

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

JULY
25 CENTS



JEANETTE
MAC DONALD

The
Amazing Story of
MAURICE CHEVALIER

Why the Stars
Quit Those
FREAK DIETS

A recommendation from salespeople in the leading stores of America . . .

Even the briefest shopping list these days means a considerable expenditure of time and money. One like this, for instance—

"Silk-and-wool shirts for Bunny . . . Golf sweater for Will . . . Lingerie for new evening dress . . . Sport frock for Country Club . . ."

Why, these things may cost you \$100, or more — as well as three or four hours of hard shopping. And how *very* costly they are, if they are quickly ruined by a disastrous washing. Or even if a "nearly-safe" soap destroys the freshness of their color and texture.

Nice things needn't be
an extravagance

But *if* these things wear and wear, and keep their good looks, their cost is unimportant in the long run even if you've paid a lot for them. And here is where the advice of salespeople can help you.

What these much-traveled
shoppers found

Salespeople have very definite ideas about the safe way to wash fine fabrics. When several young women recently traveled all over the country, shopping everywhere in the leading stores, they discovered that an overwhelming majority of salespeople were recommending Ivory — especially for finer things.

For those little
silk-and-wool shirts

As the saleswoman in one of Chicago's finest department stores said, "Always use Ivory and tepid water to wash

"To be safe — wash fine things with Ivory"

baby woolens. Ivory is so pure that it keeps them nice and soft. A stronger soap hardens and harms the wool."

And your own
pastel-tinted underwear

"Ivory is the only soap we advise for fine underwear," said the head of the lingerie department in one of New York's famous stores. "Other soaps are likely to be a little harsh. We have found from experience that Ivory is a mild soap which cleanses delicate fabrics perfectly — and yet will not fade the colors."

To make washing safe
for golf sweaters

"Ivory Soap is the best thing to use for sweaters," said a salesman in a leading Philadelphia store to a customer recently. "Other soaps are almost always too strong. They fade colors and then we have lots of customers coming back with complaints. Ivory is pure. We have used it in our household for 27 years for everything — it's always safe."

The salespeople in the fine stores of your own city will tell you that if you use Ivory, lukewarm water, and reasonable care — your silks will wear longer, woolens will be softer, colors will stay fresher . . . Certainly it's a simple way to make your clothes-budget go farther!

Free—A little book, "*Thistledown Treasures, — their selection and care,*" gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VV-70, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



— kind to everything it touches —

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure

“Pink tooth brush” at my age!

...not so good...not so good...not so good...

YOUR gums may be tender at twenty or firm and healthy at fifty-five. They may be soft and flabby, or firm and healthy, and their health depends directly on the care that you give them.

“Pink tooth brush” is not a serious trouble in itself. Often, it is true, it is the forerunner of worse disease, and from neglect of soft and flabby gums, gingivitis, Vincent’s disease and even pyorrhea may follow.

But to prevent “pink tooth brush” with massage and Ipana Tooth Paste, is a simple and a wise precaution.

A tinge of “pink”, however slight, upon your tooth brush, is a sign the gum structure is weak and that your gums are not getting exercise that vigorous chewing of harder foods would give them.

The soft foods we eat today are the great enemies of healthy gums and sound teeth, but Ipana and massage afford you sure protection. Dentists recommend Ipana to thousands of patients because it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by the profession in treating gum disorders!

So bring Ipana to the aid of your gums when and while you clean your teeth! Simply brush your gums; or massage them with your fingers, lightly at first, then harder. Ipana’s ziratol content speeds the blood! Wastes and poisons are swept from the tiny capillaries of the gums! Soon they regain their normal hardness and firmness!

And while Ipana keeps your gums in health, it cleans the teeth to sparkling, flashing whiteness! Its taste is delight-



fully refreshing and it gives an instant feeling of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not luxuries

From now on, make Ipana the tooth paste of your family and yourself! It may cost a few cents more, but its formula is modern and scientific—its double protection well worth the slight difference in price!

Stop by at your druggist’s and get the

large-size tube—don’t wait for the sample. Tonight, begin the full month’s test. And forget your dental cares!

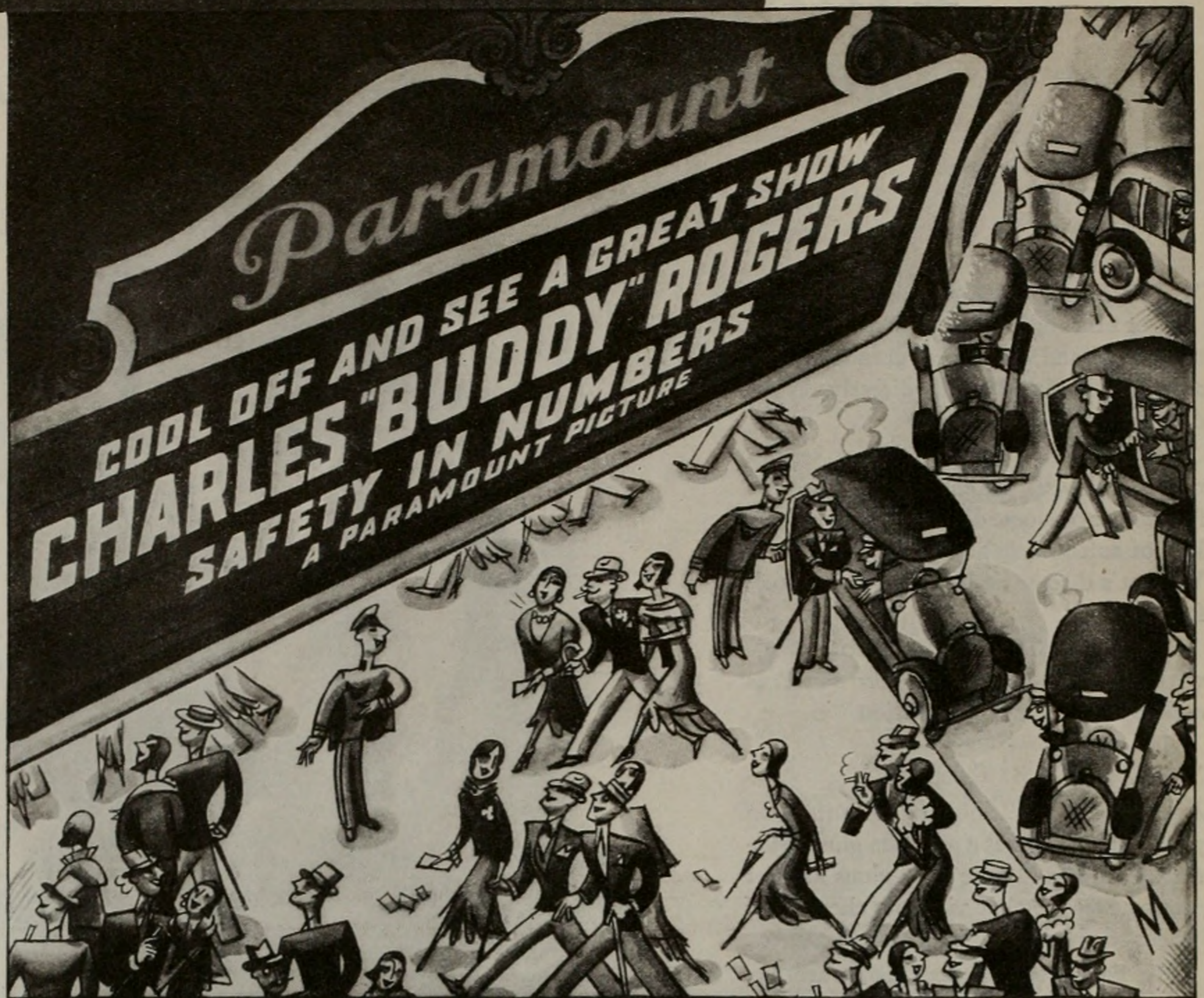
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THE SIGN OF GOOD TIMES



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THERE'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER and
GREAT ENTERTAINMENT
 AT THEATRES WHICH SHOW
PARAMOUNT PICTURES

¶ No more delightful way to spend a summer afternoon or evening than at the theatre nearest you that plays Paramount Pictures. You'll always find it cool and comfortable inside and you'll always find a great show — some of the best Paramount Pictures ever are being released now and right through the summer. A partial list is at the right. The titles cover everything you need to know about them because they're all *Paramount*. Winter time, summer time, any time —

"WITH BYRD at the
 SOUTH POLE"

• • •

NANCY CARROLL in
 "THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY"

• • •

CLARA BOW in
 "TRUE TO THE NAVY"

• • •

JACK OAKIE in
 "THE SOCIAL LION" and
 "THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE"

• • •

WILLIAM POWELL in
 "SHADOW OF THE LAW"

• • •

"THE BORDER LEGION"

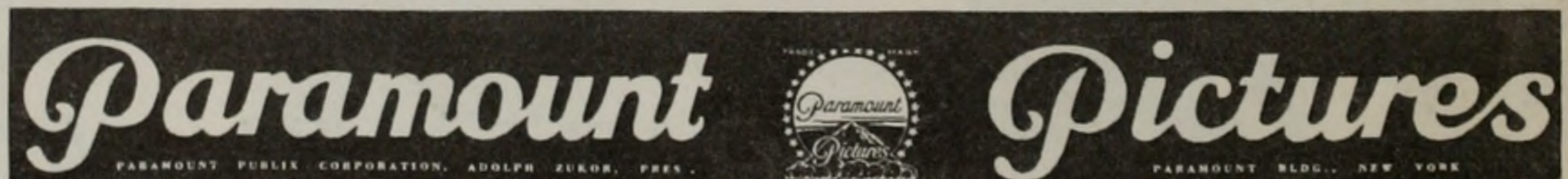
• • •

GEORGE BANCROFT in
 "THE CAVEMAN"

• • •

"DANGEROUS NAN
 McGREW"

"If it's a
 Paramount Picture
 it's the
 best show in town!"



PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVIII No. 2

July, 1930



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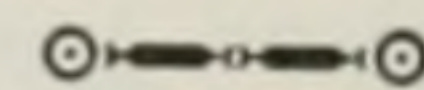
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Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

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

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

ACQUITTED—Columbia.—Underworld drama with a real punch. Sam Hardy is more amusing than ever. (Feb.)

AFTER THE FOG—Beacon Prod.—If you like relentless drama about cruel husbands and martyred wives, you'll like this. (Jan.)

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

★ **ANNA CHRISTIE**—M-G-M.—The Great Garbo talks—and remains great! A faultlessly directed picture with superb characterizations by Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler and George Marion. (March)

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount.—The *Two Black Crows* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

APPLAUSE—Paramount.—When this is good, it's very, very good and when it's bad it's—you know. Helen Morgan, in a rôle which does not take advantage of her unique talents, does some brilliant work none the less. (Jan.)

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Patsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (April)

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

BARNUM WAS RIGHT—Universal.—Miss this one unless you're one of those people old P. T. was talking about. (Feb.)

BATTLE OF PARIS, THE—Paramount.—Gertrude Lawrence, stage favorite, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Yeh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (April)

BE YOURSELF—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a gold-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (April)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tobis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (April)

BENSON MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Suave Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (May)

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie, but why? (May)

BIG PARTY, THE—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heaps of comedy, some true love and villainy. (April)

BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Murder *a la Mother Goose*, with Basil Rathbone *Philo Vance* this time. Plenty of thrills. (Feb.)

BLAZE O' GLORY—Sono Art—World Wide.—One of those leopard pictures—it's spotty. Some of the spots are good and some are bad. Eddie Dowling shows a nice personality and a good singing voice. (March)

BROADWAY HOOFER, THE—Columbia.—You'll like Marie Saxon, musical comedy star, in her first talkie. A stimulating back stage comedy. (March)

BROADWAY SCANDALS—Columbia.—Version No. 999 of *Love Behind the Scenes*—with music. A new lad named Jack Egan looks like Buddy Rogers and sings nicely. Carmel Myers glitters as the vamp. (Jan.)

BURNING UP—Paramount.—Your money's worth in entertainment. A neat little comedy with some thrilling racing sequences and that admirably natural actor, Dick Arlen. (March)

CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (June)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—This ninety-ninth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (May)

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (May)

CHINA EXPRESS, THE—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent*. (May)

CITY GIRL—Fox.—Originally begun as a silent picture ("Our Daily Bread") by Director F. W. Murnau. Gets off to a powerful start, but turns talkie and collapses. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are fine. Part Talkie. (March)

CLANCY IN WALL STREET—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (April)

COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal.—When, and if you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (May)

★ **CONDEMNED**—United Artists.—A beautiful and thrilling story, crammed with action and romance. You'll like Ronald Colman's sophisticated yet appealing portrayal. And Dudley Digges, Ann Harding and Louis Wolheim are grand. (Jan.)

COURAGE—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as *Bill*, the youngest. (June)

COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal.—"Hoot" Gibson tames a Wild West shrew, modern version. Mildly entertaining. (March)

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (May)

CUCKOOS, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (June)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor rôle. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (April)

DANCE HALL—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake is grand as the youngster who haunts the local dance hall where Olive Borden, in a blonde wig, is a hostess. Amusing. (Feb.)

DANGEROUS FEMALES—Paramount—Christie.—A hilariously funny two-reeler. And why not, with both Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cavorting in their best manner? (Feb.)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Anna Christie"
"The Rogue Song"
"Sarah and Son"
"Song o' My Heart"
"The Love Parade"
"Such Men Are Dangerous"
"The Vagabond King"

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

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—The famous old romance of a river gambler revived gracefully but not excitedly. J. Harold Murray sings well and Stepin Fetchit sings. (Feb.)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marseillaise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (June)

★ **CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Stark, compelling drama with a war background. An important picture, although too drab to appeal universally. Chester Morris is a magnificent *Grischa*. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

THE SCREEN'S MOST
 LOVABLE BANDIT
 CONTINUES HIS
 ADVENTURES
 IN OLD
 ARIZONA
 IN THIS
 GREAT
 OUTDOOR
 MOVIE-TONE
 ROMANCE



THE ARIZONA KID *with* WARNER BAXTER AND MONA MARIS

Greater than "In Old Arizona" and "Romance of the Rio Grande"—two pictures that established Warner Baxter as the supreme lover in outdoor roles.

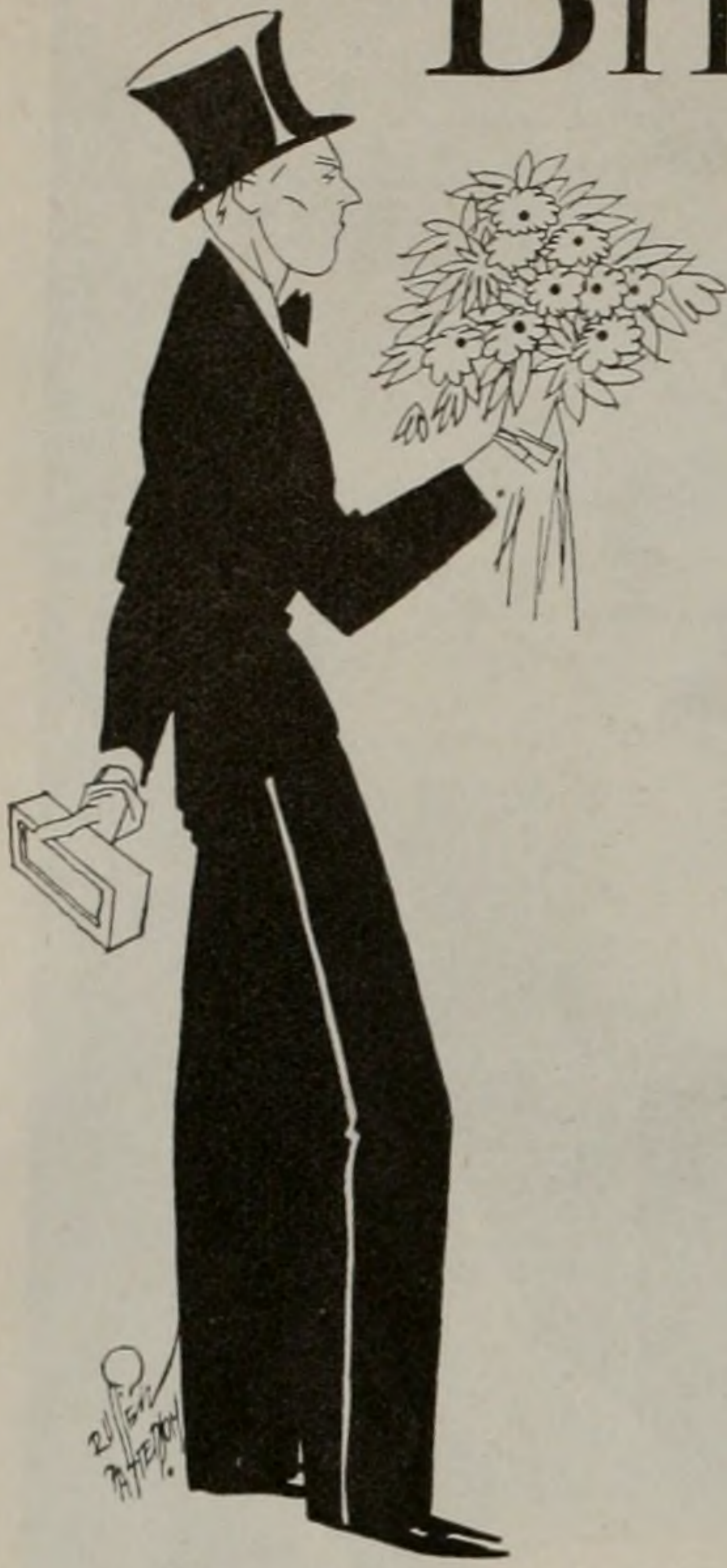
An ALFRED SANTELL production



FOX
 FILM CORPORATION
 Harley L. Clarke
 President



Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

The \$25 Letter

Narberth, Pa.

EVERY salesman in the world ought to see George Arliss do his stuff in "Disraeli." His poise! His self-control! When we can pull that ourselves, our sales will jump—and the pay gold with it.

But I didn't go to see "Disraeli" expecting it to be educational. I'm a home lover, and when I'm on the road there is no favorite easy chair for me after supper. But the next best bet is a good talkie, and my favorite stars make me feel at home while the show lasts. I can't see my own little wife and colt every night, but my favorites cheer me up and give me the pep to hit the road in the morning.

God bless 'em. They're the finest, best neighbors in the world to a man who has to travel.

D. G. FOLTS.

The \$10 Letter

Quincy, Mass.

SOME pictures are indecent, if viewed that way. So is Life. People fear that Youth will be corrupted. Youngsters knowing nothing of life cannot possibly put an immoral interpretation upon a picture; such would indicate an already corrupted mind.

Before long, the motion picture industry should stand accredited for helping to banish hypocrisy from the general attitude towards life, and enabling the youngsters to cope with it, refute the evil, and profit by a forewarning of pitfalls.

Having a conscience, few of us need interpreters to safeguard our morals. Obscenity in pictures causes most of us to avoid parallel experiences.

M. K. COLLINS.

The \$5 Letter

Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S one fault to be found with the screen today, and that is, it depicts women of tarnished character too alluringly, particularly so for young people.

Frequently the young and beautiful heroine, after years of riotous living, is pictured just as beautiful as ever. The handsome hero comes along, takes her away from "that kind of life," and they live happily ever after.

Now that happens once in a while, but not often. The picture people so often howl about not being able to show "life as it really is." Well, if they would show the results of life as they really are, they would be getting closer to realism. Faces do reveal so much! One can't live, as lots of people do live, and not show it.

PEGGY MILLER.

RAMON NOVARRO is head man this month, and Ruth Chatterton is head girl. She outdistances Garbo by a few laps, but only a few!

Ramon has scored with his voice. "Son of the Gods" proved that Dick Barthelmess is still a "favorite son" and he follows closely on Ramon's heels.

What a stir and storm the Gaynor-Farréll singing and dancing team has started! Many letter writers are clamoring for the old Charles and Janet of "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel," but pictures like that can't be found very often.

If you think his fans are forgetting Nils Asther, well, you don't know the depth of their loyalty. They want him to overcome his accent, but accent or not, silent or talking, they want him.

Joan Crawford, Mary Brian and Nancy Carroll rank high. William Powell, Billy Haines, John Boles, Al Jolson, Maurice Chevalier, El Brendel, and Philippe De Lacy, for his fine acting in "Sarah and Son," are way up among the popular boys.

The voice of "Anna Christie" still reverberates through our mail. "Sarah and Son," "The Rogue Song," "Montana Moon" and "Seven Days' Leave" are the other most talked about pictures this month.

Asther, Come Back to Us!

Duncan, Okla.

IF any man equals Greta Garbo in attraction, it is Nils Asther. They are of the same unusual quality. How I would love to see, and *hear*, them play together!

The loyalty of old friends is yours, Nils. Keep on studying English. I am sure there are many others besides myself who are wishing you luck and hoping for your re-appearance soon.

JANELL CIFERS.

Those Talkie Talkers Again

New York City.

I CERTAINLY agree with E. A. Adler in the May PHOTOPLAY. Can't something be done to stop giggling girlies from discussing what "he said" and then what "I said" at the most dramatic moment in a picture? And can't they be made to park their jaw-breakers and peanuts with the ticket-taker before they go in? Can't somebody do something?

DISGUSTED DAN.

They're Not Working for the Same Company

Arlington, Tex.

WHY should beautiful Vilma Banky be exiled because of her Hungarian accent, and incomparable Emil Jannings returned to Germany because of his accent, and handsome and talented Nils Asther refused a contract because he has an accent? And then they take an actress like Ruth Chatterton, with her marvelous voice and beautiful enunciation, and give her a rôle in "Sarah and Son" where she has to *affect* a foreign accent! Certainly it is beyond me!

M. H. SHRYOCK.

Sarah Takes a Bow

Webster, Mass.

IT was not Ruth Chatterton I was witnessing in "Sarah and Son," but *Sarah Storm*, the world- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

Let this *thrif* *dentifrice* buy your cold cream

So many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.



One
trial convinces you of its
exhilarating after effect



YOU probably know that wonderful feeling of mouth cleanliness and exhilaration that follows the use of Listerine.

Now that delightful sensation is brought to you by Listerine Tooth Paste—25 cents the large tube.

Try it one week. Note how quickly it cleans. How it removes all traces of discoloration and leaves teeth

gleaming. How it invigorates the entire oral tract. Millions, finding that Listerine Tooth Paste gives such pleasant results, have rejected older and costlier favorites. The average saving is \$3 per year per person.

We'll wager that once you try it, you too, will be convinced of its merit. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

The Girl on the Cover

JEANETTE MacDONALD says she has an Irish temper, Scotch thrift, and is as absent-minded as the professor that kissed the cat good night and put his wife out the front door!

Most beautiful stars will admit they have the dispositions of angels. Maybe, oh, just maybe, they will confess to an "eentsie-teentsie" bit of temperament—just *ze grande artiste* coming to the surface, you know.

But Jeanette, of the red-gold hair and the sea-green eyes, has an indestructible sense of humor and she knows she isn't an Elsie Dinsmore.

All of the lucky stars in the skies must have been clustered directly over her during the making of "The Love Parade," her debut in the talkies. She was guided through the first intricacies of the cinema by no less a master than Ernst Lubitsch.

"The Vagabond King" followed. "Let's Go Native," and "Bride 66," the Hammerstein production for United Artists, claimed her talents in rapid succession.

Now she is working with Lubitsch again in another light opera. Jack Buchanan, the English stage star, is her leading man. You saw him on the screen with Irene Bordoni in "Paris."

JEANETTE was born in Philadelphia, of Scotch, Irish and English ancestry. She thinks there is no thrill in the world like returning to the home town, important and successful.

She began her stage career in the chorus. She is proud of beginning there, for she knows now just how necessary each minor member of a big troupe can be. She "crashed" the footlights during the last, fading days of the statuesque "lady of the ensemble," the tall but attractive girls who could not dance, but could wear clothes beautifully and drove down Riverside Drive in their own Rolls Royces.

Jeanette says she will never forget her embarrassment at displaying her own humble undergarments in the dressing room before these gilded lilies. Bloomers and cotton vests were all she could afford, and she always explained to the girls that she had just rushed over from her gymnasium class!

With her first salary check she bought some grand silk underwear, and undressed with a flourish!

In her very first show she understudied the prima donna, and used to pray every night that the lady would come down with a bad cold—nothing serious like pneumonia, just bad enough to keep her out of the theater for a few nights! But the star was healthy, and never missed a performance.



Confesses Her Faults and
Laughs at Her Own Shortcomings

Last Minute News

"Tol'able David," Dick Barthelme's famous silent picture, will be made into a talkie by Columbia. They're now searching for a young actor to play the lead.

Roy D'Arcy, the villainous and dental prince of "The Merry Widow," has been divorced for the second time by Mrs. Laura Rhinock Guisti.

Lowell Sherman will direct himself and Bebe Daniels in "Lawful Larceny." It was Sherman's greatest stage success on Broadway some years ago.

It will probably be Mrs. Ben Lyon by the time you read this. Bebe Daniels chose June 14 for her wedding to Ben, after an engagement of over a year.

Paramount is not exercising its option on Dennis King, star of "The Vagabond King." He got \$8,500 a week for that job, and is now playing the same rôle on the London stage.

"Liliom," the play which made Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut famous in the American theater, will be "Devil With Women" on the screen by Fox. Charlie Farrell and Rose Hobart (from the stage) have the leads.

The strain of making his first talkie, "The Unholy Three," was too much for Lon Chaney. He's taking a two-months' holiday before starting his next picture.

Otis Skinner is to make his great stage success, "Kismet," as a First National talkie.

"I used to think that I would have one of those overnight successes if I only got my chance," she said. "It was lucky for me that the chance never arrived. I was still in my 'teens, and the star rôle was that of a sophisticated married woman. I would have looked too ridiculous."

BUT the driving ambition, the grim determination to "get somewhere," was never dampened through her early, lean stage days. She had reached stardom on Broadway when she was lured to Hollywood with a lucrative picture contract. She had appeared in a long succession of musical stage hits—among them "Marjolaine," "Oh, Kay," "Tip-Toes," "Boom-Boom," and "Yes, Yes, Yvette."

Now that she has become a motion picture star she is not content to coast along, but she plans to win new laurels.

Jeanette believes that a star, to remain successful in talkies, should know at least two foreign languages. Spanish is particularly advisable, she thinks, since there are so many theaters wired for sound in the Latin Americas and Spain. So she is diligently studying Spanish.

BUT, returning to the faults—and the faults of a beautiful lady are always more interesting than her virtues—she tells an amusing story about her forgetfulness.

One of the boys from the set told her that she would have to work late that night. Jeanette, just coming from the projection room where she had been listening to playbacks, nodded. Her mind was on the playbacks and not on the boy.

That night she was furious when she was reminded that she would have to return to the studio. It was outrageous, she said, that she should have to work late without any notice. Things reached a deadlock. The boy swore that he had told her, and Jeanette was just as positive that he hadn't. No one on the set could figure which one was doing the fibbing!

And she holds grudges! She admits she can't help but gloat over the very grand stage actress who ritzed her consistently during her early days in the theater—and who is now, in Hollywood, glad to play any kind of rôle.

But her faults, which are not so heinous after all, are more than counterbalanced by a gorgeous sense of humor.

JEANETTE is unmarried, and lives with her mother. But there is a fiance, very much in the picture.

She vows she will not "go Hollywood."

Threesome

Perhaps you'll never make a hole-in-one. Most golfers don't. (It's one of several things they have in common.) But there's another, more delightful tie that binds . . . the universal appreciation of what a good cigarette can add to the pleasure and enjoyment of the game. Camels are fragrant, refreshing, mellow . . . a welcome third to the most thrilling twosome.





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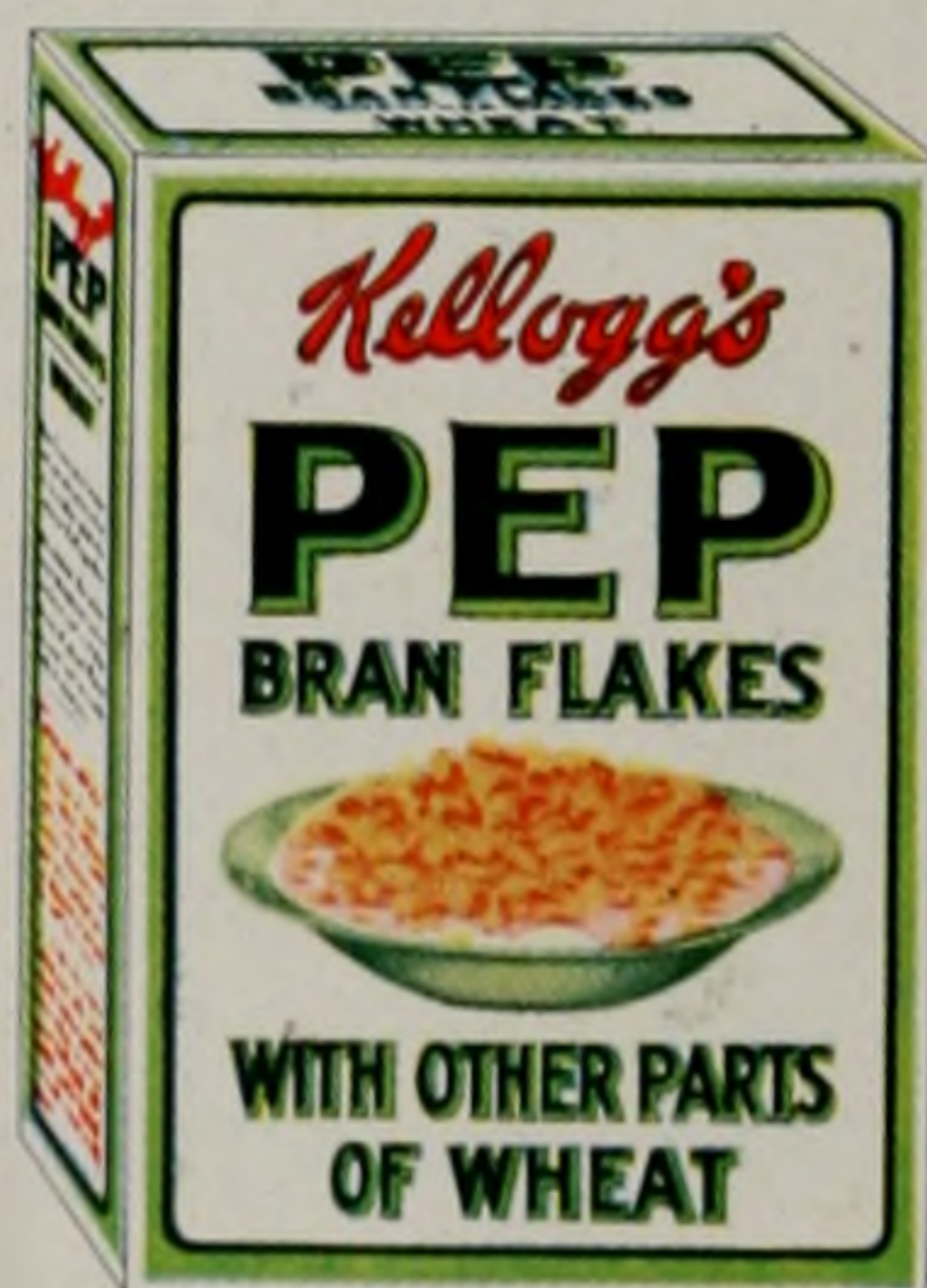
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Muffins Nut Sticks and Cookies

*Just right to serve
with salads, cold meats
and iced drinks*



Try Grandma Sally Blane's muffins.
They're delicious!

BEFORE I give you this month's recipes I want to tell you a little story that may make you laugh a bit, as it did me. The story appeared in a London paper, "Tid-Bits," but it's very like the sort of thing they tell on young American brides whose acquaintance with kitchens before marriage is often limited to the making of an occasional pan of fudge.

A bride had propped open her cook book next to the stove, and followed directions carefully, but in spite of her zeal she had been unsuccessful. Sobbing, she went to her mother for comfort. "I can't understand it," she wailed. "The recipe clearly said: 'Bring to a boil on brisk fire, stirring for two minutes. Then *beat it* for ten minutes' . . . and when I came back it was all burned to a cinder!"

Now that I've warned you not to follow any recipe too literally, I want to give you two new muffin recipes. Freshly baked muffins do add so much to the cold supper or the salad lunch.

The first one is for pecan muffins, and is Sally Blane's contribution. As you know, Sally is a Radio Pictures player, and is the sister of Polly Ann and Loretta Young. You saw Sally not so long ago with Rudy Vallée in "The Vagabond Lover."

Sally Blane Muffins

1 cup white flour	2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup graham flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pecan meats	2 eggs
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	1 heaping tablespoon butter

Mix the chopped nuts with the dry ingredients. Add milk. Beat eggs well, and add to mixture. Melt the butter and stir in last. Half fill muffin tin, place in warm oven and bake twenty minutes.

The second recipe is for plain muffins:

Carmel Myers Muffins

2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 eggs
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add milk, well-beaten eggs and melted shortening. Mix well, and half fill greased muffin tin. Bake in warm oven twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Corinne Griffith's Nut Sticks

Work into a pint of flour, one-half teaspoon butter. Add rounding teaspoon baking powder and half teaspoon salt. Mix thoroughly, and add enough sweet milk to roll into a light dough. Roll out the mass until about one-quarter inch thick. Brush lightly with milk, and spread with chopped hickory nuts or almond kernels, pressing nut meats into the dough by rolling on kneading-board. Mold strips of the dough into thin sticks, lay in greased shallow pan, and bake to delicate brown.

Junior Coghlan loves fruit cookies, and this is the recipe his mother sent me so that other children may enjoy them, too.

Fruit Cookies

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar	1 cup currants
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	1 cup raisins
3 eggs	1 cup chopped nut meats
1 scant teaspoon soda in a little hot water	1 teaspoon allspice

Cream sugar and butter, and add the eggs. Then mix in other ingredients, and add enough flour to make a stiff dough. Drop with teaspoon on greased pan, being careful not to drop cookies too closely together. Bake in a moderate oven.

Even people with healthy appetites grow just a little critical of food during warm weather. The palate demands a fillip. Next month I'm going to tell you about other tempting dishes to help you plan your summer menus.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

DANGEROUS PARADISE—Paramount.—Taken from Conrad's South Sea yarn "Victory." Begins well but goes astray. Dick Arlen and Nancy Carroll good, as always. (Feb.)

★ **DEVIL MAY CARE**—M-G-M.—A moving picture that both moves and talks. Swift and colorful romance, with Novarro giving one of the finest performances of his career and Dorothy Jordan and Marion Harris scoring heavily. Some swell vocalizing. (Feb.)

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (May)

DUDE WRANGLER, THE—Mrs. Wallace Reid Prod.—A bang-up Western comedy done *magno cum gusto*. Children can safely take their parents. (Feb.)

EMPIRE BUILDERS, THE—Carlsbad Prod.—An unintentional burlesque on "The Covered Wagon." But Tom Santschi—remember him?—proves he is still a real he-man actor. (Jan.)

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Ridin', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (May)

FORWARD PASS, THE—First National.—A bright, entertaining film, well acted by Loretta Young, Fairbanks the Younger, Guinn Williams and Peanuts Byron. Doug is one movie football hero who doesn't bring on blind staggers. (Feb.)

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underworld story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (April)

★ **FREE AND EASY**—M-G-M.—Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (May)

GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (May)

★ **GENERAL CRACK**—Warners.—John Barrymore's famous voice is heard from the screen for the first time in this highly-colored and very entertaining costume drama. John is fine and Marian Nixon heads an excellent supporting cast. (Jan.)

GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE—First National.—That White girl comes through with a snappy number every time and this is one of the snappiest. Watch Rita Flynn, a newcomer. (March)

GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE—M-G-M.—A charming little backstage story, which, for a wonder, isn't punctuated by theme songs and huge stage shots. (Feb.)

GIRL OF THE PORT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nevertheless you'll enjoy Sally O'Neil's slick performance. (March)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amiably spifflicated, as usual. (April)

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL—Paramount.—Everyone except ex-president Coolidge had a hand in the making of this—and it shows. But big names aren't enough and even an Eddie Cantor comedy bit can't save this feeble effort. (Jan.)

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—Mediocre. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (May)

GRAND PARADE, THE—Pathe.—A sad little yarn about a boarding house slavey who loves a minstrel man who loves a burlesque queen. Helen Twelvetrees out-Gishes Lillian as the heroine. (Feb.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackaill overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (May)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (May)

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

HALF WAY TO HEAVEN—Paramount.—This romantic story with a carnival background is one of Buddy Rogers' best and Buddy crashes through with a virile performance. (Jan.)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (May)

HARMONY AT HOME—Fox.—Want a good, hearty laugh? See this comedy of family life. Wm. Collier, Sr., long-time stage favorite, makes an elegant screen debut. The girls will go for Rex Bell in a big way. (March)

HEARTS IN EXILE—Warners.—Gradually it sneaks up on us—Dolores Costello, lovely though she is, is not an actress. A poor picture. (Feb.)

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Velez in a rôle that fits like a Sennett bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (April)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (May)

HELL'S HEROES—Universal.—Peter B. Kyne fathered this gritty tale of the desert and Charles Bickford does more than right by the leading rôle. Very real. (March)

HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (April)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (May)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray glowers. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

HIS FIRST COMMAND—Pathe.—A pretty sorry affair with the exception of some spectacular parade-ground shots and William Boyd's new and pleasing talkie personality. (Jan.)

HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT—M-G-M.—All talk and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Due largely to the fact that he is required to chatter continually, John Gilbert's first talkie appearance is disappointing. (Jan.)

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (June)

HOLD YOUR MAN—Universal.—Tsch, tsch—and just when Laura LaPlante was coming along so nicely, too. Miss this one. (Jan.)

HOLLYWOOD STAR, A—Educational-Sennett.—Two reels of hilarious satire about a Western star who makes a personal appearance at a small town theater. A bull's-eye. (Jan.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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A PANIC OF LAUGHS



The Perfect Comedy Team
Marie DRESSLER
 and **Polly MORAN** in

CAUGHT SHORT



with
ANITA PAGE

Adaptation and Dialogue by
WILLARD MACK
 Directed by
CHARLES F. RIESNER
 Suggested by
EDDIE CANTOR'S
 book.

From wash-boards to Wall Street — from cleaning up in the kitchen to cleaning up in the stock market! What a riot—what a scream—what a panic of laughs—are these two rollicking comedians as they romp their way through the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw. How they put on the ritz while the money rolls in! Then came the dawn—and back to the soap suds with Marie and Polly. Don't, don't, DON'T miss seeing "Caught Short".



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
 "More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

HONEY—Paramount.—“Come Out of the Kitchen,” stage play and silent movie, made into a talkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mitzi Green. (April)

HOT DOGS—M-G-M.—A distinct novelty, this short subject, with an all dog cast, which makes it the first all-barkie. (March)

HOT FOR PARIS—Fox.—Good, rough fun, concocted by Raoul Walsh in his best Cock Eyed World manner. Vic McLaglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay—all elegant. (Feb.)

HURRICANE—Columbia.—This old-fashioned sea yarn seems new and stimulating midst the present crop of talkie-dancie-croonies. It's a clean cut and convincing thriller and Hobart Bosworth is just elegant. (Jan.)

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (June)

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—Warners.—The answer is emphatically “No!” As an actor Ted Lewis is a fine saxophone player. (Jan.)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compson and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—Scenically this fantastic melodrama is a triumph; conversationally, not so hot. Noah Beery, Jason Robards and Virginia Valli handle the leads well. (Jan.)

★ **IT'S A GREAT LIFE**—M-G-M.—A riotous comedy of the life of a vaudeville sister team as portrayed by the Duncan sisters who ought to know. Rosetta and Vivian deliver snappily and Larry Gray clicks again. (Jan.)

JAZZ HEAVEN—Radio Pictures.—If your resistance is low you may be touched by this sentimental little tale about a song writer and the girl who helps him make good. Pathos by John Mack Brown and Sally O'Neil and comedy by Joseph Cawthorne. (Jan.)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy builder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (June)

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, “They Knew What They Wanted,” made censor-proof. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (April)

LAST DANCE, THE—Audible Pictures.—Cinderella in modern dress. Quickie (not very goodie) about a taxi-dancer's rise to fortune. Distinguished by Vera Reynold's grand voice and acting. (March)

★ **LAUGHING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Chatterton and Brook, now and forever! What a team! A vital, brilliantly directed story with superb work by the aforementioned pair. (March)

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (May)

★ **LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE**—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (May)

★ **LILIES OF THE FIELD**—First National.—Corinne (Orchid) Griffith in tights and doing a tap dance! Her sprightliest film since “Classified.” Comedy, pathos and some good modern music. (Feb.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music redeem this. Otherwise just another racetrack yarn. (April)

LOCKED DOOR, THE—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Noteworthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (Feb.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garnished with theme songs. George O'Brien as the picturesque ranger hero and Sue Carol the pretty heroine. (Jan.)

LONG, LONG TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Fast moving Western drama. Hoot Gibson goes over big in his first all-dialogue. (Jan.)

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (May)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like it. Another song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, theme songs and wisecracks. (April)

LOST ZEPPELIN, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—This has lots of good points, but plot isn't one of them. Some fascinating scenic effects. Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli line up in the old triangle formation. (Feb.)

Get Your June Puzzle Pictures!

If you haven't the June copy of PHOTOPLAY that needn't prevent your entering the great \$5,000 prize contest.

A set of the June Cut Puzzle Pictures, together with the rules, will be mailed you free, on request.

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Cut Picture Puzzle Contest
Photoplay Magazine,
919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

LOVE COMES ALONG—Radio Pictures.—Too bad to hand Bebe this after “Rio Rita.” Life on the Mexican water front, made more endurable by that Daniels girl's thrilling voice. (Feb.)

LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox.—From New York to the battlefields with a tear every step of the way. George Jessel scores as the little Italian hero. (Jan.)

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Claptrap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-cooers. (May)

★ **LUMMOX**—United Artists.—Winifred Westover is superb in this Fanny Hurst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, maudlin film. (April)

MAID TO ORDER—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come out, Julian Eltinge, we knew you all the time! The famous female impersonator grown matronly, in a badly put together production. (March)

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Hersholt does brilliant work. (May)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good farceur in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beach-combing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

★ **MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND, THE**—Paramount.—A fine, wholesome picture in spite of its sophisticated theme. Mary Brian and Frederic March are admirably cast. (Jan.)

MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, British “champeen,” and Leo Diegel, American “champeen,” are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (April)

MELODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpolis. (May)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Gruesome, but stunningly realistic. Ace performances by Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. (March)

MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck's second film appearance. Mexican border melodrama, and pretty good entertainment. (April)

★ **MONTANA MOON**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, still untamed, on a ranch. And what a tango she does with Ricardo Cortez! Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Frolicsome. (April)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title “Kettle Creek.”) That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (May)

MOUNTED STRANGER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, *the Riding Kid*, avenges a murder and meets romance. (April)

MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia.—A well-cast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (April)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (May)

NAVY BLUES—M-G-M.—Bill Haines is a scream as a fresh gob who steals Anita Page from her happy home. (Jan.)

NIGHT RIDE—Universal.—Yarn about a hard-boiled gangster and a harder-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schildkraut and Edward Robinson leering at one another for dear life. (March)

NIX ON DAMES—Fox.—Cross-section of life in a theatrical boarding house. See 'em eat, sleep, shave and love. Most of the players are from the stage and they're real troupers. (Jan.)

★ **NO, NO, NANETTE**—First National.—A good girl-and-music picture with fine Technicolor trimmings, but notable chiefly for its rapid fire succession of laughs. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the leads. (March)

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

★ **NOT SO DUMB**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title “Dulcy.”) This was a swell play, a swell silent picture—and now it's a swell talkie. Marion Davies is at her sparkling best. And you oughtn't to miss Donald Ogden Stewart's talkie debut. (Jan.)

OFFICER O'BRIEN—Pathe.—Glorifying the American cop as impersonated by William Boyd. Mildly exciting entertainment. (Feb.)

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, ably aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

ON THE BORDER—Warners.—Armida sings. Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (April)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137]

What Every Girl Should Know

No, not sex. Not a little booklet laded out by mamma to little daughter, behind the drawn blinds of the old family parlor.

What every modern girl should know is how to be herself.

Do you know how to be yourself? Do you really?

Do you know how to buy the latest, smartest clothes on a budget income?

Do you know the best and most becoming way to do your hair?

Do you know what perfumes Park Avenue is using and the latest shade in nail polishes?

Can you cook a mean beefsteak, when you want to, and get it to the table with a few vegetables and shortcakes on the side, in twenty minutes flat?

Can you walk into any party and be the belle of the ball? And can you run the party if need be?

Are you acquainted with the right end of asparagus and do you know when to invite him in and when to put him out?

In other words, do you know all the things the new Smart Set can teach you?

The new Smart Set is the one magazine, the only magazine, planned and edited for the modern girl.

Gone are the patterns. Gone are the stuffy handcrafts, the care and feeding of babies. Gone are all the things that appeal to older, settled women.

The new Smart Set is a magazine of youth—written by girls for girls. Eager girls. Ambitious girls. Romantic, spending girls. Girls who now are thinking chiefly of boy friends and jobs but who, some day, will find the only boy, and marry, and be the mothers of tomorrow.

The new Smart Set brings you stories of girls like yourself. Aid on girls' problems. Humor and romance and pictures. Plus, also, the best fiction of the month, love stories of youth and romance.

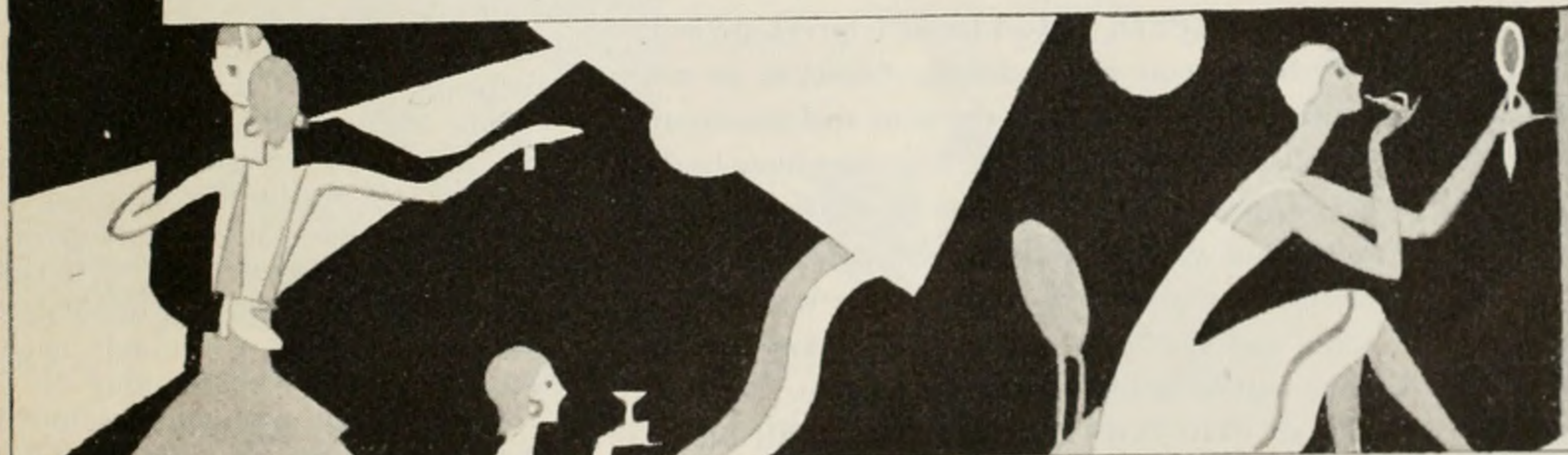
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SHOOT A QUARTER AND BECOME THE SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN

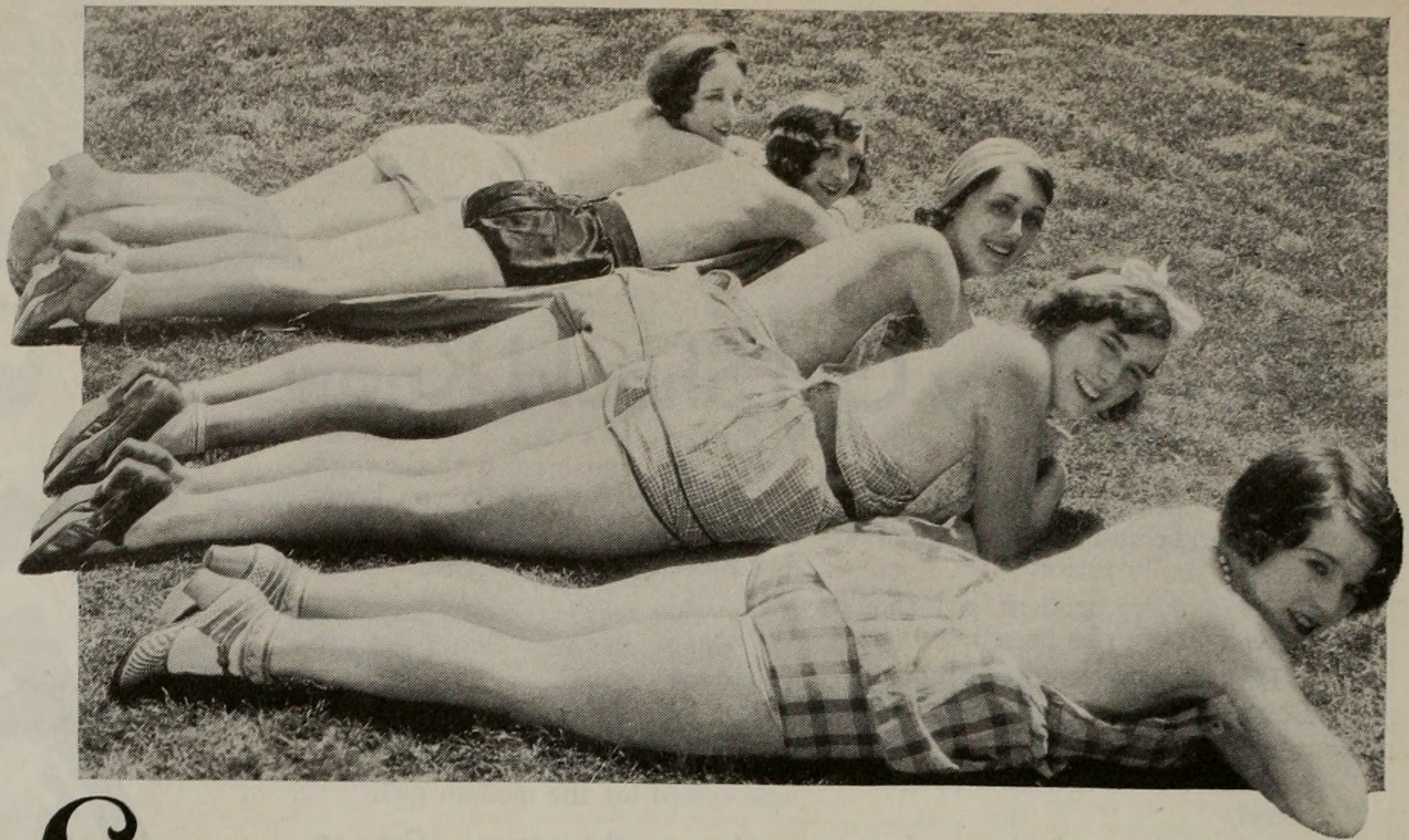
The NEW SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

ON SALE NOW!



Lena Russ



Shall I Tan?

I DON'T believe anybody really knows just what started the frenzy for sun tan that reached its height last summer. I have been told that as early as 1926 one of the prominent cosmeticians was asked by a famous actress to blend a new make-up that would set her apart from other women and make her more attractive and alluring.

After much mixing and experimenting, a sun tan make-up was evolved, with such flattering results that the cosmetician was asked to create similar make-up blends for many of her other customers.

That was the first faint rustle of a vogue that has threatened to turn a large part of the feminine (and even masculine) population into dusky-skinned sun-worshippers. Sun tan cosmetics were first put on the French market and then introduced in American beauty salons. Many of them were designed to simulate a tan, but preparations were rapidly added to supplement a natural sun tan and make the process of tanning a safe and painless one.

Whether or not one acquires a tan is entirely a matter of preference. We are going to be more sane about this whole sun tan business this summer. We are not going to make the fetish of it that it threatened to become last season.

You won't need to feel out of the mode if your skin is as fair as the proverbial lily. A fine-grained, pearl-pale complexion can never be anything but beautiful, and the girl who possesses such a skin will always be among the fortunate ones.

Neither are you going to think it necessary to bronze your skin until it becomes coarse and harsh, just because Miss Smith has decided that is the thing for her to do.

I am sure that this year each of us is going to decide what is most becoming and best for herself, and be guided by that alone. If, like me, you love outdoor life and the freedom of going without a hat, you know that inevitably you must acquire some degree of tan. If, also like me, you don't believe that your

own skin can stand a great deal of coarsening and that a deep tan would be unbecoming, you are going to protect yourself before you go into the sun and wind by applying some of the excellent preparations created for that purpose, by generous applications of powder, and by systematic after-treatment to prevent discomfort and injury to the skin.

THERE is a glow that comes from air and sun and healthy, outdoor living that appeals to us all and beautifies as nothing that comes out of a beauty salon can do. But it can't be acquired in a day. Don't make the mistake of confusing *sunburn* and *sun tan*. Sunburn is always ugly and uncomfortable, and frequently dangerous. The faint flush that quickly fades into a tan is one thing; the deep burn that blisters and injures the skin and upsets the whole system is quite another.

If you are not used to much outdoor life, if you are just emerging from your winter cocoon of layers of clothing, be careful before you expose yourself to the sun for long periods. Ordinarily, five or ten minutes a day, for the first week or ten days, is long enough to remain in the direct rays of the sun, until your skin is more used to exposure. This gradual tanning

process gives the best results with the least injury to the skin. The use of protective preparations, creams and unguents and oils, reduces the danger and damage from too much exposure to the sun's rays. But it is wise to acquire one's tan rather slowly, in any case. Over-exposure to glare often affects the eyes, and hair that is sunned too suddenly and rashly is apt to become faded and brittle.

This whole matter of tanning is not nearly so complex as it may sound. It's really just the old, old story that I have stressed so often—that while a little of anything may be very helpful in achieving beauty and charm and health, too much of that same thing may be ruinous.

In connection with this fascinating quest for beauty that we all follow, I often think of a little boy I knew.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

A STAMPED, self-addressed envelope will bring you my reducing booklet, or my leaflet on general care of the skin and treatment for blackheads and acne. You may have both, if you need them! There is no charge. Write me about your problems, but don't forget to enclose a stamped envelope if you want a personal reply. Needless to say, all correspondence will be held in strict confidence. Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Blonde, Brunette, Redhead, or Brownette!

Do You Know
Your Color
Harmony

in

Make-Up

as all Hollywood Screen Stars Do?

Permit Filmland's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor, to Reveal to You Hollywood's Make-Up Secret... the One Way to Double Your Beauty and Vividly Emphasize Your Personality.

IN HOLLYWOOD, to please the screen stars, a new kind of make-up has been perfected for day and evening use. A new magic to emphasize beauty, allure and personality.

And now it is offered to you.

A Society make-up... powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials, created in varied color harmonies to blend perfectly with every variation of complexion coloring.

Now, like the screen stars, you may emphasize your own personality and individuality by having your own color harmony in make-up... and Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, will analyze your complexion and chart your make-up color harmony... free.

An Amazing Discovery

In his Studio work, under the blazing "Kleig" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise



Raquel Torrez M-G-M Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King approving the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's lipstick.



Joan Crawford
M-G-M Star
Redhead



Renee Adoree
M-G-M Star
Brunette



Anita Page
M-G-M Star
Blonde



Dorothy Sebastian
M-G-M Star
Brownette

odd, grotesque effects result... and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, faultless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

Based on this same principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for day and evening wear. Powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials in correct color harmonies for every variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Almost instantaneously leading stars and thousands of other beautiful women adopted it.

Learn Hollywood's Make-Up Secret

Now you may learn what Hollywood knows about make-up. Max Factor will reveal to you this new secret of beauty. He will analyze your complexion and suggest the one color harmony in make-up that will magically emphasize your beauty, charm and personality. To gain the greatest beauty, you must individualize your make-up. Even similar types... for example, Dorothy Mackaill and Phyllis Haver, both blondes, require slight changes in make-up color harmony.

What a wonderful opportunity!... to secure personally from Filmland's genius of make-up, a beauty secret prized by stars of the screen. Now it is yours. Free... and you will also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Fill in coupon, mail today.

- Not Every Blonde...* should use the same color harmony in make-up.
- Not Every Brunette...* should use the same colors in rouge, powder and lipstick.
- Not Every Redhead...* should risk beauty to hap-hazard selection of colors in cosmetics.
- Not Every Brownette...* should dare to use the rouge and powder of her blonde sister.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars"... HOLLYWOOD

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's: (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS 1-7-

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

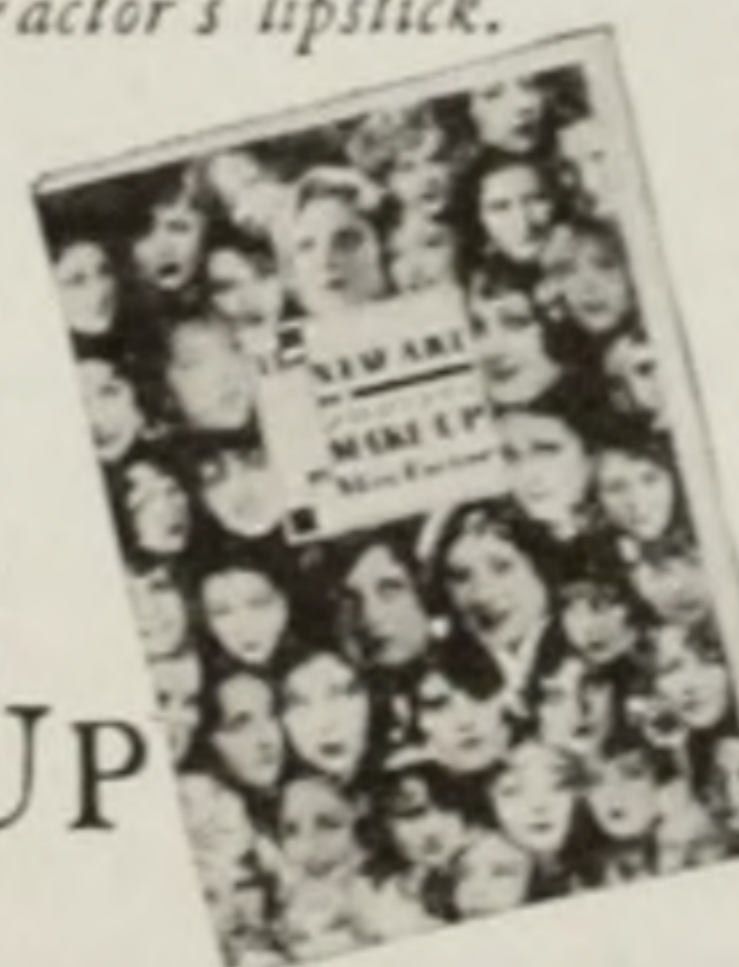
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Main
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive		Answer with Check Mark



THE blonde meteor of the talking screen, lovely Joan Bennett, has broken records in her rush to stardom. The youngest of the three handsome and talented daughters of Richard Bennett, she was an instantaneous hit in "Bulldog Drummond." Since then she has been bombarded with rôles. But on this page she decides to take a day off for some tennis



Joan Bennett was born in Palisades, N. J., Feb. 27, 1911. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 108 pounds; has blonde hair and blue eyes. She has been married and divorced; has a daughter



Otto Dyar

Clara Gordon Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1905. She is 5 feet, 3½ inches tall; weighs 110 pounds; has red hair and brown eyes. She's unmarried

HAPPY over her new slenderness and busy on the good old Paramount lot, Clara Bow decides to call it a day and get herself a few gallons of the famous California sunshine. The roguish-eyed one, slim and full of paprika, is welcomed by her fans in "True to the Navy"



IS this a new rôle for little Loretta Young? There seems to be a dash of sophistication! Perhaps it's because of the fuming cigarette, with the trick ash tray on the little finger. Ah, we must remember she's no flapper now, but the young matron, Mrs. Grant Withers!

Loretta Young, whose real name is Gretchen, was born at Salt Lake City, Jan. 6, 1913. She is 5 feet, 3½ inches tall; weighs 100; has brown hair, blue eyes

A Few Gowns and Street Ensembles



June Collyer wears an evening gown of white taffeta, lined with silver cloth and embroidered with crystals. Note the contrasting shoulders. That's the subtle—and Hollywood—touch



Gazed at from the front, Sally Eilers' party dress is a very innocent white organdie scattered with pastel flowers. But look at the back! Isn't that low?

In the Latest Hollywood Spirit



This Love affair is in white pique—two piece dress with tuck-in blouse, detachable cape and tiny, tight hat. Local color is added by Bessie's red raffia parasol



Nothing staggers a stag line more than a princess gown of clinging chiffon, in dusty pink, with floating panels instead of sleeves and a skirt hung with chiffon squares in softest pastels. Olive Borden is inside

Over a print dress of black, orange and white, Marion Shilling places a bolero of orange velveteen, tops it with an orange jersey turban and adds bag, gloves and pumps of beige kid. Smart gal, Marion



Eugene Robert Richee

Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Can., Sept. 15, 1907. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 114; has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to John Monk Saunders

ADOLOROUS senorita, minus the verve and vivacity we connect with the true tropical type. This is the way Fay Wray looks in her latest rôle—opposite Gary Cooper in "The Texan." Perhaps Big Gary has changed his type and likes them a bit sad and romantic-like!

"We have
our secrets . . .
my perfume and I"

says JOAN BENNETT

"At first you think it's so naive
. . . so dryad-shy . . . discreet
. . . my new perfume, *Seventeen*.

"But what that perfume knows of
life! It tells me the strangest things
. . . hints at magic . . . sings of
Youth and its own allure . . .
invites me, dares me, lures me
. . . on and on . . . to lighter moods,
to gayer talk, to thrilling living!

"My perfume asks so much of
me! I just can't disappoint it
. . . I **MUST** be young . . .
and gay . . . forever!"



Seventeen

Seventeen . . . a fragrance so close to you . . .
so matched to your own quick tempo . . . so
right with your daringest costumes . . . you'll
never quite know if it's perfume upon you
. . . or a fragrance that's actually part of you!

*Eight glorious toiletries to keep you
radiant as *Seventeen*.*

The Perfume . . . of course! Inspiration for all the rest
. . . setting the rhythm . . . guiding your mood. *Powder*
. . . to leave upon your skin . . . the tinted sheen . . .
the delicate texture . . . of youth. *Dusting Powder* . . .
clean, fresh, elusive as a bath powder should be. *Toilet
Water* . . . like the perfume as its shadow. *Sachet* . . .
to breathe into every garment the characteristic fragrance
of you. *Compact* . . . stunningly beautiful . . . in black
and gold. *Talcum Powder* . . . soothing and refreshing
for sensitive skins. *Brilliantines* . . . to leave a shimmer
and the faintest possible scent upon your hair.

DOROTHY DIX tells

"The Real Truth about Feminine Charm"



"Miss Dix, what IS the secret of charm? Girls no prettier than I am are happily married, with dear little homes of their own. Won't the right man ever fall in love with me . . ." EVELYN S—

HERE is the real truth, Evelyn. It is femininity in a girl that arouses a man's desire to take care of her, marry her.

But first of all, you must feel your own dainty, captivating femininity before you can impress others.

Confidence of Charm

Clothes can help to give a girl this happy confidence of charm. Especially all the dainty, most feminine part of a girl's wardrobe, her lingerie, negligées, hosiery.

Lovely, soft, colorful underthings—sheer, delicate hosiery—they make you feel so utterly feminine. Irresistible! And because you have confidence in yourself, you impress others—for confidence is contagious.

But girls sometimes say, "It is so difficult to keep lovely underthings looking wonderful, colorful as

new—washing takes away color and charm."

It is true that just ordinary "good" soaps do take out some of the color along with the dirt. But this will never be the case if you wash them always in Lux. Lux is made especially to keep colors vibrantly alive, to preserve the soft, dainty texture of sheer fabrics.

YOUR SURROUNDINGS, too! Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie bring you confidence of feminine charm, but your surroundings can help you! Pretty curtains, slip covers, cushions, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell, when they are kept ever lovely with Lux.



Lace-trimmed Lingerie after 12 Lux washings—every thread in place, silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. Retains the charm of new!



Similar lingerie after 12 washings with an ordinary "good" soap—silk fibres out of place, lace damaged, lustre impaired, color off.

DOROTHY DIX

If it's Safe in water . . . it's Safe in LUX!

July, 1930

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

IF you see a picture advertised in your newspaper as "the most sensational film ever made," and "come and see wild women . . . consorting with gorillas," spiced up with illustrations of gorillas sitting with nude African women, don't encourage the producers of this picture. It is called "Ingagi." Remember the name.

In other phases of their advertising, the owners of this film use a hodge-podge of jungle shots made in Africa years ago, and some later ones made in "deepest Hollywood." They have the colossal nerve to call it "a great educational feature."

The gorilla is a fake. Just a studio bear-skin. And the "wild woman" is a Hollywood negress. No theater with any respect for the intelligence of its patrons would run this picture and use the nasty advertising suggestions of its producers.

To the credit of most of the great theater groups, including Publix, Fox, Loew, Warner-Stanley and RKO, they refused to run the picture when they found out the truth about it.

THERE is running just off Broadway in New York another picture that is fit for nothing but the ash can. It is called "Unguarded Girls" and it advertises "living models" as additional bait for smutty-minded poor fish.

It's much more respectable to be seen going into the speakeasy a few doors away from it.

If any theater owner in your town dares to run this, write to PHOTOPLAY and we will contribute to the purchase of a good rough rail to be used in the good old-fashioned manner.

EVELYN BRENT, star, \$5 a day!
William Holden, juvenile lead, \$3 a day!

Believe it or not, but that's heaven's truth. But not in 1930, dears; not in 1930 and Hollywood. That

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



was back in the old days at Fort Lee, N. J. It all came out on the RKO lot the other day, when Evelyn and Holden and Director George Archainbaud held a horrible truth party.

"I remember when I was glad—glad, I tell you!—to sign a starring contract for \$5 a day," Evelyn confessed.

"Uh huh," grunted Holden, "and I remember when I borrowed ferry fare and car fare to get across to Fort Lee so I could work for \$3 a day."

"And I," crowed Archainbaud, "was satisfied that I had achieved the pinnacle of success when I signed up to direct, for \$50 per!"

"Day?" chorused the other two, aghast. "No," roared Archainbaud. "Week!"

NOTE for statistic hounds: Every day 25,000 miles of film is run through projection machines in the theaters of the United States, enough to encircle the . . . oh, figure it out for yourself.

PRIZE censor stunt of the past few months: In a recent Western picture, the ranch owner's wife was about to become a mother. One of the cowboys said: "We must be good to Mary. She's going to have a baby."

The sensitive censors changed it to: "We must be good to Mary. She is expecting a sacred event."

SPECIAL matinées for the women of the Beyrouth, Syria, harems have been established as a regular policy by the management of the Empire.

A nickel to a doughnut there is trouble in store for those Mohammedan papas.

I GET so sick and tired of reading these sensational love yarns in the newspapers and having the siren end of the act tacked on to Miss So-and-So, "screen

actress" or "screen star." I noted eight of these libels on the screen in the past two weeks, and in not one single case have I been able to get a record from any studio that the dame was ever inside a studio, even as an extra.

The screen folks can, as human beings, create enough trouble for themselves without the assistance of these phonies and bolonies.

CECIL DE MILLE stands out as the one director who still surrounds himself with glamor. There was a time when every megaphoner was the great god on the set. But dialogue has changed all that. The director now is just one of several. He is neither "yess-ed" nor worshipped. All except De Mille. He has as much splendor as ever.

The speeches he makes before filming a scene take longer to deliver than the scene. They go something like this:

"I want absolute quiet on this set. I don't want a word spoken. I don't want any shuffling of feet at all. If you have any moving about to be done, do it now, before the cameras begin; and this applies to everybody—stars, extras, electricians, grips, prop men, assistants—*everybody*. Did you all hear me? Absolute quiet."

And after that you're too weak to make a noise and your throat is so dry you couldn't speak if you wanted to.

YOU have heard the story of the actor who got off the street car and insisted on shaking hands with the conductor, explaining that the man might be his director tomorrow.

A verification of this came home to Edward Chandler who, eighteen years ago, was assistant to Mack Sennett, when a young girl asked him for work. He had nothing for her but he was exceptionally kind about it. Bebe Daniels never forgot the kindness, and this month she was instrumental in securing for Chandler the very best part he has had in talking pictures.

IT doesn't pay to put on airs with the Los Angeles Breakfast Club. This famous organization of ham and egggers has entertained almost every celebrity in the nation, as well as a smattering of European notables, at its eight o'clock in the morning feeds. In almost every case the guests have been on time to the very dot. And among those who have been on time are Calvin Coolidge, Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and Madam Schumann-Heink.

Louis Bromfield, eminent author out on the Coast to write for Samuel Goldwyn, was invited to a breakfast. He arrived at nine, one hour late, and attempted a rather lordly explanation.

"Last night I slipped a note under my butler's door," he explained. "I told him to call me early, but he didn't find the note."

Then the razzberries began.

"Butler!" roared the assembled Breakfast Clubbers. "Ho, Ho, Ho!"

Bromfield will probably return to New York and write snippy pieces about uncouth Westerners.

IT hasn't been many years since Bill Powell was playing extra parts, and he swears this happened to him last week. He was walking to the studio and thinking only of his new picture. He passed in front of "Poverty Row" and heard a loud voice call: "Hey, you actors, hurry up and get on this bus if you are goin' on this location." Before he knew what he was doing Bill had climbed into the bus and was all but carried away. Just "force of habit," he explained.

ANOTHER one of those stories that show you just what sort of place Hollywood is.

Mary Pickford wanted to borrow a director from a certain company. Her representative approached the high executive of the company.

"No," said the high executive, "I'm not going to let her have the director. Why, she's never invited my wife up to Pickfair to tea!"

THE same H. E. was having a story conference. He suddenly rose and said, "Well, boys, I've got to go to a funeral. You jump in the car with me and drive down to the place and we'll talk on the way."

They did. The executive went in. The others waited. He hurried out after the ceremony, jumped into the car and said, "Well, now about that scene between the boy and the girl, I think—"

LIFE in Hollywood is all, all too complicated! Consider the Chinese restaurant which serves chop suey and chow mein, of course, and *also*: Mexican chili con carne, Danish pastry, French fried potatoes, sauerkraut and wienies on special days, spaghetti, and ham an' eggs!

LITTLE Mitzi Green, whose picture appears elsewhere in this magazine, pulled a hot one on your darling, Rudy Vallée. Mitzi, as you probably know, is a natural born mimic, a baby Elsie Janis. Her imitation of Chevalier was one of the high spots of "Paramount on Parade."

Mitzi had seen and heard Vallée and was invited to add the crooning favorite to her repertoire of impersonations. She replied, helplessly:

"What is there to imitate?"

THE studio executives gave Will Rogers a script to read. Many days passed and no word came from Rogers. At last they called him and said, "Have you read the script?"

"Sure," said Will.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"The laugh," answered Will.

They didn't use that script.



*“You Bore Me,
Pop!”*

“SORRY, Pop, but you bore me frightfully,” says the infant Dolores Barrymore to her gurgling papa, the famous John. “Of course I’ll be a famous star! Am I not a Barrymore, plus a Costello? Run away, Pater, and sail your new boat! I’ll get along.” Mamma Dolores says nothing. She doesn’t have to. Did you ever see a more eloquent beam?

Just a Couple of Strange Episodes Which Could



She Used *to* PRAY *for* Sinners

WHEN you see her playing a somewhat gay lady in a snappy café scene, you'd never think she is Captain Alyce McCormick. It's a far cry from Salvation lassie to screen player, and what is even more remarkable, Alyce made the transition via the Follies!

Hollywood fairly reeks with unpublished romances, but the case of Alyce McCormick is one of the most interesting. Designating her as a Salvation lassie, however, is employing license, because Alyce was an officer in the Volunteers of America rather than the Salvation Army. But it's the same thing to most of us.

Miss McCormick's name may not be as familiar as a great many others, but you may recall seeing Alyce in "Mother Knows Best," the first Fox "part talkie," in which she played the girl friend of Madge Bellamy who got married. And she has just finished a nice part in "Reno" with Ruth Roland.

The remarkable part of Miss McCormick's career is that she still retains her rank as Captain and is very proud of a commission which bears the signature of General Maud Ballington Booth. She still makes her home with her parents, both of whom are lieutenant colonels in the Volunteers, stationed in Los Angeles. And every once in a while Alyce dons the bonnet of the Volunteers and with guitar in hand sings at the meetings. She is a tremendous favorite with the officers and privates, and from General Booth down, they are watching her career with great interest.

Alyce hails from Omaha, and back in the Nebraska metrop-

olis, they still remember the pretty little red-haired girl who stood in the blue-clad circle on the street corners and sang to her guitar accompaniment in a sweet soprano. They also remember her in other sections of the middle West where she travelled with her parents.

Alyce's first memories are of the Volunteers, for she was virtually born in the service. General Maud Ballington Booth not only performed the marriage ceremony which united her parents but she also baptized little Alyce and became her godmother.

When she was in her middle teens some one nominated Alyce in a beauty contest and the first thing she knew she was "Miss Omaha." Her beauty attracted much attention in New York and she was offered a part in a Shubert musical show. Then came the Follies and the inevitable movies.

WHAT a romantic story! It could only happen in the weird and wonderful town of Hollywood, Bagdad-by-the-Pacific, where the stories of a million and one nights can be told.

You'll see "Reno," Ruth Roland's first talkie, and her first picture in years. You'll see and hear little Alyce McCormick playing a smart rôle therein.

And when you do, you can hear the thumping of the big bass drum of salvation on a city street-corner, and hear the cries of hallelujah, even as the projector grinds out the story of Nevada scandal.

That's Hollywood!

He Got No PAY for Genius



"I'D rather do it for nothing than cut my salary."

That's a favorite speech in Hollywood. For years actors and actresses have spoken the line to casting directors, but it has just been actually done for the first time. An actor really worked for nothing.

Raymond Griffith, erstwhile Sennett comedian, was sent for by Universal to play the part of the French *poilu* who dies at the hands of *Paul* in "All Quiet on the Western Front." It was just a "bit" and the company felt it couldn't afford to pay anything like the customary Griffith salary. Ray was asked to reduce it, but he countered with the famous Hollywood speech. So Universal let him do it.

Director Milestone and Griffith have been friends for years and "Millie" had told Ray about the part one Sunday afternoon at Jimmie Gleason's house. Of course, Ray had read the book, and was immediately crazy to do the part. He saw in it not only a chance to do a great piece of work, but being violently opposed to war, he also saw an opportunity of helping to make the picture a great anti-war document.

So Ray told Junior Laemmle that he would play the part for nothing and forthwith started raising a beard. In all, it took about a month of his time and if you have seen "All Quiet" it is

useless to tell you what a great job the quondam comic did. Hollywood is still talking about it.

You have probably seen "All Quiet" by this time, and are talking about it too.

In fact, this brief scene, played in a muddy shell-hole, is probably the best played and certainly the most harrowing in the entire picture. In it Lew Ayres, as the young German soldier, shows his greatest promise—while Griffith's piece of pantomime is simply superb. If the tears haven't flowed up to

this point, they gush freely when Ayres wounds his enemy, then shrieks his grief as he watches the French soldier die.

In that one bit is all the tragedy, futility and hopelessness of war. Besides being a little artistic triumph, it is as blasting a piece of anti-war propaganda as the screen has ever seen. To all this, Ray Griffith contributed his art. And the word "art" is used in its proper sense in describing this actor's work. He has been knocked about in Hollywood, partly because of his own bad judgment as a business man. But some day Griffith is going to get a real chance, and another great star will be on his way.

P. S. Universal generously provided Ray with the French uniform without any charge whatever.



Garbo *in* Curls!

THE Greta Garbo we'll see in "Romance"—the great opera singer, enmeshed in a romance that lasts through the years in the heart of a man. Watch some smart hat manufacturer put out a new bonnet on this old idea. Anything to look like Garbo! Note to hairdressers: Get out your old curling irons!

Adolphe Comes HOME!

Sick of Paris, and
over his peeve,
Menjou the Mag-
nificent gets back
on the job

ADOLPHE the suave, Adolphe the boulevardier—Adolphe Menjou is sick to death of Paris! He has come back to the Hollywood he left in high dudgeon about a year ago. He is over his peeve and his pet, and he's ready to be a good boy and make moving pictures in America again.

There are certain rôles in which Menjou couldn't possibly be out-Menjoued. And there's no reason now why Adolphe shouldn't play them—now that all the nose-thumbing is over with, and Adolphe is ready to play in our yard again.

He admits he's been peevisish, this fellow of the crafty eyebrows and the worldwise mein. He once admitted to a writer that he really didn't know anything about women at all—"I only have a face that looks as though it ought to know about 'em." Well, he didn't know any more about producers, it seems.

He sailed off to Paris in pique and resentment because American producers didn't fall all over themselves with big, fat offers when his original contract had expired. He admits that he made the mistake of his life in doing so. He admits—believe it or not!—that he was getting too much money, anyway.

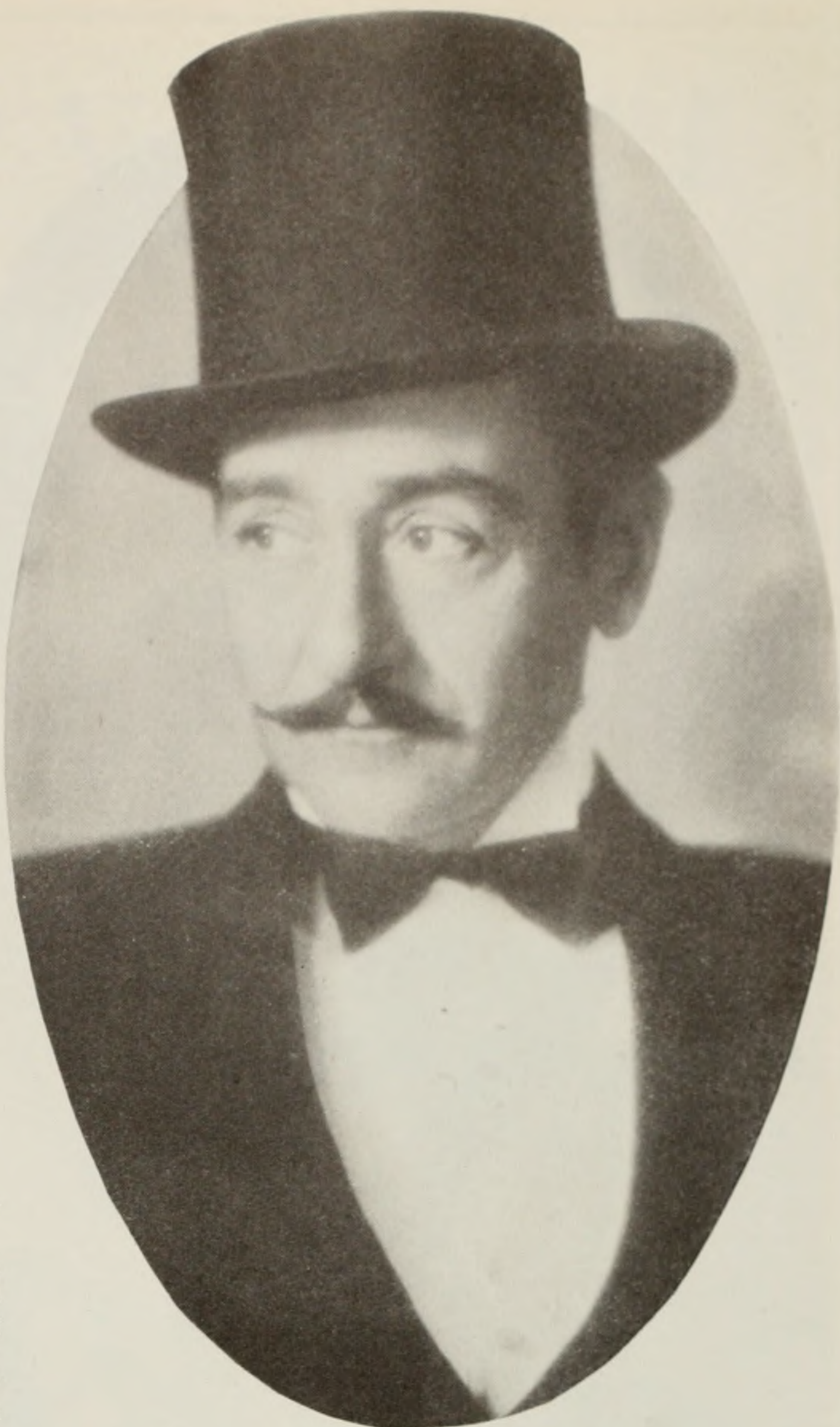
That was about a year ago, you may recall, when his contract with Paramount expired. He had just made some splendid pictures, and his last one—"Fashions in Love"—was particularly good. What amazement, then, when Paramount didn't renew the contract!

"I JUST didn't get an offer," he explained, bewilderedly, at the time he sailed.

He had waited for a while, in vain. The news was permitted to trickle to him, he now confesses, that he could get another contract if he'd take less money. But nothing was done about it, from either side, officially, it seems. So after waiting a while and getting asked to take a big salary by no producer, Adolphe got mad. He packed up baggage and wife, and sailed off to Paris.

"And wasn't there considerable of pique and resentment in your going?" he is asked, now.

"There was—and it was a great mistake I made. I was wrong," he says simply.



He admits that he was a bad boy, that he was getting too much money, that he had the temperamental vapors. Now 'Dolphe Menjou wants to make some good talkies for us

"Matter of fact, I realize I was getting too big a salary, then. My pictures were popular abroad, it is true, but in the States—the Midwest particularly—they weren't box-office draw enough to warrant the salary I was getting.

"YET it wasn't my fault I was being paid so much. I never asked it. It was forced on me."

In Paris, Menjou made a gesture. He contracted to act for the French Pathe pictures. He made a film, "*Mon Gosse de Pere*," in French and in English. He says it was good. But working in Paris was not. "The French studios are far, far behind Hollywood," he tells you. "I am sick of Europe." And so, having made his picture, he hastened back to Hollywood.

There was no tumbling of producers with dollar-sticky offers. Oh, he had a score or so of propositions, he says—but when he finally did go to work after his return, it was only on a short contract with Paramount, to make the French and Spanish versions of "*Slightly Scarlet*."

Nothing at all in English, mind you.

The French-Spanish job paid him a fair salary. After that, he did nothing. He had to wait until June, there being a French option hanging over him. "I hope they don't take it up," he said then. "I don't want to go back."

"My plans? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

By
Harry Lang

Being the Romantic and Exciting Life Story of Maurice Chevalier—Man, Soldier, Artist

PART I

feller," one of them revealed in a burst of confidence, "like a lot o' these ninnies in pictures. Why, we was shootin' fer two days in the chewin' gum factory, an' this bird hobnobs with them workin' men, not like he was snootin' 'em, y'understand, but like he likes 'em. An' believe me, sister, they like him too. An' fer a fact," he concluded thoughtfully, "I like him myself."

"He's a good sport," said a publicity man. "A society of French War Veterans wanted to present him with a testimonial, and I dragged him down to City Hall for the ceremony. He was tired out from the French and English versions of 'The Big Pond,' and he was leaving for Hollywood next day.

"**H**E'D been making trailers for me Hall morning, and he had plenty of other things to do, but he shifted his arrangements when I said it was important, and came.

"Well, when we got there we found that someone had gummed the works, and the Mayor wasn't there, and the whole thing was off. I wouldn't have blamed him if he'd lit into me. But when I got into the taxi with him, feeling like a prize jackass, all he said was:

"'Don't worry about it—it's just one of those things that can't be helped. When I get back from California, you arrange the details yourself and we'll get it done!'"

These tributes will surprise no one even casually acquainted with the temperament and career of this Frenchman

who, presented to American audiences for the first time in as soppy a picture as ever came out of Hollywood, rose superior to its trumpery story, took the hearts of American fandom by storm, hung up box-office records all over the country, and magnificently justified Jesse Lasky's faith in him—all through the sheer pull of a vital and engaging personality.

THERE may be many reasons why Maurice Chevalier has neither a high hat nor a swelled head, and the principal one is probably that he was born that way.

He is naturally simple and genuine, blessed with humor and common sense, with a knowledge of his own value both as man and entertainer, but no exaggerated ideas of his own importance.

In addition, the circumstances of his life have been such as to keep his feet on the ground. His has been no overnight triumph, no sudden bewildering leap into fame and fortune.

Step by step, since he was twelve, he has fought to the top.



The smile that won the screen world's heart! The million candle-power, full-faced, infectious grin that lights up the face of Maurice Chevalier and makes every beholder feel good all over. The best cure for That Down Feeling!

IN the crowded lunchroom of the New York Paramount Studios, a group of men—obviously hard-headed customers, to whom the wonderland of millions was only a place where they earned their living—sat at a table near the cashier's desk over their coffee and cigars.

The door opened to admit a smooth-haired man, a little over medium height, one hand thrust deep into his trousers pocket, his eyes startlingly blue in a dark-skinned face that was rather stern in repose. But, catching sight of an acquaintance, he flashed him a sudden grin that was like a glimpse of the sun after a forty-day deluge!

One of the men at the table looked after him, shifted his cigar to a corner of his mouth and out of the other corner pronounced judgment: "*Shevally!*" he informed his companions. "'S a regalar guy!"

It is an opinion shared by all Maurice Chevalier's associates, from Jesse L. Lasky, who hired him, to the cameramen who shoot his scenes. "Say, there's nothin' high-hat about that

A Chevalier of FRANCE!

By

Ida Zeitlin

He has struggled against poverty, family opposition, public indifference; against the havoc of war in his private and professional life; against the ill health produced by a shrapnel bullet in his lung. He has overcome all these handicaps and achieved such success in his work as comes to few.

All France adores him and America bids fair to follow in her wake. But Chevalier's eyes are not dazzled and his head is not turned. He is pleased by the warmth of his reception, as who wouldn't be?

But he doesn't bask in the sunlight of his own admiration. He is proud of his success, and humble at the same time.

He knows that popular favor is fickle and that he can hold the heights he has scaled only by the same persistent, intelligent effort that got him there.

SO, whether he is doing it for the first time or the tenth, he puts into every scene he plays, into every song he sings, the same energy and abandon that drew the delighted applause of his first audience when he appeared before them, an eager, green youngster of twelve, in a Parisian music hall on amateur night.

It is perhaps the same sense of responsibility—toward his family, toward his employers, toward his work and his fellow-workers, toward all his obligations, whatever their nature—that is the cornerstone of Maurice Chevalier's character.

It was laid early. He came of a family of laborers, which may partly account for his interest in the chewing gum workers. He was born, the youngest of three sons, in Menilmontant, one of the poorer and rowdier outlying districts of Paris—"a bit of an Apache neighborhood," as he himself describes it.

His father died when he was ten, and when his brothers were fifteen and twenty-four respectively.

The eldest was earning a tradesman's wage of less than two dollars a day, the second was still an apprentice, and Maurice was at school. He finished his schooling, like all French boys of the laboring classes in those days, at twelve, when he,



A family group worthy of the genius of a Whistler. Chevalier, his wife and his mother—the little Madame Chevalier of Menilmontant who encouraged her young son in his earliest stage efforts when the rest of his family wanted the boy to learn a good trade. It is one of Maurice's greatest sorrows that she passed away before his American triumphs

Chevalier—from the music hall amateur to the pet of Paris!

too, was apprenticed to a carpenter. But his soul was elsewhere.

It is true that life was no bed of roses for Maurice, but he enjoyed it, nevertheless, as children do. He played with his own gang, and avoided the others whose activities didn't appeal to him. He has been blessed with a merry heart, and two treasures besides.

One of them was his mother. He does not say, like so many stars, that he owes all he is today to his mother. He knows very well that he owes most of it to his own talent, ambition and toil. But everything that a mother can give her son in the way of sympathy, support and morale, his mother gave him.

She fought for him against his eldest brother's opposition to his stage career. She worked at night in a lace-making establishment to eke out the family income, for by the time Maurice was earning a tiny wage, one brother was married, and by the time he was making a dollar a day, he and his mother were alone.

SHE beamed over his small triumphs and comforted him when things went badly. Never once, during those dark days when they didn't know where tomorrow's food was coming from, did she utter a sound of complaint or reproach.

The habit that she formed, during the lean years, of waiting up for him at night to hear what had happened at the theater, she kept during the years of plenty; and she was never happier than when Maurice and his friends were filling the house with their clamor.

She had the joy of living to see her son hailed as the idol of the Parisian stage; and he had the joy of providing rest for her toilworn hands and peace for her anxious heart. She died while he was making his first picture in America.

"It will always be a great sorrow to me," he said simply, "that she couldn't know about all this that is happening now."

Young Maurice's second treasure was a dream—a dream in which he lived constantly and which was nourished and renewed every Sunday night, when he went with his mother or brother to the suburban music hall near their home. He longed for Sunday night as a sculptor might long for the feel of clay under his fingers. It turned mere living into a thrilling adventure.

ALL the color and wonder of existence were for him concentrated on the stage of that shabby music hall. The acrobats and singers were gods, and the world they lived in was a fairy tale.

It is no wonder, then, that he mooned on his bench at the carpenter's shop, and when he was sent on an errand, forgot to come back. For the carpenter and all his works were shadows to him, and his real life was going on inside his head, where he was tumbling with the jugglers and singing over and over the comic songs of the current music hall favorite.

From doing them in his head, it didn't take long before he

was doing them in earnest, and one day he went into solemn conference with his seventeen-year-old brother.

THEY decided to put on an acrobatic brother-act. Somewhere they found an appropriate poster, at the top of which they pasted in large letters the words, CHEVALIER BROS.—because all good acrobats were English, and all good acrobats advertised themselves as "BROS." Once that important detail was attended to, they began practising.

There is no doubt that Maurice went into acrobatics with his characteristic fervor. So vigorously did he practice that it wasn't long before he fell and hurt his leg badly enough to keep him in bed for a week.

Madame Chevalier, who up to then had watched her sons' antics with indulgent amusement, grew a little uneasy. But Maurice reassured her. "Just a little accident, *maman*. It might happen to anyone, even a very good acrobat. But it won't happen to me again."

Fortunately—for how could even the prince of acrobats compete with the singing Chevalier?—it did happen again. "Instead," he says, "of turning one somersault, I turned one-and-a-half, and instead of landing on my feet, I landed on my face." It didn't need his mother's frightened protests, when she saw his green and purple countenance, to tell him that his tumbling career was at an end. He faced the fact that he wasn't cut out for an acrobat.

But he wasted no time in lamentation. If one road was barred to him, he could concentrate all his energies on the other. He followed the whole show on Sunday night with his usual absorbed attention, but he kept his eyes and ears glued on the singer, drinking in his songs, eating up his pantomime, and going home to imitate them to his appreciative audience of two.

At last he felt he was ready to present himself at one of the Saturday night tryouts for amateurs. He tied around his middle a pair of trousers many times too large for him; he whitened his face and reddened his

nose and pushed his cap down from behind to a devilish angle. With eyes blazing and heart pounding with excitement, he walked out on the stage.

WHEN they saw him, they laughed and applauded. The boy was so small and the make-up was so grotesque! He was enchanted with the applause. He grinned at them—the same whole-souled grin through his make-up that warms the hearts of his audiences today. The applause grew louder.

Still smiling, he launched into a song. It was a rowdy song, whose double meanings were apparently not very clear to the singer. This tickled his hearers, to begin with. Besides, he sang it with such gusto and good-will, with such smiles and gestures, with such a thrill of excited happiness quivering through all his body that it communicated itself to the whole house.

When he had finished, they [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



Evidently the wine is just terrible. At any rate, Maurice Chevalier, aged twelve and a half, is making faces at it. This picture was taken during one of his first professional appearances



If there's one thing that Clara Bow likes more than another, it's roller-skating up and down the concrete driveway outside her modest home. But when the crowd gets too thick she just retires

That Awful "IT"!

Clara Bow detests the little word that made her famous

By

Michael Woodward

CLARA BOW'S hair is red and so are her fingernails. Neither hue is nature's.

The hair was a sort of red to begin with, but Clara had varying ideas on the matter from time to time. So it's been everything from blonde to brunette.

Now it's such a red that even Katherine Albert, with all her wizardry of words, couldn't call it anything but "red red" when she tried to describe it. As for her fingernails, Clara used to polish 'em pink, but since Paris has gone in for real color, "pink" isn't the adequate word. "Red" is nearer.



Clara gets seasick—but she loves the Navy!

Clara gestures with her eyebrows, yet she hasn't any. That's just one of a thousand-and-one paradoxes that make up the Bow. Her eyebrows are either shaved or plucked to a virtual nothingness. Where they once were, she wears heavy make-up—almost as heavy for street wear as for the camera.

When she talks, she emphasizes her ideas with eyebrow-movings that go even Adolphe Menjou one better, rather than gesturing with her hands.

Time and clocks are just one of the many things that make life so complicated for her. She's never on time at the studio. But when she once gets to work, she's a hound for keeping at it! It's more of a job stopping her than starting her.

Same way with portrait gallery appointments. She dodges them to the utmost, but once she's in for a sitting, she works hours at a stretch, and is the photographer's delight, because she can take and make poses easier and faster than any other professional camera-subject in or out of the movies.

Appointments are precarious affairs, for quite often she simply doesn't keep them. That's made more interviewers mad! Her idea of Heaven is a place where she wouldn't have to go to work until about one p. m. She hates mornings. Except for sleeping. Noon's the time for breakfast, not lunch, she says.

She's a great traveler—on paper or imagination. She was seventeen before she took her first train ride, and now she spends much of her time planning trips she never takes. The favorite places she intends to go, but never does, are Texas, the Dakota Black Hills and Europe.

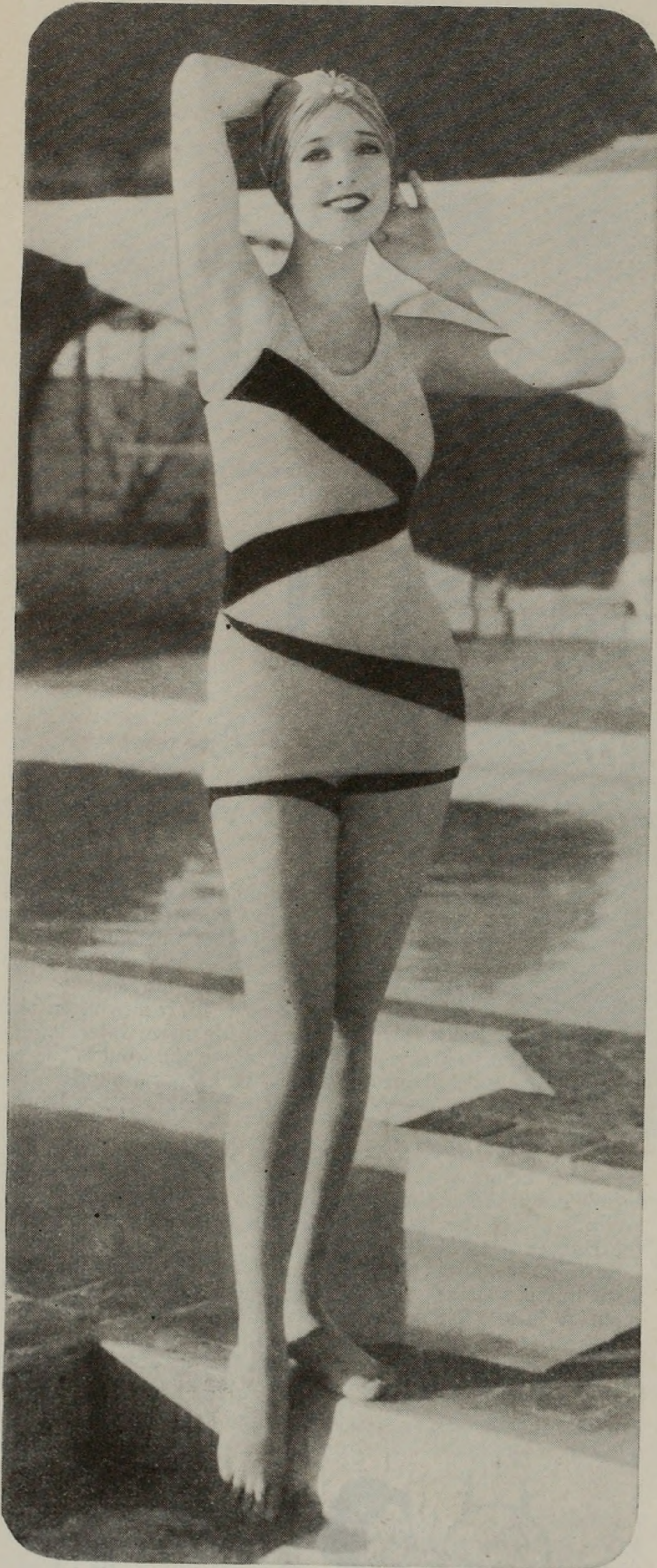
She simply adores Texas and people that come from that state but if you ask her why, she tells you she hasn't the slightest idea. She insists she's going to Europe in a few months, but she's been insisting that for a long time now.

She doesn't care for airplane riding yet when she did go up—once, at Catalina in a seaplane, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]

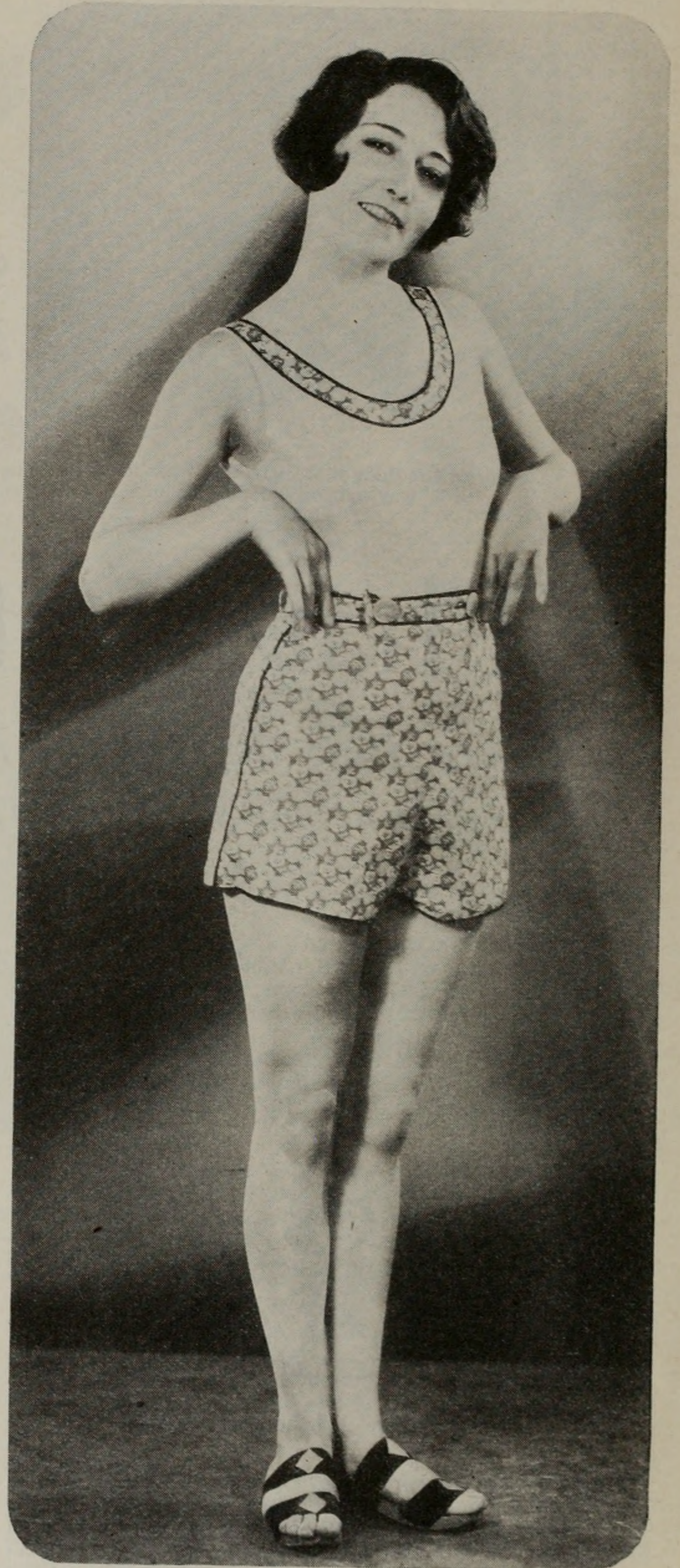


La Bow is crazy for perfumes and parlor games

The New 1930 Models of Bathing



Would you think as sweet a kid as Loretta Young would go in for double-crossing? Still, when she's as well suited as here who could blame her? The suit is of palest yellow and the line forms at the right. Yes, there's water in the pool in the background

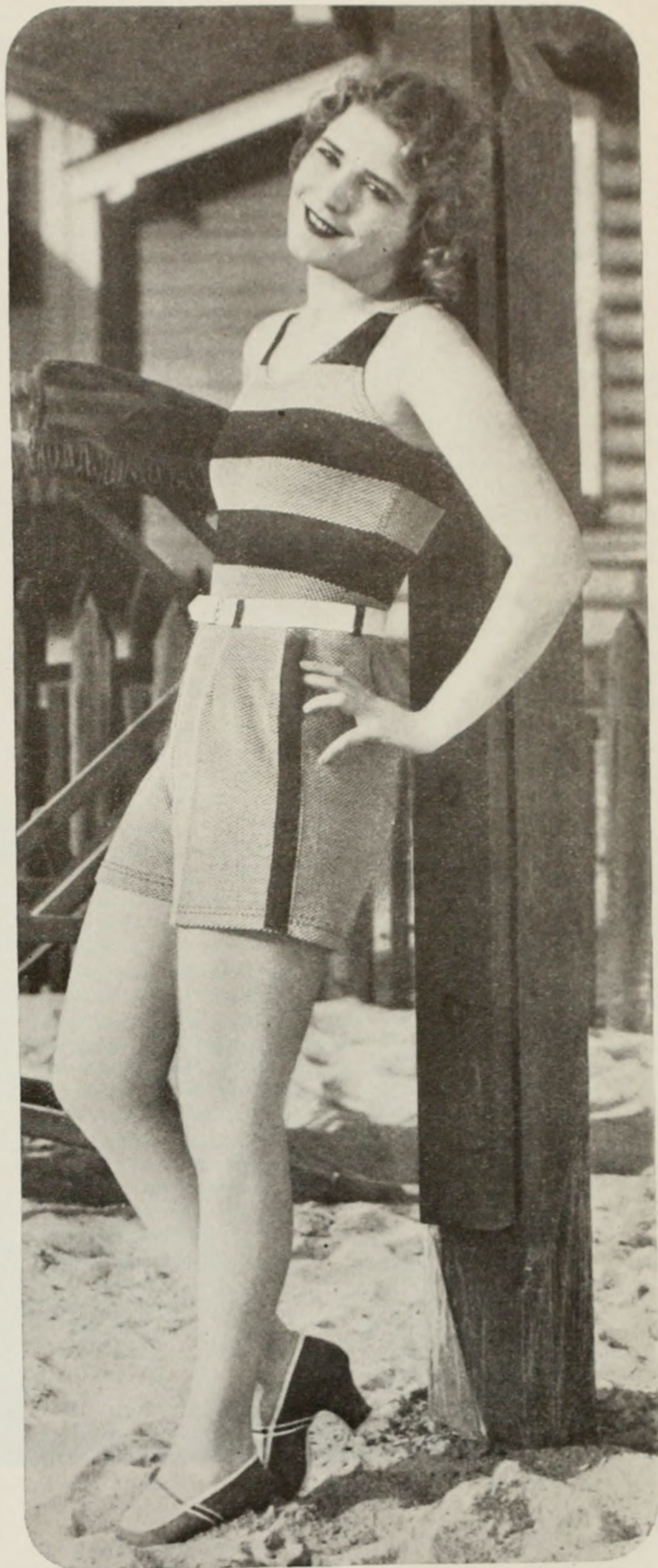


Well, if you've been wondering what on earth to do with those old window curtains, here's thrift that's simply thrilling. Dorothy Sebastian took a plain jersey blouse, trimmed it with cretonne and added some cretonne panties. Dandy for camera swims

Togs Caught by Photoplay's Camera



When you feel that Fourth of July impulse coming on, take a patriotic tip from Josephine Dunn, for this blonde water baby wears a white jersey with snappy blue trunks and tops off with a red and white beach coat. Jo's suit is all wool but not a yard wide



You can tell a great deal about a girl from her bathing suit. No, no, not that. Let us illustrate. For all her exotic beauty, Vilma Banky's a conservative. Proof—her favorite swim suit is of gray and black wool, striped 'cross the chest and down the trousers

She Met the Microphone and It Is Hers



Gene Robert Richee

THE Ruth Chatterton of today—secure in her greatest fame after a career of fate-defying. She was a stage star at eighteen! In a forthcoming PHOTOPLAY series, Adele Whitely Fletcher will tell more of Ruth's beginnings

The Destiny Fighter

By
**Leonard
Hall**



*Always challenging fate,
Ruth Chatterton, at the
height of her powers,
has come through*

IF you had swept the whole American theater with a spyglass a couple of years ago, you wouldn't have sighted a single actress with less chance of becoming a great screen figure than Miss Ruth Chatterton.

She had crossed the Great Divide of the middle thirties. About her was that faint odor of intellectuality that may be caviar to the few but is a loud and ringing curse on an artist who aspires to entertain the millions. Which she didn't! And she hadn't a bit of what writers call "color."

More serious still, she appeared to look down the nose, with a tilted lorgnette, on the motion picture. For years there had been rumors that she would make movies—but always Ruth balked at the celluloid hurdle at the last moment, and nothing came of it.

As a picture bet, a case-hardened bookmaker would have called Chatterton a long 150 to one shot, with no takers.

Well, look at her now!

A thousand marquees spatter her name nightly. A Chatterton picture pulls us in—the 120,000,000 of us who never entered far into her scheme of things. She weeps and we blubber—she puts that trick trill of hers at the

end of a sentence and we roll over and play dead. She is one of the outstanding emotional actresses of the audible screen.

CHATTERTON'S enormous success isn't a miracle, either. It isn't entirely the fact that the microphone met and married a tricky, resourceful, thoroughly trained artist of the stage.

It's just the fact that Ruth Chatterton is doing what she has done all her life—defying what seemed to be her manifest destiny. There have been few artists in all theater history who have made more of what seemed to be colossal mistakes than Chatterton. She has often lost—and yet at her next challenge to her fate she wins a bigger bet than ever.

There's never any figuring Ruth Chatterton. If you were to tell me tomorrow morning that she had signed to go to Australia as wardrobe mistress of a burlesque troupe, I shouldn't

A Ruth Chatterton her stage public never thought to see. Emil Jannings and the emotional star in a vivid scene from her first motion picture, "Sins of the Fathers"

miss a sip of orange juice. It would just be Ruthie defying her destiny again. Ten to one she'd fall into the Pacific and come up with a mouthful of pearls!

She began this business of fate-defying and "mistake"-making very early in life.

In her middle 'teens Chatterton was a nice girl of a good New York family who had attended Miss Hazen's School at Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Her path seemed as smooth as your old mill-pond. After she had been carefully smoothed and "finished," she would "come out." And after she had "come out" she would marry a nice boy. Then she would give tea parties.

Then for the first time she bucked the line of greatest resistance. On a school-girl dare she chiselled into the chorus of a musical show in Washington. A year later, still determined to swap the tea-wagon for the theater, she went into a stock company that was also training Pauline Lord, Lowell Sherman, Lenore Ulric.

Then, too, the family fortunes went on the rocks and the financial situation became acute, as the Wall Street reporters put it. Those were tragic times for

the Chattertons. Many were the weary flights of stairs that Ruth Chatterton climbed to the guarded offices of Broadway managers.

She was game. A "no" was never final to Ruth Chatterton. She always came back for more, until there was a "yes."

Then came her greatest break. She began the now historic professional association with the late Henry Miller that was to bring her stardom at eighteen.

OUTSIDE of her youthful beauty, Chatterton was anything but good copy. She was always a lot on the Maude Adams-Greta Garbo order, seldom seen and little known away from the footlights. But her lovely voice brought her thousands of school-girl crushes. Mooning maidens besieged the stage doors.

This association with Henry [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

WEIGHT *and*



THE rose and amber light of a California morning filtered through the Venetian blinds and rested upon something that had not been fashioned under the dreary surmise that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Five feet, three, of curving loveliness stirred sleepily beneath the lavender sheets, and the lustrous person of Miss Hope Galaday struggled into view.

Reeling to the center of the room she indulged in a series of lackluster exercises. There followed much squealing in a needle shower, and in twenty minutes a dewy damsel scampered downstairs and out onto the lawn.

Beneath a pepper tree gleamed a small breakfast table with its burden of pewter and linen, and after one ecstatic sniff at the fragrance of coffee, Miss Galaday hung coyly over the hedge in a blue-eyed search for romance.

It came, in the guise of Mr. Lancelot Leake, rolling up the avenue in a roadster befitting the screen's most famous man of the world. Large, impressively handsome and a shrine in the hearts of the nation's irritated wives, this daily bestowal of his rakish presence upon his best girl's table tickled his fancy; besides, the coffee was excellent. Mr. Leake beamed and kissed Miss Galaday with utter disregard for camera angles.

Then, having successfully mangled a couple of avocados, he lapsed into that state of awkwardness peculiar to the male species when their minds are encumbered with something unpleasant.

"Hum!" remarked Mr. Leake in the insinuating tone envied by lesser Lotharios the world over, as Miss Galaday helped herself to five rashers of bacon. "I dislike to mention it, but it seems to me, Hope, that you're getting fat."

The assailed lady's landscaped eyebrows slanted like a penthouse roof. "Has the fan mail gone to your head, or something?" she demanded icily.

"Fat's dangerous, my dear," said Lancelot brightly. "Degeneration of the heart and liver, dropsy, elephantiasis, and what-not."

"BUT I'm sound, you idiot," flashed Hope. "I played thirty-six holes of golf yesterday, and not another girl at the club could do it. They and their lettuce sandwiches and pineapples!"

Mr. Leake reached for the *Times*, unfolded it with exasperating dexterity and managed to convey his insulting opinion of golf by the very tilt of his immaculate head.

Miss Galaday's cornflower eyes assumed a stubborn glaze. "Furthermore, I'm exactly the right weight for my height, and I refuse to take off a sixteenth of an ounce. I went hungry five years ago when I was an extra, and now that I'm a featured player I'd be crazy to follow the same diet."

"But look at the models for the underwear ads, and Rosie Redpath!"

"Oh, chase yourself!" said Hope inelegantly. "Really, Lancelot, sometimes I wonder why I'm so fond of you. All right, look at them. They probably haven't had a decent meal for days, or else they're naturally slim. And I'd like to see that Redpath creature try to follow me over the links. She and her swimless bathing suit!"

Lancelot gazed thoughtfully at a passing cloud. "The silhouette of youth is more attractive than the streamline of age," he observed.

HOPE

Illustrated by
Everett Shinn



Lancelot Leake liked them thin. Or thought he did. You'll get a great laugh out of this little tale of diet in Hollywood

By
Stewart
Robertson

The scene wasn't in the script and the sounds were entirely extemporaneous. A luscious coconut marshmallow cake, dexterously aimed, had saved the picture

A sudden spark of jealousy gave Miss Galaday the sensitiveness of a seismograph.

"So you were at that Fairfax woman's reception yesterday," she declared. "It's a wonder you wouldn't have a little more pride than to fawn on these Broadway gaspers who came to Hollywood to take the bread out of our mouths."

Mr. Leake rewarded her with a lopsided smile. "Not only bread," he taunted. "Don't forget your stack of wheat cakes, two pears, a pound of bacon and three gobs of marmalade, not to mention enough coffee to float a battleship. What if I did call on Miss Fairfax—isn't it only a courtesy after I've been selected to play opposite her in her first picture? An elusive personality, if you know what I mean."

"Elusive! I notice Abe Zoop had no trouble in signing her. No wonder she's skinny, with the legitimate road all shot to bits."

"WELL," said the actor, rising from the table, "I call you unreasonable. You should be . . ."

"The right weight for my height, and there I stay."
"This is a man's world," Mr. Leake reminded her with intense irritation. "Any 'Advice to the Lovelorn' column proves that. It's up to you to reduce when I ask you like a gentleman."

"Not if you got on your bended knees," snapped Hope,

climbing into the roadster, and all the way to Culver City both parties maintained a sulky silence.

"See you at lunch," said Lancelot cuttingly, as they left the car. "I suppose you'll be hungry again."

Hope watched him lounge casually over to the make-up expert's cubicle, and smiled to herself at the veneer of worldly wisdom with which he invested every

movement, for, among her secrets was the information that Lancelot had once been timekeeper for a construction company at Sleepy Eye, Minnesota.

Then she ran quickly up-stairs and surveyed herself in the pier glass on her wardrobe door.

Her figure, in its jaunty sports costume of ocean green, had both strength and suppleness; her limbs were shapely. Her face glowed rosily under a layer of healthy tan.

"Since when have calves and hips been outside the law, I'd like to know," she said aloud. "One hundred and twenty pounds, and I never felt better in my life. Lancelot's perfectly idiotic, and yet—"

THE set of scenery for "Pawns of Passion" was very much like Miss Yolanda Fairfax, who sat in the foreground, summoning all her histrionic ability in order to hide her private opinion of this business of starting work at eight-thirty A.M. The set was in Hollywood, but not of it, being a hold-over from the original stage production at the special request of its star, who figured it would bring her luck. It, too, had seen better, if not so prosperous, days.

Miss Fairfax was tiny, vivacious, highly charged with importance, and inclined to blow out a fuse if anyone crossed her. Facially unfit for the screen in its silent days, she proposed now to stagger the multitudes with a voice as silvery as the bells in Bruges Cathedral, and thereby divert attention from the fact that her profile was on the retreat. Specializing in tepid society comedy-dramas, wherein, over the teacups, she banded the author's wisecracks as if they were her own, she had become one of Broadway's petted clothes-horses, glittering like

afternoon sun on the Pacific and just about as hard on the eyes.

She put across her most devastating smile as Lancelot Leake barged onto the set in what he imagined to be a military manner, looking carefully everywhere but at her.

"Come and sit beside me, you handsome dog," she ordered, and commenced to trill a song in her most dovelike tones.

It had been Mr. Leake's intention to appear overwhelmed by surprise, and he wheeled suddenly, only to meet the curious stare of Director Adams.

"M-Morning, Joe," he said lamely. "How's your margin?"

"Narrow as a censor's mind," snapped the director. "Listen, I want to talk to you about some shadow stuff."

"Silhouettes?" queried Mr. Leake, smiling dreamily across the set. "There's a silhouette worth looking at."

THE director's eagle eye roved to where Miss Fairfax was chatting with Carlos Cabrillo, the romantic lead.

"So that's it," he said acridly. "All in a rash over that gasper, are you? All I had in mind was to play that big kissing scene against a window shade. Subtlety in outline, see, because Yolanda's not so *forte* on the youthful looks."

"Youth!" scoffed Lancelot, with all the wisdom of his twenty-six years. "Any gawky girl's got that. Miss Fairfax has that spark of *je ne sais quoi*."

Mr. Adams snapped his fingers and walked over to the Fairfax throne. The star, surrounded by most of the small cast, looked up at him roguishly.

"You horrid man," she pouted, "not to come to my tea yesterday."

"No entangling alliances for me," returned the director. "This all-little - pals - together stuff never made a good picture. When you work for me, you work for a Simon Legree—and the result is a box office wow. You can't fraternize with me, baby."

Miss Fairfax's nose wrinkled as though in close proximity to a tannery, but she allowed her eyes to speak for her.

"And remember," advised Adams, reading their signals with inward amusement, "that in the movies you're simply another actress. Forget that you ever were Yolanda Fairfax."

"But that's the very reason I was signed," said the lady. "I fail to follow you, director."

"I expected that," admitted her mentor, "but just remember I didn't sign you. The business office did that. Here's something all you Broadway people have to realize—your rep doesn't mean a thing in what you're pleased to call 'the sticks.'"

"I should hope not! I played a year in New York, sixteen weeks in Chicago, eight in—"

THE director waved her to silence. "Listen, sweetness," he said bitterly, "in this game the big cities are just window dressing. A picture makes its profit in the hundreds of smaller towns. You click or flop exactly in proportion to what the fans in them think of you. That's why we've given you a swell cast—Carlos, Lancelot, old man Hoople, Joyce Cleary, because their names are worth something at the ticket window."

"Why do you have to be so brutal?" flattered Yolanda. "In show business I never started a battle until at least the third week."

"I always put over the first wallop," said Adams. "It saves trouble later on."

"My contract says the supporting women mustn't conflict with my type," reminded Miss Fairfax.

"Don't worry. What I want as an offset to you is a strong, wholesome, wind-blown personality, and I've put in a requisition for Hope Galaday. How's that, Lancelot?"

"Splendid," murmured that gentleman without enthusiasm. Then, perking up as Miss Fairfax crooked a beckoning finger, he cantered over to where she stood partially concealed by a velvet curtain.

"Suppose we rehearse a bit," cooed the lady. "You know, your very name intrigues me."

SHE surveyed him through half-closed lids, in what a fresh water critic had once referred to as "the epitome of sophistication." "Lancelot, eh? I wonder, if beneath that unruffled exterior there isn't a touch of Lucifer."

Mr. Leake, who at heart was a simple creature, blushed from the depths of his time-keeper's soul.

"Byron would have looked like you if he'd worn a moustache," throbbed Yolanda, undulating toward him.

"Or perhaps it's Shelley. I forget. But anyway—kiss-s-s-s muh!"

Abe Zoop, president of Stupefaction Pictures, faced Miss Galaday with timid desperation. "The public thinks you're getting fat," he blurted.

"The public can go sit on a tack. And you, too."

"Not me, not me," declined Abe. "Speaking personal, Hope, I think your measurements are like Venus. You're not like these other scarecrows working for me. But it's the fans that's squawking. In their letters they say you ain't fashionable."

"Well, the fans made me. I've got sense enough to know that," said Miss Galaday. "But I refuse to worry. I've saved up pretty close to ninety thousand, Abe, and I can live off the interest, if necessary. You know darn well I've never gone Hollywood."

ABE produced a hollow chuckle. "You're too smart for that," he wheezed, "and likewise, too brainy not to diet like the advisory committee says you must."

"And lose my health? You're crazy!"

"Would I be in this business if I wasn't?" moaned the president. "Be nice, now. Cut down the calories and start nibbling dry toast and carrots to please your Uncle Abe."

"I won't look like a flagpole for anybody. Why, I can take you down to the Public Library and prove that Cleopatra weighed almost a hundred and fifty, and she always had her date book filled."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



"I'd like to come in," Lancelot timidly ventured. "Can I stop you?" parried Hope, ready to swoon from joy and lack of nourishing food

Helen Twelvetrees wonders whether to play the deuce or ace, while Sue Carol, Mark Busby and Nick Stuart look on



An Evening With Helen

By Marquis Busby

YES, they do play bridge in Hollywood, although it is among the less publicized cinematic sports. It is always a nice, quiet way of spending the evening. You don't have to think up new places to go, and you can wear your most comfortable clothes. Everything is calm and peaceful, unless you trump your partner's ace. Then, of course, the fun begins. In Chicago they shoot people for that.

In my other excursions into Hollywood night life I had escaped bridge. I did play hearts with Anita Page, and Lupe Velez showed me her card tricks. But never bridge. Then I met Helen Twelvetrees, and I learned about bridge from her.

Helen, so they tell me, is the young Lillian Gish of the screen. That should be enough to scare any man into grey hair. However, I happen to know that Lillian Gish is an exceptionally good scout even if she does suffer from a highbrow reputation. Consequently, there should be nothing wrong with a young Lillian. You couldn't say that Jetta Goudal, Margaret Livingston and Polly Moran, among my previous dating souvenirs, were Gish types. Helen would be something new in the date line.

We had made four dates before one finally took. Helen was sorry, but each night she had to work. Being a young man who was taught stick-to-itiveness in school I didn't give up. Toward the end I did begin to think that she was just an illusion—that there wasn't any such person at all. But there is, and I might say that a pleasant thing it is, too. In fact, I will say it

We finally set the date for a Tuesday evening. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, those two old married folks, were invited in later to make up the foursome. It was really sort of appropriate, for it was at Sue's house that I first met Helen.

Helen and I were to have dinner first. It couldn't be at her house since she had just moved in, and there wasn't furniture in the dining room, or pots and pans in the kitchen, or something.

I started in time to arrive at her house by seven o'clock. It

was a good thing. Helen lives on a hill, and the streets all get confused and just stop for a good cry up there on the heights. It's worse than a cross-word puzzle.

I parked my car on a precipice, breathed a prayer for my brakes, and knocked at the door. A maid ushered me into the hall just as Helen was coming down the stairs. Helen wore a flowing gown that suited her delicate beauty. She is wearing her hair in a long, loose bob. She looks quite grown up with the new hairdress.

The Twelvetrees living room is distinctly modern—black and gold chairs and gold and black divans. A very tiny grand piano, with a keyboard two octaves less than the standard instrument, is in a corner of the room.

We had dinner at the Ambassador. Although Helen is slender she kept a watchful eye on the diet. She had a tomato juice cocktail, two lamb chops and coffee. No one cares about my figure so I ordered a *filet mignon*, potatoes and broiled mushrooms. That's a good diet, too.

OVER the coffee Helen told me of some of her amazing experiences in pictures.

She was brought to Hollywood following a stage appearance in "Elmer Gantry." She made her screen debut in "The Ghost Talks."

"That picture almost ruined me as far as a screen career was concerned," she told me. "I had to lisp, and people thought it was a natural defect in my speech. 'Blue Skies' helped some. Then in 'Words and Music' all I had to do was to peep in windows and run and tell teacher. Mayme Glutz could have done it just as well."

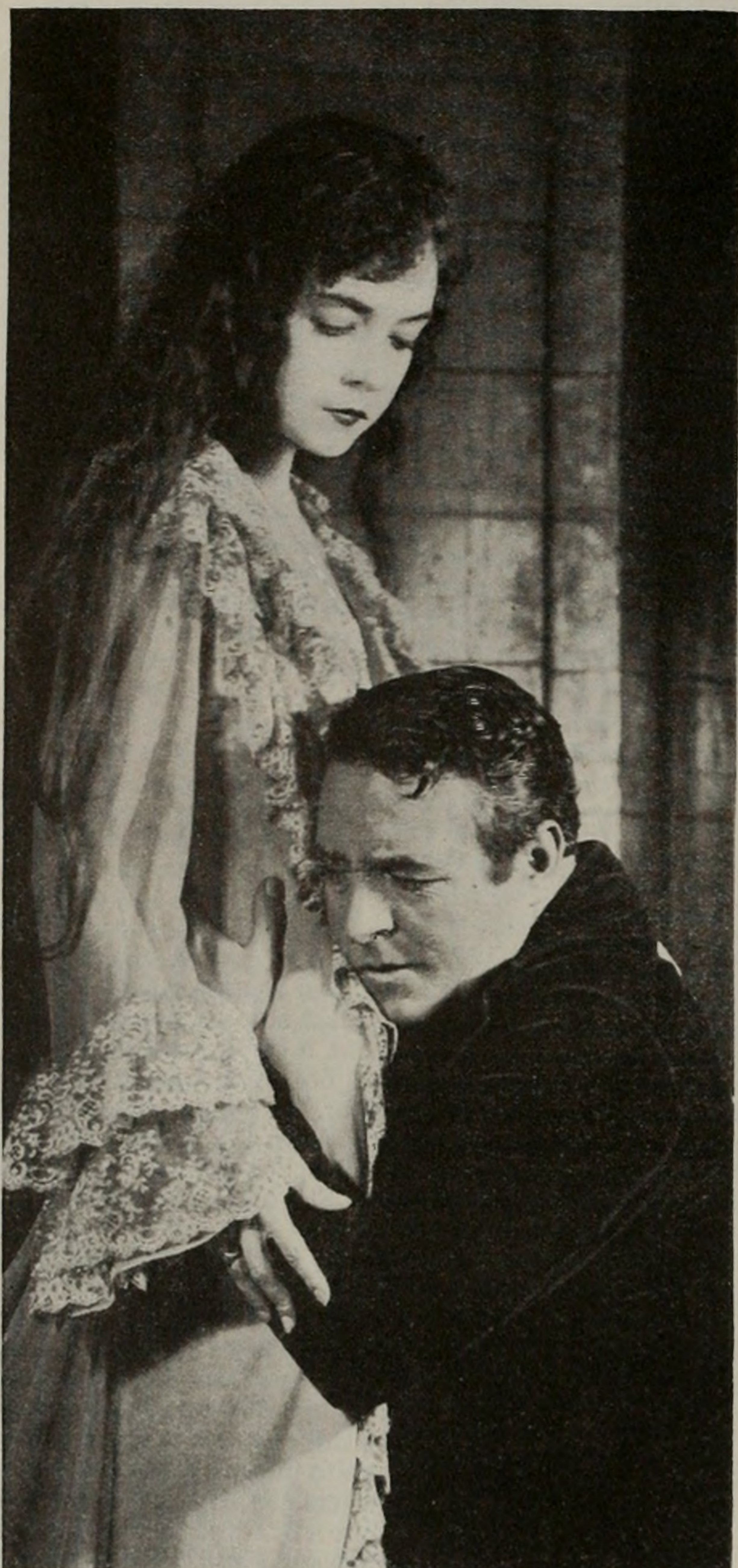
Pathe uncovered a new personality in "The Grand Parade." Helen was revealed as an excellent emotional actress. Practically every critic commented on her likeness to Lillian Gish in that. She won a long term contract with Pathe on the strength of it.

"I've always been told that I look like Lillian Gish," she said. "They told me that when [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

"Casanova" Busby has some cards and conversation with Miss Twelvetrees

NEWS!—VIEWS!—

of Stars



Vandamm

A new stage star is outshining the million lights of Broadway! And here she is—Lillian Gish, with Walter Connolly, in a scene from Jed Harris' stage production of Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya." The critics raved!

JACK GILBERT and Ina Claire are cooing again, and many plate glass windows in Beverly Hills have been shattered by the gladsome tidings!

It happened thus. When Ina's contract blew up at Pathe and she thundered off to her beloved New York, where she is a queen in her own right, everyone said that was the end of the TEMPORARY separation between Ina and Jack. They were right! Jack and Ina found they couldn't be separated at all! From the minute she left, poor Jack was in the pouts, dol-drums and blue funks. He long-distanced her every day.

Now they're back in the old Gilbert home on the hilltop, with apparently a sportier chance for happiness than ever before.

And that's news! Good news!



P. and A.

Our Monthly Who's-It Contest. This one is entitled *The Lady in the Cheaters*. If she took off the goggles and curled the hair, you'd find it was Clara Bow! Behind her is Bill Hart, entertaining a rodeo box party

MEANWHILE, the millions of Gilbert fans, loyal to "Romantic John" during all the controversy raging about his dubious future in pictures, can take new hope.

John, who has been working hard at voice training since "His Glorious Night," which wasn't half so glorious as it might have been, will soon start back to work in "Way For a Sailor."

The star will be a swashbuckling sailor lad, and the M-G-M company will visit many ports, including Honolulu and, perhaps, Alaska and the harbor of Havana.

THE belief that Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are really Mr. and Mrs. Cooper is gaining ground in Hollywood, despite all denials to the contrary.

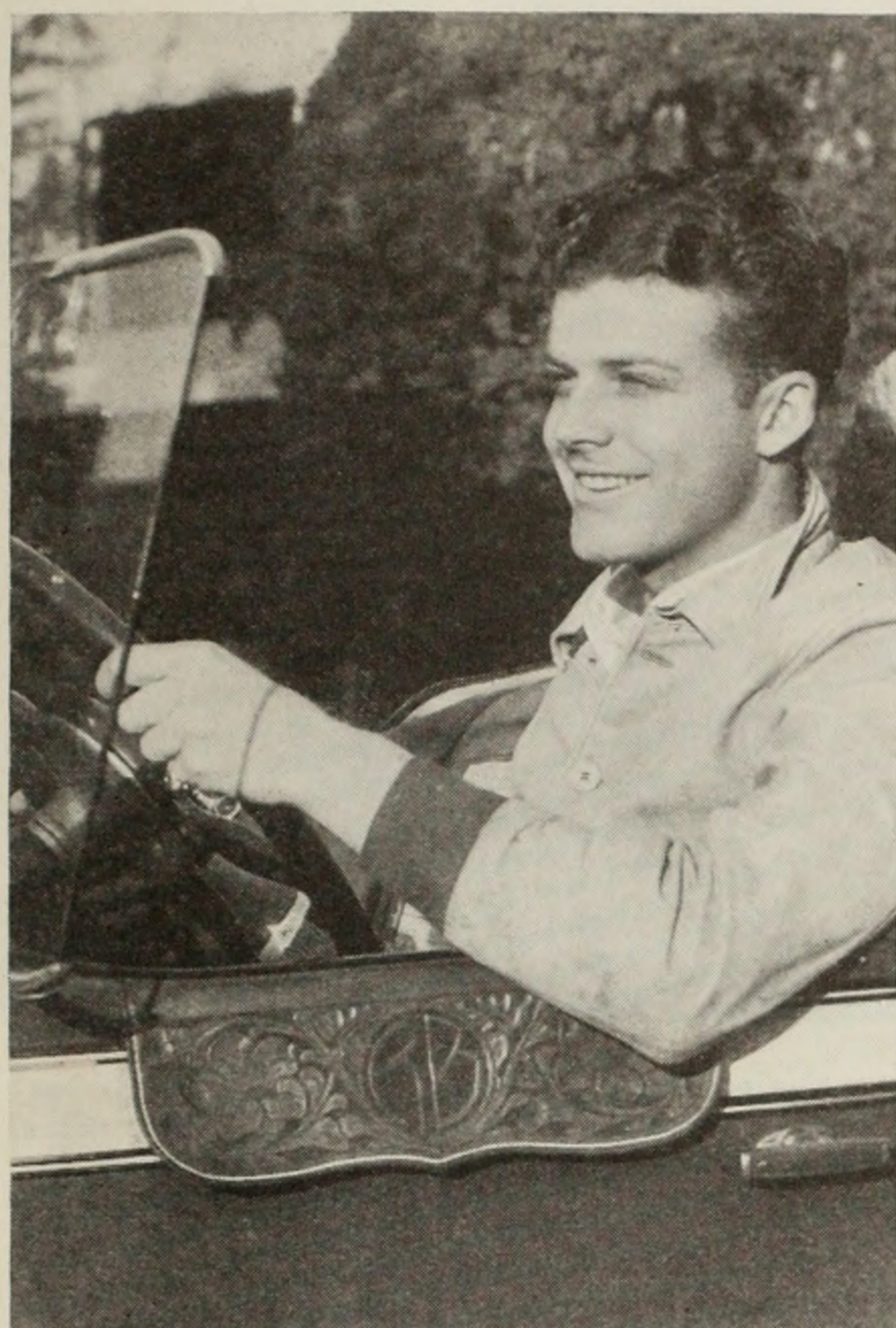
A close friend of the Gentleman from Montana says that they have been married for a year. There is another persistent belief that Gary and Lupe bought together the big Spanish mansion which she occupies in Beverly Hills. At any rate, Gary worries about Lupe eating too many rare beefsteaks, and Lupe is trying to put some more pounds on Gary's lean frame.

Gary is at Lupe's every evening, and even goes down to Florida when location work calls her there. And Lupe—well,

GOSSIP! —

By
Cal York

and Studios



If Hollywood's famous rumorites and gossipettes can be believed, this fresh-faced and smiling youth is the new boy-friend of the goggled lady on the left. Rex Bell, Fox Western actor, looking extremely happy

the little senorita hasn't even looked at another man in more than a year. Once in a while two and two make four, even in Hollywood.

SOMEONE asked Ben Turpin if he had seen "The Cock Eyed World."

"Have I?" answered Ben. "It's the only way I have been seeing it for fifty-three years!"

ONE of the strangest gestures made in Hollywood is the return of Lina Basquette. It doesn't take any magnifying glass nor a Sherlock Holmes mind to discover what has happened to Lina.

Before she left the cinema city she was a nice enough kid, rather plump, rather prone to gush a bit conversationally and, at one time in her career, given to wearing the high hat. She married Peverell Marley, C. B. De Mille's pet cameraman, and shortly afterwards had a big offer to go in vaudeville. Because she and Pev adored each other and would not be separated, Pev gave up his grinding and went into the act with Lina, although he had never been on the stage before.



P. and A.

Polly and her fourth. Pauline Frederick, admired star of the stage and screen for years, with the new husband, Hugh C. Leighton. Miss Frederick is said to be returning to the stage, not caring for the talkie angle

Now Lina is back. She is slim as a willow tree and there is something in her face that was never there before, a strange, happy beauty. She is interested in a variety of things. She is utterly contented with the companionship that Pev gives her. She has, in short, become a poised and delightful woman, a vivid asset to any gathering.

THE press-jamming news of the month is that Clara Bow has a new boy-friend.

The much-blotted chapter of her life story headed "Harry Richman" seems to have *Finis* written at its end. The spotlight man will please focus on Rex Bell, the handsome young actor who rides bucking cayuses for Fox!



International

A girl you've no doubt been curious about. This is the young New York girl who was Rudy Vallée's wife for a few months in 1928. This picture shows her with her new husband, Lieut. Howard Coulter. The lieutenant is a Navy airman

Why, says Hollywood, Clara has even re-bobbed her hair at his suggestion. And if that isn't love, then things have come to a pretty how-have-you-been!

To all of which we can only say ho! and add the conventional hum!

AND Clara came back from New York weighing just 110 pounds on the hoof. After a year's struggle with old man Avoirdupois the fighting red-head has him on the run. She has never looked better in her life. Paens of joy are sung every morning at Paramount. Their box-office panic has been saved from Molly O'Day's fate.

Clara attacked "True to the Navy," her first picture after a long rest, with old-time vigor. She was on the set at 8:30. It used to be noon before she got around to emoting.

Everyone is pleased but Clara's maid. The maid is worried about the loss of weight, and is trying to persuade her to go in for more malted milks.

EDDIE CANTOR was speaking into the radio.

"How do you like California?" someone asked.

"Ah, California," said Eddie, ecstatically, "all other beautiful places are just California on a bad day."

"How do your three children like it?"

"Four children," corrected Eddie.

"Four?" came the surprised answer. "There were only three when you left New York."

"Ah, California!" breathed Eddie.

THE refined and reticent Mr. Ronald Colman pulled another fast one recently. Crossing his studio maties, Mr. Ronald, advertised to holiday in Honolulu, dashed for old England instead.

Not even Sam Goldwyn's New York office knew where Mr. Ronald was during his metropolitan stay, and WERE they in a pet! My word, and a couple of ballies! Ronnie was there, and yet he wasn't there, what, what? It was all so much in character. Ronald the Reticent was hiding out. Playing hi-spy with the reporters and giving press agents the vapors.

A rumor was rife and rampant that Mr. Ronald intends



The famous Eddie Cantor with a very lucky girl. This is Eleanor Hunt, the red-headed lady of the ensemble who was taken from the chorus to play the ingénue lead in the Ziegfeld-Goldwyn-Cantor film "Whoopee"

divorcing the lady who has been his wife for some years—in absentia, so to speak. While he has been laboring like a refined dockhand in Hollywood, she's been sojourning in England. You may remember that the lady turned up suddenly in Hollywood, some time ago, much to the consternation of those who thought Mr. Ronald a particularly fetching bachelor.

Then Colman denied all thought of a divorce. He is now said to have changed his mind. Could the booful Kay Francis have anything to do with it? He is said to have looked at her with anything but the conventional British boredom while they toiled together in "Raffles."

WITH very little warning, Jack Oakie descended on New York in mid-spring to film "The Sap from Syracuse"—and Oakie isn't playing *Syracuse!*

In no time at all Jack's rusty old sweat shirt became familiar along Broadway and all its alleys. It was his pleasure to eat at all the tiny beaneries where he had his Java when he was a chorus boy—only four years ago. Always gagging, always tying up traffic in the Paramount Building, always using his pet line—"Keep in Touch With Me!"—Jack had a grand time in the old town until infected tonsils laid him low just as shooting was to start.

PROBABLY the best story about Oakie and Broadway was his meeting with Helen Ford—the star of "Peggy Ann," the musical hit of some years ago from which Jack was eased for being too playful.



Do you suffer from galloping sunburn, sleepless nights, spots before the eyes? Here's a beach trick demonstrated by June Clyde of Radio Pictures. It's called the Arab neckshade, a dingus designed to protect delicate necks

Jack was a chorus man in that piece, and Ford was the star. He met her on Broadway not long ago.

"Well, Oakie," said Helen, "here you are, a big shot in the talkies. And I can't even get a good tryout in the darn things."

Oakie, the bounced chorus boy, looked solemn.

"It's tough, Ford," he said. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a letter to somebody or other!"

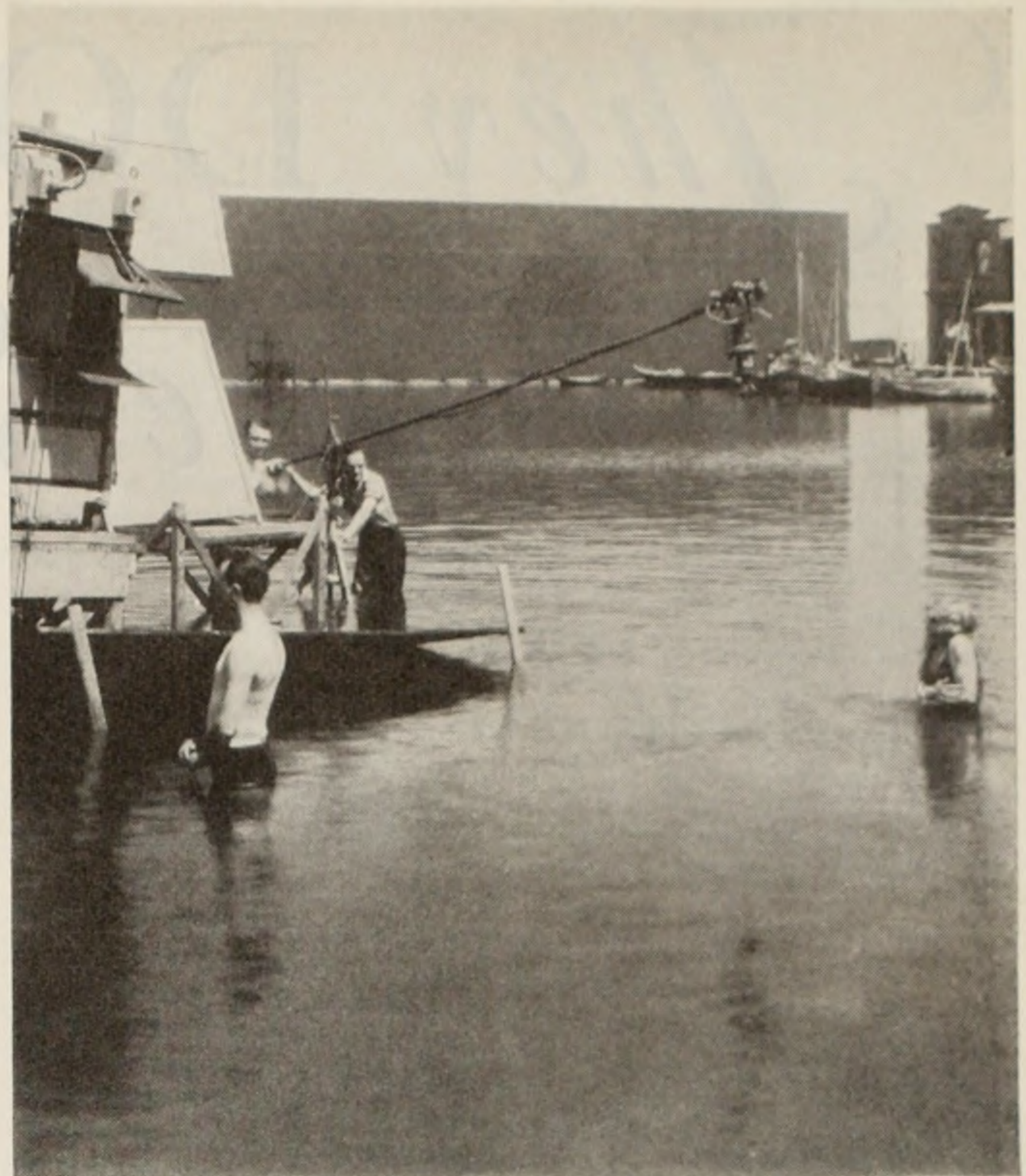
And chorus boy and star went their ways!

AND did you hear about the extra girl who got insulted when the casting director asked her if she was a linguist?

THE day will come when the Warner Brothers will learn not to let Al Jolson make speeches at his own openings. The last time Al mounted the stump he started off by stating that no movie was worth five dollars and that went for his own pictures, too. Now, a Hollywood premiere is like an old-fashioned glory meeting. Everyone is expected to shout loud praises—and Heaven help the dissenting voice.

Al was spanked by Darryl Zanuck and each of the Warner Brothers in turn and sent to bed without his supper the last time he spoke his piece. Yet when "Mammy" opened in Los Angeles who should be called upon to address the folks but Bad Boy Jolson!

This time Al devoted his entire speech to praise of "All Quiet on the Western Front"—a Universal picture. Warner Brothers, he said, deserved much credit for making the first



This is all for Art's sake! Laura Lee shivering in nice chilly water during the making of "Top Speed." The mike hangs out to listen to her chattering teeth. Left, the camera booth. Rear, a wall which hides unwanted sights

talking picture, because without that picture "All Quiet" might never have been made by Universal!

I'd hate to have to hold my breath until Jolson is asked to officiate at another Warner opening.

On the way out of the theater an autograph fiend rushed up to Jolson. As Al was signing his name in the book, Arthur Caesar leaned over his shoulder and stage-whispered: "Don't forget to put your address, Al—Universal City."

NOW Jackie Coogan is coming back to the screen. He will be quite a different Jackie from "The Kid." He's a sporty young gentleman now, and wears derby hats to premières.

It is more than likely that he will return in the Paramount talking version of Mark Twain's immortal "Tom Sawyer." Jack Pickford was the silent *Tom*, several years ago.

Jackie has made several tests for the rôle, and Paramount believes that it would be considerable of a *coup* to bring this favorite child star back in one of America's beloved fictional characters.

IT seems to me that Mollie Merrick, the syndicate chatter writer, should get some kind of cup or plaque for this yarn. A big studio hired a famous New York playwright to write dialogue, and set him to work on a story. Seven days and seven nights he labored on the picture treatment.

The morning of the eighth day, with the script about ready, a studio assistant burst breathlessly into the room.

"Hey, you," he roared at the great author, "the boss says to quit working on that story. We don't own it!"

GEORGE BANCROFT was Hollywood's Big Mystery Man of the spring. He had the whole town winging with his tactics. You'd never take Big George for the temperamental kind, but one never knows.

The woe began when "The Caveman" was indefinitely postponed. Bancroft seemed to like the story, but before you could say Gustav Von Seyffertitz, the deal was off, and the star was reported seriously ill with laryngitis. His doctor confirmed the report. Bancroft retired to his Santa Monica home—answered no calls, received no callers. "The [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

They DON'T Want To Be Stars!

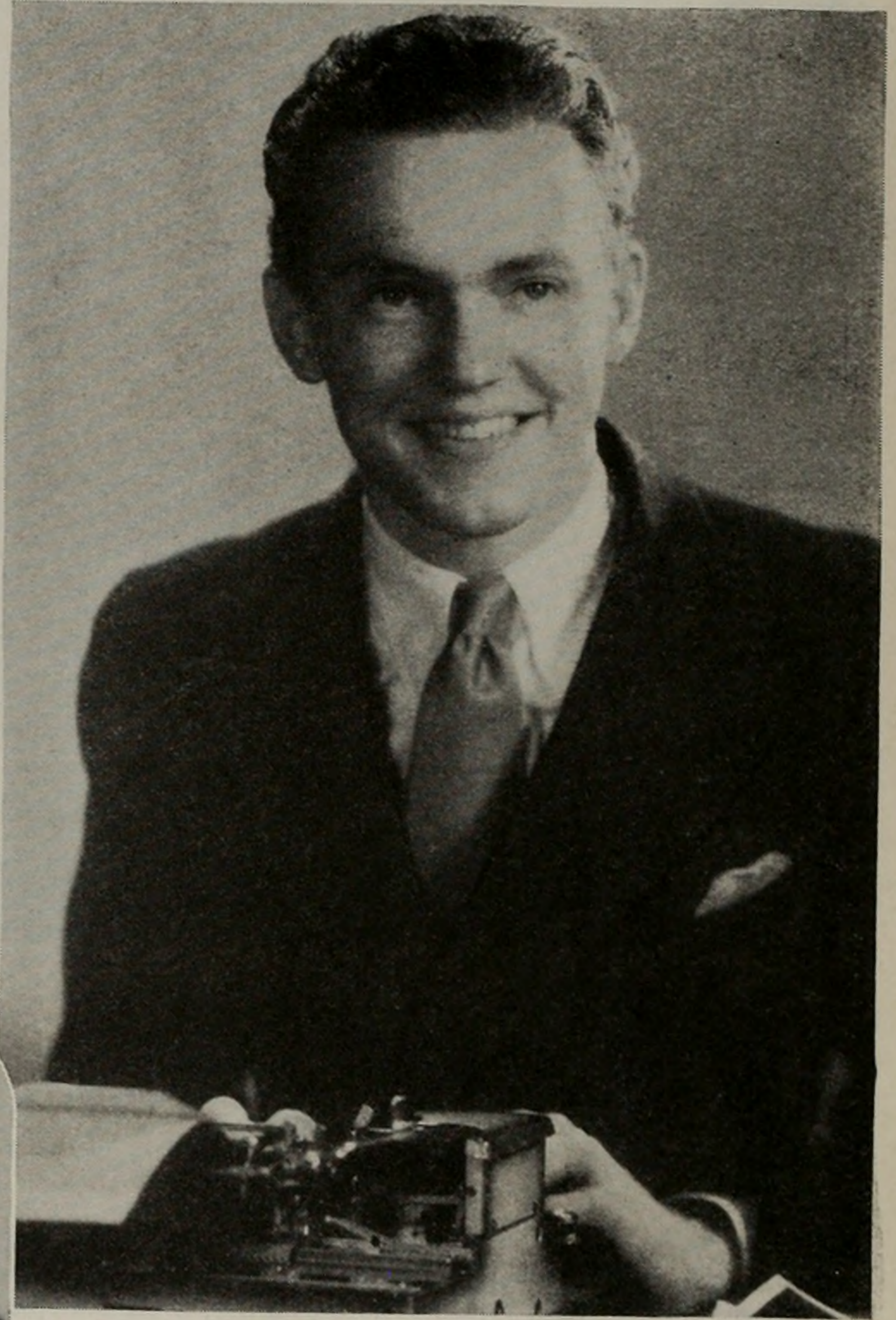
By
Robert Fender

IT used to be "If a Man Bites a Dog—That's News!" But now you can tuck that one away with the lavender and old lace. Hollywood, birthplace of most new things, has delivered a bouncing, brand-new definition of that word. Suppose you read further.

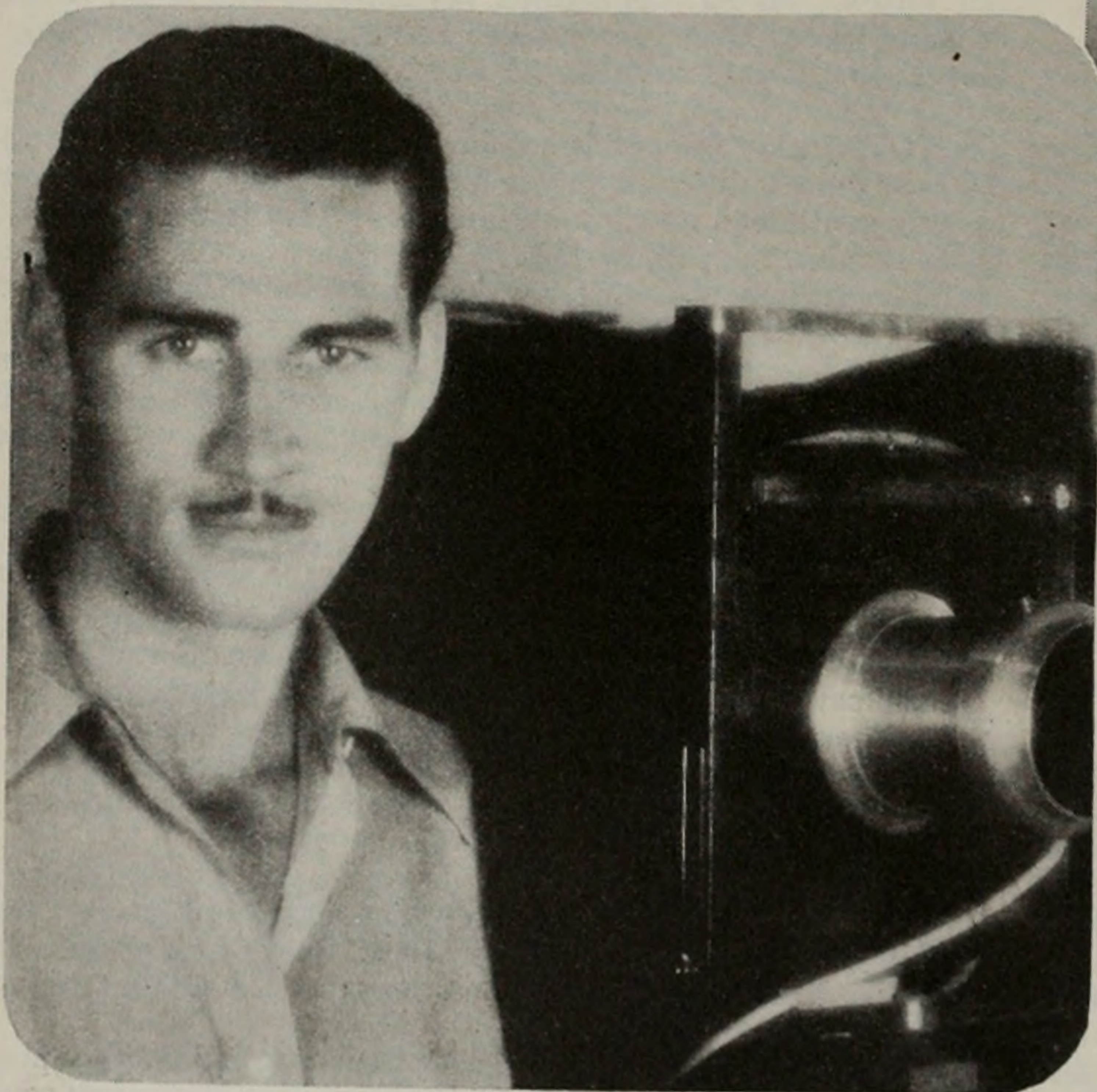
Out here in this country of manly chests and feminine twitters, they have a little industry called the movies. A magic business it is, which makes princes out of poor men and lady princes out of poor gals over night. Everyone in town today is eligible to be a star tomorrow. No effort. No nothing.

All we do out here is take sun baths and play black-jack until that best guy in the wide, wide world, The Producer, says: "I want you to be a star for my company at seven thousand a week." Then we catch up on our eating and place an order for that blue Rolls we've had our eye on for so long. It's really very exciting. None of us knows when the good news is coming to us.

The point, minus furbelows, is that everyone in Hollywood considers himself good movie material. Star material, in fact, and is just waiting around, doing this and that, until the great day when the casting directors will come to their senses and realize it, too. Scratch a truck driver here and you'll find a



Johnny Engstead bangs out publicity about the Paramount stars. Honestly, now, isn't he as handsome as any juvenile on the lot? But Johnny prefers his trusty old typewriter



Charles Welborn, a dashing young studio still cameraman, fights off picture chances. "My end of the camera is best," says he

bozo who'll confide that he can do everything Karl Dane does (wasn't *he* a truck driver once?). Make a pal of the soft drink engineer at the nearest drug store and he'll confess that everyone tells him he's funnier than Jack Oakie and would screen better.

Get the confidence of your landlady and the poor dear will let you in on the way she would play Marie Dressler rôles if she ever got the chance. Tell your postman he's a good guy and he'll come right back with: "Do you think I'd make good in the movies?" The situation, in short, is that Hollywood's population may be classed as: 1—Those already in the movies, and 2—Those waiting to get in.

What a job, then, to find someone in the hamlet who could act in the movies if he wanted to but doesn't want to! Not someone who thinks he has a chance before the cameras but one who's actually had the chance, chances in fact, and has openly sneered at the idea.

Many of Hollywood's smart and handsome boys and girls prefer to work back of the camera, thank you

That's the little assignment I gave myself the other day, a little assignment that would make Jason give up all ideas of winning the Golden Fleece and go back to his old Greek tumbling act. None too anxious to start the job, I strolled around one of the studios lately in search of a pleasanter subject.

And there, on a movie lot, of all places, came my first lead. A young man was needed to do a "bit" in a certain picture. The director, happening to be short a player, turned to a

stopped in its course and sailors at sea were battling sudden storms. My head whirled. I found a cot and lay down.

The shock of seeing and hearing someone actually turn down a chance to be in the movies nearly proved fatal. Next day, feeling stronger, I hunted up this "Scotty" person. I wanted to talk with him. If possible, I wanted to touch him.

His name, I learned, is Charles Welborn and he has photographed almost every important person in the world, not excluding Calvin Coolidge and Douglas Fairbanks. He is convinced that he has the best job in the world and the best mother (he lives with her) and the best motorboat. Known about the studio as the best looking guy out of pictures, "Scotty," nevertheless, is firm in his resolve never to turn romantic screen lover.

"Once, between pictures," he told me, "I was out of work for six months and plenty broke. They offered me a job doing dance routines and playing around in a big revue, but I told 'em I'd rather go hungry. I've had other chances to act, too, but why get started in that stuff? Give me a job where I can earn my dough!"

CCHEERED by "Scotty's" confession I knocked around at other studios in search of a boy or girl who, although eligible for the screen, will have none of it. At Fox I found beautiful Noreen Phillips, private secretary to E. W. Butcher of that lot. Miss Phillips knows all about acting in the movies for the very good reason that she has acted in 'em. No sooner had she taken her job as secretary when she was besieged with requests to take a film test.

Victor Schertzinger finally turned the trick, and for two years Noreen played this part and that. She got along swimmingly and was even given an important rôle as sister to Olive Borden in "The Secret Studio," when she asked for her old job back. She's private secretarizing again and tickled to death to be away from the cameras.

"To my mind," she told me, "acting in films is sure death. There's nothing real about it, nothing genuine. The waiting and constant dilly-dallying kills all incentive. You begin to drift and lose all sense of security. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



Margery Prevoost, Marie's sister, came from the "Follies" to try picture acting. But she was more interested in interior decorating and found true happiness in a studio art department

good looking "still" cameraman by his side. "Jump in there, Scotty, and do it," he said. I drew closer to see how "Scotty" would take it. This was the way stars were made and I wanted a ringside seat to witness "Scotty's" opportunity. This was the stuff dreams, Hollywood dreams, were made of. "Scotty," whoever he was, now had his chance. What, I wondered, would he do with it?

I looked at "Scotty." He was smiling a dry smile. He was speaking. "Do you mean to say," he drawled, "that you want me to get out there in front of the camera?" The director assured him that that was exactly what he meant to say. "Scotty" laughed. "And be a movie actor?" he snorted. "Sure!" came the reply, "Why not?" Then "Scotty" howled. "Oh, no!" he managed between chuckles. "I'm awfully sorry," he continued, "but no, thanks!"

My throat grew dry. The studio walls, I felt, would topple down any minute now. The sun, I was sure, had



Oh, what a blonde! Noreen Phillips knows all about picture acting. She did it for two years. But she's much happier as a secretary on the Fox lot



★ *THE FLORODORA GIRL—M-G-M*

MAKING this picture could NEVER have been work. With all those "gay nineties" gags, Marion and Lawrence and the other boys and girls must have had more fun!

It's a rollicking tale of the love tribulations of one of the original Florodora girls and a gay young blood. Marion Davies as the tomboyish chorus girl and Larry Gray as the youth whose flirtation develops into love, are delightful.

What makes the picture extra-delicious is the atmospheric stuff evolved. The bathing beach, the horseless carriage ride, the leg-o'-mutton sleeves and the rest of the gad-awful fashions for ladies, are too precious!

And of course, the Florodora number, done in Technicolor, is the beauty high-light. If you take mama and papa, don't be surprised if they break into their reminiscences.



★ *THE BIG POND—Paramount*

CHEVALIER clicks again! This time, in a new field—straight romantic comedy, with just a dash of song.

"The Big Pond" tells the story of a flashing but empty-pocketed young Frenchman who makes good in the American chewing gum business so that he can marry the daughter of his boss. It has pace and humor, and Maurice gets several chances to sing. Listen for "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me."

A Broadway cast, new to pictures, helps out well. You already know Claudette Colbert, opposite the star. She's fine. Another medal for Director Hobart Henley.

Paramount is mixing them up well for their new ace, the romantic panic. This is a pleasant change from the costume things. Still another slant on the fascinating Parisian.

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *LADIES OF LEISURE—Columbia*

THIS is a really fine picture. And it is a really fine picture because of the astonishing performance of a little tap-dancing beauty who has in her the spirit of a great artist.

Her name is Barbara Stanwyck.

"Ladies of Leisure" is one of those occasional wonder-moments in pictures—the coming together of a good-enough story, some keen dialogue, a first rate director and a young actress just ripe for the performance of her life. These things do happen—even in the movies!

Barbara Stanwyck plays a rather loose-living little party girl who poses for a young artist, falls in love with him, and gets him, despite his family's opposition and the pawing of an amiable bouncer who takes his girls where he finds them. Yes, the yarn is as old as that, and it is supposed to be remotely related to a Belasco stage production called "Ladies of the Evening."

But Jo Swerling gave the film snapping talk, and Frank Capra—getting better every picture—directed brilliantly. Add the almost miraculous work of the beautiful Stanwyck girl, and you have something to cable the pater about. Take six spare hankies, and wear your best admiration suit.

Ralph Graves and Lowell Sherman, heading the support, are both good.

But go and be amazed by this Barbara girl. Is this the beginning of a great career, or a flash? Wait and hope!

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

LADIES OF LEISURE THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY
THE FLORODORA GIRL THE BIG POND
THE LADY OF SCANDAL
WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU

The Best Performances of the Month

Barbara Stanwyck in "Ladies of Leisure"
Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday"
Phillips Holmes in "The Devil's Holiday"
Marion Davies in "The Florodora Girl"
Maurice Chevalier in "The Big Pond"
Claudette Colbert in "The Big Pond"
Ruth Chatterton in "The Lady of Scandal"
Basil Rathbone in "The Lady of Scandal"
John Gilbert in "Redemption"
Warner Baxter in "The Arizona Kid"
Jack Oakie in "The Social Lion"
Helen Twelvetrees in "Swing High"
Clara Bow in "True to the Navy"
Gary Cooper in "The Texan"
Warner Oland in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140



★ THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY—Paramount

HERE'S hot news for any month. Nancy Carroll, after the whipped cream of such frothy desserts as "Sweetie" and "Honey," gets a solid, emotional rôle into which she can sink her pearly molars with some artistic zest.

In it she gives the best performance of her career!

In fact, "The Devil's Holiday" is one of those all-round fine pictures that push and haul us into talkie theaters. An exciting respite from the shushing of mystery stuff and musical ha-cha-cha.

The picture is a powerful, emotion-twisting piece of work, and in it Nancy is grander than grand and sweeter than "Sweetie." Her part demands as much subtlety of interpretation and emotional power as could be asked of any veteran trouper, and Nancy comes through.

Right beside her in the triumph is a lad who so far has had faint chances in unimpressive parts—young Phillips Holmes. He does such splendid things with an uncommonly difficult character that picture-goers will wait anxiously for succeeding work. Others in the big cast are Hobart Bosworth, James Kirkwood, Ned Sparks, Morgan Farley, Paul Lukas, ZaSu Pitts and Morton Downey. What a cast!

Edmund Goulding, creator of "The Trespasser," wrote and directed most creditably. He seems to be the one-man studio of Hollywood. He writes songs and acts, too. Maybe he tap-dances. But see Nancy's newest!



★ THE LADY OF SCANDAL—M-G-M

AT last Ruth Chatterton is delivered from the bondage of tears and given a chance at high comedy!

A pleasant change, and one that gives the magnificent Ruth opportunity for the lighter touch.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer borrowed her from Paramount and gave her this script, made from Frederick Lonsdale's play called "The High Road." It's high-tea British gayety. The story hangs on the marriage of an actress to a peer, and what happens through her association with his family.

Ruth plays it right up to the hilt. You'll enjoy seeing her in a theater sequence. Her good support consists of Ralph (Husband) Forbes, Basil Rathbone, Nance O'Neil, Frederick Kerr, and others. You'll see this picture because it's a chance to see Reigning Ruth in high comedy.



★ WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU—Universal

THIS was made in Switzerland by a German company. It is silent with synchronized score. Dialogue would have been useless and unnecessary.

It's an amazing spectacle. Three people trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party of hundreds of villagers with blazing torches. Tremendous snow slides. Breath-taking airplane stunts by the German aviator, Ernst Udet. White coldness. Pictures, grim and vital, that you'll never forget. Camera angles utterly different. The majestic beauty of the Alps. There is a pretense at story and you think there is to be a love triangle but you soon discover it's not passion at all, only the way people look at each other in Switzerland. It's much too cold for romance, but you mustn't miss this picture. *Sound.*

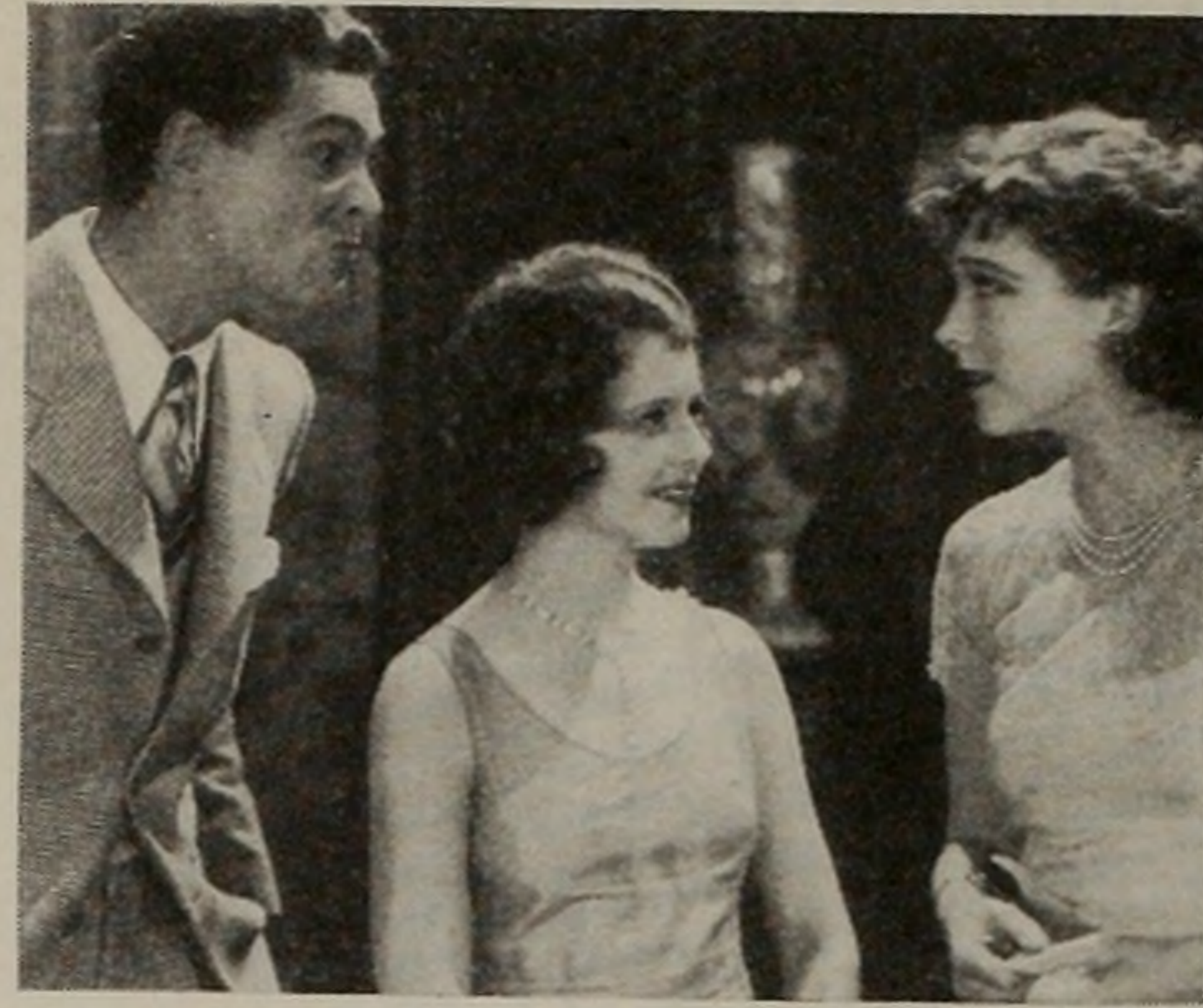
Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**LET'S GO
NATIVE—**
Paramount



THIS is madness—weird, wonderful madness! Every gag in history turns up somewhere in this insane hash of song, dance and story. There's a wonderful burlesque of the old shipwreck, desert island theme. Skeets Gallagher is king of the isle, and Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald, James Hall, Kay Francis and William Austin are the castaways. Terrific nonsense—and how you'll scream!

**HIGH
SOCIETY
BLUES—Fox**



THE personal popularity of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell carries this little musical romance to what success and worth it achieves. They look adoringly at each other, and do some more of what is so naively and hopefully labeled singing. Plot—Charlie's folks try to chisel into high society, meaning the old Boston Gaynors. Some laughs, some songs, and even a little acting.

REDEMPTION
—M-G-M



THIS is the first talkie John Gilbert made. It was shelved, then largely remade. As released, after a year of fussing, it is a creditable job. Gilbert does tremendous work in the final scenes of a very Russian and tragic story by Tolstoi, in which Gilbert plays dead to further his wife's happiness. Far from a great film, it proves what needed no proof—that Jack can act!

**THE
ARIZONA
KID—Fox**



THIS is Warner Baxter's follow on his first smash talkie, "In Old Arizona," and he's just as fine and fascinating as ever. Mona Maris, opposite, is a delightful Spanish sweetheart. A great treat for Baxter fans. Scenery, Utah brand, is elegant, being designed and built by an Expert. Wilfred Lucas and Carol Lombard do well with disagreeable rôles. This is good stuff—and oh, WARNER!

**THE FALL
GUY—Radio
Pictures**



A WHILE ago this was a popular stage play. It loses none of its charm on the screen. It is as simple as a nursery rhyme and as natural as bacon and beans, with Jack Mulhall and Mae Clarke exactly like people you've known. The yarn, which concerns a husband out of work, grows melodramatic toward the end, but there must be a plot. You'll find this entertaining.

**SONG OF
THE FLAME—**
First National



AN operetta version of the Russian Revolution. Russia was freed by Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, who sings a bass solo surprisingly! All-Technicolor, with some beautiful and stirring music, some very ham acting, some able singing and a few fine scenes. A large and elaborate picture, but it does get boring, for most of the music is familiar, and comic-opera bolshevists are silly.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

THE SOCIAL LION—
Paramount



HOP into the flivver and go see Jack Oakie in this! You'll be in stitches. It's unpretentious but hilarious. Jack is the bashful village braggart. He's taken up by the country club set because he can play polo, and he goes social—and you know how this boy can go! Skeets Gallagher is an able foil. Mary Brian is the girl who loves Jack and Olive Borden is the one who doesn't.

SWING HIGH
—Pathe



PLEASANT entertainment, this story of love and intrigue among the players in an old time wagon circus. Director Santley hasn't overlooked chances for color and action. Fred Scott sings a couple of numbers that seem headed for popular hits, while a negro chorus offers a rollicking song, "Chasing the Hoodoo Away." Helen Twelvetrees is quite Gish-like as the heroine who saves her lover from the vamp.

OLD AND NEW—
Sovkino



FROM rural Russia comes a powerful silent picture telling the world by way of cloud masses, cream separators and tractors, of the glory of New Russia among the peasantry. This picture was co-directed by Eisenstein, great director of "Potemkin," and tells for propaganda purposes of the wonders of Communism among the villagers. No "story"—but if you love sheer beauty in films, don't miss! *Silent.*

TRUE TO THE NAVY—
Paramount



YOU should see Clara Bow—she's thin as boarding house soup. If Clara goes spirituelle we can't bear it! "True to the Navy," the red-head's first picture in ages, concerns a girl who had a sweetie on every ship. Then the whole fleet came in! Whoops! Entertaining, and Clara sings a hotsy song with the correct blues inflection. Frederic March seems awfully upset about being a sailor.

THE SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY—
Warners



IF you haven't read "The Agony Column," you are headed for a nice surprise here. Even if you know what's coming, there is an element of novelty that makes for good entertainment. What starts out to be a series of letters to intrigue a young lady becomes a thrilling mystery comedy. Loretta Young and Grant Withers, the newlyweds, are the people most concerned. You will like it.

THE TEXAN
—Paramount



ANOTHER of O. Henry's colorful stories of the Southwest proves first-rate grist for the talkie mill. "The Texan," a picturesque yarn, makes an excellent vehicle for Gary Cooper's taciturn charm. Fay Wray, all done up in black hair and a Spanish accent (and nice, too) is the girl. James Marcus, as a Bible-quoting Texas sheriff, turns in a grand characterization. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Why the Hollywood Stars Quit Those Freak Diets



Catherine Moylan, former "Follies" girl now playing in M-G-M's "Our Blushing Brides," reduces under the scientific guidance of Dr. J. E. Brady, popular Hollywood reducing expert. Dr. Brady combines cabinet baths and other treatment with corrective diet

They're still keeping their schoolgirl figures, but sanity supersedes starvation and trick methods

By

Katherine Albert

THE eighteen-day diet has about as much chance at popularity as a Democratic candidate in Illinois.

You'd as soon think of getting out the old abandoned mah jong set as of eating lamb chops and pineapple.

Joan Crawford's crackers and mustard are lonely and apart, relegated to a dusty, silent corner.

You aren't whisked away to some confidential alcove any more, to be shown little sheets of onion skin paper upon which weird menus are written.

The trick diets are gone from Hollywood! They're as dead as last year's sparrow. Sanity once more rules the film colony.

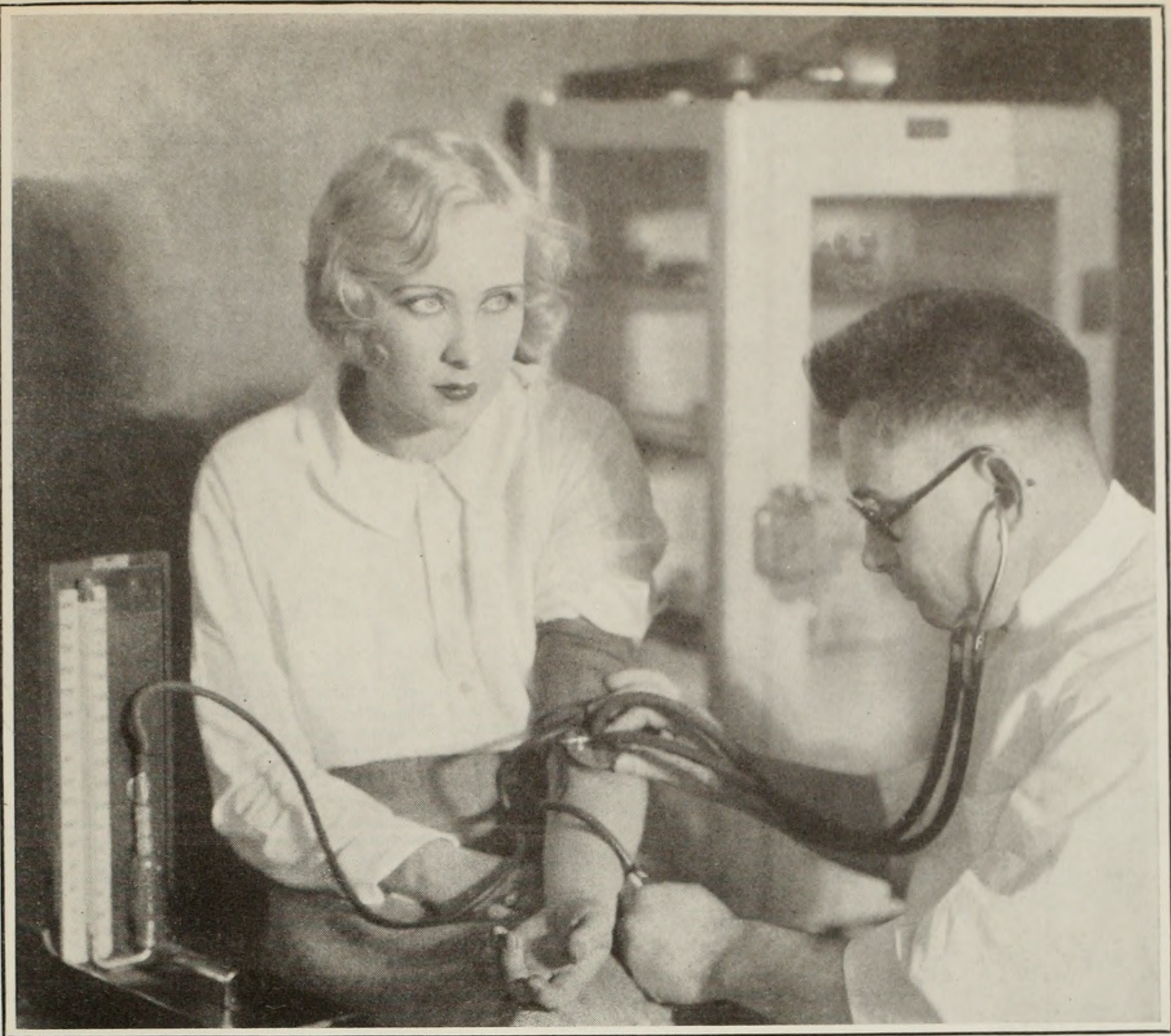
It is not because voluptuous, Turkish curves are coming in. The need for reduction is as great as it ever was. By a strange optical illusion the camera still adds ten to fifteen pounds to the human subject being photographed.

The necessity for being slender is as vital now to the screen actresses as it was a year ago or five years ago. In fact, one of the latest fads in Hollywood house construction is built-in scales in bathrooms.

It is only the freak, trick, starvation diets that have made their welcome exits. The film stars have seen how these brutal methods of taking off weight have ravished beauty. They have watched their friends lying ill because of too strenuous a diet. They know that some have died in that quest for willow-slimness. At last they are afraid. At last they are willing to listen to words of wisdom from doctors who have pleaded with them to stop the murder of their bodies.

There is much talk of diet and much dieting in Hollywood, but *not one important star or player in the town is indulging in a mad, starvation diet!*

Clara Bow became sylph-like, after being actually fat, in a few months. It was noised about that she had some mysterious secret, that



Dr. H. V. Boling thoroughly examines each patient and suits diet and treatment to the individual. He is shown here testing Gwen Lee's blood pressure. A star's work is too strenuous to permit of lowered vitality

she had found a magic potion, some strange elixir that had brought back her lithe slimness again.

But Clara's reduction method is no secret. And you're welcome to try it if you like. She simply had a major operation and was ill afterwards for many, many weeks. She is not yet entirely recovered. A siege of hospitals will pull anybody down. It brought Clara to less than a hundred pounds.

She is dieting now, but not to get thin. In fact, she really needs a few more pounds. You probably noticed that in "Paramount On Parade." Her purpose is to regain her health and keep her strength.

SHE drinks no tea or coffee, has fruit at every meal and some sort of fruit or fruit juice between each meal. Lots of salads and green vegetables, nothing fried, no heavy meats, just fowl, fish and lamb chops. It's a trifle different from the faddist menus of six months ago, isn't it?

Nor is Clara the only one who has come to her senses. The girls have all decided that those little charts which, if followed, are guaranteed to take off just so many pounds in just so many days, passed around from one person to another, copied off the backs of old envelopes and calling cards, are perhaps perfectly all right for one person but not for everybody. They have realized that these freak methods are suicidal.

What, then, has taken the place of the freak diets? What are the stars doing to gain and keep a lovely figure? The answer is as surprising as it is sane. They are going to reputable doctors who give them thorough physical examinations first and treat each case as it should be treated.

The cottage hospital of Dr. W. D. Sansum in Santa Barbara is a Mecca for many of the Hollywood celebs. Before he prescribes a diet he gives a thorough physical examination in his perfectly equipped clinic. He is not alone a reduction specialist.

He believes that most ills respond to proper diet. He first discovers the cause of surplus weight and is guided in his treatment by these discoveries. It was he who reduced Mary Miles Minter recently, some forty pounds in two months. Louise Fazenda is one of his

patients. There are many more.

Every diet is different, since the needs of every patient are different, and yet there is more on the menu lists than the girls can eat. He insists upon three meals a day, and generous meals at that. He also believes that no diet should be lacking in sugar, as that is needed for energy. Olive oil, he says, is not necessary to the system, but a certain amount of butter is. But since each diet suits the individual they must not be passed about from woman to woman.

Dr. J. E. Brady, of Hollywood, is a popular reducing expert. He uses not only diet, but cabinet baths and electric massages. No diet that he gives smacks of freakishness. When there is a thyroid condition he works on that. He does not believe in taking off more than ten pounds a month, for the tissues must be built up as the flesh is lost, else the face and neck appear scrawny. There are three causes for fat, he says—a thyroid condition, not enough exercise, and too much rich food. Many stars are under his care.

THE H. V. Boling Clinic is another popular reducing establishment. Dr. Boling prescribes baths, massage and diet, but each patient is thoroughly examined before taking the treatments and each diet is different. Knowing the stars as he does, he makes sure that they have enough energy to carry them through the nerve-racking work they do. Their diet must be well balanced and have all the necessary elements.

There are other reducing doctors, too numerous to name. Almost every player has her favorite under whose care she is. Health is the watchword now! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



70 Readers

must Win

This

Gold!

The Rules Are Simple

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize.....	750.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	300.00
Fifth Prize.....	200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each.....	1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and

complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

Follow the Arrows





STARS rise, pop faintly, and fade from the Hollywood sky, but Dick Barthelmess goes on giving his true, fine performances—year in, year out; hot or cold; sound or silent. The indefatigable and excellent Richard has long holidays, now, but twice a year he can be depended on to give his fans a good, well-made picture

This Way to Cut Puzzle



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



UPPER

The hair went to convent, and then to the stage,
The eyes also were convent raised;
The mouth (it's a system!) was convent trained, too—
And her loveliness is warmly praised.

LOWER

The hair played in comedy with Harold Lloyd,
The eyes did their stuff in "Oh, Boy!"—
The mouth is a recent recruit from the stage,
And her talkies are really a joy.

UPPER

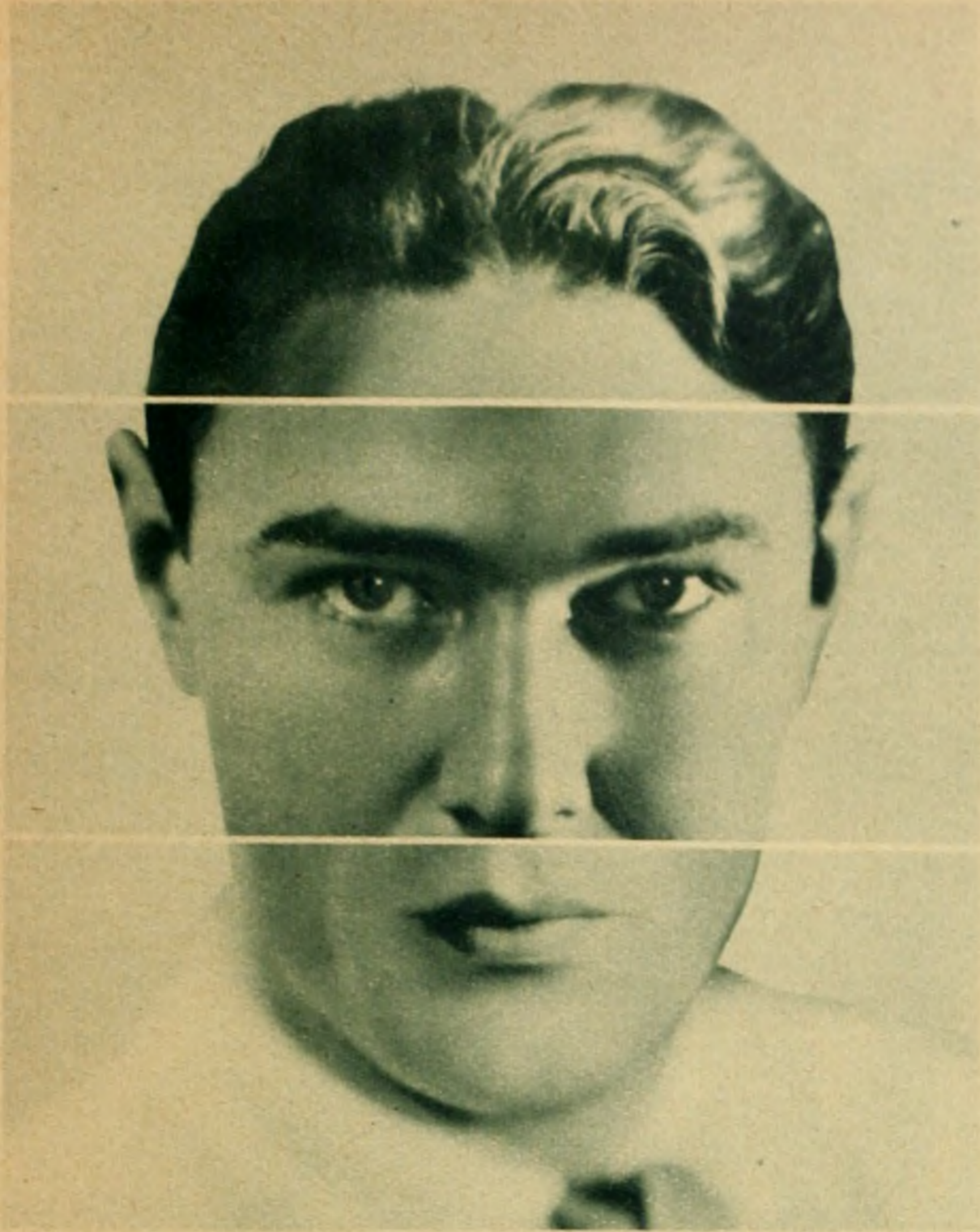
The hair was directed by L. Barrymore,
The eyes played Lord Nelson's girl friend;
The mouth lisps a trifle, and does costume plays,
She has beauty and charm without end.

LOWER

The hair won a contest in quaint New Orleans,
The eyes are a Paramount star,
The mouth first appeared on the stage when a babe—
And—like few prodigies—has gone far!

RESUME

Two of them are married—two of them are not—
And one of the four was divorced,
And one is so often reported engaged
That we'll never believe her heart lost!
One's dark as the night, and one's fair as the day—
And the two that are left can be called just midway!



UPPER

The hair's from a state where, once, witches were hanged,
The eyes are unmarried, as yet—
The mouth is reported engaged to L. V.,
But some say the report is all wet.

LOWER

The hair went to school at old Staunton M. A.,
The eyes wed a star of the stage.
The mouth is six-two, as to height; and brunette—
And twenty-eight years is his age.

UPPER

The hair struck his stride in a film of the war,
The eyes, for his health, once punched cows;
The mouth, without any real trouping, was trained
For the screen—this fate seldom allows!

LOWER

The hair has a very real talent for art,
The eyes with J. Gaynor co-starred,
The mouth was the rage in the non-talking films,
For the talkies his great charm was marred!

RESUME

Three of them unmarried, and one married thrice;
Three dark-eyed, and one with blue eyes;
All of them have dark hair . . . And one, when last wed,
Filled the whole movie world with surprise.
They're all of them tall, and well built, and well bred,
And what the girls think of them we'll leave unsaid!



Nickolas Muray

IF you could see the way the fan mail about this handsome chap and first-rate actor rolls into this office, you'd rush a good-looking picture into the magazine, too. Not content with his first fine talkie performance in "In Old Arizona," Warner Baxter has gone right on consolidating his new and very thrilling success



P. VAN BUREN — 36

"That's not real money," she said.
"It's counterfeit!"

The Ten-Dollar Bill

As told to

Walter Ramsey

Another True Short
Story About a Big-
Hearted Star

IT was two-thirty in the afternoon, and the solitary figure, who sat near one of the many French windows that lined the front of the *La Cazar*, was the last of the luncheon crowd.

He was immaculately dressed in the accepted mode, and seemed to permeate his surroundings with his own air of gentility. Coffee—or rather *demi-tasse*—was being served as he tapped an imported cigarette on the flat side of a gold case.

Soon he was nonchalantly brushing the napkin to his lips in a finishing gesture, and with a last glance through the partly open window, walked slowly toward the cashier's cage.

As he stood there, cane in hand, waiting for the change from the ten-dollar bill, he chanced to look up at the wall behind the cashier. What he saw was not so surprising—an old ten-dollar bill mounted on linen-board, and encased in a beautiful frame. He had seen the same thing before, but it had invariably been a one-dollar bill. Maybe it was because he, himself, had just passed a ten-spot over the counter that he questioned the girl.

"What, may I ask, is the reason for keeping part of the day's receipts in a picture frame?" he queried, drawing on his left glove.

"Oh? That?" she answered, turning to look at it herself. "That's a long story. It's not real money—it's counterfeit. Not worth a plugged nickel as far as real dough is concerned, but the Boss says it's been worth a million to him. We've got orders to tell the story to anyone who asks. Want 'a hear it?"

"Most assuredly!" came the well-modulated reply "I would be very interested indeed."

"Well, you see, it was something like this: The Boss was once stringing himself with the idea that he was going to be a great actor. And I guess he did have one or two jobs—right here in Frisco, at the old *Alcazar*. But they soon found him out, I guess, 'cause it wasn't no time 'til they gives him the gate—see?"

"But while he's on the stage doing the atmosphere, he falls in

The story of a ten-spot that was framed for good luck

with another actor who's doing small parts. Can't ever remember the other fellow's name, although the Boss mentions it at least once a week. Anyway, they became good pals while they was working together and so when this guy, whatever his name is, finds the Boss walking the street without a job, he feels sorta' sorry for him.

"Now as I remember it, Santa Claus feels *so* sorry for the Boss that he takes out his pay envelope, looks at the three tens he just got for the last week's work, and then with some crack to the effect that, 'This ain't much—but it's all I can spare,' the guy hands the Boss one of the ten-spots and tells him to go and get himself a real meal and keep the change. Then they go through the hand-shaking racket and part company—for good.

"O' course the Boss is all hot 'n' bothered about the dough 'cause he hasn't eaten for a couple o' days, so he heads for a restaurant right off the bat. After he'd eaten about three dollars' worth, he goes up to the cashier and hands over the ten-spot. But the gal was sorta' crafty. She gives the bill a close going over and then tells him that it's phony. Then, when he explains that it's all the dough he has, she calls the head man of the place. And the head man calls a policeman.

"It was a pretty tough spot for the Boss, all right. He tells 'em that a friend just gave it to him, but he won't tell the cop who the friend was. Finally the owner of the place offers to let him work it out—washing dishes. It seems that their dishwasher had just cut loose for parts unknown. So the Boss sets to work in the kitchen. And boy, what *I* mean, that's *work!*

"Well, according to the Boss, it wasn't no time 'til he was on the job regular. And from *that* he graduates to the job of waiter. About a year of that and they make him head-waiter. See? The Boss was a striving soul, if you catch what I mean.

"Then he starts to save some of the money he earns. And he saves, and saves and *still* saves. 'Til one bright and cheery day (as the Boss tells it), he gets the chance to buy out the business. And he's got so much dough saved by now that he jumps at the

chance. Say, if this gets on your nerves, *tell* me! I don't like Cinderella stories much, myself."

"By no means! I am very interested. Please go on! It's a very touching little yarn. I almost believe it."

"Well, there ain't much left. The Boss just goes on making money and saving it until he gets the idea that he wants a bigger place. So he goes out and finds this place and spends a lot o' dough remodeling the whole thing until it looks like a swanky cafe. Pretty soon it comes to be known as *the* place to go for good food and high-powered atmosphere. The Boss still keeps this same place and he blames all his good luck on the phony ten-spot. See? Kinda' got him started in the racket. See?"

"A most interesting yarn," commented the immaculately dressed man who had been listening intently to the story. "By the way, is it that man standing over there with his back to us?"

"Naw, he ain't here now. He spends four months out of each year traveling in Europe," came the snappy rejoinder. "Say, you don't believe that fairy tale, do you?"

"Why—" hesitated her listener as he turned to leave, "I am inclined to say that it was true. Of course I am no one to judge." And with that he walked slowly to the entrance and out into the whirl of the mid-afternoon traffic.

NO sooner had he disappeared from view, than Molly (the girl at the cigar counter across the aisle from the cashier's cage) came bouncing over and asked, "Say, didn't that guy look familiar? Seems to me I saw him in 'What Price Glory?' and the same guy played in 'The Cock Eyed World.'"

"Naw, I never go to the movies. Me for the *Rose Room* and a lot of steady dancing every evening. Say . . ."

"Hurray!" interrupted the movie fan. "I remember his name now. It's Eddie Lowe! Remember him now? Why, he's a big shot, down in Hollywood, and . . ."

"Eddie Lowe? *Eddie Lowe?*" gasped the cashier. "Why, that's the guy who gave the Boss the phony ten-spot. Wait a minute—whoa!—well, ain't I a sap now?"

Those Honorable Japanese Stars



Three of Japan's leading film stars, who delight the young sheiks and shebas of the Flowery Kingdom. At the left, Miss Kinuyo Tanaka, a light of the Shichiku Company. Right, the beautiful Fujiko Hamaguchi, of Nikatsu. Center, Mr. Demei Suzuki. He may just be playing a soldier with a saxophone complex. Or he may be Hon. Rudi Valleeki!

BORN *to* SING!

By
Marquis
Busby

Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire playing a scene together. Talk of a romance between them is very trying, they say



Alexander
Gray gave up
the gadgets
of engineering
for the High C's

ALEXANDER GRAY comes from a long line of Pennsylvania Scotch Presbyterians, pretty stern, uncompromising folk.

But by every right Alexander Gray should be a confirmed fatalist. Fate has ruled his professional career, first on the stage and now in Hollywood.

It has been a long chain of circumstances that has brought him to Hollywood, each one linked to the other, and every one related.

Marilyn Miller, the graceful little prima donna of the Ziegfeld pageants of pulchritude, liked Alexander Gray better than any of her leading men. When she came West to make the Vitaphone production of "Sally" she requested that Gray sing opposite her. He had appeared with her in the stage production.

Gray made his test in New York, and because he didn't want to work alone, he persuaded Bernice Claire to appear with him. Bernice and he had appeared together as *Margot* and the *Red Shadow* in "The Desert Song." Bernice had no thoughts of a picture career, but she won a contract on the strength of her appearance in Gray's test.

Now, because they do not have many friends in Hollywood, Bernice and he are occasionally seen together. Not in the night clubs and theaters, but at quiet restaurants. Accordingly, Hollywood, running true to time-hallowed tradition, has begun to scent a romance. Some of the hardier have even

rumored an engagement.

Gray is not particularly pleased with the gossip that links their names.

"Bernice is my friend, one of my best friends," he said. "Fate threw us together at a very trying time for both of us. She came into the cast of 'The Desert Song' while we were playing on the road. It was her first important stage appearance, and she was facing a terrific test. The rest of the cast had been playing together for many months, and they weren't anxious to rehearse with a newcomer. I tried to help her. I knew what she was up against. I went into the production of 'Sally' under the same circumstances. I don't mean that my assistance meant much to Bernice. She worked things out for herself.

"Bernice, her brother, my wife and I became very good friends. After a long engagement in Chicago, the company was going on to Pittsburgh for a run. My wife decided to drive my car East. Bernice and I had to travel with the troupe. I persuaded her brother to accompany my wife and relieve her at the wheel.

"One afternoon, as we finished a matinée, word came of the terrible accident in a little Ohio town. My wife had been killed. Bernice's brother was very badly injured. We left in a few hours in a taxicab for Ohio, the only transportation we could get. It was a ghastly ride. I knew what was ahead of me. Bernice didn't know whether she would find her brother alive or not.

"People who are together at times like that usually become close friends. There is a bond of sympathy and understanding. We have worked together in 'No, No, Nanette' out here. Sometimes we go out together. Never to dancing places. I used to like to dance, but not since my wife has gone.

"I'm not particularly pleased that people are suggesting that I could have another romance so soon—it has only been a little more than a year. I don't believe that I shall ever marry again. I suppose that these rumors of an engagement do not actually harm either of us, but we don't like them."

Gray is not the easiest person to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

How I'd

But you'll notice that Eddie is dumb as an oyster on how he "manages" his own wife, Lilyan Tashman

should simply be the little house slipper chaser for her husband. I'm awfully bored, if you don't mind."

"No," said Eddie, emphatically. "I'm not going to tell you anything of the sort. Civilization has changed a lot of things. It has, on the surface, changed man's relationship to woman. It's made our lives more complex, but it is still woman's province to manage. It is her job, after all, to hold a husband. You don't hear much about a man's holding a wife, now, do you?"

I'm always just a little petulant when I'm forced to admit anything. And I was, of course, forced to admit that. So I sat gnawing my fingers and trying to think of something clever to say while Eddie devoured a salad as if that were all he had to do in the world.

AT last I said: "The other day I was talking to Constance Bennett and she said you had to manage each man differently. That there were certain generalizations about them all but that each one required individual thought and attention, if you know what I mean."

"Certainly," said Eddie, "and all women are different, too. But you treat them all more or less like children and you get the idea of managing them out of your head, for they're smart enough to know when they're being handled.

"You simply have to be natural. You can't play a game. In the first place they know you're playing a game. And in the second place all games come to an end and love doesn't end.

"Oh yes, I believe in love, and you have to be natural and spontaneous about it. For love is like a prince with a retinue, in which are three important servants. They are honesty, unselfishness and jealousy. Yes, I said jealousy. No love is really

complete without it, but it has to be controlled. But I don't know a single love where jealousy doesn't enter into it. If it doesn't, the love is not much good.

"Honesty is most important of all. Women know when you're not honest. You have to be yourself. You simply can't play a game. That's the most important of all."

"THEN you wouldn't," I began, believing myself to be very cute to think of it, "manage Dolores Del Rio, for instance, any differently from the way you'd manage Billie Dove?"

"Oh yes, I would. I'd just do it instinctively without sitting back and trying to figure it out. If I were in love I'd know the right and wrong things to do."

"All right," I said, "go ahead. Pick six women you know and



This debonair and fastidious gentleman, Mr. Edmund Lowe, has long been known as one of the most successful husbands in all filmland. His married life with Lilyan Tashman has been held up as an example to all lesser halves. For this reason our Miss Albert approached him with some very pertinent questions on the ever live and interesting subject of "Wife Management." Hear Mr. Lowe

"BUT I wouldn't," said Eddie Lowe, "not if I had six or six hundred wives, singly or collectively! I wouldn't manage them. They'd manage me. And that would be right.

"It's always been woman's job to manage. She's the one who is the comfort and wise helper. It all began before civilization began. It's as fundamental as plane geometry, but better understood.

"In the pioneer days, didn't man go out and till fields and fight wolves while woman stayed at home and kept the house going smoothly and saw to man's comfort when he came back all tired out?"

"Oh, so you're one of those!" I exclaimed pertly. "You're going to tell me that woman's place is in the home and that she

Manage Six Famous WIVES

As told by Edmund Lowe
to Katherine Albert

**BILLIE
DOVE**

"Billie Dove is so beautiful," says Eddie, "that I wouldn't bother about managing her. I think I'd be content to feast my eyes on her!"

**LOIS
MORAN**

"I'd keep surprising Lois," says our hero. "She has to have new interests. She has to be told what she wants, and then made to understand it"

**DOLORES
DEL RIO**

Mr. Lowe opines that Dolores is subject to flares of temperament, like all Latins. "The only thing to do then is kid her out of them"

**CON-
STANCE
BENNETT**

"I'd try to get under Connie's sophistication," says Eddie. "I'd want to get at that true simplicity that I am sure is the real Constance!"

**COLLEEN
MOORE**

"I'd be a kid with Colleen," according to Mr. Lowe. "I'd have to enter into that marvelous play spirit of hers in order to really hold her"

**LILYAN
TASHMAN**

About his beautiful wife, Mr. Lowe let the smoke drift upward. "Why, er, Lil," he said, "well, she's all there is—there isn't any more!"

tell me how you'd manage them, how you'd be natural and spontaneous and not play games with them."

"I will," said Eddie, settling that determined jaw, and beginning with

DOLORES DEL RIO

"Dolores is the exotic type," he said. "She is a lady and loves beauty. She adores having gorgeous things around her. I'd certainly cater to her by taking an interest in good books and good music and good paintings.

"But Dolores has another side. Don't forget that she's a Latin and as fiery as all Latins are. She is subject to a million changes of mood, and much temperament which is part of her charm. The only thing to do when she gets into one of these moods is to kid her out of it. Now don't get that confused with patronizing. No woman can stand to be patronized and certainly not Dolores. You simply [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



The feminine half of the successful marital team of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. The fascinating Miss Tashman is one of the most able of Hollywood's actresses, is noted for her excellent taste in dress, and her marriage to Eddie Lowe has been successful to the Nth degree. As you will find, he has little to say on "managing" Miss Tashman. They probably manage each other

That MULLIGAN Spirit!

By

Robert
Cranford

DEAR SALLY:

—or Jenny, or Louise, or whatever your name is:

Did you ever feel like getting out in front of the congregation and dancing a Charleston, just in sheer rebellion?

And do you ever feel like taking your seventeen-dollar-a-week job and throwing it in the manager's face, because you felt it wasn't getting you anywhere, and never would?

In short, don't you feel like being yourself instead of what people or circumstances want to make you be?

Well, then, read the fable of Dot Mulligan, the Small-Town Girl who was herself, and, as a result, is getting many dollars a month and a growing spot in the Hollywood limelight!

* * *

DOROTHY MULLIGAN began by being born in a town called Indianola, which is in Iowa, and has about three thousand inhabitants. Lots of other girls were born there, and are still there—not so much because they want to be, thinks Dorothy Mulligan, but because they just didn't have the courage to cash out.

Dorothy decided early in life, although she couldn't have expressed it so succinctly then, to be her own woman.

Maybe that's why it was that she scandalized the town one Sunday by waiting until church was letting out—and getting out in front of the horrified townspeople and dancing a particularly violent Charleston (which was what they were dancing at the time this happened).

"There's that Mulligan kid again," they said. "She'll never amount to anything." (As a matter of fact, Dorothy Mulligan is going back to Indianola this summer—and the townspeople are going to pay the unheard-of sum of five dollars apiece to see and compliment her. But that's later on in the story.)

In her early 'teens, the Mulligan kid knew she wanted to be something besides maybe a nice Indianola housewife and sewing circle member, or maybe a farmer's wife. She didn't know just what she wanted to be, but she didn't want to be what her mama and her townsfolk thought a properly-raised Indianola girl ought to be.

So she got a job in the movie house, playing the piano. For seven dollars a week. "So the Mulligan girl has settled down," they said. "Now maybe she'll marry a nice Indianola boy, and she could give piano lessons, too."

But in a little while, Dorothy Mulligan knew this was not what she wanted.

"Isn't it foolish to sit here ten or eleven hours a day,



Dot Mulligan found that she wasn't getting anywhere in particular in her home town of Indianola, Ia. So she hustled her way to the screen as Lola Lane. See that old Mulligan spirit in her eyes?

*It lured and
drove Lola Lane
from Indianola,
Iowa, to the
threshold of film
stardom*

thumping piano keys for seven dollars a week, when right before me I see girls on the screen who are making much more?" she said to herself.

So she went to the manager and quit! Quit a good job for no reason that anybody could understand—except herself, who knew that she wasn't being herself staying there.

"I don't want to be a small-town girl," said Dorothy to herself.

So her mother let her go to Des Moines, which was a big town to her. "I didn't know what I wanted to do," says the girl who was that Dorothy Mulligan, now, "but I knew I didn't want to stay in Indianola."

She went to an employment agency and sat down. The manager bawled: "Who wants a job in an ice-cream factory?" Everybody jumped up, but Dorothy Mulligan jumped the fastest. She got the job.

Fifteen a week. Here was success!—she learned how to make ice cream and cardboard boxes, and to sweep floors.

But she knew darned well that this wasn't what she wanted. Maybe some other girl might have stuck there, and become the Ice-Cream Queen of the country, with a chain of ice-cream factories or something. But it wasn't Dorothy's field. So she quit, with only forty cents in her pocket. She spent twenty-five of it for a sundae, and went back to the employment agency.

THIS time she got a job in a little notions store. It paid her seventeen dollars a week. Maybe, said Dorothy to herself, this was the beginning of a great commercial career. Who could tell? She would try it. She did—for four weeks. At the end of that time, she had saved enough to buy a new pair of shoes; had decided that commerce was not her *melier*, and had made up her mind to stay a couple of weeks longer before quitting, in order to save enough for a pair of stockings.

But the owner of the store came to her and said he had to let her go.

"Why?" demanded Dorothy.

"My wife," said the owner. "She is jealous of you. For four weeks she has been looking [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

The Story of a Girl Who Just Wouldn't Settle Down!



Such Chorus Girls!

THERE are three hundred chorus girls in Hollywood who:

—never appear in public without their mothers

—have never smoked a cigarette

—have never all their

lives known the taste of liquor or gone to wild parties

—are in bed every night at eight-thirty or even before that

—have never been inside a night club or a speakeasy

—have never had their pictures in the Sunday supplements

—wouldn't know a butter and egg man even if they saw one

—have never been mixed up in any sort of nasty scandal

And, what's more, they're all young and beautiful!

Ah-ha, you doubt it! Very well, you old cynic! These little paragons of virtue are the Meglin Kiddies, who turn out dancing and singing revues. The babes have already made three two-reelers, "The Big Revue," "Kiddie Kabaret," and "Hello, Sunshine." They're going to make a lot more, for they sing, they dance, they play musical instruments and they even master the ceremonies.

Ethel Meglin started it some years ago by sending out kid vaudeville acts, and a few months ago Jules Burnstein saw the possibility of film material and signed them all up.

No child is over twelve. The youngest ones are four, and in that line of capering kids there are, no doubt, many stars of the future.

WHEN there are two hundred children on the set there are twenty teachers who instruct them in the more prosaic reading, writing and arithmetic between waltz clogs and flip flops. They would work until they dropped—these kids—but they're only allowed to dance for four hours at a time. Then they must rest for two. If you think they can't do anything the grown-ups can do, you should see the way they dash off cartwheels and nip-ups.

Because it is everybody's aim to keep them as natural and unspoiled as possible they are allowed the liberty of the lot.

When the ice cream wagon comes around they all quit work

But when Director Dallas Fitzgerald wants them together he has the orchestra start playing their numbers. They come quickly enough then. They're afraid of missing something.

The other day, right in the midst of a scene, they heard the tinkle of an ice cream wagon. Two seconds later the set was

deserted and until every chocolate and strawberry cone was finished they could not be persuaded to return. Real chorus girls are lured by *pâté de foie gras* and Lobster Newburgh. A nice gumdrop will work havoc with the Meglin kiddies.

Director Fitzgerald says: "I never want to direct another grown-up. These kids are so easy to handle. They don't get moody or cross, and I've only had one case of temperament. We took two kids out and gave them a specialty. They thought they were prima donnas and didn't want to work in the line. But we fixed that up all right. You can't spank a temperamental adult star, you see.

"I keep the kids from being spoiled by keeping them at their distance, by not making too much of them. Kids are smarter than you think and they're quick to catch on. They know just by a look in my eye when they're getting too fresh."

MRS. MEGLIN declares that it takes about three months to get a youngster who is bright and quick ready for the most difficult chorus work. In two weeks she can tell whether or not the child has ability.

The mothers are not allowed in the rehearsal hall, but they flock on the set to watch their offspring go through their paces. The mamas are as appreciative of talent as the old-fashioned bald-headed row at the "Follies."

And these babies can do anything, from the most difficult toe work to the peppiest jazz numbers.

Here are the potential Garbos, the Chattertons, the Bows of 1940 and 1950. Their dancing feet can't get too far off the ground with Director Fitzgerald to keep them in place. But their bright eyes are already focused on the stars—and they mean to be numbered among them, someday when they, too, are grown-up ladies.

Those Two GOOFY Guys



Now, now, now! Here's Mr. Stan Laurel about to begin his famous whimper because Mr. Oliver Hardy has criticized his use of the pickle-fork. Please lend Stan a hankie!

The stern Mr. Oliver Hardy. He has just detected Mr. Laurel on the point of picking his teeth in the ballroom, and is about to spank. Center, the comical boys playing straight

By

Dorothy Spensley

crests his brows, blinks his eyes, gulps, draws his lips into a quivering, wounded slit, and weeps. He is the underdog with the lachrymose pan.

THREE and a half years ago Stan Laurel and Oliver "Babe" Hardy were just a couple of bright boys knocking about Mr. Hal Roach's studio. Today the world is laughing at them. They are billed over feature pictures with sex appeal heroines in theater electrics. They are inserted in initial talkies of grand opera baritones. This, to their regret.

They are the comedy sensations of the season. And all because they have learned, by a lucky stroke, that the public likes to see itself caricatured on the screen; that the public can laugh at the maunderings of a fat man who shakes a warning pudgy forefinger at a sensitive simpleton who is prone to weep.

They must be a success because they are waylaid for autographs. They are asked to talk over the radio. Festive nights are given for them at leading hotels. Fans, loitering in preview theater lobbies, sidle up and ask Stan to cry. Cry like he does in pictures.

"And I don't like to cry," said Stan, wrinkling his nose over the baked barracuda.

"There, there! You won't have to cry." Babe looked relieved, because he was in on this, too. He had laryngitis, and was eating chocolate ice cream for it.

"I don't like to cry," said Stan, smiling bravely as he forked the barracuda.

And you won't have to, or we'll know the reason why, won't we, Oliver? But Oliver was folding the rich yellow blobs of a pitcher of cream into the dark loam of the ice cream. He weighs well over two hundred and fifty, and his middle name is Norvell. He was reared to be an attorney, in Atlanta, Georgia. And he's married.

Oliver is the punctilious gentleman of the comedies; the dainty, particular dear who is social mentor for Stan. You've noticed it in their thirty-two comedies. He is the one who gently chides Stan when Stan does the wrong thing. He is the exasperated darling who puffs his cheeks and looks long and hard at Stan when, say, he drops the éclair down the hostess' back.

But Stan is the one who whimpers. He is the one who

Stan. Everywhere he goes they ask him to weep. That's why he doesn't like to cry. Even when he goes home at night, Lois, his four-year-old, meets him at the gate with a request for daddy to weep. His wife has laughed at his whining pan for six years.

Oliver drives a sportive coupe, and Stan a Ford. But when Stan takes the family out on a Sunday it's in a Pierce-Arrow. Who thinks of the gags?

"We both do," says Whimpering Stan, grinning. "We both do," says Punctilious Oliver, soberly.

It takes three men to make the Laurel and Hardy comedies. Stan writes the skeleton story and takes it to the set where Jim Parrot, director, brother of Charlie Chase, another Roach comedian, and Oliver, go into a huddle.

THE laugh-getting gags are worked out as they shoot. It takes seven days to make a comedy that must elicit seventy-five laughs. They count the laughs at previews. That's what they call "clocking" a comedy. If it "clocks" less than that, something is wrong. One comedy brought one hundred and twenty laughs. A record. The comedies are usually two-reels. If they sustain the laugh interest, they are allowed to run two and a half or three.

What does the public laugh at? Homely situations, mostly. Everyday occurrences. Consider "A Perfect Day." It's built on the simple situation of a family preparing for a picnic, packing the basket, assisting gouty uncle to the balky Ford. "Night Owls" is not built so much on the antics of thieves, but rather the utter idiocy of two humans trying to enter a house without a key. Ordinary stuff. Everyday situations, but etched by comedy hands; seen through the merry squint of comedy eyes.

Whimpering Stan has more to do with the comedies than he reticently admits, it is said. It is he who plants the seed of the story and watches it bloom into something funny. A man of about forty, with blond hair and live blue eyes, he has seen plenty of stage experience. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



Bebe and Ben



A clear-cut etching of that beautiful Daniels girl, whose voice has brought her new fame and fortune

Bebe, Mother and Grandma, who is the champion fortune teller of Malibu Beach. "Bebe," asks the soothsayer, "can this ace of hearts be that flying boy of yours that you call Ben?"

THE things Bebe Daniels loves most are beefsteak, bridge, Ben Lyon, buying antiques and being busy on the set.

She dislikes kibitzers, eggs, *poseurs*, hats and French novels. She's never been married, and she and Ben Lyon have been talking a long time, now, about getting that way. They say the only reason they're not married is because they've never found time to be. But they've bought a Rolls-Royce on a fifty-fifty basis, and that's a step. They're a great bridge team, too, and clean up at every bridge party where they're playing together.

Bridge is Bebe's main hobby now. She has lots of others, though—collecting elephants and swords and antiques, for instance. As for bridge, although she's a keen player herself, she doesn't blister her partners with hot words for misplays. "Life's too short," she says.

When she's not playing herself, she loves to watch other people play bridge. But she doesn't kibitz. And she won't tolerate a kibitzer behind her own chair, either. She can give a grand burlesque of a bridge kibitzer, though. And also of affected asses.

Food is no problem at all in the Daniels' scheme. She's one of the few lucky picture girls who doesn't have to diet to keep her

By Harry Lang

weight down. Contrariwise, she sometimes has to go to a "milk farm" between pictures to build her weight up. Beefsteaks and lamb chops are pet foods for Bebe. Rare, medium or well-done? Doesn't matter. And she loves spicy sauces.

Her tastes in food are wide. She has no extreme likes or dislikes. Why, she even likes spinach. She made herself like it because the doctor told her she ought to eat it. Now she misses it and scolds the cook when there isn't spinach two or three times a week. Eggs are out. They are not food to Bebe; they're medicine. Voice medicine. She swallows one raw, right after a heavy singing session. Her music master told her it's good for her throat, so she takes them that way.

Breakfast to Bebe is a tray in bed. Hilda brings it to her. Hilda's her personal maid; been with her nearly six years. Hilda is English, and she can't understand why Bebe drinks the "slop" she calls tea. "We English," says Hilda, "like our tea tea. But Miss Daniels—why, she likes it so weak that it barely colors the 'ot water."

Tea weak—and coffee double strong, as a contrast. Bebe sticks to the weak tea for breakfast, and then as soon as she reaches her dressing room at the studio, she has another cup of it. But from then on, she drinks hot, black, extra-strong

coffee all day long. There's a little kitchenette in her dressing quarters, and Hilda keeps the coffee going all the time.

"She's a lovely woman," says Hilda of Bebe. "When one works as intimately with a person as I have with Miss Daniels for more than five years, and still loves and likes her, that person has to be someone real."

Hilda's going back 'ome to England this year. She says she doesn't know how she'll get along without Bebe—or how Bebe'll get along without her.

Incidentally, getting back to the food topic, Bebe begins and finishes the day with a tray in bed. Hilda brings her breakfast, as I started to say—weak tea, melba toast, a bit of fruit. When Bebe goes to bed at night, no matter what the hour may be, Hilda has to bring her another tray. "A bit o' lettuce, with maybe a chicken leg or so."

SLEEP is one thing Bebe is particular about. She works hard. She knows she needs a certain amount of sleep. She loves parties, and her house is almost always the scene of a gathering of friends. But love hoopla though she does, Bebe will leave the party no later than eleven o'clock and go upstairs and to bed so she'll be fresh for the cameras by morning. The party can keep on going.

Her talkie-discovered singing voice is a treasure she guards jealously. At least one hour each day and every day—Sundays included—goes to her voice. And always with the professor by her side. She never practices alone, the professor told her not to. Anyway, she can't because she can't play the piano. She plays well the ukulele, guitar and victrola.

She believes people can't enjoy life to the fullest without having a hobby or two. Her grandma, who's eighty-three, didn't have any hobbies at all. That worried Bebe. She decided grandma ought to go in for collecting dolls. So Bebe began buying dolls for her until grandma's house is now cluttered up with them. The biggest is four feet tall. The smallest is a dead flea, dressed up in evening clothes. Incidentally, grandma weighs ninety-six. Bebe calls her "Baby," and holds her on her lap.

Bebe's own hobbies are numerous. One is collecting knives, swords, blades of all kinds. She's a great fencer herself, and foils form an important part of the cutlery collection. Elephants are another subject—she has more than two hundred of them, ranging from tiny hand-carved ivory ones to big fellows standing three feet high.

Houses and antiques are another hobby. She's built three houses and furnished them—mostly with veritable antiques of her own choosing. She loves gold furnishings, too. Her dressing room is a symphony in gold. Contrasting with her love for the antique motif in her homes is her dressing room, ultra modern in line.

Among her favorite possessions are two frames. One contains an autographed photo of Thomas Alva Edison—and she hates bright lights and has all her electric bulbs heavily shaded. The other is a frame enclosing a picture of her and the airmail pilot with whom she flew across the continent, together with several notes that were passed between them when the motor of the plane went bad.

"If this damned motor gets worse we'll have to make a forced landing," reads one note in the pilot's scrawl. Beside it is the note which Bebe passed to him a few minutes later: "How's the damned motor now?" The damned motor lasted all right, and there wasn't any forced landing.

BEBE'S an aviation enthusiast. She has a student pilot's license, and hopes to be a full-fledged transport pilot soon. Ben Lyon is teaching her. Her fearlessness helps her. Physical injury doesn't worry her at all. During her picture career, she's had twenty bones broken at various times.

Everybody knows what a sportswoman she is. Archery, fencing, swimming, riding, flying, driving, tennis—all these are among her accomplishments. She loves to drive her own car and steps on it for all it's worth. Speed is her mania. She says the speed of an airplane helps her to think fast. When she's working out a new rôle, she likes to plan it while flying. No horse is too wild for her. And she swims like a mermaid.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

A New Star Rises!

"LADIES OF LEISURE," the Columbia picture of a little trampish girl in love, was unrolling.

Halfway through, the audience choked up. Something was happening. Silence was broken by a buzz.

There was a new sensation in the world of pictures!

Not just a cry of "Wolf!"—a real, beautiful, thrilling wonder had been born.

It was Barbara Stanwyck, whose performance in "Ladies of Leisure" is one of the greatest yet given in the adolescent talkies. It is truly thrilling. A star's been born, and we are proud to cry her welcome.

Some were prepared for what the lovely Stanwyck girl had to offer. They had seen her as *Bonnie* opposite Hal Skelly's *Skid* in that great play, "Burlesque." They had heard her sing "Love's Old Sweet Song" as its second act drew to a close—and seen the ushers running down the aisle with mops to take up buckets of spilled tears. But the other millions—they hadn't known. The great body of fans, perhaps, had not even heard of this beautiful young girl who possesses emotional power and acting talent that are really amazing. They will now!



She Was One of Texas Guinan's Little Girls

Only a few years ago, Barbara Stanwyck was just one of Texas Guinan's pretty children who get "a great big hand" for their singing and dancing. Into her lap tumbled the fine leading rôle in "Burlesque," and she caught New York's heart and fancy.

When her husband, Frank Fay, the comic, went West for films, Barbara sort of went along.

As he caught on with Warners, she fell into a film job or two. Played in "The Locked Door." Did the lead in "Mexicali Rose." And then came this rôle in "Ladies of Leisure,"—and her work that any star in the history of pictures would be proud to have done.

We're rushing this piece into the magazine to reach out our hands to the new star and say "Welcome!" With the help of Frank Capra's magnificent direction and Jo Swerling's air-tight dialogue, Barbara Stanwyck is among the elect.

So good luck, Barbara! You're in a fair way to be one of the truly greats. Keep your head! And you, Columbia, you have a gem. Treat and feed her well, give her good parts. You'll be happy, Barbara will be happy. And so will we, the fans!



SHE came to light in "The Marriage Playground." She was a hit in "Honey," with her grand clowning. And in "Paramount on Parade" she brings houses tumbling down with her Chevalier impersonation. And here is Mitzi Green, just nine, in her own Hollywood garden

By
Elaine
Ogden

Inside the Monitor Room

IN a little room perched high above the sound stage, away from the temperament and excitement and petty chatter of the set, overlooking the beauty and glamour of the studio world, sits a solitary man anxiously toying with what appear to be four or five radio dials.

Technically, he is known as a "mixer."

They call him God around the studios and a god indeed he is, since he controls the destinies of the famous ones of film-dom. All the strange and beautiful favorites who delight you are in his power. He is the *Jove* of Hollywood, the *Wotan* of the screen world. He sits high above the stars and looks down upon them.

This little room, which contains only him and a loud speaker, is called a monitor room. It is, really, Mount Olympus and Valhalla. He sits before his row of dials. He turns one ever so slightly. He turns another. The voices from the stage below thunder out at him. He can make or break the stars.

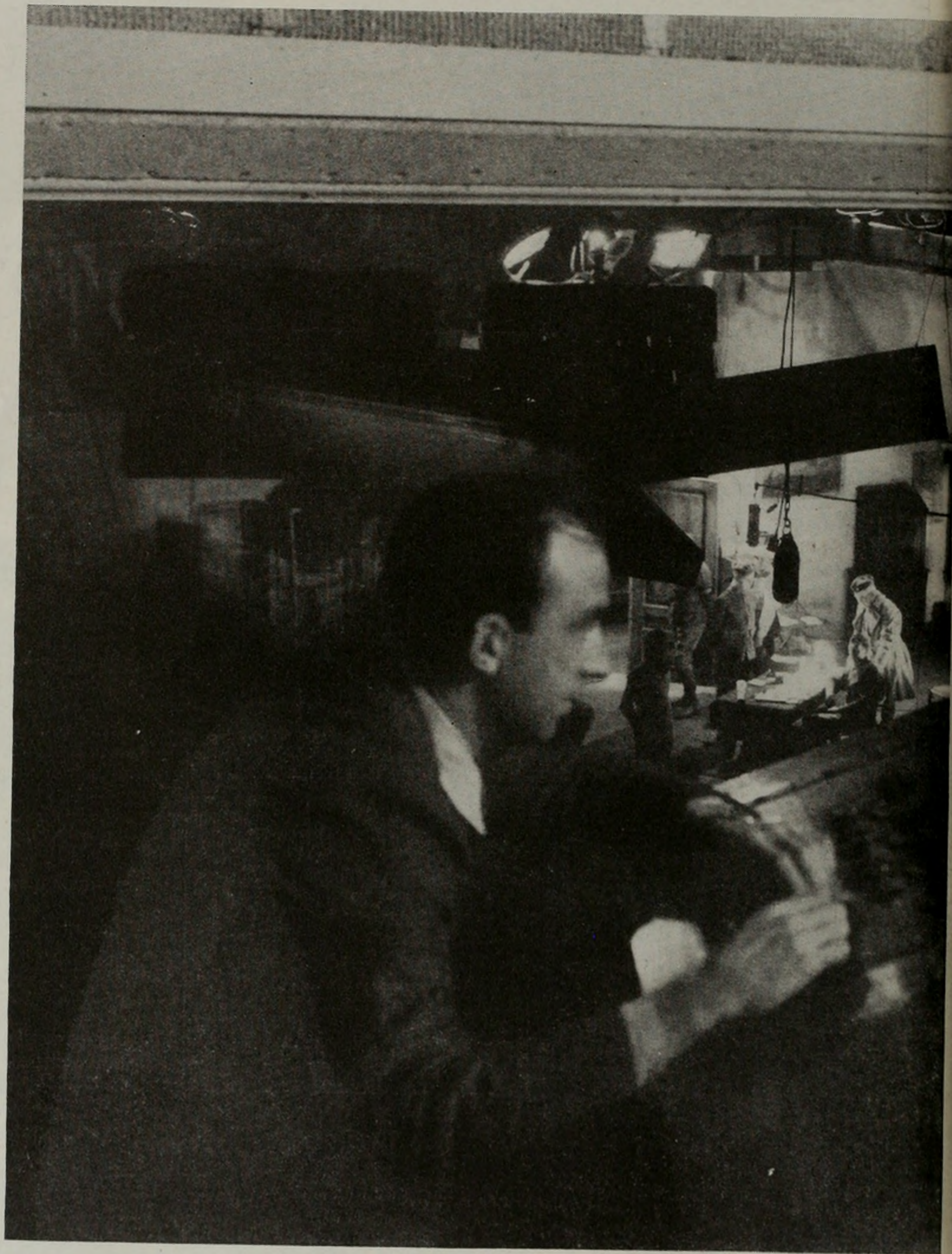
I don't pretend to know how it's done, but I do know that that little room is more dramatic and exciting than the satin-draped dressing rooms of the stars, or the mahogany-paneled conference chambers of the executives. Fate and the mixer enact their rôles.

THIS mixer fellow is the man of the moment.

I can't go into technicalities. The effort I made to understand and untangle the maze of such scientific phrases as "high and low frequency," "controls," "re-recording" and the rest would give me a worse headache than Hollywood gin. I can't tell you why the mixer controls the voice fate of the stars. And, although the sound engineers are very fussy about having their deeds reported correctly, I can make no attempt at it.

I know only this, that I've sat breathless in that little monitor room (approached by a flight of steep stairs, barren except for the loud speaker) and felt as if I were in the presence of Fate.

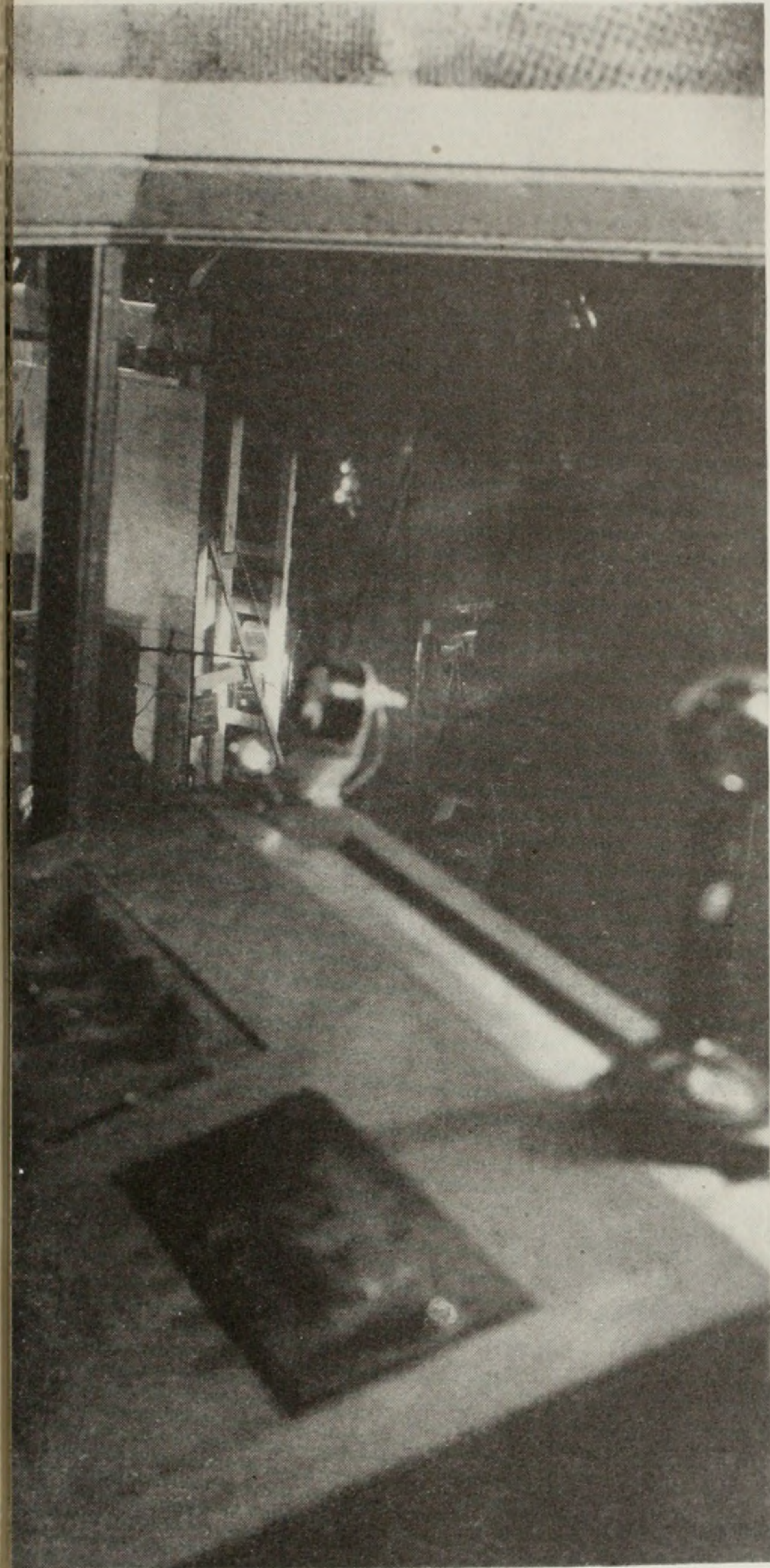
When you're down on the set below you may glance up and see the mixer sitting there, an ordinary enough looking worker behind his double plate glass window. But when you're there with him, looking down upon that same set, hearing the voices



Here he sits, fussing with his gadgets high above the set—the all-powerful Man in the Monitor Room, who sees that the voices of the players come out of the horn just as sweetly as they went into the microphone. He is the uncrowned ruler of the studios, these talkie days

of the great ones below, you realize the power, drama and strange beauty—beautiful because of its very force—of the monitor room. You know that by a touch the mixer can make them. By another touch he can break them. He has more power than the camera man ever had.

Meet the new god of the studios. We unlock the door of the mystery room of the talkie stages and show you the man inside—the magician who can make or break the voices of the stars



For the voice is more important than the face in these trying days. Time was when the stars brought large red apples daily to their favorite cameraman. He was master then. Little extra girls begged for his advice about make-up and angles. Great actresses sought him out for consultations.

For he—this cameraman—could photograph a mediocre face and make it look like an angel's. By a simple twist of the lights he could turn the divine profile of a Helen of Troy into a hateful caricature.

The cameraman still has his place, of course, but the voice

has superseded the face. It is that little man who photographs the voice, the mixer, who is the big shot at the studios now.

In the old days the stars used to insist on their favorite cameraman. Now they struggle for the best mixer. Ramon Novarro has Ralph Shugart mix all his talking pictures. He will have no other. And, because Ramon is a technician as well as an artist, he works hand and hand with his mixer, and seeks him out for his words of wisdom.

Like the once all-powerful cameraman, the mixer has no illusions. He knows what he can and can't do with the voices in his power. He knows all the little speech foibles and vanities of the stars. He knows that he controls their destinies and could, if he chose, ruin any scene for them.

HE'S a hard-boiled guy, this god of the high places. With very few exceptions, the mixer likes a natural voice. Maybe you've welcomed the horde of new stage folk with open arms. As a rule they are, to the mixer, just another monkey wrench in the machinery.

These "legit" people are always talking to that slightly deaf old gentleman in the last row of the gallery. They have been taught for years to throw their voices, to give volume. That's bad on the sensitive ears of the microphone. The mixer will give them all the volume they need if they'll let him. That's his little job.

As a rule, the stage people are arbitrary. They feel that they have nothing to learn. And, as a matter of fact, they have more to overcome than the screen folk. They must forget entirely the old technique. The sons and daughters of Hollywood are natural. They don't go tossing their voices all over the place.

The great stage stars, the ones who have carved their particular niches in celluloid, are the ones who have worked with the mixers and have taken their sound advice (no pun, either, there you!).

Paul Neil was the recording man on Lawrence Tibbett's "The Rogue Song." The volume of the baritone's notes shattered many a sensitive tube. Nothing, apparently, could be done about it, until at last Neil hit upon this simple and efficacious method.

I PLACED my microphones as best I could," he said. "I put the dials at what I thought the proper place. Then I went to the other side of the room, stopped up my ears and trusted to God. That's all you can do with Tibbett." And that you may take with a grain of salt, because Neil did a careful and superb job with "The Rogue Song."

Franklin Hansen, now head mixer at Paramount, who was responsible for the sound in "The Vagabond King," had like trouble with Dennis King. King is, by far, the most dramatic actor on the lot. Sometimes in just one scene his voice ranges from the lowest whisper to the highest shout, and if he were held down, if he were told to be more careful, the beauty and dramatic power of his performance would be gone. So it is the mixer's job to follow him and record him properly. The mixer must catch the low whisper as well as the high notes.

During rehearsals the mixer saw about what was expected and worked the dials accordingly, but King is an artist, an emotional artist, and he never did the scene twice alike. The mixer had to be just one jump ahead of him and try to figure out his next vocal move.

Maurice Chevalier, too, was difficult. He spoke his lines very low and quietly. He sang his songs loudly. But Ernst Lubitsch, who directed "The Love Parade," is a careful workman. He demanded absolute perfection. He insisted that every word be sharp and distinct and nothing was too difficult for him to attempt.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

It is the DUTY of Every Lover of Good Pictures



To Vote for the Best of the Year

*Every Vote Counts. So
Send in Your Vote Today*

HAVE you cast your vote for the best picture of 1929?
Better get busy!

Remember, the annual award of the PHOTOPLAY gold medal is the highest honor in the world of motion pictures. Moreover, it is the only award going direct from the millions of film fans to the makers of pictures.

Remember, too, the high standards of previous awards. The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor was designed as a reward to the producer making the best picture in points of story, acting, direction and photography.

PHOTOPLAY also wishes voters to consider the ideals and motives governing the picture's production.

Remember all this when you cast your vote and remember, as well, the great array of previous gold medal winners. These nine winners of gold medals present a veritable panorama of motion picture progress over the years.

Two things make the 1929 award notable. First, it is the tenth annual presentation of the medal. Second, it will probably go for the first time to a talking picture—that amazing product of the newest art whose full development has come since the last Medal was awarded.

A list of fifty important pictures released during 1929 is appended to this page.

It is not necessary, of course, for you to select one of these pictures. You may vote for any picture released during the twelve months of last year.

If you want pictures to continue their upward trend in quality, here is your chance to do your share by expressing your opinion through this ballot.

In case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

In view of the great developments in pictures, we feel that it is your pleasant duty and real privilege to send us your ballot for the best picture released in 1929!

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920

"Humoresque"

1921

"Tol'able David"

1922

"Robin Hood"

1923

"The Covered Wagon"

1924

"Abraham Lincoln"

1925

"The Big Parade"

1926

"Beau Geste"

1927

"7th Heaven"

1928

"Four Sons"

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1929.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1929

Alibi	Gold Diggers of Broadway	Saturday Night Kid, The
Blackmail	Hallelujah	Shopworn Angel, The
Broadway	Hollywood Revue of 1929	Show Boat
Broadway Melody, The	In Old Arizona	Sins of the Fathers
Bulldog Drummond	Iron Mask, The	Sunny Side Up
Canary Murder Case, The	Kiss, The	Sweetie
Case of Lena Smith, The	Lady Lies, The	Taming of the Shrew
Close Harmony	Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The	They Had to See Paris
Cock Eyed World, The	Letter, The	Thunderbolt
Coquette	Love Parade, The	Trespasser, The
Dance of Life, The	Madame X	Trial of Mary Dugan, The
Desert Song, The	Marianne	Virginian, The
Disraeli	On with the Show	Weary River
Doctor's Secret, The	Our Modern Maidens	Wild Orchids
Dynamite	Pagan, The	Woman of Affairs, A
Fashions in Love	Paris Bound	Young Nowheres
Four Feathers, The	Rio Rita	

Miss Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia



A FAVORITE IN SOCIETY, SHE IS AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN AND A DASHING GENTLEWOMAN JOCKEY

CLASSIC beauty, reflected in a modern mirror . . . a flawless profile, the perfect oval of a face that Phidias might have chiseled in an Athenian frieze . . . the silky chestnut hair is parted in the Grecian manner, the firm young skin is fine and lustrous as Attic marble.

Yet this classic beauty is a debonair young modern, Miss Elizabeth Altemus of an old Philadelphia family prominent since before the Revolution . . . an expert horsewoman and dashing gentlewoman jockey who rides her colors, purple and fuchsia, in many a hard-won race.

To live so actively in the open, yet to keep one's skin so radiantly smooth and fine means taking pains! Like many other lovely society women, Miss Altemus has discovered the most satisfactory complexion care.

"I have found the perfect protection—Pond's," she says. "The Cold Cream cleanses perfectly. I never use any other.

The Cleansing Tissues take the cream off easily and completely.

"The Skin Freshener is well named! And the Vanishing Cream makes a wonderful powder base, especially good for evening."

You, too, should follow the four steps of Pond's swift, sure Method:

During the day—first, for thorough

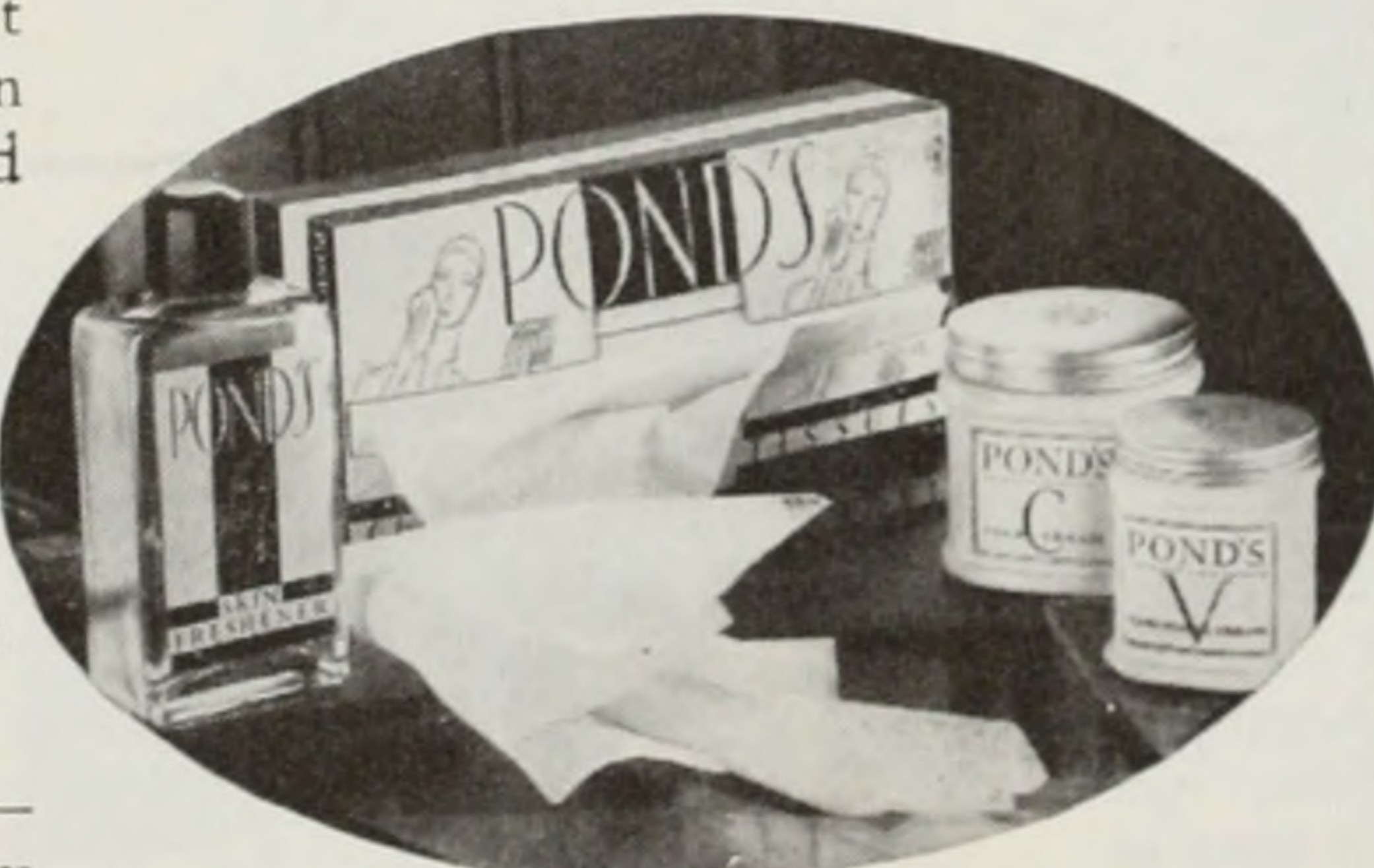
cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Wait to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent.

Third—briskly dab with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.



POND'S FOUR FAMOUS PRODUCTS

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

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114 Hudson Street New York City

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How to

As told to KATHERINE ALBERT by

Evelyn Brent

"A GIRL may be appealing for ever so many reasons," says Evelyn Brent, the star whose own magnetism has proved so irresistible on the screen. "But the most compelling charm of all is smooth, soft skin.

"An exquisite complexion, somehow, is *always* alluring. It attracts and holds attention as nothing else will.

"Long ago the directors in Hollywood found out that no girl could hope to win out on the screen unless she has the kind of skin that makes you fairly gasp with admiration. The close-ups, you know, are taken under glaring lights that would show up mercilessly even a tiny blemish.

"And now that the talkies are here, there

are more close-ups to face than ever, so you may be sure we all take mighty good care of our skin!

"I can't remember who began it," this charming star goes on, "but now almost every girl in Hollywood uses the same method I do—regular cleansing with Lux Toilet Soap. We find it most refreshing. Indeed it is Hollywood's favorite soap.

"So naturally when girls write to ask me the secret of being attractive, I'd like to say to every one: *Keep your skin really lovely—smooth and flawless. You can do it just the way we screen stars do.*"

Hollywood—Broadway—Europe 9 out of 10 lovely stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. On Broadway the stage stars are equally enthusiastic. And even in the European capitals the screen stars are now using this fragrant white soap.

You will be delighted with the fresh smoothness it gives your skin!



(Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood)

(Above) MARY BRIAN, exquisite Paramount star, in the bathroom designed by a well-known New York artist and built for her in Hollywood. She says: "A star just must have a smooth skin if she is to face those cruel close-up lights successfully. I find Lux Toilet Soap so very pleasing and soothing. I wouldn't be without it!"



Ravishingly lovely
in the close-up is
EVELYN BRENT!

ATTRACT



(Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood)

(Above) EVELYN BRENT, beautiful Columbia star, has a skin so exquisite she faces the glaring close-up lights with the utmost confidence. Not only in her own luxurious bathroom, but on location as well, she uses Lux Toilet Soap, for this daintily fragrant soap is *official* in all the great film studios. "The most compelling charm of all," she says, "is smooth, soft skin. You can keep your skin lovely just as we screen stars do, by using Lux Toilet Soap regularly."



AGNES AYRES is one of 511 charming Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. "It's so soothing and refreshing to the skin," she says. "I am certainly delighted with it."

(Below) LOIS MORAN, adorable young Fox star, has the exquisite, creamy skin which is so necessary to stardom. Like hundreds of other lovely stars, she cares for her complexion regularly with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "Nice skin is really *essential* to a star's success. Lux Toilet Soap is really a lovely soap. I depend on it to keep my skin smooth and clear."

(Photo by Clarence Hewitt, Hollywood)



LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—
and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Movie usher in one of these "intimate" theaters: "Sorry, gentlemen! The feature is over, and we've got to close the theater!"



Reeling Around

with

Dedication for a New Talkie Theater

*Within this temple of the talkie art
You'll get free coffee, and a cherry tart.*

*You'll find an art exhibit in the lobby,
And play some ping-pong, if such is your hobby.*

*The ushers have been drilled by a Marine.
Smoking's permitted in the mezzanine.*

*You're welcome, too, to dance to raddio,
And watch the ermine-coated come and go.*

*And when you've had your fun, with never a stricture,
You may (though we don't promise!) see a picture!*

Good Mean Fun

The census is reported to have played havoc in Hollywood. The Motion Picture news says one star tried to cancel her contract when she found that she would be counted as only one inhabitant of the United States. . . . Another motion picture publication says, of the new Paramount leading woman, that "Marlene Dietrich resembles Greta Garbo and the late Jeanne Eagels, and speaks perfect English." Now if she can grin like Chevalier and sing like Tibbett, I concede her a faint chance in Hollywood. . . . Edna Ferber's famous story, "So Big," was a six-reel silent picture in the old days. It is to be made a two-reel talkie. The new title, I suspect, is "Not So Big." . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started it with its now-famous line, "Garbo Talks." Paramount is reported chiming in with "Clara Bow Sings." And that's just when the argument begins. . . . A horse named "Greta Garbo," owned by M. Lewis Chanler of France, will probably be entered in the famous Epsom Derby (pronounced "darby," as in "hat"). A chance for us Garbo-maniacs to win some dough. She'll win by a slouch!

Leonard Hall

Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize, a rubber shoe horn, is awarded to Miss

Frances McCoy, Broadway actress, now a babe in the Hollywoods.

On the way out she stopped for a look at the Grand Canyon. Frances gazed in silence at the colorful gulch for several minutes. She spoke.

"Oh boy, oh boy!" said La McCoy. "They certainly do make everything in Technicolor out here!"

Getting Personal

A police station has been built on the site of Mary Pickford's Toronto birthplace. . . . Incidentally, there are thirty-seven speaking parts in Mary's new film, "Forever Yours." . . . Harry Richman, whose name seems to have been mentioned somewhere in connection with Clara Bow's, has been escorting Marion Roberts, show girl, about Broadway. . . . For the first time in five years, William Powell is appearing in a picture without his habitual moustache. . . . Sally O'Neil played in twelve talkies in a year. . . . Maurice Chevalier's favorite noon snack is Swiss cheese on rye, while Helen Morgan goes for a double portion of breast of chicken. . . . Paris will soon take the honor of having the world's largest picture house away from New York's Roxy. The Gaumont Palace is being remade to seat 8,000. Roxy's seats 6,000. . . . In Great Britain a film company is making comedy and singing shorts to be shown in saloons. Would America need that bait? . . . In mid-April "Gold Diggers of Broadway" had grossed \$2,400,000, with plenty of country precincts yet to be heard from. . . . Though happily married to Maurice Cleary, May McAvoy is studying voice, French and Spanish with an eye on a film return. . . . Hollywood was making six pictures at once, recently, each featuring scenes in New York pent-houses. Paramount started it with "The Lady Lies," with its advertising "Pent-up Penthouse Love." . . . Although C. B. De Mille has always been kidded as "The Bath Tub King," he has used tubs in only seven of his fifty-six pictures. . . . The Rialto Theater, Hamilton, O., made a tie-up with the street railway of the town by which transfers are honored for ten cents at the week-day matinees. . . .



*Some women are 30
some are 40
but some are eternal!*

Many a young-looking woman of forty praises salines for the beauty they bring her!

WHY do some women age more rapidly than others? The creams they use? The skill with which they use them?

Very probably not! For nearly all women today are skilled in the use of beauty aids — but, sad to relate, not all women pay half enough attention to the day-by-day state of their well-being.

The women who are eternally young in spirits and appearance are those who care for themselves not only from *with-out*, but from *with-in*. They keep themselves internally clean. And, to this end, they use the saline laxative whose complexion-improving qualities are internationally famous — Sal Hepatica.

To keep the body young and healthy,

the saline method is approved by physicians everywhere. Across the sea, women who value their beauty visit regularly the wonderful saline springs and spas and, on their doctors' advice, drink daily of these health-giving waters. When the course is completed their

complexions are freshened—their health improved—their joy of life increased.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica. And send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", telling how Sal Hepatica helps relieve many common ills.



★ ★ ★

Sal Hepatica

© 1930

★ ★ ★
BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G70, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



TWO portraits of quite a batch of young ladies. The girl on the left is a lot like the late lamented Jeanne Eagels, about the nose and brow, and there's a hint of Phyllis Haver. The lady on the right is very much Garbo. Both are Marlene Dietrich, new Paramount player from Germany. Now if she can act like her features—

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from Between the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces... but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean... because it *is* clean... as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly... using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete*.

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth... used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

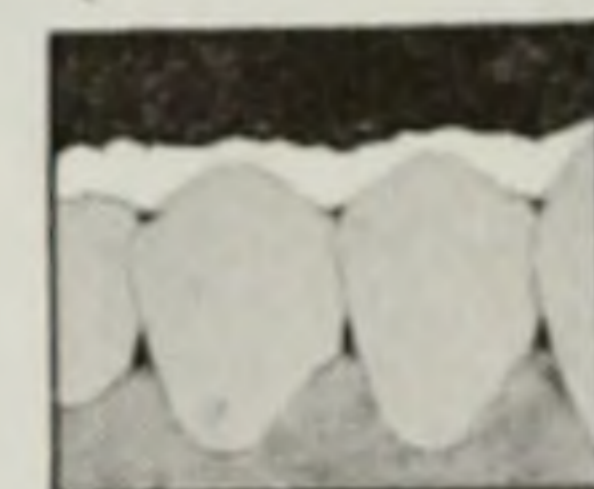
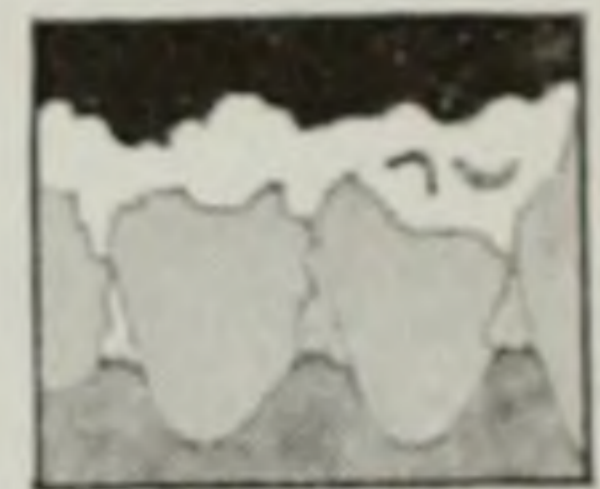


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World



FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-603, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

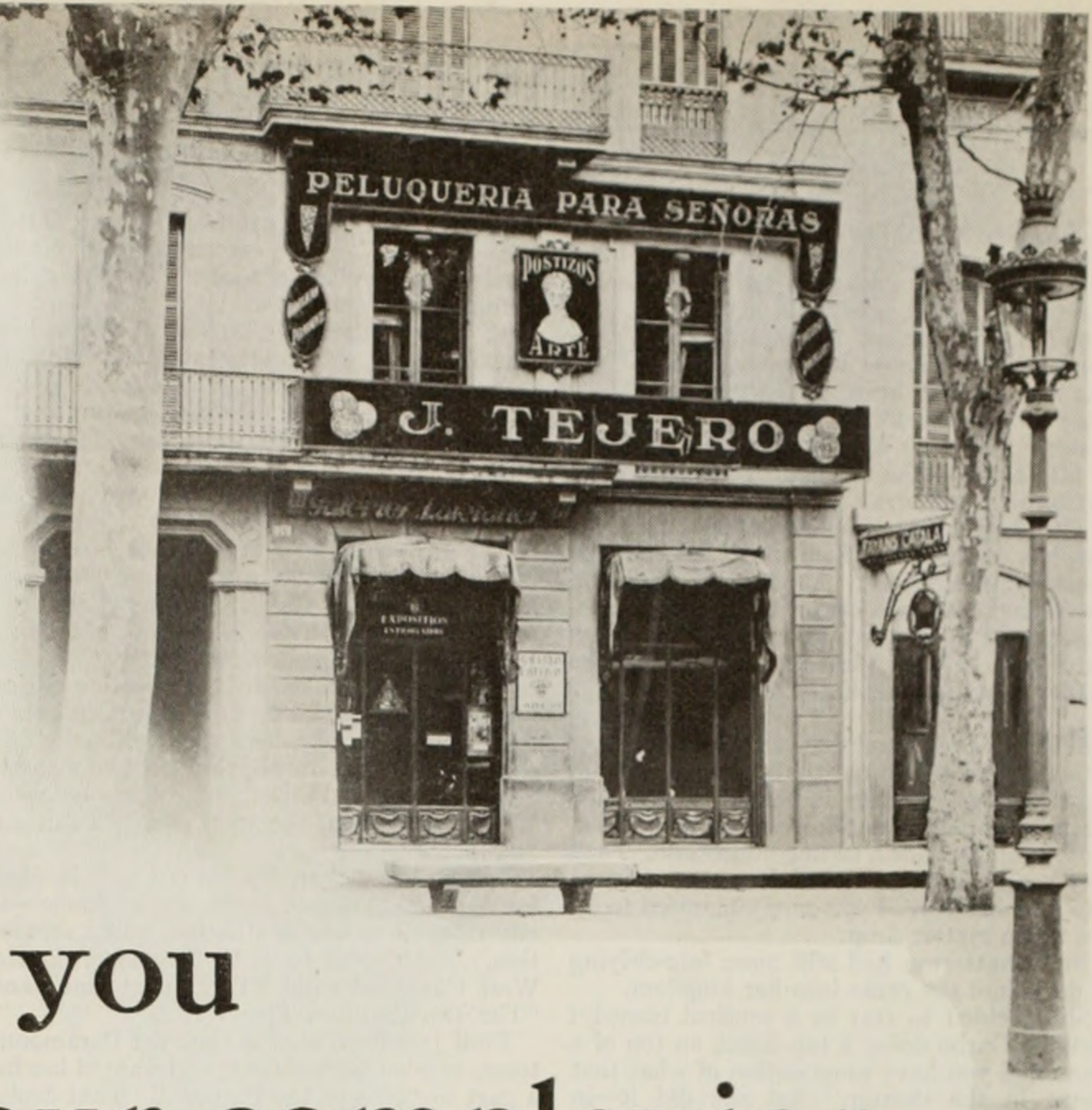
Name.....

Address.....



THE Girls and the Big Bull Fiddle—one of the remarkable chorus numbers in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's old-timers' revue called, during its production, "The March of Time." With the dancing girls on the bridge in the center, and the violin chorus below, it's a thrilling bit of music in motion

The facade of Tejêro's salon on the fashionable thoroughfare Cortes Street, in Barcelona, Spain, is shown at the right. Tejêro's reputation as a skin specialist gives added weight to his endorsement of Palmolive Soap, which he considers the best and the simplest way to care for the skin at home.



“How dare you mistreat your complexion

when it is so easy to use this Palmolive daily care?”

asks TEJÊRO of Barcelona, distinguished beauty specialist



“Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day—and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty.

“If soap irritates your face that means that you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin.”

J. Tejêro

BARCELONA

“IF soap irritates your face, that means you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin.” That is the opinion of Tejêro, of Barcelona—whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain.

19,813 experts will tell you this

Tejêro knows—as do the great experts all over the world—how much your skin needs soap and water. There are some accumulations in the pores that can only be reached by a lather such as Palmolive gives.

And if these impurities are not routed out, they soon form into tiny, hard masses which develop into blackheads and pimples, causing enlarged pores and other blemishes to beauty.

“Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day,” says Tejêro, “and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty. Massage a fine lather of Palmolive

into the skin—so—rinse it off with refreshing clear water—to icy-cold temperature. A bit of my Epidermic Tejêro is then refreshing. If you do this you will have a complexion smooth and naturally fresh.”

The choice of specialists

Palmolive is the choice of professional beauty experts because it is made of nature's finest cosmetic oils. Its color is that of the palm and olive oils alone. Their natural odor makes the addition of heavy perfumes unnecessary. Since the days of Cleopatra these vegetable oils have been considered best for facial care.

Use Palmolive for face and bath. Try its effects for yourself. Begin right away.

No product ever had such tremendous professional approval! 19,813 beauty shops advise Palmolive Soap!



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5239 A

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The Destiny Fighter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Miller, then an ageing *matinée* idol, taught her, trained her, gave her every trick of showmanship and artistry known to that able man of the theater. She translated a beautiful play called "*La Tendresse*," by Bataille, and played opposite her mentor with great effect. No one who saw and heard her in Barrie's "*Mary Rose*" will ever forget that thrilling experience. Suddenly she flung herself headlong at fate again. She terminated her long association with Miller.

Then began a period of floundering that was horrible to behold. She allied herself with another management. At that time I was a practicing dramatic critic on a daily newspaper, and it was my ghastly and ghoulish duty to sit before no less than three plays she did for them in one solitary season.

I SHALL never forget that year. In one of those three terrific failures the great Chatterton came in from pattering in her flower garden—wearing spotless blue silk overalls! Somehow, those overalls made a lasting impression. They very nearly drove me out of dramatic criticism into a monastery. I was sorely tempted to let the whole matter drop.

But Chatterton had still more fate-defying to do before she came into her kingdom.

She decided to star in a musical comedy! Imagine Garbo doing a tap-dance on top of a piano and you have some notion of what that meant in the theater. But she did it—in spite of snickers, fears and wailing. The great dramatic star appeared in a musical version

of one of her comedy successes, "Come Out of the Kitchen." You recently saw Nancy Carroll in the same piece. It was called "Honey" for the talkies.

It was another night to wish for sudden death. Ruth was pretty and charming, of course—but it was just all wrong. It didn't work. Ruth fell down dancing off on one of her exits—and we all went into the night shaking our heads.

Poor Chatterton! This, obviously, was the last of her.

It was in this sad business that Chatterton met and fell in love with Ralph Forbes, a handsome young English juvenile who had appeared briefly on the New York stage in a British war play called "Havoc."

Chatterton had carried her destiny-daring up to the hilt, by this time. There didn't seem to be a single spot where she could arise and shine, after the horrors of the past two seasons. So she married Forbes, and when he went West for pictures, she went along, a faithful and loving wife.

As you remember, Forbes did well in films for a time. Trouble broke out at home—at any rate, there was a situation, and a separation. Ruth went back to the stage, on the West Coast—she did "The Green Hat" and "The Devil's Plum Tree."

Emil Jannings, at that time the Paramount toast, saw her in the latter, and wanted her for a part in "Sins of the Fathers." That broke down Chatterton's sales resistance. She might still have scowled down a producer, but

she respected and admired Jannings as an artist, and he prevailed where the cash registers had flopped. Face the camera she did, and to great effect.

The microphone enters, stealthily. The early cheer-leaders who saw Chatterton in "The Doctor's Secret" knew that a new star had arrived—a grand, tricky, emotional actress who would take full charge of the talkie situation, as she had in the brave days of old. She did, and her tremendous success and great film following are now a part of screen history. She and Forbes made it up, and since then all has been quiet on the Western front.

And there you have her today. Ruth Chatterton is in her late thirties. A trouser since early girlhood, her career has had more phases than a chameleon has colors.

She's a sensational success, and deservedly. Surely no fan in his right senses would miss a Chatterton picture. I fall into the theater when they open the doors.

IS she through making faces at fate? Is she going to make any more of those things that look so much like fatal errors?

Probably not. Known to and admired by millions, what more can there be for Ruth, now at the height of her powers?

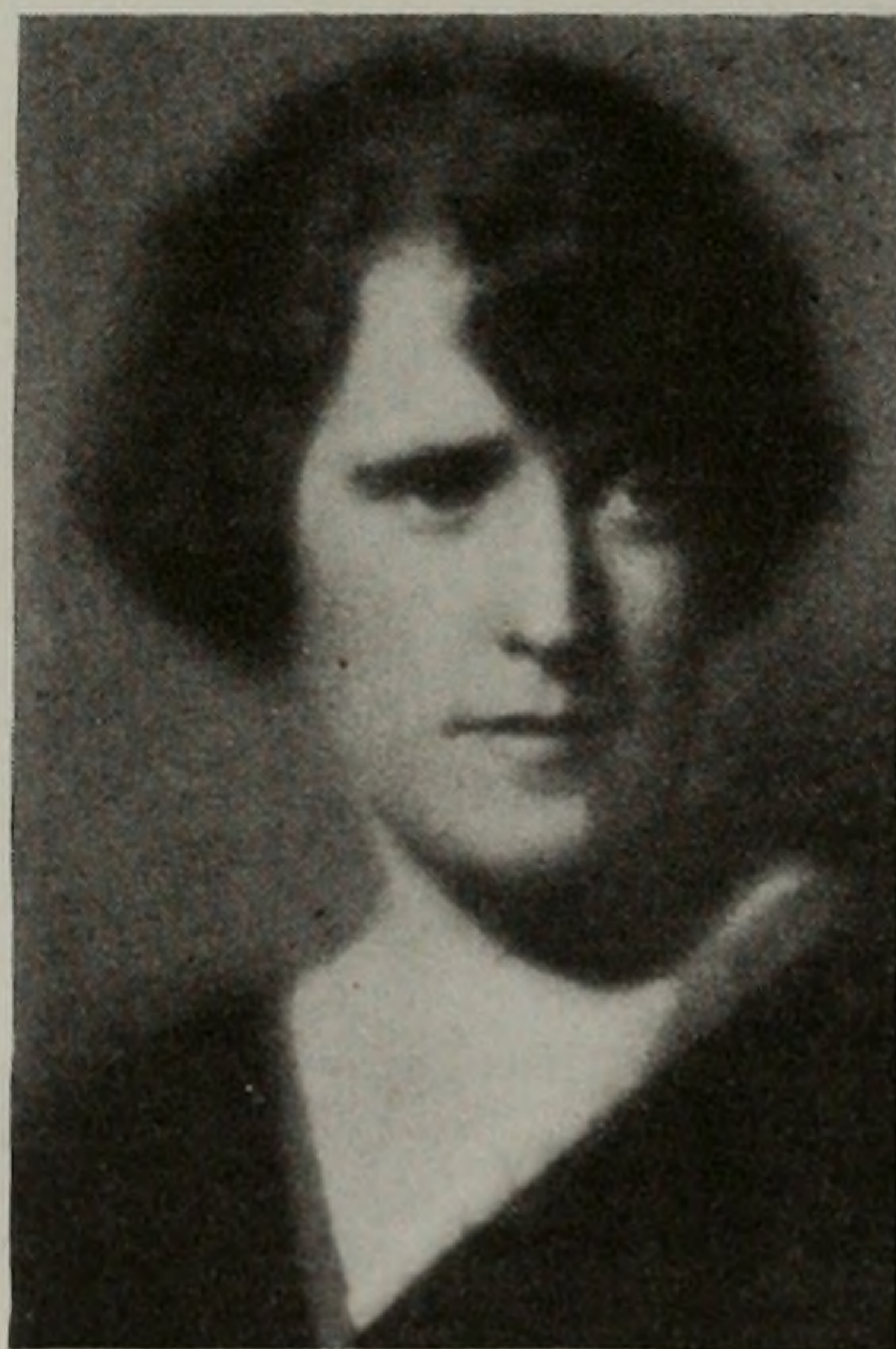
And yet, I shouldn't like to lay any heavy wagers on the line. You can never tell about Ruth Chatterton. She may work her way to Europe as a cabin-stewardess yet—and find a million dollars in gold on the dock at Cherbourg!

Was it Luck?—or What?

EXACTLY what qualities is it in women that won them places among the stars? Lucky breaks, beauty, brains, backbone, personality, persistency, intelligence?

For many months Adele Whitely Fletcher, who has known all the important stars for years, has been going back into the beginnings of many of the favorites of today, and she presents a startling and accurate analysis of the reasons for their success.

Why do girls without a



The Author

single advantage of classic beauty or education win out while more favored daughters of fortune stumble, brokenhearted, out of camera range in a few months?

You will get a great thrill out of this series of three articles which begins in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY. It will help young women in any line of endeavor to read of the gallant battles against seemingly insurmountable difficulties which were fought by many of the stars.

And it is all true.

In the August Issue of PHOTOPLAY



America hails a clever tuck

Baggy underwear distorts the figure and is ugly always. Tight underwear fetters action and wears out quickly. By means of an easeful tuck, giving a short front and a full expanding back—anatomical rightness—the Kickernick clings coolly to the body in every position, and yet allows the utmost freedom of movement—without distressing bagginess. It's the underdress you are unconscious of. Order one full size smaller than usual from your better dealer and learn something new about comfort, durability, beauty, in intimate garments. Superbly made, in all modish models and materials—by the Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis. Popular in price. The women of America hail it as the garment of the hour. Send for booklet today.

Kickernick
PATENTED UNDERDRESS

An Evening With Helen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

I was a schoolgirl. I don't mind, for I admire her very much. But I don't want to succeed merely because I happen to resemble another star."

Helen is still black and blue from "Swing High," which she has just completed. She played a circus acrobat and she really learned the stunts. Doubles were used only when scenes were taken at the very top of the big tent.

IT is another rather general impression that Twelvetrees is an assumed name. But it is real and she's fought hard to keep it. She has been told that it is too long for electric lights, but, at least, she is pretty certain that she will be the only Twelvetrees in motion pictures.

There is one subject that Helen doesn't discuss—her recent divorce.

A friend is said to have told her in a sorrowful voice that she couldn't be married again for a year.

"Who cares?" asked Helen. And that was that.

There was time for just one dance before we returned to Helen's house.

"A hostess should really be home to receive her guests," she explained. "At least that's what my etiquette book says."

The Ambassador dinner bill was \$5.50. It took another \$1.50 to tip the waiter, buy back the hat, and get the car out of "hock" at the parking station.

We beat Sue Carol and Nick Stuart to the house by about thirty seconds.

"I'm the worst bridge player in the world," began Nick, after alighting from his car, just to let us know where we stood.

"Oh, no, you're not," contradicted Helen. "I stand absolutely alone."

When there seemed no possible chance of settling the argument without resorting to swords, Sue tactfully changed the subject and

talked about the new house that Nick and she had just purchased.

Helen and I played together against Sue and Nick.

We won the first rubber and Helen duly recorded it on the score pad.

Sue won the next two hands. Helen didn't record that.

"Say," complained Sue, "that's no way to treat your guests. I'm going home."

Helen and I continued to lose, so we didn't suggest playing for money. It was agreeable with Sue and Nick. They were winning at the time, but they didn't know when their luck might change.

"We're furnishing a house and we can't afford to lose money at bridge," said Sue.

The evening was brightened by the arrival of a kibitzer.

You all know a kibitzer. He's the chap that looks over your shoulder and tells you what card to play.

He's always wrong.

You find out later that he thought you were playing pinochle anyway.

The kibitzer circled the table and looked in everyone's hands. Everyone sort of lost heart in the bridge game.

"Nick," said Sue, "show the nice people how well you can imitate a trained seal."

He obliged by rolling over on the floor, making a sound which he fondly believed to be the roar of a seal, clapping his hands and waving his feet.

IT wasn't so good, but we all laughed. Nick is such a nice boy. You don't want to hurt his feelings.

The kibitzer saw his golden opportunity. He took Nick's place at the table and clung onto it for dear life. Dynamite couldn't have dislodged him.

From that time on he overbid everyone, whether he had the cards or not.

Sue, always having the dummy hand with

such an ambitious partner, began to talk. Nick, out of it, drifted over to the piano and played "Am I Blue?" with two fingers.

"Use two hands," requested Sue, the optimist.

"Now play 'Am I Blue?'" said Helen, after Nick had completed his one-song concert.

Everyone was suddenly taken with hunger about this time and Helen ordered food, adding that it might be nice to have some raw fish for the trained seal. There must have been dozens of sandwiches. Mr. Kibitzer, it seems, hadn't eaten any dinner and consequently was ravenous.

I don't think he had eaten any lunch either. We began with ham and cheese sandwiches, ran out of that into chicken, and finally had to resort to just plain bread and butter.

"WHEN you come up to my house," Sue informed us, "I'll barbecue a whole steer. It will be easier."

She had begun to announce her departure at ten-thirty. At eleven-thirty she got under way. We were all invited up to her house, that is, if we didn't mind the smell of fresh paint.

I thanked Helen for a pleasant evening. It was fun, although it wasn't bridge. Anyone who took the game seriously would have been led out of the room, foaming at the mouth.

However, all of us, excepting the kibitzer, were content to be merely conversational players—much frowned upon by people with a purpose.

It would have been nice to have had a longer talk with Helen.

She has an easy, quiet way of conversing on interesting topics. But then, I was invited to call again, so I won't have to read those ads about "He wondered why he was never invited back."

By a magnificent stroke of luck I found the road that led down from the hill.

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She has forgotten the sacrifices necessary to make this trip possible; the lunches she didn't eat; the little things she went without. They are all behind now. Europe and romance lie ahead.

There will be nice men on the boat who will dance with her again and again—so she thinks. *But she is mistaken. They will only dance once.*

There will be gay little bridge parties bright with badinage and the exchange of wit. *Sure there will—but she won't be included.*

Perhaps some attractive man will walk the moonlit decks with her and, recognizing the qualities that make her one woman out of a hundred, will ask her to marry him. Perhaps he will—but *the chances are against it.*

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations. It is the unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember, also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

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*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

PEARL HORNBUCKLE, BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—Did you know that Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera star, is from your home town? Armida, a bit of Old Mexico, played the part of the Gypsy girl in "General Crack." She was born in Sonora, Mexico. She also played with Frank Fay in "Under a Texas Moon." Helen Kane has at last confessed that she was born on August 4th, 1908, in the Bronx, New York City. Now that that's settled I expect to spend a quiet summer. Helen's real name is Schoder and she is 5 feet 2, weighs 117 and has brown hair and eyes. She has appeared in "Pointed Heels," "Sweetie," and her next will be "Dangerous Nan McGrew."

PHYLLIS PIERCE, WAVERLY, MASS.—Where have you been since 1927? Didn't you read in all the papers in June of that year of the Rod LaRocque-Vilma Banky nuptials? Tsh, Tsh! I thought everyone read about that. It was one of the most brilliant weddings in the flicker colony. Al Jolson was married to Ruby Keeler, dancer, on September 21, 1928. Ruby is Al's third wife.

MARY RAMSEY, HONOLULU, T. H.—If I could only play a ukulele I would spend my vacation in Honolulu. It was H. B. Warner you saw in both pictures. He played the part of Christ in the "King of Kings," and Stephen Sorrell in "Sorrell and Son." Half of the movie public thought it was Lewis Stone. Bet you did too.

DORIS S., WICKFORD, R. I.—The capable announcer in the "Show of Shows" was none other than Frank Fay, well-known vaudeville actor and husband of Barbara Stanwyck.

S. LODGE, BLOOMINGDALE, O.—Mary Brian made her movie debut in "Peter Pan." She recently bobbed her hair and changed her type. Since then she has been a very busy young lady. Vilma Banky was born in Nagyodor, near Budapest, Hungary, on January 9, 1903. Now you figure out her age. Jason Robards was born on December 31, 1892. He is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall and weighs 170 pounds.

J. M. G., QUANTICO, VA.—Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6th, 1901, and educated in the Park School and Baltimore City College. Ben entered pictures in 1923. For the past two years he has been working in "Hell's Angels," Howard Hughes' epic of the air. In the meantime he managed to appear with his fiancée, Bebe Daniels, in "Alias French Gertie." Charles Bickford, big he-man of stage fame, was born in Cambridge, Mass., and was on the stage for 16 years, 11 years of that time spent in various parts of the country and the last 5 years spent on Broadway.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 132 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

LOIS PALFREY, HOPE, N. D.—Just what is your town hoping for? Maybe for a fellow like me, eh? If it is, strike up the band and I'll be there. Getting down to business, Clara Bow has red hair. Indeed she is not married to Harry Richman. Her new boy friend is Rex Bell, who made a name for himself in Westerns. You will see him in Clara's new picture "True to the Navy." Joan Crawford played the leading feminine rôle in "Across to Singapore." Jeanette Loff's latest is "King of Jazz." Little Mitzi Green is just nine years old.

VIRGINIA HELM, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I agree with you, Wally Albright certainly is a cute little lad. He was born in Burbank, Calif., September 3, 1925. In private life he is Walton Albright, Jr. At this writing he is 40 inches tall, weighs 34 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. You can get a photo of him by addressing him at Culver City, Calif., enclosing 25c with your request.

LOUISA MUNDT, TAMPA, FLA.—You're all wrong, Louisa, Charles Farrell isn't sometimes called Charles Morton. Farrell and Morton are two separate and distinct young men. Charles Farrell hails from Onset Bay, Mass. where he was born in 1902. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, and uses his own name at all times. Charles Morton is a native of Vallejo, Calif., where he was born 24 years ago. He is two inches shorter than Farrell and his real name is Carl Mudge. He is married, while Charles Farrell is still single.

A READER OF PHOTOPLAY, CONN.—When you are a little older, I am sure you will be allowed to go to the movies more often. Now for the altitude records. Gary Cooper and Charles Farrell are standing on top of the world at 6 feet, 2 inches. Johnny Mack Brown and Alexander Gray come next. They are just two inches shorter than Gary and Charles. Ruth Chatterton follows with 5 feet, 4½ inches; next comes Constance Bennett, 5 feet 4; then Fay Wray at 5 feet 3; next Bernice Claire, 5 feet 2½, and lastly Mary Brian at 5 feet 2.

JEAN KILIAN, CHICAGO, ILL.—Your description fits a gentleman known as "El," in real life Elmer Brendel. He played the part of Eric in "Sunny Side Up." Frank Richardson portrayed Ed in the same picture. El has also appeared in "The Cock Eyed World," "Happy Days," and the "Fox Follies of 1930."

ROSEMARY FRENCH, CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Try these on your pianola. Bebe Daniels' first name is pronounced "Bee-bee." Maurice Chevalier's goes something like this—"She-vahl-yay," emphasis on the middle syllable. The hero of the hour, John Boles, was born in Greenville, Texas, on October 27, 1899. He is married to Marcelite Dobbs and

has two small daughters. Warner Baxter shares his marital bliss with Winifred Bryson. John Mack Brown is married to Jane Harriet Brown and there's a Jane Junior. Bebe Daniels is engaged to Ben Lyon, and maybe they'll be married by the time this appears. Gary Cooper and Ramon Novarro are still bachelors.

M. H., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am amazed at the accusation. I know that Bull Montana, like Lon Chaney, has been accused of being almost everything on the map but this is the first time I heard of his being Louis Wolheim. Although Bull was christened Louis Montana, he is not in any way related to Louis Wolheim. Maybe it was his pugilistic profile that confused your friend.

BILLIE MORTON, SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.—Yes, Ricardo Cortez and Adolphe Menjou did appear in a picture together. It was called "The Sorrows of Satan." Charles Morton is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and is 24 years old.

MICKEY NOLAN, NEWARK, N. J.—Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1905. Her new leading man in "Romance," is Gavin Gordon, recruit from the stage. Gavin was born in Chicora, Mississippi, on April 7, 1901. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark hair and grey eyes. His great, great grandmother was a sister to Robert E. Lee.

A FRENCH GIRL FROM ILLINOIS.—*Comment trouvez-vous les États-Unis?* Ruth Chatterton began her very interesting life on December 24th, 1893, in New York City. She is married to Ralph Forbes who has made a name for himself on the stage as well as on the silent and talking screen. Is it possible that you are referring to a picture made in 1919 called "Sahara"? If so, the cast included Louise Glaum, Matt Moore and Edwin Stevens. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., formerly Joan Crawford, was born on March 23, 1908, is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 134]

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★ **THE FOREHEAD** — To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.

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★ **THE MOUTH** — Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

★ **THE THROAT** — To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.

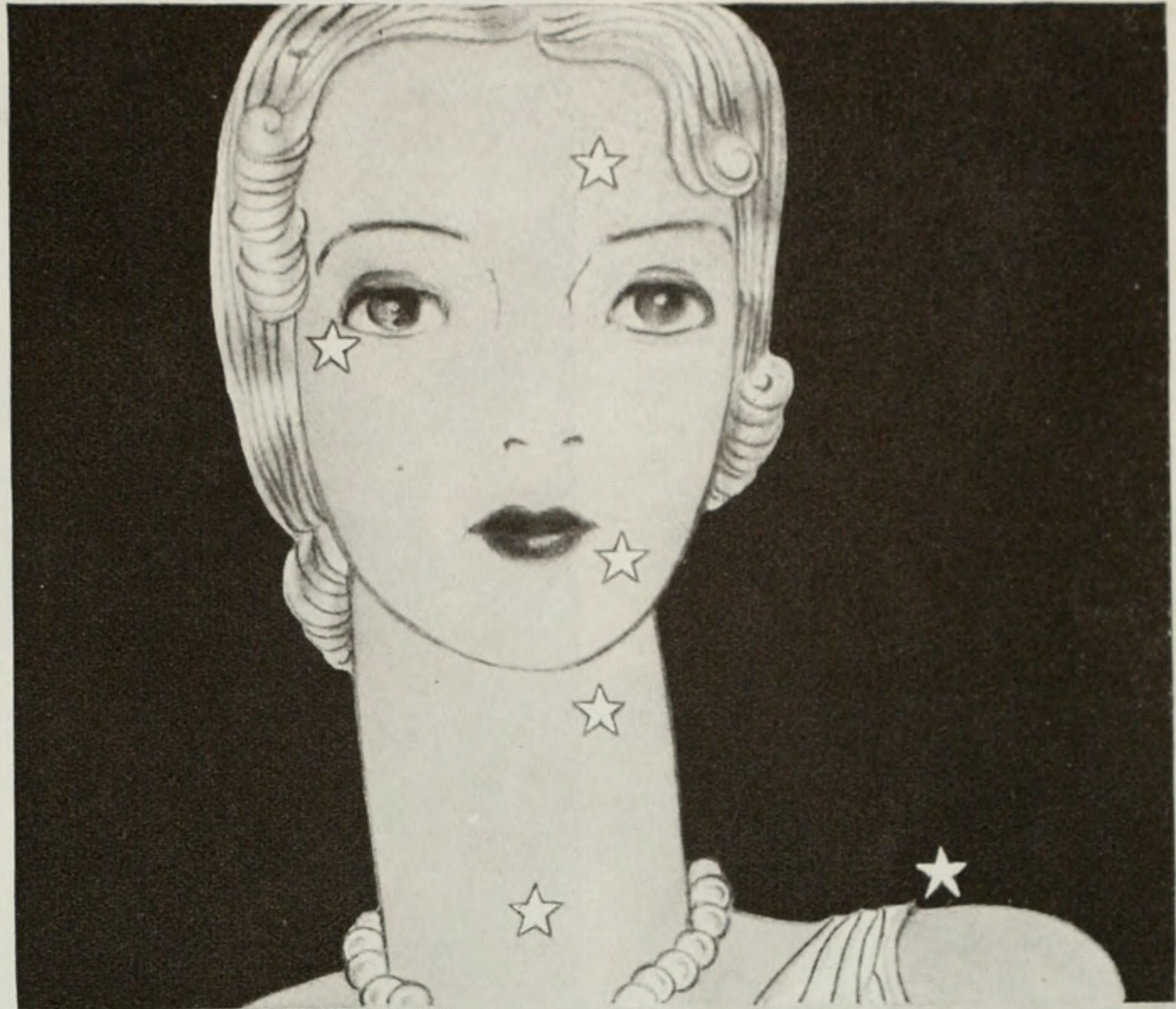
★ **THE NECK** — To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.

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NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Caveman" was tossed out, and Gary Cooper was given the rôle intended for George in "The Spoilers."

It is well known that Bancroft has not been happy lately. He seemed to want a little more money, and is said to have been irked and chivvied by the enormous salary Paramount has been paying Chevalier.

Whatever the cause, George just stepped out of the picture and the frame too, leaving the studio holding the sack. He is scheduled to start another picture July 28, of which we'll hear more later. He's one of his company's biggest box-office bets, and his contract runs till fall.

In the meantime, it would take a couple of Bill Powells as *Philo Vance* to find out just exactly what it's all about.

LILLIAN GISH has just scored the greatest personal success of the New York theatrical season now closing.

Jed Harris, the young manager who produced "Broadway," decided to stage "Uncle Vanya," a Russian play by Tchekov. He persuaded Lillian to play a leading rôle. She was not to be starred, and her salary was to be a minor consideration compared with Hollywood styles.



A great day in the life of a great actor. This picture was taken on Lon Chaney's forty-seventh birthday—and it was the day he faced the talkie microphone for the first time. Director Conway, Harry Earles and Lon himself!

She had not been on the stage since she was sixteen. Day after day Harris rehearsed her alone, then with the troupe.

Her opening night was a triumph. Ethel Barrymore was a member of the most brilliant première audience in years. Lillian gave a magnificent performance. Next day the critics raved and went into hysterics. She has never looked more beautiful. Already she is talked of as the *Desdemona* of a Harris production of "Othello."

Although warm weather was setting in, "Uncle Vanya" drew capacity audiences for weeks. And

Helen Kaiser shows you a smart and novel suit of blue tweed. The jacket is trimmed with black and white yarn embroidery. The white blouse has piping and looped ties of matching blue silk. Fetching?

Lillian is settled as a stage actress of enormous talent, and a potential star of the theater.

P. S. The wise-crackers around Broadway began giving Amos 'n' Andy a Russian tinge by saying "Tchekov and double-Tchekov."

AL COHN'S favorite is the story of the fellow with the inferiority complex who came to the Brown Derby every day and ate Napoleons.

JANET GAYNOR is pouting and manages to stir up more excitement for her size than any ten Wagnerian prima donnas. At present she is very much disturbed over "High Society Blues," her latest picture.

Janet feels that her popularity is suffering through pictures like "Sunny Side Up," "Happy Days" and "High Society Blues." Her rôles in these three musicals have been a radical departure from the wistful, pathetic type of characterization which made her famous,—and Janet feels that she should stick to what she has proved she can do.

Fox, on the other hand, maintains that she cannot play "Seventh Heaven" for every picture. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

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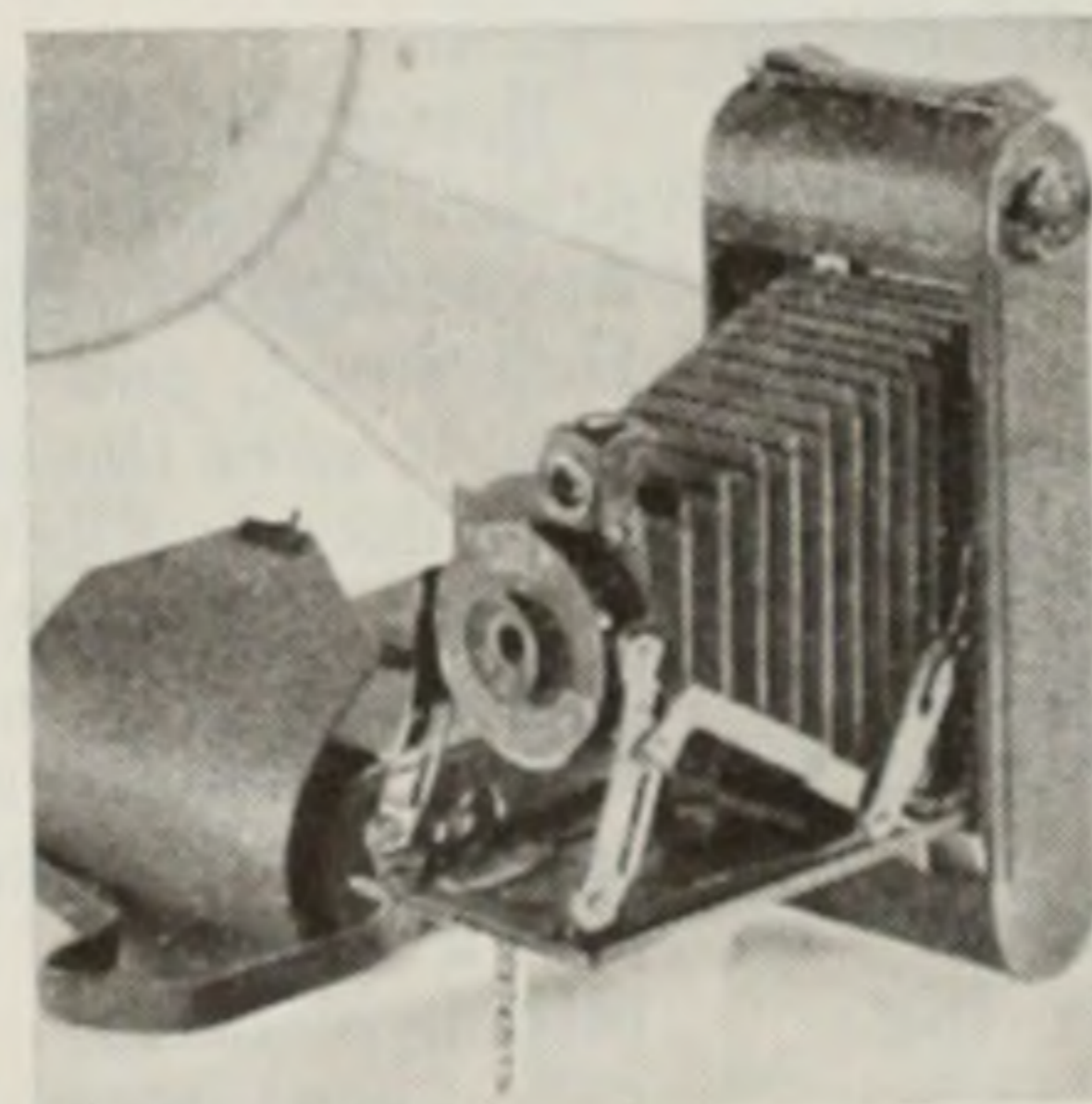
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The camera at the left is the Pocket Kodak Jr. No. 1, for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, \$9; with case, \$11. No. 1A, for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, \$10; with case, \$12.50. Available in blue, brown, black and green.

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



Good old Pete is dead—old Pete, with the ring around his right eye, who had frisked with the kids of "Our Gang" for years. He was poisoned, and the theory is that someone had a grudge against his master, Harry Lucenay. Our Gangsters are inconsolable

Janet is quietly but very, very firmly insisting that she will make no more pictures for Fox until she is given what she feels is a suitable rôle—and meanwhile Fox has brought out from New York Rose Hobart, stage actress who scored heavily in "Death Takes a Holiday," a recent Broadway production. It is worth while noting that little Miss Hobart is the wistful, pathetic type, too.

At present it's hard to tell who will do what to whom and who will pay.

MILTON SILLS is not only coming back to the screen with a fat, long-term contract with Fox, but his first picture under the new contract will be a talking version of one of the most famous silents!

Sills will star in "The Sea Wolf." Do you remember what a hair-raising thriller it was with Hobart Bosworth as *The Wolf*?

Though he was out of films for more than a year on account of a serious illness, Sills scored a decided success in his first picture, "A Very Practical Joker," recently completed by Fox.

His contract was awarded on the strength of that feature.

FRANCES LEE was making a picture recently in which several very small girls were supporting her. One of them positively refused to listen to direction and, thinking to be of help, Frances inquired:

"Do you know where bad girls go?"

"Yes," replied the tot, "my big sister says they go places."

SYLVIA ULBECK, Hollywood's beauty sculptor, who rated a big story in last month's PHOTOPLAY, believes in a little play, too.

When she had taken no less than thirty pounds from the buxom Mary Lewis, opera star gone talkie, Mary started for a holiday in New York.

Sylvia, putting Miss Lewis on the eastbound rattler, said, "go have yourself a good time in New York, baby. Eat anything you want. Sylvia will pound it off you when you get back!"

THE Cruzes—James, and Betty Compson—have at last come to the parting of the ways. Betty has been granted a divorce. They came to the parting of the ways a year ago, too, but their roads joined again. You can't tell a thing about roads in California. Here today and gone tomorrow.

Betty and Jim, Hollywood's most prolific home entertainers, are parting the best of friends. Betty will live in Hollywood, and Jim will continue to preside over the house with the open front door in Flintridge.

Their difficulty became acute last year when, Jim insisted, according to Betty, on having swarms of friends at his house every evening. Betty never had a chance to learn her lines for talking pictures.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



What Hollywood's best-dressed girls are wearing for rehearsal these sizzling days. Sharon Lynn of Fox is wearing this dance-practice affair. Black satin, with egg-shell satin trimming; black and white tie, black satin slippers and a white beret



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NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

"I thought conditions would change when we separated last year," said Betty, "but it didn't help matters much. I guess it's just because we don't have much in common."

Jim and Betty were married in 1925.

RONALD COLMAN is a serious-minded fellow, much of the time, but he is an able wit when the occasion offers.

He was talking with Doug Fairbanks one day, when the subject of baby stars arose. When it came to the matter of definition, Colman provided one.

"A baby star," said he, "is one who has burned her cradles behind her."

WAR broke out between two famous comedians not long ago. So far no peace treaty has been signed, and a smack on the nose may come any day.

One of the most noted low comics on the

New York stage is Mr. Bert Lahr. This year he is a riot in a musical comedy, "Flying High." Last season he mowed down the yeomanry in "Hold Everything" on the stage.

Comes Mr. Joe E. Brown playing the same part in the talkie version of the same show. Mr. Lahr charges, with some show of justice, that Mr. Brown has lifted many of his mannerisms, "unique expressions" and bits of business. This imperils, says Mr. Lahr, his future in the talkies, as film fans who do not yet know would say, after seeing "Hold Everything" on the screen, that he is just copying the methods of Mr. Brown.

So there's a big mad on, and I'd like to be around when they meet. Mr. Lahr is one of the



Just to tantalize you! Fay Wray is all set for a real snowball scrap with anyone who heads her way. Fay ran into the drifts while on location in the High Sierras with the Paramount unit filming "The Border Legion," the piece by Mr. Zane Grey



Smart again, after a retirement of twelve years! Jean Arthur wearing black suede gauntlets, again sported by the style-conscious. Not since war-time have black gloves been worn by those really in the know

funniest men in America. And I have a hunch he is in strict training for his meeting up with Mr. Brown.

IT'S not all idle vocabulary when an actor or actress protests loudly against being "typed." There's a very definite danger in being associated too closely with one rôle or kind of rôle. ZaSu Pitts had a bad break recently because of that fact.

ZaSu was cast as Lew Ayres' mother in "All Quiet on the Western Front." The part was a serious characterization, and ZaSu, being one of the ablest character actresses in the business, seemed admirable for it. But there was a hitch which no one—not even young Massa Laemmle—foresaw.

When the picture was previewed before an audience for the first time, Junior sat chewing his finger nails and doing a Ben Turpin, with one eye on the screen and the other on the audience. Enter ZaSu—on the screen—in her best serious manner. Loud and totally unwarranted guffaws from the aforesaid audience.

They gave Junior a heart attack. ZaSu hadn't done a single thing that even a master of ceremonies could call funny, but because she had been playing comedy rôles for some time her mere appearance on the screen was the signal for loud mirth. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

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Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume



CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin*. The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds*. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value*. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades*.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same*. You couldn't use *other shades* for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge.

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer-tan*. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



PRINCESS PAT

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

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.

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2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.

ENGLISH TINT *Summer-tan* NITE
 VIVID MEDIUM SQUAW THEATRE

Name (Print).....
Address.....

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

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

Inside the Monitor Room

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

Greta Garbo has an almost perfect microphone voice—if there is such a thing. Her pitch is low, her diction clear. The mixer on her set has a Roman holiday. She speaks slowly, too, which is a great help.

IN fact, the bit players and extras with a line to read give more trouble than the stars. These folk are usually nervous and tense, eager to make a good impression on the director. They speak too loudly, they hurry over their lines. The great emotional actors and actresses—those volatile, intense ones—are also difficult.

Although Renee Adoree's voice, in the last picture she did before she went to the sanitarium, is clear and distinct, she is such an *artiste*, she throws herself so completely into her rôle, that she forgets the mike, and the mixer must be continually on the alert to record her correctly. But many little tricks can be done. In a small way you've done them yourself on your own radio. You know how you can increase and decrease the volume and tune out other sounds. That is the mixer's job.

Ruth Chatterton came to the studio one day with a bad cold. She could hardly speak above a whisper. It was the mixer's task to give her the volume she lacked. He did.

When Billy Haines began to talk on the screen it was discovered that his voice recorded a couple of tones lower than it actually was. The mixer had to bring that up.

When Buster Keaton worked in a Spanish version sometimes his accent was not perfect, so the mixer slurred it a trifle, as a cameraman soft focuses a wrinkled face and makes it look beautiful.

Clara Bow, by the way, gives the mixers very little trouble, as she speaks plainly and naturally.

You might imagine that the people who have good radio voices also have fine screen tones. Not necessarily! At the radio station you talk directly into the microphone. At the studio the little instrument of torture is many feet away. Morton Downey, who has a leading rôle in Eddie Goulding's picture, "The Devil's Holiday," came through much better when his mouth was directly in front of the mike than when it was farther away, but since he must be photographed as well as heard, the microphone had to be in its proper place.

Helen Kane, the boop-oop-a-doop girl, suffered in like fashion. Her voice is not loud and her radio and phonograph recording training did not help her on the sound stages.

The mixer, or, as some studios call him, the recordist (he's still just a mixer to you) must please a much more discriminating audience than the cameraman. After all, the public is sound-wise. You know a good tone when you get it on your radio. You've been educated up to recording, whereas, with the exception of a few amateur photographers, the public does not pay a lot of attention to good and bad camera work.

As a rule, any voice that is pleasing to the ear is pleasing to the microphone. A very bad voice will record badly no matter how skilled the mixer may be. The god of the high place is not a wizard after all. He can only ruin a good voice or make an ordinary one better. Several famous actors and actresses have failed before the microphone, just as many beautiful women

will not photograph. One voice of a beautiful blonde star could not be helped with any amount of skilful mixing.

The position of the mike on the set is of utmost importance, as is the volume control.

Well, then, from whence come these lords of destiny? What are their requirements? How do they get like that? Theirs must be a combination of many talents.

First of all, they must have a basic knowledge of sound technique, and after that they must have good taste and a knowledge of dramatics. They must know the lines and the music of a film as well as the players do, for it is their duty to follow every word and to pick up every cue from the various microphones placed about the set. And they must also give life and color to the recording.

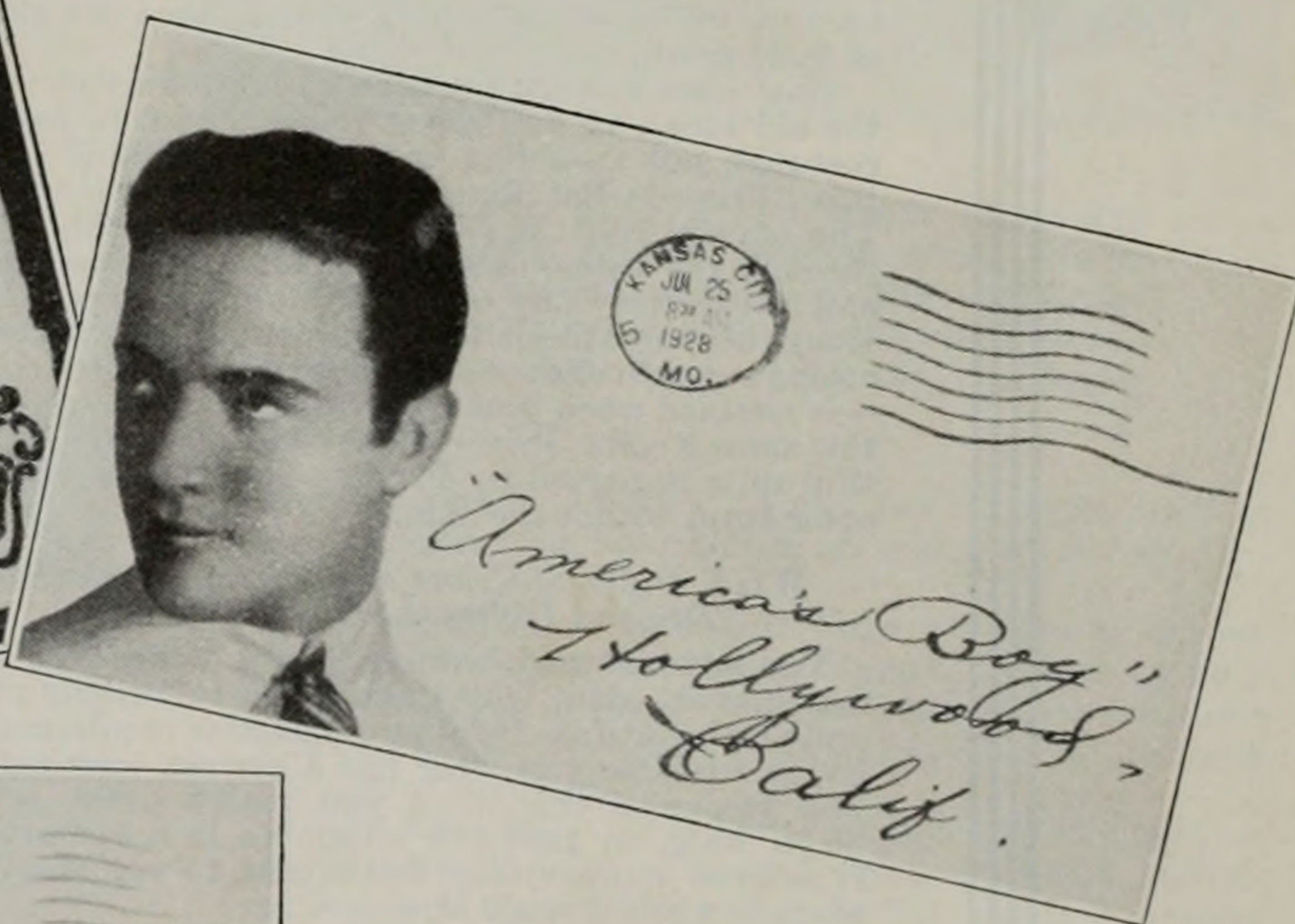
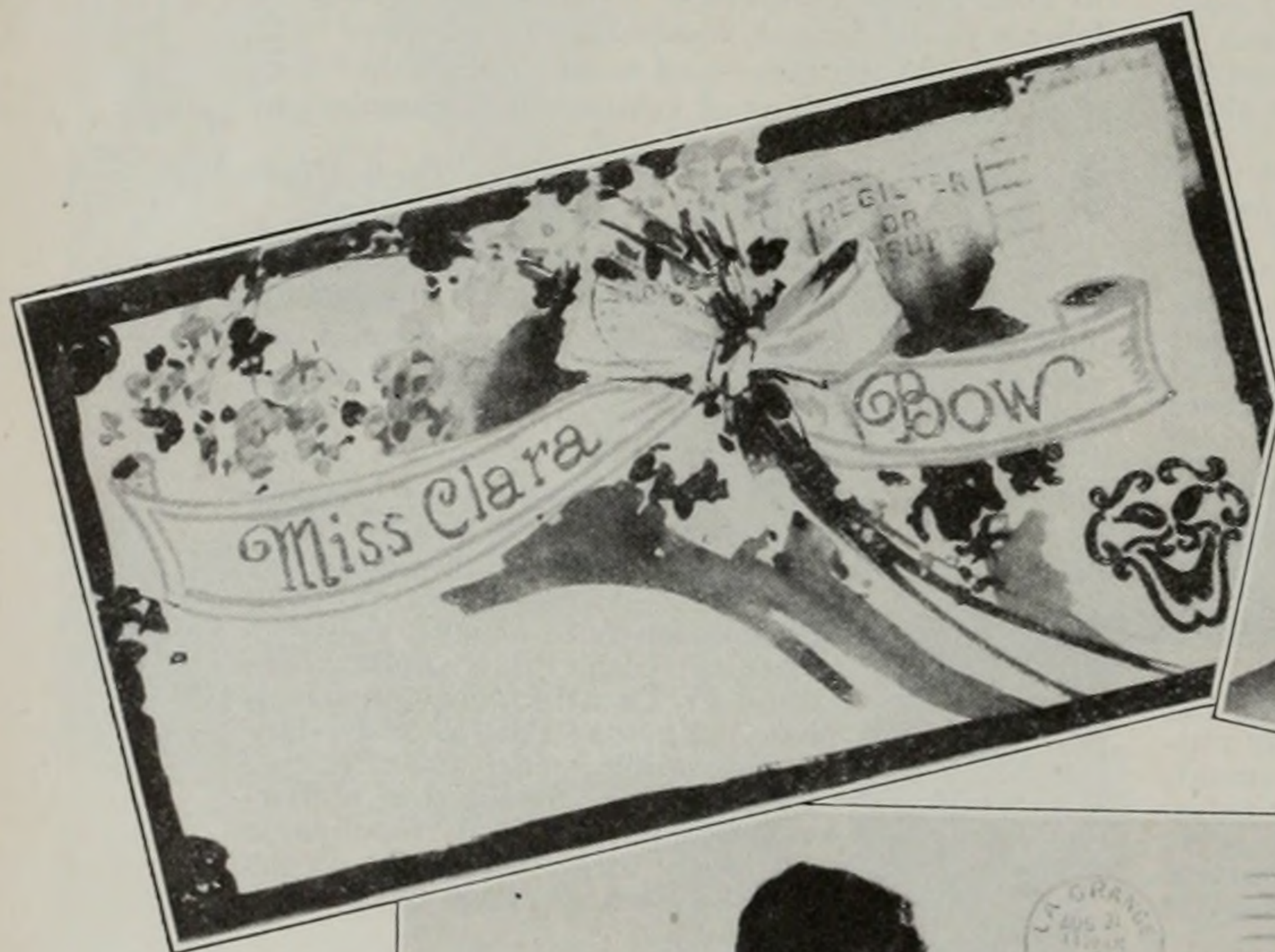
A man's voice is deeper than a woman's. If a mixer recorded the two the same, the effect would be wrong. It is his job to know what is expected from each scene.

SOME mixers have worked up from other studio jobs. You'll find among them ex-cameramen, "still" men and actors. But, for the most part, they have been connected with radio broadcasting. This is good training if they bring along artistic ability.

So all those boxes of candy in the stars' dressing rooms and all those Christmas ties are little gifts to be taken to the gods. The cameraman is still on the set, but his nose is out of joint.

The red apples, these days, are for the mixer man who sits above the set all day long and listens to the voices of the great.

Your Uncle Sam Says No!



NO longer can fans with a droll sense of humor send gay but irregular envelopes like these to their favorites in the films! Though the government maintains a staff of experts to decipher trick addresses, the post office department has now ruled that all letters sent to the stars must have full and complete addresses or they will not be delivered. These three were sent to two Paramount favorites



"NOW... I can stand the Public Gaze"... Can You?

"SUMMER LEGS"...

—require the observance of this rule of refinement

BRONZED... or white... lithe feminine legs are lovely only when they are free of fuzzy hair-growth.

Shapeliness of limbs cannot diminish the ugliness of superfluous hair. The informality of the bareleg vogue can't excuse it. Gossamer chiffon hose cannot conceal it. That's why dainty, modern women turn to Del-a-tone Cream. There's nothing else like it, for Del-a-tone Cream, perfected through our exclusive formula, is the only *white*, fragrant cream hair-remover.

Can You Stand the Public Gaze?

If your skin is smooth and free of hair—you can meet curious eyes with poise and self-confidence. Confirm your own personal daintiness by using Del-a-tone before going barelegged, putting on sheer, all-revealing silk hose, or exposing your arms in a fluttery evening gown.

Faintly fragrant... snow-white, Del-a-tone Cream removes hair *safely* in 3 minutes or less.



Easy to use as cold cream... Del-a-tone Cream is the most pleasant *modern* way to remove superfluous hair from the legs as well as from under-arm, fore-arm, back of neck and face.



June Clyde and Arthur Lake, supported by a clever chorus, prove how appropriate is the title of that sparkling Radio Picture, "Tanned Legs"

DEL-A-TONE

The Only White Cream Hair-remover

Del-a-tone has been used and recommended by physicians and beauty specialists for almost a quarter of a century.

Sales of Del-a-tone Cream during 1929 reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority; that's why.

Del-a-tone Cream and Powder on sale at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, \$1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c. See coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Dept. 87, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor



TRIAL OFFER

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 87, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

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

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU— Paramount

WE got all choked and tearful over this. It made us think of "The Perils of Pauline." Dr. Fu Manchu comes back to life and makes things pretty tough again for Neil Hamilton and Jean Arthur. It's grand melodramatic hokum. You'll sit pop-eyed most of the time. Warner Oland is a swell Manchu, but we hope he's really dead this time.

BORN RECKLESS—Fox

"LOUIS BERETTI" was a best seller, and in the directorial hands of John Ford we expected something superfine, but it looks like they were scared of censorship. Even Eddie Lowe in the rôle of the East Side gangster fails to lift the picture into the exciting class. Lee Tracy makes the part of the reporter very real, and Catherine Dale Owen looks beautiful.

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN— Paramount

THE human side of newspaper business—a young sports writer and his movie-critic bride struggling with everything that besets young folks—love, liquor, misunderstanding, ambition defeated by laziness. Well directed by Monta Bell, and with beautiful performances by Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, with a few laughs from Charlie Ruggles.

THE FURIES—First National

MURDER in smart set—particularly the dastardly and mysterious taking-off of John Sands—is the theme of this rather heavy and wordy photographed play by Zoe Akins. Four people wanted to get rid of Mr. Sands, which makes the story. It's weighty stuff, but manages to be fairly interesting. The leads are played by H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson, Natalie Moorehead and Jane Winton.

THE BORDER LEGION—Paramount

THIS Zane Grey picture opens with several bangs. One killing right after another nearly lifts you out of your seat. This is followed by plenty of romance and adventure, in which Jack Holt, Dick Arlen and Fay Wray have much excitement. Eugene Paillette gives a splendid account of himself, too.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD—M-G-M

REMEMBER Louis Mann? In this, he goes a bit Emil Jannings in a nice way. You'll break down in sobs when Mann, as the father of an ungrateful family, sees his life in ruins, and you'll shout for joy when everything turns out all right. The yarn is as human as sentiment. Elliott Nugent, Robert Montgomery, Frances X. Bushman, Jr., Mary Doran and Leila Hyams, are grand.

HE KNEW WOMEN—Radio Pictures

YOU'LL get plenty of sophisticated chuckles out of this one, even if you do realize that it is not a movie but simply the play, "The Second Man," photographed. The dialogue is charming, brilliant and breezy, with Lowell Sherman as the amusing *roué*. There are but three others in the cast, Alice Joyce, David Manners and Frances Dade. You'll enjoy it.

THE BIG FIGHT— Sono Art—James Cruze

AN amusing enough little picture with Lola Lane and Guinn Williams doing the rôles that Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey created

on the stage. It concerns a champion boxer and his refusal to throw the fight. This blonde baby, Lola Lane, does a really swell job. The really big news of the picture is Stepin Fetchit's return. Somehow, when he's before the camera nothing else matters.

CHEER UP AND SMILE—Fox

THE heartaches and love affairs of youth are beautifully portrayed by Arthur Lake and Dixie Lee in this comedy drama. There are



One of the great directors of the world, now sought by Doug Fairbanks to make a picture in America. S. M. Eisenstein, the Russian director of "Potemkin" and other pictures. He has worked for "Sovkino," the film company subsidized by the Soviet Republic. He is the co-director of "Old and New," reviewed in this issue

a number of unexpected twists to the story and young people will adore it. Baclanova returns as an alluring vamp, trying to steal Arthur away from that blonde cutie, Dixie. It's lucky Arthur lost no more than his voice, but you will lose a pound laughing at him.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox

J. HAROLD MURRAY has a voice that can't fail to charm you. This story deals with him as a Yankee sailor, rescued from death for gun-running by a French girl singer, Fifi Dorsay. Scenes are laid in North Africa. Murray is worth going to see and hear and Fifi is always entertaining.

STRICTLY MODERN—First National

ADAPTED from the stage play, "Cousin Kate." Pretty obvious humor and a thin story about a sophisticated young novelist who attempts to bolster up a drooping romance and thereby finds her own. But Dorothy Mackaill plays *Kate* with a deft, light touch, and Julianne Johnston is a good foil as the jilted *Amy*. Sidney Blackmer, from the stage, is the handsome jilter.

NOT DAMAGED—Fox

ALL about a little department store girl who has no faith in men with money and grand pianos—even when they're Walter Byron. Lois Moran as the suspicious maiden proves she should not be cast in comedy. Robert Ames, her jealous boy friend, does as well as his unsympathetic part permits. You'll like Inez Courtney and George Corcoran, a new laugh-and-dance-team.

DANCING SWEETIES—Warners

WINNING a dancing cup, and then marrying the prettiest girl in town, may be some accomplishment, but it's nothing compared to learning how to meet the problems of the first year of married life. *Bill Cleaver*, played by Grant Withers, had to be hit pretty hard before he could see. Sue Carol, as the wife, even had to present him with twins. Edna Murphy and Eddie Phillips play the other couple.

ONCE A GENTLEMAN Sono Art—James Cruze

IF you'd like a gorgeous dish of high comedy, with just enough seasoning of the serious to make it more worthwhile, don't miss this. It's one of Eddie Horton's finest performances. That, plus Cruze's direction, makes a mighty fine film. Tells of a butler who is thrust into a masquerade as a "gentleman." Laughs range from uproar to giggles, with fine touches of pathos. Splendid supporting cast.

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions

A MILDLY entertaining story of a third rate pugilist gone Tunney. It almost costs him the championship and the girl, but love triumphs after he takes the count of nine and he wins by a knockout. It never happens in real fights, but who cares? And, anyway, the big fight scene is too nose-protectingly synthetic to be convincing. The supporting cast does fine work.

FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930— Fox

BY 1930 the Fox Follies is just another revue. Good enough as such things go, but there have been so many. However, if you like revues you'll enjoy this. Some fair songs; plenty of high-light comedy by Marjorie White and El Brendel; some love story provided by William Collier, Jr., and Miriam Seegar, and a series of big spectacular scenes.

WEDDING RINGS—First National

AN intriguing name, but the film doesn't live up to it. "The Dark Swan," Pascal's problem novel about two sisters, totally opposite in type, who wanted to marry the same man, has lost much besides its original title in its transfer to the talking screen. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner do as well as the picture deserves.

THE SILENT ENEMY—Paramount

W. DOUGLAS BURDEN, hunter and explorer, produced this tale of bravery and treachery, played by real Indians. A story of the primitive Ojibway Indians' fight for food during a winter when famine threatened. Amazing animal scenes. Sound effects and specially arranged Indian music. Beautiful pictorially, educational, and fair entertainment.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

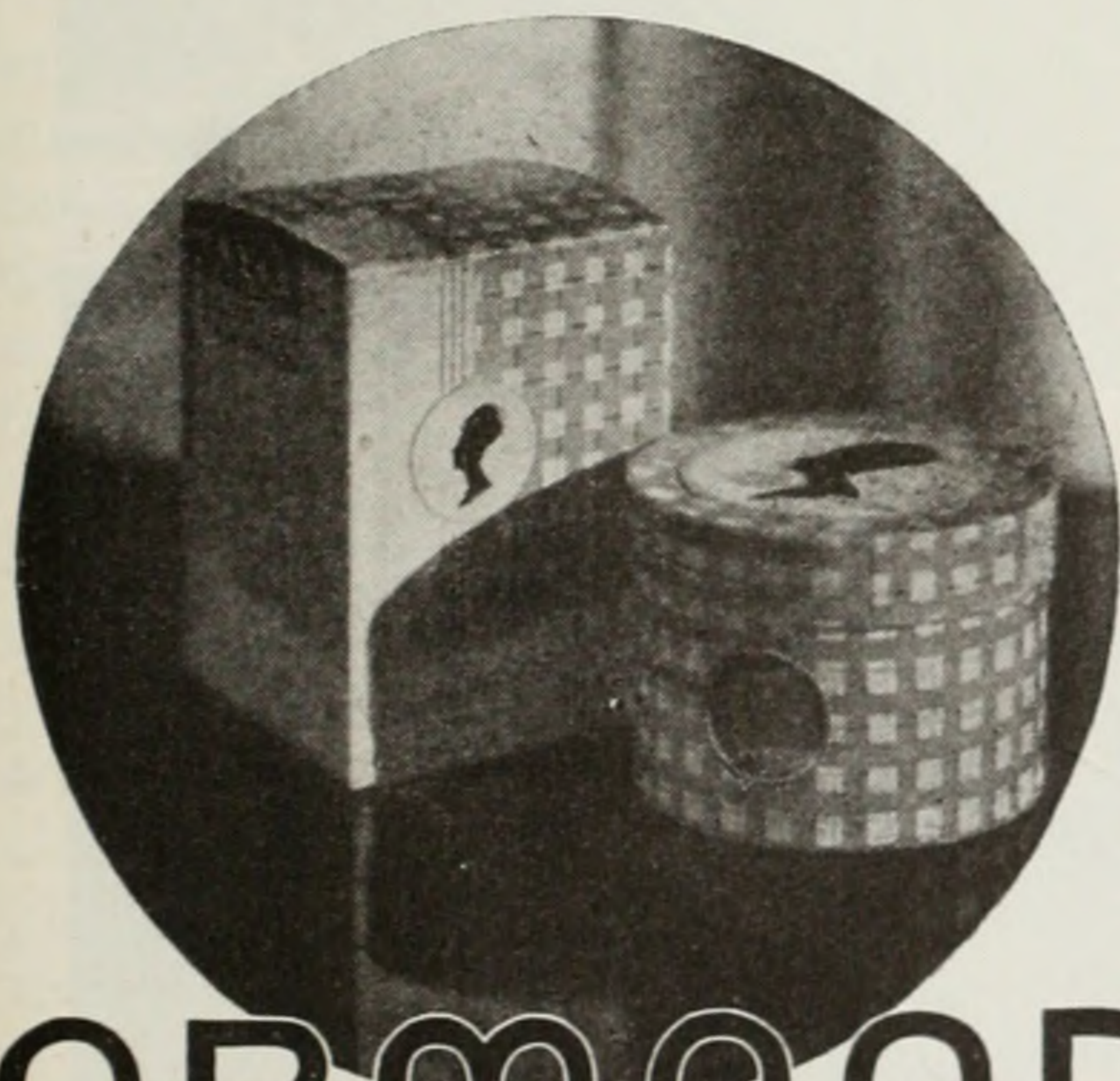
Cotton rompers by Best & Co. Beach accessories by Saks—Fifth Avenue. Complexion by Armand. Admiration by gentlemen!



**Boys will be boys,
as usual, but . . .**

girls will be girls again, this summer!

*Armand Cold Cream Powder, in becoming shades, \$1.
Armand Cleansing Cream, 50c and \$1.25.*



ARMAND

CLEANSING
CREAM

COLD CREAM
POWDER

© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

How GAY to get back into gingham . . . and flowered prints . . . and little-girl dresses with shoulder-straps! Ask any man if these new "feminine fashions" aren't alluring! Exit The Maiden's Prayer and enter her Big Opportunity!

*Fashion demands more feminine allure—
and this includes your face!*

There's a new skin-tone in vogue today—a creamy tone like pearls or exquisite ivory velvet. It's becoming to everybody—flattering, even, because it makes the flesh seem more vividly, alluringly alive! You can give your skin this caressing quality by the simple use of two companion Armand products. They're magical! And so fine and refreshing to use!

First, Armand Cleansing Cream, the basis of the new beauty. It purges the pores, softens and refines the skin texture, preparing it for Armand Cold Cream Powder. And here's the real secret of the new creamy-toned complexion. A rich, mellow powder that you apply more evenly and smoothly—never just dabbing it on! Then it rewards you by staying there—conserving the fair freshness of your skin.

*Now, as you're planning new clothes—think of the new complexion demands,
and ask for Armand products at the beauty counter.*

Who will tell the young wife



the truth about FEMININE HYGIENE

EVEN the young wife who *thinks* she knows is likely to be wrong, especially if she has obtained her information from an older woman. Until recently there was little definite knowledge about feminine hygiene and the accompanying risks were too great for anyone's peace of mind. Why not learn the complete facts for yourself?

What physicians and nurses object to is the use of poisonous antiseptics for this purpose. And until recently, a woman usually had her choice between bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid—*both deadly poisons.*

Zonite ends such risks

The germicide and antiseptic of *today* is Zonite. For Zonite offers great germ-killing strength with perfect safety to the user. There is no danger of hardening delicate tissues or leaving areas of scar-tissue. Zonite is non-caustic and absolutely non-poisonous. *Still it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

Booklet for women

The modern-minded woman wants to *know the facts.* Then she can use her own judgment. So send for this authoritative booklet. Read it. Pass it along to friends. In the meantime, you will find full directions with every bottle of Zonite at your drug store. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles:
30c, 60c, \$1



Both in U. S. A.
and Canada

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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(Please print name)

Address.....

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

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Paramount

IN a rambling hodge podge of story William Powell emerges with his usual laurel wreath for a good performance. You expect him to turn *Philo Vance* any minute but, instead, he commits his own murder and proceeds to play his own detective and solve it for himself. Powell, as usual, is delightful. Natalie Moorehead is sufficiently fair and foul.

THE MATRIMONIAL BED—Warners

THIS is farce run rampant. You won't believe it, but it concerns an amnesia victim who is thought dead by his wife who marries another man. The first husband returns, and from then on there's more darn fun, if you can sit through it. Frank Fay should stick to ceremony mastering. A good cast is wasted on a poor picture.

UNDER WESTERN SKIES— First National

TAKE off the whiskers. We know you. You're just another version of "The Great Divide." It seems they're going to use you more than once. "Under Western Skies" is pretty awful. Not even beautiful desert scenery in Technicolor and a splendid cast can carry this pot-boiler very far. Lila Lee is beautiful and gives a fine performance.

WE'RE SORRY

In the May Shadow Stage the title "Beyond the Rio Grande" appeared over a review. The picture actually reviewed was "Romance of the West," a Hammond Production. "Beyond the Rio Grande" is the title of a picture produced by Big Four. No hard feelings, boys?



They aren't going to make a type player of Gloria Swanson—not if she knows it. In her new picture, "What a Widow!" she's right back in an almost slapstick rôle. The young man tempting her with the cocktails is Lew Cody. It's good to see him back, after his long illness

STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY



250 BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTIONS IN ROTOGRAVURE 250
WITH A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY BELOW THE PORTRAIT OF EACH STAR

This new de luxe edition of the "Stars of the Photoplay" represents the very finest collection of beautiful art portraits of screen celebrities ever assembled under one cover.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine's close personal contact with the stars of the industry has enabled us to procure not only the latest but the most attractive portraits of all the screen favorites.

Two hundred and fifty photographs have been carefully selected and reproduced by rotogravure process. This process retains the soft, deep tones and highlights, and has resulted in exceptional reproductions of the original photographs.

The portraits, for convenient reference, have been arranged in alphabetical order according to the names of the stars, and below each portrait you will find a brief biography which gives a clear and comprehensive sketch of the star's career, including such information as weight, height, complexion, age, etc. Just the type of information that you want.

This wonderful collection is printed on a choice grade of white super paper. The outside measurement of the book is 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the

THIS NEW DE LUXE EDITION OF THE
STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY
 HANDSOMELY BOUND IN EMBOSSED RED ART FABRIKOID WITH GOLD LETTERING
Only \$1.75

size of each individual portrait is 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the balance of the page being devoted to the biographical sketch of the particular star featured on that page.

You will also find "Stars of the Photoplay" an invaluable help in the solution of moving picture star puzzles. The new \$5,000.00 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest started with the June, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Write for your copy of the "Stars of the Photoplay" now. Use the coupon below for your convenience.

Stars of Photoplay, Dept. PH. 7-30, Photoplay Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me my copy of the new 1930 edition of Stars of the Photoplay, for which I enclose Check Money order for \$1.75. Send to the following address:

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

you always have
time to use MUM



MUM is applied in a moment!

Its protection lasts for hours.

A dab of snowy cream beneath the arms - - or anywhere there's need to guard against body odor - - and you're ready to go! No waiting. Nothing to dry. Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy, so it can't injure fabrics.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a regular part of your toilette. Morning and evening. Every day. Know the joy of permanent protection!

And what complete protection! Mum neutralizes every vestige of odor. The moment Mum is applied, all odor is gone. For convincing proof of this, try Mum on the sanitary napkin. This most important use of Mum makes a woman sure of herself at all times.

Mum brings comfort and security for which most women would pay any price. Yet it costs only 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.

The Best Records from New Pictures

By Maurice Fenton

A DISC of the month that is bound to attract picture fans is Buddy Rogers' own recording of "Any Time's The Time to Fall in Love," his song hit sung with Lillian Roth in "Paramount on Parade." On the other side he sings the Chevalier flash finale song.

Beside the Rogers record, a slew of other excellent numbers from that picture have hit the wax, including two by the great Chevalier. The "Paramount on Parade" list follows:

Any Time's The Time to Fall in Love	Buddy Rogers	Columbia
Up On Top of a Rainbow	Maurice Chevalier	Victor
	Colonial Club Orchestra	Brunswick
	Buddy Rogers	Columbia
All I Want is Just One	Maurice Chevalier	Victor
	Gus Arnheim Orchestra	Victor
Dancing to Save Your Sole	Gus Arnheim Orchestra	Victor

KING OF JAZZ

Paul Whiteman and his famous band, stars of this glamorous Universal revue, play all six of the numbers here listed, in addition to recordings by the others mentioned. The "King" lineup—

Bench in the Park	By Whiteman only.	All Whiteman records
Ragamuffin Romeo		are by Columbia
I Like to Do Things for You	Reisman's Orchestra	Victor
	Grace Hayes	Victor
It Happened in Monterey	Lambert's Orchestra	Brunswick
	Olsen's Orchestra	Victor
Song of the Dawn	Olsen's Orchestra	Victor
Happy Feet	Reisman's Orchestra	Victor

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

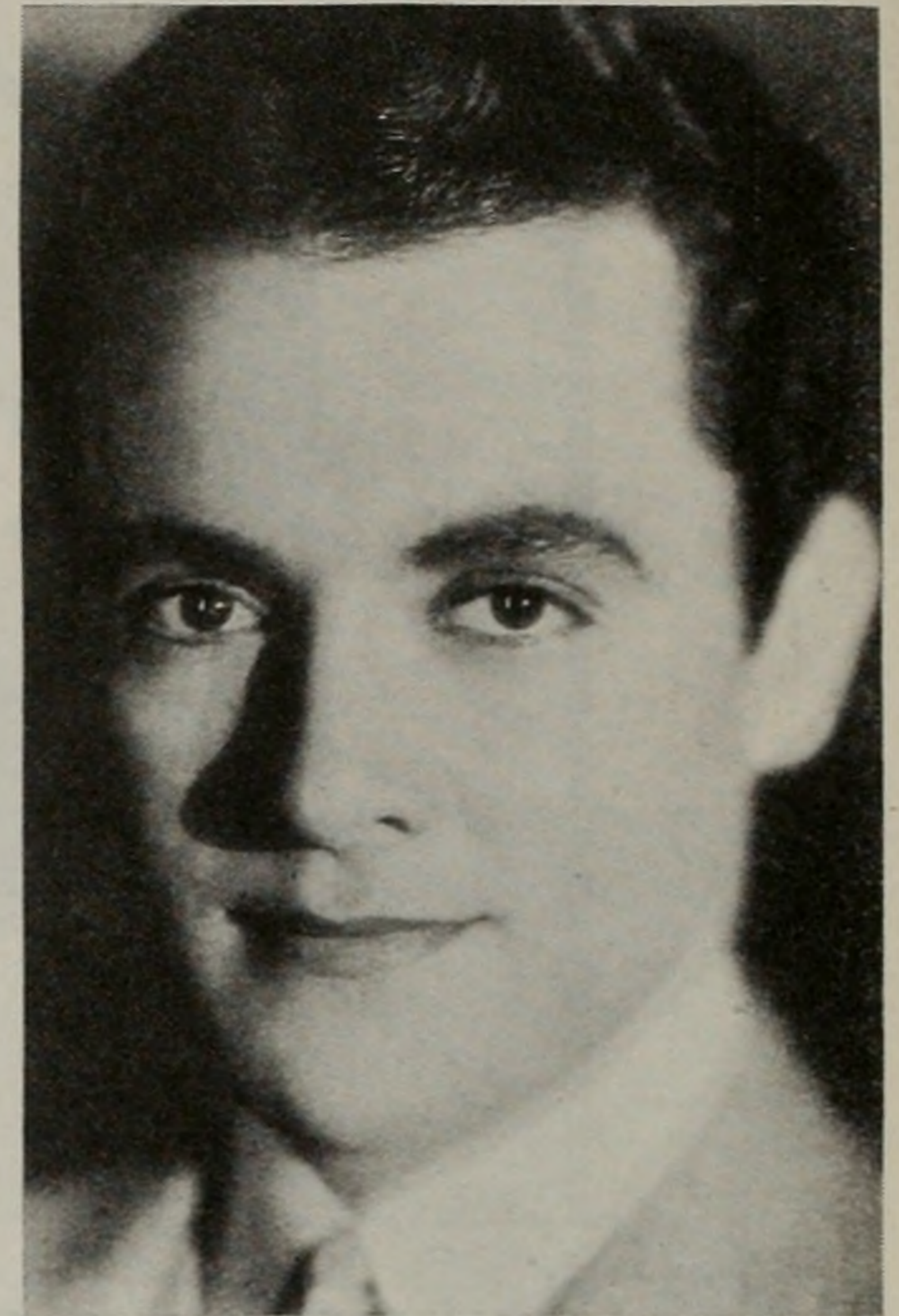
Here's a John Boles record for you that's the best yet. This fine screen tenor improves his recording month by month.

You, You Alone For You	John Boles	Victor
------------------------	------------	--------

MONTANA MOON

The Joan Crawford starring picture gives forth two tunes. "The Moon is Low," likely hit, is particularly well sung by Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards.

The Moon is Low	Ukulele Ike, vocal	Columbia
	Frank Luther, vocal	Victor
	Olsen's Orchestra	Victor
Montana Call	Olsen's Orchestra	Victor



Buddy Rogers Sings for the Records!

FOR JOLSON FANS

Here's a treat for those of you who go for Al's records. He sings the six numbers here listed—all for Brunswick. Most of the numbers are Irving Berlin hits from Jolson's latest, "Mammy." Other recordings are listed here. But remember that Jolson also does the lot on Brunswick wax, accompanied by Abe Lyman's fine band.

Let Me Sing and I'm Happy	Selvin's Orchestra	Columbia
	Waring's Orchestra	Victor
	Gene Austin, tenor	Victor
	Ruth Etting	Columbia
Across the Breakfast Table	Selvin's Orchestra	Columbia
	Waring's Orchestra	Victor
	Irving Kaufman, vocal	Columbia
To My Mammy	Gene Austin, tenor	Victor
	Irving Kaufman	Columbia
Dirty Hands, Dirty Face	only by Jolson	Brunswick
My Mammy		

FROM HOLD EVERYTHING

When the Little Red Roses Get the Blues for You	Al Jolson	Brunswick
---	-----------	-----------

THE CUCKOOS

The Bert Wheeler-Bobby Woolsey farce lets forth its first record. Bound to be more. These two are fox trots.

I Love You	Ohman-Arden and Orchestra	Victor
So Much		
Dancing the Devil Away		



Dear Reader

As you turn the pages of this magazine, you see the advertising of things you need. Food, clothing, home equipment . . . all the necessities and luxuries that go to make up the fullness of modern living.

JUST consider how you rely upon these advertisements as reliable guides to the selection of worthy products.

Any product or service that you see consistently advertised in the pages of this publication is worthy in quality, honestly priced and truthfully presented.

Why? For the very simple reason that to the maker and the seller of an unworthy product, advertising presents the quickest and surest road to failure. To the misrepresented product, advertising brings a sudden and fatal storm of public disapproval. To the dishonest maker, advertis-

ing brings a constant public reminder of his dishonesty.

Truth in advertising has come to stay . . . its use is no longer dependent on the integrity of the advertiser, but on his business ability. *Nothing else pays.*

And, in addition, the publishers of your magazine make every effort to disbar from these pages any advertising that might prove objectionable or unprofitable in any way to its readers.

Read the advertisements here. They offer you a dependable short cut to the kind of merchandise you would select if you spent your day in shopping for it.



New! perfumed!
for
**NATURAL
EYELASH
BEAUTY**

THE new *Cake Winx* looks as if it had come straight from the Rue St. Honoré in Paris... so smart, so sophisticated, so clever in its slim metal box. This silvery compact can't break or become messy... and you can carry it with you in an envelope purse.

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FOR LOVELY LASHES**



These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

GRACE MOORE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is the screen's great loan from the grand opera stage. Born in Jellico, Tenn., Miss Moore sang in church choirs in her home state. Entering musical comedy, she scored tremendous successes in the great "Music Box Revues" of Irving Berlin. In 1928 she made her debut at the Metropolitan as *Mimi* in "La Boheme."



GAVIN GORDON ("Romance," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is Greta Garbo's latest leading man. Born in Chicora, Miss., young Gordon is six feet, two, with dark hair and grey eyes. He had eight years of stage experience, playing many good rôles, before entering pictures for Pathe in 1929. The droll Gavin says his favorite pastime is "spending money."



JILLIAN SAND ("Are You There?" Fox) is a young English girl who was brought over with the idea that she would go into a Will Rogers picture, but was sent into the Bee Lillie film instead. She played on the stage in London, and made several pictures in England. Her real name is Gillian Sandlands, and she was born Feb. 22, 1908.



HENRY WADSWORTH ("Slightly Scarlet," Paramount) is one of the two clever youngsters uncovered by Helen Morgan's "Applause," the other being Joan Peers. Henry is a Maysville, Ky., boy, twenty-three years old, who went for the stage deliberately. So, after touring in Chautauqua, he finally landed on Broadway, from which pictures took him.



PERT KELTON ("Sally," First National) began in show business as one of the Four Keltons, a family vaudeville turn. A natural comic and mimic, Manager Charles Dillingham picked her out and gave her a big rôle in "Sunny," in which she scored. Then she was featured in "The Five O'Clock Girl." And now she seems certain of much screen success.



PAUL CAVANAGH ("Strictly Unconventional," M-G-M) is an Englishman who made a stop in New York for just one play before hitting Hollywood. He was born in 1893, educated at Cambridge, played in the London theater and made his first picture in Great Britain in 1928. He is about six feet tall, with brown hair and grey eyes.



ELISE BARTLETT is the former wife of Joseph Schildkraut. She met and married the orchidaceous Joseph while they were acting together on the stage. Their marital career was stormy, and, after their separation, Elise decided to go in for pictures—in which she had appeared intermittently during the Schildkrauts' life together.



BRAMWELL FLETCHER ("Raffles," United Artists) is another English actor American film audiences will meet for the first time in this Colman talkie. This is his first visit to our shores, after a career in the English theater and some time spent in the British film studios. As you can see, Mr. Fletcher is very Nordically blond.



News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

The public knew that she was apt to do something funny at any moment and they weren't going to be caught without their laugh muscles limbered up.

The upshot of it all was that poor Junior had to rush back to the Universal lot, grab Beryl Mercer, set the cameras grinding and retake all the scenes in which ZaSu had appeared. So if you heard that ZaSu Pitts was in "All Quiet" don't be surprised if she looks like Beryl Mercer. It *is* Beryl Mercer and this is why.

LITTLE Colleen Moore's seven-year dream of happiness is over.

In mid-May, she received a divorce from John McCormick, whom she married in 1923. For long the marriage was believed one of Hollywood's happiest.

In her appeal for a decree Colleen charged McCormick with cruelty, citing various occasions when he was in a surly mood, insulting to her guests and ugly to her.

McCormick did not appear to contest the suit. Several weeks ago he disappeared, and it was later learned that he had sailed for Honolulu.

So passes "a happy Hollywood home." Enters great sadness for Colleen and her devoted friends, and the chance for more "I told you so's" from critics of filmland. And the big beautiful house in Bel-Air, so recently completed, passes to other hands. Just like the new popular song, "A Cottage for Sale."

We're all sorry, Colleen!

"I'VE discovered after all these months in Hollywood," said Ann Harding, she of the mild manner, "that the only way to get things in this business is to shout for them. The person with the best pair of lungs gets the most things!"

A BIT in Eddie Quillan's picture, "Night Work," requires the actor to give a group of children doses of castor oil. But the director decided to do away with realism for once. They used white molasses instead.

A FRIEND called Aileen Pringle on the phone.

"Miss Pringle isn't here," the maid said.

"Is she working today?" asked the friend.

"No, ma'am, I'll tell you. She went to a funeral this afternoon and afterwards she said she was going to a tea party."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO died "just comfortably off," according to modern standards.

His net estate amounted to \$331,693, according to a report filed by S. George Ullman, his manager, executor and friend. \$551,346 had been used to pay funeral expenses and heavy claims against the estate.

CUPID'S Newsreel—

. . . in London, Maria Corda, who played "Helen of Troy," says that she's willing to remarry her ex-husband, who is Alexander Korda and spells it with a K . . . but in Hollywood, Korda says it's a "bit too early" to speak of anything like that . . . Marie Prevost asks the superior court to let her be Miss Marie Prevost, dropping the name of Mrs. Kenneth Harlan . . . they were divorced, in January, 1929, and he's wed again . . . Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks pass their tenth wedding anniversary, and Doug is taking a golf vacation in Europe this year while Mary stays in Hollywood making pictures . . . Bert Lytell marries Grace Menken in Phila-



Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

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Kotex deodorizes; Kotex is softer, more absorbent, and thus adds both daintiness and comfort to sanitary protection.

YOU want a feeling of security and safety in sanitary protection. But you want even more than that, and Kotex gives you more.

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Kotex stays soft, stays comfortable, after hours of wear. It is made of a most unusual substance, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This is the very same absorbent used by 85% of our great hospitals today. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton—with five times the absorbency.

When you think it over, the fact that great hospitals use Kotex is your most important assurance that it is best for personal use. Hospitals—with their high

medical standards — are careful to use only the best, the most comfort-giving, the most hygienic protection for patients.

And don't forget that Kotex is disposable. That alone has changed the hygienic habits of women all over the world. Once you try it, you, too, will change to this newer, smarter sanitary method. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

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- 1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
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- 5 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

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And when you touch *Un Air Embaumé* to your ears, neck and fingertips, you will at once sense how it youthfully enhances your charm and attractiveness.

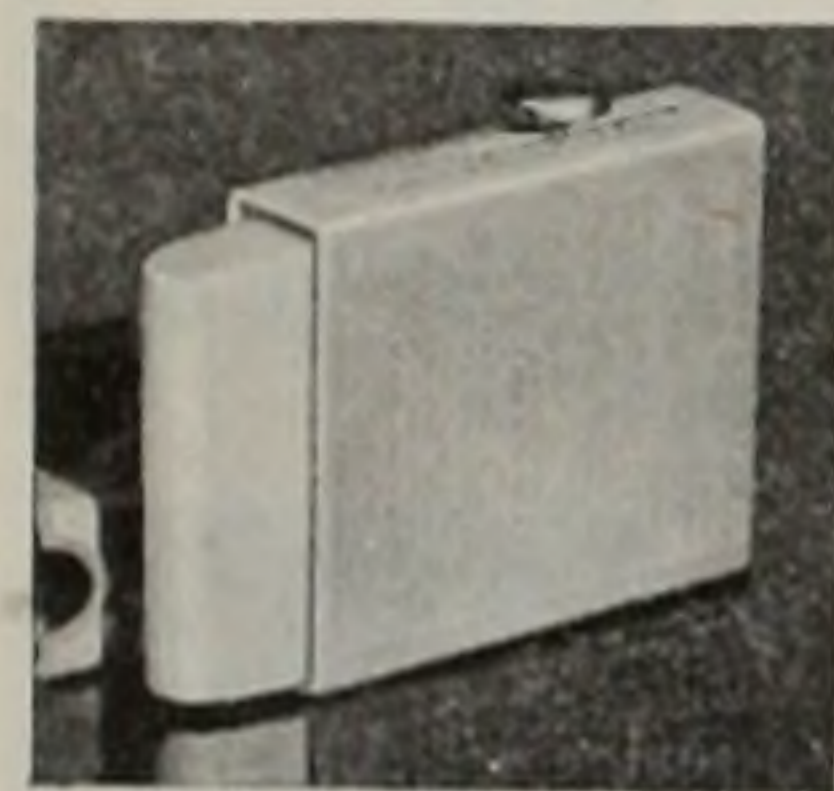
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delphia . . . they had been engaged a year . . . and it's Bert's third marriage . . . Janet Gaynor returns to Hollywood still insisting that all this talk of a rift between her and Hubby Lydell Peck is just so much blah . . . Al St. John tells the judge he can't pay his wife the alimony he owes her because he's not working, so the judge gives him a little more time to find a job . . . Hollywood watching the progress of the Bill Boyd-Dorothy Sebastian romance . . . and Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan still going places together . . . Mrs. Lloyd Hamilton still asking the court to make Lloyd pay her that little item of \$10,000 back alimony which she's been trying to collect ever since when . . . Georgette Cohan denies she's going to marry Phil Plant, dispossessed ex-hubby of Connie Bennett.

IT sounds like what happens in Octavus Roy Cohen's famous black-life stories—but it really did happen to Stepin Fetchit . . .!

A squad of police answered a riot call to a certain Los Angeles address. They found a party in progress at which the guests were of Los Angeles' best negro society. Out in the back yard, tangled up in a lot of wire around a chicken coop, lay Stepin Fetchit, and above him stood a large ebony gentleman named Simon P. Johnson. Johnson had a cudgel in his hand with which he was earnestly belaboring Fetchit.

"What's all this about?" demanded Officers Baggott and Hickey, arresting Johnson on charges of assault and possession of a gun.

"Ah nevu did lak dat Fetchit, nohow!" was all the explanation Johnson would give.

Fetchit wouldn't give any further explanation himself.

Johnson was hauled away to jail.

"It was wuth it," he soliloquized.

NEATEST sign of the week and observed by our confidential observer on the gate that leads to the tennis courts of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert's mountain aerie: "Tennis by appointment only."

And that means you, you great big gate and buffet-supper crasher!

IF William S. Hart breaks out in one of these here new-fangled talkies before long we are not going to be *that* surprised.

Bill went over to M-G-M to call on Johnny Mack Brown while Johnny was working on

"Billy the Kid." Johnny took him right up close to the microphone and when Bill found it wouldn't bite he agreed to make a scene just for fun. And liked it so well that they almost had to hit him on the head to get him away from the mike.

Not long after I saw a newsreel in which Bill interpreted some Indian sign language in a deep, booming bass. He was a little bit reminiscent of the old-fashioned Shakespearean actor—which is to be understood. Bill used to play Shakespeare in his early days on the stage before he became America's best-loved Western star. But his voice is all right, and the impassive face and steely glance that made him famous are unchanged. Bet he'd be a big drawing card in a series of talkie Westerns!

BEING late for the studio, Constance Bennett was making time down the boulevard when she ran by a stop signal. A traffic officer immediately gave chase and headed her into the curb.

"Say," he said, indignantly, "didn't you see that red light?"

"Oh, was it red?" innocently inquired Connie.

"Yeah," pulling out his pad, "but this ticket is pink. Try and run past that."

A NEW picture was being pre-viewed in an outlying town.

It was a perfect artistic production, but it looked like a perfect commercial flop.

As "The End" showed on the screen, a deep bass voice in the rear of the house boomed—

"No errors. No hits. No runs!"

THE man of a thousand faces may not have as many voices, but he will do pretty well in his first talking picture.

Lon Chaney speaks as five different persons in "The Unholy Three," a talking version of one of the most successful of the old silents. Chaney will be heard as an old woman, a ventriloquist the ventriloquist's puppet, a side-show barker, and as a raucous-voiced parrot.

Opening scenes on Chaney's first picture in a long, long time were shot on the star's forty-seventh birthday.

THERE are all sorts of ways to land movie contracts, but Laura Lee found a new one. It wasn't intentional, but it worked.



A domestic scene on the set. While Director Harry Beaumont rehearses Robert Montgomery and Hedda Hopper in a bit for "Our Blushing Brides," Joan Crawford, its star, does a little hooking on a hooked rug

She was doing a bit at First National when one of the heavy microphones fell. It hit Laura on the head, knocked her out and cut a gash in her scalp.

Instead of going home, Laura insisted on working after she came to. The studio appreciated it so much they gave her a contract.

ANOTHER example of studio gameness was provided by Gavin Gordon. "Romance" was being shot at his studio. In the middle of production, Gordon found himself with a broken collar bone in an automobile crash.

His doctor advised him to wait until the injury was healed before trying to act. Gordon decided otherwise. He had a steel brace fixed, which he removed while actually before the camera. When the picture was finished, he went back to the hospital to finish recovery.

ANNA Q. NILSSON is able to walk without a cane for the first time in almost two years. Recently she went swimming in the hospital pool.

SUE CAROL has a new job. Almost at the very instant her Fox contract expired she was signed to a "bigger and better" one with Radio Pictures. It is an open secret that neither Fox nor Sue was too happy under the old contract. She was dissatisfied with the rôles given her, and Fox used her services rather infrequently of late.

The "Chicago heiress" makes her first Radio appearance opposite Arthur Lake in "Tommy."

HAROLD LLOYD'S grand new home—remember the two pages of pictures of the place in the May PHOTOPLAY?—almost ceased to be, not so long ago.

The rubbish incinerator in the back of the house sprung a leak, or something. Anyway, it set fire to the place, and for two hours, firemen chased smouldering flames around the spaces between the Lloydian walls. Damage—\$4,000.

GET out the family spectacles and look sharp—you may see a new Colleen Moore any day now. Since Colleen and First National came to a parting of the ways there have been flocks of rumors concerning her future activities.

The most likely one has to do with Pathe and more particularly with Laura Hope Crewes, well-known stage actress. Miss Crewes rolled into Hollywood on the talkie tidal wave and rapidly established herself as a voice coach. At present she seems to be the little female Napoleon of the Pathe lot.

It is more than likely that Colleen's future pictures will be released under the Pathe banner and that Miss Crewes will replace John McCormick as Colleen's producer.

Old Cal was snooping around with his platinum earphones and he overheard Hedda Hopper and Julianne Johnston, two of Colleen's pals, conferring with the resourceful Laura. The upshot of it all was that the three of them decided to remodel Colleen.

How will you have your Moore this season—languorous and seductive in the Garbo manner or full of that old Gallic something or other a la Fifi Dorsay? Send in your requests now.

DON'T fall down in the middle of the floor and kick and scream, but Karl Dane's bedroom is decorated in robin's egg blue.

WE hate to tell you this. Somehow it upsets a precedent. But William Powell was forced to shave off his moustache for prison scenes in "Facing the Law."

He approached the gate at Paramount. The gateman looked up and—No, no, you're all wrong!



Be safe... remove cold cream the Kleenex way

BE SAFE when you remove cold cream. Don't use a method that may stretch and relax the skin . . . like coarse, unabsorbent towels. Don't use unhygienic "cold cream cloths," which usually carry bacteria into the pores instead of lifting impurities away.

Kleenex is safe. Great skin authorities recommend it, great beauties use it. Every Kleenex tissue comes from the box pure, soft, absolutely free from the germs that

are so dangerous to complexion beauty.

And Kleenex is so very absorbent. The delicate tissues simply blot up the surplus cream, along with lingering bits of dirt and cosmetics. No rubbing is needed.

Kleenex tissues are becoming more and more popular for handkerchiefs. They are so fresh, clean and soft . . . and do away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering.

Doctors advise Kleenex when there's a cold, to avoid reinfection. Think how much better to use a tissue, then discard it, than a germ-filled handkerchief.

Ask for Kleenex at the toilet goods counter of any drug or department store.

Lovely Helen Wright, Universal's talented new leading lady, has her own feminine reasons for removing cosmetics with Kleenex: "Such lovely tints! Kleenex not only removes make-up and cleansing cream very thoroughly—it puts me in the right mood for a beauty treatment."



Helen Wright

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Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow! Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

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In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$5.00. Order NOW at low price.

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Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 667 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money. Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If \$1.95 sent with order postage will be paid. Check if money enclosed or C. O. D.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

"Good morning, Mr. Powell," said the keeper of the portals, never batting an eye.

SOME of the English critics complained about the scene in the inn in (drat those ins, in-way) "Bulldog Drummond." The British critics, who should know all about such things, said no one ever sang in the tap rooms of the jolly old Empire.

Samuel Goldwyn gets back at them in a sly manner. There is another English inn in "Raffles." And in this inn there is a sign, very conspicuously displayed—"No Singing Allowed."

JOE E. BROWN told me this one about his oldest son, aged eleven. Joe, Jr., turned up one afternoon and announced that he'd had an offer to become a fight manager. Paternal inquiry revealed the fact that the fighter was an eight-year old schoolmate with pugilistic ambitions, but no manager.

Joe, Jr., aspired to the position. Joe, Sr., who learned about fighters from John L. Sullivan with whom he appeared in vaudeville, gave the kid a lot of information about the care and feeding of boxers, and the Junior Brown disappeared, apparently satisfied. The next day he came back with an elaborate training chart on which, among others, this item figured:

Monday—no candy.
 Tuesday—candy, but no sticky candy.

WE think that all persons with artistic appreciation should know that Al Jolson has his initials embroidered in red on his shorts.

"A. J."—Just like that. On which leg, our distinguished informer neglected to say.

"DAD" Spare is dead. He was eighty-four. For more than ten years, he had been one of those mighty individuals who guard studio gates. Would-be gate crashers were always a pain in the neck to "Dad."

It used to be that he knew everybody in pictures. But talkies brought new faces and new names, and life as a gateman was getting awfully complicated for him toward the finish. A man at eighty-four isn't as quick to grasp new things as younger fellows.

And so it was that just a week before his death, this happened at the Radio Pictures studio gate, where he presided.

A woman presented herself at his information desk.

"I'm Miss So-and-So," she said, identifying herself as music critic for a certain newspaper. "I have an appointment with Everett Marshall."

Now Everett Marshall is the famous Metropolitan opera singer who had recently joined the Radio Pictures forces to sing the lead with Bebe Daniels in "Dixiana."

"Dad" Spare glared at the woman critic. "Ain't never heard o' no such person. Ain't nobody in pictures by that name," he growled. "But I tell you he's the famous opera singer who's working here. I am to interview him. I have an appointment, I tell you."

Her vehemence convinced "Dad" that she was just another gate crasher. Neither her own name nor that of Everett Marshall meant anything to him. Had she mentioned Bebe Daniels, he would have okehed it, but in all his eighty-four years, he had never heard of any Everett Marshall in pictures.

"Nope," he decided. "There ain't nobody here by that name."

And he wouldn't pass her in. In fact, when she demanded that he telephone in to announce her, he put his foot down and told her he'd do no such thing.

And finally, she had to go outside the studio and phone from a drugstore pay station so that the publicity department could send a man out to escort her past the glaring "Dad."

TALKIES have at last reached a "farthest north." The Empress Theater in Anchorage, Alaska, has been wired for sound. Cap'n Lathrop, its owner, gave his public "The Cocoanuts," the Marx Brothers' musical comedy, as the first talkie bill.

The Empress is the only concrete building in that frosty town of 1,800 souls. The cap'n gives two shows an evening, though it's just about as dark at noon, a lot of the time.

Moving southeast a few thousand miles, those killing Marx boys have been making another picture at Paramount's New York studio. It's a talkie version of "Animal Crackers," their latest musical comedy. There are some howls in it, believe Cal!

MARY and Doug entertained a large party of friends at May-fair on the tenth anniversary of their wedding. Leon Errol, toast master of the evening, proposed a toast to them.

Everyone in the crowded ballroom arose and drank to their health and happiness with water, coffee, or whatever they brought with them.

UNIVERSAL'S masterpiece, "All Quiet on the Western Front," had a dandy New York premiere.

The Central, its theater, is tiny, and the office had a hard time seating all the first-nighters. A big Universal party was on hand, headed by Uncle Carl and Junior—who celebrated his twenty-second birthday sick in bed in a New York hotel! Mr. and Mrs. John Boles were on hand for the start, John having just finished a round of personal appearances with "Captain of the Guard."

But the handsomest man there was big Tommy Meighan, tanned by the Florida sun. When Cal saw him in the lobby, he was surrounded by a crowd of women, and why not? He was almost too good-looking to be true!

A FEW night slater "King of Jazz" opened at the huge 6,000 seat Roxy, and police reserves were out by noon to handle the mobs. The picture was well liked by most, but the big thrill came when Whiteman himself conducted George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"—150 musicians going full tilt, and George himself at the piano.

Some of the higher-hat music critics spoke snootily about it, but it was plenty good enough for your humble servant and countless thousands of other citizens.

AND the Warner boys opened a new theater on Broadway, and DID the so-called Main Stem go gala!

The street was jammed with shiny cars, and the house with celebrities. Flashlights went puff and sidewalk gapers went oo-lookee! Mayor Walker of New York made the opening address, dedicating the theater to the memory of the late Sam Warner.

The house, called the Hollywood, is small for a picture theater, seating only about 1,700. It is said to be the only theater so far designed expressly for the showing of talkies. And it is very gold-leafy.

"Hold Everything" was the opening picture, and all the film stars in New York graced it with their ermine and stiff shirts. A big night for New York—still the greatest hick street on earth.

JACK OAKIE was playing in a picture called "The Social Lion." In one sequence he competed in a polo game. The first day on the set Jack took a look at the ponies.

They were high-steppers and unusually frisky. Jack found his director. "Say," he said, "let's make this a skiing picture."

GRETA GARBO'S success in her first talkie set another beautiful Scandinavian girl all a-twitter.

This subject is no longer taboo

It's our old and beautiful friend, Greta Nissen, who hails from over the line in Norway. If a Swedish girl can go English so splendidly, so can she, for the honor of Good Old Norway.

With that in view, Greta the Nissen is bobbing around in vaudeville, hoping that managers will figure her a good talkie bet. When it comes to beauty, there are few who can touch the Norwegian belle. Now for a voice!

POOOR Cecil B. De Mille! He just has to sit up nights thinking about elaborate touches for his cinemas de luxe.

However, he's thought of a hot one for "Madame Satan," in which Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny will cavort. It is a costume ball on a Zeppelin, flying over a metropolis. When joy is at its height the Zeppelin has a crack-up, or whatever it is Zeppelins are troubled with. The whole party descends in parachutes.

De Mille believes the Zeppelin Ball to be a topper for his Cinderella ball in "Forbidden Fruit" and the Candy ball in "The Golden Bed." Certainly the screen has seen no more lavish costuming in many a day.

LOUISE FAZENDA wrapped up a piece of wedding cake at one of Hollywood's recent fashionable "splices."

"I'm going home and dream on it," she told her husband, Hal Wallis.

"If you do," he retorted, "I hope you dream of a Sennett cop."

PAULINE FREDERICK (remember when she was your favorite actress?) is now married to one Hugh C. Leighton, president of the Interstate Company of New York.

This is Frederick's fourth marital venture. She has been married to an architect, a playwright and a doctor at various times during her career. Willard Mack, you know, was the author fellow.

HOLLYWOOD is filling up with opera stars who have broken into the talkies.

But there's only one talkie player who has done the reverse. He's Fred Scott, former radio singer, who stepped from the broadcasting mike onto the Pathe sound stages, and then was engaged to sing the tenor rôle in "Salome," opposite Maria Jeritza, with the Los Angeles Opera Company.

YOU'D think that the waitresses in studio lunchrooms would get hard-boiled about actors and actresses.

Well, the other day, Mary Pickford visited Bebe Daniels at the Radio Pictures lot, and had lunch with her in the big dining room there.

And afterward, all the regular lunchers there signed a petition asking Mary never to come again at the noon hour, because the waitresses were so busy staring at Mary that they forgot about the regulars!

MR.S. THOMAS H. INCE, widow of the pioneer film producer and director, has announced her engagement to Holmes Herbert.

By the terms of the will of her late husband, Mrs. Ince forfeits her principal of the \$2,000,000 estate and receives only the interest if she marries before 1931, seven years following the death of the late producer.

EVERY once in a while, "Fatty" Arbuckle raises his head out of the silences, makes a bright crack to show he's still got a sense of humor, and then subsides again.

The last time was when they were discussing the Paul Whiteman picture Universal had just finished.

"It must have cost a fortune," said Arbuckle.

"About two millions, altogether," someone said.



Today feminine hygiene is frankly discussed

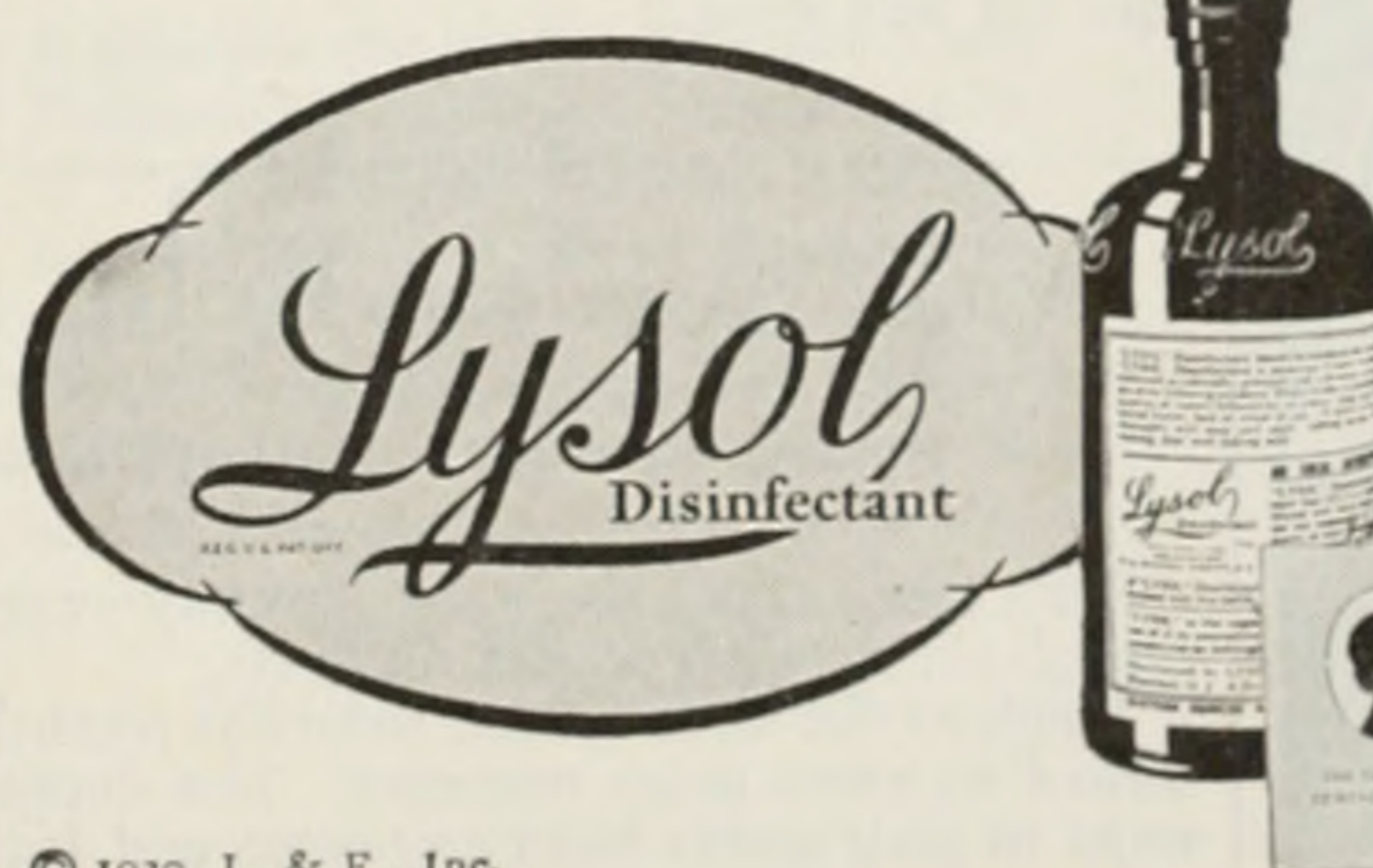
IT used to be that feminine hygiene was not discussed. It was taboo. But in this enlightened age, it is recognized as a safeguard of modern science to woman's good health, continued youthfulness and charm . . . and very often to happiness.

But, for this vital purpose, do not experiment. Do not be misled by the extravagant claims of so-called "non-poisonous" preparations. "Lysol" Disinfectant itself is *non-poisonous* when used in proper dilution. "Lysol" is a *concentrated* germicide, and therefore gives you many times more for your money than do so-called

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"Hmph," grunted Arbuckle; "I'll bet Laemmle wonders whether it won't be a rhapsody in red!"

MAY 5 is the Mexican national holiday. By the end of April, Dolores Del Rio had received twenty-six different requests from Mexican cities, concerns, clubs and organizations of all kinds, to participate in the celebration of the day—by doing things like laying cornerstones, making speeches, attending functions or what have you?

She decided that she couldn't accept any one of these invitations without offending all the others. So she accepted none. Instead, she made a radio speech of her own over a Los Angeles station, calling attention to the significance of the day to her fellow-nationals.

CUT-BACKS on the Hollywood Premiere of "All Quiet on the Western Front." . . . Raymond Hatton and Wally Beery forgot their tickets . . . and had to stall around the lobby until somebody found where to put 'em . . . Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper, during the intermission, trying in vain to get to the coca cola stand . . . and being mobbed by a horde of autograph-hounds . . . must have gotten writer's cramp, they signed that many autograph albums . . . Betty Bronson left the theater in the middle of the war stuff . . . said she "couldn't stand it!" . . . Lucille Gleason stayed through it and said, red-eyed, that she felt as though she'd been run over by a steam roller . . .

. . . Lew Ayres, introduced from the stage after the picture, blushing and refusing to make a speech . . . Wolheim, however, makes one and says that after playing in "All Quiet," he's at last convinced he's working in a respectable business . . . what did he mean, anyway? . . . Lew Cody there, looking as though he's putting on weight again . . .

. . . the strange feeling, when the lads who played the various soldiers in the picture are introduced from the stage after the show's over, that they really haven't any right to be standing there, all dressed up in evening clothes . . . that they're really DEAD . . .! And that's a real tribute to the makers of this film.

THE value of a screen player jumps almost overnight when he makes one big picture. Take that kid Lew Ayres, for instance.

He played the lead in one Garbo picture and then he was cast by Universal for "All Quiet on the Western Front" and put under a long term contract.

The studio got him for a very small salary because he was not well known. Just recently he has been loaned to Fox for one picture for something like \$20,000.

OWEN DAVIS is the nation's most prolific playwright. Of course, he is now in Hollywood.

The other day the phone rang at his home. A servant answered.

"Is Owen Davis in?" came a voice.

"Sorry, but he can't be disturbed. He's writing a play."

"All right," was the rejoinder, "I'll hold the wire till he's done."

COULD you qualify for a job as census-taker in Hollywood? The boys who go around finding out who lives with whom, whereabouts, and why, have a tougher time of it in the film capital than anywhere else.

For instance, if you were a census-taker would you translate Evelyn Lederer Kiefer into the better known *nom de cinema*, Sue Carol? Would you know that a young man by the name of Niculae Pratz, living at the same address, had every right to be there because he is also Nick Stuart and Mr. Sue Carol?

Would you recognize Lillian Bohny as Billie Dove, Ernest Brimmer as Richard Dix, and Lucille Langhanke as Mary Astor? And if you saw Lolita Dolores Asunsolo de Martinez written down would you nonchalantly light a Murad and murmur "Dolores Del Rio,"—or would you head for the great open spaces where a man's a man and his name's his own?

A CERTAIN star has become a social outcast in Hollywood. When she walks down the street mothers draw their little innocent babies away from her. Old men cast reproving glances in her direction. She is not invited to the really nice parties.

There is a dark and sinister reason for all this. The star attended a tea, recently, and asked for tea.

THEY do say there is real war on between C. B. De Mille and director Lubitsch, all because the latter has attempted something more daring in the way of a bath tub.

Lubitsch has had built a circular bath room, done in silver and black marble, with a black marble tub carved to fit the wall. Heretofore innovations of this character have been the prerogative of C. B., though I must say right here that the Crane Company has never recognized what De Mille has done for their business.

But, to get back to my subject, you will have to see "Monte Carlo" and "Madame Satan" to judge which director has had the finest imagination in the way of a bath tub.

AT last the secret is out as to why Dorothy Dwan refused to do any more pictures, even though her talking test was so excellent that she had three offers immediately.

She was preparing for another matrimonial step and by the time this reaches you she will be married to Paul N. Boggs, Jr.

Mr. Boggs' parents presented them with a beautiful home in Beverly Hills for a wedding present.

THIS one belongs to Eddie Cantor. Says he: "A year ago the song writers were searching for a second verse and a chorus—now they're looking for tile swimming pools and butlers."

MAX STEINER, who arranges orchestrations, is up in arms. He says he is asked to be a tailor as well as a musician. The complaint arises out of a request of Luther Reed's that Steiner give him "six more yards" when a theme song ran out before the actors finished their lines. "Six more yards, something we can chop off anywhere to make it fit." He meant six yards of film, of course.

Bebe and Ben

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

She's crazy about the water, anyway—even though she does get seasick on boats.

Much as she loves sports, Bebe has recently turned to more quiet pastimes. She doesn't want to play sports rôles any more, and fears

that's what they'll give her if she indulges too much in athletics. So she reads a lot, now, and studies languages for the talkies. Non-fiction stuff—biographies—are her favorite books, and she thinks sexy French style novels are just a

waste of time and paper. She prefers reading in bed.

Bebe is one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood. She has an uncanny sense of color values, and insists on a matching color scheme in her attire. She hates hats and doesn't wear one if she can avoid it. She prefers to carry it in her hand. She owns forty-seven hats at this writing.

Her favorite colors in dress are white and pastel shades. She dislikes black. And straight lines—no frills or flounces. Shoes are a hobby—she even designs them herself and has them custom made according to her own sketches.

FLOWERS are a passion with her, and her rooms are full of them. Red roses, camellias and spring bouquets of old-fashioned posies are her favorites.

She has black hair, dark brown eyes, olive skin and a nose that's been to the plastic surgeon's twice and isn't quite what she wants yet. She's careful about having that nose photographed. Sharp profiles are "out" for this reason. Three-quarter faces, so that the curve of the cheek forms a background for the nose are as far as she cares to turn from the lens. She, like most other stars, has a good side and a bad side for the camera. The bad side is rarely, if ever, photographed.

She takes her work very seriously. So much so, that for the first few days, she's afraid to look at the "rushes," for fear she's fallen down. Finally she forces herself to watch, and from then on she's lost her nervousness. On the set, she's popular with her fellow workers. Prop-boys fight for the privilege of bringing her a chair.

She is ultra-generous. Giving presents is one of her greatest delights. She will forego making necessary purchases for herself in order to devote the time to buying gifts for her friends.

At Christmas she spends about \$20,000 for presents for her relatives, friends and acquaintances. About the studio, to prop-boys and minor workers, she hands out currency for Christmas gifts. She appears with a great sheaf of greenbacks, and starts passing them out indiscriminately. Several smart boys grab a dollar bill on one side, then scurry around to the other side of the group and get another one, because Bebe doesn't remember whom she's given one to and whom she hasn't!

She goes to church every Sunday, and is genuinely and sincerely religious. She likes to see moving pictures, either in a theater or in the big projection room in her own home. She likes music, but very little jazz. Blues singers and mammy shouters are off her list, too.

She takes sudden likes and dislikes to persons. If she likes a person, she's likely to give too much of her trust to that individual. But if she finds out her confidence has been violated, she never forgives the violator.

BEBE likes Oriental perfumes by night; light, springy perfumes by day.

She handles her own investments, and boasts that she had one of the biggest existing collections of bad stocks. Yet she's a millionairess. She loves animals, and has only one pet. That one is "Snippy," a little wire-haired fox terrier.

The thing that's made her happiest in recent times is what the advent of talkies has done for her. A falling star before sound burst into Hollywood, she emerged from the battle with the mike as one of the biggest stars of the new phonoplay.

Naturally, she's gratefully careful of the voice that's done this for her. But she's still unconvinced as to its worth. One day, Tito Schipa, visiting the studio, told her that he believed hers to be the "loveliest feminine voice on the screen." Her eyes were wet with tears in appreciation of the compliment. But afterward, she told a very dear friend: "I don't believe him." She meant it.

Oh, yes. She sings in the bathroom.

Hands always Lovely

on less than 5 minutes a day



Busy women find 4
Advantages in the
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Fashion Editress of **Femina**, *Smart French Magazine* says:

"NO WOMAN knows better than the smart Parisienne what a lovely asset her hands can be! With her unerring instinct for all the little artifices that accentuate her charm, she was quick to appreciate the flattering brilliance of the new liquid polish.

"I find four decided advantages in this delightful liquid polish. First, it is so easy to apply that it saves much precious time. Second, just one application keeps the finger tips sparkling for days and days. Third, it does not peel or discolor. Fourth, it will not make the nails brittle.

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"With an application of liquid polish at the weekly manicure, the nails can be kept beautifully groomed with less than five minutes' care each day. Just scrub your nails in warm soapy water. Then, with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle remover, soften and shape the cuticle. A good cuticle remover is also a fine cleanser for the under-nail tip."

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How I'd Manage Six Famous Wives

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

couldn't 'there, there, little woman' her and get away with it.

"By kidding her out of her moods, I mean just not taking them seriously. Rather let her know that if these moods get too serious you'll take drastic steps. I wouldn't let her know what steps I'd take. I wouldn't know them myself. Anyhow, I'd never take them, but I'd let her think I would. And that wouldn't be a game, either. I'd do it honestly. Living with Dolores wouldn't always be calm but it would be exciting. But there is

BILLIE DOVE

"Billie is so beautiful that I wouldn't bother about managing her. I'd just feast my eyes upon her. She's always so calm and so poised and so restful. If you came in tired she'd say, 'Now don't worry about that income tax, darling, I know it will come out all right' and you'd believe her.

"But, you see, there I'm talking about this thing from the man's viewpoint. You see, I'm thinking about how she'd manage me, not how I'd manage her. It's that fundamental thing again. Our pioneer ancestors. It's woman's job to keep a husband.

"But one thing I know about Billie. I'd never do anything to ruffle her lovely poise and charm. I'd try to make life as happy and as peaceful for her as possible, fearful lest I lose some of the great capacity for rest and quiet that she has. I'd try to be completely unselfish, do anything I could to please her. Life would not be so peaceful if I were married to—"

CONSTANCE BENNETT

He paused to light a cigarette and I kept thinking of the things Connie had said about how she'd manage Eddie. She had told me he liked sophisticated women and that he wouldn't have a little sit-by-the-fire for a wife. She also added that if she were married to Eddie she'd try to be witty and interesting and worldly. I wonder how Eddie would feel about her. He got off to a grand start.

"Connie," he said, "is one of the most sophisticated girls I know, but behind all this brilliance she is simple and honest, and almost naive. No man likes utter sophistication in a woman. He admires it, he enjoys seeing it, but he wants to know that in his wife it's a bit of a pose. He wants a woman to drop her worldliness for him. I'd try to get under Connie's sophistication. Oh, I'd want the world to see her brilliant and witty and amusing, but I'd break down that barrier when we were alone.

"I'd find the real *her* under the externals.

Eventually I'd get a glimpse of that simplicity and then it would be perfect. It wouldn't be a game, a studied play by play move on my part. Love would play the game. If I did it skilfully and if I were truly in love with her I could complete the gesture. The sophistication would be there for the rest of the world, but not for me. Now, certainly there is very little sophistication about

COLLEEN MOORE

"In order to hold Colleen's love I'd be a kid with her. I'd have to enter into that marvelous play spirit in order to hold her. I'd treat her like the little girl she is, for Colleen is like her name.

"She's a fresh spring breeze. Look at the enthusiasm she gave to having that doll's house built on her place. Nothing was too much trouble. She's a child, at heart, and I'd love that in her and encourage it.

"I'd be a kid, too, and try to find new things always with which to amuse her. Behind it all there's real intelligence, and that's what makes her so charming."

LOIS MORAN

"Lois Moran is young but she has a good mind and a great capacity for the fine things in the world.

"At the moment, she dissipates her energies. She is a little arty. She has a number of divergent interests and right now she doesn't know what she wants. I'd keep constantly surprising her, for Lois has to have new interests. She has to be told what she wants and made to understand it. She is like many young girls with brilliant minds, she is still somewhat floundering and looking for a definite philosophy which she hasn't.

"I'd try to make that philosophy something worth while by continually changing my own moods, by not letting her become tired of me, by keeping abreast of her active mind. She would respond for she has a great generosity and a great capacity for affection.

"Now I've been specific, haven't I?"

There was nothing for me to do but admit it. "But," I added, "you've been talking about women you don't know as well as you know your wife. What about Lilyan Tashman? What sort of a person is she? How do you manage her or, rather, how would you manage her if you did?"

He thought for a long, long time. The cigarette smoke curled about his head. "Lil?—Well, I would—I mean I do—she's—Oh, Lord!—Lil, why—she's just all there is and there isn't any more."

Born to Sing!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

become friendly with. He is a quiet, extremely reserved person. There is tragedy still in his serious, blue eyes. His natural reserve is augmented by shyness.

He will not forget in a hurry a scene he had to play in "Viennese Nights," his forthcoming operetta with Vivienne Segal. He had to walk into a crowded cafe, down a long flight of stairs, with a woman of the streets. He had to act very drunken and make a spectacle of himself before the woman he loves.

"When we rehearsed the scene I had to go through it with the set crowded with extras, property men and visitors. At first I didn't

think I could do it, but I gritted my teeth and started in. I'm glad that I didn't ask everybody to leave. It was good experience for me, and it was easier when it came to filming the scene."

Again that Scotch Presbyterian training was the shadow in the background. As a child he had seen little demonstrative affection in his home. His father and mother were ideally happy, but the affectionate display of many families was missing. He grew up to hide his own feelings.

In "Viennese Nights" he is wearing a blond, curly wig. The blond hair is more becoming

to him than his own darker brown shade, but he feels very foolish about it.

"Why don't you adopt blond hair permanently?" someone asked him. "Women never hesitate to take the shade of hair that is most becoming to them. Why shouldn't a man do the same?"

"I'm afraid that I spent too many years as an engineer," he answered.

And, after all, engineering may not be the best experience in the world as preparation for singing tender love ballads in the shell-pink ear of a prima donna.

HE never thought of the stage when he enrolled in Penn State College. During his first year he tended furnaces and waited on tables to pay his expenses. In his second year he joined Delta Upsilon fraternity. It immediately became apparent that a fraternity man would have to adopt some more dignified labor than nursing furnaces and passing the boarding house hash. So he sold aluminum ware.

"How I hated it," he confessed. "I was terribly bashful to begin with, and it almost killed me to have some indignant housewife slam the door in my face."

That part of Pennsylvania must be full of indignant housewives who are paying good money to see Alexander Gray on the screen, never dreaming that they once slammed their own doors in his face.

He began to sing in college. He joined the glee club, and took part in musical shows. He never had a vocal lesson until after he had gone in business. In Chicago he worked for several years as an advertising man for motor trucks.

Then in his spare time he began to train his voice.

AT first there was little thought of the stage. He wanted to do concert work. He took up the stage as a last resort because it offered him a living, and time to continue his study of music.

His first work of any importance was in Ziegfeld shows. He was at first merely a singer, never having any lines to speak. He came to serious attention in "Sally," and won his greatest popularity during the several seasons he sang the lead rôle in "The Desert Song."



Dunedin, New Zealand

I want to hand the photoplays a large and fragrant bouquet. Don't think I am exaggerating when I say I owe my husband and home directly to their influence.

My parents used to be most unreasonably strict and they never allowed me to join in youthful jollifications, under the firm impression that the "flesh and the devil" lay just around the corner. Some few years ago, however, a friend induced them to attend the movies. Gradually it became a habit, and it changed their whole outlook on youth.

They realized that having fun and dancing does not necessarily unfit a girl for the serious side of life. So I went to dances with friends, and in due course met the boy I afterwards married.

Blessings on the movies. They gave me life.

Mrs. M. M. D.



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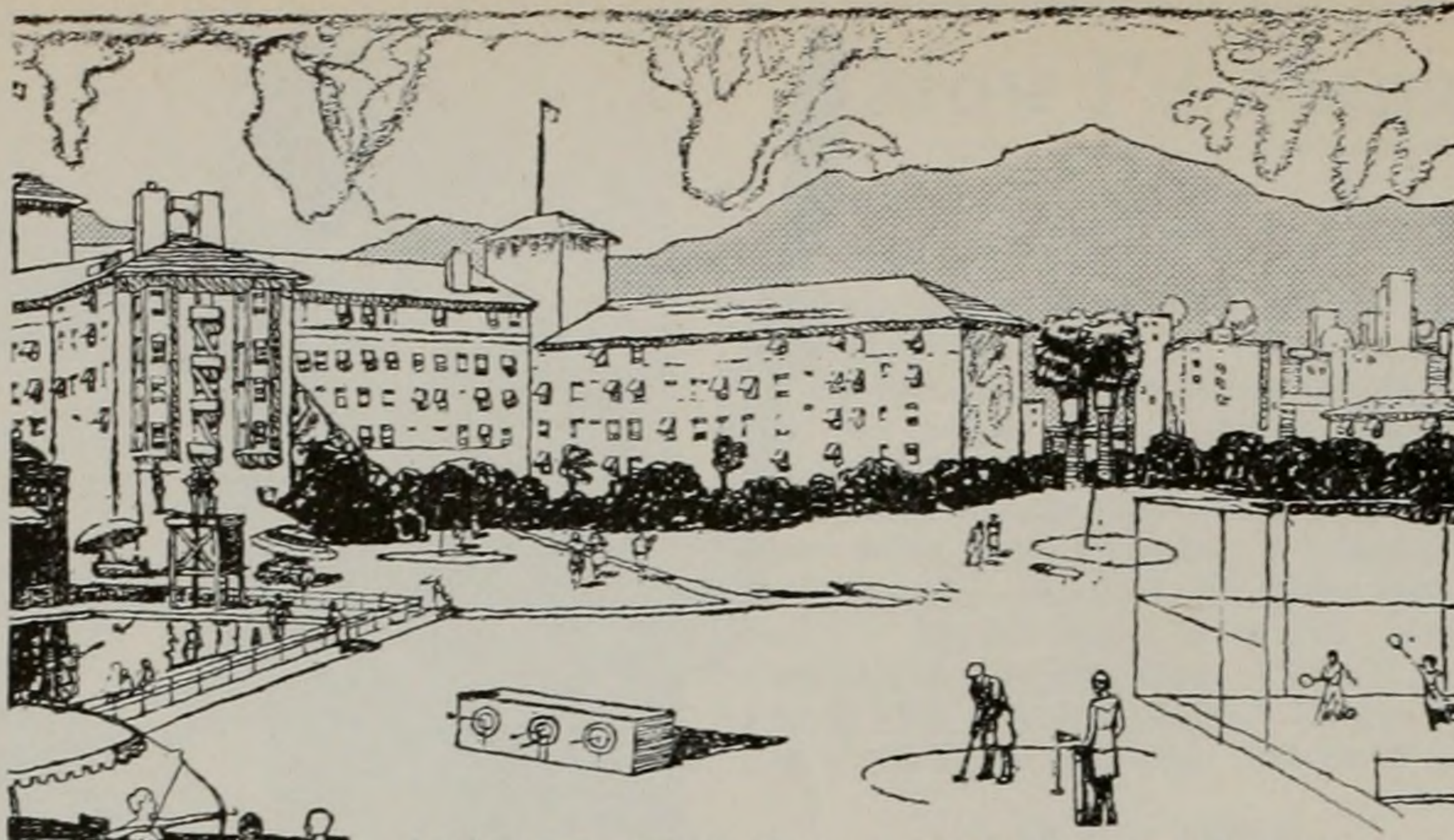


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42

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(See page 60 for full particulars regarding Contest)

This special offer is made to avoid disappointment. Many of our readers complained last year because the newsstands were sold out and in many instances we were unable to supply back copies. Take advantage of our Special Six Months' Contest rate, send \$1.25 (Canada \$1.50; Foreign \$1.75)—we will enter your subscription for 6 months, starting with the August issue, and send you the first set of Cut pictures, which appeared in June PHOTOPLAY. Use the convenient blank on page 134, this issue.

\$1.25

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 919 N. Michigan Avenue
Dept. CP-7, Chicago, Ill.

His sister presides over his home and takes a motherly interest in his small daughter, who is developing into quite a definite personality. His sister sings, too. Music has been a family inheritance. Their father and mother live in Philadelphia when they are not visiting in Hollywood.

Gray lives in a tiny cottage in the rear of the house. He has it fitted up with a small grand piano, a lovely desk made from an old spinet piano, and a cot that could not possibly be dignified by any other word than just that.

There is an elaborate system of buzzers from main house to cottage. One buzz means come in, and two buzzes mean stay out, for the love of Mike, or something like that.

Adolphe Comes Home!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

I haven't any definitely," he says. "I've got all the money I want, and I'm interested only in keeping what I've got—and making the best pictures I can.

"I won't sign for anything unless I can get a good story, a good cast, good production and a good director.

"I'm not interested in being a star," he continues. "I'd rather not. A star's salary gets so big that they can't afford to spend what they should on productions.

"I'm not a fool.

"I know I made a mistake by acting as I did in going to Paris.

"But I'm back."

That Mulligan Spirit

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

through a hole in the back wall of the store, thinking there was something between us."

"Oh ho!" said Dorothy. "Then I quit." Dot Mulligan had discovered, anyway, that she wasn't cut out to be a business woman.

Then came the first ray of light. She met a woman through whom she got a chance to go on the Chautauqua circuit singing and playing piano. She liked it! Here was something in her line, it seemed.

Dorothy Mulligan was beginning to find herself. And besides, there was the queenly salary of forty dollars a week!

But week after week of the Chautauqua, and Dorothy Mulligan once again felt the walls of limitation.

Again she quit! Quit a job she really liked, because she knew she couldn't be herself by staying in it forever. Call it ambition, call it determination, call it whatever you wish, but Dorothy Mulligan quit the Chautauqua job to be herself.

Her mother insisted that she come back home and finish college. Dorothy knew that she didn't want to be a college girl above all, but one ought to please one's mother. So she found a compromise—

"I went back home with the determination to show mother that I didn't want to be a college girl."

She went to school late. She raised heck in the dorms. She cut classes and got other girls to do the same. She calculated ways to be called onto the carpet before the principal for a bawling out. And finally she was expelled.

"Oh, how I loved it," she says.

Now she made up her mind that there must be something for her in New York. She began to have an idea that stage life was her field. She wrote to Gus Edwards, a perfect

stranger, and told him that he had to see her! Then she borrowed two hundred dollars and went to New York and to Gus Edwards' house.

She must have had talent. For she became one of Gus Edwards' protégées! On the stage, Dorothy knew that now she had found what she wanted to be!

And when a four hundred and fifty dollar a week vaudeville contract came along, she was more than ever sure of it. But the vaudeville tour took her to California—and in Los Angeles she was offered a screen test.

"The moment I saw the inside of the studio, I knew that that was what I wanted."

From that moment on, Dorothy was unhappy on the stage. She wasn't being herself, once again. She had her eye always on the pictures. And at last, the break came—they needed a leading lady for "Speakeasy," and Ben Stoloff was in New York making talkie tests of actresses there.

One day, the manager of the show in which Dorothy Mulligan was playing stepped into her dressing room and said—

"There's a big movie director downstairs."

That was all he had to say. Dorothy Mulligan was herself on the instant—by rushing to meet the big movie director. Stoloff gave her a test—and she made good. Since then—

WELL, you know who Lola Lane is! The star of James Cruze's "The Big Fight," and the girl who is headed for one of the foremost places in filmdom, if the unanimous opinion of executives, directors and critics is any criterion.

Well, Lola Lane is Dorothy Mulligan.

She believes that every girl who has any spark of talent at all can only develop it by being herself everlastingly and always. When she goes back to Indianola this summer, to be the big attraction at a church bazaar for which they're going to charge the unprecedented admission of five dollars a person, she's going to advise any Indianola girl who asks her how to succeed, to be herself.

"If being yourself is being happily married to a farmer boy, then be yourself that way," Lola Lane Mulligan will tell her. "If you feel that being yourself is something else, then don't marry him. Try always to be yourself, no matter what the cost in courage to do it."

Lola Lane wants to tell every girl—not alone the girls back in Indianola, but the girls in all the Indianolas in the country, and in all the New Yorks and Chicagos and other places, too—to be themselves!



Cincinnati, Ohio

Our hearts ache for the deaf, but there are many afflicted by the tragedy of blindness to whom talking pictures come as a heaven-sent boon.

In my family there are one totally blind person and another, partially blind, who have not gone into a theater for eight or nine years. They could not afford the prices asked for legitimate plays and were unable to see pictures. But since the advent of talkies, while they do not see the actors, thanks to the sounds and the talk they are able to follow the action of the story. And best of all, they hear the superb music.

How can any innovation be a failure that brings this blessed joy to these most tried of all unfortunates?

Sympathetic



Manage THESE or they'll manage you!

THERE'S no question about it, *millions of women need help!* With all our new devices, they still are being bullied by dirt. Day after day, they are working too long hours... without getting much of anywhere.

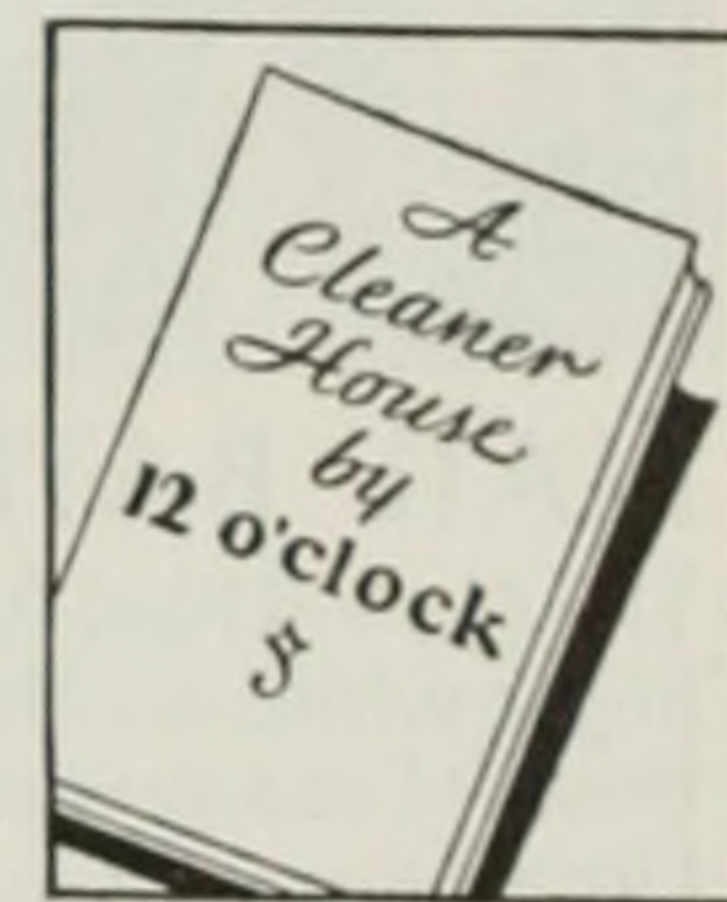
Yet other millions of wives and mothers present such a different picture. Their homes sparkle. They make cleaning seem easy. And they have, every day, some time for themselves... to read or ride or rest in... to walk, or visit, or go to the movies... to keep as young as their families.

Of course our homes must be spic-and-span. That's what homes are for. Everyone knows that when woodwork and curtains and porcelain and glass get dingy, home happiness, too, may become less bright. And we can no more get along without fresh towels and sheets, and spotless table linen than we can put up with dirty clothing or unwashed bodies.

Nevertheless, now-a-days there is something wrong when "a woman's work... is never done." Two things, in fact, we venture to guess: First, the lack of a definite cleaning plan. Second, probably an incomplete understanding of the many *surprising* ways in which soap, the simplest and cheapest of cleansers, can be called upon to save backs and long hours.

**Send for this extraordinary book
—it's FREE!**

If, you, too, have days when work piles up, then we urge you earnestly to send for our book, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." For here are many valuable cleaning methods given in detail. And simple instructions, if you want them, for making your own efficient cleaning schedule. Use the coupon but mail it promptly.



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ONE DOLLAR



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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A Chevalier of France!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

thundered their approval and shouted for more. It didn't matter that his voice wasn't good and that he couldn't keep the pitch. It didn't matter that he couldn't follow the piano and that the piano had to follow him. He swept them away on the wave of his own joyous friendliness, and they laughed at everything, especially his mistakes.

IT was his first big night, and when it was over, Heaven opened before him. The manager asked him to come back. Of course he couldn't pay him anything, but he generously offered Maurice the freedom of his stage, where someone was bound to see him eventually and give him an engagement.

Which was exactly what happened. It was a small-time artist who saw him and his possibilities, and talked to him after the show and said he thought he could get him work. Maurice ran home to his mother with the news.

By that time he had been thrown out of several trades by various disgusted employers, whose time he had wasted and whose tools he couldn't handle. He told his mother that the man had said he could make twelve francs a week (about \$2.50). That was more than he could earn as an apprentice, even if he succeeded in sticking to a job, which was doubtful.

It was a serious decision he was asking his mother to make. Madame Chevalier called in to consultation her eldest son, who stood in a father's place to the little family. Without an instant's hesitation, he said no!

Who had ever heard of an actor in the family? They had all earned their bread with their hands, and Maurice could do the same. Did his mother know what it meant to be an actor? It meant a wicked life—it meant keeping company with a set of good-for-nothing loafers who had neither money nor morals,

who were a disgrace to any self-respecting family. Let Maurice put that folly out of his head and buckle down to work like the rest of them!

Madame Chevalier looked from the stormy face of her big son into the pleading eyes of her little one. It must have been as difficult to resist his appeal then as it is now. Woman-like, having sought advice, she decided not to take it.

"He's a good boy," she said. "Let him try it, since his heart is set on it. If he fails, he always has time to be a carpenter." (It may be interesting to note in passing that before many years had gone by, this same stern brother's proudest boast was: "I am the brother of Chevalier!")

So Maurice tried it. It would be pleasant to record that his success was immediate and startling. It was neither. In his clownish make-up he scored a small hit, but the sensation of his amateur night was not repeated. However, there was no more talk of returning to a trade. It was understood between him and his mother that he was to be an actor, and that whatever difficulties had to be faced would be faced together.

HE went from one small engagement to another. There were weeks when he worked and weeks when he didn't. But, little by little, the two-and-a-half dollars grew to four-and-a-half, and one day he went over so big with the patrons of a certain music hall that its manager not only offered him a weekly salary of seven dollars, but billed him week after week in response to the demands of his admirers.

It was then that his second brother, whose earnings had helped support the household, married, so that even the fine sum of seven dollars was hardly enough to keep Madame



P. and A.

Monte Blue's beautiful family. His wife, holding Richard Blue, and her mother, Bodil Rosing, the screen actress, with Barbara Ann Blue

Chevalier from lace-making or their minds from worry. And though the seven-dollar engagement was a long one, running for several months, it came to an end at last.

There followed the most miserable period of Chevalier's existence. It was a hot summer and work was scarce. Day after day he tramped baking streets, tired and disheartened, hunting in vain for a job—any job. The depths of his wretchedness may be measured by the fact that he was ready to take what offered, even if it landed him in a carpenter's shop. The stage had been his vision of Paradise, but as between his vision and his mother, the vision would have to go.

FOR himself, it wouldn't have mattered. He could have lived happily on hot dogs and beer, and a man can always find a place to sleep. It might even have been rather romantic, a picturesque chapter in an actor's career. But what would have been fun for himself alone, was less than fun for himself and his mother together. His heart ached over her very cheerfulness in the face of privation. If she had grumbled, he would probably have borne it better.

During those days he vowed a private vow that he never broke. Whatever money he earned in the future, no matter how little, no matter how much, he would live on half of it. The other half he would put aside, so that he could be safe in the knowledge that his dependents would have something to depend upon.

The time came when there was no money in the house, and he did something that to this day he hates to talk or think about. He asked permission of a café owner to sing in the café and to pass the hat. Though he was still hardly more than a child, and was doing out of desperate necessity what many boys of his age might have done as a lark, the experience so wounded his self-respect as to leave a scar that never disappeared.

But he had lived through his darkest hour. At the end of the summer he was engaged as a sort of chorus boy for a big musical show called *La Parisiana*. His special talents soon became apparent to the manager, who decided to experiment with him. That was how it happened that young Maurice, in the same buffoon's rig that had been so popular with his less sophisticated audiences, appeared one night on the stage of a fashionable Parisian theater, and sang and gave his imitations of well-known stars with such success that his salary was promptly raised to fourteen dollars a week.

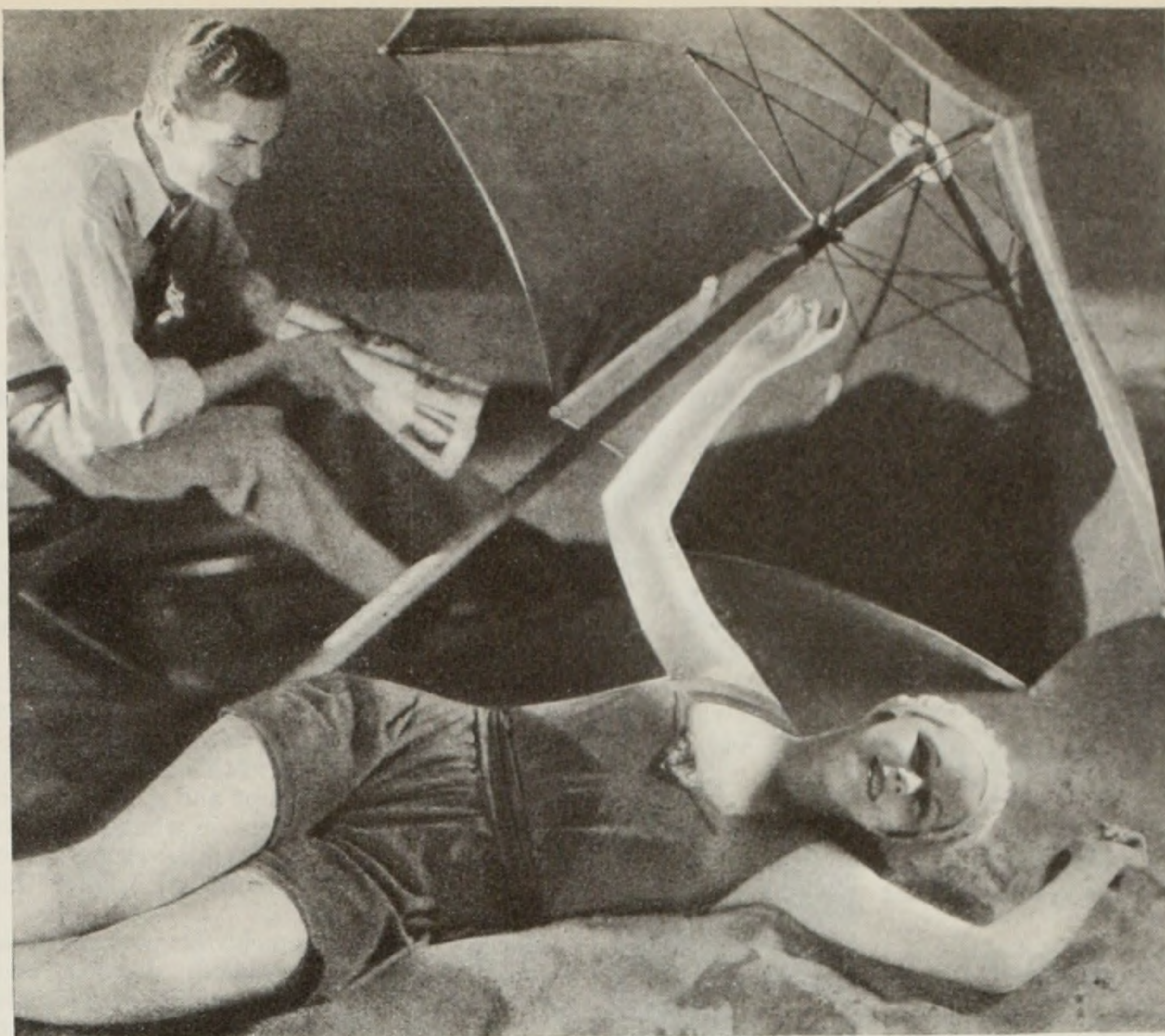
He had the satisfaction of knowing that he was earning more money at his "disreputable" calling than either of his big brothers at their highly respectable ones.

HE was then sixteen. "I think the next few years of my life are not so interesting for people to read about; though," he adds with a reminiscent smile, "they were very interesting for me to live. I did not have much trouble to secure engagements. I played in Paris and also in the provinces, and since there was not the great worry about money, I worried instead about my work.

"Not worried exactly either, you understand—but I tried always to think how I could make the people out there like me more. I was never one to run after flattery when I left the theater." He spoke with the simplicity that carries conviction. "It seemed to me always a waste of time and emotion. But as an actor, I did all in my power to please them.

"I tried to think what I would enjoy if I were sitting in the audience and the other fellow was on the stage. I wanted them to feel that I was one of them—not from a different world because the footlights came between us—but just an ordinary fellow, trying to make them laugh and have a good time."

One of the things he did to "make the people out there like him more" was to add dancing



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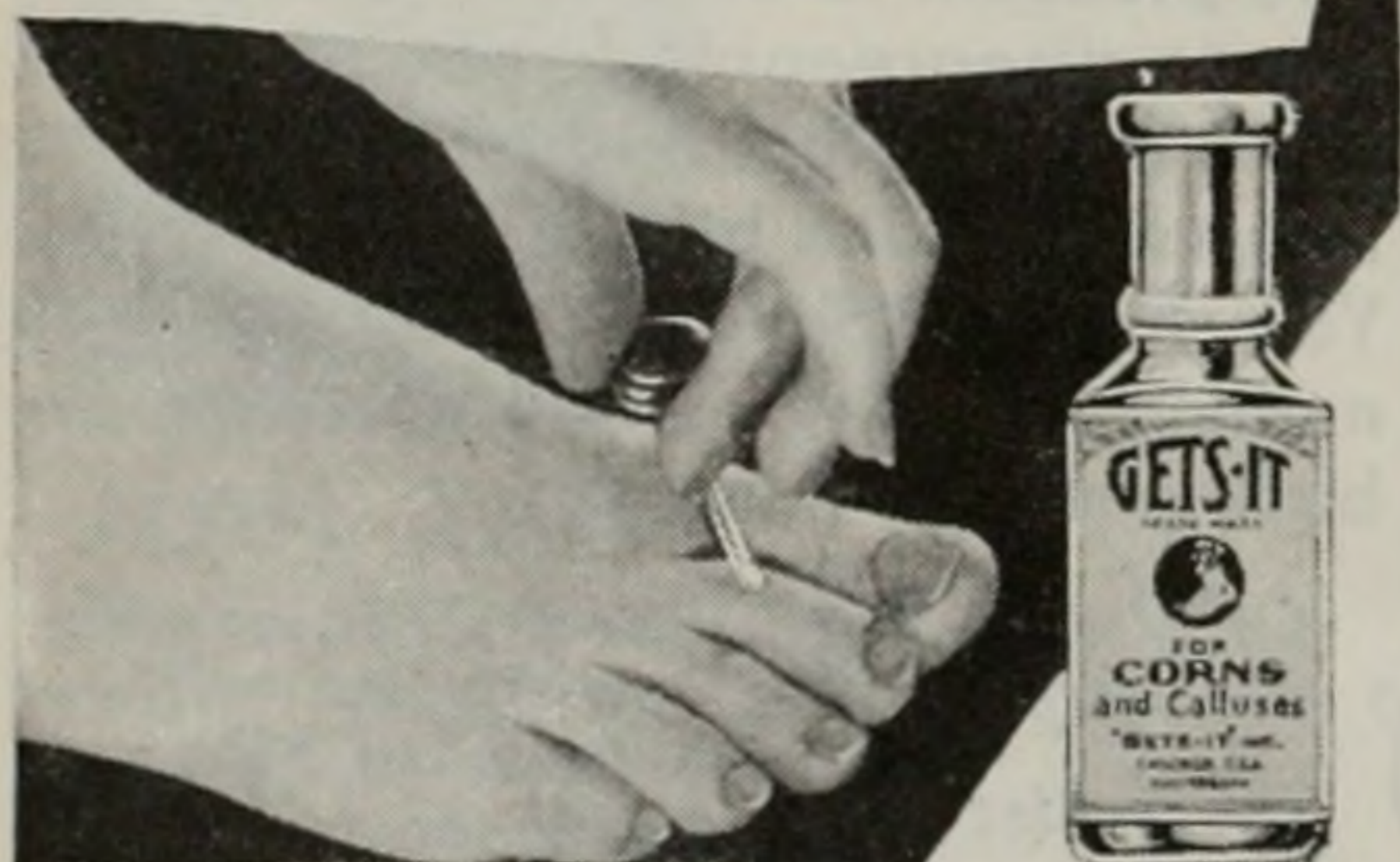


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"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

to his repertoire. In those days there was no such thing on the Parisian stage as a song-and-dance-man. If you were a singer, you sang, and that was the end of it.

But there came to Paris at about this time an American, who charmed the French theater-going public by executing intricate dance steps with his songs, and jiggling to the music as skilfully as he sang to it. He became the rage, and like all rages was soon being imitated in every corner of the city.

ONE of his most successful imitators was the young *comique*, Chevalier, who was beginning to be a drawing card and whom the big producers were watching speculatively. To see him in his baggy trousers and red nose tripping elegantly—with just an inspired touch of exaggeration—through the graceful measures that the American had popularized, was to see something more than an imitation. It was a kind of animated caricature, a funny picture come to life, and it brought down the house.

Once again Chevalier knew the thrill of his first night, once again the audience rose to its feet and shouted till the rafters rang, and refused to be quieted. And this time the fruits of his success were prompt and glorious. He was offered an engagement in what was then the smartest, gayest, most extravagant revue in town—the goal of all music hall artists—the *Folies Bergères*.

During that engagement he underwent a transformation. He suddenly decided, one evening, to play a scene straight, without his ludicrous makeup. He was doubtful about the wisdom of such a step, for he had won his popularity as a clown, and that was how his public knew and liked him. Still, once the idea had occurred to him, he wanted to try. After all, what great harm could it do? If they didn't like it, he had only to run back to his dressing room to turn clown again.

SO he removed the false face and the rest of his disguise, donned dress clothes and stuck a straw hat down over one eye at the angle he had long since made his own, and breezed out onto the stage. He felt queer, he felt unnatural, he felt just a little naked. He would have liked to dash back, but it was too late.

The ominous silence that greeted him made him feel queerer still. So he'd been right! They didn't like him. Well, the only thing left for him to do was to sing his song and get out of their sight as fast as he could. At the first sound of his voice, at the first glimpse of his smile, there was a little stir and murmur of amazement. Why, this was Maurice Chevalier!

They hadn't realized it—they hadn't recog-

nized the zany they knew in this handsome, well-groomed youth whose smile was more dazzling than ever, now that the disfiguring mask had been removed, and whose humor and charm leaped like a living thing across the footlights, as if some veil between them had been withdrawn. It was a revelation! They must have felt that someone had been holding out on them. Their astonishment changed to delight, and their delight burst forth at the end of his song in the most frantic applause that had ever greeted him.

They wouldn't let him go back to being a clown! They wanted him as he was, with his youth and his pleasant face and his debonair manner, in his dress clothes and straw hat, singing the sprightly songs that the French know so well how to concoct!

When he saw that his work no longer needed the artificial props of costume and make-up, but could stand unsupported on its own feet, he was ready to oblige them. He would sing an occasional song in character, but for the major part of his program he gave his admirers what they wanted—Chevalier straight!

HE had gone to the *Folies Bergères*, more or less on trial, as a funny man. He emerged, a handsome young juvenile, the acknowledged male favorite of the French music hall stage, runner up to such blazing luminaries as Mistinguette and Gaby Deslys, his place in the sun assured.

It had often been rough going as he climbed, but now, looking back, it seemed almost a miracle that he could have traveled so far and so fast. He was actually doing what it is given few lucky mortals to do—living his dream—and all of life stretched smooth and golden ahead of him.

It was true that the time had come when his work must be interrupted by military service. He wasn't exactly elated at the prospect, but neither was he downcast. He would do the job that every son of France was asked to do, and then come back. He was so firmly entrenched in public favor that he knew he would be as impatiently waited for as he himself would be impatient to return.

So he began his term of service as a soldier and so, like all other years, the tragic year of 1914 dawned!

[In the next installment Chevalier tells Miss Zeitlin of his war service, his severe wound, his capture by the Germans, his life in a prison camp. It's as exciting as the most thrilling war novel. Read it in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY.]

Talking of Talkies

ONE of the revelations of the talkies is the fact that the most beautiful nose in the world isn't much of an asset to an actress if she talks through it.—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE motion pictures and the talkies offer the substance out of which modern standards of conduct are chiefly made. I think they have surpassed the school or even the church in actually influencing day-to-day conduct standards. The motion picture is at once the expression of our culture, and the making of it.—Prof. Clyde L. King, Univ. of Pa.

ANYWAY, the talkies have stopped the directors from devoting miles of footage to a basket filled with puppies and a baby.—N. Y. American.

IF the talkies stop emphasizing dialogue and go in for conversation; if they discard their feeble idea of keeping speakers in view; if they learn to use speech, and other sound, as

active parts in a great harmony, of which the moving picture is another part, then they will begin to make a new art of themselves.—Gilbert Seldes, dramatic critic.

THE radio and the talkies are such great educators that the people down South are beginning to learn Southern songs.—Life.

THE most dreadful failures in talkies happened when we attempted to make a "faithful" photograph of a stage play, without regard for the distinctive advantages of screen technique.—Willard Mack, playwright.

MOVIES—the fantasia of life, the dream world of a hyperbolic people.—The New Yorker.

THE advance made by the Hollywood talkies has been chiefly technical; artistically, the talkies are still in the nursery. The high praises bestowed on some of the recent pictures leaves this opinion unshaken.—The Nation.

Why the Stars Quit Those Freak Diets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

During the period of the insane craze for trick diets the restaurants along the boulevard and at the studios specialized in the faddish menus. You could, for instance, go into any one of them and say, "I want the luncheon on the fourth day" and have your lettuce leaf and pair of olives set before you. But those days are gone forever.

Frances Edwards, in charge of the commissary at M-G-M, has lived through all the fads. She has knit her brow over the demands of the eighteen-day era. She has fought her way through carloads of lamb chops and pineapple. And now she reports that not one of the girls who lunch in the commissary are on any sort of absurd diet. They all eat enough now.

NORMA SHEARER has found the solution to her particular problem by having her biggest meal at noon (vegetables, fruits, a little meat perhaps) but in the evening she dines on breakfast foods.

Anita Page has reduced considerably simply by leaving off the rich pies and pastries and cream puddings that girls of her age usually relish. Leila Hyams has given up desserts and bread and butter. She eats everything else.

Joan Crawford, who used to be one of the most ardent faddists, lunches on cottage cheese and fig salad and several vegetables. At night she eats an ordinary dinner, leaving off only potatoes, sweets, bread and butter.

Garbo leaves off rich desserts, creamed dishes and butter. She usually has, at noon, a vegetable or fruit salad, Russian rye toast, vegetables, a slice of cheese and stewed fruit.

Jeanette MacDonald has a diet that might be called faddish except that no diet is really wrong if one gets enough to eat and a great enough variety of food to satisfy all the needs of the body.

Her breakfast is a fruit meal, consisting of many different kinds of fruit and a glass of milk. Luncheon is the starch meal. She has potatoes, bread and butter, vegetables, raw or cooked, tea, milk or coffee. She uses no granulated sugar at all. Even in coffee she uses honey. At dinner she has a protein meal, consisting of eggs, cheese or baked beans, meat, fowl, fish, etc.; no potatoes or bread. She may have a salad and soup with this dinner. She eats no dessert, except ice cream occasionally.

And while this may be good for Jeanette (she got it from a famous specialist), it might work havoc with you or me.

Alice White has lost considerable weight and she says it is because she has exercised. Most of the doctors prescribe a certain amount of exercise, but not too much.

Lina Basquette, who has reduced to a mere shadow of her former self, declares that it is only hard work that has done it.

MANY of the girls want to put on weight rather than take it off. June Collyer, for instance, drinks a quart and a half of milk every day. This she takes between meals and before she goes to bed at night.

There have been, in the last six months, no disastrous results from dieting. Before—ah, what a toll was taken for beauty's sake! But the little girls are slowly getting on to themselves. Their eyes are being opened.

Health is the vital requisite now. Health is what the studios demand of their stars. Health is what the stars themselves want and they have found that they may be healthy and slim at the same time. They go to masseuses to be reduced "in spots."

And so, instead of subscribing to the dictates of the mad diets, they have put themselves in the hands of reputable physicians who are wise enough to guide them to real beauty!



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At first nothing seems to happen. Then slowly, into your lips begins to creep the rose-blush color that is Nature's own . . . a glow of perfect health . . . of lovely youth.

For this is the magic of Tangee . . . that at first it seems quite colorless, but presently takes on just that exquisite shade of color required for your individual complexion.

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, so that it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals.



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Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

THIS month of July, 1920, is the month of "Humoresque," the Cosmopolitan Production destined to be the first winner of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor for the best production of its year.

That very sentimental story of a little Jewish boy who grew to be a great artist on the fiddle pushed Alma Rubens to screen fame. Bobby Connelly played the child, and Gaston Glass the violinist grown up. And Vera Gordon won all hearts by her playing of the mother.

Burns Mantle, our boss critic, writes an excellent piece about it.

AND this is the month that we sadly chronicle the death of little Clarine Seymour, the nineteen-year-old girl picked for certain stardom by Griffith, star-maker.

Clarine was a Brooklyn girl who first appeared in public at church entertainments. At sixteen she broke in doing extra work for old Thanouser at its New Rochelle studio.



In July, 1920, Betty Blythe was marrying Director Paul Scardon. Here's the way the noted siren looked in those days

She was a gay and beautiful child, and ultimately Griffith picked her up and gave her leading rôles.

Her last appearance was in "The Idol Dancer." Then, at nineteen, exquisitely beautiful and tabbed for fame, she was taken ill, and died in three days' time.

JULY, 1920 . . . Hot and dry, in Prohibition's first long summer. . . . Lillian Gish is laboring away in "Way Down East." . . . PHOTOPLAY discovers the first Champion Fan, Mr. Jack Jordan, of Covington, Ky., who has averaged seven picture shows a week for ten years. His favorite actor is Tom Mix. . . . Charlie Chaplin is planning a six reel picture, and fandom is getting agog. We say, "The title, if report be true, is 'The Kid.'" And was the report true? Oh dear, and *how!* . . . William Desmond, one of our handsomest hemen, is a proud papa. His wife, Mary McIvor, has just had a little daughter. . . . Sessue Hayakawa says he is going to form his own film company. . . . Betty Blythe, the great vamp when vamping was vamping, has just married Paul Scardon, the director. . . . James

Kirkwood has left directing and is back acting. He is the human prey for Louise Glaum, arch-temptress of the Ince lot.

WE'VE just finished one of our ringing contests.

It was called "The Twelve Best Pictures I've Seen."

Miss Wanda N. Orton, of Minneapolis, won the \$25 first prize. Here is her list of the twelve best pictures she's seen—up to the summer of 1920. How many do you remember?

"The Miracle Man," "Cabiria," "The Birth of a Nation," "Carmen," "Ramona," "Mickey," "Daddy Long-Legs," "The Spoilers," "Shoulder Arms," "Broken Blossoms," "Revelation," and "Neptune's Daughter."

That's an excellent list—if memory is sharp and clear in 1930.

HOT weather pictures . . . "The Devil's Pass-Key," of Universal, is an early creation of Eric von Stroheim, and is strong enough to get a long and laudatory review. . . . Bill Hart makes "The Toll Gate" for Paramount release. Anna Q. Nilsson is the suffering lady in the case. . . . "Sex," directed by Fred Niblo, is pretty hot stuff, too. Louise Glaum is the star, and Irving Cummings is villainous. . . . Geraldine Farrar and her Lou Tellegen are in "The Woman and the Puppet." . . . Mickey Neilan makes a wild farce called "Don't Ever Marry." . . . Tommy Meighan's new one is "The Prince Chap," and Connie Talmadge breaks out in "The Love Expert," with some of Anita Loos' smarty titles.

GEORGE FAWCETT rates a long story this month.

We call him "The Grand Young Man of the Screen."

Laws a' mercy! In 1930 he's even grander and younger—turned seventy now, but still working every day he wants to for any company lucky enough to get him.

In 1920, when he was a slip of a lad of sixty, with heaven knows how many years on the stage behind him, he turned to directing, and is shown putting Corinne Griffith over the jumps in an old Vitagraph called "Deadline at Eleven." Corinne played a newspaper sob-sister.

CORINNE, by the way, cracks out in a story all her own.

Its title asks "Why Bob Your Hair?" and Corinne discourses learnedly on the wisdom or dumbness of snipping off the lengthy locks.

Imagine anyone getting excited over that!

THIS month . . . Martha Mansfield has settled down to steady screen work for the Selznick Company. . . . Matt Moore gets kidded because he plays in a picture called "Don't Ever Marry," and he's the bachelor Moore boy. Sure—and he still is! . . . The students at Princeton vote Norma Talmadge their favorite star this year. . . . Bebe Daniels, not long ago just Harold Lloyd's pretty foil, is sure for stardom, says Cecil De Mille, her director. . . . Adolph Zukor has bought "Peter Pan" for Paramount to film. Now who will play *Peter*, we ask. . . . The news is out. Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean have been secretly wed for some months. . . . Mae Murray now has her own company, and husband Robert Z. Leonard is going to direct her.

ROSCOE FATTY ARBUCKLE has made his first long starring picture!

It's "The Round-Up," made from the famous stage play in which Maclyn Arbuckle starred for some years.

Tom Forman, Mabel Julienne Scott, Irving Cummings and Wallace Beery are in the cast.

They Don't Want to Be Stars!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

I hated it and wouldn't return to it for anything!"

Paramount has a good looking lad, Johnny Engstead, who is of the same opinion. Johnny works in the publicity department, but he has all the qualifications of a Gary Cooper. There is a genuineness about him that has endeared him to fellow workers. It is generally felt at Paramount that Johnny has loads of stuff to offer on the screen.

But Johnny can't be bothered. "I'm in the best of all departments now," says Johnny, "and I happen to know it. Maybe I'd make more money in front of the camera, but what about ten years from now? I'm learning something where I am. I've seen several quit their good jobs in the studios to act, but in the end they all want their jobs back. I'm plenty satisfied!"

OUT at M-G-M you will find stunning Margery Prevost, sister of the famous Marie, busily working in the modern settings department. Margery is another one who could (did, in fact) but won't. Fresh from Ziegfeld's "Follies," Margery arrived in Hollywood a few years ago all ready to get famous in a movie way.

Her sister backed her and the parts began rolling in. But Margery's interest waned. Acting lost its appeal and in its place came an intense interest in interior decorating and set dressing. Against the advice of all those interested in her film career, she quit the studio cold and got a job in the interior decorating department of a large Los Angeles store. Her ingenuity at the work became known and soon the studio called her back as an authority on interior decorating. Now she is assistant to the chief, Cedric Gibbons, and is through forever with the make-up box.

"We all knock around a bit before we find what we want," Margery told me, "and that's what I was doing when I was in front of the camera. But why anyone should want to be in the movies when they could have such fascinating work as I now have is beyond me. Let 'em have their big salaries and fame and let me go right on learning to be the best decorator in the world. No more movies for me!"

Radio has a youth in Kenny Wesson whom any casting director would welcome. Kenny works in the sound department, but strictly of his own choice. He could as easily be working in front of the mikes, because the boy has all the earmarks of a born actor.

Clever he is, and easy to look at, with a sure-fire personality and an irresistible boyishness. He sings, too.

And does things with his feet!

BUT Kenny, in his own words, "would rather go to work any day than act! Working where I do," he continued, "I see how they make it. I've watched actors come and go (mostly go) for nearly ten years now, and it just makes me like my job more. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to it."

I hope reformers read this article—the kind of reformers who say American youth is jazz-mad.

It was my impression, in talking with these young men and women, that they are anything but that.

On the contrary, they are almost too serious for their years.

More power to 'em for keeping their heads in this land of make-believe and phony glory. More power to 'em for upsetting the ancient Hollywood theory of: "Scratch a milkman and find a movie actor."

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Here it eases the inflammation—takes out the sting. And, since it is *antiseptic*, it guards against the dangerous infection which any burn may develop.

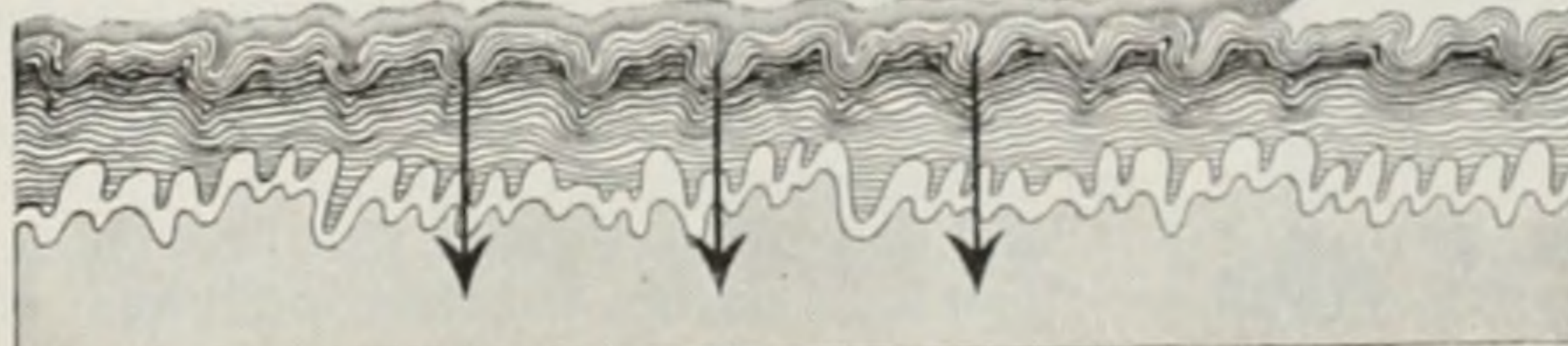
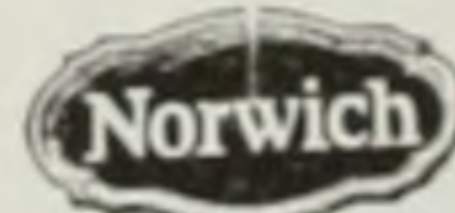
8 out of 10 hospitals use Unguentine for burns. Sunburn is not different from any other burn—and should be treated in the same careful, scientific way.

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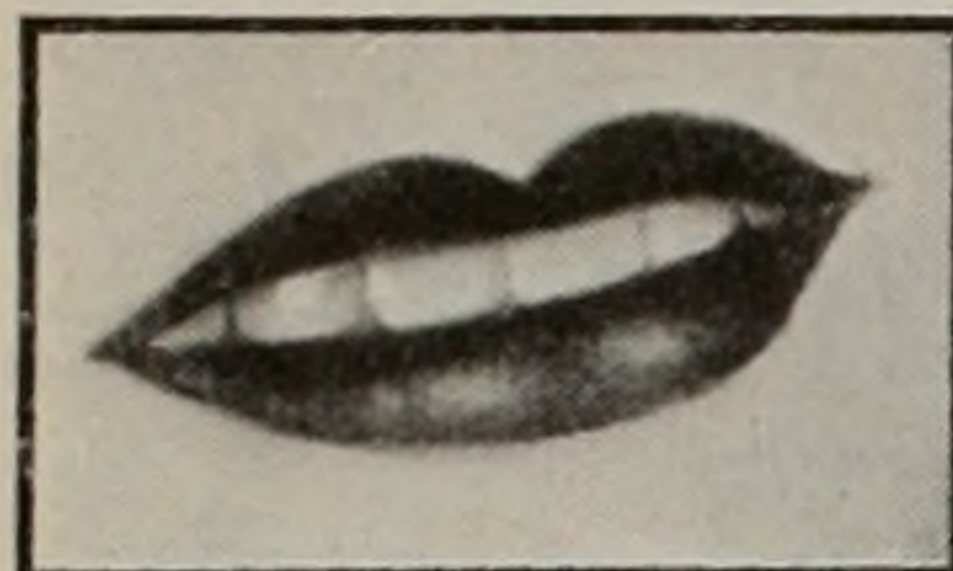
goes as deep as the burn



{ epidermis, or upper skin.
{ dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine goes.

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—Marion Nixon, radiant film star, frankly admitted.

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Miss Nixon is just another of the Hollywood stars who have found that Kissproof alone combines immediate with lasting charm, subtle sophistication with natural beauty.

This modern lasting waterproof lipstick is available at toilet counters everywhere. *Black and Gold Case, 50c; Swivel Case, 75c.*

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Weight and Hope

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

"Well, slender you'll get, Hope, or you're through, and we'll both lose money."

"What about this last picture?" demanded Miss Galaday, nearer to tears than she dared show. "Wasn't I suitable?"

"Yes, but you was a piece of human flotsam!" shrieked Abe, becoming irritated. "Boxcar Annie could be a trifle plump, because once in a career you can have a part where your costume is an oatsack. From now on only forsaken wives can be plump, and you ain't the type. Roll off the weight or out of the business."

"Not an ounce," gritted Hope.

"THEN," said Mr. Zoop sternly, "I've got to tell you. At half past eleven this morning Adams put in a bid for you to play in 'Pawns of Passion,' but the advisory committee turned him down."

"I'd be opposite Lancelot?"

"You certainly would, and from what I hear that wouldn't be any too close, judging by the way this here Fairfax has him snagged. And she's got a shape like the stick on a skyrocket."

"You mean he's liable to stray? Oh, Abe, he was saying something about my weight at breakfast, but I never really thought there was another woman behind it. I'd give up pictures, but not my Lancelot. Why, the insipid little brat. I'll scratch her eyes out!"

Mr. Zoop smirked inwardly. "Wait until the picture's finished," he begged. "You can stay on the set while it's in production, but that's the best I can do."

"But can't you make the committee change its mind?"

"No," said Abe warily, "I can't. I had to organize it because I was getting too kind-hearted. Like now. I'd weaken enough to let Adams have you, if it wasn't for them. They save me money, baby, and they've made their decision. I'm positive it's negative."

"How much do I have to take off?" asked the despairing starlet.

"Only twelve pounds," beamed Mr. Zoop, "and now that you're doing it for love, ain't it pleasurable? Of course, it serves you right for being soft on one of these Hollywood Hamlets, because they're harder to hold than easy money."

Hope scrubbed off her make-up, ran to the parking area and nonchalantly asked for one of the studio limousines to take her home.

"Sure thing, Miss," grinned a chauffeur. "Seems queer to see you alone, but then, Mr. Leake drove away with that new Broadway headache about half an hour ago." He paused hopefully, waiting for an outburst that would provide gossip.

"Y-Yes, isn't she a darling?" cooed Miss Galaday, her heart going numb. "I wanted him to show her some of the sights." And all the way to Beverly Hills she caroled as blithely as an opera singer on pay day, much to the chauffeur's disgust.

DISMISSING the car at her physician's office, she marched inside. Ten minutes later the doctor removed his eyeglasses and regarded her with the pitying smile he reserved for the mildly insane.

"I've known you for five years," he remarked, "and this is the first time you've been other than sensible."

Miss Galaday exhibited the ire of any beautiful woman attributed with that unnecessary virtue.

"Isn't it sensible to try to hold your best boy friend's interest?" she flared.

"I'm concerned only with your health, and my advice is to stay the way you are."

"But only twelve pounds; that isn't much." "Not for a starter, but then you'll want an-

other two or three, and so on. I know how it goes. Good heavens, girl, there are as many cases of malnutrition right here on Canyon Drive as on any street in the slums."

"Very well," said Hope, rising. "Then I'll have to try some quack. Do you want that responsibility?"

The doctor shrugged resignedly and reached for his prescription pad. "It won't be easy," he said, writing, "but you can try this. Here's a restricted food list. You're a pretty fine specimen, Miss Galaday, and you can tell this Leake person, with my compliments, that he's a blamed idiot."

Hostilities commenced next morning at that popular battlefield, the breakfast table. The brazen Lancelot, his mouth half full of the Galaday waffles, offered a little high explosive to the effect that a certain party was superb and intriguing. Hope countered with machine gun fire that no woman achieved those charms until she had passed thirty-five.

Mr. Leake, undaunted, put over a creeping barrage asserting that slimness and sophistication were preferable to youth and corpulence. Whereupon Miss Galaday charged with the fixed bayonets of a scorned woman, routing him both from the lawn and her life.

THE week that followed saw the loss of two pounds and most of her good disposition. Eschewing golf and tennis on account of the appetite they created, masticating a flavorless diet of powdered nuts, apricots and spinach, slinking past the luscious caramels in the confectioner's window, spending hours in the nervous embrace of a reducing machine, the days dragged achingly by. Thirty additional ounces vanished during the second week and Miss Galaday, afraid she was resembling an artist's model for Famine, retired to the solitude of Palm Springs.

The sprightly Lancelot, playing his customary glossy knave, lounged through the drawing room comedy, but once clear of the studio he became just another moth at the Fairfax flame. That shrewd lady, sensing the by-no-means latent dislike of established picture stars for the trespassers from the stage, was satisfied with this one conquest, and flaunted her captive wherever it was smart to be seen.

And Mr. Leake, at first intending to use Yolanda to pique Miss Galaday's complacency, found himself gradually mesmerized by the high and expensive Broadway polish.

But Yolanda never mentioned love, and Lancelot continued in the rôle of an admiring serf, kneeling at her tiny and inadequate feet with the faithful gaze of a hungry Saint Bernard.

"You're like a rare pearl," he whispered, as they ended a snappy sequence in the picture, "against a background of— of—"

"Proceed," encouraged Miss Fairfax, as a princess to one of the peasants.

"Of oysters," finished Mr. Leake, whose mental equipment was limited.

Yolanda's nostrils quivered with what Director Adams had come to diagnose as seething fury, but she turned a tensely smiling mask upon the Wives' Delight.

"HOW sweet," she said with dangerous softness, "I'm resting up tonight but tomorrow I will bring you something much sweeter in return."

"What's this!" cried the wounded Lancelot. "You mean I can't see you this evening?"

"I speak English, I believe," drawled Miss Fairfax, floating regally from the set, while Mr. Leake tugged at his willow leaf moustache.

The saturnine director watched this maneuver with secret satisfaction, and then de-

parted for Mr. Zoop's private refuge. Fifteen minutes of high-powered conversation brought a jovial glow to the president's circular visage.

"So you want to rough up the picture, hey?" he beamed. "A head you've got, Joe, and it ain't shaped like a carrot for nothing."

"Say," grinned Adams, "the tintype can't get by without at least one good laugh, and from what I saw just now the time's ripe to pull it so it won't seem forced. Yolanda won't dare object if we change the *dénouement* a little, because for all her yelps about dear old New York, she'll do anything to stay in Hollywood. We'll make the closing scenes tomorrow, and I'll have her and Carlos lined up. You don't mind?"

"Mind!" chortled Abe. "Mind a director getting broke out with brains! And say, Joe, you can have Galaday for your next picture. I just got a letter from my cousin who runs one of them Fifth Avenue gown shops, and what does he tell me but that with the long skirts curves have come back, so Galaday's figure goes back on the market."

MR. LEAKE, steaming up a trifle late for the final day's work, found his magnificent magnet engaged in animated conversation with a vapid youth.

"Morning, Leaky, old thing," greeted Miss Fairfax. "May I introduce my fiance?"

Lancelot registered a superior class of amazement and wondered why he didn't feel more blighted. "So this is—" he began.

Yolanda drew closer. "Don't you spoil this," she hissed. "He's one of the famous Bleeches of Boston, and I've been working on him for a year. When I grab him I'll be through pouring tea for a living—his people have millions!"

"Really?" drawled Mr. Leake. "And he's got adenoids in the bargain, from what I can see."

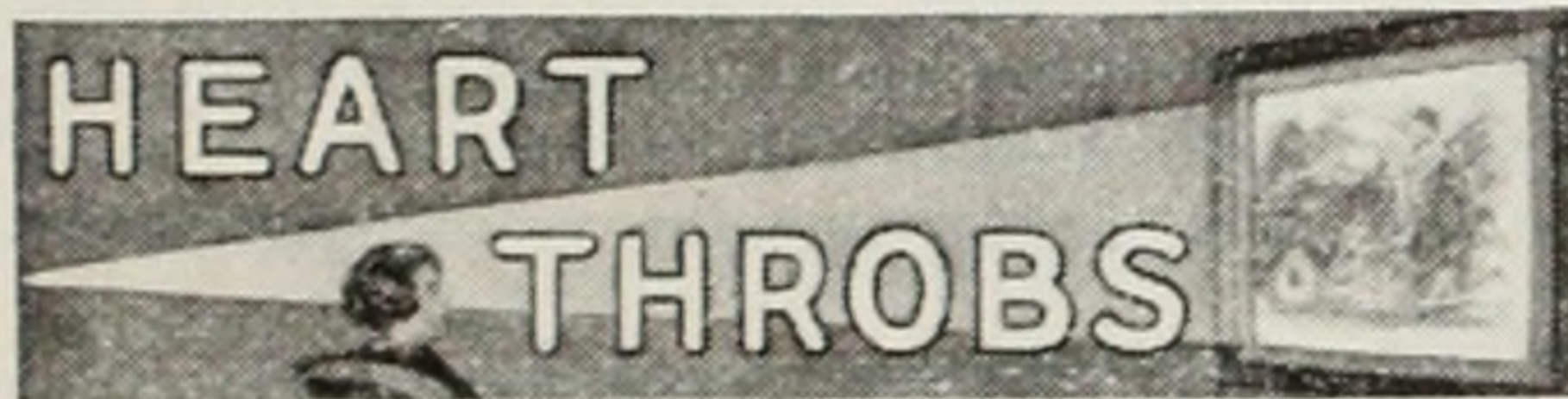
"Why, you overstuffed egg," squeaked Yolanda, and Lancelot suddenly became aware she was merely a shrill and toothy shrew. "Did you think I was trying to lasso you for a meal ticket? All I wanted was an escort, so why not Satan's stepson himself?"

Lancelot turned haughtily away.

And in that moment he wondered if Hope would—

"On the set, please!" barked the director's assistant, and the day commenced with a salvo of the deft repartee in which the upper classes are supposed to indulge.

Never had Lancelot been more urbane or devastating. He foresaw the tumult in the



San Diego, Calif.

My husband sleeps "somewhere in France," and I have never known that small comfort which comes from placing a wreath on his grave. But the other night, in a small movie house, I saw a woman kneel in the midst of many cross-marked mounds and place a single flower on the one which marked her lover.

I went home strangely comforted. You see, I had been that woman.

Another time I was the girl who fed hungry soldiers in France. And I have also been the woman whose man came home at last, after years of shell-shock.

I wonder if anyone knows just how much of a boon moving pictures are to us who must carry on alone. I am most grateful to be allowed the wonderful solace of good pictures.

Ann T.

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It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

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Neet Cream Hair Remover

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It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where the hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

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hearts of lonesome ladies, and flattered himself that he was stealing the picture.

"Here comes the blowoff," announced Adams, as the final scene was reached. "Now, Yolanda, you're seated at the tea wagon between Carlos and Lancelot. By this time the audience knows that Lancelot has trifled with you in order to steal your pearls, and that he intends to elope with your maid. Lancelot doesn't know that he's pinched only the imitations, but everyone else does. Carlos denounces him, Lancelot shrugs and watches the others go into the clinch."

"Remember to give me some footage for my moustache tickling," warned Mr. Leake. "That suave criminal stuff always gets 'em."

"You'll get yours," snapped Adams. "Now, everyone do as well as you can." He spoke sharply into a mouthpiece connected with the recording room. "Interlock!"

THE action flowed smoothly by. Yolanda, juggling the tea things so that her famous arms showed to their best advantage, divided her eyelash fluttering between the deluded Lancelot and his noble Nemesis. The scene grew thick with suspense and Pall Mall accents as Mr. Leake leered through his monocle.

"How I long for the pawst," he remarked, "in dear old Belgravia. Life and love, you know, and neither cost very much in those days."

"Perhaps this will recall it," sneered Carlos, handing him a small photograph, and Mr. Leake registered demoniacal frustration as he recognized himself in the unpopular uniform of Sing Sing.

"Damn you!" he fumed, "and then, as Yolanda sprang like a startled faun into the arms of Carlos, he plucked at the ever-ready moustache, indulged in several spine curling laughs and made preparations for a debonair withdrawal.

"My best wishes, Lady Gwyneth," he said jauntily, "and may all your children—be acrobats!"

Pausing for a second to let his features register fully, he eyed the pair with an insolent triumph that turned to sudden confusion as Mr. Cabrillo's athletic arm swept toward the tea wagon.

In one graceful arc it picked up a large marshmallow cake and sailed it straight into Lancelot's astounded countenance.

Down went the exquisite menace after skittering wildly for his balance, and Miss Fairfax plunged hurriedly into her lover's lapels while the microphone picked up sounds not originally intended for it, but nevertheless quite suitable.

Mr. Leake, thinking the world had gone mad, lay where he had fallen, bellowing through his shroud of marshmallow and coconut until the director signalled the monitor man to cut.

"HOW dare you!" roared Lancelot, rushing at Carlos. "I'll take you up a dusty road. I'll—"

"Lay off," grinned Mr. Cabrillo. "I only obeyed orders. Besides, it'll make you seem human to the audiences, and they'll like you all the better for putting some life into a tiresome play."

"I'll crumple that profile of yours," threatened the victim, "and yours, too, Adams."

"Ooy!" came Abe's voice from beyond the ring of lights. "You took the slap like a hero, Lancelot, and it's a knockout, positively."

Yolanda, who had been screaming hysterically on the Bleeche's narrow shoulder, came up for air with a choking gasp.

"And the way he flopped!" she shrieked. "I'll die every time I think of it! Ever see a hippopotamus going into the water? Flu-u-u-mp-p-p-pp! I certainly do love to see a fat man fall."

Mr. Leake ceased scraping the goo from his face, feeling his final vertebra snap under this verbal straw.

"Fat!" he almost screamed. "What do you mean, fat? I'm a big, healthy six-footer and—"

"Compared to my fiance, you're an elephant," tinkled Miss Fairfax, preparing to retreat. "Yes, dearie, that's what I said. F-A-T—fat, because no matter how tightly you button that double-breasted jacket you're still suffering from obesity."

NEXT morning, before the news of his downfall could be spread and exaggerated, Mr. Leake drove swiftly up to the Galaday bungalow and peered wistfully over the hedge at the lonesome and lovely diner.

"I'd like to come in," he ventured timidly.

Miss Galaday popped out from behind the Times, and tried to conceal the fact that she felt like swooning, both from delight and the lack of nourishment in her attenuated breakfast.

"Can I stop you?" she said coyly, then sent a musical hail after the tablemaid. "Here's Mr. Leake—hurry up with all the things we used to have!"

They faced one another with the sudden awkwardness that precedes reconciliation.

"I—I see by the papers," remarked Hope, "that Glenna Collett has won another golf tournament."

"Splendid," said Mr. Leake with gusto. "A fine, upstanding young woman! There should be more like her."

Miss Galaday stopped suddenly in the act of spooning a measure of greyish substance from a small tin, her mouth rounded in astonishment.

"Good heavens, Lancelot, have you changed your opinion on fat since I saw you?"

"DON'T call it fat," evaded the master mind. "I dislike the word. I've been giving the matter some thought, and I've decided I was wrong. A little extra poundage is like a balance in the bank. Gives one dignity and good humor. Why, my dear, aside from looking a trifle peaked, from worry, I suppose, you're like a rare pearl against a—well, aside from that, consider your heel on my neck."

"Do you mean you really like me to be the right weight for my height?"

"Why not?" beamed Lancelot. "Particularly as I've discovered from the scales that it's just the same with me. It gives a man some comfort to know he's not a skeleton. By the way, Hope, what's that stuff you were about to put in your coffee?"

"Nothing, darling," sighed Miss Galaday thankfully, as she dropped the spoon and reached for the cream jug. "Absolutely nothing at all."

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Short Subjects of the Month

RADIO Pictures offer a novelty in short subjects this month. They are called "Humanettes," and we review the first one below.

There is news in the fact that a new Sennett-Educational called "Fat Wives for Thin," is a little more sophisticated than most of the Old Pie-Master's product.

HUMANETTES, NO. 1

Radio Pictures

A decided novelty. A glorified puppet-show, with your favorite's head on the puppet's neck. The first one has Benny Rubin as star of a sort of revue, with a row of snappy black-outs. Benny is a dancing doll, and June Clyde and Raymond Maurel, singer, are in it. These should click.

FAT WIVES FOR THIN

Sennett-Educational

More sophistication and less slapstick than you'd expect from Mr. Sennett, the master of hurled pies in the old days. It's rib-ticklingly funny. Never has so much eating been crammed into a film, even a five-reeler. It's a roaring travesty on what non-dieting does to love.

CASH AND MARRY

Darmour-Radio Pictures

More Witwer humor, and very funny. This one concerns itself with the horseplay of some college fellers, faculty members and a pretty girl or two. And there's one howling gag you can try in your own home—if you have a party, a pretty girl, some eggs, balloons and apples!

HALF PINT POLLY

Pathe

One of the first of the promised Pathe two-reel Western talkies, with the old silent star, Tom Tyler, coming back as the hero. A high spot is the amazing trick riding of two kids, Hank and Tom MacFarlane. One's twelve, the other ten. And there's a thrilling race, too.

GETTING A RAISE

Warners—Vitaphone

This is the first of "The Potters" family series, with the clever Lucien Littlefield excellent as Pa Potter. This series holds great promise of fine family comedy, a good program-balancer. Lots of humor and some sentiment in Pa's attempts to chisel a raise from his boss.

MOAN AND GROAN, INC.

Hal Roach—M-G-M

Director McGowan's wonder kids always do pleasing, funny work. This time they're hunting treasure in the cellar of a haunted house. Mac is making another Farina out of a tiny colored child. The age of the kids makes dialogue a problem, but they are marvelously handled.

RICH UNCLES

Pathe

Richard Carle, old-time star of the legitimate stage, tries hard for a talkie come-back in this comedy. It's another repetition of the weary old plot where Uncle visits the newlyweds, and Husband gets mixed up with somebody else, and all sorts of that timeworn business.

COHEN ON THE TELEPHONE

Universal

Fifteen years ago this was the greatest seller in the history of the phonograph. What records it sold, and broke! Now George Sidney does it for a short talkie, and the old comedy chatter is funny, with Sidney's mugging helping out. Which shows that good comedy never dies.

ARIA FROM AIDA

Warners—Vitaphone

This short operatic number is reviewed here because it is the eleventh recorded by the great Martinelli of the Metropolitan! It was Martinelli who made the "Pagliacci" short which was on the first Vitaphone program ever shown. And the new "Aida" aria is grand.

AMERICA OR BUST

Pathe

This is Daphne Pollard's famous and furiously foolish vaudeville act inflated into an uproarious two-reeler. Daphne is the Cockney woman who finally gets into America on her seventh try—but how! She's great, and so is Dick Stuart as the immigration inspector.

EVOLUTION

Warners—Vitaphone

While this short was probably designed for the opening of the new Warner Hollywood Theater in New York, it should be most interesting everywhere. It carries the history of pictures from the earliest to the biggest Vitaphone of today. Shots of Maurice Costello, Mary Pickford, and others.

THE REDHEADS

Pathe

A musical comedy squeezed into two reels. Nat Carr is the leading comic and Charles Kaley the handsome juvenile, and a chorus of pretty girls disport leggily. It moves fast, has a pretty song or two, and a few laughs. Just an in-and-outer.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Warner Brothers—Vitaphone

Robert L. Ripley, the cartoonist of "Believe it or Not" fame, offers the first of his Vitaphoned short subjects along the line of his daily newspaper feature. It presents Rip himself, who explains the stuff as the picture runs along. Runs ten minutes—enough.

THE SHRIMP

Roach—M-G-M

Harry Langdon hits again, with his talking return to the slapstick type of thing in this two-reel comedy. In this, pathetic Harry is the butt and patsy of a rough boarding house—and a lot of fun is extracted from everything to good old plate-heaving.



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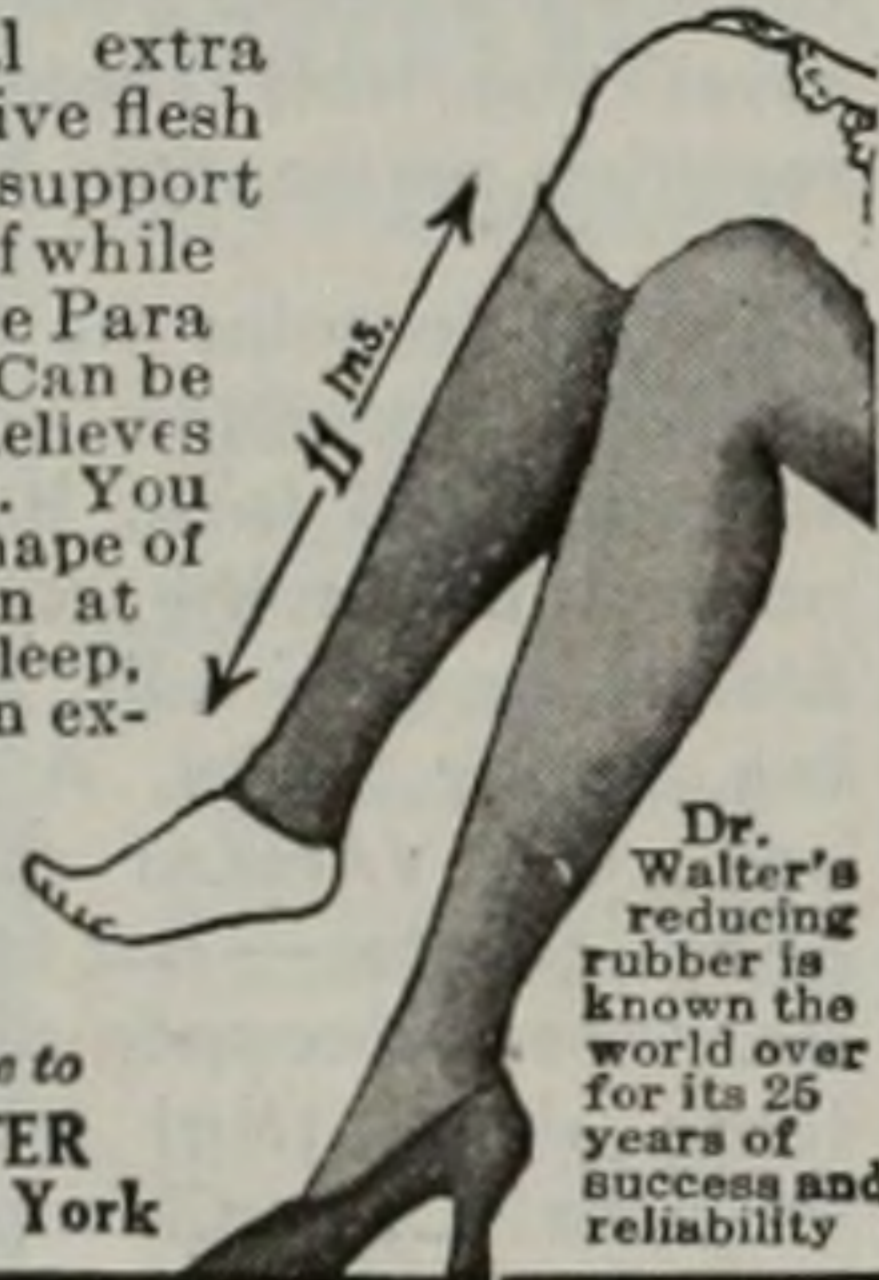
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Shall I Tan?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

His mother was ill, and he was playing nurse for her. The doctor had left some medicine and had prescribed the dose very carefully to the youngster. But when the time came, someone noticed him pouring most of the medicine bottle into his mother's glass. When he was asked why he was not following the doctor's instructions he answered that if just a spoonful would help to make her well, he thought the whole bottle would do the job more quickly, and he did want her to get well in a hurry!

That's just what most of us do to ourselves. We are so eager to see results, that we throw judgment and common sense aside.

A correspondent of the "New York Times" said in one of his articles last season, commenting on his visit to the beach at Cannes: "I believe the sun is actually burning up the brains of many of the people who are offering themselves, like human sacrifices, before it."

If it didn't burn up their brains, it certainly sent many of them away with skins like leather, hair like straw, and debilitated systems. That is hardly the formula for the beauty and health seeker to follow.

Dr. Alsop, of Barnard College, is quoted in the "New York Sun" as having said last fall that "the tanning of the body is one reason for the exceptionally high vitality and lack of

anaemia among Barnard freshmen." But she also said: "Certainly there can be an excess of sunburn or of windburn that will dry the skin. Of the two, windburn can be more harmful than sun." And she also emphasizes that while sun tanning is often both beneficial and beautifying, sunburning is the very opposite.

Most men admire delicately tinted, fine complexions, probably because they suggest femininity in contrast to the deeper-toned, coarser skin of the average man. And many, many men do not like to see their women-folk emerge from the summer many shades darker than Nature intended. So remember that, you girls who want to remain attractive to boys.

And remember, also, that the day of reckoning will come next fall. You can't be a nut-brown maid all summer, and hope to don a fair, fine skin in the fall along with your first evening gown of the winter season. Of course, if you stay in a Northern climate, you are bound to bleach out gradually to a great extent during the winter, and the bleaching and refining process can be hastened with corrective beauty treatments and preparations. But even the cosmeticians, modern magicians though they may be, can't undo what you have deliberately brought about by hours of exposure.



More protection for the delicate bathing girl. A mask which protects the eyes, ears and forehead when not in the water. Attached to the cap, it can be turned up when swimming. Leila Hyams is concealed behind it here

So, before you go in for that rich tan, be sure that you won't be sorry for it when the first dance invitation arrives in the fall. I don't think you need worry a bit about a light tan. The trend for several years has been toward natural skin tones, and many women who used to try to bleach out their necks to match their faces are now using darker tinted powders to blend the face and neck tones. Even the era of more romantic fashions in dress has not, so far, interfered with this movement toward healthy, natural tinted skins.

What the next season may bring forth, who knows? But who cares, with sanity and the sun and wind to blend this summer into a season of health and beauty.

OLIVE S.:

The ordinary skin eruption responds quickly to scrupulous cleanliness and simple diet, free from too many fats, starches and sugar. Wash your forehead several times a day with soap and warm water. If you use cold cream, wipe it off with an antiseptic lotion. Keep your hair brushed back for a time, as it is heating and may spread infection. Then, if the condition does not yield, seek the advice of your physician. Perhaps the fact that you are somewhat underweight and a little run down is at the root of this trouble.

GRAYCE:

If your skin is fair, you can wear black well. White, especially if brightened by a bit of colored trimming or a string of bright beads, should be flattering. You can also wear golden brown, most shades of blue, blue-grey, flesh pink and soft rose but not deep pink or coral, and most shades of green. If your skin is sallow, you will have to avoid the yellow greens. Use a light rachel or champagne powder, a medium rouge and corresponding shade of lipstick.

NETTIE J.:

If sun tan is so becoming to you, by all means go in for it again this summer. Just use a little discretion in acquiring it. I do feel that some words of warning are in order, having once been so zealous in acquiring a tan myself that I was most uncomfortable for some days!

PERPLEXED:

At your age, your height requires a weight of about 120 pounds. That means you are not a bit overweight. If your hips are large, I have some special hip-reducing exercises that will improve them. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and repeat your request and I'll forward the reducing booklet promptly and mark the exercises you should follow.

MISS H. T.:

To be called the "Madonna" type would seem like a great compliment, to my way of thinking. But if you feel you want to be put in a more "jazzy" classification, here are some suggestions: Change your hair from a middle part to a side part. Instead of tucking it back in a knot, curl up the ends and wear it in a fluffy long bob. Use a bit of lipstick, not enough to be conspicuous, but just to emphasize the color a little. You won't need rouge, with your clear, fair skin.

Don't wear such plain, straight-line clothes. Choose styles that are a bit more "snappy" and colorful. Then, when you have done all this, you will be ready to decide whether you want to remain a "young modern" or go back to the "Madonna" type. They're both mighty nice girls.

MARY M.:

You are the olive-skinned, brunette type and can wear the following colors: ivory and cream white, mahogany and dark brown, darkest blue, dark green, warm, dark reds, terra cotta, buff and apricot, palest pink. Avoid purple and grey. Black may be becoming, if relieved with white or cream at the throat or trimmed with a color.



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Lane Chandler
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Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
Richard "Skeets"
Gallagher
Harry Green
James Hall
Neil Hamilton

O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Helen Kane
Dennis King
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
John Loder
Jeanette MacDonald
Frederic March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

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Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Jack Benny
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Marion Harris
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan

Buster Keaton
Charles King
Carlotta King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Nina Mae McKinney
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

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Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
El Brendel
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Helen Chandler
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Joyce Compton
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Louise Dresser
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Charles Eaton
Stuart Erwin
Charles Farrell
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John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
William Harrigan
Richard Keene

Lola Lane
Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
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Sally Phipps
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Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
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Doris Kenyon

Dorothy Mackaill
Marilyn Miller
Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Milton Sills
Alice White
Loretta Young

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John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Lorayne DuVal
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
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Natalie Kingston
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James Murray
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Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
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That Awful "IT"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

with Harry Richman, she got as much kick out of it as a kid with a beanshooter. But she's not hot about going up again. She has two automobiles—a limousine and a sports touring car—and (at this writing) no chauffeur. Yet she doesn't like to drive her own. But when she does, she goes like a bad word.

AND she loves boats. Sailors, too. She's never happier than when she's working in a picture about the navy, with a lot of sailors in it. In "Paramount on Parade," she sings "True to the Navy." She's a good sailor herself and doesn't get seasick even in rough weather.

Maybe it's this affinity for things nautical that makes her Malibu beach cottage her favorite place. She spends most of her spare time there, enjoying the ocean and such friends as she invites. Who they are doesn't read like "Who's Who in Pictures." She doesn't pal around much with the stars. Her closest acquaintances are likely to be extra girls and prop-boys and ordinary folk like that. Strange, but Clara, who's one of the most popular girls in the history of the screen, is one of the loneliest in Hollywood.

She doesn't go "out" much. Prefers to stay at home for her fun. Trouble is that every place she goes, she's mobbed by fans. And she doesn't like it. She usually resorts to disguises like dark sunglasses and wigs to dodge crowds.

She doesn't like the radio, but buys nearly every new dance record that's put out for her phonographs. She has three of them—a combination radio-phonograph at her in-town home, another at her beach place, and a portable phonograph in her dressing room. She rarely turns on the radio, but the phonograph is rarely still. And she likes it loud! "I've never seen a Red Seal record on her phonograph," says a friend who knows her well. Baritone recordings of popular songs seem to be her prime favorites. Leo Reisman's orchestra is her current favorite dance band.

Her greatest hero is still Charles Augustus Lindbergh, and Rudolph Valentino, in her estimation, was the greatest actor, bar none, that ever lived. Her living favorite actor is Lawrence Tibbett.

HER favorite sports are roller-skating and football. She does the former up and down the driveway beside her house until the crowd of watchers gets too big. Then she goes in. When football season is on, she goes to every game she can get to—and every year, she entertains the whole University of Southern California team *en masse* at her home. Now and then, a few of them individually. Football coaches don't approve.

She's wild about dogs, but can't keep them. They either run away, get stolen or die. She's had about one hundred and fifty altogether at various times—all kinds. She has four now. No other pets, although she once owned one of those Australian honey-bears that feed on eucalyptus leaves. She got tired of it and didn't know how to get rid of it. So she gave it to a maid she didn't like and then fired the maid and made her take the honey-bear with her.

Her income is up in the thousand a week, yet she lives in a house a \$100-a-week wage-earner could maintain. She has three servants—two maids and her secretary, Daisy Devoe. Sometimes she has a chauffeur. She doesn't like many people about her in her home, and rarely gives parties or attends them.

She has little or no taste in clothes, and she has a roomful of them. The room is fitted up like the interior of a women's clothing store, with glass cases to hold all her dresses. Skirt, scarf, sweater, low-heeled sports shoes—that's

her favorite attire. She has no color likes or dislikes.

She's very fond of exotic perfumes, and has a great collection of them. She also has quite a collection of parlor games and likes to play them—things like throwing darts at a target, or rolling balls into holes, or shooting things from popguns at marks, or the sort of things one plays on boards, like parcheesi and checkers. She doesn't like bridge.

Her voice is low, and when she's not excited she talks throatily and pleasingly. But let her get excited, and up goes her voice into the shrill register. She can croon songs like nobody's business, but if she tries to sing them in an arty fashion, it's not so hot. She's shrill on the high notes, but she can break your heart with a low-moaned blues song. She never thought she could sing and dance until they talked her into doing a specialty for "Paramount on Parade," and now she's delighted to find she can. Her conversation is unusually rapid and — well, peppy.

SHE doesn't go to pictures much. She doesn't like to attend the premières of her own pictures; prefers to wait a month or so and then go incognito to watch them at a neighborhood movie house some place. When she does see a picture she likes, she sees it several times. In Hollywood, she hardly ever goes to the legitimate theater, but when she's in New York, she goes often.

She has no library to speak of at her home, yet she always seems to manage to have read the book that's being currently talked about. Probably the reason she hasn't a book collection is because she gives them away after reading them. She's generous to a fault, but hates to be thanked or complimented for it. It embarrasses her, and she doesn't know how to take it gracefully.

She likes sincere praise, though, but thinks flatterers are saps.

She gets an annual case of sunburn. She doesn't do anything to avoid it, because each year she figures: This year I'll tan, not burn! She loves the sunlight, but dislikes bright electric lights. All the lights in her home are soft and shaded.

Her likes and dislikes in food and drink are few. She likes chop suey. And she has tea for breakfast instead of coffee.

She dislikes personal appearances and interviewers, and would rather be a featured player than a star, because she thinks featured players can win praise by good performances, whereas a star is only talked about when she flops. She's always very nervous when starting a new production, and then draws heavily on the stock of sedatives that are always by her bedside.

SHE is heartily sick of the word "IT" and wishes people would quit asking her what "IT" is, because she doesn't know, herself. She gets thousands of fan letters a week and rarely answers any of them. Nevertheless, she attaches great importance to the sentiments and opinions therein.

She hates artificiality and *poseurs*, and is herself one of the most unaffected persons in pictures.

She dislikes gossip and is unquestionably one of the most gossiped-about women in Hollywood.

She admits having been madly in love with four men—Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming, Gary Cooper and Harry Richman. And (as this is being written) she still insists she's going to marry Richman.

P. S.—But since it was written Rex Bell seems to be the heavy boy friend. Oh, the Bow and the weather!



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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

M., PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Conrad Nagel hails from Keokuk, Iowa, where he was born on March 16, 1897. He is married to Ruth Helms, a non-professional and has one daughter.

H. E. T., LEWISTON, MAINE.—Bet you thought that Jack Holt's picture, "Vengeance," was filmed in the darkest jungle of Africa. You were many miles from home if you thought that. The picture was made just a few miles outside of Hollywood and the players were not real man-eating natives as pictured, but just a bunch of the boys with a good ol' sun-tan. Jack Holt is a native of Winchester, Va., where he was born on May 13, 1888. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Married and has two daughters and one son.

ELEANOR SMITH, WILKES-BARRE, PA.—After calling up all the jazz bands and stringed ensembles in town, I find that most of the music played in "The Haunted House," a Mickey

Mouse Cartoon, was originally written by J. W. Stallings and played by his orchestra. Among the many bars played, you heard one verse of "Old Black Joe," and 12 measures of "Nazeltof." The rest of the selection was not christened.

L. B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I have never taken time to count all the brick-tops in Hollywood. However, here are a few,—Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Doris Dawson, Zelma O'Neal, Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford. Some of them by nature, some of them by choice. Ann Harding is married to Harry Bannister, stage and screen actor. They have one daughter, Jane, about eight months old.

JOHN FRAIKIN, RIO DE JANEIRO.—Fay Wray is the wife of John Monk Saunders. She was born September 15, 1907, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Little Sally Starr hails from Pittsburgh, Pa., but I haven't been able to make her confess her age yet. Gertrude



A new gang of youngsters for the screen! Hal Roach, of "Our Gang" fame, presents his "Boy Friends." At the base of the pile are David Sharpe, Mickey Daniels (you remember Mick and his freckles!) and Grady Sutton. On top is grown-up Gertrude Messinger, former child actress. Just below her are Mary Kornman (once the beautiful child of the original "Our Gang") and Dorothy Granger. They'll make talkies of the doings and didoes of today's young folks

Astor is another young lady who keeps her age a secret. Well, I s'pose I shouldn't complain. I never tell my age, either.

CHICKIE RADJINSKE, EVANSTON, ILL.—Robert Agnew's latest picture is "The Woman Racket." He appears in it with Sally Starr and Blanche Sweet. Bob was born in 1899 and is still single.

MADELYNE DEMICO, POCATELLO, IDAHO.—I always like to hear from newcomers. Now I'll let you in on a little secret. These many months I have been saying that Robert Montgomery is single, and now he comes forth and tells me that he has been married to Elizabeth Allen, a non-professional, for two years. Honestly, I had to take an aspirin when I got the news. Bob was born in Beacon, New York, on May 21, 1904. Joan Crawford has dark red hair and Gloria Swanson's locks are brown. Olive Borden was born in Richmond, Va., in 1907. Her latest release is "Hello Sister," and her next will be "The Social Lion," in which she appears with Mary Brian and Jack Oakie.

CAROLYN CARTER, ATLANTA, GA.—What d'ya mean by writing to Cal York and giving me the go-by? Cal gave your letter to me, anyway. I thought everyone knew Winifred Westover. She was the former Mrs. William S. Hart, who retired from the screen about eight years ago. Miss Westover was born in San Francisco and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, but I can't give you her weight. She had to put on a lot of excess poundage in order to play the rôle of *Bertha* in "Lummox." PHOTOPLAY ran a story of her in October, 1929. Dolores Costello is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and is about 25 years old. Since the advent of the talkies, Thelma Todd has been in great demand in Hal Roach comedies, playing opposite Charles Chase. However, she will be seen in a new Nancy Carroll-Buddy Rogers picture soon.

ANNA RAGOZA, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—For an eleven-year-old young lady you sure can think 'em up fast and furious. In order to give the other fans a chance I'll just answer a few of your multitude of questions. The leading players in the "Hungarian Rhapsody" were Lil Dagover and Willy Fritsch. Joan Crawford and Kathryn Crawford are not related. Joan's real name is Lucille LeSueur. Your girl friend is all wrong. Myrna Loy is not an Indian, she is of Welsh descent and hails from Helena, Montana, Gary Cooper's home town. Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill., October 13, 1908. Better send your other questions in on the installment plan.

P. D. McG., LEXINGTON, KY.—There are several Kentuckyites in the movies. Mary Nolan from Louisville; Alberta Vaughn from Ashland; Sally Rand from Winchester; Robert Agnew from Dayton; and Arthur Lake from Corbin. Bernice Claire was born in Oakland, Calif., March 22, 1909. She is 5 feet, 2½ inches tall, weighs 116 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

LILLIAN KING, LENOX DALE, MASS.—I always try to answer all questions fired at me, providing they don't contain any high explosives. Alma Rubens played the part of *Julie* in "Show Boat." She is now appearing in vaudeville and making quite a success of it. Dolores Del Rio, who was born August 3, 1905, divorced her husband, Jaime Del Rio, in June 1928. He died six months later in Europe. Buddy Rogers is still fancy-free and uses his own name in all instances.

J. C., YOUNGSTOWN, O.—You have your little stars mixed up. It was Sue Carol and not Sally O'Neil who played opposite William Boyd in "The Skyscraper." "Jazz Heaven" was the name of the picture you described. It featured Sally O'Neil and Johnny Mack Brown. I'm not such a bad old mind reader after all, eh?

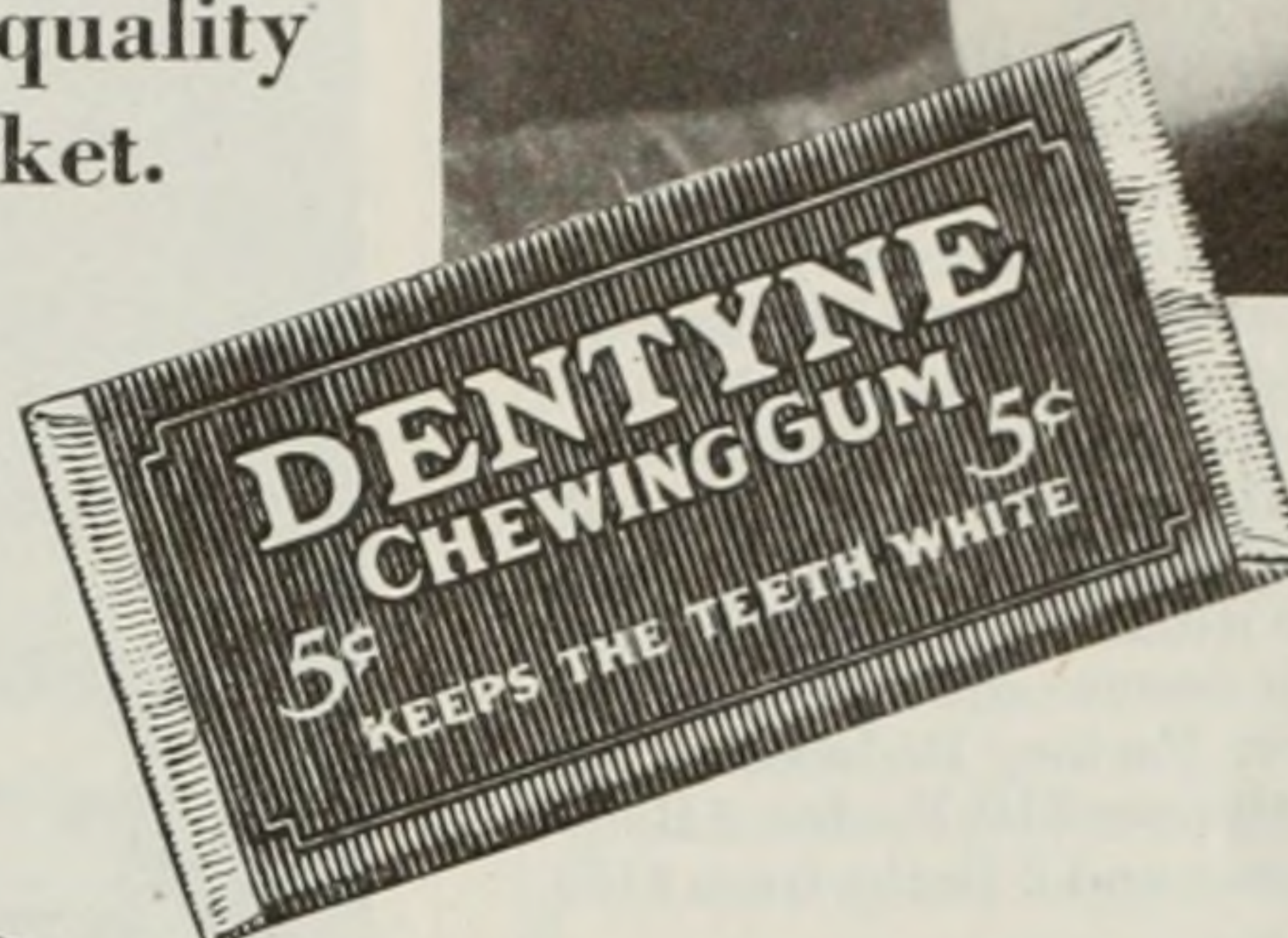
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Those Two Goofy Guys

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

He's a Lancashire lad, born in Ulverston, England, of professional parents. His childhood was spent in the music halls. In 1910 he came to America with Fred Karno's London Comedians. Charles Chaplin was in the troupe. Stan understudied him, and when Charlie left to go into pictures, Stan stepped into his oversized shoes. Like Chaplin, he realizes that a laugh is close to a tear, and he sprinkles his stories with the faintest suggestion of pathos.

That bristling pompadour of Whimpering Stan was arrived at by accident. He had played in a convict picture and so had Babe.

Both had shaved their heads. At the end of the picture Stan sailed for England and Oliver went vacationing. When Stan returned his hair covered his head like a porcupine's thatch. Roach saw it and that was the beginning of Stan's stylish bob.

They roister about the lot, Babe and Stan, sometimes clowning for favored visitors. Babe sings, and Stan plays the piano. They have no desire to make feature length pictures unless they find a sure-fire story. They have seen too many comedy teams hit the rocks in seven-reel specials.



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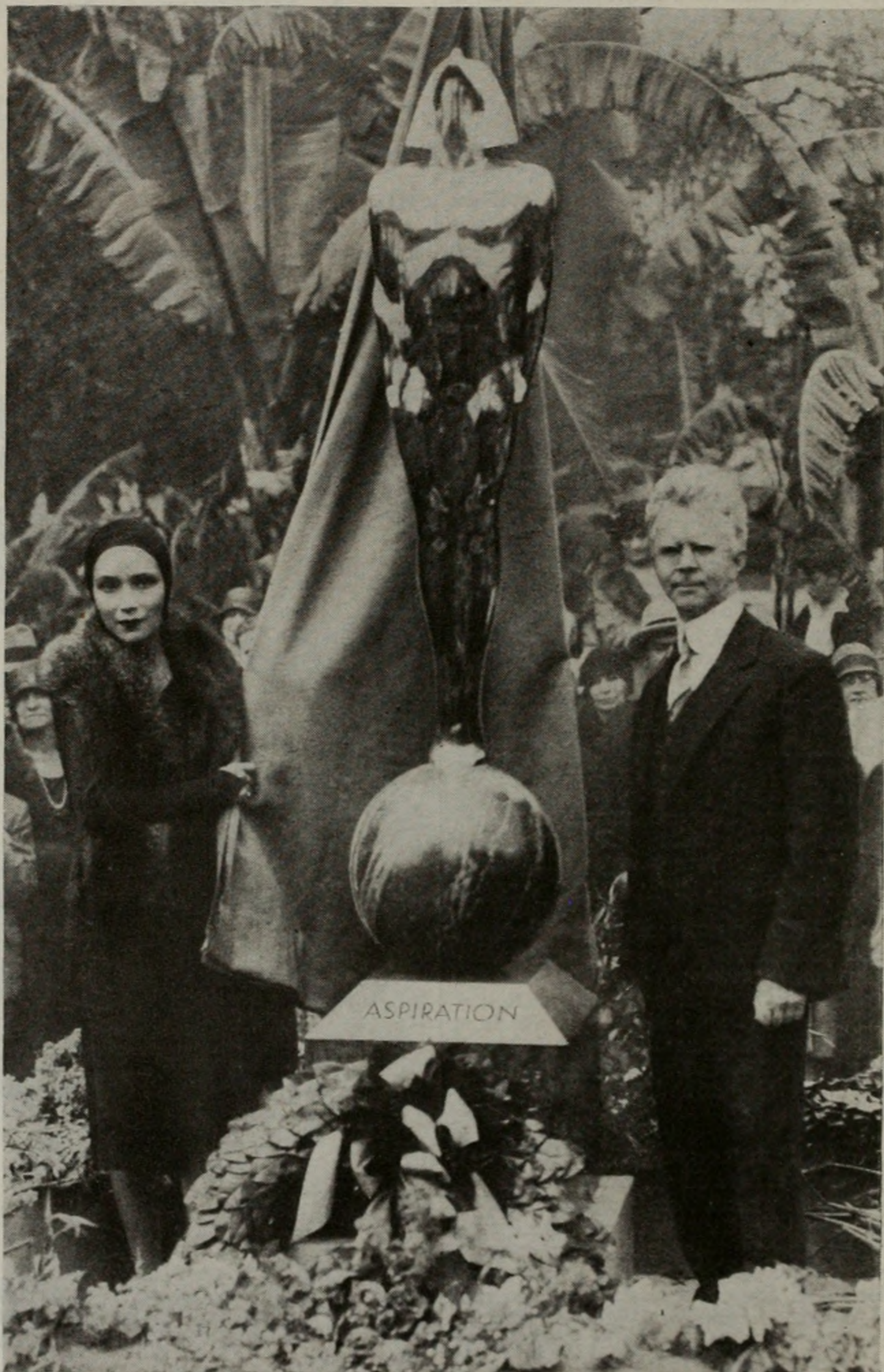
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P. and A.

To Valentino's memory! The only statue ever erected to honor a motion picture actor. This shows the unveiling of the memorial by Dolores Del Rio, with Roger Burnham, the sculptor, at the right. The figure, representing "Aspiration," was given by the late star's admirers all over the country. City officials grudgingly gave it space in De Longpre Park, Los Angeles. They stipulated that it must not be a statue of the late star! Not a single great screen figure of Valentino's halcyon days attended the unveiling! No art critics have yet gone on record praising it

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (April)

PAINTED ANGEL, THE—First National.—Hoopla! Billie the dove in tights, singing and dancing. Billie plays the Queen of the Night Clubs and Eddie Lowe drops his Quirt manners to be her sweetheart. (March)

PAINTED FACES—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good news for the fans who've been crying for something different. A tense, refreshingly original story with a jury-room locale, and that grand comic, Joe E. Brown. (Feb.)

PANDORA'S BOX—Nero.—In case you've been wondering what happened to Louise Brooks, here she is, big as life and twice as naughty, in what was probably a good German picture before the censors operated on it. Silent. (Feb.)

PARADE OF THE WEST, THE—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (March)

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent. Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romancel Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (May)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat Irene Bordoni! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser Hale—and the Technicolor effects—in fact the whole picture. (Jan.)

PARTY GIRL—Tiffany-Stahl.—A would-be sensational story with a moral ending obviously thrown in as a sop to the censors. Some good acting, however, by the junior Fairbanks and Jeanette Loff. (March)

PEACOCK ALLEY—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Mae Murray in talking version of her once glorious silent film. She shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (April)

PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE—Continental.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (March)

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal.—Famous old shocker partly remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (April)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (June)

POINTED HEELS—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Palette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. (Feb.)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors. Joan Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (April)

RAMPANT AGE, THE—Trem Carr.—A rumor that the younger generation is jazz-mad seems to have leaked through into film circles. Hackneyed story rendered amusing by lively dialogue and acting. (March)

RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—Paramount.—The greatest sleuth of them all wouldn't recognize himself in this faint reincarnation. Clive Brook has done bigger and better things. (Jan.)

★ **ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**—Paramount.—A pippin of a melodrama, seasoned with swell comedy. Helen Morgan sings. Charles Ruggles and Jimmy Durante, Broadway's current night club pet, score enormously. (March)

★ **ROGUE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, flashes across the phonoplay horizon, an inimitable and dashing personality. Taken from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," this operetta is roistering, brilliant and dramatic—a feast for the eye and ear. (March)

★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? (Jan.)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (June)

ROYAL BOX, THE—Warners.—If you Deutsch sprechen you'll like this. The first full-length talking picture in German, with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn. (March)

ROYAL ROMANCE, A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (June)

SACRED FLAME, THE—Warners.—On the stage this was strong and intensely tragic drama, but it has been pretty well watered for the screen. A brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, and Pauline Frederick. (Feb.)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peaches-an'-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Follies" girls. (June)

SALLY—First National.—The glorious, scintillating dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely Ziegfeld star, saves this from being merely a dull transcript of an out-moded musical comedy. (March)

★ **SARAH AND SON**—Paramount.—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (May)

SECOND CHOICE—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

SECOND WIFE—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley, Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (April)

SETTING SON, THE—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpap, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family count chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (April)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barrie's fine play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has been tenderly and effectively transferred to the screen. Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are splendid. (Feb.)

SEVEN FACES—Fox.—Paul Muni gives seven "best performances" in one picture! Good entertainment with a novel twist. (Jan.)

★ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking favorite. Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knockout finish. (Feb.)

SHANGHAI LADY—Universal.—A *fille de joie* and a crook fall in love and each pretends to be a "swell" for the other's benefit. But it's China and there's a menace. Mary Nolan is so beautiful it hurts. (Jan.)

SHANNONS OF BROADWAY, THE—Universal.—There's not a comedy team on or off Broadway that can hold a dimmer to the Gleasons—James and Lucille. Acting and dialogue are gorgeous in this phonoplay. (Jan.)

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (May)

SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE—M-G-M.—Psychological drammer but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (April)

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (June)

★ **SHOW OF SHOWS**—Warners.—You'll be too busy enjoying yourself to count all the celebs in this super-revue—but they're there—77 of 'em. And besides there are stunning stage effects and dance routines, gorgeous Technicolor, and millions of laughs. (Feb.)

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SINS OF THE CRADLE—Goodwill.—Cut your throat before you see this celluloid crime—it'll save time. Its perpetrators ought to be jailed. Sound. (Jan.)

SKINNER STEPS OUT—Universal.—None other than "Skinner's Dress Suit" and still good. Glenn Tryon puts it over with a yip. (Jan.)

★ **SKY HAWK, THE**—Fox.—Fine war stuff with a charming love interest. Thrilling shots of a Zeppelin raid over London. John Garrick, a newcomer, and Helen Chandler are delightful as the young lovers. (Feb.)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Interference." Hero, Clive Brook. Eugene Pallette a "wow." (April)

SO LONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is whole show. (April)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevillian who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. (Feb.)

★ **SONG O' MY HEART**—Fox.—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss John. (April)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as Americanized Chinese boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (April)

SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN—Paramount-Christie.—A swell short subject burlesque of love among the apaches with Louise Fazenda as the world-weary queen of the Paris sewers. (March)

★ **SOUTH SEA ROSE**—Fox.—You won't believe in this tale for a moment—but it's grand entertainment. Lenore Ulric does everything, including the hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. (Jan.)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

★ **STREET OF CHANCE**—Paramount.—Here's a punchful racketeer picture that is going to give rival producers jaundice until they get a carbon copy in the can. Bill Powell's finesse and Kay Francis' sincere emoting would be high-lights in any picture. (March)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (May)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—A famous financier disappeared during a flight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Glyn the basis for this brilliantly made talkie. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (April)

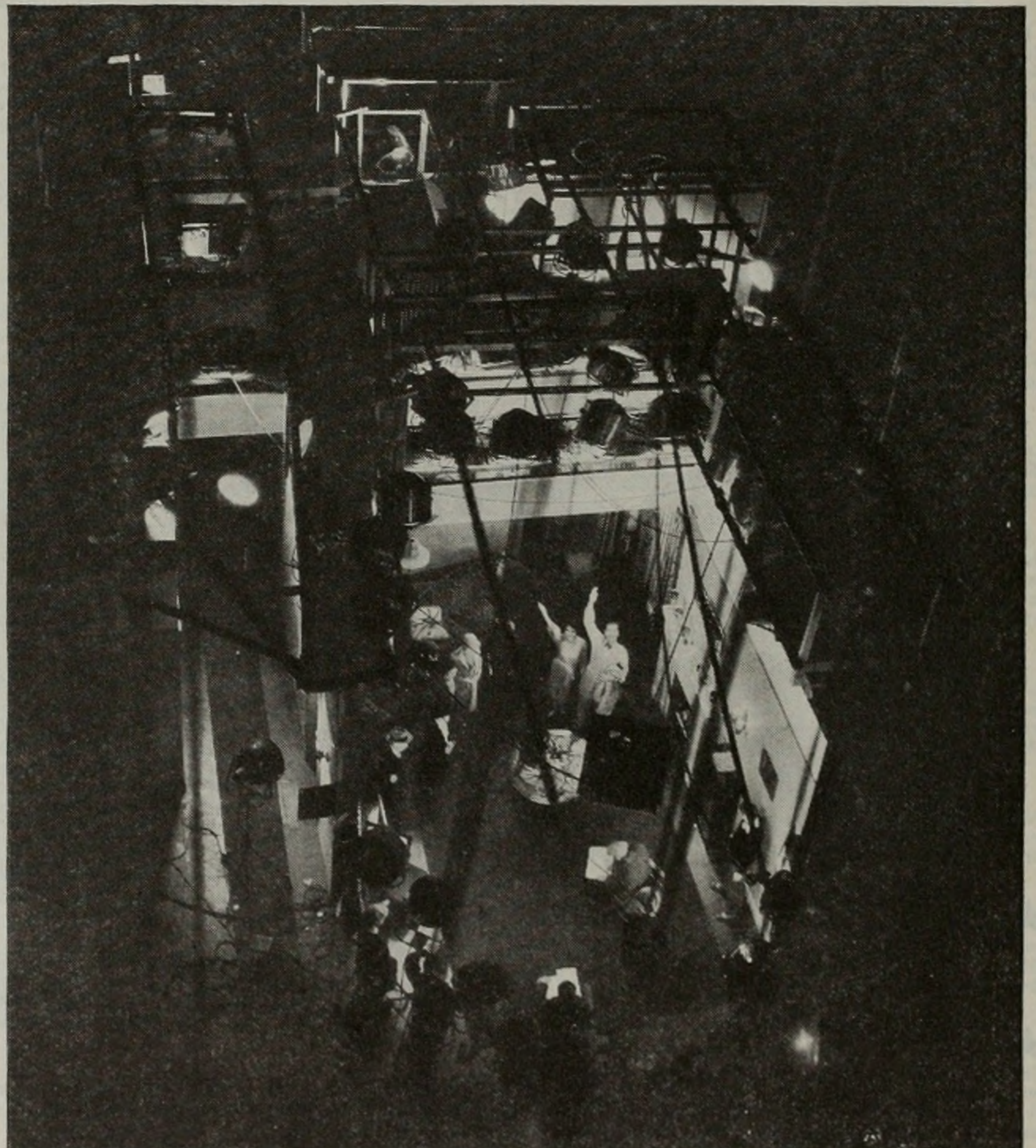
SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennett-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (April)

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (June)

TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy. (March)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More *Bulldog Drummond*, with Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (April)

THEIR OWN DESIRE—M-G-M.—This picture reminds us of Paris on Bastille Day—everyone in it goes wild. Norma Shearer is miscast. (Feb.)



One of the Grand Canyons of California. The cameraman shoots far down to a set for "Dancing Sweeties." Those are Sue Carol and Grant Withers waving at you

CHIROPRACTIC TAKES ANOTHER STEP FORWARD

THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—M-G-M.—But not about acting. "They" being Van and Schenck, vaudeville harmony duo, who sing better than they act. And, believe it or not, Bessie Love is still being noble. (March)

★ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE—Pathe.**—Delightful comedy drama, well played by Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe (in a romantic rôle for once) and ZaSu Pitts. (Jan.)

3 SISTERS, THE—Fox.—An Italian story, as native as ravioli and as colorful as a Corsican sunset. Louise Dresser gives a superb performance and is surrounded by an unusually able cast. (Jan.)

TIGER ROSE—Warners.—Lupe Velez plays the tiger, but the picture is no rose. The stage play was once popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or not. (March)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troupers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (April)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor singie, with Frank Fay and Armida. (June)

UNDERTOW—Universal.—Misguided psychological drama of life in a lonely lighthouse. Why didn't they call it "Lighthouse Blues"? Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis struggle against odds. (March)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art—World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (April)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE—Paramount.**—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, as Francois Villon, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Liltling Friml music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (May)

VAGABOND LOVER, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rudy goes through the whole gamut of emotions without moving a muscle. But when he sings—ah, that's another story. (A better one, too.) Vallée fans will be pleased. (Jan.)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (May)

VENUS—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (Jan.)

WALL STREET—Columbia.—Even if you've recovered enough to hear Wall Street mentioned without frothing at the mouth, you won't like this. (Feb.)

WASTED LOVE—British International.—And wasted footage, except when Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (March)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty señoritas. Same old Western plot. (April)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art—World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denny's nice voice, and a trifling story about a gentleman-crook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant enough evening. (May)

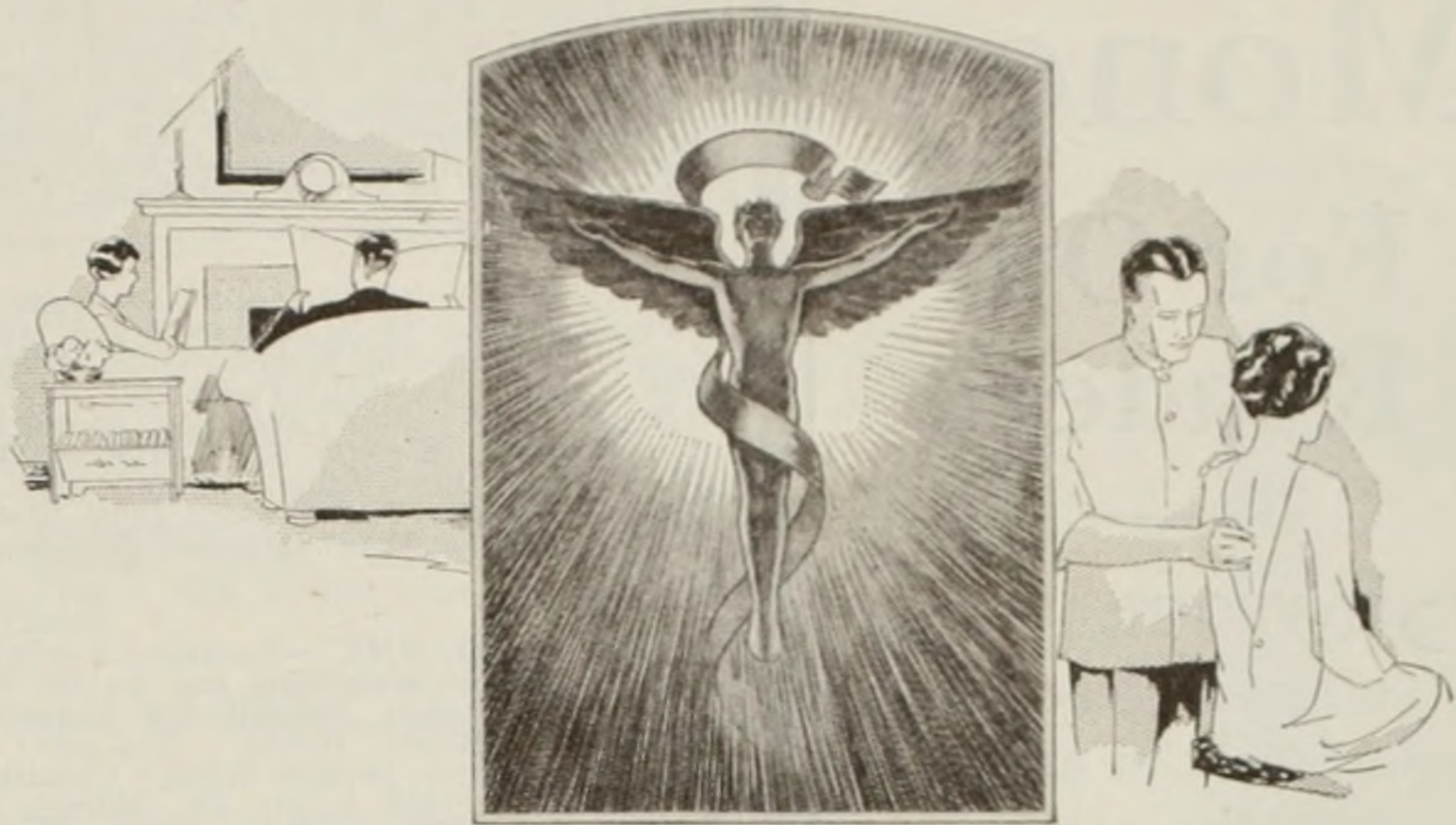
WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (May)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE—Supreme.—A glorified travelogue giving the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. Silent. (March)

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)



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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ARIZONA KID, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Ralph Block. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *The Arizona Kid*, Warner Baxter; *Lorita*, Mona Maris; *Virginia Hoyt*, Carol Lombard; *Nick Hoyt*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Snakebite Pete*, Arthur Stone; *Pulga*, Mrs. Jiminez; *Sheriff Andrews*, Walter P. Lewis; *The Hoboken Hooker*, Jack Herrick; *His Manager*, Wilfred Lucas; *Bartender Bill*, Hank Mann; *Molly*, DeSacia Mooers; *Homer Snook*, Larry McGrath; *Stagedriver*, Jim Gibson.

"BIG FIGHT, THE"—SONO ART-JAMES CRUZE.—From the play by Max Marcin and Milton H. Gropper. Adapted by Walter Woods. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Tiger*, "Big Boy" Guinn Williams; *Shirley*, Lola Lane; *Spot*, Stepin Fetchit; *Winnie*, Edna Bennett; *Steve*, Wheeler Oakman; *Chuck*, Ralph Ince; *Lester*, James Eagle; *Referee*, Larry McGrath; *The Battler*, Tony Stabeneau; *Berrelli, the barber*, Frank Jonasson; *Detective*, Robert E. O'Connor.

"BIG POND, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by George Middleton and A. E. Thomas. Adapted by Robert Presnell and Garrett Fort. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Pierre*, Maurice Chevalier; *Barbara Billings*, Claudette Colbert; *Ronnie*, Frank Lyon; *Mr. Billings*, George Barbier; *Mrs. Billings*, Marion Ballou; *Pat O'Day*, Nat Pendleton; *Toinette*, Andree Corday; *Jennie*, Elaine Koch.

"BORDER LEGION, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Percy Heath and Edward E. Paramore, Jr. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin H. Knopf. The cast: *Jim Cleve*, Richard Arlen; *Jack Kells*, Jack Holt; *Joan Randall*, Fay Wray; *"Bunce" Davis*, Eugene Pallette; *Hack Gulden*, Stanley Fields; *Judge Savin*, E. H. Calvert; *George Randall*, Ethan Allen; *Shrimp*, Sid Saylor.

"BORN RECKLESS"—FOX.—From the novel "Louis Beretti" by Donald Henderson Clarke. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Louis Beretti*, Edmund Lowe; *Joan Sheldon*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Big Shot*, Warren Hymer; *Rosa Beretti*, Marguerite Churchill; *Bill O'Brien*, Lee Tracy; *Good News Brophy*, William Harrigan; *Frank Sheldon*, Frank Albertson; *Bugs*, Eddie Gribbon; *Ritzly Reilly*, Paul Page; *Joe Bergman*, Ben Bard; *Fingy Moscovitz*, Mike Donlin; *District Attorney*, Farrell MacDonald; *Pa Beretti*, Paul Porcasi; *Ma Beretti*, Ferike Boros; *Needle Beer Grogan*, Joe Brown; *The Duke*, Pat Somerset.

"CHEER UP AND SMILE"—FOX.—From the story by Richard Connell. Adapted by Howard J. Green. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Margie*, Dixie Lee; *Eddie Fripp*, Arthur Lake; *Yvonne*, Olga Baclanova; *"Whispering Jack" Smith*, Himself; *Andy*, Johnny Arthur; *Pierre*, Charles Judels; *Tom*, John Darrow; *Paul*, Sumner Getchell; *Professor*, Franklin Pangborn; *Donald*, Buddy Messenger.

"DANCING SWEETIES"—WARNERS.—From the story "Three Flights Up" by Harry Fried. Adapted by Gordon Rigby and Joseph A. Jackson. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Bill Cleaver*, Grant Withers; *Molly O'Neill*, Sue Carol; *Jazzbo Gans*, Edna Murphy; *Mr. Cleaver*, Tully Marshall; *Mrs. Cleaver*, Kate Price; *Emma O'Neill*, Adamae Vaughn; *"Needles" Thompson*, Eddie Phillips.

"DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Hallie Hobart*, Nancy Carroll; *David Stone*, Phillips Holmes; *Mark Stone*, James Kirkwood; *Ezra Stone*, Hobart Bosworth; *Charlie Thorne*, Ned Sparks; *Monkey McConnell*, Morgan Farley; *Kent Carr*, Jed Prouty; *Dr. Reynolds*, Paul Lukas; *Ethel*, ZaSu Pitts; *Freddie*, the tenor; *Morton Downey*; *Hammond*, Guy Oliver; *Aunt Betty*, Jessie Pringle; *House detective*, Wade Boteler; *Madame Bernstein*, Laura La Varnie.

"FALL GUY, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by George Abbott and James Gleason. Adapted by Tom Whelan. Directed by Leslie Pearce. The cast: *Johnny Quinlan*, Jack Mulhall; *Bertha Quinlan*, Mae Clarke; *Dan Walsh*, Ned Sparks; *Charles Newton*, Pat O'Malley; *"Nifty" Herman*, Tom Jackson; *Lottie Quinlan*, Wynne Gibson; *Mrs. Bercovich*, Ann Brody; *"Hutch"*, Elmer Ballard; *Detective Keefe*, Alan Roscoe.

"FLORODORA GIRL, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Gene Markey. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Daisy*, Marion Davies; *Jack*, Lawrence Gray; *DeBoer*, Walter Catlett; *Hemingway*, Louis John Bartles; *Fanny*, Ilka Chase; *Maud*, Vivian Oakland; *Old Man Dell*, Jed Prouty; *Rumble-sham*, Claud Allister; *Fontaine*, Sam Hardy; *Mrs. Vibart*, Nance O'Neil; *Commodore*, Robert Bolder; *Constance*, Jane Keithly; *Mrs. Caraway*, Maude Turner Gordon; *Georgie Smith*, George Chandler; *Vibart Children*, Anita Louise; *Marv Jane Irving*.

"FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930"—FOX.—From the story by William K. Wells. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Axel Svenson*, El Brendel; *Vera Fontaine*, Marjorie White; *George Randall*, Frank Richardson; *Gloria De Witt*, Noel Francis; *Conrad Sterling*, William Collier, Jr.; *Mary Mason*, Miriam Seegar; *Marvin Kingsley*, Huntly Gordon; *Lee Hubert*, Paul Nicholson; *Maid*, Yola D'Avril.

"FURIES, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Zoe Akin. Adapted by Boris Halsey. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Fifi Sand*, Lois Wilson; *Oliver Bedlow*, H. B. Warner; *Owen McDonald*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Caroline Leigh*, Natalie Moorehead; *Gwendolyn Andrews*, Jane Winton; *Harvey Smith*, Tyler Brooke; *Dr. Cummings*, Alan Birmingham; *District Attorney*, Purnell Pratt; *Alan Sand*, Byron Sage; *Bedlow's buller*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.

"HE KNEW WOMEN"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by S. N. Behrman. Screen play by William Jutte and Hugh Herbert. Directed by Hugh Herbert. The cast: *Geoffrey Clarke*, Lowell Sherman; *Alice Frayne*, Alice Joyce; *Austin Lowe*, David Manners; *Monica Grey*, Frances Dade.

"HIGH SOCIETY BLUES"—FOX.—From the story by Dana Burnet. Adapted by Howard J. Green. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Eleanor Divine*, Janet Gaynor; *Eddie Granger*, Charles Farrell; *Horace Divine*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Divine*, Hedda Hopper; *Pearl Granger*, Joyce Compton; *Eli Granger*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mrs. Granger*, Louise Fazenda; *Jowles*, Brandon Hurst; *Count Prunier*, Gregory Gage.

"LADIES OF LEISURE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Milton Herbert Gropper. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Kay Arnold*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jerry*, Ralph Graves; *Standish*, Lowell Sherman; *Dot*, Marie Prevost; *Mrs. Strong*, Nance O'Neil; *Mr. Strong*, George Fawcett; *Charlie*, Johnnie Walker; *Claire*, Juliette Compton.

"LADY OF SCANDAL, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play "The High Road" by Frederick Lonsdale. Adapted by Claudine West and Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Elsie*, Ruth Chatterton; *Edward*, Basil Rathbone; *John*, Ralph Forbes; *Lady Trench*, Nance O'Neil; *Lord Trench*, Frederick Kerr; *Lord Crayle*, Herbert Buntson; *Sir Reginald*, Cyril Chadwick; *Lady Minster*, Effie Ellsler; *Hilary*, Robert Bolder; *Alice*, Moon Carroll; *Ernest*, Mackenzie Ward; *Morton*, Edgar Norton.

"LET'S GO NATIVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr., and Percy Heath. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Joan Wood*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Voltaire McGinnis*, Jack Oakie; *Wally Wendell*, James Hall; *Jerry*, Skeets Gallagher; *Basil Pistol*, William Austin; *Constance Cooke*, Kay Francis; *Chief Officer Williams*, David Newell; *Wallace Wendell*, Charles Sellon; *Creditor's Man*, Eugene Pallette.

"MATRIMONIAL BED, THE"—WARNERS.—From the screen play by Harvey Thew. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Adolphe Noblet*, Frank Fay; *Leopold Trebel*, Frank Fay; *Corinne*, Beryl Mercer; *Gustave Corton*, James Gleason; *Juliet Corton*, Florence Eldridge; *Sylvaine*, Lilyan Tashman; *Dr. Fried*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Maricanne*, Marion Byron; *Vosin*, Flora Finch; *August Chabonnier*, James Bradbury, Sr.; *Susan Trebel*, Vivian Oakland.

"NOT DAMAGED"—FOX.—From the story by Richard Connell. Adapted by Frank Gay. Directed by Chandler Sprague. The cast: *Gwen Stewart*, Lois Moran; *Charlie Jones*, Robert Ames; *Kirk Randolph*, Walter Byron; *Maude Graham*, Inez Courtney; *Elmer*, George "Red" Corcoran; *Peebles*, Ernest Wood; *Jennie*, Rhoda Cross.

"OLD AND NEW"—SOVKINO.—Written and directed by S. M. Eisenstein and G. W. Alexandrov. The cast: Martha Lapkina.

"ONCE A GENTLEMAN"—SONO ART-JAMES CRUZE.—From the story by George S. Worts. Adapted by Walter Woods. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Oliver*, Edward Everett Horton; *Mrs. Mallin*, Lois Wilson; *Dolly*, Gertrude Short; *Gwen*, Estelle Bradley; *Van Warner*, King Baggot; *Bannister*, Francis X. Bushman; *Governor Ogelthorpe*, William J. Holmes; *Junior*, Emerson Tracy; *Jarvis*, Cyril Chadwick; *Timson*, Drew Demarest; *Charles Wadsworth*, Frederick Sullivan; *Natalie*, Evelyn Pierce; *Colonel Breen*, George Fawcett; *Reeves*, William O'Brien; *Wuggins*, Charles Coleman.

"REDEMPTION"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Living Corpse" by Lyof Tolstoi. Screen play by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Fred Niblo. The

cast: *Fedya*, John Gilbert; *Masha*, Renee Adoree; *Victor*, Conrad Nagel; *Lisa*, Eleanor Boardman; *Anna Pavlovna*, Claire McDowell; *Petushkov*, Erville Alderson; *Artimiev*, Tully Marshall; *Magistrate*, Mack Swain.

"RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Sax Rohmer. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Dr. Fu Manchu*, Warner Oland; *Nayland Smith*, O. P. Heggie; *Lia Eltham*, Jean Arthur; *Dr. Jack Petric*, Neil Hamilton; *Sylvester Wadsworth*, William Austin; *Fai Lu*, Evelyn Selbie; *Lady Agatha Bartley*, Evelyn Hall; *Lady Helen Bariley*, Margaret Fealy; *Inspector Harding*, Shavle Gardner; *Lawrence*, David Dunbar; *Chang*, Tetsu Komai; *Ah Ling*, Toyo Fujita; *Reporter*, Ambrose Barker.

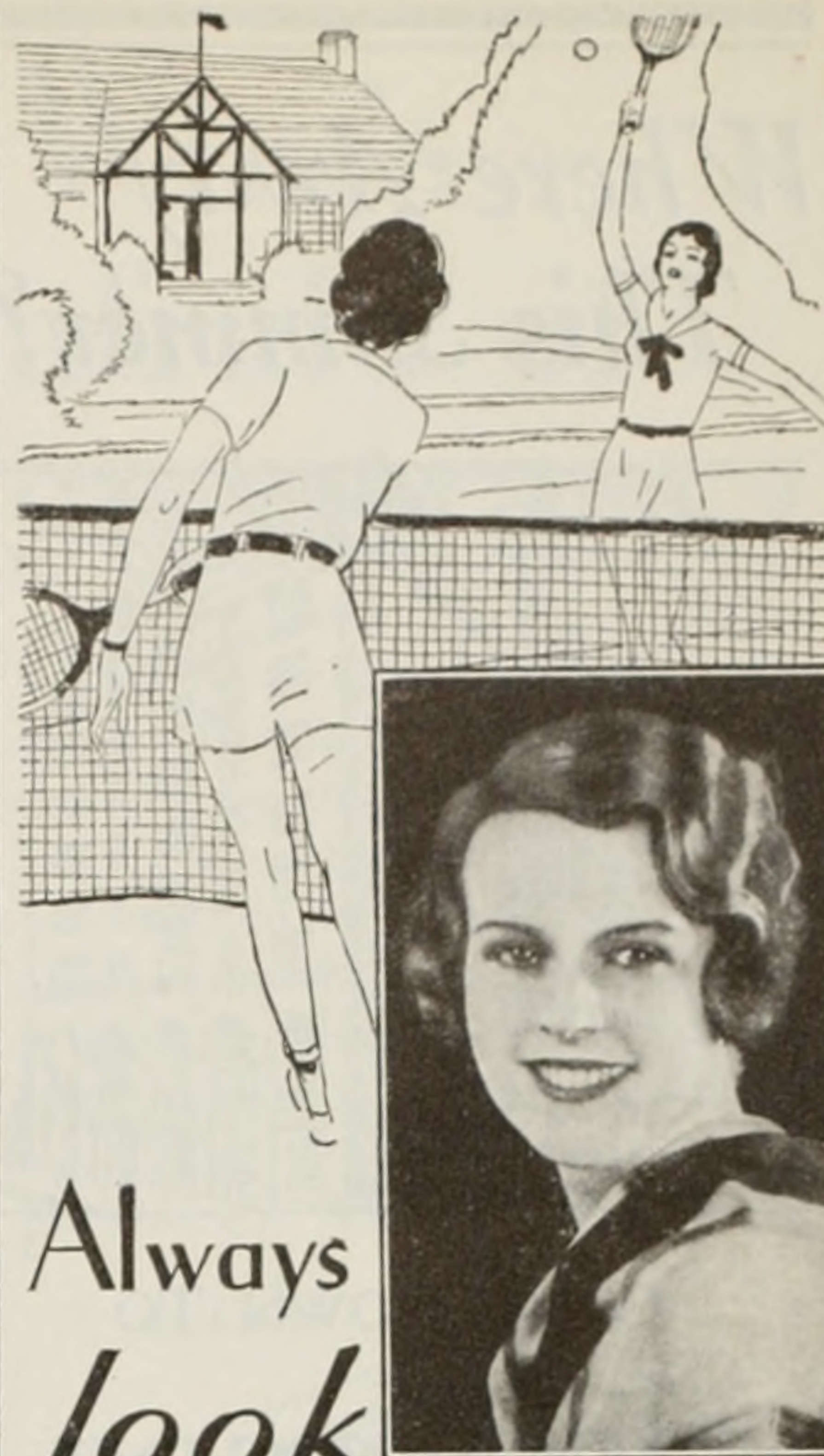
"RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Elliott and J. C. Nugent. Adapted by Samuel Ornitz. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Louis Wagenkamps*, Louis Mann; *Ma Wagenkamps*, Clara Blandick; *Nick Higginson*, Robert Montgomery; *Johnnie*, Elliott Nugent; *Alma*, Leila Hyams; *Laura*, Mary Doran; *Ludwig*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *Mr. Higginson*, Robert McWade; *Ted Baldwin*, Dell Henderson; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Katherine*, Jane Reed; *Bilde Taylor*, James Donlan; *Jennifer Train*, Jeane Wood; *Ludwig, as a child*, Philippe De Lacy; *Johnnie, as a child*, Gordon Thorpe; *Katherine, as a child*, Betsy Ann Hisle; *Alma, as a child*, Evelyn Mills; *Billy, as a child*, Edwin Mills; *Mr. Strauss*, Lee Kohlmar.

"SWELLHEAD"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Johnny Trump*, James Gleason; *Bill "Cyclone" Hickey*, Johnny Walker; *Mamie Judd*, Marion Shilling; *Barbara Larkin*, Natalie Kingston; *Mugsy*, Paul Hurst; *Clive Warren*, Freeman Wood.

"SWING HIGH"—PATHE.—From the story by Joseph Santley and James Seymour. Adapted by James Seymour. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Maryan*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Garry*, Fred Scott; *Trixie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Doc May*, John Sheehan; *Mrs. May*, Daphne Pollard; *Pop Garner*, George Fawcett; *Ringmaster*, Bryant Washburn; *Billy*, Nick Stuart; *Ruth*, Sally Starr; *Major Tiny*, Little Billy; *Babe*, William Langan; *Sam*, Stepin Fetchit; *Sheriff*, Chester Conklin; *Bar tender*, Ben Turpin; *Doctor*, Robert Edeson; *Mickey*, Mickey Bennett.

"TEXAN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "A Double-Dyed Deceiver" by O. Henry. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Enrique "Quico"*, The Llano Kid, Gary Cooper; *Consuello*, Fay Wray; *Senora Ibarra*, Emma Dunn; *Thacker*, Oscar Apfel; *John Brown*, James Marcus; *Nick Ibarra*, Donald Reed; *The Duenna*, Soledad Jimenez; *Mary (Nurse)*, Veda Buckland; *Pasquale*, Cesar Vanoni; *Henry*, Edwin J. Brady; *Sixto*, Enrique Acosta; *Cabman*, Romualdo Tirado.

"TRUE TO THE NAVY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Keene Thompson and Doris Anderson.



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"SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the novel "The Agony Column" by Earle Derr Biggers. Screen play by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Geoffrey West*, Grant Withers; *Marian Ferguson*, Loretta Young; *Inspector Bray*, H. B. Warner; *Aunt Haltie*, Claire McDowell; *Alfred*, Sidney Bracy; *Captain Fraser*, Crauford Kent; *Lieutenant Norman*, John Loder; *Enright*, Claude King; *Mystery Woman*, Judith Voselli.

"SHADOW OF THE LAW"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Quarry" by John A. Moroso. Adapted by John Farrow. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *John Nelson*, William Powell; *Jim Montgomery*, William Powell; *Edith Wentworth*, Marion Shilling; *Ethel Barry*, Natalie Mootehead; *Tom*, Regis Toomey; *Pete*, Paul Hurst; *Colonel Wentworth*, George Irving; *Mike Kearney*, Frederic Burt; *Warden*, James Durkin; *Frank*, Richard Tucker; *Captain of Guards*, Walter James.

"SOCIAL LION, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Octavus Roy Cohen. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Marco Perkins*, Jack Oakie; *Cynthia Brown*, Mary Brian; *"Chick" Hathaway*, Skeets Gallagher; *Gloria Staunton*, Olive Borden; *Jim Perkins*, Charles Sellon; *Ralph Williams*, Cyril Ring; *Henderson*, E. H. Calvert; *Howard*, James Gibson; *Smith*, Henry Roquemore; *Schultz*, William Bechtel; *McGinnis*, Richard Cummings; *"Knockout" Johnson*, Jack Byron.

"SONG OF THE FLAME"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the operetta by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein, II, George Gershwin and Herbert Stothart. Adapted by Gordon Rigby. Directed by Alan Crossland. The cast: *Aniuta, the Flame*, Bernice Claire; *Prince Volodya*, Alexander Gray; *Konstantin*, Noah Beery; *Natasha*, Alice Gentle; *Grusha*, Inez Courtney; *Count Boris*, Shep Camp; *Henchman*, Ivan Linow.

"STRICTLY MODERN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "Cousin Kate" by Hubert Henry Davies. Adapted by Ray Harris and Gene Towne. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Kate*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Heath Desmond*, Sidney Blackmer; *Aimee*, Julianne Johnston; *Judge Brillett*, Warner Richmond; *Bobby Spencer*, Mickey Bennett; *Mrs. Spencer*, Katherine Claire Ward.

Added Dialogue by Herman Mankiewicz. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Ruby Nolan*, Clara Bow; *Gunner McCoy*, Frederic March; *Solomon Bimberg*, Harry Green; *Eddie*, Rex Bell; *Michael*, Eddie Fetherston; *Albert*, Eddie Dunn; *Peewee*, Ray Cooke; *Artie*, Harry Sweet; *Maizie*, Adele Windsor; *Grogan*, Sam Hardy; *Manager Dance Hall*, Jed Prouty.

"UNDER WESTERN SKIES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Judith Temple*, Lila Lee; *Geoffrey Brand*, Sidney Blackmer; *Waal Kampen*, Fred Kohler; *Joao deBraga Nova*, Raymond Hatton; *Leonard Temple*, Kenneth Thomson; *Betty Temple*, Olive Tell; *Dr. Neil Cranford*, David Newell; *"Buzzard" Wilkins*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Sam Beeman*, Tom Dugan; *"Heck"*, Otto Fries; *Mrs. Temple*, Blanche Friderici.

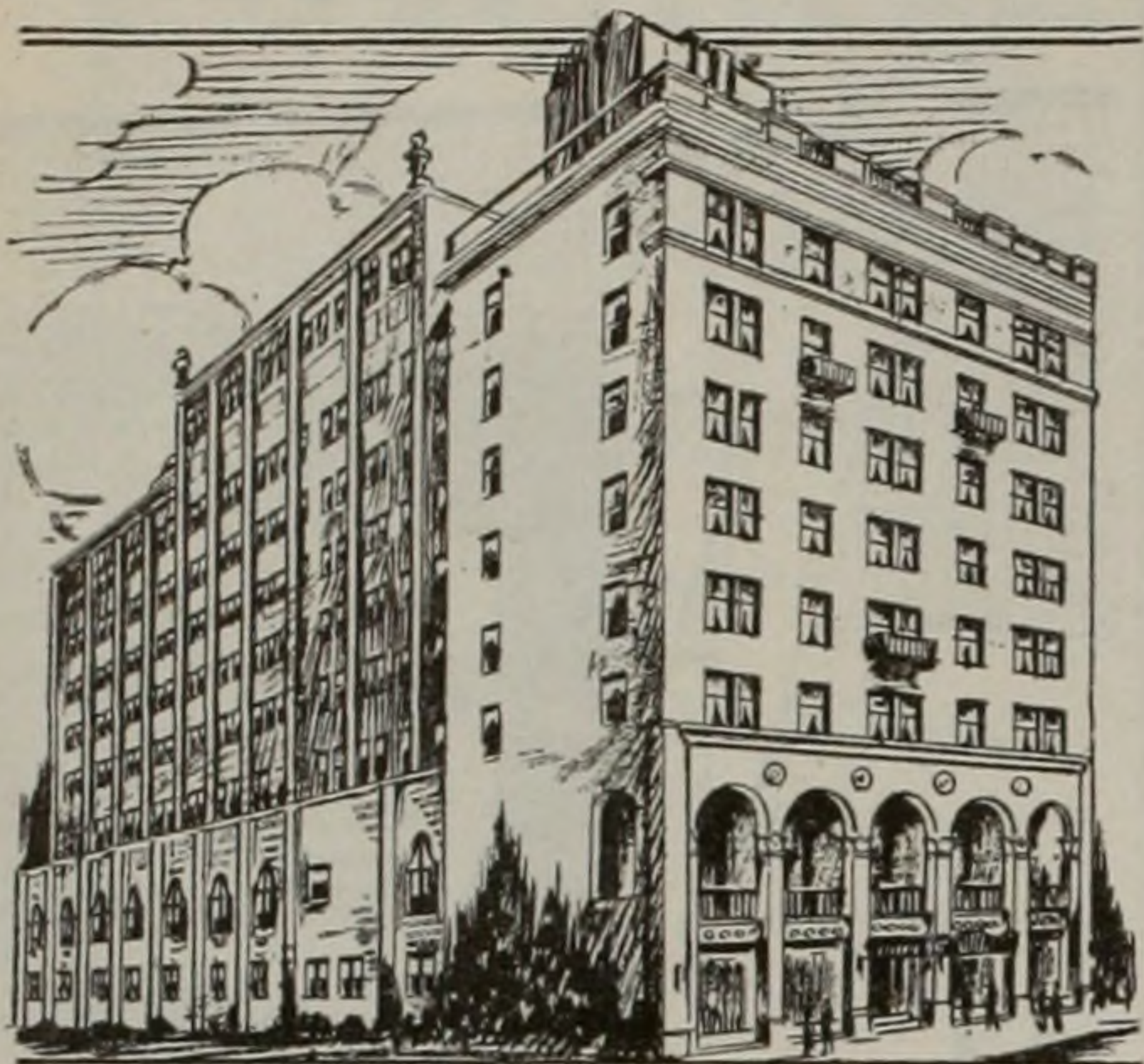
"WEDDING RINGS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "The Dark Swan" by Ernest Pascal. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Lewis Dike*, H. B. Warner; *Cornelia Quinn*, Lois Wilson; *Eve Quinn*, Olive Borden; *Wilfred Meadows*, Hallam Cooley; *Tom Hazelton*, James Ford; *Agatha*, Kathleen Williams; *Esther Quinn*, Aileen Manning.

"WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dr. Arnold Fanck. Adapted by Dr. Arnold Fanck and Ladislaus Vadja. Directed by Dr. Arnold Fanck and G. W. Pabst. The cast: *Gustav Diesel*, Mitzi Goetzel, Otto Spring, Leni Riefenstahl, Ernst Udet.

"WOMEN EVERYWHERE"—FOX.—From the story by George Grossmith and Zoltan Korda. Continuity by Harlan Thompson and Lajos Biro. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Charles Jackson*, J. Harold Murray; *Lili LaFleur*, Fifi Dorsay; *Aristide Brown*, George Grossmith; *Zephyrine*, Rose Dione; *Sam Jones*, Clyde Cook; *Michel Kopulos*, Ralph Kellard.

"YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Katharine Brush. Adapted by Robert Presnell. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Ann Vaughn*, Claudette Colbert; *Toby McLean*, Norman Foster; *Puff Randolph*, Ginger Rogers; *Shorty Ross*, Charles Ruggles; *Dwight Knowles*, Leslie Austin; *Sherman Sisters*, Four Aalbu Sisters; *Doctor*, H. Dudley Hawley.

Where Away This Summer?



COME DOWN TO

HOTEL Jefferson
OCEAN END
OF KENTUCKY AVE.
ATLANTIC CITY

Thoroughly Modern
175 Rooms with Baths
Sun Deck Overlooking
Beach and Boardwalk.

Telephone Service
Throughout.

AMERICAN PLAN
Ownership Management
FETTER & HOLLINGER

**Mothers Can't Stop
For A Headache**

Meals to get—cleaning to do—playful shouts—
rattling toys—and with it all a splitting headache.
But it takes more than a headache to make
a mother quit.
Kohler Antidote gives quick, safe relief from
headache, neuralgia and simple nerve pains.

Manufacturers also, of
KOHLER
One Night Corn Cure

KOHLER
ANTIDOTE
for HEADACHE
"Removes - not only relieves pain"

**Learn
PHOTOGRAPHY
at Home**

Make money taking pictures. Photo-
graphs in big demand. Commercial
Photography also pays big money.
Learn quickly at home in spare time.
No experience necessary. Write today
for new free book. Opportunities in
Modern Photography. American School
of Photography, Dept. 125-B, 3601
Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

weary German girl. Miss Chatterton was flawless, and I don't think any other star could have played this rôle so perfectly.

ALBERT MANSKI.

Ann Astonishes

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Born with a love of the drama, I was kept from the theater most of the time on account of prohibitive prices charged for legitimate plays. Suddenly everything changed. For the price of movie tickets I can see and hear the essence of all that Broadway has to offer.

Ann Harding and Ruth Chatterton are two of the most charming and accomplished actresses. It is astonishing that Ann Harding has not aroused more interest than she has. It seems to me that this exquisite woman has everything that should entrance the public.

MRS. H. E. KNOWLES.

That's IT, Dick

Pontiac, Mich.

Here's a big hand for Dick Barthelmess in "Son of the Gods," a star and a picture that

have IT. It's been a long time since I could sit through a picture and not be aware of my neighbor's elbow jamming into my side, the little boy in back of me with a sack of hard candy, or the chaps who have "frogs in their throats," as I did during this picture.

C. KRAEMER.

Encore! Encore!

Buffalo, N. Y.

What a great pair Ruth Chatterton and Frederic March are! They ought to make more pictures together.

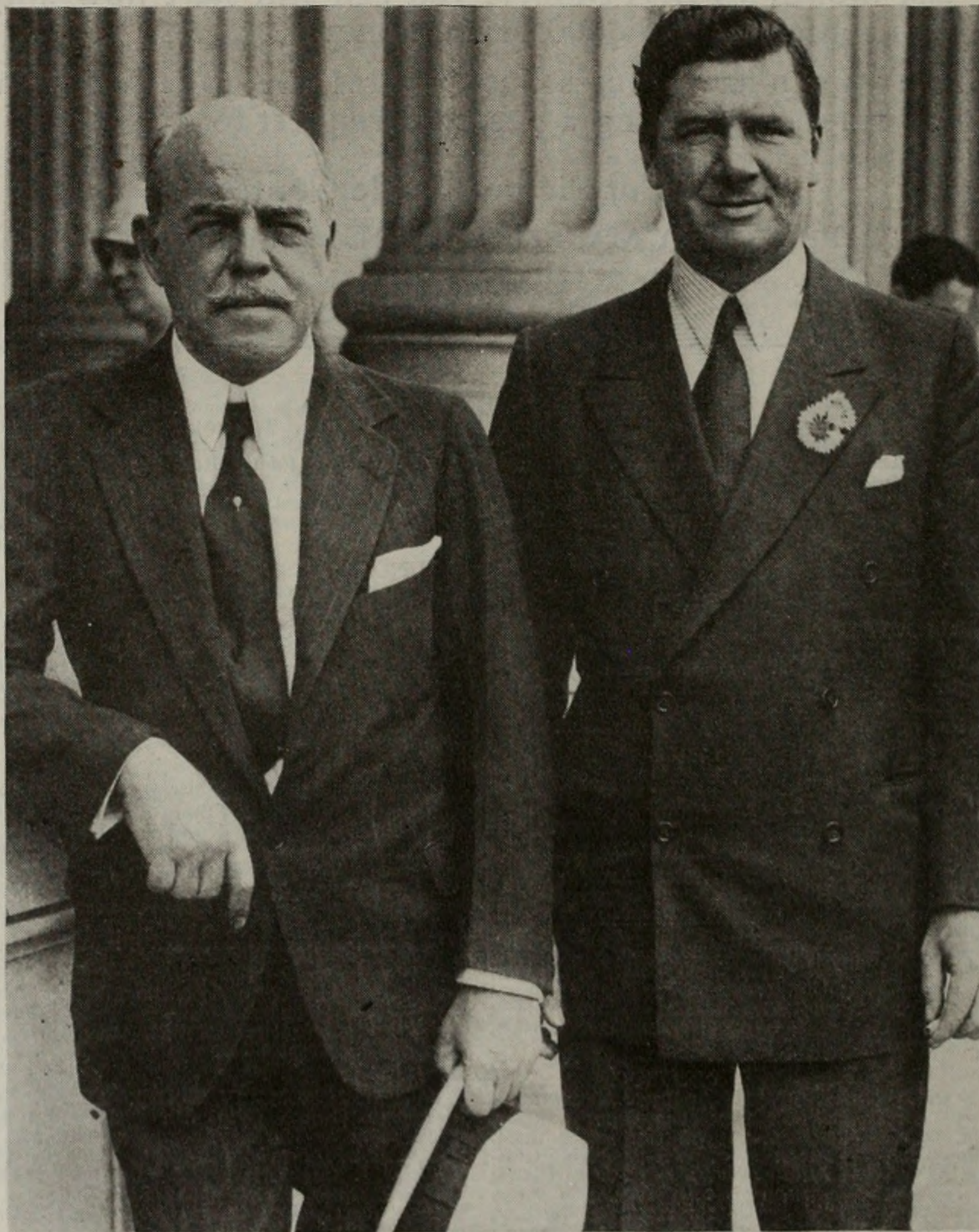
CHARLOTTA BITTNER.

And No Porters to Tip!

Brookville, Ohio.

Always I have wanted to travel—anywhere, everywhere! I have neither the time nor money. But I can and do fulfil my dreams by going to the movies.

In a few minutes I find myself under the starry skies of Western plains; in an Alaskan lumber camp; in one of New York's popular night clubs. Sometimes I am caught in a sand-



Acme

The Great Mystery Man and Disappearing Actor of Hollywood turns up in Washington, hobbing and nobbing with the lawmakers and consenting to pose with mere statesmen! George Bancroft, tiffing with Paramount, went into hiding in his California home, refusing to answer bells of any sort. All of a sudden he is discovered in the capital city. This is George with Nick Longworth, Speaker of the House. George is the one smiling

storm while crossing the Sahara, shipwrecked on a desert island, or chased by tigers, lions and savages in the jungle.

For a half-dollar, or less, and in a few hours' time, I have visited strange scenes, seen and heard the people of other lands, and experienced some very thrilling adventures.

MARTHA JENKINS.

Virginia Does Care

San Jose, Calif.

I wouldn't think of throwing a mere bouquet at Ramon Novarro. Indeed not! I want to perpetually "Say it with flowers"!

Give us more pictures like "Devil May Care," Ramon. You know, the kind that make us sit through performances and truly forget to go home.

VIRGINIA CAPRICE.

We Liked It, Too

North Berwick, Scotland.

Always sensible of the literary and artistic merit of PHOTOPLAY, I am now a fervent admirer of its originality and its human quality.

After a surfeit of "love life" stories in other publications, I found ineffable charm and exquisite sincerity in the little story in your April issue of Ramon Novarro's love for a little old lady and of the little old lady's great love for him.

MURIEL H. GRAHAM.

You Said a Mouthful!

New Orleans, La.

The talkies are great, but give us more outdoor scenery and more laughter. Let Bill Haines, Jack Oakie, El Brendel, and the others make us laugh. And let John Boles, Gary Cooper and their team mates give us a thrill.

As for slang, what of it? It can't hurt, because the majority of us use it, anyhow.

R. STRAUGHAN.

For Children Only

Kansas City, Mo.

A young man who accompanied his mother to "Sunny Side Up" afterwards told his father: "I guess they thought that 'Turn on the Heat' number was hot. It was just silly, of course, but I did feel like a fool having mother there, for I know she was embarrassed."

Let's have pictures that children can take their parents to see without regret!

LUCY K. ABEL.

He's Satisfied

Birmingham, Ala.

My favorites are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. And do I like their voices? I should say I do! "Sunny Side Up" played here seven big weeks.

Continue to co-star Janet and Charlie—that's all I ask.

JAMES G. EADY.

Harry, How Could You!

Larchmont, N. Y.

Have you noticed, fans—gentlemen fans, in particular—that the talkies have spelled triumph for the male star? I have on hand a current New York newspaper and, glancing over the motion picture advertisements, I discover above the feature title such names as the following: John Barrymore, Al Jolson, George Arliss, John Boles, Lawrence Tibbett, Dennis King, Harry Richman, Monte Blue, John McCormack, etc., while the magic name of Garbo stands practically alone in defense of the feminine honor.

Ah, where are the Negris, Swansons, Talmadges, Pickfords and Gishes of yesterday!

Can it be that man has proved his superiority in yet another line of endeavor?

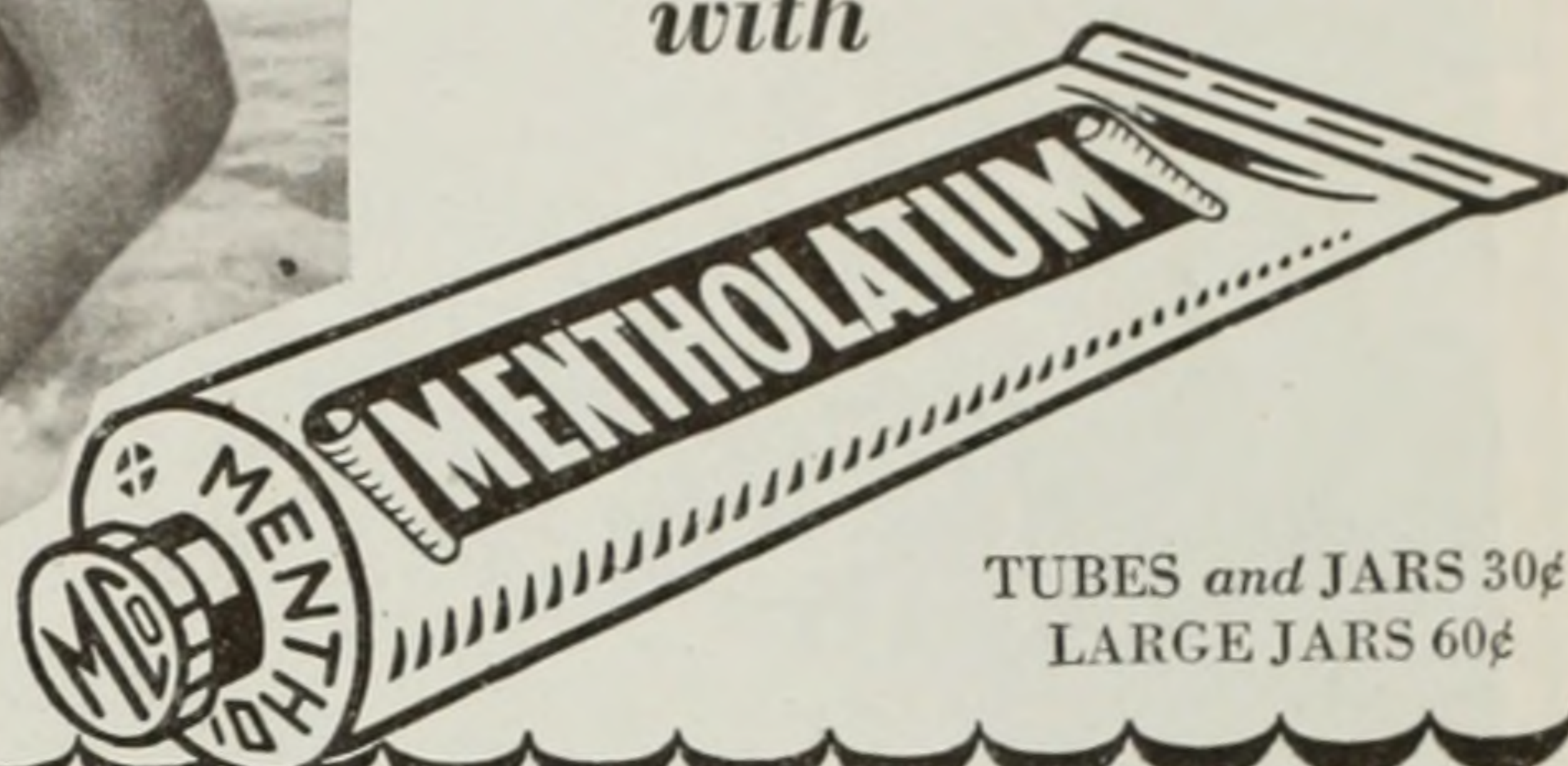
J. HARRY SHALE, JR.



Who's afraid of SUNBURN?

HERE'S a girl who knows the best trick of all. Before she goes swimming she covers her tender skin with Mentholatum. Then she takes the sun gradually and gets a nice tan instead of a red-hot, scorching sunburn. Try it yourself!

protect your skin with



TUBES and JARS 30¢
LARGE JARS 60¢

The cleansing, healing service of a soap that's meant for you

Cuticura Soap

with a heritage of 50 years of highest commendation.

Sold Everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. 50c.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

Make \$35—\$100 a Week

PAINTING photos and miniatures. No drawing talent required. Fascinating work. Earn while learning. We teach you at home. Professional artist's outfit, employment service given. Write for free book. NATIONAL ART STUDIOS, Dept. 470, 1008 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Send me your free booklet, "Success in Art."

Name _____
City _____ State _____

BLONDES . . . read how famous movie stars keep their hair golden

"I DEPEND on just one shampoo to keep my hair soft and silky, gleaming with golden lights, and that's Blondex," says Jeanette Loff, lovely Universal star. "Blondex quickly brings back the true color and lustrous sheen to light hair that has faded or streaked," says Mary Nolan, beautiful star, also with Universal.

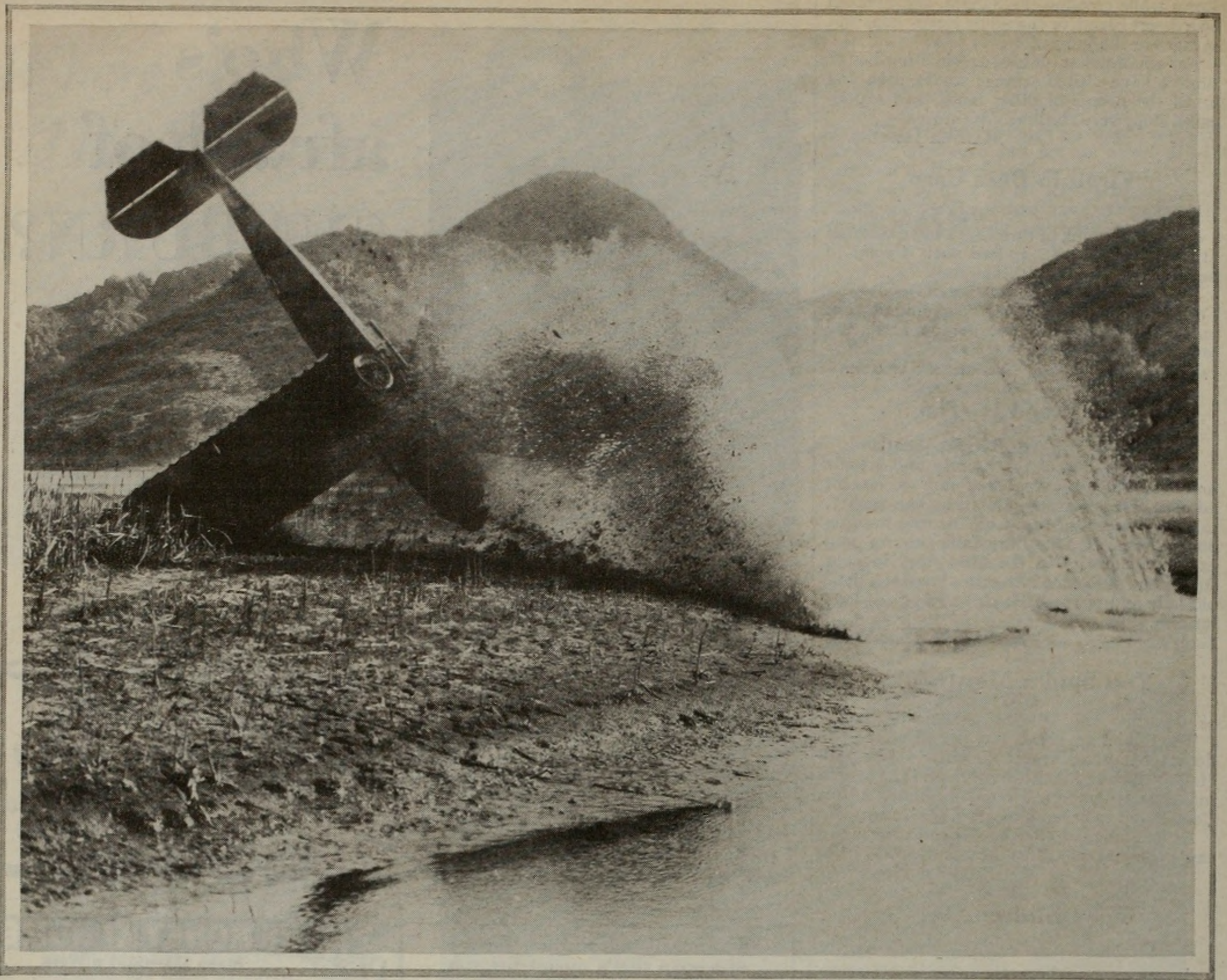
Don't let your blonde hair grow dark and lustreless—keep it bright and lovely this easy way!

Blondex is safe! Contains no harmful dyes or chemicals. Brings out all the natural color and gloss of blonde hair. Prevents darkening. Fine for hair and scalp. Over a million enthusiastic users. Try it TODAY! On sale at all good drug stores.



JEANETTE LOFF
Universal
MARY NOLAN
Universal





Crashing *for the* Talkies

THIS is the story, and a picture, of a real talkie crash that will never be seen and heard on the screen!

Dick Grace probably has more wrecked planes and shattered bones to his credit than any other living aviator. He gets paid—and paid well—for cracking the planes; the cracked bones he throws in for good measure. Dick, you see, is a stunt flyer *de luxe*, and has had a hand in almost every great air picture which has come out of Hollywood.

Thus, when the moment came to film a spectacular air crash for "Young Eagles," Dick, doubling for Buddy Rogers, was called to turn the trick. Undoubtedly it meant a few smashed ribs, collar bones or legs—but that's all in his day's work.

Ten cameramen were in position. Their spot was even tougher than Dick's. They stood by their machines, barely a city lot's distance from the place where Dick was to turn an airplane into shattered timber and torn cloth. If he should miss, there might no longer be ten cameramen.

Behind the grinders stood the matter-of-fact accessories to the crash—doctors and nurses, with operating instruments, bandages and antiseptics—ready for anything; ambulance, with two motorcycle cops, waiting for a quick rush to a hospital, if necessary. There was a fire engine, ready to drench the wreck. Everything ready. Everyone waiting. The suspense was terrific. Death, too, stood by—waiting. A bystander who could not be ordered off the set. "Ready, Dick?"

"Yep."

"Ready, everybody?"

"All ready!"

Dick stepped toward his ship. At the last moment a Paramount employee dashed up, hand extended.

"Here's wishing you good luck, Dick!" came the voice.

It might have been a stab in the back. Dick glared.

"—— — ——, —," he said; "that's the worst luck that could happen." Superstition seized him. The bravest fliers bow before it. He wanted to postpone the crash for a day, to escape the jinx. But there were dollar signs on every passing second; they prevailed on Dick to go. He muttered as he climbed in his ship.

He circled and circled. Sighted the spot—in the semicircle of cameras. Dipped his nose. Came screaming down for the crash.

Whe-e-e! Crack! It was done. Dick crawled out of the wreckage, two ribs cracked. A perfect stunt crash—perfect, but nowhere near the cameras! It was a full field distant from the spot marked X.

"That so and so and so on good luck wisher!—it's all his fault," Dick swore. He drew his thousand dollars for the stunt. Twice more he did it—and each time it was perfect—and within camera range. For the well-wisher was some place else.

The two good crashes are in the picture. The bad one shown above is in the ledgers for some few thousands of dollars.

And here's the payoff! At Paramount they're trying to charge up the cost of the n.g. crash against the department which claims the good-hearted well-wisher!

I'm

being agreed with!

All over America girls are discovering there never before was any complexion soap so gentle as Camay



REALLY, I'm so *pleased!* Is there anything nicer than to find yourself agreed with by people whom you respect? And girls from every part of the country write me that they are *quite* as enthusiastic over Camay's gentle way of caring for complexions as I am, myself!

So many of them feel this way that Camay has changed in a few short months from a name known to only a few of you, into the most talked-of complexion soap in America!

Was it the approval of America's most eminent dermatologists that started Camay towards this great success? Of course, I don't *know*. But it looks very much as if my announcement of its unanimous approval by 73 of these great physicians had made almost every girl want to try it.

And every girl who wants a good complexion (I'm sure there can't be one who *doesn't*, even on a desert island!) *ought* to want to try it, because Camay is the only complexion soap that has ever received unanimous ap-

proval from the only really qualified authorities on the care of the skin.

But I have an idea that Camay's own lovely, gentle self *really* explains its success. The very first time you use Camay, your complexion knows that it has found a friend and protector. It fairly purrs with gratitude when Camay's velvety soft lather cleanses away dust and make-up and the excess oil that pores just *will* manufacture whenever you get the least bit warm.

And, after you've used Camay for a scant week or so, you suddenly realize you've *never* before found anything like it to keep your skin fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

I can't believe there's anybody in this whole wide country who doesn't know Camay by this time. But, if there should be, I have just this to say: Please get a cake at once and start giving your complexion a care that is not only exquisitely gentle and fragrant, but absolutely scientific as well. Isn't *that* a wonderful combination?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the

high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

Dr. Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV 70, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE SHOCK OF FACING *what your figure may become*

"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-
indulgence, if you would
maintain the modern fig-
ure of fashion

We do not represent that
smoking **Lucky Strike** Ciga-
rettes will bring modern figures
or cause the reduction of flesh.
We do declare that when tempt-
ed to do yourself too well, if
you will "Reach for a **Lucky**"
instead, you will thus avoid
over-indulgence in things that
cause excess weight and, by
avoiding over-indulgence, main-
tain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted

*Reach
for a
LUCKY
instead*

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.



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Tobacco Co., Manufacturers