to the home of her grandmama, whose assumption that the couple are newlyweds causes many complications.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW—Majestic Pictures

A MAN has held in his heart and ever-present in his mind an intense desire to avenge, according to his own code, a great wrong. Quite coincidental is the meeting of this man (Purnell Pratt) with the famous producer (Lew Cody), who has wronged him. One night he tells their story and asks his hearers for a verdict of life or death for the villain. And what do you suppose their decision is? Sure, you're right! Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper and Greta Nissen also in cast.

SELF-DEFENSE—Monogram

PAULINE FREDERICK deserves a better vehicle but the picture is good entertainment. She plays *Katy Devoux*, who runs on the level, a Canadian saloon and gambling hall. She conceals it from her daughter in boarding-school. Heavy gets in dirty work, girl appears at awkward time, place is hastily transformed into an inn. Pauline is excellent. Very good supporting cast.

YORCK—UFA

DURING a trying period in Prussian history—1811-1812—General von Yorck was forced to lead his men against the Russian army. Werner Krauss, in the title rôle, gives a vivid portrayal of the commander who, although he does not engage in actual battle, endures mental anguish utterly incomparable to any physical danger. No English sub-titles to aid those not up to par on their German.

ROBBERS' ROOST—Fox

A WESTERN 'way above the average, with lots of stunt riding, fancy riding and packed with thrills. The crooked foreman of a tenderfoot Englishman's Arizona ranch rustles both the boss' steers and his ingenue sister, but George O'Brien, as one of the hands, puts an effectual stop to that. George's best film so far: Maureen O'Sullivan looks lovely.

THAT'S MY BOY—Columbia

ANOTHER football story but nevertheless entertaining. The spectacular college career of the likeable young hero (Richard Cromwell) combines love, sports and a unique angle of "big business" duping gridiron heroes. The cast includes Dorothy Jordan, Mae Marsh, Lucien Littlefield and Robert Warwick.

A HINT FROM THE "HEART" EDITOR by Timmins

1.

I WON'T PUT IN ANOTHER MISERABLE EVENING LIKE LAST NIGHT ALL THE OTHER GIRLS DANCING — ENJOYING THEMSELVES — AND I HAD TO SIT AND WATCH . . . I'LL WRITE TO CORA CARTER. MAYBE SHE CAN HELP ME

2.

CORA CARTER'S REPLY

THE VERY IDEA! IT CAN'T BE TRUE

Let me ask you a frank question. Are you always careful enough about "B.O."? Nothing kills popularity quicker than this unforgivable fault. . . . things that Miss were no t

3.

IMAGINE HER SUGGESTING THAT I COULD BE GUILTY OF "B.O."

WELL, THERE'S NO HARM IN PLAYING SAFE. WHY DON'T YOU USE LIFEBOUY? I DO, AND NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT "B.O."

4.

THESE LIFEBOUY BATHS ARE SO MUCH MORE REFRESHING. MY COMPLEXION HAS IMPROVED, TOO. I'LL NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE

5.

Now her telephone's always ringing!

(Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")

TED — 7.15

DICK — 7.30

PHIL — 8.00

You CAN'T attract if "B.O." offends (body odor)

GOOD looks, radiant smile, pleasing personality—they're all forgotten the minute people notice you're careless about "B.O." (body odor)! Playsafe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You can tell by its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, extra-clean scent that Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—effectively stops "B.O."

Great for the complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather is kind to the skin. Cleanses away pore-deep impurities—makes complexions bloom with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

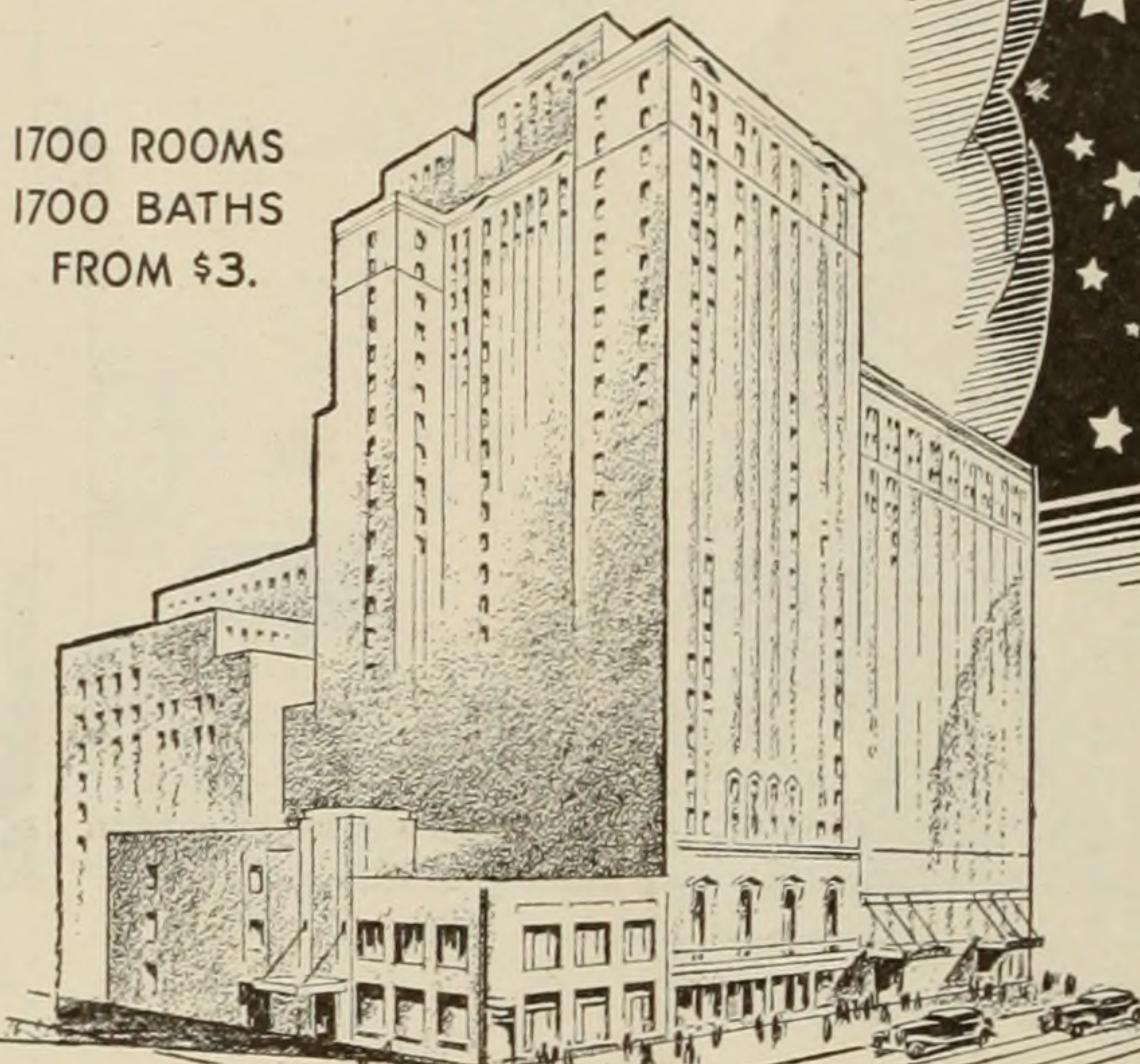
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The screen's greatest celebrities have honored Hotel Sherman.

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Dolores Del Rio
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YOUNG woman, you can help him get one! Strange as it may seem in these times, there is a group of 500 manufacturers seeking bright young men—and women, too.

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OPPORTUNITY tells him how to do it. The positions are there. It's up to him.

Obey your impulse and do it today. You will probably be doing



him a great favor at a time when he needs it.

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and *Teaches Salesmanship*

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THE DEATH KISS—World Wide

ANOTHER mystery picture with a studio background. The leading man is murdered during the filming of a scene, and the leading lady, his wife, is accused. David Manners, as the scenario writer, turns amateur detective and clears everything up. Adrienne Ames, as the movie star, hasn't much to do. A knockout cast including Bela Lugosi, John Wray, Barbara Bedford.

THE FORTY-NINERS—Freuler Film

A VEST-POCKET edition of "The Covered Wagon," largely assembled from stock film shot about that time. A crooked scout betrays the wagon train, the Indians attack, a buffalo herd stampedes, and the U. S. cavalry shows up just in the nick of time. A lot of action, but not very interesting.

THE VIRGINS OF BALI—Principal

ANOTHER authentic glimpse in the "Goona Goona" mold, of courtship and marriage as practised in the Dutch East Indian island of Bali, with abundant shots of the carefree young ladies in their sketchy costumes, to fill out the leisurely progress of the heart affair. Deane H. Dickason explains native customs as the screen presents them.

SLIGHTLY MARRIED—Invincible

"SLIGHTLY MARRIED" is slightly entertaining with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp in and out of trouble and marriage. Impulsively marrying a girl of the streets, Byron grows to love her only to have his family tear them apart and hurry him into another engagement. But love and a little baby conquer all and the lovers are remarried. Marie Prevost is funny in a bit and Jason Robards is the usual double-crossing pal.

NO LIVING WITNESS— Mayfair Pictures

PRETTY dull stuff. Noah Beery plays a "ha-ha-ha" type of villain in a picture of swindle and seduction that ends with his murder, of which Barbara Kent, the heroine, is accused. She's cleared by the discovery of a recording machine in Beery's office and all is well. Gilbert Roland as the young assistant district attorney has little to say. Carmel Myers slinks around rolling her eyes and sighing "Caris-si-ma-a." Otis Harlan is satisfactory in a not so comic rôle.

YOUNG BLOOD—Monogram

A FEEBLE little story with a slight Robin Hood flavor that wanders over a great deal of Western territory and gets nowhere. Bob Steele is a naughty hold-up man (in league with a crooked sheriff) who falls in love and reforms. Helen Foster is the girl.

HYPNOTIZED—World Wide

WHEN it's funny, it's very, very funny, but when it isn't, it lets you down badly. Not enough Moran and Mack. But there's a dog and a swell lion and an elephant that do very well. Wally Ford and Maria Alba a hot pair; Charlie Murray as circus owner and Ernest Torrence as hypnotist furnish the laughs. The story of a bridegroom hypnotized on his wedding eve.

SPEED DEMON—Columbia

ORDINARY program entertainment, trite story, but the kids will go for the speed-boat races. Buster Collier (*Speed*) is the driver who is framed, but wins out in the end. Georgie Earnest, who plays an orphan asylum runaway, shows unusual promise. Frank Sheridan is convincing as *Cap*, the old boat-builder. Joan Marsh is the love element.

HEART PUNCH—Mayfair Pictures

A ROMANCE of the prize ring, but the romance is fortunately rather better than the prize-fighting scenes. A cast of old-time favorites, among whom you'll recognize Wheeler Oakman as the fight promoter, Lloyd Hughes and Marion Shilling as the lovers, Mae Busch and George Lewis. Oakman's performance stands out with Gordon De Main, as the defense attorney, running a close second. Not especially recommended.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—Universal

SLIM SUMMERVILLE and ZaSu Pitts in a domestic comedy about an on-and-off divorce. Slim as a butler and ZaSu as a maid are left a fortune, and Verree Teasdale, as a scheming wife, compromises Slim; ZaSu who has obtained an interlocutory decree, retaliates by doing the same thing, which automatically voids the decree and regains Slim. Story weak, but Slim and ZaSu come through.

FLAMING GUNS—Universal

TOM MIX, foreman of Bill Farnum's ranch, rounds up the cattle-rustlers and falls in love with the boss' daughter, Ruth Hall. The boss has him arrested rather than have him for a son-in-law, but Tom breaks jail, grabs Ruth, and heads Tony over the border, pursued by a posse of motorcycle cops and Bill's Rolls-Royce. Clarence Wilson stands out as the conniving uncle.

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—Columbia

ABOUT an iron-jawed plain clothes terror (Jack Holt), who makes up his mind to, and finally marries a blondined torch-singer (Lillian Miles), employed in an underworld czar's night club. After much police and gang melodrama, our hero cleverly lands the entire gang in jail. What saves the sorry business is bad guy, Walter Connolly, eating his way (literally) through the entire picture—and PHOTOPLAY being read during the tensest scenes.



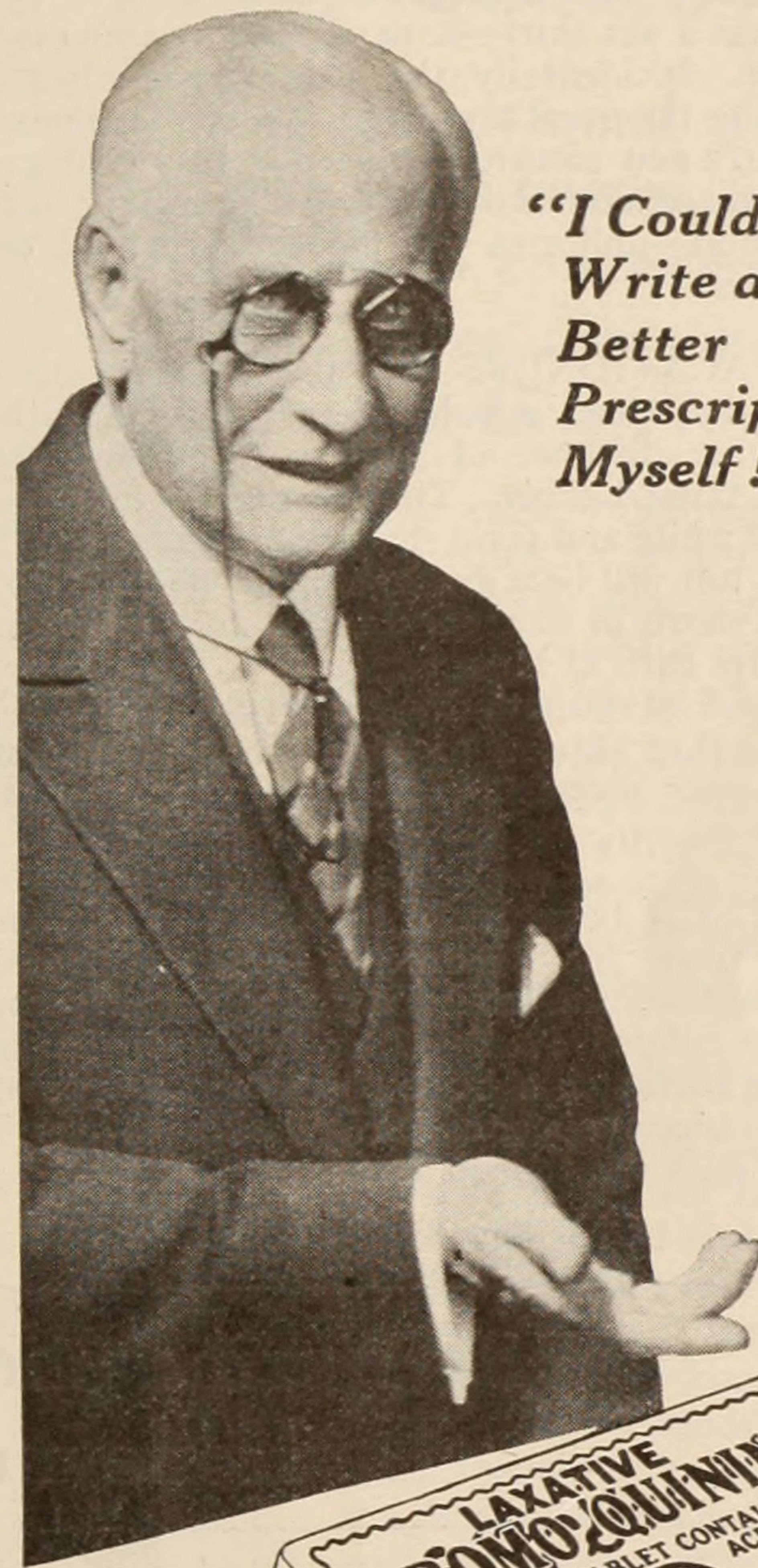
It's called an "overseas cap," this jaunty little hat worn by Adrienne Ames. It matches her brown tweed suit. Isn't that a tricky and yet becoming arrangement for the plaid scarf attached to the blouse? It pulls through slits under the jacket collar

BEWARE HALF-CURED COLDS!

They Expose You to a Weakened System and to the Dangers of Serious Complications!

DON'T temporize with a cold. Don't take remedies that merely allay the cold instead of getting it thoroughly out of the system. A half-cured cold is a cold never cured and a constant source of danger.

A cold calls for specific treatment—for *internal treatment*. There is one remedy for a cold that meets all the requirements of efficacious treatment—that is, GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE!



"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

The Four Things Necessary

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine knocks a cold and knocks it quickly because it does the four things required.

First of all, it opens the bowels gently but thoroughly, the first step in expelling a cold.

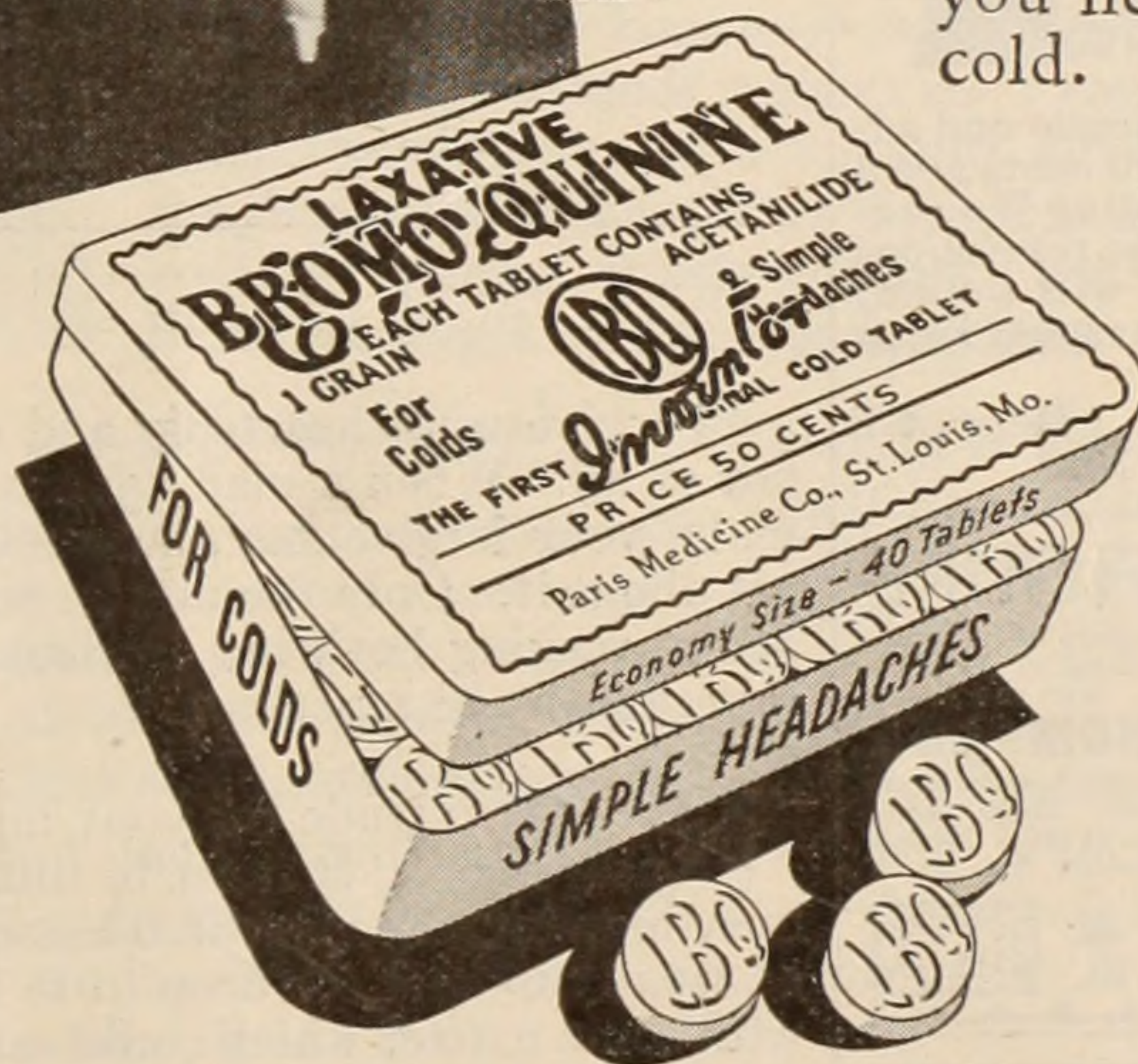
Second, it kills the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is only playing with a cold.

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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

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IN NEW
25¢ SIZE

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"I LOVE YOU"

... he told this blonde

THOUGH men fall in love more easily with blondes than with brunettes, tests show that blondes who have dull, faded-looking hair do not appeal to men nearly as much as when the hair is radiant, golden and young-looking. Blondex, an amazing special shampoo, gives streaky, lifeless hair the lustrous, golden sheen men adore and other women envy. Safe—Blondex contains no dye, no harmful chemicals. Is remarkably beneficial to both hair and scalp. See how much lovelier it makes your hair with wavy, silky softness and radiant golden lights! And here's good news! Blondex is now on sale in the new size package for only 25¢. Formerly sold only in the \$1.00 package. Get Blondex today—see how glamorous and beautiful it will make your hair. At all drug and department stores.

He Said He'd Never Marry!

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Smart Hollywood Gives Spring Fashions An Early Boost

by Seymour

THE far-famed California sunshine really gives Hollywood stars an edge on the rest of the country when it comes to spring fashions.

Right now out here you can dash about seeing all sorts of new trends that point to what everybody will be wearing several months from now.

Constance Bennett appears at lunch in a new striped print frock. You jot down prints in your notes—striped prints. Adrian designs a dress for Joan Crawford's new picture—it's that new silk called matelassé and is trimmed with piqué bows, of all things! And it has a slit skirt—a new trend you mentally note. Incidentally, you girls are going to miss seeing the usual array of Crawford fashions in Joan's new picture because she plays the part of an ambulance driver with a war story background—uniforms will be the principal costumes.

VACATIONERS at Palm Springs, one of the most popular desert resorts within driving distance of Hollywood, return with sun tanned skins. Thus at once you surmise that white and vivid shades to complement the sun tan will be a great summer vogue. Shirts and shorts or slacks and a shirt are the favorite sports garb at Palm Springs.

And at famous Malibu beach, the beach frock fad started by Bennett and Tashman last year, promises to thrive smartly through a new season.

MUCH beige hosiery is being worn about town for daytime. However, Norma Shearer contradicted the general trend for coppery colored evening hose by wearing beige hose to match a beige ensemble for evening. This smart coppery glint for evening is quite in line with sun tanned skins.

YOU won't envy the stars so much when you hear that long and tedious hours have to be spent in fitting rooms while a new wardrobe is being made ready for a picture. Kay Francis is in the midst of such a siege now. She will wear dozens of stunning new gowns and wraps when next you see her.

And Barbara Stanwyck, who certainly hasn't been given a fashion break in recent pictures, is going to wear some knockout costumes in her next picture.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS is a clever girl—and a well-dressed one. She told me the other day that she much prefers to buy clothes that are made for her by the studio designers. And she added that she buys all the accessories for a costume at one fell swoop.

Blue is a never failing color entry in the spring list. Nancy Carroll was hurrying down the boulevard a few days ago in a bright blue rabbit's wool frock. A matching blue hat was brimmed and her accessories were a darker shade of blue.

AT a recent opening of a picture, Lilyan Tashman wore an ankle length brown velvet coat over an orange dress—a striking alliance. Any number of evening slippers with jeweled heels were seen at this affair—a majority of the frocks accompanying these slippers were ankle length, thus giving the jewelery full spotlight.

Helen Vinson, whom you have probably noticed recently in several pictures, wore an interesting ensemble to a dance at the Coconut Grove the other evening. A long brown velvet wrap had epaulets of sable. With this she wore a small brown velvet hat caught at one side with a brilliant pin. Helen possesses a very fair skin and light brown hair, so she wisely chooses brown and shades of yellow or gold for her personal wardrobe.

Why Norma Shearer Says "Let the Honeymoon Wait"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

"Forgive wholeheartedly and completely or not at all. When a man has made a mistake, make your forgiveness gracious and then forget about it. Only the unwise wife refers to it again, making both her husband and herself miserable by its repetition.

"**N**EVER intrude on your husband's business hours. It must be annoying to any busy man to have his wife telephone him in the midst of his work, or drop in to interrupt him with some matter which could easily wait until evening and his leisurely consideration.

"Your domestic problems should never become a topic of conversation. That's the wife's job and a constant complaint about servants or bills or household affairs is simply an open confession that the job is too big for her.

"Never let the children take first place, above your husband, in your interests and affections. They are separate individuals with their own lives to live and you must build for the happiness of the years when they will be grown and away from you.

"The five words, 'I have nothing to wear,' have caused more marital upsets than many

more serious phrases. Having something to wear is, I think, as much a part of a woman's job as managing her home or taking care of her children. The wise wife will budget her money and plan her wardrobe so that there is at least one wearable dress for every occasion.

"Plan your day so that you can be freshly dressed when your husband comes home. Nothing must be more irritating to a man, tired by a day's work, than to come home to an upset household and a disheveled wife.

"Become interested in the things which interest your husband. You'll be surprised how easy it is to share his pleasures, and how delighted he'll be to have you take an intelligent interest in them.

"**L**AST, but by no means least, talk things over together. Share your plans and your ideals. This applies especially to the girl who has been in business, who has become accustomed to living her own life and to making her own plans with no one to consider except herself. A sane and sensible consideration for the desires and wishes of your husband

will do much to help make your marriage happy."

So much for rules. Now for a few "don'ts."
 "Don't feel neglected if your husband wants to spend an occasional evening away from you. Instead, encourage him to see his men friends, to do the things he did before marriage with the same freedom from oppressive restraint.

"You'll be surprised at the enjoyable time you can have by yourself, smearing cold cream on your face, reading the book you've been wanting to read for so long, arranging your hair in a new mode, writing those long-neglected letters, perhaps seeing an old friend and indulging in an evening of satisfying woman-gossip.

"DON'T annoy or antagonize your husband in the matter of make-up and clothes. But don't throw your make-up out the window. Effect a compromise. If your husband objects to the rouge and lipstick just as you are starting out for an evening, agree with him pleasantly, walk out of the room, turn around three times and come back, asking eagerly, 'Is it better now?' Invariably he will agree. And away you go, everyone happy and satisfied. "Don't think too much about yourself, feel too sorry for yourself, or take yourself too seriously. Honestly, I find that the only time I'm really bored is when I've been thinking too much about a certain person called Norma Shearer.

"Don't harbor grievances against your husband. There is nothing more irritating than a sulky wife. Talk it over, quietly. Tell him how and when he has hurt you. That is much better than allowing the grievance to rankle and grow until it assumes vastly magnified proportions.

"Eliminate bitterness. Don't foster it by a hurt and unreasonable silence.

"Last of the don'ts, but one of the most important—don't let jealousy run away with you. Even if you're fairly bursting, conceal it. Always place the prettiest woman, the one in whom he is most interested, next to your husband at the dinner table. Encourage him to talk to other women, even to flirt with them a little if he wishes. Don't be rabidly possessive just because you are married to him."

Miss Shearer smiled again, half humorously this time. "Don't make me sound like the source of all wisdom, please. Don't let your readers think for one minute that I haven't made dozens of mistakes in spite of my wonderful theories. Because I have. But I don't mind admitting it when I'm wrong and I don't mind saying, 'I'm sorry, Irving. I'll try never to do it again.'

"A woman's career does have a bearing on the success or failure of her marriage. I feel that having a career gives her a great advantage over the woman who has no outside interest.

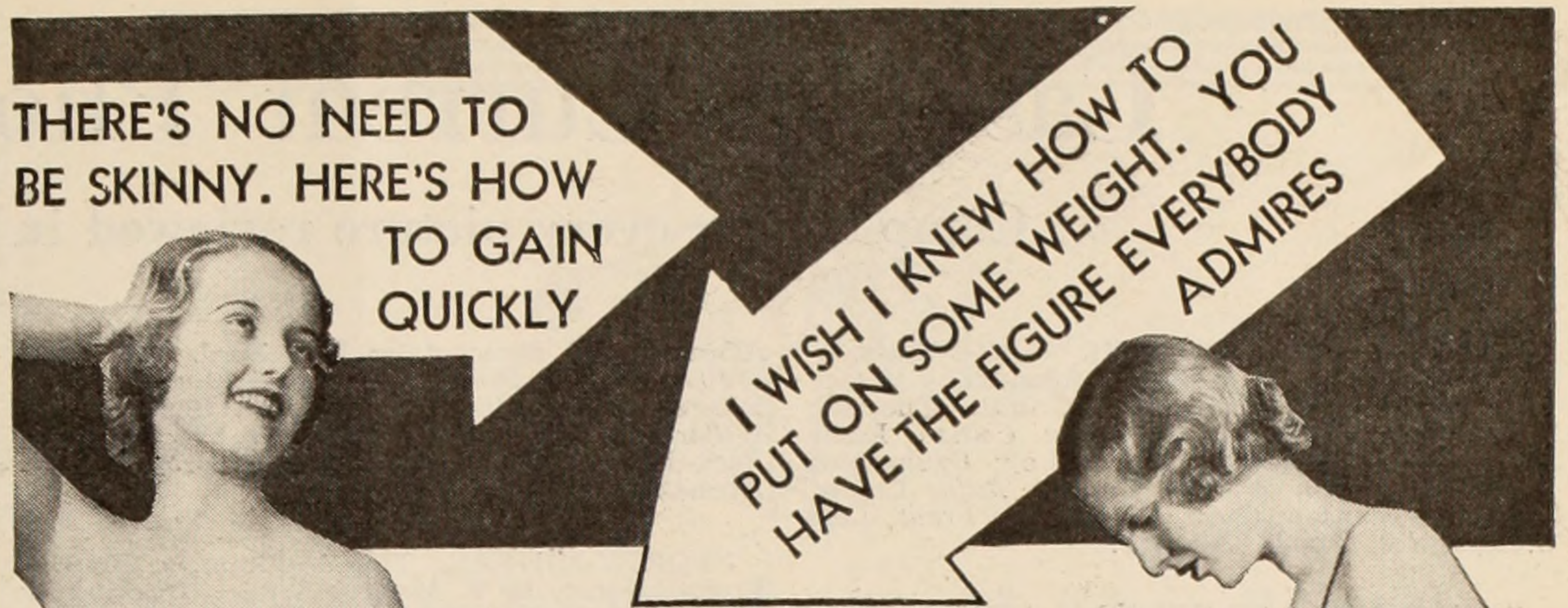
"I sincerely believe that, instead of giving up a career for love, a woman should take up a career. It makes her more interesting, more capable of inspiring and holding her husband's love.

"AND please understand that by career I don't necessarily mean a professional one. Every woman can't be a business executive, a writer, a musician or an actress. Any outside interest, any vital and absorbing work or hobby, which will keep her alert and alive, will serve the same purpose."

Do you wonder that Norma Shearer is successful in both a movie career and in matrimony? I don't. Because her parting words were these: "After all, if a woman is honestly and sincerely interested and enthusiastic in making her marriage a success, it just can't fail."

That goes for a career, too.

And Norma Shearer, Mrs. Irving Thalberg, is one of the most enthusiastic, the most interested—and interesting!—personalities in Hollywood.



New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

Sensational discovery—richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated seven times. Gives thousands of skinny folks 5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

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Posed by professional models

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Philip Barry. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Daisy Sage*, Ann Harding; *Tom Collier*, Leslie Howard; *Cecilia Henry*, Myrna Loy; *Owen*, Neil Hamilton; *Regan*, William Gargan; *Rufus Collier*, Henry Stephenson; *Grace*, Ilka Chase; *Franc*, Leni Stengel; *Joe*, Donald Dillaway.

"BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Grace Zaring Stone. Adapted by Edward Paramore. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Megan Davis*, Barbara Stanwyck; *General Yen*, Nils Asther; *Dr. Robert Strike*, Gavin Gordon; *Mr. Jackson*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mah-Li*, Toshia Mori; *Captain Li*, Richard Loo; *Mrs. Jackson*, Clara Blandick; *Jones*, Walter Connolly; *Dr. Lin*, Moy Ming; *Rev. Bostwick*, Robert Wayne; *Dr. Hansen*, Knute Erickson; *Mrs. Hansen*, Ella Hall; *Mr. Pettis*, Arthur Millett; *Miss Reed*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Miss Avery*, Martha Mattox; *Mrs. Blake*, Jessie Arnold; *Bishop Harkness*, Emmett Corrigan.

"DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER" (Enchanted Escapade)—UFA.—From the play "La Belle Aventure" by G. A. de Caillavet, Robert de Flers and Etienne Rey. Adapted by Reinhold Schuenzel and Emerich Pressburger. Directed by Reinhold Schuenzel. The cast: *The Countess*, Ida Wuest; *Andre, her son*, Wolf Albach-Retty; *Helene, her niece*, Kaethe von Nagy; *Valentin*, Otto Wallburg; *Grandma Trevillac*, Adele Sandrock; *Jeanine, her maid*, Kaethe Haack.

"DEATH KISS, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Madelon St. Denis. Screen play by Barry Barringer and Gordon Kahn. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Marcia Lane*, Adrienne Ames; *Franklyn Drew*, David Manners; *Sheehan*, John Wray; *Avery*, Edward Van Sloan; *Zugsmith*, Alexander Carr; *Steiner*, Bela Lugosi; *Howell*, Harold Minjir; *Hilliker*, Wade Boteler; *Gulliver*, Vince Barnett; *Asst. Director*, Al Hill; *Script Clerk*, Barbara Bedford; *Chalmers*, Alan Roscoe; *Mrs. Avery*, Mona Maris; *Myles Brent*, Edmund Burns; *Hill*, James Donlan; *Clerk*, Harold Waldridge.

"DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Frank Mitchell Dazey. Screen play by Louis Weitzenkorn, P. J. Wolfson and Allen Rivkin. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Jimmy*, Edmund Lowe; *Silver*, Wynne Gibson; *Buddy Evans*, Dickie Moore; *Beef Evans*, James Gleason; *Nancy Evans*, Lois Wilson; *Jenkins*, Alan Dinehart; *The Dummy*, George Rosener; *Mac*, Guinn Williams; *Bill Jones*, Charlie Williams; *Dolan*, John Kelly; *Ticker*, Francis McDonald; *Nellie*, Geneva Mitchell; *Fritz*, Tom Kennedy.

"FAREWELL TO ARMS, A"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Ernest Hemingway. Screen play by Benjamin Glazer and Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Catherine Barkley*, Helen Hayes; *Lieut. Frederic Henry*, Gary Cooper; *Major Rinaldi*, Adolphe Menjou; *Helen Ferguson*, Mary Philips; *The Priest*, Jack LaRue; *Head Nurse*, Blanche Friderici; *Bonello*, Henry Armetta; *Piani*, George Humbert; *Manera*, Fred Malatesta; *Miss Van Campen*, Mary Forbes; *Count Greffi*, Tom Ricketts; *Gordon*, Robert Caution; *British Major*, Gilbert Emery.

"EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by David Boeham. Adapted by Robert Presnell. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Kurt Anderson*, Warren William; *Madeline*, Loretta Young; *Martin West*, Wallace Ford; *Polly*, Alice White; *Ross*, Albert Gran; *Sweeney*, Allen Jenkins; *Mrs. Hickox*, Marjorie Gateson; *Monroe*, Hale Hamilton; *Miss Hall*, Ruth Donnelly; *Marion*, Zita Moulton; *Garfinkle*, Frank Reicher; *Bradford*, Berton Churchill; *Higgins*, Charles Sellon; *Josie*, Helen Mann; *Meek*, H. C. Bradley.

"FAST LIFE"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Let's Go" by E. J. Rath. Screen play by Byron Morgan and Ralph Spence. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Sandy*, William Haines; *Shirley*, Madge Evans; *Burton*, Conrad Nagel; *Jameson*, Arthur Byron; *Bumpy*, Cliff Edwards; *Halstead*, Warburton Gamble; *Mr. Williams*, Kenneth Thomson; *Van Vrinken*, Albert Gran; *Sherman*, Ben Hendricks.

"FLAMING GUNS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel "Oh, Promise Me" by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *Tom Malone*, Tom Mix; *Ramsey*, William Farnum; *Mary Ramsey*, Ruth Hall; *Mulford*, Clarence H. Wilson; *Hugh*, George Hackathorne; *Red McIntyre*, Duke Lee; *Pee Wee*, Pee Wee Holmes; *Rustlers*, Jimmy Shannon, William Steele, Walter Patterson, Bud Osborne; *Sheriff*, Fred Burns; *Tony*, Jr., Tony, Jr.

"FLESH"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Adapted by Leonard Praskins and Edgar

Allan Woolf. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Polikai*, Wallace Beery; *Lora*, Karen Morley; *Nicky*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mr. Herman*, Jean Hersholt; *Joe Willard*, John Miljan; *Comedy Waiter*, Vince Barnett; *Pepi*, Herman Bing; *Dolan*, Edward Brophy; *Mrs. Herman*, Greta Meyer.

"FORTY-NINERS, THE"—FREULER FILM.—From the story by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by John P. McCarthy. The cast: *Tennessee Matthews*, Tom Tyler; *Virginia Hawkins*, Betty Mack; *O'Hara*, Al Bridge; *Widow Spriggs*, Fern Emmett; *Jed Hawkins*, Gordon Wood; *Lola*, Mildred Rogers; *Tanner*, Fred Ritter; *MacNab*, Frank Ball; *Tanner's wife*, Florence Wells.

"FRISCO JENNY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont, Lillie Hayward and John Francis Larkin. Screen play by Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Jenny*, Ruth Chatterton; *Dan Reynolds*, Donald Cook; *Dan McAllister*, James Murray; *Steve Dutton*, Louis Calhern; *Willie Gleason*, Hallam Cooley; *O'Hoolihan*, Pat O'Malley; *Kelly*, Robert Warwick; *Weaver*, Harold Huber; *Amah*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Good Book Charlie*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; *Harris*, J. Carrol Naish; *Rose*, Noel Francis; *Sandoval*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Kilmer*, Sam Godfrey; *Martel*, Franklin Parker; *Captain of Police*, Willard Robertson; *Danny*, Buster Phelps; *Judge Reynolds*, Berton Churchill; *Tom Ford*, Edwin Maxwell; *Old Man*, Harry Holman; *Miss Jessie*, Fritzi Ridgeway; *The Singer*, Clarence Muse; *Mrs. Reynolds*, Nella Walker; *Miss Beulah*, Gertrude Astor; *Miss Tessie*, Claudia Coleman.

"HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Ben Markson and H. N. Swanston. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack and Corey Ford. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Teresita*, Lupe Velez; *Bates*, Lee Tracy; *Achilles*, Eugene Pallette; *Farrell*, Frank Morgan; *Colonel Willikens*, Robert McKenzie; *Low*, James Donlan; *Gladys*, Shirley Chambers; *The Sheriff*, Charles Dow Clark; *Farrell's Press Agent*, Thomas Jackson.

"HEART PUNCH"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by B. Reeves Eason. The cast: *Jimmy Milligan*, Lloyd Hughes; *Kitty Doyle*, Marion Shilling; *Lefty Doyle*, George Lewis; *Spike*, Wheeler Oakman; *Goldie*, Mae Busch; *Zenias*, Walter Miller; *Benton*, Gordon DeMain; *Wong*, James Leong.

"HYPNOTIZED"—WORLD WIDE.—From the screen play by Mack Sennett and Arthur Ripley. Adapted by John A. Waldron, Earle Rodney, Harry McCoy and Gene Towne. The cast: *Egbert Jackson*, Charlie Mack; *Henry Johnson*, George Moran; *Professor Limberly*, Ernest Torrence; *Charlie O'Brien*, Charlie Murray; *Bill Bogard*, Wallace Ford; *Princess Mitzi*, Maria Alba; *Pearl*, Marjorie Beebe; *Capt. Von Stromberg*, Herman Bing; *Abe Shapiro*, Alexander Carr; *Consul*, Luis Alberni; *Ludwig*, Harry Schultz; *Drummer in Orchestra*, Matt McHugh; *Ringmaster in Circus*, Mitchell Harris.

"ISLAND OF LOST SOULS"—PARAMOUNT.—From a novel by H. G. Wells. Screen play by Waldemar Young and Philip Wylie. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: *Dr. Moreau*, Charles Laughton; *Edward Parker*, Richard Arlen; *Ruth Walker*, Leila Hyams; *Lola, the Panther Woman*, Kathleen Burke; *Montgomery*, Arthur Hohl; *Capt. Davies*, Stanley Fields; *Hogan*, Robert Kortman; *M'Ling*, Tetsu Komai; *Ouran*, Hans Steinke; *Gola*, Harry Ekejian; *Sayer of the Law*, Bela Lugosi; *Samoan Girl*, Rosemary Grimes; *Donahue*, Paul Hurst; *American Consul*, George Irving.

"LAWYER MAN"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Max Trell. Screen play by Rian James and James Seymour. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Anton*, William Powell; *Olga*, Joan Blondell; *Barbara*, Helen Vinson; *Benley*, Alan Dinehart; *Izzy Levine*, Allen Jenkins; *Gilmurry*, David Landau; *Virginia*, Claire Dodd; *Flo*, Sheila Terry; *Dr. Gresham*, Kenneth Thomson; *Spike*, Jack LaRue; *Kovak*, Rockcliffe Fellows; *Merritt*, Roscoe Karns; *Chorus Girl*, Dorothy Christy; *Mrs. Levine*, Ann Brody; *Guiseppi*, Curley Wright; *Moyle*, Edward McWade.

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Luther Long and the play by David Belasco. Screen play by Josephine Lovett and Joseph Moncure March. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Cho-Cho-San*, Sylvia Sidney; *Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton*, Cary Grant; *Lieut. Barton*, Charlie Ruggles; *Goro*, Sandor Kallay; *Yomadori*, Irving Pichel; *Cho-Cho's Mother*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Cho-Cho's Grandfather*, Edmund Breese; *Mme. Goro*, Judith Vosselli; *Suzuki*, Louise Carter; *Peach Blossom*, Dorothy Libaire; *Mrs. Pinkerton*, Sheila Terry.

"MAN AGAINST WOMAN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Screen play by

Jo Swerling. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Johnny McCloud*, Jack Holt; *Lola Parker*, Lillian Miles; *Mossie Ennis*, Walter Connolly; *Georgie Perry*, Gavin Gordon; *Happy O'Neill*, Arthur Vinton; *Christy*, Emmett Corrigan; *Smoke Johnson*, Clarence Muse; *Brodie*, Harry Seymour; *Alberti*, Jack LaRue; *Landlady*, Katherine Claire Ward.

"MUMMY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam and Richard Schayer. Screen play by John L. Balderston. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Im-ho-tep*, Karloff; *Helen Grosvenor*, Zita Johann; *Frank Whemple*, David Manners; *Professor Muller*, Edward Van Sloan; *Sir Joseph Whemple*, Arthur Byron; *Norton*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Nubian*, Noble Johnson; *Professor Pearson*, Leonard Mudie; *Frau Muller*, Kathryn Byron; *Doctor*, Eddie Kane; *Inspector*, Tony Marlow; *Pharoah*, Maes Crane; *Knight*, Arnold Gray; *Marion*, Henry Victor.

"NO LIVING WITNESS"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Norman Houston. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Jerry Bennett*, Gilbert Roland; *Clyde Corbin*, Noah Beery; *Carol Everett*, Barbara Kent; *Emilia*, Carmel Myers; *Pop*, Everett, Otis Harlan; *Miss Thompson*, Dorothy Revier; *Nick*, J. Carrol Naish; *Nick's Mother*, Ferike Boros; *Police Captain*, John Ince; *Looey*, Monte Carter; *District Attorney*, Broderick O'Farrell; *Harry Newton*, Arthur Millett; *Fatty Raskin*, James Cooley; *Eddie Schrage*, Gordon DeMain.

"NO OTHER WOMAN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Just A Woman" by Eugene Walter and a story by Owen Francis. Screen play by Wanda Tuchock and Bernard Schubert. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Anna*, Irene Dunne; *Big Jim Stanley*, Charles Bickford; *Margot*, Gwili Andre; *Joe*, Eric Linden; *Bobbie Stanley*, Buster Miles; *Susie*, Leila Bennett; *Eli*, Christian Rub; *Bonelli*, J. Carrol Naish; *Governess*, Hilda Vaughn; *Chaufeur*, Brooks Benedict; *Bulter*, Joseph E. Bernard; *Anderson*, Frederick Burton; *Sutherland*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Judge*, Edwin Stanley.

"RACING STRAIN, THE"—WILLIS KENT PROD.—From the story by Willis Kent. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast: *Big Shot*, Wally Reid, Jr.; *Mr. Martin*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *King Kelly*, Paul Fix; *Marian Martin*, Phyllis Barrington; *Aunt Judy*, Ethel Wales; *Speed Hall*, Eddie Phillips; *Big Shot, as baby*, Dickie Moore; *Big Shot's Father*, Lorin Raker; *Tia Juana Lil*, Mae Busch; *Togo*, Otto Yamaoka.

"ROBBERS' ROOST"—FOX.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Jim Wall*, George O'Brien; *Helen*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Brad*, Walter McGrail; *Aunt Ellen*, Maude Eburne; *Herrick*, Reginald Owen; *Hays*, William Pawley; *Prossie*, Doris Lloyd; *Happy Jack*, Clifford Stanley; *Briggs*, Gilbert Holmes; *Daniels*, Frank Rice; *Tulliver*, Robert Creig; *Mac*, William Nestell; *Smoky Slocum*, Vinegar Roan; *Lalimer*, Ted Oliver.

"SELF-DEFENSE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "Man's Law" by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Tristram Tupper. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Katy Devoux*, Pauline Frederick; *Alice*, Claire Windsor; *Tim Reed*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Nona Devoux*, Barbara Kent; *Dan Simmons*, Robert Elliott; *Dr. Borden*, Henry B. Walthall; *Jeff Bowman*, Jameson Thomas; *Paul*, George Hackathorne; *Charlie*, Willie Fung; *Sandy McKenzie*, Lafe McKee; *Jury Foreman*, George Hayes.

"SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Wilson Barrett. Screen play by Waldemar Young and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The cast: *Marcus Superbus*, Fredric March; *Mercia*, Elissa Landi; *Poppaea*, Claudette Colbert; *Nero*, Charles Laughton; *Tigellinus*, Ian Keith; *Dacia*, Vivian Tobin; *Favius*, Harry Beresford; *Glabrio*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Titus*, Arthur Hohl; *Ancaria*, Joyzelle; *Stephanus*, Tommy Conlon; *Strabo*, Nat Pendleton; *Licinius*, William V. Mong; *Tyros*, Harold Healy; *Viturius*, Richard Alexander; *Philodemus*, Robert Manning; *The Mule Giant*, Joe Bonomo.

"SLIGHTLY MARRIED"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Mary McCarthy. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Mary Smith*, Evalyn Knapp; *Jimmy Martin*, Walter Byron; *Nellie*, Marie Prevost; *Jack Haines*, Jason Robards; *Marjorie*, Dorothy Christy; *Brandon*, Robert Ellis; *Mrs. Martin*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Mr. Martin*, Phillips Smalley; *Hodges*, Herbert Evans; *The Judge*, Lloyd Ingraham; *The Landlady*, Mary Foy.

"SON-DAUGHTER, THE"—M-G-M.—From the stage play by George M. Scarborough and David Belasco. Screen play by John Goodrich and Claudine West. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Tom Lee*, Ramon Novarro; *Lien Wha*, Helen Hayes; *Dr.*

Dong Tong, Lewis Stone; *Fen Sha*, Warner Oland; *Fang Fou Hy*, Ralph Morgan; *Toy Yah*, Louise Closser Hale; *Sin Kai*, H. B. Warner.

"SPEED DEMON"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Charles R. Condon. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Speed Morrow*, William Collier, Jr.; *Jean Torrance*, Joan Marsh; *Pete Stenner*, Wheeler Oakman; *Langard*, Robert Ellis; *Catfish Jones*, Georgie Ernest; *Captain Torrance*, Frank Sheridan; *Runyan*, Wade Boteler; *Judge*, Edward LeSaint; *Lefty*, Fuzzy Knight; *Red*, Ethan Laidlaw; *Bull*, Harry Tenbrook.

"THAT'S MY BOY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Francis Wallace. Screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Tommy*, Richard Cromwell; *Dorothy*, Dorothy Jordan; *Mom*, Mae Marsh; *Pop*, Arthur Stone; *Adams*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Uncle Louie*, Lucien Littlefield; *Al Williams*, Leon Waycoff; *Pinkie*, Russell Saunders; *Carl*, Sumner Getchell; *Mayor*, Otis Harlan; *Hap*, Dutch Hendrian; *1st Student*, Elbridge Anderson; *2nd Student*, Crilly Butler; *Tommy (as boy)*, Douglas Haig; and famous football stars.

"THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Gladys Lehman and H. M. Walker. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Sam Sutton*, Slim Summerville; *Molly*, ZaSu Pitts; *Marie*, Fifi Dorsay; *Hume*, Roland Young; *The Judge*, Guy Kibbee; *Lola Montrose*, Verree Teasdale; *Hampton*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Montrose*, David Landau; *Radcliff*, Robert Greig; *Lizzie*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Fairchilds*, Wallis Clark; *Mrs. Fairchilds*, Vivian Oakland; *Rosalie Fairchilds*, Cora Sue Collins; *Wilmot Fairchilds*, David Lee Tillotson; *Bradford*, William Burruss; *Mrs. Bradford*, Louise Mackintosh; *Langley*, Bertram Marburgh; *Mrs. Langley*, Virginia Howell; *Clerk*, James Donlan; *Tony*, Henry Armetta.

"UNDER-COVER MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Wilstach. Adapted by Thomson Burtis. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Nick Darrow*, George Raft; *Lora Madigan*, Nancy Carroll; *Dannie*, Roscoe Karns; *Martoff*, Gregory Ratoff; *Kenneth Mason*, Lew Cody; *Connie*, Noel Francis; *Inspector Conklin*, David Landau; *Sam Dorse*, Paul Porcasi; *Gillespie*, Leyland Hodgson; *Jimmy Madigan*, William Janney; *Bernie*, George Davis.

"UNRWITTEN LAW, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by John Krafft. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Fifi LaRue*, Greta Nissen; *Pete Brown*, Skeets Gallagher; *Ruth Evans*, Mary Brian; *Lulu Potts*, Louise Fazenda; *Roger Morgan*, Lew Cody; *Jean Evans*, Hedda Hopper; *Stephen McBain*, Purnell Pratt; *Val Lewis*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Abu Zeyd*, Mischa Auer; *Frank Woods*, Arthur Rankin; *Captain Kane*, Wilfred Lucas; *Ed Riley*, Ernest Adams.

"VIRGINS OF BALI"—PRINCIPAL.—Produced by Deane H. Dickason with a native cast.

"WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA"—PRINCIPAL.—Direction, narrative and photography by Captain J. E. Williamson.

"YORCK"—UFA.—From the story by Hans Muller and Robert Liebmann. Directed by Gustav Ucicky. The cast: *Yorck*, Werner Krauss; *Barbara*, Greta Mosheim; *Friedrich Wilhelm III*, Rudolf Forster; *Lieut. Ruediger Heyking*, Hans Rehmman; *Chancellor Hardenberg*, Gustaf Gruendgens; *Clausowitz*, Lothar Muethel; *Kleist*, Friedrich Kayssler; *Macdonald*, Raoul Aslan; *Vicomte Noailles*, Walter Jansen; *Roeder*, Theodor Loos; *Diebitzsch*, Otto Walburg.

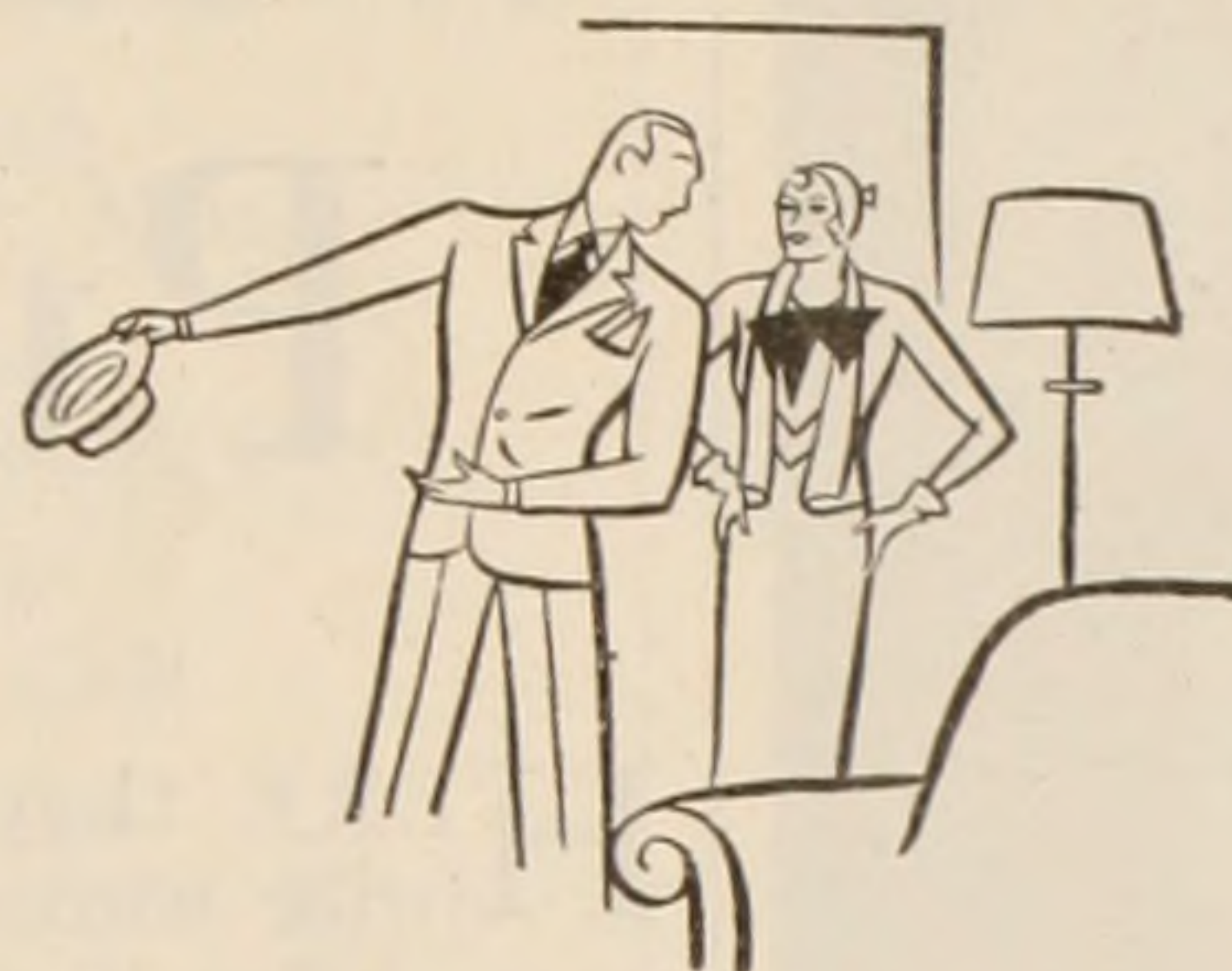
"YOUNG BLOOD"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Nick*, Bob Steele; *Gail Winters*, Helen Foster; *Sheriff Sharpe*, Charles King; *Lola Montaine*, Neoma Judge; *Deputy Sheriff*, Hank Bell; *Ed*, Art Mix; *Beckworth*, Henry Rocquemore; *Col. Bondage*, Lafe McKee; *Hank*, Perry Murdock; *Tony Mirullo*, Harry Semels.

Heart Throb

Although I am deaf and can not hear the talking, I get the story through lip reading. Going to the movies several times each week is the only pleasure my wife and I have and it surely does us a lot of good taking our thoughts from ourselves.

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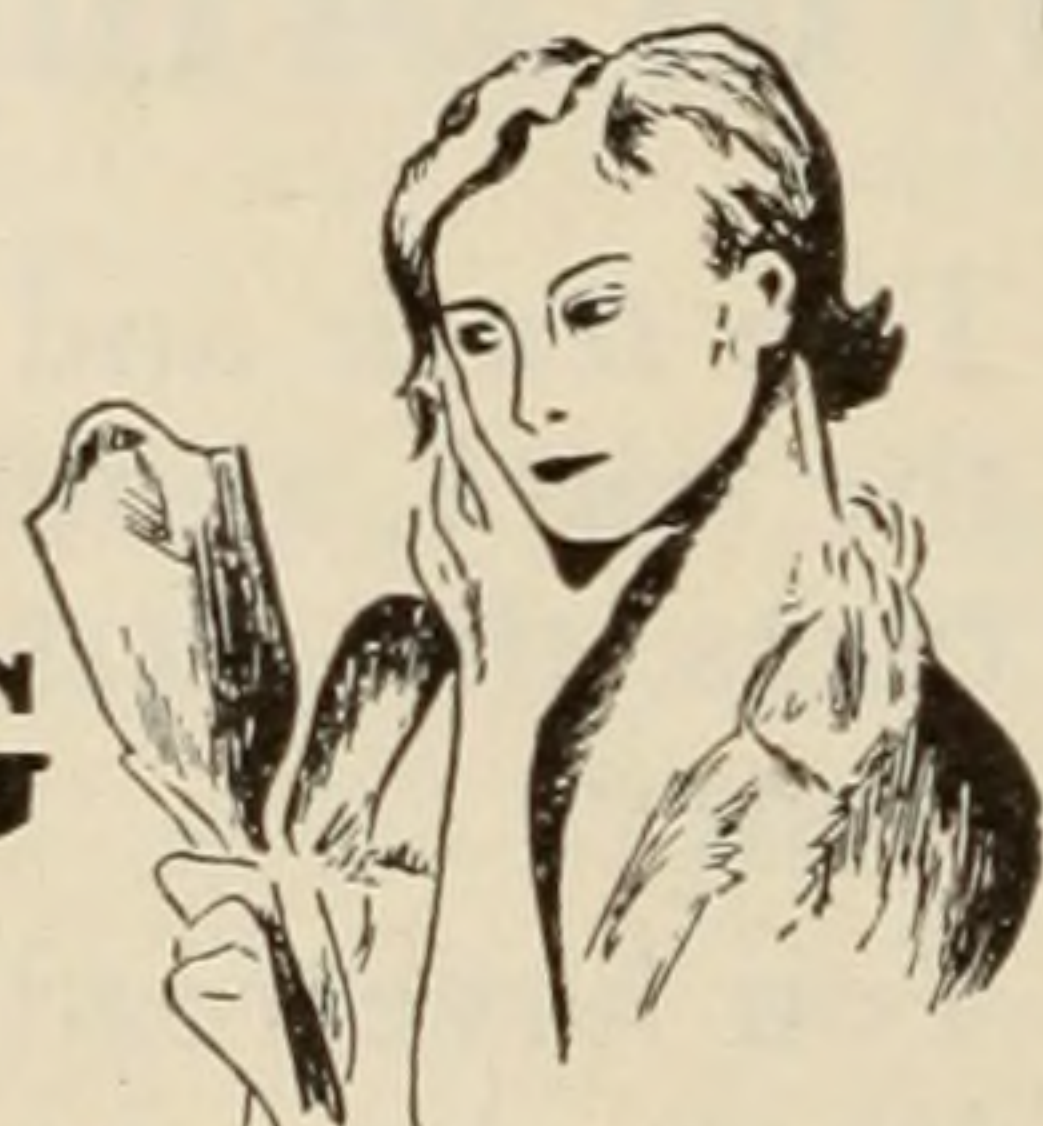
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Winners Of \$1,000 Puzzle Contest

HERE they are—the eighty-three prize winners in PHOTOPLAY's ninth annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest, selected after careful checking and re-checking of the thousands of entries by the judges. Checks, ranging in amounts from \$5 to \$300, have been put in the mail and will be in the hands of the happy individuals at practically the same time they receive this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Again, as in previous years, entries in this fascinating contest came from all parts of the world. In selecting the winners the judges kept in mind the rule

which specified, "Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes." That was a task with thousands of neat, simple yet attractive solutions.

The entry of Marye C. Hicks, of Chicago, Ill., won the unanimous vote of the judges for first prize; Edith L. White, of Rochester, N. Y., was awarded the second prize, and Chas. H. Kuhn, of Indianapolis, Ind., the third prize.

Here is the list of all winners:

First Prize, \$300

MARYE C. HICKS, 8020 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Second Prize, \$100

EDITH L. WHITE, 3749 Lake Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Third Prize, \$50

CHAS. H. KUHN, 3225 Forest Manor Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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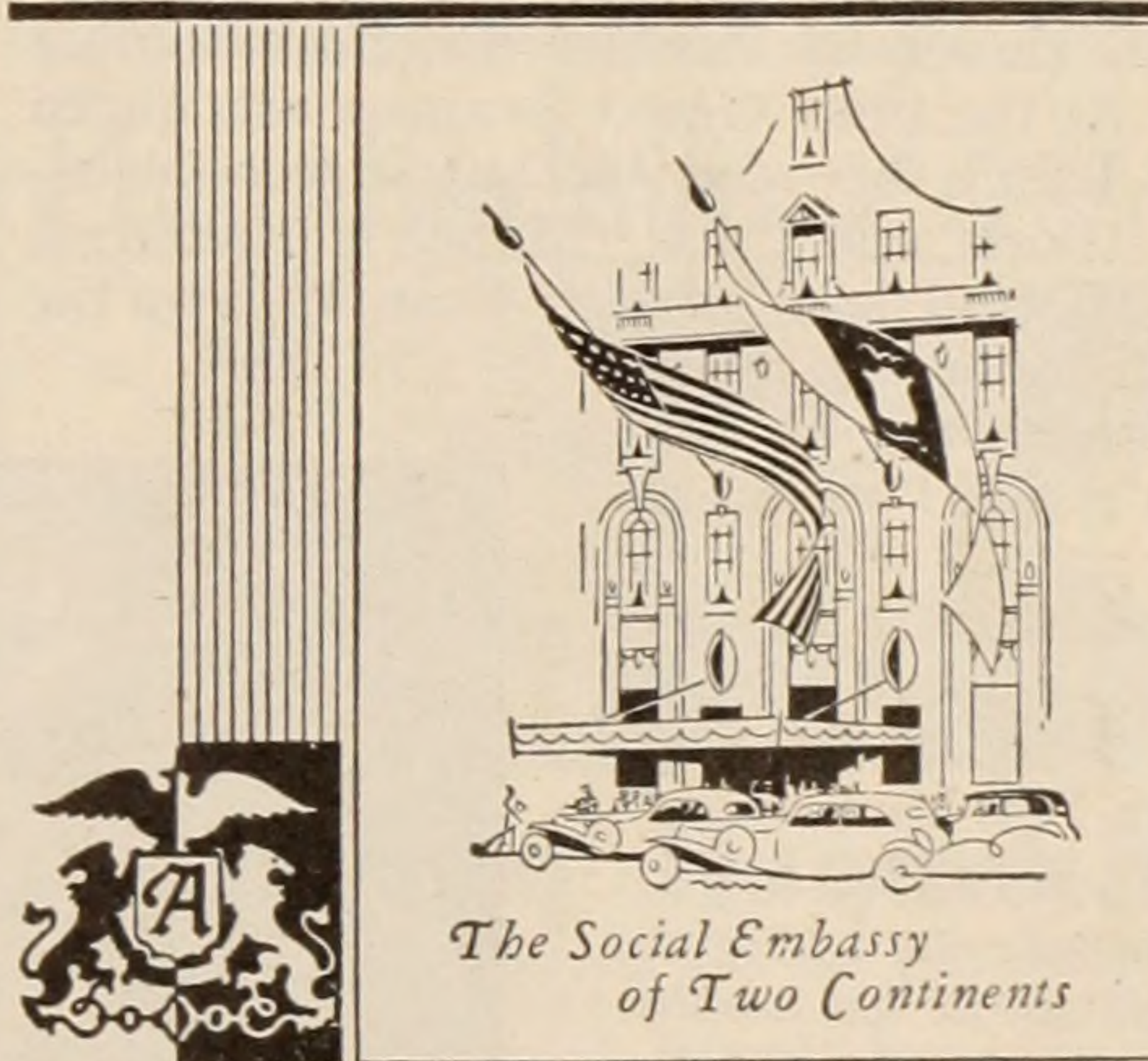
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The Answers

August

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Joan Bennett | Lew Ayres |
| Ann Harding | Fredric March |
| Loretta Young | Robert Montgomery |

September

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| June Clyde | John Barrymore |
| Dorothy Jordan | John Boles |
| Maureen O'Sullivan | George Raft |

October

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Ruth Chatterton | Clive Brook |
| Jeanette MacDonald | Charles Farrell |
| Sylvia Sidney | Paul Lukas |

Big Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Then lightning struck her and rebounded in dismay. She was witnessed by her second "discoverer," Eddie Dowling, playwright, actor, manager.

Eddie, during a Washington engagement, had noted Katie's performance—perhaps from three blocks away. He hired her for his new musical comedy, "Honeymoon Lane." Kate Smith was launched on Broadway, and the resulting swell flooded the boardwalk at Coney Island.

WHAT happy days for Big Girl! Probably as happy as any she's known. She was a hit. She was making pretty good money—I'll never forget her girlish pleasure over her first modest diamond ring. She sang and she Charlestoneed and she went on home to her mama in a small side-street apartment. Glorious days, those, on the way up!

Then she appeared opposite Mr. Bert Lahr, rubber-faced comic, in "Flying High." Another success. Movie houses and vaudeville began clamoring for her—smothered her with luscious pay-checks.

Radio lured her. She was an instantaneous socko, for the microphone and loud-speaker love that big round voice. "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" became her theme song and her pet sensation, and she's been lugging the moon to wealth and glory ever since.

And that, mates, is a lightning review of Big Girl's public career.

But that's only Kate the Performer.

What about Kate the Woman?

It's always the living, laughing, loving, suffering human being behind the career that is inevitably fascinating. The girl behind the lipstick.

I know the real Kate Smith, too.

And it is wonderful to realize that her spirit is as sweet and generous and rich as that remarkable voice.

Her heart must very nearly fill that ample body. Where there's room for the voice-box I really can't say. Add to her sweetness a great gay spirit that is always on tap for her friends, and you have as winning a girl as you could excavate in a world-wide census. Her sub

rosa generousities would fill a couple of fat books.

And she's always the same swell Kate, now that she's plastered with cash and written large in electric lights.

She still lives modestly—and Broadway whispers that she has some \$300,000 soaked away in government paper. Hauling that old moon over the mountain has been worth the effort.

BOY friends? Sure—Kate's had 'em. She likes 'em, and why not?

And so Kate breezes along, singing her songs. One of the grandest girls whose Charleston ever threatened a reinforced stage.

Six years ago! Then Kate eagerly went out to Toll House Tavern and sang for her supper—and little else.

Now she luxuriates in Hollywood and sends that rich voice rolling over the wild air waves to millions.

Kate's the biggest, sweetest Cinderella who ever found a glass slipper on the floor of a Hollywood studio. More power to Big Girl.

Who Is Hollywood's Greatest Screen Lover?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

to screen sweeties it's a cinch she would have been cuckoo long before now.

It was shortly after this, that Pola Negri came from Europe in a blaze of glory and Conrad was chosen as her first American leading man. At the time, Gloria Swanson was queen of the Lasky lot—and the battle was on between Gloria and Pola. Mabel Normand, it later appeared, had "ribbed" Pola, while on the boat, to demand a dressing bungalow just like Gloria's; and Pola got it, too.

"And it was Pola, not Garbo," Conrad added, "who coined that phrase; 'I tank I go home now.' She would call her maid, 'Schnapps'—and believe me, the two of 'em would go home on the least provocation."

NEXT on the list with Conrad were Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, and tragic-eyed Alma Rubens. During the making of "Lawful Larceny," in which Conrad made love to Nita in New York, she caused a ten-day sensation by appearing without stockings and resting her feet on the rail of her box in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Lucille Ricksen, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Patsy Ruth Miller, Eleanor Boardman followed. Conrad made love to all of them as the script demanded. Then to Blanche Sweet, who quarrelled constantly with her director-husband, Mickey Neilan.

"The only thing that would stop them," said Conrad, "was when the set orchestra played 'Mamma Loves Papa, Papa Loves Mamma,' which was a popular tune of the time."

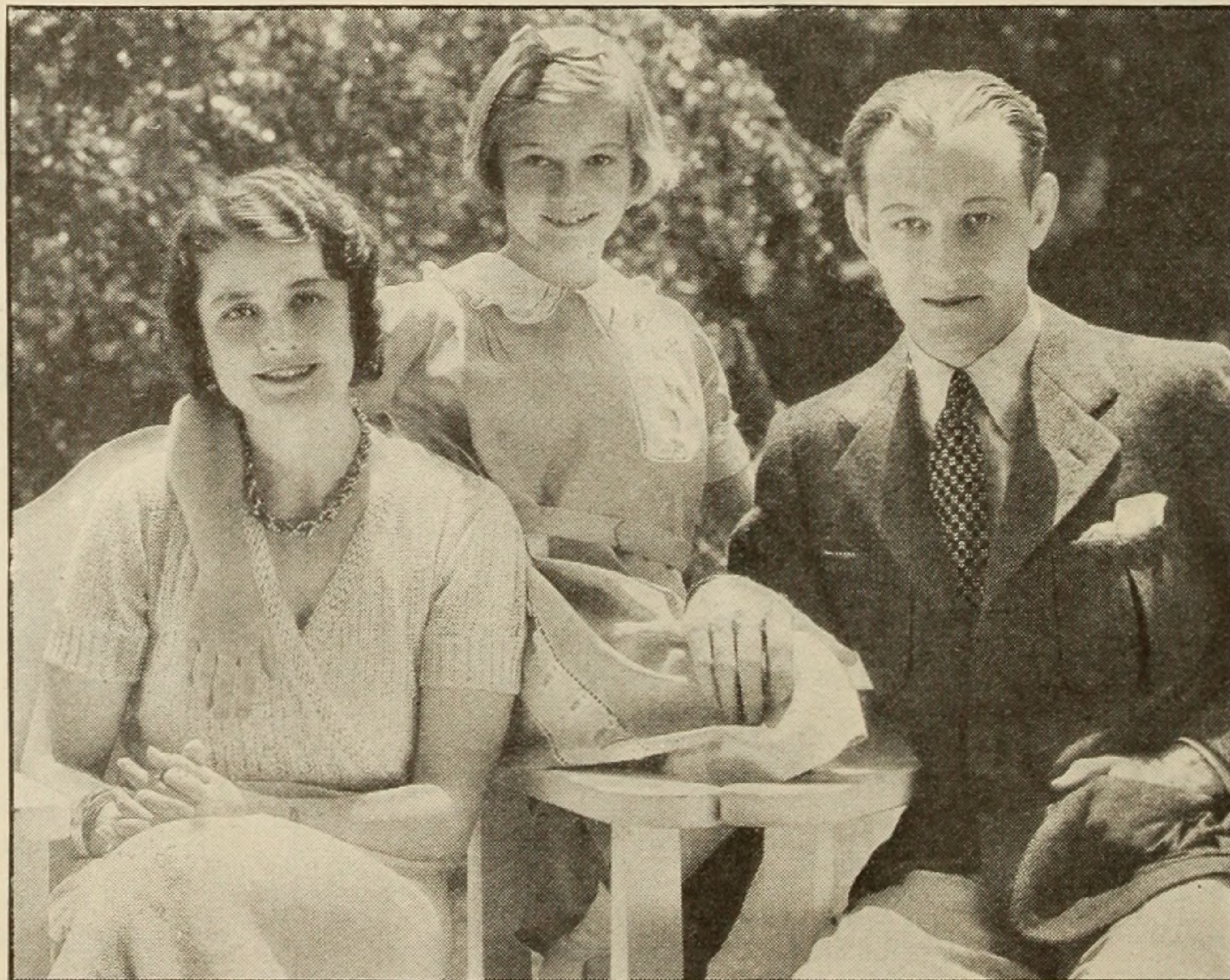
Norma Shearer was next with "Excuse Me," and then Conrad did the part which alone should give him the title, hands down. That was "Three Weeks," with Aileen Pringle. Then came Marion Davies and Garbo.

Since the movie infant has learned to talk, Conrad has played opposite and made love to Dolores Costello, Eleanor Boardman, Genevieve Tobin, Catherine Dale Owen, Loretta Young, Anita Page, Lila Lee, Myrna Loy, June Collyer, Leila Hyams, Kay Johnson, Bernice Claire, Ann Harding, Madge Evans, Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Joan Blondell, Betty Compson, Evelyn Brent, Virginia Bruce, and so on and on, ad infinitum. The above is not a complete list, because Conrad's memory failed him after getting that far. Besides which, he has played repeats with many of these named.

So, little girl with a crush on Conrad, don't be discouraged. If you want to meet your hero in the flesh all you have to do is to come to Hollywood and be a movie star—and it's a cinch that, sooner or later, he'll hold you in his arms. He's held them all.

THAT'S why Conrad Nagel is the greatest lover of the screen, with a record that is almost a certainty to stand for all time. Bring on your Barrymores, your Gables, your Rafts, Warren Williams, and Chevaliers, and then bring on your hearts and flowers.

Conrad can spot 'em all a Ziegfeld chorus and then win in a walk. He has picked all the orchids in Hollywood's garden of love—and what's more, he's still picking 'em.



You've read the answer by now, so there's no use making a secret of it. Behold, Conrad Nagel, screen lover of more charming women than any other three men you could name—and a pillar of the church, as well as spokesman for the industry, in his hours off duty. To round out the picture we see the two real loves of his life—Mrs. Nagel and their twelve-year-old daughter, Ruth Margaret, at their beautiful home in Beverly Hills

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 62-67) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS Co.,
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THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY,
DAYTON.

THE LASALLE & KOCH Co.,
TOLEDO.

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H. C. PRANGE COMPANY,
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HARRY S. MANCHESTER, INC.,
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HENDERSON-HOYT COMPANY,
OSKOSH.

H. C. PRANGE COMPANY,
SHEBOYGAN.

Look How I Smoothed and Whitened Rough, Red Hands



...with this utterly
NEW TYPE LOTION

YOU can keep *your* hands lovely, too. This radically different lotion is called Chamberlain's—and it is far superior to *ordinary*, old-fashioned preparations. It contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose.

One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chaf, soreness, windburn, skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores, revives dried-out skin (the forerunner of wrinkles, lines), and softens skin texture so wonderfully even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become revitalized and *naturally* lovelier—velvety-smooth and years younger-looking. Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No bothersome massage of gummy lotions that must be *rubbed* in. Try it. Prove in 7 days you can gain appealingly soft, white hands and skin—or *money back*. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.



Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Ia.

Chamberlain's LOTION



"Splitting" Headaches

Until she learned *why* she was always miserable—and found out about **NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy)**. Now she gets along fine with everybody. This safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative brought quick relief and quiet nerves because it cleared her system of poisonous wastes—made bowel action easy and regular. Thousands take **NR** daily. It's such a sure, pleasant corrective. Mild, non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. At your druggist's—25c.

FREE! Beautiful 1933 Calendar-Thermometer—samples **NR** and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to **A. H. LEWIS CO.** Desk 55-D St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

BUNIONS Melted Away

Pain stops almost instantly! Then lasting relief. **Fairyfoot** gradually dissolves painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used successfully on 500,000 feet. Write for trial treatment absolutely **FREE!** Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill. 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 3282

FREE TEST

GAG CONTEST WINNERS
Will be announced in the
MARCH PHOTOPLAY

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

TIS rumored, Elissa Landi wasn't too, too pleased when Fox renewed that option. Elissa frankly confessed she was happier on the Paramount lot in "The Sign of the Cross" than she'd ever been on the home lot.

"IN love?" repeated Lee Tracy, when asked if it was true about him and Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

"Why—it must be love! Only last night she gave back a \$10,000 bracelet I bought for her."

THE only bubble of sadness in Clara Bow's bucketful of joy when she left for New York was that she had to leave her two pet white mice—if you can imagine Clara with pet white mice—behind. While out on the desert with Rex she one day caught a little field mouse whom she called Mickey Mouse, and when he died in Hollywood because of the lower altitude, she bought two white mice, which she called Lydia Pinkham and Snookums.

But Clara should cheer up—because by the time she gets back from Europe she'll probably have a whole flock of white mice.

THE death of Joel McCrea's father, Thomas P. McCrea, brought to light Joel's family background, which comparatively few knew.

The McCrea family is one of culture, wealth and distinction.

They have lived in Los Angeles since the horse-car days.

The elder McCrea was an executive officer and member of the directorate of one of the city's largest corporations.

WHEN Lucien Littlefield finished work on "Rasputin," which, as everybody knows, was months behind schedule before it was finally completed, his next job was with a little independent concern.

Lucien noticed the assistant director pacing the floor with a deep

furrow of worry on his brow. He asked what seemed to be the trouble.

"Trouble?" exploded the a. d. **"My God, this is awful. Do you realize we are half an hour behind schedule?"**

KATHARINE HEPBURN has Hollywood on its ear with her didoes. But the climax came when Katharine calmly lay down in the main street of the Radio Pictures studios to read her fan mail.

Anything for sensation.

BOMBARDED by questions from all sides, Norma Talmadge and George Jessel found time to have their own private laugh out of the report that Norma had guaranteed the \$100,000 property settlement George made upon his wife, Florence Courtney.

"We will be accused next of blowing up the Maine," Jessel wired Norma, **"when, as everyone knows, Harry Green did it."**



Will she star—or will she not? This haunting question keeps eyes of Hollywood's prophetic jury perpetually on the lesser luminaries. After many rejections, these remained the anointed Wampas babies for 1933. The Wampas, you know, are the Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers. In past years they have picked thirteen; but this year it's fifteen. (Superstitious? Maybe!) Left to right standing: Toshia Mori, Boots Mallory, Ruth Hall, Gloria Stuart, Patricia Ellis, Ginger Rogers, Lilian Bond, Evalyn Knapp, Marion Shockley. Seated, left to right: Dorothy Wilson, Mary Carlisle, Lona Andre, Eleanor Holm, Dorothy Layton. June Clyde, who completed the official roster of fifteen, was not present for this picture. There are seven blondes, four with brown hair, two red-heads and two brunettes

WHEN THE LION ROARS, THE WHOLE WORLD LISTENS!

Imagine! You're going to have a peek at the "inside production plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. It's fun to look ahead to see what's coming from the producers of "Grand Hotel", "Smilin' Through", "Red Dust", "Strange Interlude", "Prosperity", "Flesh" and all those other fine screen entertainments. Here is just a rough idea of M-G-M pictures of interest now being shown, soon to come and others planned for production. Listen to the Lion ROAR! What a treat for the months to come!

NORMA SHEARER comes "Smilin' Through" with a new hit "La Tendresse" from the thrilling French play.

JOAN CRAWFORD in an exciting romance written especially for her by William Faulkner, noted author.

MARIE DRESSLER (beloved star!) with **WALLACE BEERY** in "Tugboat Annie."

MARION DAVIES has the role of her career in "Peg o' My Heart."

"**CLEAR ALL WIRES**" the Broadway stage hit has been captured by M-G-M!

HELEN HAYES, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO**.

RAMON NOVARRO will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

IRENE DUNN and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"**RASPUTIN**" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

JOHN BARRYMORE wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"**MEN MUST FIGHT**" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

JEAN HARLOW'S next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

"**HAPPILY UNMARRIED**" is a delightful M-G-M original story soon to come to the screen.

JIMMY DURANTE and **BUSTER KEATON** and **JACKIE COOPER**. What a trio for "Buddies!"

"**PIGBOATS**" is a picture not to be missed! Robert Montgomery . . . Jimmy Durante . . . Walter Huston . . . Madge Evans! Swell cast in a grand picture!

Isn't it the truth? When the Lion ROARS you're sure of a happy hit!

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER



Howard Chandler Christy
1932

forever and ever...

“It's toasted”

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