HOLLYWOOD’S CRUELTY TO GRETA GARBO
"None so good as LUCKIES"

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film, and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE
Sealed Tight
Ever Right
THE UNIQUE HUMIDOR PACKAGE
Zip — and it's open!

Lucky Strike
"It's Toasted"
Cigarettes

Is Miss Harlow's Statement Paid For?
You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 7 years. We hope the publicity here-with given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.
The Family conference—
about the “pink” on Mother’s tooth brush!

People used to be able to enjoy “pink tooth brush” in peace and quiet! But not today! Dental science has found out too much about it! And if the new generation doesn’t warn you about it, your dentist is certain to.

Why is “pink tooth brush” so common an ailment in this day and age? “Because,” says modern science, “to remain sound, the gums need the stimulation which only coarse foods can give them. But modern foods are soft foods —and, lacking exercise, gums tend to become touchy. Eventually, they become so tender that they bleed.”

“Pink tooth brush” may cause the teeth to lose their sparkle. It all too often leads to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis or Vincent’s disease, or even pyorrhea. And it sometimes endangers apparently sound teeth.

The answer? Daily massage of the gums. But even more effective, daily massage of the gums with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then put a little bit more on your brush or fingertip and rub it into your gums. Leave the Ipana there. It contains ziratol, and the ziratol will get results better if left on the gums.

Don’t Take Chances
Tooth paste is not costly! Skimping on your tooth paste is decidedly poor economy. For a good dentist and a good dentifrice are the most economical things on earth!

You’ll like Ipana, first of all, because it is a splendid tooth paste. It cleans the teeth thoroughly without any possibility of the enamel’s becoming marred.

Your teeth begin to look whiter almost at once. And it won’t be a month before you’ll be able to see a decided improvement in your gums. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and they’ll be so firm that you won’t be troubled with “pink tooth brush”!
You don't have to shop for pictures

"HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY"
with CLIVE BROOK
Charlie Ruggles, Vivienne Osborne, Juliette Compton, Harry Bannister

"WORKING GIRLS"
with PAUL LUKAS
Judith Wood, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Dorothy Hall and Stuart Erwin.
Directed by Dorothy Arzner

PARAMOUNT is your buy word

You want to see the stars everyone's talking about... they're Paramount stars! You want to see the greatest Broadway stage hits, the most popular novels and magazine stories... Paramount has them! Paramount is your "buy" word because Paramount gives you what you want, SUPREME ENTERTAINMENT—always good, often great, never a doubt that "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

"THE FALSE MADONNA"
With Kay Francis and William Boyd.
Directed by Stuart Walker

"SOOKY"
With Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan.
Directed by Norman Taurog.
Same cast and director as "Skippy"
High-Lights of This Issue

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

AGE FOR LOVE, THE.—Caddo.—Billie Dove is good but the old familiar story doesn’t click. (Oct.)

★ ALEXANDER HAMILTON.—Warners.—A crisp thriller, with Dame May Whitty and Madeleine Carroll. A fine representation of an historic figure. (Aug.)

ALIAS THE BAD MAN.—Ernst.—You probably won’t like this even if you’re a Western fan. Ken Maynard is likable but—from but you simply don’t believe that story. (Sept.)

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

AMBASSADOR BILL.—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

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

★ ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what you miss in high school. Neither parents nor children should miss it. (Dec.)

AZARRA.—Columbia.—(Reviewed under title “Men Are Like That”). Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

★ BAD COMPANY—RKo-Pathe.—A gang thriller, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (Nov.)

BAD GIRL.—Fox.—You’ll laugh and cry over this one. Norma Shearer is the heroine of the piece. Sally Eilers is all the girls who live next door. Tallulah Bankhead and James Dunn, bears watching. Don’t miss this one. (Sept.)

BELOVED BACHELOR, THE.—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heartthrobs—Charlie Ruggles screamingly funny. (Dec.)

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

★ BLONDE CRAZY.—Warner.—Reviewed under the title “Larceny Lane,” James Cagney and Jean Arthur are the principals in a “cook book picture” that’s top-notch entertainment. (Oct.)

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

BRANDED.—Columbia.—Good scenery, good riding, good ol’ Buck Jones. But let’s have less talk and more action in Westerns. (Oct.)

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

★ BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (Dec.)

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

CAPTIVATION.—Capital Prod.—Ho-bum, a soft-core picture, a stouter Conway Tearle and a leading woman who almost out-dietracs Carbo. Made in England. (Dec.)

CAUGHT.—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly, boy, if you’re Arck finds mother (Louise Brealey) is outwitted he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (Sept.)

CAUGHT PLASTERED.—Radio Pictures.—(Re-viewed under title “Full of Nonsense”). If a scene like Wheeler and Woolsey, don’t let this get by you, for it’s one of their best comedies to date. (Sept.)

★ CHAMP, THE.—M-G-M.—You’ll laugh, you’ll cry, you’ll thrill at this superb picture with those two great artists, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery. Don’t miss this one. (Dec.)

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

★ CISCO KID, THE.—Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girls’ hearts beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn’t new but the treatment is. (Nov.)

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

COMPROMISED.—First National.—(Reviewed under the title “We Three.”) Just uh-huh on this one. It neither bores nor thrills. About a millionaire. (Nov.)

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

CONSOLED MARRIAGE.—Radio Pictures.—Don’t miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat “Front Page” O’Brien. (Now.)

CONVICTED.—Supreme Features.—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Alane Bronn and Harry Myers. (Dec.)

★ CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE.—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett’s voice, Lupe Velez’s love-making and Jimmy Durante’s dash foolishness in a lusty story of murders in Cuba. Good stuff. (Dec.)

★ DADDY LONG LEGS.—Fox.—The beloved classic with Janet Gaynor in a role just suited to her but just a little too saccharine. Warner Baxter at the bachelor. (Nov.)

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A.—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled “shrieker” with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (Now.)

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON.—Paramount.—Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (Oct.)

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

★ DEVOTION.—RKo-Pathe.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten picture a you won’t miss. Ann Harding. (Nov.)

DREYFUSS CASE, THE.—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (Nov.)

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

ENEMIES OF THE LAW.—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Los Angeles’ brand new faces, you can check this off your list. Not even Mary Nolan’s beauty compensates for that old formula SIT— a gangter story. (Sept.)

★ EVERYTHING’S ROSIE.—Radio Pictures.—One of the talkiest tablets yet released. (July)

EX-RAID ROYAL.—Universal.—If you like pageants, you’ll get a kick out of this. Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur give fine comedic acting. (Aug.)

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

EXPRESS 13.—UFA.—A thrilling German dialogue film that makes you wish you’d paid more attention to your German teacher. (Oct.)

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF.—Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver’s first starring film. You’ll laugh and—and what’s more—you’ll cry. In Technicolor, see it. (Oct.)

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP.—Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell on that same old plot? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with one girl. (Nov.)

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

★ FIRST AID.—Some Art.—In which a lot of people—Great Wheather, Marjorie Beebe and Wallace Oakman—do a lot of unconvincing things unconvinc- ingly. (Sept.)

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

★ FIVE STAR FINAL.—First National.—Rush to the nearest theater. You mustn’t miss this exciting story oftabled newspaper sena- tionalism. Eddie Robinson is superb. (Sept.)

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when they're playing DELICIOUS. And keep an eye out for other superb attractions, soon to come: Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore in THE YELLOW TICKET. Will Rogers in AMBASSADOR BILL, James Dunn, Sally Eilers and Mae Marsh in OVER THE HILL.

JANET GAYNOR
CHARLES FARRELL
in
DELICIOUS

It's well-named...this most entrancing of Gaynor-Farrell romances. Here Janet is a Scotch lass...very close to your heart. A handsome American (Charlie Farrell to you) falls madly in love with her, a romantic Russian adores her, a Swede befriends her and a burly Irish detective pursues her!

You've never seen such a comedy of errors, so gay a tangle of laughter and romance. A love story deliciously different!

Six sparkling musical hits by world-renowned George Gershwin, composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," are woven into the story. You'll enjoy Gershwin's new and brilliant "Second Rhapsody."
THE $25 LETTER

A few months ago my sister came over from Norway. She had not the slightest knowledge of English and therefore I hit upon the idea of taking her regularly three times a week to the movies. It was surprising to see the work of talking pictures as an English teacher to a foreigner. At the same time they were entertaining. By seeing the actions of the players and hearing them speak at the same time, my sister picked up the language very quickly. I am rather thankful for the invention of talking pictures and I hope others will experiment in the same way.

MAGDALENA HANSEN, New York City

THE $10 LETTER

The movies have a wonderful message of encouragement for middle-aged people in the accomplishments of Marie Dressler, George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, and many other notable actors and actresses. When you see them on the screen, being their age and making that age vital, interesting, enviable and powerful, you know that in real life they are beloved, respected and popular. Then you realize that real success is not measured by years but by spirit.

ALICE CASSIDY, Oakland, Calif.

THE $5 LETTER

When one of the Duncan sisters, in "It's a Great Life," catches a cold the other one suggests raw, sliced onions sprinkled with brown sugar as a cure and it worked wonders not only for Vivian Duncan but for Frieda Corman as well. For, ever since I saw this picture, I've used the raw onion cure for colds and it's always been successful.

FRIEDA CORMAN, Toledo, Ohio

JUST A BOY

I'm just a boy but I know my actresses and actors, also what pictures I like. What we kids want is pictures like "Skippy," "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn." My chum and I go to the show every Saturday, and goosh, we don't want to sit through an hour and a half of love-making and such mush, we want pictures with some pep and laughs in them.

On Saturday we saw Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in "Pardon Us" and it was great. I like Marie Dressler (I go to see all her pictures), Wallace Beery and, of course, big Gary Cooper and Dick Barrymore and I think I'm going to like Clark Gable, but I don't like (and with a big D) Nancy Carroll (she puts on too much), Greta Garbo (she has no pep) and Connie Bennett (she is too high-hat).

And please make them let Fatty Arbuckle come back. I have read lots about him and I know he must be good because my mother and dad say he was a good comedian.

FRANK LOGAN, Winnipeg, Canada

MEETING NICE PEOPLE

Where can I meet the sort of people who know how to live warmly and beautifully? Where can I mingle with people whose lives consist of something more than eating, sleeping, and producing children? Where—but at the movies? Here, for two hours, at any rate, I live among a charming and delighted company. I chat with them, laugh with them and, after the hours there are close to me and I strain them to my heart. Then, the final flash upon the screen, the cruel lights, and they are gone, hopelessly out of reach.

MARY WALLACE, Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

THAT FALL AND RISE!

I've seen "Susan Lenox," and never have I seen Greta when she seemed more human. She was adorable. If Clark Gable has that effect on her, she should act with him more often.

HELEN PERRY, Pasadena, Calif.

Impatiently waiting for the showing of "Susan Lenox," I almost knocked the door down getting in the minute of the first showing. Imagine my bitter disappointment and possible rage if the heroine in this picture a poverty stricken, low-bred, raw-boned Swedish girl—when in the book she was described as a dainty, lovely American girl of refinement.

ORA WIDENER, Jacksonville, Fla.

Greta Garbo thrilled me so in "Susan Lenox" that I had to see the picture twice. I am worried by rumors that she is going to leave the screen. Oh, Greta, please stay and make the world more beautiful.

MRS. G. FLEMING, Michigan City, Ind.

I used to wonder why all this noise about Greta Garbo. She didn't look so hot to me, but I hadn't seen that masterpiece, "Susan Lenox." What a picture, Miss Garbo! They tell me that Clark Gable was in it, too, but I hardly saw him for looking at Garbo.

GRACE SMITH, Ellensburg, Wash.

In "Susan Lenox" the magnificent Greta Garbo demonstrates once more that she is the screen's finest actress. The combination of Miss Garbo and Clark Gable is a marvel. MRS. JOSEPHINE STIEBEL, New York City

GOOD OLD "NOTRE DAME"

"The Spirit of Notre Dame" is everything the publicity agents say it is. The football scenes are authentic; the students act like pleasant, ordinary young college men and not like the silly fools some pictures make of them; the scenes in the college dining hall are just as they would take place, the college dances are free from drunken couples.

"The Spirit of Notre Dame" bears the distinction of being the first college film that is true to life.

CATHERINE E. FLINN, Dorchester, Mass.

The first football picture of the year, "The Spirit of Notre Dame," was sure an upset to me. Imagine boys of the build of Billy Bakewell and Lew Ayres as backfield men in one of the country's great football teams. Of course, we all realize that light men are no freaks in modern football, but this picture carries it too far. Light football players are usually well built.

JOSEPH EIGEN, Los Angeles, Calif.

[Please turn to page 10]
Pepsodent announces a notable new discovery

An entirely new cleansing and polishing material has been developed by Pepsodent Laboratories. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Teeth are given higher polish, brighter luster—FILM stains disappear completely.

The Pepsodent Laboratories announce a new discovery. A revolutionary discovery contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste for more than six months.

Your dentist will tell you Pepsodent's policy has always been to improve constantly—"no fixed formula" to hamper progress. Research laboratories have a habit, in this modern age, of quickly obsoleting prior ideas. As new dental advances have come, Pepsodent has been the first to adopt them.

Now once more Pepsodent advances. This time through a notable discovery that possesses three exclusive virtues:

1. The new cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent stands unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive FILM.
2. The new texture is invisibly fine. As a result it imparts a higher polish to enamel—a brilliant glaze or luster.
3. The new material is safe—this is most important of all. Safe because it's soft—yes, twice as soft—as polishing materials in common use.

Having made this new discovery we faced an equally great problem. How to combine it in our present formula without altering appearance or sacrificing the famous flavor that has made Pepsodent so long preferred by millions. We mastered this. In taste and in looks it is still the Pepsodent you have always known. In results and safety it is new.

Keeps teeth lovelier—safely

Pepsodent's new cleansing and polishing material brings a change in teeth's appearance within a few days' time. Newly discovered, it is different, totally different, from any now in use.

These facts are interesting: this discovery followed 7 years of research... 3 tons of raw materials were used in laboratory tests... we held a competition from among the ablest minds in chemistry... new equipment had to be invented, then erected... the process is a carefully guarded secret.

The idea was simple: to combine super film-removing power with super safety and yet retain the original appearance and taste of Pepsodent. A paradox! A seemingly hopeless task that has been the goal of Pepsodent's manufacturer for the last decade.

Pepsodent has solved it!

Pepsodent—Special FILM-removing toothpaste

Removing FILM is, and always will be, Pepsodent’s chief duty. Today’s Pepsodent performs that duty better than any toothpaste ever has before.

FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is important for beauty and for health.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Note how smooth and creamy. It is safe... utterly safe... on the softest baby teeth and the most delicate enamel. Pepsodent is today’s outstanding scientific toothpaste.

Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year
The Audience Speaks Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

BRAVO FOR HELEN

I never knew just why "Madame X" left me rather unmoved in spite of Ruth Chatterton's good work. Only after seeing the unforgettable, poignant and soul stirring performance of Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" did I realize what was wrong with "Madame X." Contrast the final scene of both to find the answer.

LOUISE BRANN, New York City

HIS TURBAN'S IN THE RING

I have been watching with interest the fight over Garbo supremacy from a distance of 12,000 miles. Why are the Americans gone head over heels on Garbo? Their own actresses are not lacking in Garbo appeal. For instance, Joan Crawford is a perfect actress. She is divine. Give her a Garbo story and I'm sure she will excel Garbo.

KUTNEAR, Mysore, India

ROMANCE PREFERRED

Although even the foremost talkie theaters in Manila are showing silent films, Filipinos like the talkies. They like revues and musical romances the best. They still prefer the Valentino and Gilbert type of hero and they like their love making spread on thick. The outstanding favorites are Ramon Novarro, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, the Farrell-Gaynor team, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert and Douglas Fairbanks.

BLAS A. ALJANDRE, Manila, P. I.


ELIZABETH WEBB, Regina, Canada

HOMESICK BLUES

It's a Molly Gunp day and your daughter's birthday to boot and you're far from those who care and you feel that life is a bitter pill that you can't swallow. And then you see a movie advertised and for three lacs you may go in and feel that you're across the pond in good old Richmond. The movies help homesickness.

MRS. CARROLL T. SCOTT, Rome, Italy

WE HAVE CENSORS, TOO

The news in the London press of the banning in this country, by our grandmotherly censors, of "An American Tragedy" has led me to write and ask what on earth you people who are (to use one of your own expressions) "cinema conscious" must think of us over here?

Far be it from me to decry Great Britain in any shape or form. It's a great old country, but really, when it comes to the cinema our films are still back in pre-war days both as regards our mentality and our views on production.

J. N. EISENBERG, London, England

ENGLISH SUPREMACY

After seeing Leslie Howard with Ann Harding in "Devotion," I am eager to see more pictures with English actors in the cast. After those English actors have a way with them and they do not have to be either young and handsome to hold their audiences.

IRENE KIRKBRIDE, Cleveland, Ohio

HOW ABOUT IT, CANADA?

I spent a belated vacation in Canada fall. In Toronto I saw two pictures—" Morrigan" and "The Unholy Garden"—at the leading downtown theaters. In the other theater, the screen was fairly good but the sound apparatus was ghastly. I could hardly understand the voices. In the other theater both projection and sound were only fair.
With Brickbats & Bouquets

This is a neat trick if you can do it. If you miss that other stirrup your head hits the ground and the orchestra plays “Hearts and Flowers.” Ride 'em cowboy Ken Maynard just loves this sort of thing and doesn't enjoy his morning's oatmeal unless he does a few stunts like this before breakfast. “Oh yeah?” says Mrs. Maynard, with an Edna May Oliver snif

In Montreal I had seen all the pictures playing at the larger houses, but went to two smaller ones in the downtown section. “Transatlantic,” the photography of which was lauded by critics, was a foggy maze, out of which the voices emerged like foghorns. “The Magnificent Lie” looked as though it had suffered from smallpox. And Ruth Chatterton’s glorious speaking voice sounded more like Marjorie White’s (all right for Marjorie, but not for Ruth). If some of the Canadians don’t like talkies, I can now understand why. Somebody ought to sell them up-to-date projection and sound apparatus.

ALICE FRANCIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THAT PRIVATE LIFE

To the stars who are willing that one should take a peek at the interiors of their homes and at their wardrobes, and who tell us about the expected arrival of the new baby, we should express some appreciation. It is not entirely through curiosity, as some would have it, but through admiration and interest that we like to know more about them.

MRS. E. T. STEVENS, Eureka, Calif.

BRING BRIAN BACK

Mary Brian is one of the most beautiful and talented actresses in Hollywood. It’s true she isn’t gay like Shearer or glamorous like Garbo or sophisticated like Connie Bennett, but she has something that none of these actresses has—that sweet, winning, winsome personality that everyone adores. In the bank where I work we took a vote and Mary Brian was the favorite.

MYRTLE STEWART, Troy, N. Y.

SEEIN’ BELIEVIN’

If someone tells me of my faults, I am apt to become irritated, but I can see them on the screen and immediately decide to mend my ways.

ELIZABETH PAULSON, Longview, Wash.

ANY OLD SITUATION!

I have a daughter eighteen who is just now trying to acquire manners fitting a sophisticated young woman of today. She cannot be persuaded to miss any of either Connie Bennett’s or Ann Harding’s pictures and, believe me, she is beginning to be most satisfactorily proper. I think that this is one of the most important advantages of pictures, they teach a person how to handle many situations.

MRS. J. REGNOLD LYNCH, Flint, Mich.

OLD AS YOU FEEL, MARY

We want Mary Pickford more often, but we don’t want her to spoil herself in such pictures as “Kiki.” There are plenty of ham actors for parts like that. Mary, give us something like “Tess of the Storm Country.” You’re not too old for little girl parts, you just think you are.

MRS. JOHN ORDWAY, Findlay, Ohio

DON’T TOOT THAT HORN

Clean cut and handsome and a capable actor, perfect to typify the American youth, Buddy Rogers’ place should be first among the young male stars. I hope he will continue with his acting and not turn to music. We have many good musicians but few actors as good as he.

GEORGE CHRISTIE, Berkeley, Calif.

BARBARA’S REAL

One becomes weary of looking at beautiful wax figures and that’s what these beautiful stars remind me of, with their same sleek hairdress, same languid and bored air, and same pose in holding a cigarette, with hand on hip.

Now look at Barbara Stanwyck. Strictly speaking, Barbara is not beautiful, but, I’ll take her any time.

BESSIE KRAZOK, Philadelphia, Penna.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]
PAGING LEW AND JOEL

To say that the "femmes" are going wild over this so-called handsome, fascinating Gable boy may be true, but why not give Lew Ayres and Joel McCrea a chance to win some hearts? Most girls of today, in my opinion, do not care for this harsh, bold type of Gable, so let's see more of Lew and Joel.

MARGE BICKLEY, Sandusky, Ohio

CHEERIO, OLD BEAN!

In a story about David Manners in the October PhotoPLAY, the author marveled over the fact that Manners, although he had been educated in staid British institutions, was really as American as a silver dollar and not a broad "A" in a carload. There is no mystery about that. Manners was born in Canada and educated in a well-known Canadian university where we don't go around sipping tea and uttering "jolly good!" and "simply ripping!" and when we answer the telephone we don't say "Are you there?"

CORY KILVERT, Winnipeg, Man., Canada

BOUQUETS FOR HILLY

William Haines is one of the best actors who was ever on the screen or ever will be. He is both talented and handsome. In "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" he was perfect.

MRS. GRACE LONGO, New York City

A LIQUOR CURE

Pictures of young kids going on wild parties are thought to be bad for youngsters to see, but my sisters agree with me when I say that the more I see of that kind of life, the more disgusted I become with it, and the more I see of the crazy things they do when under the influence, the less I care to get drunk.

Those pictures haven't ruined me.

M. H. LONG, San Mateo, Calif.

AMERICAN GIRLS

In traveling, I found the Europeans have a most unflattering opinion of American girls, which is based on the films they see. I began fancying myself a foreigner looking at American pictures and was amazed to find so many jazzy, whoopee girl pictures. When I saw Douglas Fairbanks' picture "Reaching for the Moon," I couldn't enjoy it because I know how popular he is in Europe and how many eyes would see again a disgusting spectacle of American girlhood as portrayed in that film.

MRS. H. A. LADBLOW, San Francisco, Calif.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

From the vantage point of three years as an usher and four years as a cashier at a movie theater, during which time I've talked to hundreds of fans, I make these comments: Greta Garbo has reached the crest of her popularity.

The newsreel could be made much more appealing to women.

The Cinderella motive could be used more than it is at present. Witness the success of "Daddy Long Legs."

The other folks do not care for vaudeville.

The average fan has long ago forgotten about Arbuckle's case and will welcome him back if he delivers the goods.

Claire Bow will have a difficult time making good with many people, when she returns.

Sentiment is due for a return engagement.

ISABEL VERRELLA, Detroit, Mich.

OH, COME NOW!

Clark Gable is perfect, except for his unplucked eyebrows. Pluck them, Clark. We'll be watching for you to do it.

HELEN BENSE, Rayne, La.

COMPARISON

To all belitters of the movies who claim that the film industry is still in its infancy, I recommend the entertaining Paramount "Screen Souvenirs." These two-reelers show the evolution of the movies from the days of the nickelodeons to the present time. We laugh at the overly melodramatic antics of Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish, Theda Bara, Louise Glaum and Mae Murray. We wonder how we could ever have believed these absurd melodramas even with a modicum of seriousness. Yes, we have developed mentally along with the motion pictures, and the motion picture has been instrumental in our mental development.

L. E. MENDLOWITZ, Pittsburgh, Penna.

MIRIAM'S SECOND BEST

Three years ago Greta Garbo sat on the top-most rung of my Hollywood ladder. The next fifty runs below her were empty. Today Garbo is still firmly on top, but not far from the top is that charming girl who bowled me over by stealing "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Twenty-four Hours." The name is Miriam Hopkins and I consider her the great "discovery" in a year full of discoveries. (Yes, I've seen Marlene and Tallulah.)

ROBERT R. SANDELL, Syracuse, N. Y.

BALLYHOO!

If less pictures were advertised in billboards, newspapers, etc., as "the greatest picture ever made," more of us movie-goers would attend these pictures. Perhaps we picture audiences are not the most intelligent in the world, but we are not altogether stupid. Just a wee touch of subtlety and a slight pressure on the soft pedal might well work wonders in heralding a new picture.

At least such an experiment is worth the trial, as it's never been done.

RICHARD GERSON, Hollywood, Calif.

NO MORE BUNK

PhotoPLAY was the first magazine to take the slush out of the movie stars, but there is still room for improvement. A few years ago all actors and actresses were Broadway stars and spent all their time entertaining little orphans or reading the classics. PhotoPLAY started telling the truth.

In the old Triangle days, I saw many of Douglas Fairbanks' pictures twice. Today I refuse to see any—too much Pickfair, entertaining royalty, etc. Many fine actors have not been afraid of wearing old clothes or getting their faces dirty in a picture, but young Fairbanks and Novarro think they must wear fine officers' uniforms before they can act. More naturalness is what we want.

MAX REED, St. Louis, Mo.

EDUCATED POWDER PUFFS

I thought I knew something about facial make-up until I viewed a short talkie in color, showing how the movie stars do it. The next day I followed their directions, even to the little touch of rouge that was cleverly moulded into the center of the chin. The delicate and natural complexion resulting from the methods shown were amazing. Needless to say, from now on I make up the movie way. Just this—one short reel to me means a life time of correct and pleasing make-up.

JEAN McMICHAEL, Toronto, Canada
What Can You Buy for ONE DOLLAR?

THAT WILL GIVE YOUR BEST FRIEND HER BIGGEST CHRISTMAS THRILL?

SOME handkerchiefs?
(But handkerchiefs are commonplace.)

But if you spend your dollar on a five months’ subscription to Photoplay

It will mean that your best friend will get a fresh thrill on five different occasions, out of your Christmas gift.

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And beauty hints and clothes suggestions that will make her lovelier of face, and smarter of dress.

She’ll be getting the newest star pictures for her room and her album.

And she’ll be learning to spend her entertainment money wisely — for Photoplay’s Guide to Motion Pictures will tell her which ones are worth seeing, and which aren’t!

She’ll be getting the latest news, too, on film manners and matters . . .

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

★ FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE—(Also re- released as Newly Rich)—Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Swan and Lionel Barrymore in a picture that will hold you, but in plot and treatment it's for grown-ups only. (July)

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

★ FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures.—Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim and Lily Damita get tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (Oct.)

★ GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Ledebt intrinsically the roles (Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (Oct.)

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

★ GIRLS ABOUT TOWN—Paramount.—The old gold digger still all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilian Tashman wear the clothes and speak those smart lines. (Dec.)

★ GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warner.—Exuberant Warner girl in a story which is, however, a poor story. (July)

★ GOLDFIELDS—Fox.—If you like dusty, dusty stuff, this'll do. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hynner make a new comedy team. (Aug.)

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

★ GRAFT.—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumberbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart-breakingly in love. (Sept.)


★ GRIEF STREET.—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty cast. Through a poor story. (July)

★ GUARDSMAN, THE—M-G-M.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be charmed by them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (Oct.)

★ GUILTY HANDS—M-G-M.—That Lionel Barry- more does it once again. You know he is the murderer, but will they discover his guilt? You'll better find out. (Sept.)

★ HARD HOMBRE.—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups, too. Perfectly cast with Hoot Gibson and Linus Bassquette. (Oct.)

★ HEARTBREAK—Fox.—This has a war back- ground but it's really a sweet love story. Maggie Evelyn, who you might think is a character, turns out to be Richard Arlen, a good actor, too. (Dec.)

★ HEAVEN ON EARTH.—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Sept.)

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

★ HOLY TERROR, A.—Fox.—A two-fisted West- ern with George O'Brien. Good, wholesome enter- tainment. (Aug.)

★ HOMICIDE SQUAD.—Universal.—Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (Nov.)

★ HONEYMOON LANE.—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance be- tween Eddie Quillan and June Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Douglas. (Sept.)

★ HONOR OF THE FAMILY.—First National.—Nothing left of the Balzac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-chili adventures heroine. (Nov.)

★ HUCKLEBERRY FINN.—Paramount.—This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will cure the blues. Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimmin' hole days. (Oct.)

★ HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE.—Willis Kent.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lamour has the stuff. (Dec.)

★ HUSH MONEY.—Fox.—Another gangster film and not a bad one. William Holden, Ian Bennett and Hardie Albright try hard. (Aug.)

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


★ IN LINE OF DUTY.—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Noah Beery. Sue Carol is the girl. (Oct.)

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

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

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

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

★ LAST FLIGHT, THE.—First National.—Gay adventures in the Pan-American flag. But the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelmess' work is overshadowed by the others in the love club. (Oct.)

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

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

★ LAWYER'S SECRET, THE.—Paramount.—Clive Brook, Barbara Stanwyck, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur give fine performances. Intense drama. (Aug.)

★ LEFTOVER LADIES.—Tiffany Prod.—Divorcees talk a lot about careers and freedom in drifty dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brittle wig, is good. (Dec.)

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

★ LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD.—First Na- tional.—Joe E. Brown is flatter than he's ever been, in this story of a college grad with ambitions and a background. (Dec.)

★ LOVE STORY, THE.—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a lighthouse. Even a murder doesn't speed things up. Dreary fare. (Sept.)

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

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

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

★ MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE.—Paramount.—Not up to the standard of more Ruth Chatterton films. But it's a new role for hard Ralph Bellamy who is particularly good. (Sept.)

★ MAN IN POSSESSION, THE.—M-G-M.—Robert Montgomery and William Powell are seriously good as agents. The situations and sparkling lines. Amusing. (Aug.)

★ MEN ARE LIKE THAT.—Columbia.—(Also shown under the title of "Azonzo"). La La Laite and John Wayne find Oil and love at an army post. (Oct.)

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

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

★ MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE.—Super Film.—Even if you don't speak English, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gayety make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

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

★ MONKEY BUSINESS.—Paramount.—Messes, Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of hysteria. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (Oct.)

★ MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.—Nat. Spitter Prod.—Fishing adventure in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammal fish abound. For fish fans. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE ]

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.
MOTHER AND SON — Monogram Prod. — Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as Para Lid. (Oct.)

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT — Tiffany Prod. — Yep, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice White, in a small part, has a sex-appeal voice. (Oct.)

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

MY SIN — Paramount. — Tallulah Bankhead and Frederic March in one of those "should a woman tell her past?" things. (Nov.)

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

MYSTERY TRAIN, THE — Darmour Prod. — Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokum and suspense. (Nov.)

NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, THE — M-G-M. — And they said William Haines was slipping! See this knock-off comedy with Billy and the comic bit shot, Jimmy Durante, to be convinced they're wrong. (Nov.)

NEWLY RICH — See FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE.

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

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

NIGHT RAID (UN SOIR DE RAFE) — Oso Prod. — A lively French film about a price-fighter, his real sweetheart and a drin. Amusing. (Dec.)

OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied) — Austrian Cinderella. Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (Nov.)

ONCE A LADY — Paramount. — Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting redeem a not too original story. (Dec.)

ONE WAY TRAIL, THE — Columbia. — The Kids have been in exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy. (Dec.)

PAGAN LADY — Columbia. — The Sally Thompson theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (Nov.)

PALMY DAYS — United Artists. — A typical Eddie Cantor-and-nonsense show that should bring film musicals back. (Oct.)

PARDON US — Hal Roach — M-G-M. — Laurel and Hardy in a lot of hokum. Funny. (Nov.)

PARISIAN, THE — Capital Prod. — This is a story of a genuine story told in England with Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi proves that these glamorous kids get that way in Hollywood. (Nov.)

PENROD AND SAM — First National. — If you haven't been over it, it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan in this. (Nov.)

PERSONAL MAIL — Paramount. — Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a maudlin-pamby plot. (Nov.)

PLATINUM BLONDE — Columbia. — Youth beauty, comedy and drama—and Jean Harlow. A well done newspaper yarn. See it. (Dec.)

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

PRIVATE SCANDAL, A — Headline Prod. — Another underworld story in which the crook reforms. (Oct.)

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

RANGE FEUD, THE — Columbia. — Buck Jones may be your boy, but Westerns are better when you twiddle your thumbs at this bawdy old story. (Dec.)

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


RECKLESS LIVING — Universal. — An entertaining little picture. (Nov.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE — Fox. — A grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill excellent. (Dec.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE — Paramount. — Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't sell. (Nov.)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE — Warners. — Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (Oct.)

RULING VOICE, THE — First National. — (Reviewed under the title "Upper Underworld"). Different from the average racketyraking picture and bound to make you think. (July)

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

SEA GHOST, THE — Imperial Prod. — Laura La Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (Nov.)

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

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

SECRET SERVICE — Radio Pictures. — Adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (Dec.)


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

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


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

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK — M-G-M. — A laugh as the moment and just the right amount of moments with "dead pan" Buster Keaton, Cliff Edwards and Anita Page. (Oct.)

SILENCE — Paramount. — Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (Oct.)

SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET, THE — M-G-M. — One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

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

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

SKYLINE — Fox. — Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamp Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

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

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

[Please turn to page 16]
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[continued from page 15]

SMART WOMAN — Radio Pictures. — What a performance Mary Astor gives in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (Oct.)

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

SOB SISTER — Fox. — You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand, too. (Nov.)

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

SPIDER, THE — Fox. — Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie Gribbon is grand and suspense is geared on high. (Oct.)

SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE — Universal. — Krute Rockne lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (Dec.)

SPORTING BLOOD — M-G-M. — The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured role. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)


STAR WITNESS, THE — First National. — At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Nov.)

STREET SCENE — United Artists. — Thirty-four excellent actors and super-direction by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the year. A vivid cross-section of life you'll never forget. (Oct.)

STRICKLY DISHONORABLE — Universal. — You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi, Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (Dec.)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A (Ein Burschenlied Aus Heidelberg) — UFA. — Robbing tunes, students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Aug.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS — Columbia. — Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (July)

SUNDOWN RAIL — RKO-Pathé. — Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE — M-G-M. — Marlene Dietrich, position strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

SWEEPSTAKES — RKO-Pathé. — Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a love—loss yarn. Quillian and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

TERROR BY NIGHT — Famous Attractions. — Bet you can't guess before the last reel who did the dirty work. A gem of a comedy with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (Dec.)

TEXAS RANGER, THE — Columbia. — Carmelita Geraghty is the gal, Buck Jones the hero. (July)

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL — UFA. — A dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialogue. (Oct.)

THIS MODERN AGE — M-G-M. — Joan Crawford lovely and dripip-boxoffice appeal in a ridiculous story. (Aug.)

THERE LOVES — Terra. — Marlene Dietrich is the only reason for seeing this three-year-old German silent. (Aug.)

THERE WHO LOVED — Radio Pictures. — Excellent acting by Betty Compson and Conrad Nagel in a production that suffers from too much story. (Aug.)

TRANSATLANTIC — Fox. — Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen in an exciting dramatic plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (Sept.)

TRANSPOSITION — Radio Pictures. — The same old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis wears swell clothes. (Aug.)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS — Radio Pictures. — RKO-Radio's well—executed and well—acted little family comedy, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)


24 HOURS — Paramount. — It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are grand. (Aug.)

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE — United Artists. — Far—dighted melodrama and romance in a Sahara castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to save the impossible story. (Oct.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL — Paramount. — Young love and its struggles neatly handled by Norman Foster, as a young author, and his wife, played by Carole Lombard. Sprightly dialogue. (July)

VICE SQUAD, THE — Paramount. — Besides being something that will keep you interested, this is a picture you'll think about. Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson are excellent. (July)

VIKING, THE — Varick Frisell Production. — A picture of the boat that sank at Arctic tragedy. Good photography. (Aug.)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH — Radio Pictures. — An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (July)

WATERLOO BRIDGE — Universal. — It's not what you'd expect, yes, but it's a different sort of screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mac Clarke. (Sept.)

WAY BACK HOME — Radio Pictures. — If you followed Selig or Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy this as well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (Dec.)

WEST OF BROADWAY — M-G-M. — John Gilbert's voice is low—so is the entertainment value of the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six months to live. (Oct.)

WHITE DEVIL, THE — UFA. — Russians in big fur hats are doing serious things again. You need not bother. (Aug.)

WHITE SHOULDERS — Radio Pictures. — Rex Beach's dramatic story makes an interesting picture. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez form the triangle. (July)

WICKED — Fox. — Elsa Linden and Victor McLaglen are good in a too heavy drama about a bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (Oct.)

WILD HORSE — Allied. — Hoot Gibson captures a wild boy, a banner picture which is essentially different. Great audience approval, all in one handsome gesture. (Sept.)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A — RKO-Pathé. — Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (July)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER — Tiffany-Cruz. — Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (Sept.)

WOMEN LOVE ONCE — Producers — Women wasted their time and that of Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

WOMEN MARRY — Headline Prod. — Don't take this picture too seriously and you won't find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS — Fox. — Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as Queer and Flagg of "What Price Glory?" fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (July)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL — Fox. — Another grand Will Rogers film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (July)

YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID — Radio Pictures. — Good. From Rex Beach's story. "Big Brother," Little Jack Johnson practically steals the show in spite of Dixo's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS — Fox. — The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot. Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)
THE manager of the Embassy Club in Hollywood was showing Mary Pickford through the kitchens when a waiter came swinging through calling, "Caviar for Marlene Dietrich, and Ann Harding's cocktail." The waiter hadn't even been over to their tables, but when he saw them come into the dining room he knew that their order would be "the usual thing."

The Embassy is one of the swanky places in Hollywood where the stars eat. At the studio restaurants they dash in for a hurried bite, but at the Embassy they have time to be social. This club used to be banned to the casual visitor, but a short time ago it opened its doors to the public for dinner. At luncheon it still remains the stars' stronghold.

Perhaps you will be surprised and interested to know that Eddie Brandstatter, the genius behind the scenes there, has discovered that the stars prefer simple foods rather than elaborate fare. Each one has some favorite dish, each some special taste to which Eddie caters.

Now, there's Lilyan Tashman, who should have sophisticated culinary tastes if anyone ever did have. But Lilyan just eats heartily of everything and anything she likes. She has ginger ale with any meal, never drinking tea or coffee. At the Embassy, one of her favorite dishes is cold Columbia River salmon served with rings of hard-boiled egg and covered with a thin spicy sauce that is an Embassy specialty. Evelyn Brent combines breakfast and lunch. Her favorite dish is bacon and eggs.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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

CARMEL MYERS always orders cottage cheese and chives on green lettuce, with a sprinkling of paprika over it. Joan Crawford is another salad devotee. She has a favorite which consists of prunes stuffed with cottage cheese placed on cottage cheese, the whole served on lettuce. Another favorite of Joan's is a salad made with romaine lettuce garnished with chopped hard-boiled eggs and tomatoes. Over this she pours a dressing which she mixes at the table. The dressing is vinegar, olive oil and dry mustard mixed together to a thin consistency. To this is added salt, pepper and paprika to taste.

LAMB stew is a great pièce de résistance. And at the Embassy it is prepared in such a way as to tempt the epicure. Eleanor Boardman frequently orders it. The lamb is cut up in good-sized pieces and stewed with carrots, peas and onions. Before serving, a gravy sauce is poured over the whole. On the large platter upon which it is served, the stew is ringed with curried rice. This dish, like many others, is served buffet fashion from a cart.

Stewed fruits are a non-fattening dessert favored by a majority of the stars. A compote composed of various fruits is served in a huge silver bowl and passed from table to table.

Janet Gaynor, Lydell Peck, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli often dine out together at night. At the Embassy, one of their favorites is filet mignon with mushrooms.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

17
No lost pay days FOR HER!

SHE ESCAPES Colds by gargling twice a day with LISTERINE

Reduces number 66%—effective because SAFE

Don't let a cold rob you of part of your pay. In these days it is important to be on the job all the time. Every penny counts.

There is an easy, pleasant, and safe way of helping to prevent colds and to check their severity once they have started.

Gargle with Listerine Twice a Day

It is the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine. Year in, year out, millions have proved that it keeps them in better health. Builds up resistance to colds and other infections in the mouth.

And now, clinical tests show that those who employed Listerine as a mouth wash, had only \( \frac{3}{4} \) as many colds, and sometimes only \( \frac{1}{2} \) as many, as those who did not gargle at all. These tests, conducted over a period of 75 days, under medical supervision, also showed that even when colds were contracted, they lasted \( \frac{3}{4} \) as long and were only \( \frac{1}{4} \) as severe.

Germ-killing with Safety

Why does Listerine accomplish such amazing results when ordinary mouth washes fail?

First, because used full strength just as it comes from the bottle, it kills germs associated with colds, in the fastest time. As a gargle, it reduces the number of surface germs 98%.

And maintains substantial reduction for hours.

Healing in Effect

Second, because Listerine is safe and non-poisonous. Unlike mouth washes so harsh they must be diluted, Listerine's action is always healing. Therefore, while it kills germs, it at the same time relieves inflammation.

Because of its safety, and its soothing and healing action, Listerine has always been favored by physicians, nurses, and laymen, over poisonous mouth washes dangerous if not diluted exactly.

Ends Bad Breath

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it with you when you travel. It is your protection against infection and is also your assurance that your breath will be pleasant, sweet, and not offensive to others. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Choose Mouth Wash Carefully

Some watered—others dangerous

Of 203 mouth washes which were analyzed, 94 were non-antiseptic, 107 could not kill germs in 3 minutes, and 143 were unable to kill germs in 1 minute. Some used with water were useless. Others were so harsh they irritated mouth tissue and were therefore dangerous.
THIS young lady now answers to the title of Marquise de la Falaise. Constance Bennett and Gloria’s one-time husband have said, “We do.” It was a simple ceremony, performed by a judge. Connie wore a blue dress, pearls and a smile. The wedding rings (he’ll wear one, too) are plain platinum bands
POLISH that old crown! Fluff up those pillows on the throne! Where did Lil Gish leave that sceptre, Chamberlain? You'll shout yourselves hoarse hailing the new queen, for Helen Hayes captures your heart in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." And there's a grand story about her in this issue.
PAUL LUKAS has trouble making that Hungarian accent behave when he's learning his lines. But in "Strictly Dishonorable" he makes the girls' hearts do nip-ups. And in spite of the coolness between him and Ruth Chatterton on the "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" set, they say the picture is great stuff.
WIFEY CLAUDETTE COLBERT works in New York. Hubby Norman Foster works in Hollywood. And a lot of meanies said they couldn't bill and coo over long distance. Claudette hopped a train to the Gold Coast for a brief visit and now everything looks dandy. Claudette's latest is "His Woman"
$32.50 to $60.00

WILL BUY A FINER WATCH THAN YOU'VE EVER BEEN ABLE TO GET FOR THE MONEY

Never was there such an opportunity to give the most useful and cherished of all Christmas gifts — a fine Illinois Watch.

Look at these few of the latest Illinois designs. They are beautiful — authentically modern, smart and stylish. They are sturdy, accurate timekeepers. And priced lower than ever before for such quality.

Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Anita Page and Wallace Beery are among the stars of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who have chosen Illinois Watches. Write us for beautiful photographs of these stars. Also for attractive booklet illustrating many other Illinois Watches. Illinois Watches have been made in America for more than sixty years. Address, THE ILLINOIS WATCH, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Ladies' Watches — CLAUDETTE $32.50, 14K filled white or natural gold. 15 jewels... HOLLYWOOD $40.00, 14K filled white or natural gold. 17 jewels... COQUETTE $52.50. 14K filled white gold. 17 jewels.

Men's Watches — BEAU ROYALE $35.00, 14K filled white or natural gold. 15 jewels... ARLINGTON $37.50, 14K filled white or natural gold. 15 jewels... BOSTONIAN $47.50, 14K filled white or natural gold. Matched bracelet. 15 jewels.

Robert Montgomery
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star in “Private Lives”

THE ILLINOIS WATCH

THE ILLINOIS WATCH, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS Please send me photographs of stars and Illinois Watch booklet.

Name: .......................................................... Address: ..........................................................
37 Second Beauty Treatment Guards Their Charm

Your hands and arms are so much the center of attraction... while serving tea this afternoon... sliding counters across the backgammon board this evening... and later, silhouetted against the black of your dancing partner's coat. Always they must be soft and smooth and youthful, despite their exposure to wind and sun on this morning's cross country drive, or your eighteen holes of golf.

Here is the quick, easy way to guard hands and arms against every danger that threatens their loveliness. Apply just a few drops of Chamberlain's Lotion after exposure to sun, wind or cold, and always as the finishing touch to your toilette.

Stop watch tests show that this clear liquid is completely absorbed by the average skin in only 37 seconds. No bothersome massage is necessary. It is not at all sticky or greasy and has a delightful orange blossom fragrance.

Regular use of Chamberlain's Lotion will keep your hands and arms always well groomed and presentable. You will like it, too, as a powder base and astringent.

Chamberlain's Lotion is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, 50c and $1. For a purse size trial flaconette send 10c to Department 45, Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa.

Chamberlain's Lotion
"The Invisible Glove"
I have always admired Gloria Swanson. She is one of the most courageous women I have ever known in a business where courage is as necessary as beauty and artistry. She has had to fight every inch of the way to her present high place in pictures.

But there has always seemed to be something pathetic about courageous, little five foot and one-half inch Gloria. And never more pathetic than as she sailed from San Francisco to France alone with her Michael, the handsome "playboy" of London and Paris.

Walter Winchell (need we any longer say "New York columnist"?) has said that Gloria is "lullaby shopping." The queens of the cinema have about as much privacy as the few remaining queens of Europe.

When Gloria comes back to Hollywood there may be another heir apparent to the throne of that mythical kingdom of Cinemondia.

Good luck, Gloria.

Here is something that none of our Hollywood writers have reported yet—the fad of the black wedding ring. A New York society divorcee started it. A mourning ring for a dead romance.


During the making of "The Champ," Jackie Cooper was having one of his off-days. He just would not cry. Director King Vidor was desperate. He pleaded with his young star, but all his cajolery was futile. The tears would not come.

"I'm trying," said the little fellow, "but I don't feel like crying. I'm sorry, Mr. Vidor."

"I give up," said King. "Red, see what you can do with him. He likes you."

Red, who is King Vidor's assistant director, shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. Then he went up to the back platform where the boy was sitting.

"Jackie," he said, "Mr. Vidor is going to quit the picture. He says he is going to tell Mr. Mayer you are a rotten actor."

With that Jackie started to sob, and he meant it, too.

That's the scene on the observation car platform that tears at your heart.

Police Court Magistrate J. A. R. Cairns, of London, got out of the wrong side of his bed one morning recently, called for his tea, adjusted his monocle, and roared:

"Film producers are fouling civilization. Constantly in my court here I see girl-mothers faced by lads challenging their obligations to paternity. Seduction is the normal initiation into society."

Tut, tut, Mr. Cairns, perhaps these young people of yours have been reading those novels of English society written by your Michael Arlen and Beverly Nichols. Before we went broke all of our young ladies were introduced into society with formal and expensive débuts at the Ritz-Carlton or the Waldorf-Astoria. And if you read the papers at all, you must know that in Hollywood, at least, the boys marry their girls, time after time.

These economists may be pretty smart fellows, but when one of them lists the slim picture stars as one of the causes of the low price of wheat, it is more than we can stand for. Attempting to achieve the new sellette style of sex appeal, he says, American women are laying off wheat cakes and laying in vast supplies of tomato juice. If that economist could see Mary Astor
and Connie Bennett going for a huge stack of griddle cakes, he would change his mind.

You can still walk the streets of Hollywood without danger of being hit by discarded waffle irons, thrown out the windows of the Hollywood elect.

CASTING director put in a call for one hundred "tough" characters for a picture. They were used in a women's prison story.

The types were so real that they stole twenty pocketbooks, fourteen coats and one revolver from each other.

I HAD a pleasant little duty to perform the other day that gave me quite an emotional thrill. It was the presentation of the Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal to Carl Laemmle, head of the Universal Company, for the production of "All Quiet on the Western Front," the best picture of 1930.

In my talk I recalled that this man has survived in picture activity all the outstanding figures of the early days of motion pictures. One by one they have retired, died, or faded into obscurity. I refer to the days when a sturdy little group of independents fought with fang and claw against the old General Film Company, which claimed control of the vital motion picture patents. William Fox and Carl Laemmle were the leaders of the insurgents, and the "Trust" declared them outlaws.

TODAY William Fox is playing golf on his Long Island estate. He sleeps soundly and with a smile on his face, undisturbed by the financial crisis through which the picture business is struggling, secure in the millions he made and kept. "Unde Charlie" sits, a diminutive figure, behind a big mahogany desk, and thanks the God of his forefathers that he doesn't own a single motion picture theater, and that his pride and joy, Carl, Jr., has, at the age of twenty-two, become one of the most successful producers of Hollywood.

Carl Laemmle had tears in his eyes as he accepted the Gold Medal. Then to hide his emotions, he asked, "How is Bob Eastman?" I told him Bob hadn't been feeling so well lately. "Well," said Carl, "I'll see him at the Kentucky Derby, anyhow. We meet there every year. Ask him to tip me off if he has any lunches."

THE name Robert M. Eastman has for years been beside mine at the bottom of the index page of Photoplay and, I hope, will be there for many years to come. He is the man who first envisaged the publication for what it is today. His faith in it, backed by his money, was almost fanatical.

Coming from Minnesota to Chicago as a young journeyman printer, he built the W. F. Hall Printing Company into one of the largest and most efficient in the world, and while he has now turned the active administration of the huge business over to his organization, the man's indomitable spirit is behind every revolution of every giant press.

PHOTOPLAY celebrated its seventeenth birthday recently and I received this wire from him: "Kay Dee tells me Photoplay is seventeen years old today. Jim, and isn't she a beauty? I always knew, even as a colt she would be a winner."

Bob's outstanding interests in life, after his family, are his printing plant, his famous racing horse, "Mike Hall," and Photoplay. I like to think Photoplay is his favorite, for he saw it through from a bankrupt little pamphlet of 13,000 circulation to its present prosperous 600,000 read by two million picture devotees scattered all over the world.

INCIDENTALLY, Bob Eastman is the arch villain who started night life in the picture colony, seventeen years ago. He gave the first big party. We had just reorganized the magazine when Bob thought we had better go out to California to look the picture business over. I will admit now, for us both, that we had an idea the trip would not be all hard work.

As we started out on our daily labor of investigation, Mack Sennett's studio was always the first stop, and almost every evening would find Mack, Ford Sterling, Roscoe Arbuckle, Mary Pickford and her charming and clever mother, Charlotte, Mabel Normand, Owen Moore, Charlie Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Eastman and myself gathered around a big table at Al Levy's restaurant.

BEFORE we left, Bob threw a big party at the Old Log Cabin on West Adams Street. He was the richest man the group had ever known, and the party for fifty must have cost as much as one table for eight at the swanky Mayfair of today. We had champagne and beer, and didn't have to watch the door for a Federal raiding party, nor drink for the pure joy of breaking any laws.

They didn't sell hard liquor in California even in those days, and nobody wanted it. Congenial folks could get a little mellow then without getting pifficfated.

IF you are wondering about the identity of the "Kay Dee" whom Bob Eastman mentioned in his birthday telegram, look at the initials of the third party at the bottom of the index page, Kathryn Dougherty. She was a kid bookkeeper when Bob and I went off on that first visit to the picture colony and she was sitting on the lid of the business in our absence. She is still holding down the lid today, the best known and most beloved woman executive in the publishing business.

It seems that I have been talking a lot about ourselves, but only once in a lifetime do we have a seventeenth birthday.
Well, That's Settled

We've finally got Dorothy and Richard married without much fuss or orange blossoms

"I'm not going to marry Neil Miller until he gets a job," Dorothy Mackaill told us two months ago.

"I'm not going to marry until I find a girl who wants babies and is a good sport," Richard Dix told us five years ago.

Well, Neil got a job and Dorothy married him. And, while we haven't overheard the private conversations of Richard Dix and his bride, Richard seems to be satisfied.

One week after Neil took the position of orchestra director for the Embassy Club, one of Hollywood's swank spots, he and Dorothy flew to Yuma, Arizona, and were married.

Of course, Neil had had positions before. In fact, he gave up a good one as agriculturist for the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association. He has been offered picture engagements. And, as the fiancée of a popular star, he would have been offered more. Things happen that way. But he was determined to sing and play.

He croons like nobody's business, is tall, handsome, and young—they're both twenty-six.

We're glad they are married. Now we can stop guessing. Ever since Dorothy divorced Lothar Mendes, the German director, in 1928, we have been running out in our bare feet every morning to snatch the early paper for latest news of her romances. And she had plenty.

You probably recall, on April 20 of this year, Dorothy and Neil obtained a license to marry in Honolulu. But the wedding was postponed. It was generally understood that Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Florence Wise, persuaded them to wait a while.

Close upon the heels of this came the rumor that Dorothy was engaged to Walter Byron, English actor, at the time she sailed for Honolulu. When Photoplay interviewed Mr. Byron to ascertain the facts in the case, he said he was still waiting for news from Dorothy. He pretended that he really thought they were engaged. This was just a joke of his, not to disappoint the newsgatherers; and, incidentally, it was not bad publicity for him.

We had hardly gotten to press with this story when John McCormick, divorced husband of Colleen Moore, told the papers in Honolulu that none of these other reports were true, as he was going to marry Dorothy.

The funniest report ever circulated about Dorothy was on a former trip to Honolulu. How that girl loves Hawaiian moonlight! Newspaper men were pressing her for a story, just as she was getting on the steamship Malola. Seeking a way out, she told them she was leaving behind her the man she was going to marry, and quickly pointed to an actor-director, who was standing among the visitors at the dock. "His name is Horace Hough, and this is the gentleman right here." He, as a joke, said he hoped to marry Miss Mackaill as soon as he had money enough. Of course, all the mutual friends knew he already had a wife and Dorothy was only kidding, but the papers printed the story.

The Miller-Mackaill wedding ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace. Dorothy and Neil went across the border to Algodones, Mexico, and had dinner and flew back again at six o'clock, so Neil missed no time from the Embassy. You can imagine the ovation he received that evening.

I suppose the question most people want answered is: "What is Mrs. Winifred Coe Dix like?"

Well, she's non-professional but cute and pretty enough to go professional if hubby ever gets to the place where he can't support her. But she's the type who prefers to be supported.

Twenty-three. The daughter of a wholesale grocer who is rated "wealthy" even during the depression. She was born in Minneapolis, across the river from St. Paul, where the stork deposited Richard fourteen years.
Hollywood's Cruelty

The ruthless persecution of Greta Garbo—an incredible, but sadly true, story

For sheer cruelty, the Middle Ages had nothing on modern Hollywood when it came to practicing the art of persecution. And there is no one in Hollywood today who knows better what it is to be put on the rack and tortured than Greta Garbo.

Instead of trying to understand her, Hollywood has spent every effort to dig an early professional grave for her. I know how true this is, because, unintentionally, I have been one of her most active grave-diggers.

And now I am going to make a confession that hurts—hurts, because it isn’t easy to admit one’s weaknesses. But there is such a thing as justice, and the attacks upon Greta Garbo have become so numerous recently that the good side of my nature cries out: It is time to be fair to her.

Four years ago I wrote the first and only bona fide life story of Greta Garbo for Photoplay. She spent many hours giving me the material. I was fascinated by her sincerity, her warm, earthy qualities; her utter lack of affectation. After my story was printed, she said to me, “I do not like your story. I do not like to see my soul laid bare upon paper.”

After that she decided not to see writers. She was perfectly frank, but I was hurt. I did not stop to analyze that there might be a justifiable reason for her decision.

We all know the general story of Garbo. Hollywood had to take her if it was to get the great European director, Mauritz Stiller. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer paid her $450 a week to secure him for the movies. This curious peasant girl with her big feet, her timidity, her combination of humility, ambition and indifference, became the laughing stock of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. I remember how studio employees pointed her out to me saying, “Look at her! Isn’t she funny? Imagine that Swee trying to get into pictures!”

They cast her in “The Temptress” because Mauritz Stiller insisted upon it. He was to direct it. Naturally, he directed the production in a way that would work to the advantage of his protégé. Garbo was tall. Antonio Moreno, the star, was not so tall. The director insisted that he wear his hair pompadour fashion to make him look taller. He put him into boots—undoubtedly to make Garbo’s feet look smaller. Moreno resented this favoritism. There was a battle, and Stiller lost. He was removed from the picture.

This was Garbo’s first experience with studio politics. Because of her, Stiller lost his job. Yet it was her friend Stiller who had insisted on her being in the picture! She was bewildered, crushed.

Everywhere she turned she was confronted with intrigue, unfriendliness. The publicity department got hold of her and made her do all kinds of absurd things—things she didn’t understand, but which she was good enough sport to go through with. They took her to the beach and photographed her in a track suit. When a prominent prize-fighter visited the studio one day she was photographed shaking hands with him. By this time she could talk a little English. She said, “When I am beeg like Gish (then the queen of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot) no more publicity like this; no more handshakes with prize-fighters!”

I have seldom met anyone more timid than Garbo. When I first went to interview her she kept me waiting in the lobby of her hotel for fifteen minutes. When she arrived she was all apologies—hesitating, nervous ones. She was sincerely frightened. At another time, a New York critic, recently arrived in Hollywood, went to the studio to talk with her. He was
"Imagine that Swede trying to get into pictures!" that's what they said about Garbo.

in such a state of nerves before his arrival she couldn't work.

One reason that Greta is always sending flowers to those whom she admires is because she is incapable of expressing appreciation verbally. She sent them to Marie Dressler when they finished "Anna Christie," as an appreciation for what Marie had done for that production. She sent some to Adrian when she saw the clothes he had designed for "Romance." She even sent them to Ernst Lubitsch because she could not tell him, her intimate friend, how much she enjoyed his "Love Parade."

THINK of the sorrow of this timorous girl when she completed "The Temptress" without her benefactor, Mauritz Stiller, and went into "Flesh and the Devil." If only she had someone to lead, to teach, to enlighten! Then she met Jack Gilbert.

Jack Gilbert and Mauritz Stiller had one thing in common besides their affection for this woman. They each recognized the weird trick which Fate had played when it combined in Garbo the physique of a peasant with the talent of a Bernhardt. What Stiller had done for her in Europe, Gilbert decided to do in this country. He appointed himself her mentor and guide.

He told her not to pose for pictures which she did not understand and did not like; not to talk to interviewers if it made her nervous. Whenever an interviewer was brought onto the set, Jack planted himself there as a protector. "Don't say that!" he would tell her. He instilled in Greta Garbo distrust of the writing profession.

Greta listened and believed. Why shouldn't she? Here was the screen's greatest hero taking unlimited time, spending large amounts of his great energy to help a green newcomer. Her appreciation cannot be estimated by those who do not know the depths of her nature. I do not think Greta was ever in love with Jack. And I think his love for her caused her more embarrassment and sincere regret than any experience she has had in Hollywood, with the exception of the failure of Mauritz Stiller.

She may have loved Stiller. I do not know. I do know she enshrined him. When she talked to me of Stiller her eyes filled with tears, her entire body trembled with emotion. But with both of these men, gratitude was a predominating emotion.

The love of both men at the same time was unfortunate. You remember the time that Jack Gilbert was thrown into the Beverly Hills' jail. The cause was given, in the newspapers, as disorderly conduct. The truth was, Mauritz Stiller was calling on Greta Garbo. Jack arrived [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

The publicity department made Garbo do many things before she was powerful enough to refuse. Posing with this baby lion was a task she didn't relish and she hated wearing running trunks to be photographed with a university track coach. But she had no choice! Those were the orders given.
HERE is the greatest photograph of a Hollywood première ever made. Crowds, waiting for hours to catch a glimpse of the stars, straining at the ropes. Lights! Excitement! Noise! Ballyhoo! "Five Star Final" opens! Good work, Mr. Photographer Stagg
THE great ones arrive, splendid in top hats and glittering jewels. Eddie Robinson and his Mrs. are at the mike. Joan Blondell on his left. You'll also discover Louise Fazenda, Loretta Young, Lew Cody, Jean Harlow and Walter Huston and bride out front.
Queen Marie

Rags are royal raiment when worn by Marie Dressler. As the old wharf rat in "Min and Bill," every pound a queen.

Because of her work in this role she was chosen as the greatest actress of them all by the Motion Picture Academy.

Of Hollywood

In the world's capital of youth and beauty, a woman past sixty is now the reigning queen.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, representing the industry, and PHOTOPLAY Magazine, representing the motion picture public, have given her the crown and the title, "Queen Marie of Hollywood."

Dolly Gann wouldn't stand aside for Alice Roosevelt, who was known as the princess of Washington, but she graciously gave way to Marie Dressler at filmland's annual big banquet.

That woman who played the blowzy old wharf rat of "Min and Bill" holds the sceptre of Hollywood.

Oh, many stars have been called queen. Mary Pickford—the most persistent contender to the title. Gloria Swanson—upon her triumphant return from Europe with a real Marquis, Marion Davies—the film capital's social leader. Greta Garbo—who truly rules the hearts of millions of picture lovers.

But wait—about every one of these women there has been dissent. Little whispering choruses have said they were not so great. Jealousy has gripped the hearts of their rivals.

Not so "Good Queen Marie of Hollywood."

Since her sensational rise which began several years ago there has not been a word of criticism murmured about her.

No one is jealous of her.

Not one of the tens of thousands of letters received by PHOTOPLAY about her—and they arrive in flocks, those letters—have ever contained anything but the highest praise.

She has been accredited with stealing every picture in which she has ever appeared (even Garbo's "Anna Christie") and not a single critic has ever written one derogatory word about her acting.

She's the rave of Hollywood.

By Josephine Jarvis
“May I Call You Marie?” asked the Vice-President

She is beloved by the greatest nation-wide celebrities as well as average citizens. She perfectly at ease with swell society and royalty, she has still kept the common touch.

All of her triumphs, all of her great successes culminated recently at the annual banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. This organization which has steadily grown in power and dignity each year makes awards, by vote of the members, which include all the great of the cinema, for the best screen performances of stars, best directorial efforts, etc.

CROWDED into the elaborate dining room were hundreds of film celebrities. At the speakers' table were Vice-President of the United States Charles Curtis, his sister Dolly Gann, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, and the Governor of California, James Rolph, Jr. Hollywood fawned a little sickeningly upon the Vice-President and that stormy petrel of Washington, Dolly Gann. Everybody fawned—everybody but Marie Dressler, she who was honored as the actress who had given the best performance of the year 1931—in “Min and Bill.”

She sat at the table, a gracious, imposing figure in a simple black lace evening dress. She is not beautiful—as a matter of fact, she has never been. But she has something so much more than beauty.

When the bronze statuette, the symbol of the honor the Academy paid her, was awarded, Dolly Gann, who queenedit over Washington society, Mabel Willebrandt, the queen of prohibition, and Marie Dressler, Hollywood’s queen, at the Academy banquet. Vice-President Curtis, in center, and Lionel Barrymore. Curtis was so charmed with Marie he never left her side

the dining salon of the Biltmore was rocked by applause. She is loved as no other person has ever been loved in Hollywood.

Charles Curtis was completely carried away by the charm of her speech of acceptance—a speech in which she was clever enough to hide the sentimental things she felt. When she sat down, he said, “I admire you so greatly, Miss Dressler, do you mind if I call you Marie?”

The queen turned to him. “Charlie,” she said, with royal dignity, “you can call me anything you like.”

Voted by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the greatest woman actress; voted, unofficially by Hollywood, as the most beloved member of the colony; voted, by the picture public, as the great panacea for depression, voted, by society, as the most charming and witty of dinner companions; voted, by the studio workers, as the best scout who ever stepped on a set—that is the record of this elderly woman of humble birth.

Oh yes, her birth was humble. Marie was the daughter of a simple, home-loving mother and an itinerant musician father. They wandered from town to town seeking a living and an opportunity worthy of the father’s talents. There was never any money—not even enough for a good education for Marie.

But Marie’s mother wanted her daughter to have real [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]
HAVING lived at least thirty-three glamorous lives in her thirty-three years, Gloria Swanson, as Mrs. Michael Farmer, is beginning a thirty-fourth! Yep—our Gloria has now rounded out an international quartet of husbands, the handsome young Irish lad taking his place with an American, a Jewish-American and a Frenchman in her vivid history.

Gloria Swanson, did I carelessly remark? Fie, and laugh! She may still be that on the billboards, but let's give her her full war title—Gloria Swanson Beery Sbornorn, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye Farmer. Try that on your calling cards!

Moreover, the divorce and new hitching paved the way for the merry nuptials of Connie Bennett and Gloria's third—Henri the Marquis—rounding out as tangled a marital muddlement as Hollywood has seen in its long, gaudy history of matrimonial hits and misses.

Connie, by the way, is doing pretty well herself. Her notepaper may now read "Constance Bennett Moorehead Plant, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye." Not bad!

Thus it has taken eight marriages (including Gloria's two to Mike) to get these four people sorted out and settled down to ineffable and everlasting wedded joy. Tell me, darlings, isn't love beautiful, wonderful and just too divine? Oh, the glories of romance in moonstruck Movieland!

Still and all, Gloria Swanson, etc., is now Mrs. Michael Farmer.

What next for her?

"Allagazam!"

First, with the completion of "Tonight or Never," her new picture, she and Mike will scoot to France for a long, restful honeymoon.

Second, don't be surprised if Gloria and Michael start right out to raise a young family. Gloria loves children, and is a first-rate mother.

Two tips from Prof. Hall, star-gazer, to paste in your topper. What a wondrous woman, this Gloria our's!

She can no more keep off Page One than Gandhi, under his vows, can wear pants! The phrase "movie star," with all the magnificent madness it implies, was invented to fit this girl.

And now she cracks the first page wide open again, with an off-side marriage to Mr. Farmer last summer, and a legal one in Yuma, Arizona, on November 9. And the glittering book of Gloria's life is not half penned, or even dreamed!

Nothing if not ardent, this Swanson child! How she can take

Connie and Hank, Gloria's ex-marquis, do everything according to Hoyle. No secret weddings for them, so right in full view of everybody they appeared at the Los Angeles marriage license bureau and swore to tell the truth. But they didn't want the bad old photographer to catch them. Connie gets $30,000 a week for looking at a camera.
it! After three wild swings at the brass ring of eternal bliss, she made another snatch and grabbed young Mike, free, handsome and twenty-nine.

That pudgy old English philosopher, Samuel Johnson, commenting on a new marriage by an old friend, remarked, “Alas! Another instance of the triumph of hope over experience!” He might have said it of Gloria. She’s a chronic hoper in love!

For our amusement and instruction, and for the benefit of historians who shall come after us, let’s run down the star-spangled record of her amazing, almost incredible life.

We’ll do it by spouses.

Number One. Gloria met and married Wallace Beery when she was just an atom of decoration on the old Essanay lot in Chicago, and he was a wild Swede comic on the same stage. In Hollywood, Wally took his little jobs where he found them, and Gloria donned the one-piece uniform of the famous Mack Sennett Bathing Girl Brigade—though she couldn’t swim a lick if a sea-serpent were chasing her. Wally, incidentally, is an American of three generations. This one didn’t take, and in 1918 a judge unspliced them.

Number Two. Herbert Somborn, a clever and handsome young Jewish-American, fell for Gloria like a ton of pig-iron. Herb was a famous Hollywood beau, then, and the manager of Clara Kimball Young, at that time the biggest shot in pictures. But he gave up all the other girls and lit out after Gloria, and in 1919 she yessed him.

Faded into Gloria’s limbo of forgotten things are her first three husbands—Wally Beery, Herb Somborn and the Marquis de la Falaise. Number Four is Michael Farmer, called the “millionaire Irish playboy.” He may not be a millionaire but he’s rich in charm.

Then began Gloria’s Golden Age. The movies were stark crazy—money grew on gooseberry bushes, and under Somborn’s management Swanson got her share of it. He craftily hiked her Paramount salary from $350 a week to $5,000—and that was only lipstick money. In 1920 her beloved daughter Gloria II was born. Then a little boy called Joseph was adopted to keep the child company.

But ah! The end was beginning! Gloria was no longer a movie actress—she was a queen. Soon it was heigho! and off for a Paris divorce, and Herbert faded out of the Swanson close-ups and long-shots. He is now Wilson Mizner’s partner in the famous Brown Derby restaurants of California, and rich even in depression days.

Number Three. In 1925, bands blared in New York, and the royal suite was dusted. Gloria was coming home from France with a new husband, and a title. He turned out to be the young Marquis de la Falaise de Condraye, a nice boy—not much money, but a lot of charm. By then Gloria was far smarter than the men who made pictures! Oh, my yes! She passed up twenty thousand a week at Paramount—she sniffed at a million-a-year offer from Fox.

She’d run her own affairs, if you please. So off she swept to Hollywood, husband, title, court and all. Things were chipper for a while. Suddenly Henri—or “Hank,” as Photoplay affectionately called him—blew to Paris, and Gloria stayed at home, making hits and flops.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]
HOLLYWOOD lovebirds are not safe even in Europe. John Gilbert and Lupe Velez met in Paris and were having a grand time until the reporters got after them. Then they hopped a plane for Cherbourg, and caught a boat home.

Lupe and John have admitted their affection for one another, but it all happened so suddenly that it left Hollywood stunned. Jack had been billing and cooing with Marjorie King, a charming young recruit from the New York stage, when he met Lupe and bang! went the Gilbert-King romance. He had also been seen quite often with Ina Claire, whose divorce from him soon will be final. And just before that it was the dusky Hawaiian princess.

Then he met Lupe and all bets were off. Jack and Lupe met in Buster Keaton's dressing-room in the M-G-M Studio, where both were working. They knew each other but slightly. They started a conversation and within two minutes they were conscious only of each other. Forgotten were Hawaiian princesses, ex-wives and beautiful young stars. Lupe mentioned that she was going to Europe on the completion of her picture. Jack told her that he had the same idea, and after that they were inseparable.

When Jack left for New York, Lupe went down to the train to see him off. "Come on and go with me," he said. "It will be a lonesome trip alone." Lupe boarded the train and wired her maid to send her trunks. Jack lit out for Europe as soon as he reached New York. Lupe followed in about a week.

And what about her "Garee"? Well, after the bustup between Lupe and Gary Cooper in Hollywood, Gary came to New York to make a picture in the Eastern Paramount Studio. It was his first long visit to New York and he became quite a social attraction. He and Tallulah Bankhead were seen in the night spots together. Then, suddenly, Gary sailed out for Europe. He has not been at all well and there was a suggestion that his lungs were affected. He didn't tell his bosses at the Paramount Studio until he had sailed.

On the same boat that Gary took to Italy was the Countess di Frasso, whom Gary had been seen escorting around New York.

Once he was having dinner in a New York restaurant when Lupe and Jack Gilbert arrived. Jack went over to talk with Gary, but Lupe didn't look in his direction. Pretty soon Gary left the restaurant.

I am not good at figuring these things out, but to my misty old eyes it looks as if Gary is still crazy about his little Mexican tamale. But, for the present, Lupe can't see anybody—well, not this month, anyhow—except Jack Gilbert.
Mary Pickford is going through one of the most trying periods of her life. She hangs on to stardom and is trying to find a picture in which she can make a comeback, while Doug and his pals have hit out for Manchuria, Siberia, the Gobi Desert and other remote points of the world. His first travelogue was such a success that it looks as though Doug were in for a life of globe-trotting, with Mary as a lonely travel widow in the enlarged and renovated Pickfair.

Any talk of legal separation is idle chatter. While the hot flush of romance is over, they have become something more stable than lovers — good friends.

Mary doesn’t care for globe-trotting and Doug, having found a new outlet for his energies, can’t stay put. Golf widows shouldn’t complain. Their husbands come home at least once a week, but Doug is off for six months or a year.

Headline in a Los Angeles Daily paper: Marquis Looks Doomed to Early Trip to Altar

When Lowell Sherman and his wife, Helene Costello, broke up it brought about a reconciliation between Helene and her sister Dolores (Mrs. John Barrymore). The sisters had not visited or even spoken for a long time. John Barrymore doesn’t like Lowell Sherman and the feeling is very much reciprocated. Until a few days ago Helene had not even seen her sister’s baby, but since the separation the two girls have been inseparable.

Rudy Vallee spends all his spare time listening to his rival crooners. One week he was seen in the Paramount Theater in New York three times, listening to Bing Crosby.

Bing threatens to steal Rudy’s laurels. They mobbed the theater when he appeared in New York, and the crowd was so unmanageable that several women fainted.

They’ve got her name in electric lights, she’s responsible for a new hair fad, she’s been one of the quickest successes in Hollywood, she means box-office and she gets only $350 a week.

Jean Harlow. We don’t blame her for feeling sore.

Howard ("Hell’s Angels") Hughes told a friend that he was thinking of quitting the motion pictures.

"I wouldn’t do that," said his friend. "There’s a lot of money in it."

"Yes, mine," answered Mr. Hughes.

He can’t get over that overhand stroke! This lad with the Goddess of Liberty attitude is Johnny Weissmuller, world’s champion swimmer. And he’s been persuaded (with a nice fat check) to play the name role in "Tarzan." Yes, that’s his only costume in this picture and winter is winter, even in Hollywood.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

Portrait of a family man. On papa Lloyd’s lap is Harold, Jr., who didn’t weigh three pounds at birth but now, at nine months, is a blasé gent of sixteen pounds. Peggy (left) is the adopted child, Gloria (right) the Lloyds’ own daughter. Mama Mildred is behind the camera standing on her head to make baby smile. Pooh! — he’s used to those old gag!
Love?

"Ooh, I like heem ver' much," says Lily Damita about playboy Sidney Smith, "but he work in New York, I work in Hollywood. How we marry, heim?" So they give up work and play on California’s beaches. A handsome couple, yes?

At a luncheon given to visiting newspaper publishers, at one of the Hollywood studios, an unassuming, unaffected and very pretty young lady sat between two of the visitors. She had on no make-up, not even rouge.

"Must be the daughter of some country publisher. I bet she’s getting a kick out of these stars," said one of the reporters.

A few minutes later Conrad Nagel introduced the unassuming young lady. Miss Dorothy Jordan arose and took a bow.

As told on another page of this magazine, Jackie Cooper wants to be a “man about town.” But he was absolutely unqualified for such a title at the banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences when, during the long speeches, he went to sleep on the shoulder of Marie Dressler.

The economy wave has hit the Paramount Studio so hard that they are making over George Bancroft’s underwear to fit Arthur Pierson. It’s a suit of heavy rubber underwear, such as is worn by actors when, for picture purposes, they have to work in icy water. When the rubber underwear suit was cut down, it had to be vulcanized to make it waterproof. Pierson uses it in water scenes for “No One Man.”

Ramón Novarro admitted in court the other day that he had had a little drink. Novarro and his secretary-chauffeur, Frank Hansen, were being sued for an auto crash.

They say that Jetta Goudal held up production on the Will Rogers picture until she got a piece of blue velvet ribbon that suited her artistic temperament.

One of the happiest, most companionable Hollywood couples that have visited New York for a long time is Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They were glad to get away from the studio city. Probably no marriage has had a harder time than theirs, in the maelstrom of Hollywood gossip.

One gossip-monger printed a story about Doug driving a lady to the beach and said he went at reckless speed because he didn’t want to be recognized. The fact is that Doug has a black and silver car that’s so conspicuous that you could recognize it a mile off. The lady was Rose Hobart and they were driving to the beach to meet Joan.

Marriage!

The Joy girl and business man William Hook said those old vows. And that’s the best deal he ever put over. Leatrice says being a Good Wife is her favorite role from now on and she’s through with movies. She used to be Mrs. Jack Gilberi.
Divorce!

Another romance bit the dust when the judge handed Irene Rich that fatal paper. She and hubby David Blankenhorn hadn't been happy for a long time.

The gossipers also said that young Doug and Clifton Webb and Hope Williams were always out together, and where was Joan? Joan had been working hard on "Possessed," and never left the set before 9 P.M. Once when Doug broke an engagement for both of them during that time the catty hostess said, "Too bad Doug can't tie his shoe laces without Joan. Other Hollywood husbands go to parties when their wives are working."

That's Hollywood. At least they will be free of such romance-busting gossip in New York, where they can sit in a theater and hold hands without someone saying they are putting on an act.

When Corinne Griffith was working in pictures out in Hollywood, Walter Morosco, her husband, managed all her business affairs. Now Walter is running the Paramount Studios in London and doing a good job of it, while Corinne is merely the Wife Department.

Even in Hollywood few people know that Robert Williams was really responsible for his own death. Although his physicians warned him that he had an acute appendicitis and that he should be operated on immediately, he refused until the appendix broke and death was almost inevitable.

Photoplay credited him one of the best performances of the month in the December issue for his work in "Platinum Blonde." His work in "Devotion," and "Rebound," had already assured him of a firm place in the film firmament. He was scheduled to play the lead in Connie Bennett's "Lady With a Past." No film newcomer had made such rapid strides.

Williams ran away from a farm when he was ten years old to join a band of tent show troupers. He later became one of Broadway's favorite juveniles. And then the movies—where he was, for the few short months he spent in Hollywood, in constant demand.

Tears!

A success with only three pictures! His biggest break was being Connie Bennett's leading man. But Robert Williams died before he played the role.

Here is an odd one. Mrs. Jesse Crawford, the famous motion picture theater organist, has her gown designed so that they look better from the back than from the front. She faces the audience only for one moment when she takes a bow following her performance.

The newspapers recently reported the death of Norma Phillips who, fourteen years ago, was known as "The Mutual Girl." She was starred in a series of one-reel subjects and at that time became quite famous. She was thirty-eight when she died penniless, and was buried by the actors' fund.

The most dignified divorce in Hollywood was that gotten by the Lawrence Tibbett's. No mad throwing, no family skeletons exposed; just an agreement between a lady and a gentleman who agreed to disagree. The only quarrelling which took place was between their mutual friends, trying to decide which will be in the right—Grace or Lawrence.

At this writing, Grace is devoting her time to their two handsome boys and Lawrence is on a concert tour, with rumors floating about that a second marriage is in the offing for him, to a charming lady in San Francisco.

Here's the biggest heart-throb news of the month—Billie Dove and millionaire-boy-producer Howard Hughes have played romantic reconciliation scene! Everybody thought Dorothy Jordan was Howard's love interest and then he arrived at Hollywood's first Mayfair party of the season squirting lillie Dove. To take a girl to the Mayfair is a public announcement.

Funny part was it must have been a last minute idea for they'd not called for reservations. Gasping waiters made room for them while all the gossip hounds buzzed and buzzed and buzzed!
Ach! That Pola!

Hollywood was going flat. Then, back came La Negri and livened up the town

By
Sara Hamilton

Pola Negri has come back with a brand-new figure, a pet alligator, and a new act that—well, really, it has any of Pola’s past performances beat a mile.

She’s gone humble. She says so herself. But, and here’s the catch, not only is Pola humble, she is intellectual.

My gosh, how intellectual! It’s gorgeous.

She departed our midst with a brand-new (now second-hand) prince, an expired contract (not renewed) and muttered threats that “in Poland we kill.”

In Hollywood she kills, too. She’s killing them right and left. She talks at length on the secrets of French diplomacy, America’s cultural future and Gandhi’s past. The rise of Oriental philosophy and the fall of Susan Lenox. You have never heard anything like it.

Neither did Hollywood.

They sit back in wide-eyed bewilderment and chew their raspberry finger nails and wonder why in the—what I mean is, they wonder why they didn’t think of it first.

And as if being humble and intellectual weren’t enough, she comes back with a new and gorgeous beauty that—well, you wouldn’t believe me.

Slender, with a beautifully rounded figure. No lines. No seams. All the heaviness of figure, figure and emotions are gone.

Departed. No darkened eyelids, no frizzled locks.

Her hair, black as a winter’s night, springs back from a low, broad forehead. Creamy white. Her eyes, which by every rule of nature should be blazing black or sirenish green, are a laughing, twinkling gray.

But her eyes are not the only contradiction about Pola. Pola, all of her, is an entire and deliberate contradiction. You think now, at last, you have her placed. She is so and so. Only to discover she is nothing of the kind.

Exotic in appearance, you expect pet tigers and heavily scented couches. There are no tigers. Not even a guinea pig. Even the alligator was given to her by the American Legion boys. She sits primly on the edge of her chair and talks freely. No question too trivial to answer.

So that’s it? Meek, you think. You have another think.

For in two minutes’ time she can, and probably will, stage a scene that would curl your hair. And stage it as only Pola can stage it.

She’s a grand scene stager. The best, in fact. She says so herself.

She held a baby in one sequence of her new picture “A Woman Commands,” and just as they were about to start the scene the baby, worn out with delay, began to cry. Long and lustily it cried. Whereupon Pola sat down on the nearest prop chair and wept with sympathy. The crying baby in her arms.

And the maid, beholding the weeping Pola, promptly burst into tears.

Director Stein was flabbergasted.

He marched into the middle of things.

“Why isn’t it?” he demanded.

“It’s crying,” Pola wept. “Can’t you see it?”

“But why isn’t it?” the bewildered director asked. “Why isn’t it crying?”

That was enough.

The battle was on. Amidst the howls of the baby and the frightened hush of the crew, they stormed and raged.

“Don’t you yell like di’s at me,” the director finally screamed.

“I will yell all I want to,” shrieked Pola, and off the set she stampeded.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes of precious time went by. There was complete

[please turn to page 100]
BACK to Hollywood, leaving behind her Prince, her accent and her tempestuous moods, Pola Negri is a revelation to her old friends—and enemies. Now everyone seeks invitations to her beach house, where she serves hot dog lunches and mimics the Pola who used to storm through the Paramount Studio.
Opening The Hollywood Social Season
WHOOPS! Here they are starting off the indoor winter sports with a blinding glare of jewels, sparkling eyes, new gowns and starched shirts. It's the opening of the Mayfair, the most exclusive club of Cinema City. Just try to get in if you're merely a banker or a senator. Photoplay's demon photographer waltzed around with his cute little camera and see what he brings you. How many of the elite can you identify? Turn to page 108 for the ones you miss on.
PORTRAIT of a German young lady who wants a private life right in the middle of a Hollywood studio. There's really nothing for Lil Dagover to conceal. All she wants to do is walk barefoot in the grass, converse with friends and listen to music. But she wants no prying eyes to watch her. Her first Warner film is "The Woman From Monte Carlo"
When she first came to Hollywood she was known as "Charlie MacArthur's wife."

You see, Charlie MacArthur was a big shot. He was a writer. He was called into conferences and had his opinion asked and did a number of important things. He was a famous New York playwright. More than that, he was a famous Hollywood dialogue writer.

Charlie went to parties and said amusing things and was known all over town. His wife, it was learned, was a stage actress.

She had never worked in pictures so when she came to Hollywood she was introduced everywhere as "Charlie MacArthur's wife."

Well, Charlie MacArthur's wife thought it would be grand if she could act before the camera, so she secured an agent who took her to one of the casting men at M-G-M. She made a fatal mistake. Instead of being announced as Charlie MacArthur's wife she said simply that she was Helen Hayes. You see, that's the name she uses on the stage.

The casting man was bewildered. In the first place, she didn't look like an actress, for her hair was not sleek and her clothes were dark and simple. So, speaking of her as if she weren't there, he addressed her agent, "What does the little lady do?"

"She's a New York actress. She's playing on the stage in Los Angeles now," he replied.

"Mmmm, mmmm," mmmmed the casting man. "What's she playing in?"

"'Coquette,'" said the agent.

"Mmmm, mmmm. 'Coquette,' eh? What sort of parts does she play? I mean what's her type?"

The agent tried to explain, but without much success. So the casting man, who liked the agent, although his respect for him was waning, said, "Well, leave the little lady's name and address and if anything comes up that she might fit into I'll give her a ring."

And the interview was closed. Looked like the studio doors were, too.

And that was Helen Hayes' first experience professionally in Hollywood. Helen Hayes, the little lady, "Charlie MacArthur's wife," is the same Helen Hayes whose first picture, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," is packing them into the theaters and making them weep into all their handkerchiefs—extra as well as regular.

She's the same Helen Hayes who has been one of the greatest stars on Broadway since she was sixteen; the Helen Hayes who stepped into Maude Adams' great rôle in "What Every Woman Knows," who plays a Barrie heroine with all the sure charm that the writer intended; the Helen Hayes who is one of the great stars of which the theater may still boast; the Helen Hayes around whom theatrical traditionutters like extra girls around an assistant director; the Helen Hayes of the long-run, sensational Broadway show "'Coquette";" the Helen Hayes of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Helen Hayes—why the name is one over which theater lovers bow their heads in a few moments of silent prayer. Helen Hayes, the great artiste.

But in the West it's only what you do in Hollywood or what somebody tells you that means anything. And that's why she received such a cool reception in the casting office. Later, when somebody told somebody that Helen Hayes was a great name and a great artiste, and when Edgar Selwyn had been signed to direct a picture and said she was the only person able to do the story he had in mind, Helen recalled the casting office incident to Irving Thalberg.

It was just at the time when she and Thalberg were discussing her salary—the studio finally managed to get her at an astonishingly large figure. Thalberg didn't think it was funny right then.

The strange part was that when she was in Los Angeles in "Coquette" she wanted to work in pictures. But she made the mistake of making an effort.
CLARK GABLE, the suave, worldly politician; Joan Crawford, the girl who comes to the big city to win love, wear beautiful clothes, sparkle with jewels and get very, very dramatic; lots of luxury; lots of charm; lots of smooth talk about courage and marriage and what women want—that's "Possessed," and you really don't care if the story is old and some of the lines a little shopworn. For the Gable boy and the Crawford girl make you believe it.

Skeets Gallagher is the not-too-funny comic and Wallace Smith plays the small town lad convincingly. It's the best work Joan Crawford has done since "Paid," and Clark Gable—he's everybody's big moment. If Joan weren't so good, he'd have the picture. You'll like this. But while you're seeing it the kids should be doing their homework.

This is Mae Marsh's triumphant return to pictures and she thought everybody had forgotten her. She won't think that for long, because all that Marsh charm and winsomeness has not been mislaid during her ten years' absence from the screen. As the self-sacrificing, understanding mother, who is unwanted by her grown-up children, she plays close to your heart.

The story has been modernized somewhat. (Of course, you remember the silent version with Mary Carr.) But all the pathos has been left in. James Dunn plays the son superbly and Sally Eilers is his sweetheart, and they didn't do better work than this in "Bad Girl."

Don't miss the Marsh comeback.

DOUG FAIRBANKS is a smart guy. He went on a pleasure trip, had a lot of fun, and now he's making it pay him in cash. For he took a camera along with him and this picture is the result.

For the sheer novelty that picturegoers have been crying for, this film deserves all the praise adjectives. There have been travel films innumerable, but never before one which includes the rare laughs, the trick gags, the clever stunts that Fairbanks has sprinkled so generously throughout the camera-story of his wanderings. It is just these things which make this so decidedly worth viewing.

Doug himself is in many of the scenes and you'll like that grin better than you ever have before. He keeps up a running fire monologue throughout the piece; discovers that the fox trot was originated in Siam and feeds peanuts to King Prajadipok's white elephant.

It would be unfair to tell too much about the things Doug has in his picture. But this we can tell—there are laughs, thrills, magic and camera tricks that outdo even "The Thief of Bagdad."

Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES—United Artists
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month
ARROWSMITH POSSESSED OVER THE HILL
TONIGHT OR NEVER FRANKENSTEIN TOUCHDOWN HELLDIVERS FLYING HIGH

The Best Performances of the Month
Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith"
Helen Hayes in "Arrowsmith"
Richard Bennett in "Arrowsmith"
Joan Crawford in "Possessed"
Clark Gable in "Possessed"
Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill"
James Dunn in "Over the Hill"
Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never"
Melvyn Douglas in "Tonight or Never"
Boris Karloff in "Frankenstein"
Colin Clive in "Frankenstein"
Wallace Beery in "Hell Divers"
Clark Gable in "Hell Divers"
Walter Huston in "A House Divided"
Tallulah Bankhead in "The Cheat"
John Breeden in "The False Madonna"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116

 ARROWSMITH—United Artists

If author Sinclair Lewis finds fault with this (as Dreiser did with "An American Tragedy") he should be sent to bed without his supper. For everything that was in the book is here—the drama of the doctor-scientist who risks his life and happiness so that others might live.

Ronald Colman is poised as usual, but he's more than that. For once he has a chance to show of what actor stuff he's made. And it's all wool and a yard wide. He simply is Dr. Arrowsmith.

No one could have done the tender, faithful wife who makes terrific sacrifices for the doctor's humanitarian career better than little Helen Hayes. These two—Colman and Hayes—are the ideal pair for this film. And, in case that isn't enough in the acting line, there's the old master Richard Bennett who makes a great Sondelius. He and A. E. Anson turn in two of the finest character performances you'll see this season.

To producer Sam Goldwyn, director John Ford, and adapter Sidney Howard go leafy laurel wreaths for their respective brows. Perhaps you'll say there's too much dialogue, but convincing locales make up for it.

 FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

If you like mystery and spooky pictures, here's your meat. It's strong stuff, and not for faint-hearted folks. It introduces a successor to the late Lon Chaney, who out-horrors anything Chaney ever gave us.

The opening scene is a funeral. A mad surgical genius creates a monster and, no matter how well you know the story, to watch that mechanical man come alive is a breath-taking, sensational experience you won't forget.

Boris Karloff plays the monster. During the making of the picture he lost twenty-one pounds. You won't wonder when you see him. He's great, as is Colin Clive as Frankenstein. The direction and photography are magnificent. And, whether you like it or not, you'll be held spell-bound.
Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

TOUCH-DOWN—Paramount

A last a new angle on college football! A handsome but over-ambitious coach is the hero in this one—not the flashy halfback making the last minute touchdown—and you'll get some inside stuff on crooked football. Richard Arlen, as the coach, is excellent, while Jack Oakie, as his wisecracking pal, does his best work. Peggy Shannon hasn't much to do. See it.

FLYING HIGH—M-G-M

This snappy picture proves that producers have learned how to use music—sparingly and appropriately—and they haven't allowed dancing and vocal numbers to interfere with an otherwise rapid-fire, knock-'em down and drag-'em out comedy plot. Bert Lahr and lanky Charlotte Greenwood are a comedy team second to none in talkies. The fast and furious chorus numbers are presented from weird angles.

THE FALSE MADONNA—Paramount

This is pretty melo melodrama, without a single laugh to lighten the action, but it hits your heart just the same. Kay Francis poses as the mother of a rich blind boy, to swindle him. His helplessness, however, awakens her better nature and sends her along the straight and narrow path. John Breeden, a new lad, almost steals the show from the other competent actors. He's great.

HELL DIVERS—M-G-M

The combination of Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces results in grade-A entertainment. Although it's peacetime aviation, the flying acrobats are all there. And neither Gable nor Beery, as friendly enemies, has ever been better. The romance is secondary. The real kick of the picture is the sacrifice of one man for his pals. Those scenes will get you.

HER MAJESTY, LOVE—First National

If all barmaids were as lovely as Marilyn Miller, Volstead wouldn't have a chance. But she's one of the musical comedy variety that never existed—tossing off songs between every glass of beer. Her dancing is okay, too. Ben Lyon is the heavy love interest and some of the best comedians in Hollywood make you chuckle. This is light but pleasantly entertaining.

PEACH O'RENO—Radio Pictures

Those nut comedians—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey—are at it again. This time they do all their funny business in Reno's fashionable divorce colony. It's an absurd plot concoction and although the story is weak on romance it's long on laughs. Peppy Zelma O'Neal comes close to stealing the picture from right under Woolsey's cigar. Dorothy Lee is as cute and pretty as ever.
The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**CORSAIR**—United Artists

**MEN IN HER LIFE**—Columbia

**THE CHEAT**—Paramount

**A HOUSE DIVIDED**—Universal

**THE YELLOW TICKET**—Fox

**HIS WOMAN**—Paramount

**IF** you thought they weren’t doing that sort of thing any more (villain locks beautiful girl in bedroom where she fights for the same old honor), take a look at this. It’s the moth-eaten melodrama dressed up in new clothes with Elissa Landi, who should have better stories, and Lionel Barrymore making his ridiculous role seem believable. They make a picture worth seeing.

**THERE** is neither freshness nor much action in this. Chester Morris plays a rum-runner, determined to show up the hypocrisy of his girl’s father. The dad is a bootlegger, but poses as being respectable. Familiar gangster activities are transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Beautiful Alison Lloyd (you know her as Thelma Todd) supports. Recommended only for ardent Morris fans.

**IT'S** an old story, but ingeniously worked out. And the dialogue has a good crackling quality. Rich young girl is saved from embarrassing situation with bogus count by rough and ready American. Lois Moran (it seems only yesterday she was doing kid parts) gives a sincere, adult performance, while bad man Charles Bickford has never done better in his movie life.

**THERE** is life and love in the raw, with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose mail-order bride abhors his cruelty and vulgarity and falls in love with his handsome son. There’s a terrific battle between father and son. What a situation! Helen Chandler and Kent Douglass are excellent as the boy and girl, but it is Huston’s performance you won’t forget.

**A BABY** with a lusty yell and a total lack of screen consciousness steals this picture. Unfortunately for Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert, their fine talents are rather wasted on a slow moving and trite story. Gary is captain of a freighter. Claudette vividly plays the role of a tarnished lady redeemed through love. Old stuff. Some fine photography, however. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 94]
LAST Tuesday—no, it was Thursday—no, a week from last Monday—. Well, anyhow!

A few days ago our Aunt Hermione arrived in Hollywood from Oklahoma. We hadn't seen the dear, white-haired old lady for years. We embraced her joyously.

"Why Auntie! What fun you're going to have!" we exclaimed. "Old Mrs. Smith across the street is having her eightieth birthday party today, and she'll love to have you come. And our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Tifflis, has just won a knitting contest. You'll have a wonderful time with her."

"Knits?" replied Auntie, sniffing. "It's men I want, Nevvy! How about a match there, kid? What do you think I'm holding this cigarette for?"

"Men?" we asked, in a faint voice.

"Sure! Wild men! Bad men! I been seein' a lot of these here movie pitchers lately and, boy howdy, they sure got some tough lads in 'em. Villains is what I come out West here for. Men as is men!"

Auntie has a mind of her own, and before we knew it we found ourselves, with a list of all the movie "heavies" of our acquaintance, climbing into our car with Auntie herself.

George Bancroft lives almost next door to us, in Bel-Air, and we took a peep into his yard as we drove past.

We caught a glimpse of George. He was down on his knees with a pruning shears, trimming a rose-bush. He is helping with the landscaping of his new home. We speeded up. Where to go? Let's see—George works at Paramount. How about the other villains at that studio? It couldn't be William Boyd. William, we knew, collects antiques; his collection of pewter and milk-glass is the envy of connoisseurs all over the country.

How about Fred Kohler, then, Bancroft's old slugging-partner in "Underworld," and a tough guy in general on the screen? We could drive out to his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. But we knew just what we'd find there. Fred would be petting a stray horse he had found, or bandaging the sore foot of a pup picked up somewhere. Fred raises Pekingese pups, too. That somehow didn't sound hard-boiled. Nope—

Swinging the car around, we headed for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Arriving there, we asked right off the bat for Wally Beery. It would be hard to find a gentler soul than Wally, but maybe he would put on a little growling and cursing for Auntie, we figured.

"Mr. Beery telephoned us he's going to stay home today."

"He's tying some trout flies.

"Humph!" snorted Aunt Hermione, with a furious swish of her feather boa.

"Now, now, Auntie," we placated the dear old lady. Trying again, we asked, "How about Ernest Torrence?"

"Mr. Torrence isn't here either today. He's visiting John McCormack."

"Mr. McCormack is singing two of Ernest's compositions this season, you know, in his concerts."

Auntie stomped her high buttoned shoe. "Ernest Torrence writes tunes! Don't tell me! Didn't I see him with my own eyes, getting drunk and shooting Indians in that pitcher with all the covered wagons in it? Don't tell me, young man!"

"Now, Auntie, please—," we begged her, mopping our forehead.

"Well, how about that Frenchy feller, with the cute little moustache?" she demanded. "He works here, don't he?"

"Adolphe Menjou?"

"That's the bimbo! Lead me to him. He may not be so tough, but he sure is wicked enough to warm the heart of a lonely girl like me!"

We gulped. Auntie was carrying a six-gun in her muff and we didn't dare tell her that, unless Adolphe was working, he was bound to be up in the studio library. Suave and dangerous he may be on the screen but, with his make-up off Adolphe is a collector of first editions!

Hastily we thought of substituting Jean Hersholt, the beast who tried to drive Ramon Novarro to suicide in "Daybreak." Then we recalled that Jean is a bookworm, too. And when
Aunt Hermione, aged seventy-two, goes to Hollywood hunting wild parties and wild men

By
Jack Jamison

"You know what this wicked, dangerous man here is trying to talk to me about?" she demanded. "I sit down and get all set and do you know what he asks me, the mugg? He asks me if I love canaries! He has seventy-two canaries, he tells me! Canaries! Whoops! A lot I care about canaries! They're just a pain in the ear to me. Get me out of here, Nevvy, before I do something I'm liable to be sorry for!"

Perspiring, we got Auntie into the car again. What to do? We had introduced her to the screen's best-known and hardest-souled villains, whose leers and scowls have made even Eskimos shiver, and not one had clicked. Maybe Auntie wanted scoundrels of a more modern sort.

Gangsters! An inspiration! Edward G. Robinson and Jimmie Cagney! We tried their names on Auntie and her grin stretched from Atlantic to Pacific.

Robinson was at First National in Burbank, working. "Come on the set and watch this scene," he suggested politely, "and then we'll have tea together. Or would you rather come to my dressing-bungalow now?"

Auntie gave us a savage kick on the shin and whispered, "Bungalow," in our ear.

"That will be nice!" smiled Mr. Robinson. "You can hear my Wagner phonograph records. You know, I could scarcely live without my music."

Well, we're only glad the twenty records Auntie broke over our heads were not Wagner! Wagner is too heavy! Hurriedly we asked someone if James Cagney was in his dressing-room. He was. As we reached it, we heard sounds of scuffling feet inside. Auntie brightened.

"A fight!" she cried, joyfully.

"You wait outside," we ordered her, and went in cautiously. But it wasn't a fight. The scuffling was Jimmie and his wife practicing new dance steps. And we didn't tell Auntie what Jimmie said to us—"This is our favorite recreation, you know, when we aren't playing croquet." Oh, no, we didn't tell Auntie. Instead, we ripped open our collar, mussed up our hair and staggered out of the house painting, "It's too terrible for mortal eyes to see!" Pushing Auntie back into the car, out of which she was trying to scramble, we went on: "Blood! Nothing but blood all over the floor. Let's get away while we can."

We can't describe the dear old [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]
ANOTHER big fashion "scoop" for PHOTOPLAY!

Once again we are able to give you an exclusive preview of the Chanel-designed clothes that you will see Gloria Swanson wear in "Tonight or Never." And, according to our reviewers, Samuel Goldwyn has made a picture worthy of the clothes.

Look at those wing-like draperies! Who but Chanel would add them to a black velvet evening gown? Who but Gloria could wear them so smartly? Both front and back decolletages are tricky. Those are jeweled clips on the shoulder. Note the straighter line, too.

Chanel goes in for sleeves in a big way, it seems. Huge muffs of fur match a face-framing collar on the short satin jacket which accompanies this regal white satin evening gown. That train is dramatic, isn't it?
Chanel has caught all the glamour that surrounds an opera singer in these clothes she has designed for Gloria's operatic screen rôle. Look at this afternoon ensemble in black satin and ermine. Every line of it is distinctive. The coat is long and slightly fitted. Barrel cuffs of ermine trim the sleeves, while a double collar of the fur rises about the face. The dress depends upon intricate seaming for its chic. Bands of ermine trim the surplice neckline. A barrel muff echoes the sleeve detail and a pert turban tops the unusual costume.

Longer and more elegant goes the trend in evening wraps a la Chanel. This gorgeous satin one is lavishly trimmed with that precious fur, chin-chilla. Again the unusual cuff detail that marks all these "Tonight or Never" costumes.
"I owe everything I am to my mother," says Jackie Cooper with a catch in his voice as he magnanimously attributes his success to this Little Woman. Incidentally, Mrs. Cooper is his manager as well as his Best Friend and Severest Critic. Jackie's fortune is put in trust funds crossing one foot over the other. "Lo, Mary," he added as an afterthought while he anxiously scanned the horizon. Evidently not finding what he was looking for, he mounted the rung of my chair and peered over my head.

"I'm looking for a table," he announced.

"Why don't you sit down with us?" Mary invited.

"I can't," he announced disgustedly. "I got my mother and aunt with me."

At the time he was working with Richard Dix in "Big Brother." "How's the picture going?" I asked.

"Oh, the picture's going all right," he replied, "but we can't find a name for it. They want something with me in the title."

"Well, how about 'Big and Little Brother'?" Mary suggested.

"That's what I told 'em," he answered, "but you know Dix, a swell guy to work with, but when it comes to publicity it's Dix, Dix, Dix. I gotta go now," he finished, "or Mom will get sore. She'll think I'm neglectin' her."

Two months later we met again in the publicity offices of M-G-M. "Hi, Jackie," I greeted him.

"Hi, pal," said Jackie extending his hand.

"You don't remember me, do you?" I persisted.

"I'm afraid I don't," he confessed. "The face is familiar but I can't place the body."

I recalled the time and place. "Oh, sure," he said carelessly. "What you been doing with yourself?"

I flipped the back of my hand against his midriff. Jackie let out what is commonly known as a belch. He hastily grabbed his mouth, and turned to his mother. "Scuse me, Mom, but honest I couldn't help it. He socked me in the breadbasket and I'm full o' watermelon."

He turned to the publicity woman sitting nearby. "I just had lunch with Mr. Mayer," he informed her, and after assuring himself she was properly impressed, he continued: "How bout that letter I'm supposed to write for you?"

"We're having all the stars write to each other," she explained. "Anything you'd like to get off your mind?"

"Sure," said Jackie. "Me and Wally Beery been talking about getting up a football team around here. I been looking for a practice field and now I've found it, I can't find him to tell him where it is."
Prominent clubman, after dinner speaker and Hollywood playboy breaks down and makes an intimate confession.

He slipped into Eleanor's chair, seized a pen and drew a sheet of paper towards him. For ten minutes nothing was heard but the scratch-scratch of Jackie's pen. His tongue, which protruded slightly from the corner of his mouth at the start, threatened to reach into his ear before he finished.

"This is sure a swell pen you got here," he announced as he completed the letter and held it up for inspection. I glanced at the epistle. If Wally Beery learns from that letter where the practice field is located he can qualify as the world's champion crossword puzzle expert.

JACKIE eyed me meditatively. "Say," he asked suddenly, "didn't you come down to our house to a party Mom gave last summer one night?"

I confessed I had. "Well, why don't you come down for a swim some day? I haven't changed any since I got a break. And if you forget your suit," he offered, "we'll fix you up somehow.

'Course they're mostly only women's suits down there, but," he eyes my waistline doubtfully, "maybe you could squeeze into my brother's suit.

"I gotta go now and look for a dressing-room," he finished. "See you at the beach Thursday."

Later, I learned he had chosen Marion Davies' bungalow as a likely spot for his dressing-room and it had taken considerable diplomacy on the part of studio officials to persuade him to wait until her return from Europe before moving her things out.

When I arrived Thursday he was dressed mostly in a pair of blue cords. North of the equator he wore a crash beach shirt. "Hi, pal," he greeted me.

He proceeded to tell me about a club he had formed before they moved down to the beach. It was called the Arrow Club and boasted a clubhouse the boys, themselves, had built and which, his mother said, on the outside closely resembles one of Chic Sale's specialties. It looked as though it was standing only because it didn't know which way to fall, his grandmother added. Jackie indignantly refuted the aspersions cast upon his architectural ability.

The membership was recruited from boys fifteen and sixteen, personally selected by Jackie. "The only guy in it under fifteen was the janitor," he vouched for. "He was only five. I like to go with older fellows," he went on. "Then if anyone picks on me, I got them to fall back on. It was a swell clubhouse, too. We had a secret entrance through the roof. We were going to dig a tunnel so you'd come up from the bottom, and where you went into the tunnel we were going to have a trap door and cover it with grass and dirt so no one could find it, but the other fellows got tired of digging. So we had the entrance through the roof and hid the ladder when we weren't using it, 'cause no one would ever think to look for a door in the roof of a building, would they?"

I conceded the logic of his reasoning.

"The only trouble," he went on, "was once the fellows thought everybody was out and they took the ladder away. When I went to get out there wasn't any ladder, and I fell off the roof and almost bust a rib. So Mom broke the club up and I gave the building to a girl next door."

WHEN the club had been explained, Jackie led me into his bedroom to show me some autographed pictures he has collected. "I got more in the back room," he volunteered, "but they're not important people."

Next, he proceeded to pull out the bottom drawer of his dresser and show me his treasures—a couple of rings, one of them made from a horseshoe nail—and about forty "migs" (marbles).

He held up the horseshoe ring. "Is this a man's ring?" he demanded. "It looks sissy to me."

When I had assured him of the masculinity of the ring, he eyed the marbles. "We could play a game of marbles," he observed—and then decided against it. "But I guess we better not. You'd be sure to lose and then you'd have to buy some 'migs' to pay me. You better save your money."

I yessed him heartily.

The president of the Arrow Club, himself, in the doorway of the palatial clubhouse. A group of public-spirited young men formed this organization. Just what its purpose is has not been decided. Note entrance through roof, and secret sign on wall. Jackie's integrity is unimpeachable, so don't ask him. He'd die before he'd tell its meaning.

[Please turn to page 114]
One of the atrocities we concocted in the publicity department," says the author. "Of course Gwen Lee never wore those fur garters. We said she did, but it was press agent stuff!"

This is the way Lillian Gish insisted upon acting in "La Boheme." She just would be coy in spite of all of Jack Gilbert's ardent advances. "I'll not have any kisses in this picture," she said. But there were kisses. Read the story and you'll discover why.

BIG, booming factories were the studios of six years ago, entirely different from the chummy, cozy workshops of the old Griffith and Metro days. Today they have taken on still another color. Nothing changes as suddenly and decisively as Hollywood.

When I started to work in the publicity department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the word "talkies" was still uncoined, the sound picture practically unthought of, and great stars of that studio were yet to be born professionally. The big shots of the lot were Jack Gilbert, Lillian Gish, Mae Murray, Marion Davies and Ramon Novarro.

Two of the most promising newcomers—players untried—were Joan Crawford and Billy Haines.

And there was a Swedish girl who had just been brought over with a great director. None of us could see why they had given her a contract. She was too tall, too gawky and had none of the obvious requirements of a great actress. She just wandered about the lot and nobody paid her any attention. Her name was Greta Garbo.

No, we were concerned with the artists, Lillian Gish and that marvelous actor, Lars Hanson. And now who knows anything about Lars Hanson and where is Lillian Gish? While Garbo... well, if we had had sense enough to see what the girl had we wouldn't have been working in the publicity department. But we were not alone in our disregard.

Even the executives ignored her.

Lillian Gish was the highest paid star on the lot. It was rumored that she received $8,000 a week (shades of Connie Bennett's $30,000!) and everybody was a little jittery when the contract was signed. The great Gish was among us. Why, Hergesheimer had said she was the truest artiste of the cinema. So had Mencken. And George Jean Nathan.
When Lillian Gish was a real vamp . . . The episode of Mae Murray’s precious dimple . . . When Conrad Nagel was Elinor Glyn’s IT man . . . And other things like that

By Katherine Albert

There were kisses a-plenty when Conrad Nagel and Aileen Pringle played “Three Weeks.” Elinor Glyn saw to that. She also tried to make Conrad’s ears lie flat. Such love scenes were the fad six years ago. And that bed of roses—but what of the thorns?

The problem for us was what to do with a person like that from a publicity standpoint. The best way we knew of getting stars’ pictures in the papers was to have them posed wearing fantastic garters, having their legs tattooed or their nails painted gold. Obviously, Gish was not the type. It was in dignified copy that we must ‘plug’ the ladylike Lillian, so, because I’d known her in the old Griffith days, I was assigned the special task of “handling” her.

Reams and reams of copy had been written about her. She was a recluse, a saint upon a cinema hill.

I REMEMBER that there was a title writer on the lot who had been a hardboiled newspaper man. Girls like Gish, he boasted, were just a lot of first class bologna. The only real women were the kind who knew life. He had not met Miss Lillian when he made these statements but when he did, he assured us, he would not be a fool like the rest.

And then he was given the job of writing titles for her picture “La Boheme.” He went to confer with her and came away from the interview with a mist before his eyes, his brain fogged by the cobwebs of beauty. The Little People had got him and when I asked him what he thought of Gish now, he stuttered, “Why she’s . . . why, she’s . . . she’s what men think women are before they know they have bodies.”

That’s what Lillian Gish did to men. Frail, delicate, her pale blue eyes wan with suffering, her soft, blonde hair about her head like the radiance from a winter sun, her fragile hands traced with tiny blue veins and lying in her lap like spring flowers—she was the greatest siren in Hollywood. You can rave about your bold, voluptuous women, your brittle gold diggers, your glamorous ladies of leisure, your sex appeal kids from Brooklyn, but Lillian Gish could, in the matter of getting [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Arrow points to spot where Mae Murray said she had a round, smooth dimple. But a mean old retoucher made it look like something else. It’s a wise star who knows her own dimple
TWO cameramen risked their lives in the wilds of the Paramount Studios to get this picture of Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Freddie took a chance, too. Suppose somebody's foot had slipped! Oh, how they suffer, gentle reader, how they suffer for you. But they get paid for it!
MIRIAM HOPKINS suffers, too. And in the same picture. Imagine having to lie in that soft bed all day while the director gives instructions. She makes the sacrifice so your lives will be brighter. Think about that when the alarm rings at six a.m. and all you have to do is go to a nice office.
We Should Have Known

That Hardie Albright would turn out to be an actor, says this writer who "knew him when—"

By Sara Hamilton

and began! "Hamlet," bits of "Shylock,"—everything but "Gunga Din" and "Fireman Save My Child."

"All right," Mr. Wallace said at the end, "you may go now. I'll write to your parents."

At the door, Hardie hesitated, fumbling with the doorknob.

"Did you, that is, Mr. Wallace," he hesitated, "did you ever want to do anything over so badly that well, you'd give half your life almost for another chance?"

"Why, yes I have, Hardie," Mr. Wallace replied. "Why?"

"I wish I could do this over. I know I could do better."

But the performance stood. And the letter reached Hardie's home.

"I never saw so much conflagration and misdirected talent in all my life," Wallace wrote, "but he's an actor. It will take a lot of study and work, but your boy is an actor. Make no mistake about that."

So Hardie entered the dramatic department of Carnegie Tech.

We didn't see much of Hardie in those four years. Summers, I recall, he taught in a dramatic school in Gloucester, Mass. But graduation time finally drew around. And Hardie was again chosen for the Hamlet of his class.

We went in on the street cars to see him. Norman Foster was in the class too, but then we didn't know we'd be writing him fan letters, too.

For three weeks "Hamlet" ran in a Pittsburgh theater, and the town.

satisfied about it. We—that is—," he stammered, "people up my way don't study acting much."

"I understand, lad," Mr. Wallace said. "Let's see what you can do."

So, on an empty stage, in a dim auditorium, Hardie Albright stood alone. There were no familiar faces bearing up from below. Just space. He pulled down his coat, brushed back his hair, bit his tongue twice

But the way Hardie Albright would dress up in fantastic costumes and deliver long, heart-burning orations as a kid, we should have known he would turn out to be an actor.

And we should have known it when he was the only kid in town that never wore a hat winter or summer.

We suspected it the night the high school contest was on and Hardie stood up there on the platform and delivered Shylock's speech. With fire and feeling, he cried long and lustily for his pound of flesh.

"Huh," old man Wilkins remarked on his way home. "I never heard so much swell yelping for a pound of anything in my life as that Albright kid let out tonight. But durned if he ain't good. You kind of believe everything he says. Yes sir, he's good."

Hardie won the medal that night.

And Charleroi, Penna., was beginning to sit up and take notice of this kid that was in constant demand by all the merchants to make window signs, by all the men and women's clubs to help with their plays; of a kid that won every track meet at school and smacked two front teeth out of Jimmy Buchanan's face because he called him "Blondie," and finally graduated as president of his high school class.

He was Hamlet in the class play, I remember. And how carefully we avoided one another's eyes on our way out. Talking at length or on some trivial thing that didn't matter. Ashamed of the lump that had gathered so mysteriously in our throats. Ashamed of our own emotions and to admit that into the being of each one of us had crept the realization that here, in our midst, was someone gifted beyond our understanding.

So leaving the town, his town, a little bewildered or maybe a little puzzled about the whole thing, Hardie went away to Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, some thirty odd miles away.

"I want to be an actor," he told Chester Wallace, head of the drama department. "But I can't go on unless I'm sure dad and mother are
The Screen Forecasts Return to Classic Lines in New Year

WHERE are the billowy sleeves and fluffy period styles of yesterday? Quite shelved for the straight trimness of frocks like this. You'll feel as smart as Marion Davies looks in a brown silk frock that lets its belt be the sole ornamentation. Note deep armhole and draped neckline. Smart hat—nice suede pumps

YOU'LL see fewer frou-frous in 1932 fashions. And you will want some simple, straight-line frocks like this one Marion Davies wears in "Polly of the Circus." The dress is of sheer wool and that neckline and white vestee are labeled 1932. Even the peplum keeps to the straight and narrow!

Seymour
Let Screen Clothes Be Your

The current pictures show dramatic fashions that are practical—styles that every girl can safely copy because they are wearable. You are sure to be ahead of the season if you watch your movies—screen clothes forecast trends, instead of merely following them!

Tired of winter colors under your coat? Take a print pick-up then—it will make a new woman of you! Dorothy Lee wears this brown and white floral print in "Peach O' Reno"—and it's just that. Prints always make a bright, extra-something for the wardrobe in mid-winter. Cape effects, like this, are good. Those shoes are a California climate concession!

It's a bonnie Scotch cap that Spanish Conchita Montenegro is wearing here. The Scotch cap type of small hat is a great favorite this year. It's young looking, has the right eye-pointing line—and is just right to wear with those big fur collars. Worn in "Disorderly Conduct."

That good old-fashioned fabric, corduroy, is now one of the best new fashions. Here you see Dorothy Tree using it for a polo coat in "Husband's Holiday." Brown buttons, brown belt and collar lining accent the beige color of the material.
Guide to Wearable Fashions

This coat Joan Crawford wears in "Possessed" forecasts new style trends. It is furless. The fabric is smooth, and the shoulder cut gives width while the silhouette stays slender. And that high collar with bow tie is fashion news.

Picture of a young star all set for a theater date! Dorothy Tree tops a simple black velvet dinner dress with a matching velvet coat in the new length. Note those sleeves shirred in at the wrist. As you can see in the smaller picture, fine white lace trims the square, high neckline and lines the puffed sleeve ruffle. Worn in "Husband's Holiday."
"QUAINT" and "period" are two words which will not do much headlining for 1932 fashions, if you follow style tips that are already being given to you in new pictures. The smart outfits which you will see Norma Shearer wear in "Private Lives" stress a definitely tailored trend, whether it is in lounging costumes or street clothes. I think you will approve the two shown here.

- Seymour

WHY did you top your grand tailored red wool dress with that dizzy hat, Norma Shearer? The clever use of piqué saw-tooth edging makes up for it—so all is forgiven!
THANK you, Mr. Editor. I'll try to behave like a decent law-abiding guest... Yes, indeed, thank you. That's plenty. Plain water with mine. How to become an actor? I'd be delighted to tell you.

Birth is of the utmost importance. No one who intends adopting acting as his or her profession can afford to ignore a careful selection of parents. In the case of the actor, the father is of prime importance. In the case of the actress, the mother.

As an example, supposing an actor intends to specialize in the portrayal of rheumatic traveling salesmen. He should select as a father a man inclined from early youth to rheumatism, who had had a wide experience as a traveling salesman, graduating from pencils to, say, brassieres.

Of secondary importance, but still important, is the question of the mother. In this case, I should suggest that his mother be accustomed to long periods of living without her husband. She may, however, entertain.

In the case of the actress who wishes to specialize in, for instance, characterizations of vegetarian spinster, the mother should be a spinach addict. The type of father in this case is negligible or might be one of many.

WORK
Hard work is usually given as a recipe for success in any field of endeavor. In the case, however, of the actor, the less hard the work the better the result.

DANCING
The ability to dance is important to an actor or an actress, provided they don't dance.

PAINTING
This should be confined to the face, and not much of it.

MUSIC
Buy a harp, but leave it at home.

FENCING
This is useful in emergencies with recalcitrant managers or directors, and the sword cane should be part of every actor's equipment.

GARDENING
This is useful when not employed in your profession.

THAUMATURGY
Optional.

MIND-READING
Just plain reading is better.

MODELS
It is a good thing to have a model to look up to and copy. In this capacity, Mickey Mouse is supreme.

DEUCAL
A short rudimentary digit on the foot of a quadruped. Avoid these. They just give you shoe trouble.

DRINKING
This should be undertaken in a serious way. You might be called upon to play the part of a Dry Senator.

LETHAL CHEMISTRY
A knowledge of this is useful in cases of supervisor trouble.

SHARP SHOOTING
See above.

MARRIAGE
This comes under the general heading of noble experiments. It is, indeed, one of the oldest forms of prohibition. It is, of course, frequently resorted to—or how would there be so many little actors and actresses every spring? In this free and enlightened twentieth century, marriage need not be permanent. This is possibly one of the attractions. It is said to enhance the social standing of offspring, although there have been certain notable exceptions.

DEATH
Death is as important as birth. In some cases even more so.
This scene, with the photos of the stars grouped about the walls, took first prize—$1,000—for E. E. and Mrs. H. M. Phillips, of Booneville, Miss.

WELL, the judges have done it again. They have gone over the more than 20,000 entries in Photoplay’s eighth annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest and seventy fortunate contestants have emerged winners. As you read these words, seventy mail carriers are handing to as many happy individuals a check each, ranging in amounts from $1,000 to $25, as their reward for the skill and painstaking accuracy they manifested in their solutions. It is a special honor in itself to win against so large a field of splendidly planned and splendidly exhibited entries.

As in previous years, exhibits from practically every part of the civilized world were presented and, as hitherto, the judges had to proceed by the slow process of elimination and tentative selection before they could concentrate on the several hundred entries from which the choice of seventy winners was finally made. A task, however, which was absorbingly fascinating.
Of $5,000 Contest

By only holding closely to the three major requirements—accuracy, neatness, ingenuity in presentation—was it possible for the judges to arrive at just and fair decisions. In the minds of the judges the outstanding entry in the Contest was the presentation—done on a small scale—of a child’s bedroom, the walls of which are adorned with the properly assembled and named portraits of the stars that appeared in the Contest. A small boy in bed, holding a copy of Photoplay Magazine, fits into the general plan that gives a special significance to the designation, “My Companions.”

This first prize winning entry, $1,000, was the work of E. E. and Mrs. H. M. Phillips, of Booneville, Miss. When notified that their entry was under consideration for a possible prize they wrote: “So long have our thoughts in connection with money been confined strictly to the smaller denominations that now, given the privilege of entertaining the hope of something larger, the mental diversion is indeed pleasant.

“There are winter coats to buy. Our picture show budget will, no doubt, be increased, and the chances are that our motor trip West that fell through last summer due to insufficient funds will be planned for next spring.”

The second prize, $750, was captured by Miss Betty M. Walker, of Lancaster, Ohio. Entitled “Photoplay’s Stars of the World,” it represents the birthplaces of the motion picture actors and actresses whose portraits were used in this Contest. Miss Walker evinced a marked intelligence and care in the manner in which she evolved and worked out her idea. Her letter is as direct as her presentation. From what she writes she undoubtedly will use her prize money to excellent advantage.

“I am sixteen years of age and a sophomore in Lancaster High School. I am kept very busy with my school work as I am carrying extra subjects this year. I am specializing in languages and would like to become a linguist.

“My hobby is dancing, and although I enjoy many outdoor sports such as tennis, target practice, and swimming, it provides my chief recreation. I have studied ballet work for a number of years and I now go to Columbus three evenings a week for lessons in ballet and Spanish dancing.

“In the event that I should win one of the larger prizes I think I should like to use it to further my education in dancing. It would give me great pleasure to be able to study in New York or to spend a season or two in a dancing and recreational camp.”

And you must admit that the third prize winner had an ingenious scheme. What could be more logical and at the same time more simple than to use an ordinary wire window screen as a method of conveying this entrant’s idea? For this, Mrs. Rena G. Coulter, of Buffalo, N. Y., wins the third prize of $500.

The Answers

June
Joan Crawford
Constance Bennett
Dorothy Mackaill
Marion Davies
Gary Cooper
Richard Barthelmess
William Haines
William Powell

July
Mary Astor
Mary Brian
Norma Shearer
Sue Carol
Robert Montgomery
Ramon Novarro
John Gilbert
Chester Morris

August
Jeanette MacDonald
Loretta Young
Anita Page
Leila Hyams
Clive Brook
Joe E. Brown
Warner Baxter
Lewis Ayres

September
Marie Dressler
Kay Francis
Mitzi Green
Marlene Dietrich
Paul Lukas
Phillips Holmes
Jack Mulhall
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

“I put a great deal of love into my work on the Contest,” she writes. “I am a stenographer and the sole support of my parents. Should I be so fortunate as to read my name among the winners, I would use the money to continue my vocal studies and take a course in advertising.”

Here is a peacock, the like of which we have never seen before—all its feathers made of paper. [Please turn to page 106]
HERE, arriving at a Hollywood premiere with her husband, is the lady you all want to see: Mrs. Clark Gable, formerly Mrs. M. Franklin Langham of New York City. She isn’t an actress, never has been and doesn’t want to be
"I'm Not So Sure," Says Clark Gable

Because the higher the pedestal the better target you make for the Hollywood sharpshooters

By Ruth Biery

H

AS Clark Gable a child whom he is not recognizing? Has he been married twice, three times or four? What is his true background? Every writer in Hollywood is trying to find answers to these questions. Some have printed stories without waiting to get the truth.

It's a very old Hollywood custom. But a custom which Clark, a newcomer, is incapable of understanding.

"Why don't they come to me," he demands, "and ask me? My stepdaughter is sixteen years old. My stepson twelve. They are the children of my present wife.

"No one has asked me about this, to date. I would have been glad to tell them. If I had any children of my own I would be proud to say so."

The bare facts of Clark Gable's life have been written before. But what was happening inside the lad's head and his heart has never been told.

CAdIZ, OHIO, is a droning hamlet less than twenty miles from the galloping city of Wheeling, West Virginia. The adult inhabitants of Cadiz peer indolently from their vine-covered piazzas toward the smoke curling from the buzzing factories of the city and congratulate themselves on the peaceful contentment they have inherited. The youths of Cadiz look at the same smoke with yearning and impatiently count the years until they will be old enough to go to the city.

Cadiz is Clark Gable's home, and in only one way did he differ from the other youngsters there. He was incapable of cruelty. Trapping was the chief sport. Clark would set his traps as eagerly as the others. But when it was time to collect his prey, he couldn't bear to kill the animal. The boys didn't dare call him yellow, because he had two good fists and had proven he could use them.

The heart of a poet, the physique of a Dempsey, was Clark's inheritance. His mother was an artist. Although he doesn't remember her (she died when he was an infant), he knows that she never gave up her efforts to improve artistically. She was a dreamer, a beauty worshipper.

But his father was a product of the oil fields. Rough, hard, a man among men.

Clark's stepmother did a remarkable thing. She learned to know the boy's mother's people, and reared the lad as his own mother would have.

But his great sensitivity to art and beauty was always warring with the two-listed training of his father!

His first struggle came when he was sixteen, and his father bought a farm in Northern Ohio. It was a funny, little farm in a funny, little community. The people were entirely different from those whom he had left. He missed the gay camaraderie of Cadiz and, trying to make friends with the farmer folk, discovered they had nothing in common. He was thrown upon his own resources. "I learned to live with myself instead of with others," he says.

He turned to long tramps in the country. His constant companion was his dog, and during those lonely hours he learned there was something within him that demanded expression. He played with the idea of becoming an artist, a writer, an actor, a doctor.

One of his Cadiz friends wrote that he was going to Akron to work. Clark begged his father to be allowed to join him. Those were the exciting days at the end of the war. Getting a job was easy. He went to work in the office of a rubber company. The first day he fell asleep! Filing papers was a dull task yet he had to keep his job because of the money, but he stopped night school where he had studied dentistry.

Frantically he sought something that would reveal the magic of life. It was watching a dingy little stock company play all the old theatrical chestnuts that seemed to lift him out of himself.

He was gawky, country boy, almost alone in his first big city. He was afraid of girls so his adolescent dreams turned to the theater. And, having been introduced to one of the actors, he hung around backstage until they finally gave him the job of calling the cast for their cues. He received no money. To smell grease paint was reward enough! Eventually, they gave him some walk-on parts. "Your carriage awaits, madame——" was the longest line he spoke. That didn't matter. It was the crepe hair, the spirit gum, the paint, the powder and the language of the stage which held him.

He kept his office job as a temporary livelihood, but cultivated the stage as a vocation.

Undoubtedly, Clark would have become a bona fide member [please turn to page 96]
Look in the Mirror! How Are You Popular?

It is an accepted fact that women can't sit down and tell the truth about one another without having the meeting break up in a small riot. That's the reason that the game of "truth" often causes a break in friendships of long standing. Women don't like to hear unflattering things about themselves—and they don't like to admit unflattering things to themselves, either. Perhaps if there was more self-honesty, there would be fewer unhappy women.

The other day a charming young girl wrote to me from a school in the South. It seems that she and her friends had had one of these truth sessions. They had told her that she was not making the most of her looks. She had lovely hair but she didn't take enough time to make it a real asset toward beauty. Instead of becoming angry at this frankness, she hurried back to her room and wrote me for some good tips on how to make her hair more tractable and really lovely. She, you see, had the good sense to take a friendly hint from others. And I imagine that she will be the belle of school proms from now on because she benefited by constructive criticism.

All this leads to the question of whether or not you can honestly rate yourself. It isn't often easy to see yourself in a dispassionate way. We are all too prone to excuse our faults. It is easier to say, "I might be successful," than to say, "I am successful." It is easier to take second best rather than to make the effort to correct some small thing in ourselves.

If you don't put a valuation on yourself, no one else is going to. The successful business woman, the most popular débutante, the most brilliant actress, are women who have groomed themselves to reach a definite goal. You don't have to be ruthless about it, you don't have to mow others down to make a place for yourself. You merely have to be knowing about your charm, your ability—have faith in yourself.

Do you remember the breathless wait there used to be for the school year book which would give the rating of your class's most successful members? Most schools still have these statistics every year. There is the vote for the most beautiful, the most popular, and so forth. And then somewhere toward the bottom of the list there would be the cruelly frank classification for the biggest grind or the most competent. I wonder if there ever was a girl who honestly thought it was an honor to be rated the most competent? I doubt it.

The whole secret of this business of charm, or glamour, or whatever your particular term for it may be, is to create an aura about yourself. Make yourself look what you want to be. Suppose you are the most efficient business woman that ever lived, no man wants you to rub it in. And the whole glory turns to so many ashes if you see a future that holds nothing but a desk in it. Be efficient in your office, but shed your

Friendly Advice on GIRLS' PROBLEMS

I will gladly answer any personal problems about hair, correct colors for your type, and make-up shades. Merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Also ask for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. My complexion leaflet gives general advice on the care of the skin with treatments for blackheads and acne.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City
Beauty Questionnaire

Carolyn Van Wyck asks some burning beauty questions below. Perhaps they may give you a clue to your own beauty problem. See how many you know. If you can’t answer them yourself, you will find the answers on page 112.

1. Can eye shadow make eyes look larger?
2. What is the latest hair whim in Paris?
3. What is Mary Pickford’s tip for slimmness?
4. Do you key nail polish to skin tone?
5. How can brittle nails be avoided easily?
6. Who can wear coral rouge and lipstick?
7. What composes the “white henna” bleach?
8. Do you moisten lips when using lipstick?

New Start Says Carolyn Van Wyck 71
Mae Clarke is a girl who knew what she wanted—ever since she was a kid. So she went after it. And got it.

What she wanted was to be an actress. Not just another actress, but a good actress whose name would go up in electric lights and be remembered, not forgotten.

Well, there's nothing unusual in that, of course. Any number of girls have and have had the same idea, you say. All right, but wait a minute. Don't forget that Mae Clarke didn't just fall asleep with the idea. She worked on it and made the grade, until now she's at a station pretty near the top.

And even that, you mumble, is nothing so great, is it? There are lots of other movie actresses in Hollywood who are just as near the top, and nearer, too, than Mae. Okay. But don't overlook this—

Mae Clarke's story is unusual because of one point: Mae started from scratch with nothing—nothing whatever to give her a boost along the path she had chosen to climb. Except her own determination. And since we're all human, we still like to hear about the Horatio Alger hero or heroine, and we like to pat 'em on the back when they make good.

You see, Mae didn't have any head start like—say, the Bennett gals. They had a father and a mother who were of the theater. Behind them, they had generations of theatrical tradition. Heredity gave them a swell shove to start them along their careers, and Papa Bennett took over the job where heredity left off.

But Mae Clarke's dad wasn't an actor. Her mother wasn't a star. There were no great names of the theater hanging on her family tree. Papa was an organist in an Atlantic City showhouse; that's as close as she came to the stage on dad's side. And mama's closest connection was that she used to wish, when she was little, that she could be an actress.

Nor did Old Man Luck beckon Mae to sit in his lap, like any number of our present cinema stars. Maureen O'Sullivan, for instance, was picked out of obscurity by a director who wanted a type and thought she was it—and the road to film fame was smoothed for Maureen by the combined forces of a big studio.

It was different with Mae. Nobody picked her out and made her a star. Nobody paid any attention to her, in fact, except when she forced them to. There wasn't any lucky break for Mae—except the ones she created.

She didn't have Greta Garbo's exotic lure; she didn't have the ballyhoo that popped Dietrich into the film firmament overnight; she isn't any extraordinary beauty that makes you sit up and take notice whether you want to or not; she didn't have the advantage of getting into pictures when pictures were growing up—like Swanson and Pickford, you know—so she could grow up along with them.

Mae Clarke didn't have anything. She was just an ordinary, live-around-the-corner, little Atlantic City kid, who used to play pirates on a raft with the neighborhood boys and girls.

But get this—even when she was playing pirates, Mae Clarke was beginning her acting career! And when a kid starts actively working out a career before she's ten, and keeps it going right along at it from then on—well, she doesn't need Bennett's ancestry, or Garbo's lure, or Swanson's background. She's got the stuff in her to win for herself—

"It's trite," she laughs, when you ask her about her career, "to say, 'I always wanted to go on the stage.' People who read and write about stage and screen folk must get sick of that line. But I can't help it—with me it's true, and that's all there is to it.

"Why, even back there as far as I can remember—three years old—I used to live to 'act.' My mother must have sympathized with me. I've often heard her tell me that she, too, had wanted to be a great actress. Anyway, as early as I can remember I began having dancing lessons.

"Then, when I got a little bigger, I used to love to dress up in boys' clothes and play pirates. We had a lagoon that we used to call our Spanish Main, back there. I began to think of being a landlubber, but I didn't want to give up the mumbling.

"Then, when I was a little bigger, there was no atmosphere about a girl doing anything but wedding. But I wanted to be an actress. I used to tryout with every other girl in the lower grades and she was the only one who didn't get the part. But I was right, and she was wrong. I went back, and they gave me the part.

"That was my first part. And I was happy...I was completely happy. When I went home and told Mama I was acting, she was very much against it. But she knew I was right. And so she took me to New York, and I was given a part. And that was that. I went to New York and there was no mumble in it—nothing to do with being a girl. It was just a part."

Mae Clarke was one of the coming stars because she went after what she wanted.

By Harry Lang

Mae made a hit as the tough girl in "The Front Page." Then she scored in "Waterloo Bridge." Then "Frankenstein." She's well on her way.

Now, haven't you heard that before, too? That "live the part" stuff? More than one of our great actors today give that as one of their secrets of success—that they 'livin' every chance they play. Well, look—Mae Clarke was doing that when she was a kid!

Amateur theatricals came next in line. Mae was a soda-mixer by day. By night, she was acting or rehearsing in some amateur show. Sodajerking was all right—but life began when the shop closed and Mae became an actress.

And then came her chance—a carnival was to be staged, and somebody was to be queen—somebody who would sell the most tickets. Mae went to work. She knew what she wanted. She wanted to be queen—not just for the sake of being queen, but because it was a part she could act, you see. Of course, she outsold all the other contestants.

Then there was an amateur tryout. A New York producer, during the carnival, agreed to select one girl whom he would give a job in one of his New York shows.

Mae Clarke knew what she wanted, again. She wanted to be the one girl. So the queen doffed her crown, practiced songs and drilled it until she was so tired she could hardly mix a strawberry sundae. The night of the tryout everything went wrong. The musicians played the wrong music. [Please turn to page 115]
"Really, I'm not in the mood today, Mr. Director. My Pekingese is indisposed"

"Beggin' your pardon, madame. Shall we dust Mr. Gable this morning?"

"—and when Jackie Cooper cries it just breaks me all up"

"And then again — maybe it's the kind of malt you use"
Movie Thrills You'll Never Forget

"The Front Page." A scene from the dashing drama of newspaper life. Mollie comforts the newspapermen and soothes their frayed nerves with a plate of her famous home-made doughnuts.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin." The bloodhounds close in on Little Eliza as she flees across the river, leaping from cake of ice to cake of ice.

"The Champ." Jackie Cooper pleads with Wallace Beery to come out from under that cloak and be a man, but Wallace is ashamed because he's just gambled away Jackie's favorite canary.

"The Great Train Robbery." A scene in the waiting-room of the railroad station just before the sensational holdup.
"Engaged! Of course not—eh,—we're just pals. How do these rumors get around, anyway?"
"To be a great actress you must first learn about life. What are you doing tomorrow night?"

"I don't want us to move to Hollywood. Marriages don't last there."

"Gee, those movie stunt men take awful chances!"
That Stuff Is Out

Paul Lukas is a nice Hungarian boy who got all confused about this hand kissing business. To kiss or not to kiss was Paul's problem, but you'll have to read the story to find out what he finally decided.

Paul Lukas is bothered. He goes around the lot muttering. Of course, a boy's best friend is his mother. But don't hold that against me. This is serious business—this case of Continental manners versus American romance. It has caused our Paul a few sleepless nights.

Picture him as he was when he first came to this country from Hungary—handsome, suave, charming and as European as a pair of white spats. He had been on the stage abroad for fourteen years.

Imported to play in silents, he thought his career was at an end when the microphone reared its ugly head. But, instead, his accent proved an asset and the girls raved about him in "The Right to Love," "Anybody's Woman," "Unfaithful," "The Vice Squad" and "Strictly Dishonorable."

That's the whole trouble. The girls went mad about him simply because he bowed from the waist, tipped his hat grandly and paid elaborate compliments. Here's the story.

Just a few weeks after he and his wife arrived in Hollywood he was invited to dinner at a smart beach club. One of the delightful sequined gowned ladies, whose husband was present, danced with him. When the music ended Paul lightly lifted the right hand of the lady to his lips and kissed it. It's an old Hungarian custom for saying, "Thank you," or "You're a good kid," or anything like that.

Immediately after this the manager of the club appeared and said to the host of the party, "Now I don't mind your guests having their affairs but they mustn't be so bold about it at my club. See that there is no more of that hand kissing business on this floor."

Paul was bewildered, for he soon found that this distressing incident was the beginning of a series of episodes. There was a pretty extra girl on the lot who had worked in a number of his pictures. Paul met her, clicked his immaculate heels together, made a courtly bow and gave her one of those avid European, ten-pound looks. The next day she re-galed the studio with an account that Lukas was madly in love with her.

Upon another occasion, at a party, Paul was presented to a charming lady (he still calls 'em ladies), the wife of a director. He complimented her upon her gown and told her that her eyes were lovely. In Europe it would have been forgotten. Not so in Hollywood. The next day the lady's husband passed Paul by with a look that could come only out of an electric refrigerator. The wife, it was later discovered, had taunted her husband by telling him that Paul adored her.

Is it any wonder that the poor man sighs, "These American girls are the most beautiful in the entire world—and that includes Vienna—but I'm afraid to so much as look at them."

Mrs. Lukas reacts to all this with a shrug of her shoulders and a complaint that "American men are lacking in courtesy." She understands. While Paul is kissing other hands she feels her own manicure is all for nothing.

Right now we might as well get this hand kissing business settled. In Europe, where the quaint custom originated, a gentleman kisses the hands of:

Married women,

Elderly unmarried women,

Women who have achieved fame,

Or any women to whom marked respect should be paid.

The young girls must struggle along without it until they marry or do some worthy deed. The idea seems to be—make a success and get your hand kissed.

Paul was advised that his nice speeches and pretty compliments got him the reputation of flatterer. So he's stopped all that. As have all the foreign legion.

Ivan Lebedeff, Ramon Novarro, Nils Asther, Jose Mojica—they suffered, too, when they first arrived. Ivan, having learned his bitter lesson, has only five or six women on his hand kissing list and he settled the big hat tipping problem by not wearing one. Mention American girls to any of these men and hear them sigh.

That accounts for cyclones in the Middle West.

By Frances Denton
"HOW'S the baby?" asks the lad from gay Paree. And dynamite Dietrich replies, "Ach! Svell! You and your missus come for dinner and I bake someth'ing nice, yah?" And that's what Marlene and Maurice Chevalier talk about when they visit each other's sets. Or maybe they're just kidding us.
Immaculate cleansing, to the depths of the pores—that's the first step of the Pond's Method. Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck, patting with upward, outward strokes to ward off sagging and wrinkles. Let the fine light oils sink into the pores and float every particle of clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface.

Now wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—more efficient because so much softer and half again more absorbent by laboratory test. Society women say these exquisite Tissues are "the best way to remove cold cream," for they absorb the dirt so completely that nothing is left to clog the pores. Tissues in white or enchanting peach.

Next, Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and firm—you saturate a pad of cotton, then pat briskly over your face and neck till the skin glows. This gentle tonic and mild astringent is so carefully formulated it cannot dry your skin. It is indispensable in home treatment of minor skin ills such as enlarged pores, sallowness, blackheads and blemishes.

Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises little blemishes and gives a lovely velvety finish. Use not only on your face, but wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft, smooth and white.

MARY BOLAND, who looks under 30, declares she is over 40 years old! This lovely actress, who numbered among her early Broadway successes such hits as *Strongheart*, starred last season in *The Vinegar Tree*. Still radiantly youthful as this recent photograph shows, Mary Boland says: “There's no reason nowadays to care about birthdays. A skin aglow with youth never fails to win hearts!”
"I DON'T mind admitting it in the least," says Mary Boland, beloved stage star. "I'm over forty years old!

"There's no reason nowadays to care about birthdays. Any woman who really wants to can keep the radiant charm of youth right through the years.

"We on the stage have proved it. Our thirties—forties—even fifties!—have no terrors for us.

"There's no magic about it, though. It's just a matter of realizing the importance of complexion care. A skin radiantly aglow with youth has irresistible appeal—never fails to win hearts!

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin youthful. Its lather is so gentle and soothing and it does leave one's skin remarkably smooth."

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard Complexion Beauty

Mary Boland is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, of the 613 important screen actresses (including all stars) 605 use it regularly. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in all the great film studios.

Surely your skin should have this gentle, luxurious care!
WALLACE BEERY and Jackie Cooper make "The Champ" a winner, according to the Answer Man's mail: "What a team!" everyone is saying. The actor who has been in pictures for years and the little chap who is just beginning have won hearts of the movie public.

"Tell us about Jackie," the letters ask. Read the story about him in this issue, but here are some facts that the story doesn't give.

Jackie was born in Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 15, 1923. He is 51 inches tall, weighs 73 pounds and has blond hair and hazel eyes. He entered pictures in 1928, becoming one of the members of "Our Gang." He also did a small bit in the "Fox Movietone Follies" and "Sunny Side Up." In 1930, Paramount borrowed him from Hal Roach for the lead in "Skippy." That picture made Jackie. Radio Pictures then borrowed him to play opposite Richard Dix in "Young Donovan's Kid." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw great possibilities in this youngster and bought his contract from Roach.

"The Champ" is his first picture under the new contract. His next will be "Limpy," a story of a little crippled boy.

Wallace Beery's first screen appearances were in Swedish comedies. Later he went into feature pictures and gave many fine performances. Some of his latest pictures are "The Big House," "Min and Bill," "The Secret Six" and "The Champ." His latest is "Hell Divers," with Clark Gable. Wally hails from Kansas City, Mo. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 235 pounds and has light brown hair and dark brown eyes. He was on the stage for 10 years before he entered pictures. His first wife was Gloria Swanson. Areta Gillman is the second Mrs. Beery.

Too bad Robert Williams didn't live to know of all the friends he had won by his fine acting in "Platinum Blonde," the last picture he made. For the benefit of those who know very little about Robert and are writing in asking about him, here is a short biography:

He was born in Morgantown, W. Va., Sept. 15, 1889. When he was ten years old he ran away from home and joined a tent show. Later he was with a Mississippi showboat company, and then appeared in stock. Some of the plays he appeared in were made in the Darky, "Jimmy's Women," "Eyes of Youth," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Friendly Enemies" and "Rebound.

He had several offers to go into pictures but always turned them down. It was while he was rehearsing for "Oh Promise Me," a stage play, that Pathe asked him to play opposite Ina Claire in "Rebound." This was followed by "The Common Law," "Devotion," and "Platinum Blonde." He was rehearsing for "Lady With a Past" opposite Constance Bennett when he was stricken with an acute attack of appendicitis which resulted in his death. He was married to Nina Penn, stage actress, and had a ten-year-old daughter by a former marriage.

Ask the Answer Man

VALERIE ROGERS, COLUMBUS, OHIO.—It's a good thing for me that you run out of words to describe Clark Gable or I would still be reading your letter. Connie Bennett appeared on our March 1st, cover, and she is in the gallery this month. You can get the March issue by sending $2 to Photoplay, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, III. Connie is 26 years old and was born in New York City. She is 5 feet 4; weighs 102 and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her sister Barbara, who is Mrs. Morton Downey in private life, is about 23 years old.

ELVA FUNKE, MONTICELLO, ILL.—Hold the fort, Elva, for you are quite right in your argument. It was Norma Shearer who played the leading feminine role in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Raymond Hackett was the lad who took the part of her brother who also acted as her attorney in the picture. Glad to hear you're one of my regular readers.

B. R. BOWEN, KAW, OKLA.— Glad to make your acquaintance. There most certainly was a picture called "Wives of the 49th." It was directed by Roy Del Ruth and released in 1926. Monte Blue played the role of the soldier, Jane Winton was the heroine, Myrna Loy the native girl and Charles Stevens the bad, bold rebel.

LUCY SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I agree with you, Lucy. That was a swell dog that appeared with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox." He is a thoroughbred police dog and is called "Major.""
Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice. Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25c.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25c the large tube, effecting an average saving of $3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50c class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE**

A hat, a scarf, a good pair of gloves, or several pairs of stockings—these you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50c class.

**Judge by results alone**

The hat the TOOTH PASTE paid for and the teeth it beautified

*THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE*
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

When "Frankenstein," Universal's horror picture, was previewed at Santa Barbara, women screamed, strong men covered and little children fainted. The theater was in the grip of terror.

One man telephoned the theater later and said he was going to file suit because of injuries to his wife, his child and himself. He claimed their nerves were shattered.

Another man called the manager regularly every five minutes, to say "I can't sleep because of that picture and you aren't going to either. You showed it and I am going to see that you are as restless as I am."

As a result, the picture has been cut to be less frightening.

An announcement will be run before it unfolds asking those who do not like gruesome pictures to leave the theater.

The studio wanted somebody to play the roles of Leila Hyams' mother and father in a picture. Leila's own mother and father, who are the Hyams and McIntyre vaudeville team, applied for the job. But the casting director said they weren't the type.

CHECK UPS on the Love Situation: David Manners takes Rose Hobart to all the best places. . . . And although they insist there isn't a romance Evalyn Knapp and Donald Cook are stepping out together. . . . Irene Rich has a divorce from her husband, David Blankenhorn . . . Close friends knew it was going to happen months ago . . . Ricardo Cortez says there's no serious romance between him and Loretta Young . . . Loretta still goes around with Mervyn LeRoy, who used to take Ginger Rogers everywhere . . . Figure that out, I'm dizzy . . . Mary Brian went to a theater opening with Ken Murray, the vaudevillian. . . . And now there's a chance the two might become a professional (not a personal) team. . . . Irene Dunne's telephone bill is over $700 a month . . . That's long distance toll charges when she talks to her husband . . . When Claudette Colbert was in Hollywood hubby Norman Foster wasn't out of her sight . . . That's to spike divorce rumors.

LOOKS as if the Mae Clarke-John McCormick love affair might play a return engagement . . . Tom Moore, the divorced husband of Alice Joyce, married a girl named Eleanor Merry.

Lawrence Tibbet's been singing love songs to a San Francisco girl who has gone to Reno for something or other. . . . Not long after Walter Huston's divorce was secured he married a stage actress, Nan Sunderland. . . . Lupe Velez is still wearing that wedding ring she says she bought herself. . . . Director William Wellman and Marjorie Crawford are whispering those old sweet nothings. . . . Over in Paris they're saying Ronald Colman is finally going to get that divorce from Thelma Ray. They have been separated since 1926.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]
"What! Can such Skin Loveliness be had for less than a PENNY A DAY!"

THE HALF FACE TEST amazes fifteen famous physicians. And thrills the women of fourteen cities!

Maybe you've already read about the Nationwide Beauty Clinic. How 15 dermatologists, in 14 cities, tested the leading soaps, creams and lotions on the faces of their women patients.

But do you know the two vital facts this clinic disclosed?

[1] That Woodbury's Facial Soap secured a higher scientific rating than any other beauty aid?

[2] That Woodbury's proved the least expensive of all accepted complexion treatments?

For a whole month, 612 women cleansed the left side of their faces with any soap, cream or liquid of their choice. But on the right side of the face they used only the creamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

While most of the physicians have recommended it for years as the finest of all daily skin cleansers . . . for both the normal and the supersensitive skin . . . even they were surprised at the magnitude of Woodbury's victory! Even they marveled that in over 79% of the cases, the Woodbury-treated skin showed a marked improvement over the skin treated with other and costlier preparations!

Some women are either foolishly frugal or wantonly extravagant in the prices they pay for complexion aids. Either they buy ordinary toilet soaps of no dermatological value; or expensive creams and liquids, whose chief recommendation is a nice odor.

Woodbury's cannot be judged merely as a toilet soap. For it is really a scientific beauty formula in cake form. At 25¢, it affords you 35 complete daily facial treatments. No other beauty method is so economical . . . or so effective.

With these findings of Science before you . . . won't you at least try the "Woodbury Way to Skin Loveliness" on your face? Woodbury's Facial Soap may be obtained at all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 813 ALFRED STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO

In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also weekend kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Name

Address

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
VERY few people know that Marie Dressler's great affection for humanity is the expression of a hungering and defeated mother love. Marie once had a baby girl of her own. The baby died a few hours after it was born and Marie has never quite reconciled herself to the loss. Marie seldom speaks about it and the studio does not want it to be known.

Marie has received hundreds and hundreds of letters from people who read a story about her in the September issue of *Photoplay* called "Don't Expect Too Much" in which she explained her philosophy of life. All the letters have told her that she's given the writers courage. And Marie is all smiles and just that pleased.

Ivan Lebedeff and monocle are to be seen stepping out with Irene Dunne. Irene's husband asked Ivan to keep Irene from getting lonely. That noise you hear is the flutter of stork's wings over Bessie Love's house. Sidney Fox danced with Eddie Fuzzell just once and that's how the rumor of their engagement started. Matter of fact, Sidney's heart belongs to another. Peggy Shannon has a perfectly good husband named Allen Davis. They were married for two years but Hollywood didn't know about it.

A SCENE in one of Wally Beery's pictures called for some trick stunt for which a double was needed.

But where to find a human replica of the 235-pound, rubber-faced actor? Casting directors hit their fingernails and jumped up and down on their hats. And then—oh, happy days!—a producer visited the Los Angeles jail. He saw a man who would do perfectly as a double.

"What's he in for?" he asked excitedly.

"He's been impersonating Wallace Beery," answered the jailer.

A PUBLICITY man stepped up to Constance Bennett as she arrived at a recent opening and asked her if she would speak a few words over the radio.

"No!" she answered briefly.

"Good!" the publicity man answered as briefly.

Constance Bennett looked annoyed.

She likes to be coaxed!

Little girls who want to make good shouldn't argue with big directors—not even if they think the big directors are wrong.

When The Great Lubitsch was looking for a girl to play the lead in "The Man I Killed," he made a test of Karen Morley, a brigh newcomer. He gave her the biggest scene in the story to do and told her how he wanted it played.

"But, Mr. Lubitsch, I don't believe that would be the girl's reaction.

Lubitsch carefully explained that the story made such a reaction possible. "You see, Miss Morley, you haven't read all of the script."

"No," said Karen, "but I know what girls really do."

And that, gentle Annie, is the way she talked herself out of a grand part.

Constance Bennett had accepted an invitation to attend one of those semi-public luncheons to be held in downtown Los Angeles. On the afternoon before the luncheon, the director said she could not leave work.

Pathe telephoned Ann Harding and asked her if she would take Constance's place.

They told her frankly that she was second choice.

Ann said:

"Well what does that matter! Of course, I'll be glad to go and help out."

You have to know your Hollywood to realize just how rare a thing it is for one star to be willing to play second fiddle to another.

Riza Royce, the former Mrs. Josef Von Sternberg, was raving about the splendid performance Helen Hayes gave in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

"Such acting! And no wonder, she comes from the stage! All Hollywood actresses can do is to show their legs!"

Marlene Dietrich is the Hollywood actress most famed for her legs and Mrs. Von Sternberg is suing the owner of those legs for alienation of affection.

Kitty! Kitty!

[Please turn to page 88]
This takes trying

BUT MAN! IT'S WORTH IT!

The grandest fling in all tobacco-enjoyment!...

Mouth-happiness!
Here it is... in 3 steps:

1. Try one Spud. Don't stop... simply because such coolly-coolness is a new one on you.

2. Try one pack of Spuds. Don't stop... simply because you're hardened to instant tobacco kick.

3. Try one week of Spuds. Watch that noticeably cool taste disappear. Watch the tobacco taste get keener and keener. And, notice, how fresh, how clean, how all-around swell your mouth begins to feel.

That's it... mouth-happiness... the grand, new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U.S.)... 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)
HELEN HAYES—and you'll be hearing more and more and more of her—went to see her picture "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" when it was playing on Broadway. It was the first time she'd seen it and she was being critical of her own work, wishing she'd done that scene another way, knowing she could have gotten more out of that one, when suddenly she became conscious of stifled sobbing. She looked up to see seated next to her a large man with tears running down his cheeks. He looked at Helen and, not recognizing her, saw only that her face was tearless.

In quite a pet he said, "Haven't you any heart? How can you sit here and look at this picture without crying?"

VARIETY says it actually happened.

In a Pittsburgh neighborhood movie house the film showed a chemist working in his laboratory with test tubes, bottles, etc. Suddenly a kid in the audience shouted out: "Lookee, mom, that's just like daddy making beer!"

HERE's an elegant story they're telling along Boul' Hollywood. Seems that one of the reasons that caused Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert to play the big divorce scene was that Ina insisted upon rearranging all of Jack's rooms. She'd not been living three days at his house before she was adding on wings, moving furniture and getting new rugs. Jack didn't like that. He'd lived in that house for a long time and it suited him right down to the foundation.

They were divorced, but lately, before Jack went to Europe, they've been seeing each other at parties and are friendly again. One afternoon Jack invited Ina to his Malibu house for tea. Ina walked into the living room and said, "Oh, what a sweet place, Jack, but don't you think it would be more attractive if this chair were over here by the window and if those drapes were held back like this?"

"No, I don't," said Jack with one of those grim and determined frowns on the Gilbert brow, "and, hereafter, we'll have tea at restaurants."

RIGHT after Leatrice Joy was married to William Spencer Hook, one of those Los Angeles bluebloods, she dashed to the nearest postoffice and mailed her orchid bridal bouquet to her ten-year-old daughter, Barbara. Jack Gilbert is her father, you know. Later Barbara said quaintly, "I could hardly keep the tears back when I opened mother's wedding bouquet."

Only the Conrad Nagels and a man friend of the groom were present. Leatrice says she has no further interest in pictures now, as she means to give all her time to being a wife and mother. Immediately she has two or three picture offers. They are living in the old family residence of the Hooks on Sixth Street.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]
SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

This Beautiful Book of 250 De Luxe Art Portraits of Leading Film Stars

NOW ONLY 50¢

STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY

This 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.

Thousands of copies of this de luxe edition of the Stars of the Photoplay have been sold at the original price of $1.75 per copy, and thousands more at the reduced price of $1.25, but this is the first time it has been offered to Photoplay readers at the ridiculously low price of 50c.

No reader can afford to be without a copy of this wonderful collection of portraits of leading moving picture stars at this price, which is less than the single admission price of most moving picture theaters. The Stars of the Photoplay will give you many evenings' entertainment and will be your constant reference for information about the stars you have seen on the screen.

The outside measurement of the book is 7½ x 10½ inches, and the size of each portrait is 5½ x 7½ inches.

The portraits are rich, rotogravure reproductions, and under each is a brief biographical sketch of the star featured, including such information as age, weight, height, complexion, etc. Just the kind of information that you want.

The cover is a handsome Red Art Fabrikoid with gold lettering, a book you will be proud to own.

An Ideal Christmas Gift

The Stars of the Photoplay will make an excellent Christmas Gift and the value looks many times its cost. We are not limiting this offer to one book per reader. Send for as many as you can use, and we know you will be more than pleased with your purchase. Just fill out the coupon and enclose check, money order or currency. Send it today and the books will be sent by return mail.

SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE COUPON

Gentlemen:

Please send me copies of the Stars of the Photoplay at the special reduced price of 50c per copy. Enclosed please find Money Order, Check, Currency for to cover cost. Send to:

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Address
City State
The most beautiful Hollywood romance of the month! Francis A. Gudger, who has never been separated from Marjorie Rambeau long before the theater-going public did. But she family insisted on her career. She married once. And suddenly (she is 39 and he 54) they eloped like a pair of high school kids to Yuma, Arizona, and vowed they'll never be separated again. Marjorie is through with pictures, she says

CAROLE LOMBARD says she won't be knitting any tiny garments until her career is finished. And Paramount demands her services for four more years. . . Chic Sale was playing old men character roles before he was shaving. . . Fifi Dorsay says that Boston didn't like her Hollywood giggle. . . Perc (make-up-man) Westmore has created gold cyclamen paint. He says it's to be worn with evening clothes. . . The boys who draw the eyelashes on Mickey Mouse get $20 a week. . . Joan Crawford and Mrs. Clark Gable are intimate friends. . . Little Maria Dietrich stays on the set all day long while her famous mamma Marlene is at work. . . Linda Watkins greets her friends by shouting, "Whoopie, Hollywood!" Which is a little crazy but it gets a laugh. . . Russell Gleason and Papa Jimmie pass the collection plate at a Beverly Hills church. . . They vie with each other about who can collect the most money.

WHEN Clark Gable walks into the studio lunchroom all the boys and girls "who knew him when" rush to him, pat him on the back and say, "Clark, old boy, old boy, we always knew you could do it." But they didn't. They used to think he was a ham actor.

ClARK used to wear a beret a lot a few weeks ago. Now he wears a felt hat; his valet has the ex-Gable beret.

REASON: too much kidding.

DIRECTOR "Trader Horn" Van Dyke was telling a friend that in Africa wives can be bought for a dollar.

"Well, a good wife is worth a dollar," answered the friend.

JACKIE COOPER'S grandest possession at present is what every boy dreams of—a pocket knife.

But it's not an ordinary knife. Besides a blade, it has a screwdriver, a corkscrew (imagine, for Jackie!), a tiny saw, an awl, and a few other gadgets in it.

It was a gift from Wally Beery, after he and Jackie had finished "The Champ" together.

SHE was one of those ga-ga simpering little ingenues and she was going to repeat that formula which she had used at every theater opening in spite of supervisors and unrenewed contracts. "Oh, this is a lovely opening," she pushed into the microphone. "I wish my mother were here."

"Then why didn't you bring her?" a newshoyle yelled out.

SAYS Florabel Muir in The Hollywood Herald:

"Paramount daily routine offers no bigger moment these days than that solemn one which marks the arrival of Josef Von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich for luncheon each day. In dignified stride, looking neither to the right nor to the left, recognizing no one, bowing and speaking not in the least, these twain make of the luncheon ritual a sort of unscheduled personal appearance among mortals. Recently there was lese majeste committed though doubtless Joe and Marlene haven't heard about it yet.

"Happened that young Robert Coogan was having luncheon with his mother at the time the grand entrance was made. Robert is a serious kid and never says anything he doesn't mean.

"Perceiving Joe stride in leaning on a stick he turned to his mother and said: 'Look, mother, that's Harpo Marx!'"
STRANGEST of all the friendships in Hollywood is that of Marlene Dietrich and Anna May Wong. The two met years ago in Berlin. They’re the most striking pair at the studio when they stroll into the restaurant—Marlene, blonde and Prussian, in a sky-blue flowered dressing gown; Anna May, dark and Oriental in a lacquer red Chinese robe.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

"Tom has done very well," she said...

but her hands told a different story

It happened just about the middle of luncheon. Frances, smiling and charming, in lovely Paris clothes, Millie, talking with gay animation. "And Tom has done awfully well," Millie was saying. "He’s manager of the new factory—"

Just then Frances’ eyes fell to Millie’s hand resting on the white tablecloth. It was just a fleeting glance. But Millie noticed. Her voice died away as she looked at her own hands. How red they were. How rough. How scruffy-looking. They didn’t look like the hands of a successful man’s wife.

IVORY
KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES
99 4/100% PURE
Hey, Ben Lyon, what's this? Another Hollywood scandal? Nope, nothing like that. Director Herbert Brenon was so glad to see Bebe Daniels up and around again after Barbara's birth that he had to give her a great big kiss. Incidentally Bebe has let her hair go back to its real blackness.

WHEN Sidney Fox first came to Hollywood they told her she had to impress the village boys and girls, so in her fashionable apartment-hotel, she installed a maid, a secretary, a cook and a chauffeur. All those servants got tangled up in her shoe laces. And, besides, Sid was sick of it. She began doling out notices like a politician doling out platitudes. Today, she has a cook who also acts as personal maid and a chauffeur. She can't drive a car. She takes care of everything else, herself, including her fan mail and the household budget.

"That swank stuff they made me put on is just a lot of bunk," she says.

AND if you don't think it's the box-office that decides the fate of the stars you should be made to stand in the corner for an hour.

Sidney Fox's option was up at midnight. They showed "Strictly Dishonorably" that evening as a preview. The executives sat back and saw how the audience accepted the picture. When Sidney went over big, they rushed to sign her before the zero hour.

IT was sort of funny that nobody but Photoplay got wise to the fact that Mary Astor and Dr. Franklyn Thorpe were secretly married, for every morning between seven and seven-thirty Hollywood could have seen them playing a strenuous game of handball. And oh, those grand arguments they had about the game! You remember that Thorpe was Mary's doctor when she collapsed after the death of her husband. And he's still her doctor. The handball games are part of his treatment to see that she keeps fit.

HOLLYWOOD gives three cheers and a housing tiger for Clara Bow. The redhead has completely changed—there's hardly a spark left in the Brooklyn bonfire. In plain words Clara's gotten some sense in her head.

Listen to this. Feeling herself perfectly fit, she decided she'd go to New York before starting work on her picture, to see some shows. Immediately reporters started asking her questions. "Had she and Rex Bell split?" "Wasn't it true she was going to New York to see Harry Richman?" "Would she make a lot of whoopee in the big city?"

Clara knew that whatever she did would be turned into page one headlines, so she got off the train at Gallup, New Mexico, and returned to the ranch.

Incidentally, she's begun construction on a $20,000 bungalow on the Bell ranch and she's going to live there between pictures.

WHEN Clara returned to Hollywood for a few days recently, she said, "I don't want to talk to anyone or give out any statements until I actually get back to work. I want what I do, not what I say, to speak for me."

MOTION PICTURE DAILY spins a good story about Hal Skelly.

While the actor was in London he attended church and there saw a man whose face was most familiar to him. When the services were over Hal went up to him and said, "Don't I know you?"

"No, but I know you. You're Hal Skelly and I've seen you in films."

"And you?" asked Hal.

"Well, I used to be the King of Spain!"

THE guest house being built at Pickfair to house visiting royalty and such will cost $15,000. The Ontario censors didn't like "Susan Lenox" so the lads and lasses of La Belle Canada won't get to see Garbo and Gable emote. Tom Mix arrived in Hollywood with thirty trunks and eighteen horses. Gertrude Astor and Vivian Duncan met at court in a rumpus about house rent that Gertie said Vivian didn't pay. Jeanette MacDonald returned to Hollywood from Europe with an enormous sheepdog and a tiny kitten. Jack Oakie wears his in-
evitable sweat shirt under his Tuxedo coat. In London, Jack Gilbert said that after seventeen years in pictures he was ready to quit.

OLIVE BROOK can't read his own handwriting. You'll see Jean Harlow wearing pajamas on the streets of Hollywood. Oh, they're the kind to be worn on the street. Nils Asther is teaching Buster Keaton you how to talk Swedish. Clark Gable has traded the little Ford for a bigger car. Charlie Chaplin is hiding away in London and writing the story of his life all by his little self. Miriam Hopkins gave a dinner party to a lot of guests. All of them were men. Norma Shearer has bought a bull pup for Irving, Jr., and housed the canine companion in a $100 doghouse. Claudia Dell has gone blonde again. That was just a brunette wig she wore in "Leftover Ladies."

A MAN, who was to pay the real Jim Thorpe, world renowned Carlisle Indian star and American Olympic hero of 1912 in "Touchdown," was sent directly to the make-up department. After four hours' work the make-up man said his job was perfect. The actor asked, "Do you think you need those lines under my eyes?"

"Of course," the studio man answered. "We have to make you look as much like Thorpe as we can."
The actor went to the door, turned and said quietly, "I am Jim Thorpe!" He was.

BILL POWELL is a changed man. And you can praise—or blame—the little woman for it. Bill was once one of those Hollywood recluses. He and Ronnie Colman and Dick Barthelmess made up a closed corporation.

But Carole Lombard is a social person, so she shakes Bill into his dinner coat almost every night and all the big Hollywood functions find him the life of the party. What's more he seems to like it.

It took fifteen women twenty-one days to complete one gown for Garbo to be worn in " Mata Hari." Tens of thousands of glass beads are sewn on the dress. It's a pretty nifty little frock.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]

January Birthdays

January 1—Charles Bickford, William Haines, Pola Negri.
January 2—Richard Rodden, Herbert Brenon, Eddie Gribbon.
January 3—Tom Mix, Loretta Young.
January 5—Matt Moore.
January 6—Anita Louise.
January 7—Pauline Starke.
January 8—Monte Blue.
January 9—Kay Francis.
January 10—Douglas MacLean, Bebe Daniels.
January 11—Bill Haynes.
January 12—B. P. Schulberg, Virginia Valli.
January 13—Sally Starr.
January 14—Ronald Lubitsch.

January

Never so prevalent as today

"BANKRUPT NERVES"

...How this Simple Food Helps Build Up Your Nervous System By Supplying an Element Necessary to Sound, Steady Nerves and Restful Sleep

Men and women nervous from worry and fear, without hesitation written large in face and manner! Everywhere you go, you see them. The tension of modern living—the increased pace of life; the struggle for success; insufficient restful sleep... these are the conditions that lead to exhaustion, depleted "Bankrupt Nerves."

So it is that you eat improperly; you eat inadequate diets. Your body doesn't make full or right use of your food, and the result is malnutrition. Instead of meeting the need for nervous quantities of Vitamin B, you probably are getting much less than normal requirements. Permit this Vitamin deficiency to continue, and you will certainly have a nervous disorder now known to science as "polynerrsitis"—the inflammation of many nerves.

Correct this condition at once, if in the early stages. Don't let it become chronic or serious—and don't use habit-forming drugs or sedatives which only alleviate symptoms but cannot cure. Simply eat the pure, wholesome food—YEAST FOAM TABLETS.

Nerves Cannot Function Without It. The yeast in YEAST FOAM TABLETS contains substances known to chemistry in the Vitamin B Complex. In the words of a prominent American scientist, connected with one of our largest universities, "This substance (Vitamin B) is an element necessary for the proper growth, development and nourishment of the master tissue of the body—the Nervous System."

Recent scientific research has proved that the nervous system cannot function properly without the B Vitamin Complex. They prevent and correct polynerrsitis. They are also prevent and most successfully used for skin and complexion disorders, constipation, indigestion and lack of strength or energy.

Beat these important facts in mind: (1) YEAST FOAM TABLETS are pure yeast and nothing but yeast; (2) they are pleasant tasting, easy to swallow, good to chew; (3) they are pasteurized and hence cannot cause gas or fermentation; (4) this yeast is used in the vitamin research conducted by the United States Government and leading American Universities; (5) YEAST FOAM TABLETS are non-fattening.

Your druggist sells YEAST FOAM TABLETS—50 cents for the 10-day bottle. Get acquainted with this nerve-nourishing, health-building food today!

Note: If your nervous trouble is in an advanced stage, see your doctor. He knows the truth of these statements and the benefits of prescribing YEAST FOAM TABLETS for the nervous condition described. But in any case, follow his advice.

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Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name

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City

State
RACING YOUTH—Universal

Although not for the critical, this almost redeems itself from triviality by some tremendously thrilling footage of an automobile race ride. June Clyde falls heiress to an auto factory. Frank Albertson, the young test driver, demonstrates his devotion and skill by piloting one of her cars to a victory that means fat foreign contracts and happy days at the plant. Louise Fazenda and Slim Summerville carry the comedy.

RICH MAN’S FOLLY—Paramount

George Bancroft deserves a nickel shiny medal for getting sympathy out of such an unsympathetic role. It’s all about a shipbuilder, ambitious for his son to carry on the business. Bancroft plays with conviction and Frances Dee, as his daughter, is lovely. David Durand gives a touching performance. Stark drama.

GOOD SPORT—Fox

An excellent cast, some clever dialogue and interesting camera effects almost overcome the handicap of a poor story. So you will not be entirely disappointed in this picture, even if you do know that old plot by heart. Linda Watkins, as the neglected young wife, decides to sample some of her husband’s freedom—you remember the rest. This Watkins girl might be another Connie Bennett—but not with stories like this.

SAFE IN HELL—First National

The only redeeming thing about this picture is the fine work done by Dorothy Mackail and Nina Mae McKinley, the colored actresses. The story is sordid. Dorothy plays a shady lady, weighted down with a past that costs her her life. Victor Varconi, Wallace Morgan, K alf Harbole, Donald Cook and other good actors are in the cast.

MORALS FOR WOMEN— Tiffany Prod.

You’ll find a few entertaining twists in this—it’s the woman who pays” story. If for no other reason, it deserves a hand for bringing back that good trouper, Bessie Love. Conway Tearle is the menace this time, while good looking John Holland does right by the gal! Edmund Breese does a grand bit as the father.

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathé

This one puts the war on a wit and wisecracking basis. James Gleason, Robert Armstrong and Bill Boyd are the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the navy. It doesn’t live up to its sinister title until near the end, when a decoy mystery boat, to which they are assigned, battles with submarines and a destroyer fleet races to the rescue. Then it is a grand spectacle.

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY—RKO-Pathé

Another fast-moving Western that will thrill the kids. At last Tom Keene ( erstwhile George Duruca) gets a break. The boy has a nice personality. His leading woman is lovely Barbara Kent. Some beautiful photographic shots, cowboy songs and delightful comedy put the ginger in this one.

THE SPECKLED BAND—First Division

Another English cast, in another old-fashioned Sherlock Holmes story that is, in spite of everything, an amusing movie which will keep you in your seat until the last “deception” is made. Although British “thrillers” are not as spectacular as ours, this is entertaining. Humes and the ubiquitous Hutton discover sinister East Indian death methods being used in an English country house.

NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama

The presence of Stephe Fetchit partially saves this film from a complete case of the doldrums. All the old gags are trotted out along with the horse that wins the race. And it doesn’t matter whether we tell or not, you know it’s going to happen. Glenn Tryon and Vera Reynolds struggle valiantly with the story, but it’s Stephe’s picture—if anybody wants it.

RANGE LAW—Tiffany Prod.

This is pretty wild and woolly and taxes the credulity worse than a gangster’s alibi, but kids won’t mind an inconsistency or two when Ken Maynard is the hard-racing cow puncher who proves the villain is a villain and wins the beautiful blonde in the last reel. It’s one of those Westerns and if you care for the type, you’ll like this.

THE TIP OFF—RKO-Pathé

A Sprightly, amusing little comedy with that fresh guy Eddie Quillan, who never makes the mistake of being too fresh. As a radio repair man he gets mixed up with gangsters and prize-fighters, but comes up smiling and with the girl. Robert Armstrong plays another of those punch-goofy fighters. Ginger Rogers and Joan Peers are good.

SURRENDER—Fox

Warner Baxter deserves much better stories than this. This is about a French officer, taken prisoner by the Germans, and confined in a castle owned by a rich baron and his niece (Leila Hyams). The Armistic just comes in the nick of time. But you can’t get excited over it.

X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prod.

This one apparently started to be a gangster picture but the producers changed their minds in the midst of things and made the hero a newspaper reporter. It follows the familiar pattern of other gangster-newspaper stories inspired by the Lingle case. But it builds to a terrific climax with Fred Kohler and Wallace Ford, which is its only kick.

OPERA BALL—Greenbaum-Emelka Prod.

Though your German may not be up to par, the English lines flashed on the screen from time to time will make it possible for you to follow this sprightly little tale of Viennese night life. The colorful setting of the masque ball, a clever cast and rollicking dance rhythms all go to make this the charming picture that it is.

THIRTY DAYS—Patrician

Both Betty Compson and Maureen O’Sullivan turn in good jobs in this story which tells of the regeneration of a wealthy tenement owner and her thirty days in jail. Clean, entertaining drama with nice comedy touches.

THE SPORTING CHANCE—Peerless Prod.

This is story number 472-A, filed in every producer’s cabinet and labeled “racetrack pictures.” The famous young jockey throws the race and is redeemed in the last reel by the love of the stable-owner’s daughter. William Collier, Jr., James Hall and Claudia Dell couldn’t do much with this one.

GAY BUCKAROO—Allied Prod.

Another variation of the bashful cowboy—tough gambler-beautiful rancher’s daughter theme. Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D’Arcy his worst, and Merna Kennedy looks her sweetest.

WORKING GIRLS—Paramount

The story and dialogue in this one didn’t “jel.” All about two beautiful blondes from the country, who learn about city life from a couple of slickers. It’s a good cast—Judith Wood, Dorothy Hall, Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers—but they simply didn’t have a chance with the story. Not even a comedy hit by Stuart Erwin saves it.

THE DEADLINE—Columbia

Here’s Buck Jones in a Western you can easily reconcile with your intelligence because of its unusually good plot. Paroled from an undeserved prison term, the hero comes back to his home town in the hills and makes good with his riding, shooting and detective work. Much better than the average horse opera! And there’s a clever youngster in it who troupes like Jackie Cooper.
**You are in a Beauty Contest every day of your life!**

Buy a dozen cakes of Camay—the world’s finest soap. Use it—to the exclusion of all other soaps, on your face, your hands, your body. Long before the dozen is gone, you’ll see a new texture to your skin, an unsuspected natural loveliness!

**TAXI**—Warner Bros.

Is everything a racket? Next thing you know, you’ll discover that those nice old dollmakers in Nuremburg run a cut-throat business. In this film you get the low-down on the taxi cab racket, and how the chain operators drive the little fellows off the street. Jimmy Cagney gives a fine performance, as does Loretta Young. This is an excellent picture—vivid, well-done and entertaining.

**THE GUILTY GENERATION**—Columbia

There’s no spatter of machine guns in this beer feud drama—but plenty of action. Leo Carrillo, as the big shot whose identity won’t cause any guessing, is good. When the Riccos and the Pulunos carry their war to the sons—things happen. Constance Cummings and Robert Young are much too cultured for even educated gangsters’ kids. Emma Dunn and Boris Karloff deserve a hand. Entertaining.

A light lather of Camay on the cheek—a brief minute with a soft cloth and warm water—and a quick rinsing with cold water! *Your cheek glows because it is clean. It is soft and feathery to the touch because Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is so soft, so douce. *Your skin is freed from the invisible dirt that clogs pores and ruins beauty. *Cherish your skin. Guard it only with Camay! . . . the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. *You are in a Beauty Contest, every day of your life. Get all the help that Camay can give you. Don’t trust your skin to a lesser soap.

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of the Akron Stock Company if his father had not come along to lend him his life’s death, and requested that his only son join him in the oil fields of Oklahoma. He talked of the money to be earned in oil. I doubt if that took significant effect on me; I had left the loneliness and, inspired by duty, followed his father to Oklahoma.

Clark hated Oklahoma; he hated his work as a tapper. ‘I had grown up to kill lumber, to live with myself on the farm and now I learned that I must live for myself. It was a terrible struggle. My father couldn’t understand. Parents often don’t. I have learned since. I was young, impulsive, hotheaded. I told him my feelings—‘I do not like this situation so it is not for me.’ I left immediately.

This experience was the turning point in Clark Gable’s life. Had he remained in Oklahoma he would have become accustomed to living under conditions which he did not enjoy. He would have accepted them mutinously at first, later with resignation. But when Clark took the train for Kansas City he left resignation behind. He decided to live his own life; he has not swerved from that decision. The words which he told his father then, have been his motto since: ‘I do not like this situation; it is not for me.’

Clark spent the next two years with one of those little road shows. The largest amount he made in any week was ten dollars. If he was fortunate he had three meals a day, but there were times when a cup of coffee and a doughnut served for all.

Clark sincerely wanted to be an actor but ego held him to this little band of troupers. At that time he thought he knew all the Thespian tricks and that only lack of opportunity held him from being the toast of Broadway and Paris.

I wonder what would have happened to Clark Gable if that company had not gone flat broke in Butte, Montana. His pride took a terrific hit when he found himself in Butte with seven cents and one extra suit of clothes. Photography has already told us that such flat breaks cost dollars and rode the rods to Bend, Oregon. When he tells of that ride, which turned out to be a battle with death, he always recalls the brilliance of the setting sun bronze Snake River glistening in the moonlight.

And his first words of his landing place, Bend, Oregon, are a description of the town nestled at the foot of the three sister mountains. He says the moon was a beacon light of welcome to a lonely wanderer. This is typical of the little-known side of Clark Gable.

He toiled lumber for three dollars a day. He says: ‘That three dollars didn’t mean anything; it wouldn’t have meant anything if it had been twenty. It merely kept me from starving. The job wasn’t what I wanted to do, so the pay was unimportant.’

But he could save money enough to get to Portland, which had become his objective, he joined a wandering stock company that played the lumber communities. He landed in my native town of the Columbia River. I give you his exact description:

‘Nordens, Norwegians. Funny little boats; gorgeous, colorful sunsets. Men pulling in the nets, girls waiting on the beaches for their daddies. Washings hanging on the line. Tiny hats. Women cooking. The entire panorama a marvel of contentment.’

In Portland there were no stock company jobs, so he joined a group of civil engineers and went back into Southern Oregon as a line man.

The part of this experience which he remembers is sleeping under great, warm blankets, exchanging corny jokes with a group of Eastern university fellows. Clark, again, stayed only until he had money enough to get back to Portland and then returned to the lumber.

But once again he was forced into an undesirable job, to avoid starvation. He piled lumber in Silverton, Oregon. When the big word ‘Swee’ came along, he heard of it and saw a callow lad he said, ‘I quit right now.’ He was as good as his word. This piqued Clark Gable. And he did not leave this job until the same Swee came back and willingly took his place beside him seven months later.

‘I found a man has two things from which he can make a living—his brain, his body,’ said Clark. While he was piling lumber he did not use his brain—only his physical strength. When he quit he weighed one hundred and ninety pounds.

When Clark returned to Portland, he took stock of himself. He decided that there must be something wrong with his acting or he’d be acting instead of hunting another job.

The time has come for him to give serious thought to the stage. His next two jobs, one with the advertising department of a newspaper and the other with the telephone company, had made it possible for him to study. He located a dramatic school. His teacher was the woman who later became the first Mrs. Gable.

Although Clark doesn’t wish to discuss this romance (the first Mrs. Gable is now a school teacher in Los Angeles), it is not difficult to picture the young woman, who had decided that acting was the only profession that could satisfy him. He had worked hard for more than three years, but he had worked aimlessly with others who knew little of dramatic values. She was the first person who said, ‘I will teach you!’ She showed the country boy from Cadiz how he might be released from life’s dull monotony.

It took infinite patience. The conceit built during those two years of association with other stock players had left its mark upon Gable. She must give him a new viewpoint before she could teach him at all. This woman was several years older than Clark. A younger woman would not have had the understanding to give this boy what he needed and sought.

When she left Portland and went to Los Angeles, Clark soon followed. They were married in the Southern city, and Gable turned his eyes toward Hollywood, but he was shrewd enough to see that extra work got him nowhere. Now you see Clark wanting something definite. Gone were the pig-in-a-pokey days!

He turned to the stage and seized the chance to be an infinitesimal role with Jane Cowl in ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ and with this company returned to Portland.

Although he had progressed very little, professionally, he had learned something—way around the personality. He says of this appearance with Jane Cowl: ‘I realized how little I amounted to. They could have put anyone in my place at that time; I wasn’t good at all in any way.’

But I was thrilled because I was with a worthwhile company of fine actors and actresses. I know now that I was definitely doing work. The inferiority I had been given on the stage to learn something from watching others. I laughed at myself when I remembered how much I thought I had known in that little stock company!

‘I very suddenly found my sublime egot into an inferiority complex. I began to believe that I would never make good in the profession that meant more than anything else for me.’

We all have our periods of false prosperity when we optimistically believe that the struggles of life are behind us and Utopia before.

That period came to Clark when he returned to Los Angeles. Jane Cowl handed him a complimentary letter to producer Louis O. Macdonald. ‘An apple a day keeps the doctor away,’ said ‘The Price Glory?’, ‘The Copperhead’ with Lionel Barrymore, ‘Madame X’ with Pauline Frederick, a drunken sailor in ‘Lullaby’ and the comedy lead opposite Nancy Carroll in ‘Chicago.’ Between stage engagements he was a movie extra. He made several screen tests. But producers told him that his ears were too big and his personality unsuited to pictures. Now, these same producers are using language so strong that it can’t be printed, every time they pick up their newspapers and read about Clark’s success.

With the closing of ‘Chicago’ he found he could secure no more engagements. Troubles are like ants; they never come singly. Domestic worries came along with his unemployment.

Refusing to discuss the reasons for the closing of ‘Chicago’ (where he precisely rejected the slogan he adopted when he left the deceased oil fields of Oklahoma. ‘I do not like this situation, so it is not for me.’

Clark joined a stock company in Houston, Texas. For the first twelve weeks he was second man and heavy; but for the remainder of his engagement he was the leading man. Of course, he should have been the matinee idol of that city. But the simple truth is, he wasn’t. He doesn’t seem to have caught any of the spectacular heart-throb among the girls of Houston.

Broadway is the common objective of all stage novices. As soon as Clark had saved enough from his Houston salary he headed for New York. Lady Luck wore her most benign smile the week of his arrival. She gave him the lead in the musical comedy, ‘Yeomen of the Guard,’ under the direction of Arthur Hopkins.

He says, ‘I had done nothing to deserve such a role but I happened to look the part.’ He had completed this, Lady Luck again held out her hand and led him directly into ‘Conflict.’

While he was working in this latter production Mrs. Gable secured a divorce in California.

There were other New York productions. And during one of them the present Mrs. Gable came backstage. She did not come to see Clark; she was with a group of friends who knew other actors. The two met accidentally.

Contrary to erroneous reports, she was not an actress, and has no desire to be.

They were married in New York, before the first Mrs. Gable’s divorce was final in California. How little either realized then the complications which were to follow? They were legally divorced in April in California, where one cannot remarry until a year after a divorce. They figured that was a long period since they had no intention of going to California.

But fate does not pause to remember American geography. Mrs. Gable was living in ‘Love, Honor and Betray,’ with Alice Brady and the late Robert Williams, Macdon telegraphed him to come to California for ‘The Last Mile.’ Gable took an airplane and paid his own expenses to make certain he would arrive in time to accept the engagement.

Gangsters had become the vogue in pictures.
Clark was stalwart and he was suave; he was handsome, as producers visualized gangsters to be handsome. He made several tests and accepted the role of a cowboy heavy in "The Painted Desert," at Pathe. While working on that he signed a contract with Warner Bros. to make "The Finger Points" and "Night Nurse." It has been said that M-G-M loaned him for these parts before they knew the sensation he was to become. This is untrue. He signed for these roles before he went to M-G-M.

While waiting for these to go into production he played a bit in "The Easiest Way," with Constance Bennett at M-G-M. Then in Joan Crawford's "Dance Fools, Dance."

You know the rest of the story. No one, including Louis B. Mayer, head of the studio, and Clark Gable himself, could see what was to happen. The success of Garbo was an accident—so was that of Valentino. Millions have been spent on making Hollywood stars. But the greatest of stars have been created without forethought and without investment.

Almost overnight, this Gable boy from the little town of Cadiz became the great screen lover. Fame simply leapt up and claimed him.

Fame has its penalties. Right now Clark is trying to beat the sure law of compensation. If fame is to bring tribulations in excess of its rewards—he believes he is ready to sacrifice fame.

He had his first taste of fame's demand when he had been in Hollywood only a short time. A newspaper man told him he was not legally married. He rushed to Santa Ana for a second ceremony as soon as the first Mrs. Gable's divorce became final. M-G-M sent representatives along to see that all the details were according to the California laws governing matrimony.

Then Clark read that he had been married three times; that he had a child in hiding. He discovered ambitious writers were trying to unearth sensations about the new film lover. His wife's age was front page copy. Now, Clark has the old-fashioned idea that the age of his wife is nobody's business.

He wanted to hit somebody in the jaw to show his opinion of people who pried into his private business.

"You can't do this; you can't do that," his studio and his friends told him.

"When I was here before, I could have walked down Hollywood Boulevard on my hands and nobody would have paid any attention. I wouldn't dare walk down the same boulevard now with my aunt. They would say I had fallen in love with another older woman."

Which is the reason he was angry the evening he came to see me. He is in the mood, now, to say, "To hell with it all!" He sincerely believes that he can go back to the stage or a lumber yard or a telephone company and be happy, if the penalties of fame over-balance the compensations.

"If I find I do not like this situation it will not be for me," is still his slogan. This is a sincere attitude, but not a true one. Clark thinks it is true because he is baffled and totally unprepared for what has happened. I do not mean that he has not prepared for his profession. I mean that he is not personally prepared for this Hollywood.

But I doubt that he will leave Hollywood. When he took his seat in that little Akron theater and saw that stuffy stock company for the first time, a new world opened before him. He was merely an on-looker. A boy standing on the wrong side of a plate glass window.

Today he is on the right side. And down underneath, even though he does not recognize it, he adores the tinsel and bright bubbles of fame. That is human nature.

The other evening I attended the opening of "Consolation Marriage." Huge crowds thronged the sidewalks to pay homage to the famous. Suddenly, there was a hush. Then an uproar so great that I thought Greta Garbo must be entering. It was Clark Gable.

When the show was completed, Pat O'Brien, Irene Dunne's leading man, came onto the stage and said, "The actor who says he doesn't like this adulation is a sucker. I love it. We all love it. I only hope it happens to me again."

Clark is not a sucker. The very fact that he was there shows he likes it. If anyone had pictured to the little boy in Cadiz that opening the other evening, with the liveried chauffeur, the high opera hat and the cheering thousands, he would have said, "Gosh! Lead me to it." He will become adjusted to the chaos of screen fame. And just as he proved to the big Swede lumber piler that he could do his job, so he will prove to the world that he can learn to accept Hollywood's success and its idiosyncrasies.

― says Thelma Todd

"Correct Foundation Garments are an absolute necessity with the present day styles. Have found that Bon Ton Foundation Garments are most satisfactory in obtaining the correct lines so necessary to the mode of the moment."

About one year ago when Clark Gable played a minor role as Anita Page's chauffeur in "The Easiest Way," in which Constance Bennett starred, he was unknown, but folks began to ask questions about him. But few people realized that just a few months later Clark himself would be starring.

In Hollywood and in every civilized country in the world the most beautiful women select Bon Ton Foundations because Bon Ton not only enhances the beauty of "perfect" figures—Bon Ton gives beautiful lines and absolute control to every figure type. Royal Worcester Corset Co., Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.

Bon Ton Foundation Garments
Sold Everywhere
It's a Long Way to Tipperary!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

fortunes and stupendous debts, for she was not so hot as a business woman, whatever she may have thought.

Henri fluttered about Paris with Connie Bennett—tongues wagged on both sides of the sea. Gloria was seen with several boy friends in Hollywood. Then Connie and Hank reappeared in Hollywood, and the panic was on! All was set for the blow-off, and it came in 1930. Gloria divorced Hank in Los Angeles.

Number Forty. In the summer of '31 Gloria landed on our shores. In her train was mentioned a young chappie named Michael Farmer—noted once before in the prints as a possible fiancé of Marilyn Miller. Little was known about the heir-apparent. Papers called him "millionaire Irish playboy"—again, as in Hank's case, researches showed that while the "millionaire" might have been exaggerated, he was rich in charm. Suddenly, in October, staggering news smashed across front pages. Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer had been married at Elmsford, N. Y., in August, by Mayor Murray of that thriving hamlet! Then the fun did begin!

Sensation! Then puzzlement! What to do? Cool heads and willing hearts all agreed that the thing was illegal, offside and out of order.

First, Gloria's decree from the Marquis would not be final until November, making the new hitching illegal in California.

Second, some ambitious town clerk discovered that the license was issued in one township and that the bride in another—making it no dice under the laws of the great State of New York.

There was, of course, the trilling matter of ages. On one line of the application Gloria gave it as thirty-one—a date on another line made it thirty-two.

Incidentally, our records state the historic event took place on March 27, 1930, making Gloria thirty-three as we rush to press in a high fever. Michael declared he was twenty-nine and a broken heart.

Lawyers were hired and wired. Gloria and Mike, in California, denied they had lived together, in order to forestall a possible bigamy action.

It was almost precisely this sort of dizzy tangle, you may remember, that very nearly had the late Valentino tossed into a hoosegow after a hectic marriage. Acker has declared she's twenty-nine and a broken heart.

In exaggerated, almost a hundred, you may remember, that very nearly had the late Valentino tossed into a hoosegow after a hectic marriage. Acker has declared she's twenty-nine and a broken heart.

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Now firmly convinced that acting was just a business after all, talked of nothing else. The way the hard-boiled critics greeted Hardie left us a little dazed. We were even reconciled to the long hair Hardie grew for the part. So, you see, we were pretty thoroughly reconciled.

And then Eva Le Gallienne wrote Hardie. She had seen him in his Junior class play and insisted New York company had then. Hardie was for it, of course, as a New York offer doesn't hit an undergraduate or even a graduate very often. But no. Mr. and Mrs. Albright and the entire population of Charlestown were against it.

KNOTS of people gathered around in Piper's drugstore to discuss it. I remember.

"No sir," old Mr. Wilkins declared. "If the boy's set on being an actor, by gum, he ought to have a diploma to show for it. How's them fellers in New York going to know Hardie's an actor without a diploma to show for it?"

But Hardie went on to New York just the same.

He did seven plays with Le Gallienne and then signed with the Shuberts.

After "Such Is Life," with the Shuberts, George Arliss borrowed him. He played for weeks with Arliss in "The Merry Wives of Venice." From Arliss he went with Otis Skinner in "One Hundred Years Old." Between Otis Skinner and young Albright there sprang one of the most beautiful friendships. Otis Skinner believed in Hardie.

And then one night, at the end of the second act, Hardie missed his cue. He was to enter with a gay salute. Skinner returned the salute with a snap and a pretense of rolling the drums.

Back and forth they would work up, up, up to the climax until they finally marched off to the strains of an imaginary band, a rolling of

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We Should Have Known.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

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Back and forth they would work up, up, up to the climax until they finally marched off to the strains of an imaginary band, a rolling of drums, a crashing of cymbals and a flying of flags.

Hardie was talking to a friend in the wings when suddenly he was conscious of a disturbing silence on the stage.

He had missed his cue.

On he dashed with his usual salute.

Mr. Skinner just looked at him, and to the utter horror of Hardie and the wild delight of the audience, demanded in loud tones, "Where in the hell have you been?" And then returned the salute.

He scowered him with words and curses in the wings. "To think," he said, "I had every hope in the world for you. Believed in you, and you let me down."

He made for his dressing-room. Hardie after him. The door banged in his face. Nevertheless, Hardie opened it. He stood there with his head hung down. Determined to take it and have it over.

Reproaches broke and fell about him, but he never spoke a word, or offered the least excuse.

Finally there was a pause. An arm was placed about his shoulders.

"You're all right, Hardie," Mr. Skinner said. "You can take the gall."

They are better, closer friends than ever.

After "Song of the Father," he played conveniently to "Gang War," and to the attention of New York's finest critics. "This Albright," they wrote, "is an actor." Solid, substantial praise with no flimsy adjectives or feverish ravings from men who knew.

Solid words meaning something definite.

From "Gang War" he went on to "Young Sinners," and then to "The Greeks Had a Word for It."

He's a nut. Hardie is. He doesn't do anything the way movie actors are supposed to.

I know as surely as I put my head around the Albright door and say, "Hello, movie actor," I'd better dodge. And dodge quick.

For, you see, he doesn't think he is one. He believes you have to mean something definite to the fans, like Pickford and Chaplin and Garbo, before you're of the movies. He says he's just trying to be. Just trying.

And can you believe it, he doesn't think the stage is. He runs to the answer to the telephones. He's so thoroughly of, by, and for the stage, doesn't think so.

"Some day," he told me, "there will be a distinct type of actor for pictures. The actors of the old silent films aren't the answer. Neither is the stage actor. It's an art requiring a distinct type of actor."

IMAGINE being an actor in Hollywood and not being the answer to everything in God's green earth! I keep telling him he's a nut.

He sits and watches himself on the screen and suffers audibly. Even when the woman behind bursts out with, "Oh, there's that Albright boy we saw in 'Young Sinners.' I think he's grand," why, even that doesn't help. He sits and suffers so thoroughly that one feels like calling an usher and having him throw the lions.

He tells me he's going up the next day and laugh like a horse because the iceman didn't like his picture. "He said he likes Charley Chase comedies better and he's right," Hardie will laugh. You see he won't act Hollywood at all. He's a plain nut.

He walks unheralded into a picture and sits with his hands crossed. He's a loved old-time star. But he would kill you if you even suggested it. He drives an open Ford that's the despair of everyone. He jumps out over the closed doors, up the steps and yells "Tout's," before he opens the door.
He calls his mother “Toots” and adores her openly and shamelessly. He lives with his father and mother in a little bungalow on a side street in Hollywood. He attends few parties and makes little social commotion.

He’ll throw his long legs over the arm of a chair and talk for hours of Charlo-ri. He talks the least of himself, and refuses to take himself seriously but is respectfully aware, and a little awed, of the spark that burns within. He shows it in the gestures of his hands and glowing eyes.

We have watched him from the time he was a lad in knee-pants. He’s a star now. He always has been. He came into it not as a quick way to grab the easy dough or on a detour from some other profession. He’s an actor because he can no more help being one than you can help being what you are.

And as we rummaged through his scrapbook, his mother and I, and came upon letters from George Arliss and one from Otis Skinner (Hardie will kill me) that began, “My boy, my boy. I saw you in ‘Skyline’ last night. I knew you could do it!” I knew that when men like these, who have trod the long unstable road to fame, can look back over the heartbreaking highway to a young man that’s just beginning, when they, knowing the roughness of the road behind, can still look back and say with warm, sincere encouragement, “My boy, my boy,” one knows that within that boy burns the spark of what it takes.

And long after the blazing sky rockets, the over-night sensations of Hollywood have burned out and fallen, a charred ash, to the earth, Hardie Albright will be going on. Slowly, steadily, but surely. For Hardie is an actor.

And the “Hardie” is for his Grandmother Hardie, in case you wondered.

Auntie Wanted ‘Em Bad

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

lady’s shrieks of delight. “I want to go in! I want to go in!” she yelled. We had to tie her hands and feet with the tow-rope. While she kicked and bit we drove her to our own home. It was the only thing to do. She wanted more villains; but we knew only too well what we would find if we took her to them.

Victor McLaglen, for instance, would be working in his famous rose garden, or on his aviary. Edmund Lowe would be training his fox terriers. He has dozens, along with his yapping gang of Scotch deerhounds. Terriers were not much nearer to blood-and-thunder than roses and birds.

RICARDO Cortez? Ivan Lebedeff? But Ricardo would surely be found somewhere in the midst of a throng of worshipping children. His friends use Ric for a nursemaid. And as for the suave and deadly Russian, Ivan—well, everyone in Hollywood has heard his lectures upon the evils of strong drink and late hours. And that didn’t sound very immoral, either!

Dear old Auntie, in our living-room, sat sipping her nineteenth highball. “Never,” she mused, “them fellers was disappointing. That young Cagney boy shows some promise, but the others—eh, tch."

“Never mind,” we soothed her. “Auntie, you’ve had your fling. Don’t you think you’re old enough to settle down? Why don’t you go back home and marry some nice fellow?"

“I ain’t got no sweetie, no more,” she sighed. “They hanged Jeff last month for house breaking.” The old lady wiped away a tear. “Yep, I guess you’re right, Nevy. Get me a time-table. I’m going back to Oklahoma. There may be wild men somewhere in the world, but they sure ain’t in Hollywood!”

IN a restaurant recently I commented on the beauty and distinguished appearance of a woman seated nearby. My companion, a well-known attorney, glanced at her and remarked indifferently,

“Yes, but she spoils it all by smoking a cheap cigarette.”

Needless to say, that tip was my reason for changing to Marlboros.

Florence D. Walden

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TURN TO PAGE 13

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You may send ______ pairs of Nesto Lashes ________ color, at $1 a pair, postage prepaid, for which I am enclosing check or money order.

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City ____________________________

State ____________________________
Hollywood loves to beg for these stage players. Studios figured if she offered her talent she couldn't be so important.

So Helen contented herself with being "Charlie MacArthur's wife" and with going to parties. She and Ruth Chatterton had been friends in the theater. She went to all of Ruth's dinners. She swung her feet over luxurious swimming pools and let the sun embrace her. She went away from Hollywood and the next year she came back.

They had heard a little more of her this time for the "Act of God" baby had been born. You know about that—how a trick phrase became attached to a perfectly lovely child. If you haven't heard the story, write in to Pola and we will tell it all. But this time Helen didn't even try to work in the movies. She just basked in the sun and listened to Charlie's stories about the inside of the studios.

She returned to New York and that was when somebody told somebody that she was great and they began trying to get her. Helen laughed a little, signed the contract, which included the big salary, and arrived in Hollywood to begin work. She was greeted as if she were a queen. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was prepared to protect her and compete with all the other studios in securing the services of one of Broadway's Big Three actresses. And the other studios were envious and wished somebody had told somebody to tell them she was good.

And Helen Hayes—oh, she was Helen Hayes now—laughed a little when she thought of the time when she was "Charlie MacArthur's wife" and had had a casting man ask what "the little lady did.

All was flurry and excitement. A new star. It was announced that she was to make a picture called "Lullaby." Big sets were built. Hairdressers and make-up men flocked about Helen. People consulted her. A chair with her name across the back was put on the set. A big New York stage star had come to Hollywood. Yes, yes, I know. I realize that it simply doesn't make sense, but it's the way of the movies and the movie-makers.

And, then, something happened that almost threw Helen back into the dark obscurity of stage doors and a "Lullaby" beginning in May. They worked on it all summer. It was at last completed—and previewed. And when she saw the picture Helen Hayes wanted to go out and compress the director. Only then wasn't a convenient doorstep. The picture was awful, a conglomerate mass of unrelated episodes. Helen and Charlie MacArthur begged not to have it released. They even offered to pay for the cost of its production so that it could be tossed into the nearest ash-cans. And then Irving Thalberg returned from Europe or New York or somewhere and took a look at it. He knew it was bad, but he also knew how it could be fixed. Cutters got out their shears. New scenes and episodes were shot and—presto—there soon arrived out of the wreckage a glorious Phoenix—"The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

"Madelon Claudet" now stands as one of the grandest tear-jerkers of the season. The story is, still, pretty artificial, but I defy anybody to sit through it without spilling plentiful tears. And it makes every other "mother love and sacrifice story" look just like so much weak soup. For Helen has transformed the yarn into a thing of sublime beauty. She has brought her fine heart to it, and it has suddenly become not only one of the first ladies of Broadway but of Hollywood as well.

She's great. She's everything and—goody, goody, good—she'll be seeing more of her. For as soon as she tosses off a stage play this season she'll be back in Hollywood to make more movies. Charlie MacArthur is fast becoming Helen's producer.

She is a delightful little person, rather quiet, most unsung, very gentle. She looks not at all the great actress she is—or rather not at all the great actress she could be. At least, not for now. Without pose, without manerasmenis, she's knocked the colony for a loop.

It's Helen Hayes the movie star, now?

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Ach! That Pola!

Mrs. Grundstrom, a kindly, dignified woman who worked in the wardrobe department at Paramount, has probably been closer, newer to Pola than anyone in Hollywood. The very first day Pola worked on an American set, six years ago it was Mrs. Grundstrom who came down to sew on a shoulder strap.

"No one could understand a thing she said," Mrs. Grundstrom has said. But I, Seemed to understand everything. We sort of liked each other right off. So she asked that I stay with her and the set to look after her wardrobe and jewels. I'd never been on a picture that had made in America since."

She talked, that quiet middle-aged woman, of this strange, exotic woman. Her fingers, worn with years of service, traced the pattern of the table cover. Slowly she raised her faded blue eyes, filled with tears. "I love her," she said, "as if she were my own daughter."

While she dreams and sends a body out into the sunshine with a mind full of confusion. A whole parade of Passes passes by. A Pola of famous love affairs. A Pola of tantrums. A child-like Pola, Pola, the princess. And through it all echoes the sincere words of a sincere woman, "I love her as I would a daughter."

And suddenly, for no reason at all, one has a sudden-vision of Pola at the conclusion of her first day's work in "A Woman Commanded."

Ev'rybody was going home.

Suddenly, Pola let out a scream. "My pig, My pig," she yelled.

The director looked from one to another for explanation. Everybody looked blank. "My pig, my pig, where is he?" she cried. Storm clouds were gathering. The director stepped forward. "Who," he demanded, looking accusingly at everyone, "has Pola's pig?"

"No, no, no," wept Pola. "It wasn't even here, my little pig.

It was Mrs. Grundstrom who explained. In the old days, at the beginning of every picture, a tiny pig was always brought on to Pola's set. It brought good luck, she thought. And now the pig had been forgotten. But, presently, she was all smiles again. She had enjoyed herself immensely. And, after all, what did a little pig matter?

That Hollywood should be surprised at her delightful singing in her picture is—well, it's rather astonishing. But one can see any place for that matter, should be surprised at anything Pola couldn't do. Her egotism is the frankest, most unadulterated variety ever seen in a town polka. It's been genuine, but it was never great actress. Without pose, without mannerisms, she's knocked the colony for a loop.

She's been places. This woman. Places people have dreamed of. And not only has she been there she has lived there. In a chateau near Paris. A villa on the Riviera, a war-torn Warsaw. And she's seen people. Famous, charming people. And not only has she seen them, she knows them. Intimately.

She's exotic, alluring, and certainly not understandable. There is too much of Pola for one woman. So she is two or three women. There are two or three Polas.

I would rather have a ticket for a matinée in Pola's dressing room, to watch her sweep grandly across the room, or to work herself up to a gorgeous emotional outburst, or murmur about past loves, to watch her reduce to a pulp someone at the dressers, or to watch her play the part of a woman in a certain love affair, or to listen to her talk on foreign intrigue—yes, I would rather have a balcony seat at the performance of Pola Negri, than a box at the finest symphony concert. Nothing I have ever seen equals it.

A Pola who frankly nudges her nearest neighbor and asks, her eyes shining with admiration, "Isn't she grand? Isn't she just wonderful?"

Yes, I think I like that Pola even better.
Short Subjects of the Month

These three pretty girls looked like princesses. That's how the trouble (and the fun) began. From "Queenie of Hollywood," an amusing short reviewed below

QUEENIE OF HOLLYWOOD
Educational-Ideal

Queenie, a small bull dog, is the cause of the hilarity in this comedy. Queenie herself isn't funny but her name gives three prospective hotel chambermaids a chance to masquerade as royalty. Entertaining.

TRAVEL HOGS
Warner-Vitaphone

Two comics named Hugh Cameron and Dave Chasen burlesque all the travelogue movies ever made in a snappy short that is full of pleasant chuckles and more robust laughter. Good stuff.

THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION
Fox Movietone

This is what the romances don't tell you about the Foreign Legion. Here, in a fascinating short, you see them building railroads across the desert and doing other tough jobs. Don't miss this.

THE GREAT PIE MYSTERY
Educational-Sennett

"Who threw the pie?" is the burning question in this great mystery thriller, a farce that pokes fun at all current mystery dramas and has all the flavor of old pie-hurling Sennett days.

SKIMPY
Tiffany Prod.

Those funny monkeys—well, chimpanzees, if you prefer—get together for a big burlesque of "Skippy." There have been better ones in this series but you'll get your share of laughs, anyhow.

HAREM SECRETS
Educational-Brown-Nagle

Said to be the only time a camera has ever been admitted to a real harem, this is not as startling as its title. Some harem ladies and beautiful scenery in color provide the only thrills.

PEARLS AND DEVILFISH
M-G-M

When you see this, you'll be glad you're not a pearl diver. Those boys have their troubles, too. There's some exciting stuff you won't forget, particularly the battles with the devilfish.

SCRATCH AS CATCH CAN
RKO-Pathe

Clark and McCullough become insurance agents, out to sign up a wealthy but tough customer. The gags were old when the Wright Brothers were new at flying, but there are laughs in the old wheezes yet. Some good, old-fashioned slapstick, too.

BLONDE PRESSURE
Columbia

A good Eddie Buzzell novelty with a collegiate background. Buzzell's voice is the only one heard. He tells the football story as a radio announcer. It's very funny.

PENALTIES
Tiffany Prod.

If every masculine football fan took his best girl to see this there wouldn't be so many dumb questions asked. Coach Howard Jones shows you what is meant by an "off-side" play, why "holding" is illegal and several more good points.

CANINE CAPERS
Educational-Brown-Nagle

A treat for dog lovers. You'll see some of the rare blue-bloods of dogdom—and there is a greyhound race that has it all over a horse race for speed and excitement. You'll not find the actors camera-conscious!

Help Nature to help you fight colds

The "colds" season is now on. Now, more than ever, it is important to keep "regular." The doctor will tell you that keeping the system thoroughly cleansed is most important in the avoidance of colds.

To cure a cold is the doctor's business. No laxative can do that. But a mild, gentle laxative can do much to keep your resistance up by "keeping your system open." In fact, the first question the doctor is apt to ask when you have a cold is whether your bowels are "regular."

The doctor will recommend a laxative such as Ex-Lax. For Ex-Lax is so effective—so gentle and safe—it simply helps Nature.

What doctors demand

It's important, doctors say, that a laxative shouldn't be absorbed by the system, and that it should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach, which might disturb digestion. It shouldn't over-stimulate and irritate the intestines, thus weakening the natural functions. It should not gripe. And it should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax actually checks on each of these points the doctor looks for in a laxative.

That's why leading physicians everywhere prescribe Ex-Lax so frequently.

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate. Yet, it contains one of the most scientific of all laxatives—phenolphthalin—of the correct quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

Good for grown-ups, too

The next time you need a laxative, eat Ex-Lax before you go to bed at night. You'll like its rich, chocolaty flavor. And next morning, you'll like the easy way that Ex-Lax works.

Its safeness and gentleness make Ex-Lax ideal for children as well as for grown-ups.

At all drug stores, 10c, 25c and 50c. Or mail the coupon below for a free trial sample.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX— the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, INC., P.O. Box 120
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

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while he was there. He demanded that Stiller leave. When Stiller did not go, Jack went to the Beverly Hills police and demanded that he be thrown out. We can never know exactly what followed but when the police arrived, Jack was the one taken to the station. It would seem that Greta had decided in favor of her European benefactor. But whether it was her decision or Jack's a discomfiture and chagrin must have been utterly unbecoming.

When Greta Garbo arrived in Hollywood, the $250 a week must have seemed a fortune. By the time she had finished "Love" with Jack Gilbert, she went on strike for more money, undoubtedly at his suggestion or, at least, as a result of his political tutoring. Jack brought his manager, Harry Edington, a shrewd trader with studios, to her. Under the instructions of these two old hands at Hollywood's political roulette, she went home. For seven long months she remained hidden.

STUDIOS do not make large sums of money on stars who receive thousands weekly; they would have raised a fortune greater than to erase the possible deficit of other products for many years if they could have continued to play Garbo. From Greta, for a few hundred dollars weekly. By this time, with the release of "The Temptress," "Flesh and the Devil," and "Love," she was an international sensation. Harry Edington and Jack Gilbert knew it was time for her to cash in on it; the studio knew it was time for them to do the same. She was torn between the two, but since the studio had laughed while Jack had befriended, she knew Mr. Edington was a friend of Jack, she naturally accepted the advice of the latter.

The studio knew, by now, how she detoxeted personal publicity. They knew she still had the European idea that what she did on the screen was all that was important to the public. You remember the deluge of stories that appeared telling of her temperament; of such remarks as "I tank I go home;" of her refusal to work in harmony on productions, etc. She read them and tried to understand; she could.

She told me that she packed her trunk more than once and that only the restraining hands of Jack Gilbert and Mr. Edington kept her from leaving Hollywood.

Now, she had three people to whom she must be loyal. When her manager secured her a new salary at ten times the amount of the original one, her gratitude was as great to him, at that time, as it was to Jack Gilbert. I know this, because Harry Edington secured me the interviews for the life story. The studio did not even know that I had written it. She did not wish to have it printed. But when the man who had won her a new contract and a fortune asked her to see me, she could not refuse. She consented to talk about herself, something she really detested, out of gratitude to a new benefactor.

THERE was another influence in Greta Garbo's life during this period of which no one has spoken.

Lonn, too, was shrewd in discerning talent and he was always kind to the harassed. He spent many hours with her while she was making her first picture. He gave her his opinions on this weird, unparalleled business, he told her of his success upon mystery. He advised her to do the same. "If you let them know too much already, it belies your expression," he admonished again and again.

His advice was identical with that of Jack Gilbert and later of Harry Edington. She discovered that all three men, Gilbert, Edington and Chaney, agreed. And since their views coincided exactly with the true desires of her retiring, peasant-like nature, she followed it.

In the meantime, Hollywood had surreptitiously commenced to build its torture rack for her. Whenever a new star flashes, meteor-like, on the Hollywood horizon, she is eyed critically, jealously, even distastefully. That is to be expected.

When Greta's and Jack's glamorous companionship was at its height, she went to many parties. That was to please Jack Gilbert, not Greta Garbo. Jack's appearance at a party was no longer an event for either Hollywood or the newspapers. He had been here too long. But Jack's appearance with Greta Garbo, this glamorous new contender for worship—ah, that was an occasion!

Her native sensibilities was enhanced a thousandfold by the critical attitude already from her driveway crookedly, hesitatingly. The man jumped upon the running board and so startled her that, had another car been coming, there would assuredly have been a wreck.

Edington had worked forward with such vigor that she threw him from the running board, and drove zigzaggedly down the street. Her maid, Alma, who has attended Greta for two years, stood up and was driven enough to have a maid, jumped in while the car was rounding the nearby corner. A story called "A One Word Interview" resulted.

THERE was the woman writer who had married a Swede. She felt this should establish a bond between herself and Garbo. She had interviewed Greta several times in the earlier days. Miss Garbo is as polite as she is sensitive. Just as she had told me to come back and see her, so she told this writer. When the writer called to see Garbo at Metro, a publicity man went to the set. Miss Garbo was not there. Hoping to avoid a refusal from Greta which might offend the writer, he reported she was right in the lot.

But by a perversion of Fate, Garbo passed in her car, not ten minutes later, going from her dressing room to Hollywood.

The writer was furious, claiming she had been double-crossed, and insisted that Miss Garbo was coming to her house for dinner the next evening. The writer badgered, threatened Miss Garbo. Greta's words were to this effect: "What shall I do? She is a writer. If I see her, I must see the others. I cannot show partiality. No, I did not promise to go to her house to dinner. I do not know her well enough. I do not dine with people whom I do not know well, not even my countrymen. But I do not wish to hurt her feelings. Please make some excuse so she will not be offended."

The publicity man tried to be tactful. But the writer, who had brought a third person to introduce to the "great Garbo," was furious. She telephoned Greta at her home. Greta would not talk to her. So this writer joined the belligerent herd as I myself had joined it and feasted critically the big star.

Which is the main reason why she has so few friends. She liked Fifi Dorsay. Fifi was young, impulsive, unable to understand upon some matters of brief friendship, most of Garbo's reticence. In fact she was incapable, because of the differences between the French and Swedish natures, of comprehending at all the complex motives for Garbo's silence. She gabbled all she knew. Lillian Tashman also talked during their brief friendship. There were others. So she cut friendship from her life as she had cut interviews and social gatherings.

I wish to give you just one more example of how writers have hounded the woman, because it is illuminating of her nature and has not been told, before, in its entirety.

WHEN Jack Gilbert married Ina Claire, Hollywood took it for granted that Greta Garbo was broken-hearted. One paper carried a headline, Garbo Collapses As Gilbert Marries, and immediately the caption, "She Leaves Hollywood to End Her Life." They were two separate stories. But it looked as though Garbo had attempted suicide and, since many failed, it was natural for her to be reported as having done that. This was the case. This thoroughly alarmed Garbo. It was definitely detrimental to her career to be reported near such a sad ending. As for her being broken-hearted I think that Greta was secretly glad that there was another woman.

We all know there has been a break between Greta Garbo and one of her most successful directors, Clarence Brown. But I think the
original break between the two came from a cause which no one suspects. Dorothy Sebastian played in one of her pictures directed by Brown. The Sebastian-Brown romance was at its height. Just as Antonio Moreno had suspected Stiller was favoring Garbo, she supposed Brown might favor Dorothy. She utilized some of the political technique she had learned by watching it used upon herself.

It was in the silent days and the orchestra was playing music to help Dorothy in her scenes. Garbo said she could not stand the music. No matter what the orchestra played, she could not stand it! She broke up Dorothy's scenes again and again. The director raved. Garbo paid no attention. For once, she had someone else on the defensive and was humanly taking advantage of it. But this is an unusual case. As a rule, the people working with her ardently adore her. Ramon Novarro is, today, completely captivated. He, together with Clark Gable, Gavin Gordon, Robert Montgomery and others acclaim her as more than generous in her anxiety that they have a fair opportunity in her pictures. I have never been able to locate one (and I have talked to literally hundreds who have worked with Garbo) who classifies her as temperamental. They all protest that she never raises her voice, never allows herself to become agitated over big or little troubles. True, she fights for her rights, herself, today, as formerly Mauritz Stiller, John Gilbert, Harry Edington, and Lon Chaney fought for her. But she does it quietly, with assured firmness.

Lonely? Certainly! How could a woman of any country, in her isolated position, be anything but lonely?

Unhappy? Happiness is a matter of personal ratio. Greta Garbo is not exuberantly, joyously happy. Few of us are. She is not even contented in the usual sense of that word. But she has acquired a certain amount of resignation.

Writers are busy right now getting her out of this country. They prophesy she will return to Europe at the completion of her present contract. And yet, she has just decided to buy a home! She has actually just concluded to remain in California.

Her reason is simple. She is accustomed, now, to the burdens of her adopted location. She has become acclimated to California and could never become acclimated to the Sweden which would confront her today.

HOLLYWOOD has killed the spirit of many talented people but it has been unable to kill the spirit of Greta Garbo. Not even poor stories for her pictures have been able to do it. That, like everything else about her, is unprecedented. "Inspiration" was not a very good picture. It hurt Robert Montgomery. It did not hurt Greta Garbo. Just to watch her, in good pictures or poor, seems to be reward enough for box-office patrons.

We must all pay some penalties for our glories. Garbo has paid, and paid, and paid.
THE UNKNOWN HOLLYWOOD I KNOW

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

what she wanted from men, give them all a fifty-yard handicap and win in a walk. Whether she knew her power or not I do not know. But she got what she wanted and all she had to do was secure the biggest share. It was an executive, or a new cover for her dressing-table from the prop boy, was to ask for it in her soft, gentle voice. There was but one man who did not come under her spell. That was Jack Gilbert. He worked with her. Jack played the bounding, lusty Rudolph to Lillian’s wan Mimi in “La Bohème.” On the set these two personalitites clashed like cymbals in a symphony orchestra.

Jack is emotional. And he trusts his emotions entirely for his art’s sake. When he fails to listen to them he’s wrong. With rehearsals he had no patience. The first time he did a scene was always best. He chose out a character with a heavy mallet, he painted bold strokes upon the canvas of the silver screen. This, of course, one of the reasons for his first failure in the talkies.

But Lillian is an artist, a craftsman. Her performance is like a fine Italian mosaic, each tiny piece of her art laid carefully by another tiny piece. She never trusts her emotions. Instead it is her intellect that guides her. In fact, even in those silent days when everybody employed music on the sets to “get in the mood,” Lillian refused the wall of an orchestra because it played upon her emotions and confused her so that she did not know when she was really giving to the camera or merely reacting, inside, to the music.

She loved to rehearse, and the thirty-sixth time she played a scene was thirty-six times better than the first—so craftily did she build her characters. So it is easy to see what an unhappy cinema union was Jack’s and Lillian’s. Jack was worn and cross by the fifth rehearsal, just as Lillian was beginning to get it. He would come off the set exhausted and throw himself prone upon his dressing room couch.

The picture was finished at last. It was pre-viewed and, although it was a passionate love story, there was not a single kiss in it. This was Lillian’s wish. But a friend of hers, in whom she put much confidence, told her it was impossible to have an ethereal love between Rudolph and Mimi. There simply must be kisses!

Grim and determined, Lillian walked on the set for retakes the next day. Grim and determined, she kissed the then great lover of the films. She kissed him again and again for the camera and left the set, still grim and determined, saying, “Ugh, I feel degraded.”

But I do not want you to get the impression that Lillian Gish was not human. In fact, that is one of the many misconceptions about her. Neither her sweetness nor the demure attitude she assumes is a pose. She is really that sort of person, a gentle, calm, ladylike creature, but withal a real person. It’s the look of her that sells people off into moronic ravings and makes those who come before her presence talk in platitudes.

I REMEMBER that she used to ask me about the other players on the lot, from whom she was shut off, not by herself but by their attitude toward her. I decided that if Miss Lillian and I were to be friends my only course was to act myself. She liked to hear the gossip of the studio—not the vicious scandal, perhaps, but certainly the chattery day’s news. And she always wanted to be like other people, which she really was when anybody gave her the chance.

She told me once that she was going on a trip to New York and in Chicago she would see a lot of newspaper people. Quite seriously she asked, “Do you think I should serve them cocktails?” Although she, herself, did not drink she was perfectly willing to serve liquor if it were expected of her.

She had no desire to shut herself off from the world. She simply got shut off because of her angelic face and dignified manner. Certainly she was not a “jazz baby” nor did she fit into the lusty Hollywood scene. But, by the same token, she was not “what men think women are before they know they have bodies.”

Some years after she left M-G-M, she came back to Hollywood on a visit and looked me up. She was stopping with her great friend, Mary Pickford, and she came for me in Mary’s Ford. It was the first of the new ones—remember when they came out? We drove to a little restaurant for tea and Lillian parked the car in front. When we came out a crowd had gathered around it, for it was the first one in town. So interested were the people in the Ford that they did not notice the obscure little person who climbed into the driver’s seat. Because of her un-actress-like appearance Lillian is seldom recognized.

She had trouble starting. The thing choked and wouldn’t budge. The people laughed and so did she. At last a man gave us a push and the Ford lurched to life. Lillian laughed and smiled and, in a cloud of dust, we drove away.

The duty of the publicity department was to get pictures and copy about actors and actresses into the papers and keep the scandal out. Pictures were considered the more valuable publicity and we did anything for “leg art,” as it was called. The newer girls were better for this, since they had more time and would do more things.

Once I doped out the idea of saying that a silk stocking had been treated with some acid and been so highly sensitized that a photograph could be printed upon it. Of course, we didn’t really do it. It would be nothing more than an experiment. We simply cut out a boy’s photograph, pasted it on Estelle Clark’s shinbone and pulled a silk stocking over it. It gave the sensation in the photograph. Estelle smiled into the camera and the “still” was used in hundreds of newspapers.

Gwen Lee was one of the best girls for publicity posing. Only once did she rebel. I’d seen a news dispatch from Paris saying that women were wearing rings in their noses. I suggested that Gwen have a picture taken with a ring in her nose to show what it would look like.

She fixed me with a steely gaze, arms akimbo, and said, “Now see here, Katherine, I’ve done everything you’ve asked me to do. I’ve had my sweetheart’s picture on my shoe buckles, my left shoulder and my handkerchief. I’ve dangled pearls and purses and powder puffs if it meant anything to the stars. I’ve put my fingernails bright green and worn gold parrots in the hoops of my earrings. I’ve kept a powder compact in the heel of my shoe and had a butterfly painted on my back. I’ve done everything you wanted me to do for that publicity camera. But I’ll quit before I’ll wear a ring in my nose!”

The greatest poise on the lot was that authority on the grande passion exquisites—Elinor Glyn. She was, at the time, supervising her own stories and wearing green turbans and yellow scarfs. She vibrated to yellow, she said. Always accompanied by a very young and very attractive Englishman, her manager, she used to appear on the sets and squint with delight at the love scenes she saw enacted.

“Three Weeks” was one of her epics. She chose Aileen Pringle and Conrad Nagel as the leads. Nagel, of course, played Paul. You can imagine that the personalities of the mystic Glyn and the practical Conrad were at constant war. Glyn said Conrad had “It.” dressed him up in tight uniforms and had him grow mustaches. Not satisfied with these indignities, she looked at him one day and said, “Mr. Nagel, your ears stand out.” “I’ll wear them down,” said Conrad, “should they be ingrown?”

“But Paul’s ears mustn’t stand out.” Her ingenious brain began to function. She called for adhesive tape and stuck it on his ears. She placed Conrad’s ears tight to his head.

Quite annoyed, but still trying to play the game, Conrad, in tight uniform and ears laid back, stepped before the camera. He looked swell. The ears were elegant. But the lights

Meet Miss Patricia Kirkland, aged six years. Nancy Carroll is her mother and Jack Kirkland—Nancy’s ex-husband—her daddy.
were hot and the glue on the adhesive tape did not adhere. In the middle of the most impassioned love scene the stuff melted and Conrud's ears flopped forward suddenly!

After innumerable but distressing attempts, Glyn gave up the idea of Paul with flat ears.

She believed strongly in the power of mind over matter and was expounding this theory to me one day. "Whenever I think something about an actress and she is before the camera she becomes as I think her on the screen. For example, look at these stills of Pauline Starke in my picture. Her cheeks, as you know, are prone to be hollow. On this day I was sitting behind the camera visualizing her with a round face, and here you see the proof of it. But, here, you'll notice that her cheeks are hollow. I was annoyed with her that day and I wouldn't think right."

It was, of course, simply a case of camera angles. In one picture Pauline was turned so that the hollows did not show. In the other there was a shadow and they were apparent. But Glyn concluded, "Now I could put you in front of a camera and think of you as a blonde with blue eyes and when you see the film upon the screen your hair would be as light as Claire Windsor's and your eyes as blue as heaven."

I am a decided brunette with black hair and eyes. I said, "That's swell, Mrs. Glyn, and it would make a great publicity story. I'll get a requisition for a camera and some lights and we'll do it. I'll work before the camera. You'll think I'm a blonde. Then we'll run the film before all the newspaper people and have a grand story when they see me on the screen as a blonde."

But Madame Glyn was busy just then and couldn't take time to transform me. I made her life a burden. Every day I called her and told her I had a cameraman on the test set and would be glad to work out her experiment. But every day she was busy and finally she wouldn't come to the 'phone when I called.

One of the people whom we feared most was Mae Murray. Mae was given the run of the lot because of the gratitude of the greatest and kinddest figure in motion picture history—the late Marcus Loew. Mae had, by making good pictures cheaply, pulled him out of a financial hole at the old Metro, years before. So when Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer merged and he became head of the entire organization, he sent out word that Ma was to have everything she wanted. Not being on the lot himself, the sweet-sounding voice did not know what he was doing to us. When Ma called the publicity department

we all went scurrying to her—usually to hear a tale of woe couched—oh, yes, always—in the most saccharine of words. She was Lady Goodness and Light herself, with a forgiving smile—that didn't forgive.

Because her eyes photographed so light she was always surrounded by black flaps for close-ups and the workers on her sets were instructed to cover their white shirts with black smocks. It gave a funereal air to the set which was quickly dispelled when Mae bounded on, leaving a wake of French scent behind her as a ship leaves ripples of water upon the sea.

Mae is not young, but I've never seen anyone with so much joie de vivre, which she turns on and off like an electric light. Everything was "just too sweet" until someone did something she didn't like. She usually hummed a sprightly tune and Just Loved Everybody. That is, she loved everybody but a certain retoucher who worked for the portrait photographer.

Mae, unlike any of the others, had the right to okay all the proofs of her photographs. One day she sat for the portrait artist and a few days later looked at the proofs. She paused over one picture that showed her face cuddled into her right shoulder. There is a dimple on Mae's right shoulder. Mae stopped with a snif. "That," she said, pointing to the offending indentation, "is not my dimple. The portrait artist assured her that there wasn't anybody who was willing to double for a dimple. And further added that the proof had not been retouched.

"Call the retoucher," said Mae.

The poor lad was called and he knew—having seen many leave the lot—what it meant to incur Mae's displeasure. "You've done things to my dimple," she accused. "Why, my dimple is round and smooth and the thing here on my shoulder looks like a scar. You—you've retouched my dimple and spoiled it."

The proof was torn to bits and the retoucher went back to his office muttering something about its being a wise star who knows her own dimple. But Mae Murray's figure remains, even after the birth of her baby, and to this day is one of the loveliest in Hollywood.

"When Miss Garbo calls tell her I'm out!" that's what Jack Gilbert used to say to his secretary. Why? Next month I'll tell you. And I've plenty more to tell about Jack and Greta as well as Lon Chaney, Lew Cody, Aileen Pringle, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer.

Just as soon as Una Merkel finishes learning her lines Mama Merkel is going right in the house and cook some nice fried chicken and corn pole. And Una's mother knows how. She wasn't raised in Kentucky for nothing. When these two storekeepers get together bets are even as to which one has the broadest accent. Yes sub, honey chile!
paper from old copies of Photoplay, and
where in actual life a brilliant spot of color
would appear we find instead the properly
assembled head of a picture star.
Mr. Frank L. Grecke, of Lake Worth, Fla.,
who won for this entry the third prize, $100,
writes:
"I have been married three years and since
that time we have been working together and
saving for a home we can call our own. If I am
fortunate enough to win a capital prize we
shall use the money for that end."
"A Chest of Miniatures" was awarded the
fifth and last of the larger prizes, $200. This
entry was submitted by Mrs. Lila R. Garst, of
Auburn, K. I. On a series of trays—four in all
—are exhibited the beautifully framed por-
traits of the stars—all contained within one
chest. The portraits themselves are photo-
graphed miniatures. In addition, Mrs. Garst
also submitted the strips of faces, as cut from
Photoplay, neatly mounted. She also is a
home lover, for she states:
"My husband and I are patiently striving and
looking forward to the day we will have
our own little house which we have been plan-
ning ever since our marriage.
"I have submitted entries in Cut Picture
Puzzle Contests on several occasions. I sup-
pose I shall continue trying it every year."
We wish again to emphasize the fact that in
awarding these five major, as well as the sixty-
five other prizes of $25 and $50, respectively,
the prime factors of accuracy, neatness, and
ingenuity were given first consideration by the
judges. There were, of course, many hundreds
of correct solutions—many hundreds more
that were ingenious, many that were neat, but
the number that could claim serious considera-
tion for all three requirements was limited.
The checks totalling the sum of $5,000 will
be in the hands of the seventy lucky winners a
days before Christmas. Photoplay takes
this opportunity to offer them its heartiest
congratulations.
Photoplay also wishes to remind those who
failed to take a prize in this eighth annual Cut
Picture Puzzle Contest: Though you didn't win
this time, there is another chance coming.
Some of you who failed now won't fail next
time. Your luck must take an upward turn.

Additional Prize Winners

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZES</th>
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<td><strong>Ship</strong>—&quot;Success&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mollie H. Lamping</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lucerne Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.</td>
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<td><strong>A Country Road</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Helen Albertson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yorktown Heights, N. Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Television</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Ellen Stroud</td>
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<tr>
<td>172 Melrose Ave., Irvington, N. J.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Around the World with the Stars</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Magdalin Ward</td>
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<td><strong>Pillow</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Margaret Morales</td>
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<tr>
<td>303 N. Albany, Tampa, Fla.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Joe Brown Caricature</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Margaret T. Howell</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Flower of the Screen</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mabel Gardner</td>
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<tr>
<td>3509 Colfax Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Modernistic Display</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Marion P. Bottsford</td>
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<tr>
<td>1541 34th St., Sacramento, Calif.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>A Fan Screen</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Henry G. Muecke</td>
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<tr>
<td>120 Hill Crest Ave., Macon, Ga.</td>
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<td>Photoplay's Stars of the World</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marie Lewis</td>
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<tr>
<td>416 San Rafael St., Portland, Ore</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Telescope</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Gladys Krafft</td>
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<tr>
<td>448 W. Highland, Sierra Madre, Calif.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Miniature Theater</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. A. Stanley Demeny</td>
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<tr>
<td>2334 West Burnham St., Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Photoplay's Treasure of Screen Stars</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Jack J. Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>5218 Labranche, Houston, Texas</td>
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<td><strong>It Pays to Advertise</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. E. R. McCoy</td>
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<tr>
<td>2319 3rd, Spokane, Wash.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Photoplay Puzzle Display</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amy Edith Iverson</td>
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<tr>
<td>3333 Octavia St., San Francisco, Calif.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Dream Mansion</strong></td>
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<td>Chas. Woodhams</td>
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<td>2318 Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill.</td>
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<th>BRIDGE TABLE COVERS</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. G. P. Mersinna</td>
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<tr>
<td>732 Enright Ave., Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Treasure Chest of Filmland</strong></td>
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<td>Herman Press</td>
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<tr>
<td>908 W. Shiawassee St., Lansing, Mich.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Lamp</strong></td>
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<td>Mrs. Roland D. Doane</td>
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<tr>
<td>1411 Hamilton St., Allentown, Penna.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Quilt</strong></td>
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<td>Mrs. Harold A. Speer</td>
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<tr>
<td>118 E. Noble Ave., Guthrie, Okla.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Clock</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>LeRoy Westlund</td>
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<tr>
<td>506 Iglehart Ave., St. Paul, Minn.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Photoplay Magazine Medal</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Pauline Tekesky</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rice Branch Library, 2820 E. 116th St. Cleveland, Ohio</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>A Shelf of Portraits</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Snow Herring</td>
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<tr>
<td>20 Brentwood Place, Fort Thomas, Ky.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Solutions that won for sixty-five contestants the $50 and $25 prizes are grouped here in one corner of the enormous room where the judges reviewed the thousands of Contest entries.
IN the November issue of Photoplay, Cal York wrote:

"When Alice White was playing in Detroit, she went to a sanitarium for the tubercular to visit a girl, a fan with whom she has been corresponding for four years."

Not long after the magazine was out, this letter arrived for Cal York:

"Now to give you my side of the story, as I am the one Alice White came to visit. She was making a personal appearance in Detroit. No one can say anything against Alice to me, because I know the real Alice. I want other people to know her as she really is.

"I have been curing for tuberculosis since the first part of 1926. Later, when time hung heavy, I started to collect autographs of famous people. Alice was among the first to whom I wrote, as she is the favorite of both my husband and me. She answered immediately with a wonderful letter expressing her sorrow. Even with all her own troubles, she took time to sympathize with me.

"She tried to lighten my burdens by writing long, cheerful letters. Then, when I least expected it, I received a letter from Alice White!"

There was no way to reduce the fat, but the letters from Alice White lightened her spirits and brought a smile to her face. The letters were so beautifully written and full of warmth that it was like having a dear friend in her life.

"There are no two ways about it, Alice White has a heart of gold, and is just as sweet as the candy she brought me."

Marie Joanne Barnum, Northville, Mich.
STOP THAT COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—

har so often leads to something serious

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in milder form for babies and small


PHOTOPLAY

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A Christmas GIFT
Twelve Times

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

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Going Hollywood in Fashion by Seymour

HOLLYWOOD and Paris are getting on the chummiest terms of late. I don't mean that it is the influence of Chanel or not. There was a day, you know, not so far back when a powerful amount of sniffing was done in the two fashion camps. The screen grande dame would have the scent of Paris usually its creations—and Paris was oft quoted as cringing at the mere mention of Hollywood.

Not so now. The screen stars spend their precious vacations running over to Paris to bring back a load of new clothes. And it was openly admitted at the Fall showings that Hollywood deserves more than a little credit as inspiration for the French models.

Chanel has supervised the selection of costumes and mannequins for a special fashion showing over here of the things she has designed for "The Greeks Had a Word for It," and "Tonight or Never." Perhaps you may have the thrill of seeing these costumes modeled because Samuel Goldwyn has planned to send the exhibition to other cities after its initial presentation in New York.

Gloria Swanson's beautiful "Tosca" gown, which is elaborately brocaded with tiny jewels, can thus be admired at once. Irene Dunne is the one who is wearing Ina Claire's much discussed wedding gown, which she wears in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," will also be on display. It should prove a rare treat for everyone and may start an entirely new trend for fashion showings of the many unusual gowns that have appeared on the screen.

I wonder if Connie Bennett had any motive other than a great love for a large Paris-designed wardrobe when she brought so many trunk loads back from her trip abroad? You don't suppose she was trying to beat Gloria's Chanel's to the screen, do you?

If you have been going hatless since the Eugenia Taylor days, but you wonder what to do now when you want a new hat, you would be wise to try the Florentine trend now. The Florentine tam is the newest up-over-the-left-ear, one-eyed Connelly hat. And it seems to be the current word with both the gay young things and the years of discretion group. It is a tam in every sense of the word. It sweeps up to reveal the left profile and sweeps low to the right. Usually a feather is perched on the full side. It certainly points toward the classic simplicity which promises to be the big note in Spring clothes.

Fashion gags appear in Hollywood that never go any farther. To the outsider they may seem a trifle startling or bizarre, but to anyone who has lingered about the town long, it is chalked off as just another eccentricity. There's the fad for wearing dark glasses, for instance. The glasses were first worn, it was supposed, to fend off the terrific glare of California sunshine—but the sun doesn't shine at night, too! So it would seem that the beauteous ones are just trying to make it all more mysterious by wearing them both night and day. Perhaps it's the glare of publicity at night.

And if you are Winter resorting on the West Coast, you won't have to save much room in the trunk for bathing suits. My note: Out there bathing apparel is getting sketchier and sketchier. Just trunks for the masculine set and deep decolletage for the feminine contingent. Most of the actresses are wearing one-piece arrangements that give the back the air.

The gorgeous gowns Greta Garbo wears in "Mata Hari" have a romantic history. Adrian, the designer, claims to have gathered the materials from all over the world. Beads from Czecho-Slovakia, more beads from Japan, fragile silver threads from Germany and rich fabrics from Paris. Her boots were hand-made in Russia. Although national costumes from various countries were used as inspiration for these new Garbo clothes, a decided Javanese influence is seen in most of them. This is due to the fact that Mata Hari was supposed to have been of Javanese extraction. I don't know how Javanese Greta will look, but certainly her costumes will be knockouts.

Ona Munson believes in carrying coats. She, especially if they are smart ones like the wardrobe she carted from Hollywood to New York not so long ago. Not having any shoes to do gave her plenty of time to be seen about town in her good-looking Hollywood outfits. She leans toward suits. One unusually striking one was made in a rough surfaced woolen, the color of burgundy which borders on ox-blood. The sleeves were trimmed with silver fox and a silver fox scarf was trimmed.

Constance Bennett is wearing a non-removable slave bracelet. Tatting up afghan is one of the wild pastimes of the film set now in vogue. Joan Crawford must have stimulated home industry with her rugs.

Helen Hayes revives the 1908 fashion era in part of her wardrobe for "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Having one hairdress to her credit that was seen around the world, it now looks as if Greta Garbo started something with her bangs in "Susan Lenox." Any number of prominent hair authorities are advocating bangs and already several smart women are following Garbo's lead. Watch for an increase in this new style.

The "best dressed" feud among the smart stars has a new recruit! Marlene Dietrich has been creating a perfect furor of late with the stunning clothes she has been wearing. At a recent big Hollywood social gathering she eclipsed everyone present by wearing a very distinctive black velvet ensemble. She was the only one present in long sleeves. And her gown was very long and had a high neckline as another unusual detail. A matching short cape was banded in silver fox.

Mary Pickford "did" Seventh Avenue before she left New York for her return trip West. If a trip through the wholesale section was an economy gesture one will ever guess because the clothes look like a million. She chose several coats for Spring trimmed with silver fox.
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

THE most beautiful photograph of the month was of Anna Q. Nilsson in a stunning riding habit. We told proudly of Anna’s remarkable filmship, little knowing that some years later a fall from a horse was to cause her months of untold suffering. But Nilsson, who, at that time, was little Kansas City kid spending all her nickels to see the divine Nilsson at the local movie! Here’s a story that tugs at your heart-strings. It’s a jolly little yarn that tells the star’s Christmas plans. Mabel Normand and Fanny Ward gave a party together. Roscoe Arbuckle was a volunteer Santa Claus for the children at the Orphans’ Home (there can’t be so much harm in a guy like that), and William S. Hart, still in his heyday, had all the Ince cowboys at his ranch. Of all those mentioned, only one person is doing things exactly as when he did! Fifteenth Christmas ago. That’s Louise Fazenda, doling out gifts to the studio workers. Naomi Childers was the girl on the cover, and the gallery section included Rhea Mitchell, Constance Talmadge, and Doris Kenyon.

10 Years Ago

SOMETHING new was being written into the stars’ contracts. It was called the “morality clause.” A prominent part of all players contracts—but William Hays keeps busy! “A Game Girl” is the title of a story about a kid named Lila Lee who was starred too soon, with too much promise, and forced to stay at home. But the writer of that story took courage. It did, but it took more courage when Lila, a few years later, gave up the great career she had made for herself and had to fight for her life in an Arizona sanitarium. It was a good fight and Lila’s back.

5 Years Ago

IT had begun—the famous Gilbert-Garbo affair and we reported, “Jack Gilbert is in love. And you’ve never seen a man in love until you’ve seen Jack in the throes of the delicate passion. It is a tonic, a magic potion. And all because of the lissom Lorelei from Sweden, Greta Garbo.” For months to come we were to record the minute by minute play of that ill-fated romance.

And since there are many of Jack’s “hearts” have we mentioned! Lupe Velez is the latest. Five years ago we wrote, “Jack Gilbert is in love.” The printers can set that line with their eyes set on the word “love”—but not with the same girl.

An eminent astrologer made some predictions. Here’s what he said about Clara Bow. “Don’t blame Clara for her flapper ways. It’s Blanche Lea, the sign under which she was born. She is highly emotional but she is destined to lead a sunny, happy life and will shake off her troubles.” Oh, professor, how wrong you were. Poor Clara! A sunny, happy life indeed! “Can a Genius Be a Husband?” we asked, for rumors of the separation of Charlie Chaplin and Lita Grey were already rife. And we said that James Mason was getting all the breaks in Hollywood. She had just done “7th Heaven.”

Olivia Borden—now retired from films and married—was the girl on the cover. Gallery pictures included Clara Bow, Jocelyn Lee, Norma Shearer, Jack Gilbert, Richard Dix and Floebelle Fairbanks.

The best pictures were "Faust," a German film; “He’s Imperial!” with Ruta Negr; “Dreams of Love”; a Wallace Beery-Raymond Hatton comedy; “We’re in the Navy Now”; “Everybody’s Acting” and “The Return of Peter Grimm.”

Cal York items: Constance Talmadge and husband John Piagle are separated. . . . Barbara La Marr is happily married...

Cheeks no longer sallow, skin clears,
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if you don't see the difference in fresh, smooth checks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of all that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

ARE YOU CHESTER-FORM DEVELOPED IN 30 DAYS?

Do you wear the popular "Chester" type of trousers? Do you want a flexible fit and full contour waist? Chester was one of the first, and is one of the most successful. Today there are Chester pants in thousands of color and design combinations. And, of course, Chester pants are as anxious to fit you as you are anxious to fit them. Chester also makes complete lines of trousers, suits, shirts, undergarments and dress slacks."

Feminine Curves for YOU

New Easy Method

Fashions made for the figure that has not been created by Nature. Get the new illustrated booklet. "Your shape and yours alone." NANCY LEE, Dept. X-1

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Buy your Fashions and you'll save a bundle. You also receive our new illustrated booklet "Your shape and yours alone." NANCY LEE, Dept. X-1

THE MADISON

Overlooking Ocean at Illinois Ave.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Enjoy a warm Winter's even amid an atmosphere of Colonial charm and quiet seclusion in the most popular, finest part of the resort. Attractive Winter Rates on American and French Plan, $3.50 to $8.00. Long Corder Folders. May mean much profit to you. NUMISMATIC CO., Dept. 75, Fort Worth, Tex.
Advice on Girls’ Problems

(continued from page 71)

OLIVE M.: It is a very usual occurrence for blonde hair to darken as you grow older, it is a perfectly natural condition. There are various excellent products on the market which will lighten your hair without actually bleaching it. Any of those advertised in Photoplay are most reliable. You did not state your exact age so I can not tell you your weight. If you will write again, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I shall be glad to give you the information.

BETTY: You should weigh between 130 and 136 pounds. However, if you are just a little overweight, I would not advise reducing because of your height.

A brown-haired, brown-eyed girl with a medium skin tone will find the following colors most flattering: Most shades of red, blue-greens and the brighter greens that are so smart this year, rose gray, light or very deep blues, golden, buff or nut browns, black, cream and ivory white. Yellow and rose tones can be worn by this type for summer or evening clothes. You will find the depilatory you mention advertised in Photoplay. It is very reliable and satisfactory.

EVELYN E.: I think you will find that the amount of sun tan still remaining on your skin will greatly govern the shade of make-up you use. Use a creamier tone of powder. And I think that the new coral shade of rouge and lipstick will be especially good for your brown-haired, blue-eyed type. With this make-up you really ought to achieve quite a “fragile,” charming effect.

I would suggest that you use warm water and a hand soap applied with a complexion brush for the pimplies on your arms. Don’t be afraid to brush rather briskly and follow this with a good skin cream rubbed in well.

PHOTOPLAY FAN: You forgot to enclose an addressed envelope with your letter so I can not send you the leaflet you requested. Write again and I shall be glad to do so.

Two tablespoons of peroxide and a few drops of ammonia mixed together and applied to the upper lip will bleach the hair. This mixture should be patted on several times a day. The peroxide will bleach the hairs and the ammonia gradually destroys the roots. The depilatory you mention is quite safe and acts more quickly than this bleach.

You are nearly ten pounds underweight. However, you have no need for worry because you will increase in weight as you grow older. Try to fatten up a little anyway.

The colors I suggested for Betty, above, will be becoming to you also.

HELEN B.: Your comments on “brown types” were very interesting but I can’t agree with you that girls of your coloring have been so woefully neglected by beauty authorities.

Only recently I wrote an article on make-up which was aimed directly at your type of person. If you recall it, you will remember that I gave several make-up formulas for the costume shades that the average person wears. Chestnut hair and dark eyes with a fair skin, such as you describe for yourself, require emphasis through costume colors as well as through make-up. A natural make-up offset by the right colors can dramatize you as much as you desire. The finishing touch to individuality lies with you. We can only give you the ingredients!

Marilyn:

There are times when silence is indeed golden. You are quite right not to enter into the catty conversations of your friends. I have never known it to fail that unkind things said before a group of girls usually get back to the person involved and make you look like a very insincere friend.

It is easier not to be a party to such conversations, and I think you will find that you are the one who really wins out in the end.

Answers to Beauty Questionnaire on Page 71

1. A larger-eyed effect may be achieved by using a little eye shadow toward the nose and spreading it out a bit more heavily, nearly to the temple.
2. Lacquered wigs are the newest fad in Paris. Antoine, famous hair authority, is now urging women of this country to wear those elaborately coiffed and lacquered wigs for formal wear. They are being made in various colors from lavender to gold. Intricate curls and ringlets adorn most of them.
3. No lunch is Mary Pickford’s recipe for keeping a youthful figure. If Miss Pickford lunches with friends, then she omits dinner at night. Quite a simple formula don’t you think?
4. An eminent beauty authority, in describing her new nail polishes, suggests colors that suit the skin tones of the hand. For instance, she suggests a light rose polish which is suited to blonde skins with a little yellow in them. And a dark rose for medium skins without yellow. Definitely rachel skins with yellow tones should use a coral color nail polish.
5. Soaking the nails in warm oil every night is the best preventive for nail brittleness. The oil can be reheated and used over and over again.
6. A famous beauty specialist says that coral rouge and lipstick can be used by nearly every type of woman. Dark skinned people should apply it merely with greater intensity.
7. The use of the word henna in the bleach called “white henna” is a misnomer. There is no henna contained in it as it is composed of chalk of magnesia. A specific quantity of ammonia and peroxide is added to the chalk of magnesia to form a thick, smooth paste.
8. If you are in the habit of moistening your lips before applying lipstick, change it! It only encourages the rouge to smudge.
advantages, to know the right people. She managed to provide one dress daintiness enough to be worn by the little girl to Sunday School. Each Sabbath morning she dressed the child carefully and sent her to the most aristocratic church in whatever town they happened to be. "Watch the other children," she would advise. "They come from nice people."

Marie went on the stage when she was a young girl to keep her mother and herself from starving. She at last got a chance to play a comedy part in an old Weber and Fields show. Her success was made by the heavy rear end stage falls she took. Her slapstick comedy provoked the audiences to hysteries.

At the time, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish was the dictator of New York's social elite. She was to New York society what Mussolini now is to Italy. When she frowned upon a member of the four hundred, the cold brown fronts of Fifth Avenue were immediately closed to the offender. When she smiled, they were automatically opened.

Mrs. Fish often asked theatrical people to entertain at her social gatherings, at which were assembled the great of Europe and America. Once she asked a prima donna to sing and later to mingle with the guests. The diva refused, saying she was hired to sing and not to join the group where she would not be accepted as equal. Mrs. Fish dismissed her at once.

The following week Marie Dressler received the royal command. She went, she entertained and she was asked to remain throughout the evening. She accepted with alacrity and was so witty and poised that she was an instant social success. Mrs. Fish made her her protégé, and that's how Marie's entrance into society was made.

Later she was entertained by European royalty, and asked to come again. She was successful on the stage, she had many glories, but eventually she was forgotten professionally. Then she came to pictures. They accepted her casually. Just another comic. And it has been only in the last few years that she has reached that high peak upon which she now stands.

Marie Dressler has upset all the traditions. Photoplay and its readers make this sweet woman a low court bow!
Man About Town

"This afternoon," he remarked casually, "I got to go to town to buy a present for Mr. Mayer. He's got a birthday coming. What do you think I ought to give him? A golf club?"

"Jackie always likes to pick out the presents he gives, himself," his mother explained.

"Yeah," said Jackie and turned to me. "I gave her a pothopick the other day and she won't use it. She thinks I spent about a dime on it and it set me back two bucks."

"But, darling," protested his mother, "I haven't got a black and white dress it would go with."

"I'll get you one," he offered promptly. His roving eye lit on a picture of Richard Dix. "I used to think Rich was a great guy but I'm sorta off him now. I've written him three letters and he hasn't answered a one of them. Can you beat it?"

Mr. Dix, please note.

There was a lull in the conversation while Jackie, after dutifully excusing himself, whispered something in his mother's ear. "You ask him," his mother said.

Jackie went over to the piano and returned with a sheet of music. "'Spovin' this was a magazine," he began.

Again I yessed him.

"Well, do you think I'm big enough to have my picture on the cover?" he explained that for some reason magazines with actors' pictures on the cover do not sell as well as those with likenesses of actresses.

"Gosh," said Jackie wistfully, "I'd sure like to have my picture on one."

"But I'll be darned if I become a female impersonator to get it."

Well, That's Settled

[Continued from page 27]

before. She spent two years at the University of California.

She sits a horse as well and almost as frequently as a cowboy; plays a bang-up game of tennis and a fair one of golf. When Richard came down from his ranch where they had been honeymooning, he said:

"I've never known real companionship before. It's marvelous. We rode every morning; we played tennis; we walked. If marriage is like this, I don't see why we didn't do it before."

Mrs. Dix is no "fraidy-cat." When they were airplaning from their quickie-wedding at Yuma, Arizona, a fog blew in.

The pilot radioed the home station and received orders to land his precious burdens at Palm Springs.

The company was taking no chances.

A small landing field. One light. Air pockets.

Real danger.

Director Walter Rubin, best man, was still shaking the next day. But there wasn't a peep out of Winifred Coe.

That's the answer. A girl, whose father had ten millions, spent a year in Hollywood trying to interest Dix, with whom she had fallen in love on the screen. She was from Texas.

Her heart sustained a deep crack when Richard went silently and indifferently on his bachelor way.

There was also the girl who tried suicide, and there was the red-headed society girl from Pasadena.

Richard has been a fussy guy. Winifred must be a great girl.
“I’ll Have Vanilla”  

[continued from page 72]

and she had to start over again. When she went into her dance, she tripped and fell—keeping time, picked herself up and went back into routine. But luck was against her, she was sure—a poor music start, a bad fall in the dance... But she was the girl the producer picked. “Because,” he told her afterward, “you showed you had what it took when you surmounted those bad breaks and still gave a good act.”

And so, at last, Mae Clarke had achieved professionalism. Many a girl might have thought the goal had been pretty well won and rested then and there, but not Mae. She worked harder than ever. Just being a hoofer wasn’t her idea.

So she worked hard. She did her chorus line routines hard and well—just as earnestly as though she were doing a solo number in a spotlight instead of being just one girl in a line of twenty-four.

She did a dinner turn in a night club—and with fifteen minutes between the close of her routine there, and the curtain of a musical show she was in, managed to make her way in very abbreviated costume from the floor show, eight blocks to the theater, change costume and be on the stage when the curtain rose.

Now, no girl with ambitions can live that sort of life without learning lots of things. She kept her eyes open. One day, an agent asked her why she didn’t make a test for a short film that was to be made. “They tried to get Barbara Stanwyck,” he told her, “but she’s working. Maybe you’ve got a chance.”

The short film called for a girl who could sing, dance and act a dramatic sequence as well. Singing and dancing were up Mae’s alley, but this was her first chance at dramatic stuff. She thought back to her “pirate” days, and lived the part. The test gave her a job in films—and that’s how she came to Hollywood.

Even then, sailing wasn’t smooth. Mae had no beauty. She had no great stage reputation. She wasn’t mysterious. She was just a 1½ hoofer from the East.

She made a test for the ingenue role in “The Front Page,” after working hard for the chance to make it. But she flopped. They wanted a Mary Brian type; Mae Clarke didn’t fit in.

“Well, why don’t you give me the other role—the little tough girl?” she demanded of Director Milestone. Amused at her nerve, Milestone let her try it. Mae Clarke lived the part again—and that’s why you remember her outstanding work in that newspaper film.

Well, after that, things began to come easier for Mae. She had proved her ability. She had proved her versatility. Casting directors, producers began to believe in her. So far, she hasn’t let them down: her roles are getting bigger and bigger and her work is getting better and better.

“Gee, I wish I had a lollypop. Gee, I wish I had an ice cream cone.” These are not Robert Coogan’s real suppressed desires. The most precipocious youngster of them all would much prefer a Rolls Royce. He’s simply rehearsing his lines in “Sooky” while Jack Oakie “cues” him.

Bobby can’t read. He memorizes by having the script read to him.
SUN DRENCHED

Health-Giving Winter Days

- The world-famous Ambassador offers a new outdoor attraction... A BEAUTIFUL SUN-BATHING BEACH, PLUNGE AND COMPLETE RECREATIONAL CENTER, WITH SOLARIUMS AND PHYSICAL CONDITIONING DEPARTMENTS IN CHARGE OF EXPERT ATTENDANTS. Available to guests early in January.
- The charm of desert sands, ocean beach, swimming all within the Ambassador's own 22-acre park. Not a sanitarium... a playground to make tired people well and well people better.
- This center of Los Angeles and Hollywood social life also offers tennis courts, 18-hole miniature golf course, archery, flowered pergola walks, cactus gardens, theatre, Cocoanut Grove for dancing, 35 smart shops. Ambassador auditorium seats 7,000. Guests have privilege of champion 18-hole Rancho Golf Club.

Most Attractive Rates
...Outside rooms with Bath as low as $5 per day. Write for Chef's booklet of California recipes and information.

The AMBASSADOR
LOS ANGELES

BEN L. FRANK
Manager
CLARK GABLE'S wife is an attractive little woman who comes not quite to Clark's shoulder. She dresses in quiet clothes and never raises her voice, but she looks up at Clark with that mixture of pride and admiration you'd expect her to show. She is happy to take care of him and his home and she laughs to herself when all the women gush over him.

HAROLD LLOYD is looking for a leading woman again. He wants her for his next picture.

But she needn't expect the break he gave his former leading woman. He married her—Mildred Davis.

THE real story behind the announcement of Marjorie Rambeau's marriage to Francis A. Gudger, retired millionaire, is one of the sweetest ever told. They hurried to Arizona where no one would make objections, for always some one had interfered with what should have been a great love match years ago, for when Marjorie first loved Francis he was a poor boy and she a little girl with stage ambitions.

Her family believed in her ability and persuaded her to stay single. Later she made a name for herself and married Willard Mack, whom she divorced in 1917. Two years later she married Hugh Dillman. Then she divorced him.

Gudger also married. His wife died and months afterwards he came to California to try to win the woman he'd always loved. In the meantime he'd sold his mica mine for twenty-six millions.

They knew, meeting all those years later, that they were still desperately in love but Marjorie felt, at first, that she couldn't leave her sister, Thelma, who depended upon her for affection. However, Gudger won and Marjorie, the list of whose trials are longer than the congressional report, is happy at last. She says she's through with the stage and screen. She and her husband are going to travel and be very gay and carefree.

JUST before her marriage and her renunciation of pictures a studio executive sent for Marjorie Rambeau to tell her the story of a picture he was going to produce in which he thought she would be a role for her. Marjorie listened patiently. She knew the story. She'd played it on the stage dozens and dozens of times. But she didn't interrupt. When the executive had finished he said, "Now I, personally, think you can do the part, but we'd like someone with stage experience. Have you ever had any stage experience?"

And the exec is still a little bewildered by Marjorie's laugh.

ROBERT COOGAN was carving a stick on the set.

"What are you making?" asked a passerby.


"But where's the propeller? You never saw an airplane without a propeller."

"All right," said Robert, "it's a glider!"

If you ask Eddie Robinson to tell you honestly and truthfully who is the best actor in Hollywood, he'll say without a single blush, "I am." He has less of an inferiority complex than any other player. And "That guy," he'll say (naming another actor), "is a ham."

It is Robinson's supreme confidence in himself and his ability which make him the fine and versatile actor he is. He hesitates at nothing. He always says when asked if he feels he can play a certain part, "Sure I can do that."

And when the test is made he always proves that he can.

He doesn't think he's handsome. But he knows he's a good actor and he's honest enough to admit it.

THERE are two Roumanians in the Hollywood colony. Both are artists. Garbo, speaking of one of them said: "To be a Roumanian in Hollywood is not a nationality; it's a profession."

GRETA GARBO walked up and down the long gallery in front of the women's dressing rooms for an hour the other day. She thought she was alone, but all the other stars were peeping at her from their own rooms. Heddah Hopper said, "She was like a caged lion raging up and down. She was superb, as superb as all her Viking forefathers." Heddah's never met her.

RESEMBLING Greta Garbo is one of the most lucrative businesses these days. All you need is a pair of sloe eyes, a long bob and a slithery walk and—presto!—you're a success. Or at least you're assured a job.

A girl named Bobbie Holmes was modeling cloaks and suits in the wholesale district of New York. Somebody from the very smart Bruck-Weiss shop saw her and exclaimed, "She looks like Garbo." The girl was immediately hired to model in the exclusive store at double her salary. Photographically, she is not as much like the Garbo as she is in person. She rather creates the illusion of Garbo. She's five feet nine, wears a size 7½ shoe and a size 14 frock.

Here's what the mailman left in Jane E. Considine's letter box. And we bet there was a big celebration. Jane is the lucky and clever girl whose original story "Beauty and the Boss" won the Photoplay-Warner Bros. story contest. The $2,000 will go toward her education. She's a junior at a university in Switzerland now. Remember the name. You'll be hearing more of her...
BELLE BENNETT — remember her in "Stella Dallas," don't you?—hasn't worked in pictures for quite a while. But now she's going on a circuit in a one-act stage production. There's a reason for this—a big reason. Belle is the adopted mother of sixteen children—count 'em, or you count 'em, Belle. They're all her first cousins and she supports them and their mothers. That's quite a few mouths to feed.

JUST say "dressing room bungalow" to any producer and he'll say —— (no, no, printer, you mustn't print that). At Warners there are two of the elaborate edifices. Originally built for Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith they've both been vacant for some time with all the First National stars bicker-ing for them. Now Ruth Chatterton grabs off the Colleen Moore one. Who'll get the other? Will it be Barbara Stanwyck, Kay Francis, Marilyn Miller or Dorothy Mackaill? Or will it be Connie Bennett when she comes to the studio to do another picture? My personal—and not very private—bet is that Connie will settle down on the old Griffith homestead.

In the meantime, the fight flourishes.

VARIETY would have you believe that when Estelle Taylor was in Boston she was asked to sign a guest book at City Hall when she noted that the last name signed was that of Benny Leonard.

She paused, pen in hand and said, "After all the years I've been with a heavyweight you expect me to sign with a lightweight!"

MARIE DRESSLER is going fashionable on the home folks. She has sixteen changes of elaborate costumes in "Emma" . And she loves it. . . . The three minutes darkness, a tribute to Thomas A. Edison, cost the studios thousands of dollars. But nobody complained. Without Edison there would have been no movies. . . . The last thing Arlene Judge did before she married Wesley Ruggles was to talk long distance to her mother who couldn't be at the wedding . . . And the two sobbed together across those three thousand miles. . . . Noah Beery is one player who wants his son to be an actor . . . The kid's already played a number of bits and will be featured in a series of Westerns soon. . . . Janet Gaynor is recovering from a nervous breakdown.

A GROUP of Hollywood's holier-than-thous were talking about the bad, bad actors.

"They're what gives Hollywood a bad name, with their evil doings," they agreed.

An actor overheard. Angry-faced he strode up to the group of knockers.

"Let me tell you," he said pleasantly, "that you don't know what you're talking about. Why, I myself know of an actor who disproves everything you say—he was tried twice for alienation of affections, once for driving while drunk, and once for bigamy. "And he was acquitted every time!"

RICARDO CORTEZ loves polo but three months ago he said he was not going to buy any ponies because he couldn't afford them. He has a new contract with Radio—and three new polo ponies!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]
**DOROTHY MACKAILL** is not going to have husband Neil Miller known as "Mr. Mackaill." No, ma'am! The two have taken a simple apartment of two rooms at the Chateau Elysee and Neil pays the bills from his modest salary as chief crooner at the Embassy Club.

Dorothy has turned her Santa Monica beach house, which was once the scene of many whoopee parties, over to her mother. Incidentally, before the marriage Ma Mackaill wasn't so fond of young Miller and used to refer to him as "the Shrek." But now she's reconciled and all is forgiven.

**A FRIEND** met Nils Asther for the first time in months. "You have certainly improved your English, Nils!"

"Ya! You tank so?" said Nils and just that pleased.

**AN ELECTRICAL SIGN** over a theater in Brooklyn read: "If it's a Paramount picture it's the best show in town!" "The Magnificent Lie."

**THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT** at Metro wanted some pretty girl to pose with Johnny Weissmuller, the swimming champion. They sent for Una Merkel and provided a lovely bathing suit for her.

When she arrived at the pool, she asked innocently if they would like to have her get into the water. They replied that it wasn't necessary for her to risk that; all she had to do was to look pretty.

"But I'd like to go in!" she answered. They gave permission and were amazed to see her take a quick dive and do many of the strokes for which the champion himself is famous.

They spent the afternoon taking pictures of the two of them in action.

**HOW many times** have you appeared in this court? Municipal Judge Paonessa asked Bert Wheeler, film comedian, appearing before him charged with speeding.

"I don't know, judge. I thought you were keeping score," answered Wheeler.

Wheeler tried several other jokes. Finally the judge demanded impatiently, "Are you going to plead guilty?"

Wheeler admitted being guilty.

"Ten dollars or two days and if you think that's a joke let's see you laugh!" the judge said.

Wheeler paid up and shut up.

**ROLAND YOUNG** insists that he was named after his grandmother's pet canary which died only a few days before he was born.

"Thus, the name was left temporarily vacant in the family; I was the first one who happened along to take it."

**MARLENE DIETRICH'S** six-year-old baby girl shocked even the Hollywood colony at Santa Monica the other day. She got away from her nurse while sunbathing, and strolled the beach in the nude. Chorus girls, yeah—but a six-year-old! My, how the men blushed.

**STAN LAUREL** and Oliver Hardy were playing poker between scenes.

"Camera," called the director.

"That's a hundred dollars you owe me," said Stan.

"Hey! Wait!" screeched Oliver indignantly.

"You didn't say anything about playing for money!"

"I wasn't sure I'd win," Stanley said blandly.

**A STAR** had been in Mexico, on a deer-hunting vacation between pictures. The actor breezed into the newspaper office and demanded blood. "Who," he roared, "is the so-and-so who printed this about me?"

And he waved a clipping which said he was in Mexico, hunting beer.

**HOLLYWOOD** raised its best plucked eye-brows when it was announced that Polly Moran was to be mistress of ceremonies at the opening of a Phoenix, Arizona, theater. This requires tact, diplomacy, dignity and a certain culture. How could dragged-up-by-the-scruff-of-the-neck Polly manage such a job? Polly thought she'd show 'em.

She spent the morning of the opening going to all the women's clubs, the service clubs and the chamber of commerce. When she came back to her hotel to dress for the theater ceremony her feet were so swollen she couldn't get her shoes on, so she wore her bedroom slippers, or not guilty?"

She spent the morning of the opening going to all the women's clubs, the service clubs and the chamber of commerce. When she came back to her hotel to dress for the theater ceremony her feet were so swollen she couldn't get her shoes on, so she wore her bedroom slippers, or not guilty?

No society woman could have made a more polished and dignified speech. One Phoenix woman insisted upon knowing from what university Polly had graduated because she wanted to send her daughter there!
THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Don't fail to get a ringside seat at your favorite movie theatre to see Wallace Beery as "the Champ" fight for his boy, Dink (Jackie Cooper). You will be thrilled beyond words by this story of a battered, broken down pugilist trying to stage a comeback because his boy believes him to be the greatest fighter in the world. You will not be ashamed to brush away a tear as the Champ makes his last great sacrifice for his boy. And you will say, with millions of other movie fans, "Beery is great — Jackie Cooper is marvelous — The Champ is truly the knockout picture of the year!"

He loved this boy of his more than anything else in the world — but knew that the best thing he could do for him was to go out of his life forever... a world of pathos and cheer in a picture you will never forget!

WALLACE BEERY • JACKIE COOPER

The CHAMP

with Irene RICH — Roscoe ATES

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Story by Frances Marion    Dialogue Continuity by Leonard Praskins

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
"That bully old slogan hits me just right—

...no bamboozlin' about that!"

Sure! When a word fits, you know it! "Satisfy" just fits. CHESTERFIELD. A smoker picks up a package, and he likes its neat appearance—no heavy inks or odors from ink. That satisfies him.

Then he examines a Chesterfield. It is well-filled; it is neat in appearance; the paper is pure white. And that satisfies him.

He lights up. At the very first puff he likes the flavor and the rich aroma. He decides that it tastes better—neither raw nor over-sweet; just pleasing and satisfying... Then he learns it is milder. That's another way of saying that there is nothing irritating about it... And again he's satisfied!

Satisfy—they've got to satisfy! The right tobaccos, the CHESTERFIELD kind, cured and aged, blended and cross-blended, to a taste that's right. Everything that goes into CHESTERFIELD is the best that money can buy and that science knows about. CHESTERFIELDS do a complete job of it. They Satisfy!
Why Constance Bennett is Unpopular in Hollywood
NATURALLY FRESH

never parched, never toasted!

The cool, flavorful freshness of Camel cigarettes is purely a natural product.

It is attained not by any mysterious processes, but simply by preserving the full natural goodness of fine sun-ripened tobaccos.

These choice tobaccos of which Camels are blended — fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos — are never parched or toasted.

On the contrary we exercise every care and precaution to safeguard the natural moisture which is infused with their mildness and flavor.

That's why the Camel Humidor Pack is such a boon to Camel smokers — it could do little or nothing except for the fact that the cigarettes we put into it are fresh to start with.

To see what that means in cool, smooth, throat-friendly smoking pleasure, switch to fresh Camels for just one day — then leave them, if you can!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, direction Paul Van Loan, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

© 1932. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
HIGH-HATS or OVERALLS!

You may live on Easy Street, or work like a slave—either way, you can have plenty of grief from soft gums. "Pink tooth brush" can happen to anyone!

As a child, you had good, sound gums. But now? No! Why? Because, like all the modern world, you eat soft foods. And soft foods don't give your gums enough work to keep them vigorous and firm.

Gradually your gums have become lazy, touchy, and tender. They probably leave traces of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And unless you set them to work right now, gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea might follow. And why endanger the health of sound teeth?

Get after "pink tooth brush"—beginning today. Brush your teeth with Ipana—twice each day. But each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums.

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

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Street
City
State

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"SHANGHAI EXPRESS"

with CLIVE BROOK, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and Eugene Pallette. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg

All men desired her, this ravishing, mysterious creature whose scarlet life held many men — whose Love only one had ever known! Parted, they meet again, on the Shanghai Express — seething with intrigue, desire, hatred — hurtling through the night with a dead man at the throttle... Marlene Dietrich in the year’s greatest melodrama — another Paramount “best show in town!”

Paramount Pictures
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What the Audience Thinks

With Brickbats and Bouquets PHOTOPLAY Readers Voice Their Opinions of Pictures and Personalities

THE $25 LETTER

I wouldn't exchange my $25 a week for Clark Gable's thousands. When I am through for the day, no 'phone rings to ask me to make retakes. I can take my girl to a movie and no one will say where we went or what we wore. Every summer I have my vacation in peace and I don't get any wires saying, "Come back. Production starting." I can talk about my girl and no reporter will write, 'He said, 'She is a marvelous girl but we're just good friends.' And after reaching the top of the ladder, which I intend to do, no fickle public will say, "We are tired of him," and down I come. I am satisfied just being a movie fan. 

ARTHUR CAID, JR., Vidalia, Ga.

THE $10 LETTER

I play quarterback on the high school football team. So far this season I have had good breaks (or maybe it is good interference on the part of my team mates). Anyhow, I've been gaining yardage and scoring quite a few touchdowns. Well, I was beginning to feel real important. I had the big head. The other day the coach and a few players and I saw Richard Arlen in "Touchdown." When it came to the part where the star player began to think he was the big "I," I could see, out of the corner of my eye, some of the team staring at me. I knew right away what they were thinking. From now on I'm going to play for the team and not for the big "I." This picture sure opened my eyes.

K. J. SATTERLEE, Muncie, Ind.

THE $5 LETTER

I'm in my early twenties but have been deaf for more than eight years and I found no joy in being alive. One day a friend asked if I had tried the ear-phones at the neighborhood theater. I went to see "The Big House," but did not expect to hear. I doubt if Columbus when he sighted America could have been so overcome with joy as I was when, for the first time in years, I heard a human voice. I sat through three performances and my ears ached badly, but the next night I went back again. Now my ears do not ache, and I've seen every movie I could, good or bad I've not cared. That I can hear people talk is joy enough.

LOUIS S. PAPP, Cleveland, Ohio

A NEW INTELLIGENCE QUOTA

After a lapse of fourteen years I have resumed teaching in the public schools. The intelligence level of school children has advanced so much in that period that it is amazing. There is no such thing as a totally dull and listless child any more. I am convinced the change is due to the educational value of the motion pictures. In almost every piece of literature we study I find that a pre-conceived idea of the period has been accurately formed by some picture.

GRACE H. KERR, Decatur, Ga.

COLLEGIATE OPINION

After many hours spent in poring over the monotonous details of chemistry or economics, what a joy it is to abandon all studies and hurry off to the movies. Here at Wellesley, we have found this form of entertainment the ideal college recreation. It keeps us in touch with the outside world and relieves our minds for a few hours from the tension of study. It fits in nicely with our limited time schedules and limited pocketbooks as well.

MARY CROWLEY, Wellesley, Mass.

"POSSSESSED"

I saw Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Possessed." It was swell. I always did say Joan was the best actress on the screen, but in this picture she was a million. I hope he goes for Clark Gable. What the movies need are more actresses like Crawford, more actors like Gable and more stories like "Possessed."

MARION BANNO, Dallas, Texas

A few months ago PHOTOPLAY nicknamed him "What-A-Man Gable," but now my girl returned and I call him "A-Peck Gable." The reason? Because in "Possessed," practically all we saw of our favorite actor was the back of his handsome head and neck! The way they let Joan Crawford (or told her to) "back up" on that boy and take all the full faces and the close-ups was flagrant scene stealing. But we just go for Clark twice as hard. Now we know that in addition to high-powered sex-appeal he has "back appeal plus."

ROBERTA JEAN ROBBINS, Chicago, Ill.

Even though Joan Crawford got all the breaks in "Possessed" and Clark Gable's part wasn't as big, he did himself proud in the opinion of this family of seven. As PHOTOPLAY's review said, "If Joan hadn't been so good in her role, Clark would have had the whole picture." We hear Clark is to play opposite Marion Davies in ''Polly of the Circus." This time we hope they give him a chance to look at the camera more often, and us audiences a better chance to look at him. We like his type.

THE BRANNON FAMILY, Kansas City, Mo.

NUMBER PLEASE?

Telephone companies report a big demand for French telephones as soon as they were used in the movies. The movies set new standards for dress, house furnishing, hair dress, voice, manors and conduct.

ILYA GRAEFF, Cleveland, Ohio

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]
A GREAT ACTRESS ARRIVES...

Glamorous Daşover! ... Her beauty exotic as a tropic night... Her personality—fascinating... Her artistry—unequalled... The flame of her genius blazed a trail of triumph thru the capitals of Europe... Now she is destined to intrigue America with her allure, her subtlety, her tremendous power of emotional expression... Her premiere in "The Woman from Monte Carlo" is an event not to be missed... Watch for it.

Screen play and dialogue by Harvey Thew
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

LIL DAŞOVER

IN THE WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO

WALTER HUSTON
WARREN WILLIAM
JOHN WRAY • ROBERT WARWICK
GEO. E. STONE

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

AGE FOR LOVE, THE.—Caddo.—Billie Dove is good but the old familiar story doesn't click. (Oct.)

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

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

AMBASSADOR BILL—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

AMERICAN TRAGEDY, AN—Paramount.—Don't let the greatness of the book stop you. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney bear a glorious cast. Not for the children. (Aug.)

ARE THERE YOUR CHILDREN?—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what goes on in some high schools. Neither parents nor children should miss it. (Dec.)

ARIZONA—Columbia.—(Reviewed under title "Men Are Like That!). Laura La Plante and John Wayne find love and life at an army post. (Aug.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (Jan.)

ARROWSMITH—United Artists.—Neither author Sinclair Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (Jan.)

BAD COMPANY—RKO-Pathé.—A gang picture that's different, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (Nov.)

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

BELoved BACHELOR, THE.—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heartthrobs—Charlie Ruggles amusingly funny. (Dec.)

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

BLONDE CRAZY—Warners.—Reviewed under the title "Larceny Lane." James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another "crook picture" that's top-notch entertainment. (Oct.)

BOUGHT—Warners.—Connie Bennett and her father, Richard, tip off a real picture. Elegant acting, clothes you could be-cray for, and a vivid, humorous film. Ben Lyon does the best work of his career. (Sept.)

BRANDED—Columbia.—Good scenario, good riding, good ol' Buck Jones. But let's have less talk and more action in Westerns. (Oct.)

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

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (Oct.)

CAPTIVATION—Capital Prod.—He-hum, a wife-in-name-only situation, a stouter Conway Tearle and a leading woman who almost out- Dietrichs Garbo. Made in England. (Dec.)

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

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

CHAMP, THE—M-G-M.—You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll thrill at this superb picture with those two great artists, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery. Don't miss this one. (Dec.)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (Jan.)

CISCO KID, THE—Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girls' hearts beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn't new but the treatment is. (Nov.)


DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker" with Jack Holt and Yvonne De Carlo. (Oct.)

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount.—James Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murder with a difference. (Sept.)

DEADLINE, THE—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (Jan.)

DER GROSSE TENOR—UFA.—A slow moving adaptation of the title. (Oct.)

DEVOTION—RKO-Pathé.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this musical plot picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (Nov.)

DREYFU'S CASE, THE—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous case. (Aug.)

EAST OF BOUENOE—Universal.—The title tells the story. Realism and beauty, excellent studio "fauxes," Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (Sept.)

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

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

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

EXPRESS 13—UFA.—A thrilling German-dialogue film that makes you wish you'd paid more attention to your German teacher. (Sept.)

FALSE MADONNA, THE—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis is good but a new boy, John Eldred, steals the show. (Jan.)

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF—Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver's first starring film. You'll laugh—and what's more—you'll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (Oct.)

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP—Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell on that same old plot? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with one girl. (Nov.)

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

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

FIVE AND TEN—M-G-M.—Marion Davies with a splendid cast. Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story "Jerry and Me." (Jan.)

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

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

You get the real inside news in PHOTOPLAY

You get it first. You get accurate news. You can rely upon PHOTOPLAY's reviews. It is way out in front in the vast field of imitators.

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

COMPROMISED—First. National.—(Reviewed under the title "We Three"). Just uh-huh on this one. It neither bores nor thrills. About a millionnaire. (Nov.)

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

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE—Radio Pictures.—Don't miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat "Front Page" O'Brien. (Nov.)

CONVICTED—United Artists.—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Aline Plingle and Harry Morris. (Dec.)

CORSAIR—United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (Jan.)
DANCE TEAM
with
JAMES DUNN
SALLY EILERS

All dressed up and going places where Broadway lights are brightest. From dance hall hoofers to society's favorite night club, the stars of "Bad Girl" glide to fame in each other's arms...stepping to the rhythm of love in the season's smartest romance.
Garbo, Gable, Joan, Marlene, Ruth

“Frankenstein”—ooh, what thrills and chills! But the picture broke boxoffice records and all the people who wrote letters this month said they were crazy about it. It will give you the creeps in the theater, but evidently folks like a good scare.

[continued from page 6]

AVIATION TAUGHT

I am a first lieutenant in the U. S. Army Aviation Corps and I am called upon to talk and demonstrate to my pupils. Well, it seems as if I become suddenly tongue-tied. It is difficult to stand upon a platform and explain certain things about aviation.

Then I hit upon the plan of showing the students aviation pictures that illustrate my topic.

These pictures help me to stress certain points that I, alone, would never be able to teach satisfactorily.

First Lieut. G. F. Werner, Somerset, Ky.

“ARROWSMITH” DID IT

For months I had been undecided whether to become a nurse or not. Seeing “Arrowsmith” decided the question for me. When I am graduated from high school next June I’m going in training. That is my idea of a complete picture.

Lenore Ozel, San Bernadino, Calif.

ABSENT MINDED ACTRESSES

What is the trouble with the actresses in Hollywood? Can’t they find suitable husbands for themselves? We were so shocked to hear that young Constance Bennett married Henri Marquis de la Falhise de Coudray. Just as if there aren’t any more good looking fellows in Hollywood beside Henri Marquis. We movie fans don’t see any reason why Connie married Henri Marquis when she loved Joel McCrea much better.

Besides, Joel McCrea is so much better than Henri Marquis.

The Hollywood actresses are certainly going absent minded when it comes to choosing their husbands.

Frances Nash, Herkimer, N. Y.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

I invested forty cents in four cheaper movie magazines, thereby saving sixty cents above the price of four Photoplays. I attended six shows at their recommendation—the total cost being $2.80—and was terribly disappointed in three of them. Later, in looking over a friend’s Photoplays for the same months, I found had I first consulted your reviews I would have attended only the three I enjoyed, and at the expense of only $1.15. This month I return to Photoplay. I was “penny wise and pound foolish.”

Margaret L. Kirk, San Diego, Calif.

FIGHT IT OUT, FOLKS

I’m for the new stars. Give the young actors a chance and the public a change. We do not care to see the same hero for ten years or the same heroine for fifteen. I saw Dix, Fairbanks, Gilbert, Lloyd, and many others when I first started going to movies. I still see them. Why all the comebacks? Certainly the stars don’t improve with age. Hollywood seems to be fading.

Mary Combs, Ft. Madison, Iowa

And still they come! Not a month passes but what more and more new faces greet us. May I register a protest not only for the fans, who resent having their old favorites ignored, but also for the “new finds” themselves? There are so many of them that only a small percentage can make good. It seems so cruel to give them a sip of fame in one picture and then snatch the cup away. We fans are not so forceful as we are said to be. We would stick to our old favorites if the producers would let us, but they keep cramming newcomers down our throats.


D. A. R. SPEAKS UP

The picture “Alexander Hamilton” was sponsored in our city by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and we felt proud to have been in any way connected with the showing of such a superb characterization as George Arliss gave in “Alexander Hamilton.” We felt we each had seen our Revolutionary ancestors. Give us more such pictures, so wholesome and entertaining for old and young alike.

Elizabeth Godcharles Bigler, Clearfield, Penna.

YOU’RE RIGHT, ROSE

I’m short, plain looking, with a large mouth and hair that is so straight it is hard to keep waved.

Therefore, it is a consolation to read that Greta Garbo has her hair waved about ten times a day to keep it right; that Janet Gaynor is only five feet tall and that a large mouth like Joan Crawford’s can be lovely.

Rose Takeuchi, Los Angeles, Calif.

BIG CONNIE CONTROVERSY

Constance Bennett is my idea of the perfect snob. She plays the part and looks the part and seems to despise the ground other people walk on.

Langdon C. Horne, Danville, Va.

Constance Bennett is worth every cent of her salary. If she ever stops making pictures I’ll never go to another show. I’m sick of reading so much about Clark Gable and Greta Garbo. They are both fine but give me my Connie.

Catherine MacCurrie, York, Penna.

I don’t like Constance Bennett to act a drunken part as she did in “Bought.” She is a nice, clean, sweet girl and should not be taught such bad habits. Why not let Connie and Clark Gable steal some of the Gaynor-Farrell stuff for just one picture, and listen to the fans bowl with joy. Connie has the same innocent look that Janet has, and Clark has Farrell skinned a mile in winning ways.

Lillian Crowell, Kansas City, Mo.

Why are we supposed to go into ecstasies over Constance Bennett? She is so weak and wan that she is no longer able to put any feeling in her lines.

And her camera always goes to great lengths to keep her feet from showing.

Mrs. C. E. Dinkle, Grunville, Texas

“PLATINUM BLONDE”

Why they called “Platinum Blonde” that, is still a mystery to me. Jean Harlow was nonexistent as far as our crowd was concerned. We certainly enjoyed the late Robert Williams. Haven’t had such an enjoyable movie evening all winter, lots of clean comedy, a laugh a minute and a corking good story.

Mae V. Connelly, Trenton, N. J.

WHAT HO, GABLE FANS!

David Manners is far more handsome and a better actor than Clark Gable. David’s
Some Like 'Em and Some Don't

acting is far more sincere. I never notice Clark being sincere.

GILBERT SETTLES, St. Louis, Mo.

ANOTHER SECOND RUDY

Why can't some director see that Ricardo Cortez is all that Rudy Valento ever was, and I was a great Valento admirer.

LILLIAN M. HANSEN, La Crosse, Wis.

NOW YOU'VE STARTED IT

I have seen Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in all their pictures together, but I have never been able to agree with the rest of the world that they are a good team. In my opinion Charles is too tall for little Janet. I think Madge Evans is much better suited to him.

CLARA L. BARTELS, New Braunfels, Texas

OUR CHILDREN

A friend of mine told me about her son who was coming home every night with liquor on his breath. I told her not to worry, that he would come out all right. The next day I saw 'Are These Our Children?' and I grew alarmed, so I planned a theater party for a group of young folks, including my friend's son, and, after a buffet supper, gave them tickets to 'Are These Our Children?' He liked the show and has been a different boy since that night, has broken his bad company dates and is acting like a real little gentleman.

MRS. AL HILL, Kansas City, Mo.

COME ON, SAY ALL!

We hear over our radios and read in the daily columns that wedding bells are about to ring for this star and that star, that a star was dismissed from a hospital and another entered a sanitarium, etc., etc. Now I read my Photoplay the day it arrives and I find that most (I wouldn't say all) of the 'sensational scoops' that the columnists and radio bamboozlers scoop up as up-to-the-minute news, are found in your monthly magazine, Photoplay.

RAY WILKINSON, Lubbock, Texas

WORLD OPINION

Clark Gable is new and original but as for his being another Valento, the idea is ridiculous. We all prefer that the latter should remain a great memory.

JEAN MILLER, Surrey, England

Will someone please ask Charles Farrell to ask up voice culture?

JULIA BOASE, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada

When the talkies first came here people said, 'We prefer silent pictures.' But now everybody goes to the talkies and enjoys them.

KATE GRILL, Tsingta, China

You American fans don't realize how lucky you are to see the newest releases instead of waiting ages and ages for them as we do here. We have not yet seen or heard Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford or Robert Montgomery. Just imagine that! Now, don't you think you're well off?

LEILA S. ANDERSON, Cape Town, South Africa

Maybe the Americans like this glamour business we hear so much about. I don't. If a girl's only claim to individuality lies in gazing through her eyelashes and dropping a cigarette from the corner of her mouth, she'd get no

where with me if I were a man. I like girls who are snappy. Glamour, appeal, mystery, charm? No, sir—give me zip!

BUNYEE D'ALTON, Argentina, S. A.

So many big stars have been visiting our shores that we have a Hollywood colony at the beach at Waikiki. Because they are so free from affectation they give us an inspiring impression that they, too, were struggling souls like us before they made the grade. Their simple laughter and love of life thrill us with the fact that they are human beings after all.

ALMA AT, Honolulu, Hawaii

I am not a great admirer of Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford and the others of that type but would not miss one of their pictures, because they certainly wear beautiful gowns and usually have nice surroundings sooner or later in their pictures. It does appeal to a woman to plan a dress or a home, even if she never gets the money to buy them.

BARBARA PONDER, Vancouver, B. C.

I have been waiting to see and hear Constance Bennett because so many magazines have referred to her cosmopolitan and cultured voice. I have now seen her latest film and think her a sincere artist and a very lovely woman, but her voice, although quite attractive, does not, to English ears, sound particularly cultured. Her speech is less broad than that of some film stars, but still definitely American. But what does it matter? She is a gorgeous creature.

VIOLET CLEMENCE, Sussex, England

Recently in a well-known Sydney newspaper there appeared a whole paragraph concerning the engagement of Clara Bow to Hoot Gibson. It also said she was spending her vacation at Hoot's ranch. All I can say is that thank goodness we have a fine magazine like Photoplay to give us the real news.

MISS R. GREG, Sydney, Australia

SERVES THE AUTHOR

The movies are a godsend to the young author. If I'm writing a story with a negro background I see a picture like 'Hallelujah.' If my story is about newspaper life, films like 'Five Star Final' and 'The Front Page' are just the material I need.

Valuable tips on etiquette and highly technical information can also be gained from the movies. I use motion pictures along with encyclopedias and other reference books.

ALBERT CHARLES DEWERT, Cincinnati, Ohio

DEPRESSION CURE

My beauty shop was barely paying expenses. I could not understand why, because I have a busy location and working girls for customers. A boy induced me to subscribe for Photoplay and with the first issue I began my thanks, for it opened up new ways to improve my business. Each month I tack up pages of the latest styles upon my walls. I also study my customers and compare them with actresses they most resemble so I may advise them what hairdressing is most becoming to their individual type. They certainly respond to this method. Then there are the pages of beauty hints which I study and repeat. And last, but not least, is conversational matter. I find that Photoplay
What the Audience Thinks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

What a tragedy that Robert Williams, who died because he wouldn't have an operation soon enough, couldn't hear all the praise his work in "Platinum Blonde" received. The fans liked Bobby better than Jean Harlow acting ability, but the pictures do not do her justice.

LORIS CARR, Lawrence, Mass.

Last night we went to see "Touchdown." It has amply repaid us for the many terrible talkies we have sat through lately. It was delightful, full of humor and convincing.

M. Q. LOTT, Baton Rouge, La.

I had my first party dress made from one which I saw on Fay Wray.

VELMA BENELISHIA, Bridgeport, Conn.

Why do the fans throw more brickbats than bouquets? I would like to see one of them act half as good as any actress or actor on the screen.

DORIS GOODFRIEND, Buffalo, N. Y.

I consider Richard Dix one of the best actors on the screen. He not only holds your interest but has looked talent.

SALLY BLANDING, Sumter, S. C.

If "The Champ" with Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper does not go down on the list as one of the year's best, then I am a poor guesser of good pictures.

C. J. WILLIAMS, St. Louis, Mo.

Why is Ruth Chatterston so popular? In "Once a Lady" her make-up was terrible.

ALBERT E. LITTLE, Baltimore, Md.

A PLEA FOR MADGE

This is not another gushing epistle with floral tributes for Greta Garbo and Clark Gable, the current "passionate moments," but just a plea to give our new, yet not new, star, Madge Evans a great big hand.

Without the usual fanfare of publicity a new star is coming into the firmament. She is like a fresh breeze, blowing where ultra-sophistication and so-called glamour have flourished. And what a relief!

LOUISE NANCE, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

THE NEW WOMAN

The movies have done more toward the emancipation of woman than any other influence. It has been the beacon which lighted her way to freedom, independence, knowledge and power. In fact, it has taught her to know herself.

FABIOLA WILTZ, New Iberia, La.

BLONDE BABIES

What's it all about? Are all the movie heroines getting the blonde craze? I'm not knocking the natural blondes (which are sufficient without the rest) as there should be a variety. Are the brunettes sinking into oblivion? If they are out of style, no doubt you will soon see people staggering out of the theaters, because they will be light-headed from viewing the relentless line of blondes.

LUCILLE CHEVAUX, Canton, Ohio.

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU ARE

At the end of a motion picture I never feel that I've been either cheated or demoralized. If I should go out and kill somebody after seeing a gangster picture then there was something intrinsically wrong with me to start with.

PATRICK BRADY, Jr., Kimball, S. D.

topics interest everyone and give rise to lively conversations.

GRACE SEABROOKS, Youngstown, Ohio

GENEROUS PRAISE

I am one of three hundred boys confined at the Maryland Training School. Although we do not have an up-to-date projection machine we do see talkies. And they have all given us a feeling of contentment even though we are under a court sentence. If we have more pictures during the coming year as we have had in the past, we will feel more like doing our work and doing it not merely because we are forced.

PAUL FLETCHER, Loch Raven, Md.

IVAN FROM RUSSIA

Why all the fuss over Clark Gable when we have Ivan Lebedeff to rave about? He not only has the more intriguing personality but he is much the better actor. And personally I prefer a handsome actor. Ivan also has the most delightful and thrilling voice that I have ever heard.

GLADYS CONRAD, Indianapolis, Ind.

AND WAS IT YOU, JACK?

I have been trying to impress on a girl friend of mine that it is not right to kiss all the boys that she goes with, but she seemed to think that the kissing means not a thing. But I took her to a show the other day and it was about a girl who thought the way my friend had been thinking. In the end the heroine was let down by all the boys whom she had been stringing along.

My girl friend said that she believed I was right, and from now on she would only kiss the boy she liked the best.

JACK LAWRENCE, Brownwood, Texas

DRUNKARD OR PIONEER

I want to express my distaste of the decision of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in selecting the best actor's performance for 1931. The splendid and flawless portrayal of Fancy Cramer by Richard Dix in "Cimarron" is, in my opinion, far superior to the prize-winning characterization of a drunkard by Lionel Barrymore in "A Free Soul." Aside from the artistic viewpoint, I should think the Academy would consider the ethical viewpoint.

Does the Academy consider the portrayal of a drunkard more edifying for future generations than that of a pioneer?

M. SHERIDAN, East Elmhurst, Long Island

STRONG FEATURES WANTED

In the palmy days of the theater the greatest stars were those with strong features and not soft contours. Who would call Sarah Bernhardt beautiful, or Booth handsome? I believe that when the screen passes the he and she doll era, more talent will arrive and fewer laps be recorded.

FRANK A. DUNN, Pasadena, Calif.

MOVIES TAUGHT HER

A teacher friend and I grew up together and had exactly the same amount of education. Recently we were called upon to furnish a living-room, and for this seven prizes were awarded. I received first prize and she took second from the last. She never attended a motion picture because we were both taught they were full of evil influences. Regardless of this, I attended anyhow and I feel that at the movies is where I learned what I know about furnishings.

CLAUDE M. BOLTHOUSE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

EDDIE THINKS SO TOO

Gangster films have ceased to be interesting, but not Eddie Robinson. With the warmth he shows in his work he will scale the heights. Here's to Eddie, the greatest character actor of them all.

RAY A. HIPPPARD, Chicago, Ill.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Gloria Swanson is not the actress she was in silent pictures. I don't mean she has lost her
THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME, men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, betrayed their country, gave up their lives! Here is one of the truly great dramas that has come out of the war—based on the incredible adventures of Mata Hari—called the most dangerous woman who ever lived. Who but the supreme Greta Garbo could bring to the screen this strange, exciting personality! Who but Ramon Novarro could play so well the part of the lover who is willing to sell his honor for a kiss! See these two great stars in a picture you will never forget.

Greta

GARBO

IN

MATA HARI

with

LIONEL

BARRYMORE

and

LEWIS STONE

Directed by

George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ FLYING HIGH—M-G-M.—Comedy with Genevieve Page used in just the right sketch. Good dancing, good singing. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (Jan.)

★ FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE—(Also released as the Newly Rich) Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Searl and Mizzi Green in some swelling act. Don’t miss it. (Jan.)

★ FRANKENSTEIN—Universal.—Not for faint-hearted folks. This is strong horror stuff which leaves you breathless. But what a show! Claude Rains as the hero, Boris Karloff as the terror. Lon Chaney. (Jan.)

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY—RKO-Pathe.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the gingers in this Western Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (Jan.)

FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures.—Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim, and Lily Dunnig get tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (Oct.)

GAY BUCKAROO—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best. Roy D’Arcy his worst and Merna Kennedy her sweetest in this formula Western. (Jan.)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Ledeburg intriques the ladies (Betty Compson and Greta Koffin) in this story of balkan intrigue. (Jan.)

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

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN—Paramount.—The old gilded dinner story all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilian Tashman wear the clothes and speak those smart lines. (Dec.)

GOLDIE—Fox.—If you like luscious, gummy stuff, this is just the thing. Warren Hymer makes a new comedy team. (Aug.)

GOOD SPORT—Fox.—Whistle the story—it’s that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linde Watkins. (Jan.)

Graft—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heat interest. (Oct.)


GRIEF STREET—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Holland. Save your time. (Dec.)

★ GUARDIAN, THE—M-G-M.—Allied LaVerne Fuente and Lynn Fontanne. You’re best quay about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don’t go to the parties. (Jan.)

GUILITY GENERATION, THE—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this beer feud drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (Jan.)

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

HARD HOMBRE, THE—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western with Hoot Gibson and Linda Basquette. (Oct.)

HEARTBREAK—Fox.—This has a war background but it’s really a sweet love story. Madge Evans (an actual art school) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good actor, too. (Dec.)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Nov.)

★ HELL DIVERS—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Force turn out a picture of patteen aviation you won’t forget. (Jan.)

HER MASTERY LOVE—First National.—Marilyn Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tosses off songs between every class of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (Jan.)

His WOMAN—Paramount—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (Jan.)

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

HOMICIDE SQUAD—Universal.—Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON LANE—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance between Edward Arnold and Irene Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dooley. (Sept.)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—First National.—Nothing left of the Balcac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-chica adventurer heroine. (Nov.)

HOURS DIVIDED, A—Universal.—Life in the race of a white man who marries with Wanda McKay and sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (Jan.)

★ HUCKLEBERRY FINN—Paramount.—This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will cure the blues. Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimmin' hole days. (Oct.)

HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (Dec.)

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

LIKE YOUR NERVE—First National.—Douglas Fairbanks in his father’s role in "The American." He does it well, too. The story is weak. (Sept.)

JRMORTAL VAGABOND, THE—UFA.—A tedious European story without a single yodel. Nice scenery, good acting, English dialogue. (Oct.)

IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it’s Noah Beery. Sue Carol is the girl. (Dec.)

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

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

LAST FLIGHT, THE—First National.—Gay adventure with John Hodiak and a half bred, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelmess’ work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (Oct.)

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


LEFTOVER LADIES—Tiffany Prod,—Divorcees talk a lot about careers and freedom in drama dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brunette wig, is good. (Dec.)

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

★ LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD—First National.—A rival for John E. Brown is funnier than he’s ever been, in this story of a college grad with inhibitions and botanical aspirations. (Dec.)

LOVE STREET, THE—British International.—Take this and all the others that have led up to it. Even a murder doesn’t speed things up. Dreary fare. (Dec.)

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

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


MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia.—Also shown under the title of "Anita". Laura La Plante and Warner Oland find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

MEN IN HER LIFE—Columbia.—The dialogue crackles, but the old story creeks. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Los Moran and Charles Bickford both good. (June)

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

★ MERELY MARY ANN—Fox.—Take your hassle to this one, but be sure to go. Not since "The Hurricane" have you seen a better, and Janet Gaynor been so whimsical and idiyllic. (Sept.)

MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE, THE—Super Film.—Even if you don’t speak Deutsch, you’ll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gavottes make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

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

[Please turn to Page 16]
WALTER HUSTON in "A HOUSE DIVIDED," SLIM SUMMERVILLE and ZASU PITTS in "UNEXPECTED FATHER," MAE CLARKE and RICARDO CORTEZ in "RECKLESS LIVING" and SIDNEY FOX in "NICE WOMEN" are pictures you must see. Watch for LEW AYRES and MAE CLARKE in "IMPATIENT MAIDEN"

WALTER HUSTON in "A HOUSE DIVIDED," SLIM SUMMERVILLE and ZASU PITTS in "UNEXPECTED FATHER," MAE CLARKE and RICARDO CORTEZ in "RECKLESS LIVING" and SIDNEY FOX in "NICE WOMEN" are pictures you must see. Watch for LEW AYRES and MAE CLARKE in "IMPATIENT MAIDEN"

WATCH YOUR THEATRE for "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE" which follows close on the heels of "DRACULA" and "FRANKENSTEIN" and is fully as gruesome and intense. It is an amazing story by that grimmest of all writers, Edgar Allan Poe, whose "Raven" has become immortal.

And what greater cast could you ask than BELA LUGOSI (Dracula himself) as "Dr. Mirakle," SIDNEY FOX as "Camille," LEON ADAMS as "Dupin," BRANDON HURST as "Prefect of Police," NOBLE JOHNSON as "Janos, The Black One."

I shook and shuddered when I saw this picture and so will you.

It is another UNIVERSAL Masterpiece

Write me your opinion of UNIVERSAL Pictures you have seen and mention this magazine.
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make
money
ina-

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As fashion illustrators, interior decorators, fabric designers, show card writers, modern girls are making good money in art. Manufacturers of wall paper, furniture, draperies, dress fabrics, jewelry, kitchenware—base their success today on color and design. Girls trained in art are needed. Fine incomes are possible.

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Address--

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

MONKEY BUSINESS—Paramount. —Mae West, Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (Oct.)

MORALS FOR WOMEN—Titanic Prod.—This "is the woman who once was a fairy; now she is a woman who will never be a fairy again." (Sept.)

MOTHER AND SON—Monogram Prod.—Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as Faro Ed. (Oct.)

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—Titanic Prod.—Yop, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice Wynne, in a small part, has a saucy appeal voice. (Feb.)

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

MY SIN—Paramount—Tallullah Bankhead and Fredric March is one of those "should a woman tell her past" things. (Nov.)

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

MYSTERY TRAIN, THE—Darmour Prod.—Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokum and suspense. (Nov.)

NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—Only one Futch's funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete cakewalk. (Dec.)

NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH—Quick-Walking-Fred, THE—M.G.M.—And they said William Haines was slipping! See this knock-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot. Jimmy Durante to be convinced they're wrong. (Nov.)

NEWLY RICH—See FORBIDDEN ADVENTURES.

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

NIGHT NURSE—Warner's.—Drag out your pet story of nurses and doctors even longer. Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a grand cast. (Aug.)

NIGHT RAID (UN SOIR DE RAFFÉ)—Onslow Prod.—A lively French film about a prize-fighter, his real sweetheart and a siren. Amusing. (Dec.)

OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)—Austrian Cinderella. Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (Nov.)

ONCE A LADY—Paramount.—Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting redeem a nontel original sotry. (Nov.)

ONE WAY TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—The kids will love these exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy.

OPERA BALL—Greenbaum-Emetka Prod.—English lines flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this sprightly German production of Viennese night life. (Jan.)

OVER THE HILL—Fox.—Mae Marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unwanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (Jan.)

PAGAN LADY, THE—Columbia.—The Sadie Thompson theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (Aug.)

PALMY DAYS—United Artists.—A typical Eddie Cantor-and-nonsense show that should bring film musicals back. (Oct.)

PARDON US—Hal Roach—M.G.M.—Laurel and Hardy in a lot of hokum. Funny. (Nov.)

PARISIAN, THE—Capitol Prod.—This attempt at a smart story made in England with Adolphine Menjou and Elissa Landi proves that these glamour kids get that way in Hollywood. (Oct.)

PEACHO'RENO—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in an absurd plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (Jan.)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—If you haven't forgotten how it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghill in this. (Nov.)

PERSONAL MAID—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a nanabum-playboit plot. (Nov.)

PLATINUM BLONDE—Columbia.—Youth and beauty, comedy and drama—and Jean Harlow. A well done newspaper yarn. See it. (Dec.)

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

POSSED—M.G.M.—What a pair Joos Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (Jan.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL, A—Headline Prod.—Another underworld story in which the crook reforms. (Oct.)

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

RACING YOUTH—Universal.—If you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, June Clyde and Louise Fazenda. (Jan.)

RANGE FEUD, THE—Columbia.—Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star but you'll twiddle your thumbs at this banal old story. (Dec.)

RANGE LAW—Titanic Prod.—This Western tax the credibility but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (Jan.)

REBOUND—Rio-O-Patee.—Not in the big amusement class but worth seeing. Ine Claire and Robert Ames. (Aug.)

RECKLESS HOUR, THE—First National.—An all-gals Western. If you're after history, Banko Mackall and a good cast. Just fair. (Aug.)

RECKLESS LIVING—Universal.—An entertaining little picture. (Nov.)

RICH MAN'S FOLLY—Paramount.—One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft is an ambitious shipbuilder and sympathetic sympathetic role. (Feb.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—A grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O'Brien and Monte Blue, excellent. (Aug.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Paramount.—Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't sell. (Nov.)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—Warner's.—Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (Oct.)

SAFE IN HELL—First National.—The only reason for seeing this story is to see Dorothy Mackall, who deserves better. (Aug.)

SALVATION NELL—Titanic-Columbia.—Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story, but Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves make you believe every word or scene. Dorothy Mackall is the work of Dorothy Mackall, who deserves better. (Oct.)

SEA GHOST, THE—Imperial Prod.—Laura La Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (Nov.)

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

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

SECRET SERVICE—Radio Pictures.—Adventures of a Norther spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (Dec.)

SHANGHAIED LOVE—Columbia.—Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (Nov.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOURS—Warner's-First National.—Warty film, rather long-drawn-out but not lacking in interest. Robert Armstrong is Valroo solve another murder mystery. (Sept.)

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr.—Murder and grossness on shipboard. Just fair. Don't pass up a chance of being bored. (Feb.)

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?—Regal Prod.—Dream talk about dreezy ethics. Who cares? (Nov.)

SIDE SHOW—Warner's.—Winifred Midler and Charles Butterworth try hard, but the unfunny lines are distressing. A circus story. (Sept.)
SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK—M-G-M.—A laugh a moment and just the right number of moments with "_deadly." Keith, Keaton, Cliff Edwards and Anita Page. (Oct.)

SILENCE — Paramount. — Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (Oct.)

★ SIN OF MADONEL CLOUDET. THE—M-G-M.—One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

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

SKYLINE—Fox.—Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamp Myra Loy. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

SMART WOMAN—Radio Pictures.—What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "holiday" school. (Oct.)

SOB SISTER—Fox.—You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand, too. (Nov.)

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

SPECKLED BAND, THE—First Division. — Sheri~l Holme~er is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (Jan.)

SPIDER, THE—Fox.—Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie Lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (Oct.)

SPIRIT OF OUR DAME, THE—United Artists.—Rosalind Russell lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (Dec.)

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, Clark Gable has a featured role. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Peerless Prod. — The famous jockey throws the race, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (Jan.)


★ STAR WITNESS, THE—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache, Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

★ STREET SCENE—United Artists.—Thirty-four excellent actors and super-direction by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the year. A vivid cross-section of life you'll never forget. (Oct.)

STRICKLY DISHONORABLE—Universal.—You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (Dec.)

★ STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A—RKO.—A rim Burschenschaft Aus Heidelberg—UFA.—Roll-catching tunes and students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Nov.)

SUICIDE FLEECE—RKO-Pathe.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (Dec.)

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathe.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

SURRENDER—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe that all a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (Jan.)

★ SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Gabbie-Rivaz will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathe.—Some romance, thrill and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take it away. (Aug.)

★ TAXI—Warner.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Lorretta Young. Well-done. (Jan.)

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions.—But you can't go past the last red who did the murder. A good mystery with comical Uma Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (Dec.)

THIRTY DAYS—Patrician.—A wealthy temple owner plays the regeneration scene in J. Betty Compson and Robert O'Sullivan make it tefltering. (Jan.)

THREE MEN AND A GIRL—UFA—dramatic tragedy, Foreign made, English dialogue. (Oct.)

★ THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M.—Joan C. ford lovely and dethroning box-office appeal a ridiculous story. (Nov.)

★ THREE LOVES—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich the only reason for seeing this three-year-old man silent. (Jan.)

THREE WHO LOVED—Radio Pictures.—Climax acting by Betty Compson and Conrad N. in a production that suffers from too much style. (Aug.)

★ TIP OFF, THE—RKO-Pathe.—Fresh guy E. Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a spigal comedy is the result. (Jan.)

★ TONIGHT OR NEVER—United Artists.—A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and is not a snappy love scene. And there's a new appeal lad named Melvyn Douglas. For the sopho. cated. (Jan.)

★ TOUCHDOWN—Paramount.—A football picture that's different—with inside stuff crooked methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oa (Jan.)

TRANSATLANTIC—Fox.—Edmund L. and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodrama plot, make one of those hit pictures you must see to fail. (Sept.)

★ TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures.—The old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis we swell clothes. (Aug.)

★ TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Paramount.—A Western melodrama with a hit of style, something new but good entertain. ment. Ken Maynard and Horace Mac (Aug.)

★ 24 HOURS—Paramount.—It's not only a but different. Kay Francis and Clive Br are grand. (Nov.)

★ UNHOLY GARDEN, THE—United Artists.—Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Sal, castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to s the impossible story. (Oct.)

★ VIKING, THE—Warwick Films—picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. O. photography. (Aug.)

★ WATERLOO BRIDGE—Universal.—mordid, yes, but it's intelligent and home screen fare. A war background, but don't let you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

★ WAY BACK HOME—Radio Pictures.—If you fell Seth Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (Sept.)

★ WEST OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—John bert's voice is low—so is the entertainment value the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six me to live. (Oct.)

★ WHITE DEVIL, THE—UFA.—Russians fur hats are doing serious things again. You need bother. (Nov.)

WICKED—Fox.—Elissa Landi and V. McLague are good in a too heavy drama as bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (Oct.)

WILD HORSE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson ceg with a bank bandit, a murderer at audience's approval, all in one homey a (Sept.)

★ WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany. Y our old friend Clara Kimball Young makes comeback in this story of rackets and life. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief.

★ WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount.—ers wasted their time and that of Eleanor Br and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

★ WOMEN MARRY — Headline Don't take this picture too seriously and not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

★ WORKING GIRLS—Paramount.—Teful country blends learn about life in the net even Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers can story and dialogue seem real. (Jan.)

★ X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prag—gangster-newspaper story inspired by the P Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax.

YELLOW TICKET, THE—Fox.—Rt the revolution. The heroine fights for her stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi Barrymore. (Jan.)
Woman cold is 100% better

Gargle reduces duration 66%

In 100% of cases gargling with Listerine
would ordinarily last in 3 days

Those who did not gargle with it. In report, a reduction of from 50% to 66%
the number of colds.

When Listerine users did contract colds, they lasted only \( \frac{\sqrt{2}}{4} \) as long as
is contracted by non-users, and \( \frac{\sqrt{3}}{4} \) as severe. Similar tests now in
test involving the examination of several hundred persons, reveal sub-
entially the same results.

In view of the facts, Listerine should be regarded as a primary aid in
health. At no time offered as a substitute for the family physician.

Listerine is Safe

Listerine accomplishes results is due to two

First: Its power to destroy germs in
the fastest time and reduce mouth
bacteria 98%.
Second: Its safe, healing action on
tissue. Listerine is non-poisonous and
non-irritating.

Because of these qualities, Listerine
has won the endorsement of the Lancet
of London, world’s foremost medical
journal. It is the highest compliment
that can be paid a mouth wash.

The Certain Remedy for Halitosis
Keep Listerine handy in home and office
and carry it with you when you travel.
Use it full strength at least twice a day.
Thus you guard against infection, re-
duce the risk of illnes, and auto-

matically assure yourself that
your breath is beyond re-
proach. Listerine, as you
know, is the swiftest de-
dorant and surest remedy
for halitosis (unpleasant
breath). Lambert Phar-
macal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Kills Germs Yet Heals Tissue
ALTHOUGH this picture shows her as the sloe-eyed glamour girl, Marlene Dietrich was actually caught laughing recently. Von Sternberg wasn't around and Maurice Chevalier was telling her a joke. In this issue of Photoplay there's a splendid story about her director's influence over her.
WHEN Sally Eilers went blonde, Hoot Gibson was mad as a producer with a flop. But Sally is too busy to placate a mere husband. Anyhow, Hoot forgave her because of her success in "Bad Girl" and "Over the Hill." Her latest is "Dance Team," and everybody wonders why she wasn't rediscovered before...
GENE MARKEY, ex-boy friend of Gloria Swanson and Ina Claire, is the chap who has won the heart of Joan Bennett, and town gossips say those old wedding bells will be jangling soon. In the meantime the younger Bennett, having licked the hospital (fractured hip) jinx, is working on "She Wanted a Millionaire"
BILLIE DOVE and Howard Hughes have kissed and made up, which is the reason for the big smile. But what we can't figure out is how any lad in his right mind can quarrel with a girl who looks like this. One of Hollywood's most scrumptious beauties, all she needs is a series of good pictures.
slender, feminine curves, is the first requisite ... if you would be a glamorous fashionable. The one sure way to achieve the lines you desire is to wear Gossard's MisSimplicity. This ingenious design crosses waistline straps to pull flat the diaphragm and "tummy," raise the bust, and slim the waist! The photograph shows a MisSimplicity of peach-colored batiste, fine lace and hand-loomed elastic. Model 6661.
A Riot of Approval at Earl Carroll's Vanities!


Such were some of the answers we received in a minor riot at Earl Carroll's Vanities when we asked how they liked the delicious candy with the Hole . . . Life Savers. All flavors came in for their share of approval . . . Pep-O-mint, Vi-O-let, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice and Cinn-O-mon, as well as the Fruit Drops, Orange, Lime, Grape, Lemon, and the new Cryst-O-Mint Life Savers, too . . . a flavor for every taste! Five cents a pack.
FEBRUARY, 1932

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

James R. Quirk

NOW then, have you heard the one about Greta Garbo and the trained German police dog that was used in one of her pictures? The dog made a great hit with Greta and by the end of the picture the police dog was following her around as though she had been feeding him sirloin steak four times a day.

“That dog, he is magnificent,” she said to the owner.
“‘How much do you want for him?’
“He is a champion and insured for $25,000,” was the reply.
“Oh, very well,” said Greta as she turned away.
“Call me up when he has pups.”

EVEN censors can sometimes be right. The boss film faultfinders of Ohio and New York are protesting the use of dialogue with double meaning which, they say, appears to have taken the place of risqué situations in the silent pictures.

WHICH reminds me of a conversation I once heard between a producer and a director. In justice to the men in the business today I must say the two of whom I speak are no longer in it.

They were discussing the dearth of story value in a popular and expensive novel that they had just purchased.

“Let’s put in some big sets,” said the director.
“That will put it over.”

“Even that won’t do it,” replied the producer, “The story is too weak. Can’t you suggest something to put some life and action into it?”

“Well, for one thing,” said his resourceful employee, “we might change the wife to a mistress. The public isn’t interested in good women.”

THE censors are right when they complain that some pretty fast ones have been put over lately. That they constitute a small proportion of the film product does not mitigate the offensiveness. Ninety-five per cent of the biggest box-office attractions ever made are utterly devoid of highly inflammable sex material. And I maintain and assert that the questionable dialogue and situations in the sexy pictures of today are due to the utter inability of studio writers and directors to create clean dialogue or situations that would be equally entertaining.

If you and you resent dirt on the screen, note carefully that most of it is done under the glare of star names, and then remember the names of the stars.

Two of these stars have been quoted during the past month to the effect that they know the public won’t stand for it long, and promise to refuse to continue it.

I am not preaching. I am just getting disgusted.

EDGAR WALLACE, the famous English author of scores of mystery thrillers, reported for work in a Hollywood studio on Friday and turned in a completed story the following Monday.

“If you don’t like that one,” he said casually as he passed it across the producer’s desk, “I’ll have another for you by tomorrow.”

The producer is recovering in a private sanitarium, but his physicians say he will never be the same.

EUREKA! I have, after all these years, found out why I was such a dumbbell in history and Latin and why, when the boys at the club get a few aboard and start singing college songs, I must sit alone in the corner without a fraternity pin to cover my collegiate nakedness.
The Historical Association of England has discovered, after years of scientific research and solemn meditation, that whatever the movies have done to insinuate improper ideas into the youthful mind, is, in a measure, compensated for by the fact that in the study of history and Latin the screen stimulates mental effort, titillates the imagination, brightens the memory, and improves the expression of ideas in writing.

The one statement in the report that I am sure most of my dear old teachers would have disapproved of is, that pictures lead children to actually enjoy history and they make Latin more interesting.

Samuel Goldwyn complained bitterly to the press recently against "thoughtless and facetious" criticism of Hollywood. Incidentally, and not thoughtlessly nor facetiously, but quite naively, he put over in his interview a mighty plug for his latest picture, "Arrowsmith," and tells what a nice boy is Author Sinclair Lewis compared to Author Theodore Dreiser, who gave the picture producers his "American Tragedy" and a kick in the pants for their hundred thousand dollars.

He bemoans the state of affairs in American journalism when it gives reams of space to Dreiser's song of hate and ignores completely Lewis' pean of praise.

Mr. Goldwyn, who is a master press-agent as well as a master producer, forgets that one of the most caustic and facetious critics who ever threw a poisoned javelin at the screen has been his very own Mr. Lewis.

He might also recall that Mr. Lewis' sweet words exalting Hollywood and Mr. Goldwyn's screen adaptation of his brainchild appeared in the form of a paid advertisement for the picture when it opened in New York.

These scalpawgs of city editors are quite prone to overlook authors' statements as news when they appear as advertisements.

Regardless of that, however, Mr. Goldwyn is entitled to credit, and lots of it. Famous authors have snarled and clawed at him for years. He has qualified for membership in the Lion Tamers' Club by his complete subjugation of one of the most powerful and ferocious denizens of the literary jungle.

Now that that is out of my system I want to thank Mr. Goldwyn for making such a superb picture out of that superb novel, "Arrowsmith." He is one producer who has never been guilty of the high crime of bad taste in any of his pictures.

Sam, old friend, why become annoyed with us carping fellows who wax facetious about Hollywood. Go right on making fine pictures and be consoled with the words of that wise old chap who said, "Critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes."

And Sam, while we are on the subject of the attitude of the press toward Hollywood, perhaps you neglected to read the erudite page of the New York Times of the day before your squawk about authors and newspapers appeared in the same paper.

Speaking of the alleged baneful effect of our motion pictures on American prestige abroad, the Times says:

"To the peoples of Europe who have been visiting us and writing books about us for a great many years Hollywood is only a restatement of what they have always believed. . . . Fifty years ago Englishmen believed that all American conversation consisted of 'I swan' and 'I guess' and 'I reckon.' Mr. Chesterton still devoutly believes that to be the case. Today Englishmen suppose all Americans say 'Awkay, chief,' as in the movies. The ultimate responsibility, we very much fear, would attach to Christopher Columbus for discovering a new world which, after 439 years, remains strikingly new."

The New York Daily News queried a number of girls on this question: "Which would you rather have—a husband and babies or Greta Garbo's fame and fortune?"

Everyone of them said they want a husband and babies.

Write your own comment on that symposium of honest maidenly opinions.

The heads of several of the Hollywood studios are reported to have exchanged relatives so that at the end of the year they can tell bankers and stockholders, "There isn't a relative on our payroll."

Don Marquis is a former New York newspaper columnist. He knows nothing about the Spanish language, and comparatively little about Spain. He was selected to write the dialogue for "Marcheta," a film story of Spain.

Robert Presnell is at the same studio. He speaks Spanish like a native; has been in Spain, and is familiar with the customs of the people. He has never been on a New York newspaper. He is writing the script of a movie about a New York newspaper columnist.

At a recent gathering of Hollywood wits and nitwits, they fell to devising a symbol for Hollywood.

Out of it all came this:

Diana, wearing a Eugenie hat, being pursued by Harpo Marx, wearing a celluloid collar.

Noise continues to be the boogy man of the sound stages. The director, cameramen and all their assistants are wearing rubber-soled shoes. One resourceful studio is now using carpet that is designed to photograph like a hardwood floor.
"We've got to economize. The studio is cutting me to $20,000 a week"
The Man That
Gloria Married

By
Eulalia Wilson

THREE ex-husbands in Hollywood must have studied Gloria's fourth choice with interest. Francis Michael Farmer is his right name. Only since 1925 have we called him Michael. Always before that it was Francis. Gloria's unswerving efforts to build up her career, during which time she has discarded one husband after another, leads one to believe her screen career, her colossal success means much more to her than marriage and love can possibly mean and makes one wonder why she has so quickly married the fourth time.

Apparently she was in love with the Marquis and, having acquired him, she left him to his own pursuits—golfing, riding, amusing himself as best he might—while she threw herself into her work, and the result was another divorce.

Born in Chicago in 1898, so I have been told, Gloria is older than her new husband by several years. Unquestionably she has reached the very highest pinnacle of success as a star of magnitude in the movies. She is exceptionally gifted, she has the brain of the so-called "big business man," extraordinary executive ability, and she has shown intelligence, force of character and masterful skill in overcoming a few failures.

When she was, to all appearances, on the wane as a popular favorite of the screen she used her well-balanced head to bring success out of chaos, to recapture her popularity in the talkies and was triumphant in her efforts as a singer of appealing songs, a hitherto untired effort on her part.

Through her tenacity, a will of iron, great physical strength, courage and indefatigable ambition she has won her way to the very topmost in fame and fortune.

A very great artist, but she belongs to the picture industry alone.

She is a dominating personality. The effect she has on the Hollywood film colony, producers, executives, stage hands, fellow players—everyone—is impossible to describe. She is a law unto herself and she knows well how to wield her power. Of course, surrounded by every luxury, every possible assistance is given her to carry on and successfully accomplish her ideas in producing pictures.

Every aid is used in projecting her personality, skill and beauty on the screen. Some there are who claim she is not a beauty, but there is a wide divergence between the beauty an actress actually possesses and that which the screen brings to light. But that Gloria Swanson has every requisite necessary for her to be a dynamic force in the world of pictures is without question.

She has made the most amazing strides in building up her career from slapstick, pie slinging, utterly ludicrous bathing-beauty Mack Sennett pictures to elegant sophistication, with intelligence, coquetry, passion. But this is all acting and acting is her life. Her heart is wrapped up in her work, her career is her success.

Perhaps her reason for failure in the great adventure of Matrimony—and unquestionably she is a failure in the light of three divorces—is a reason given by a great artist who painted her and who summed her up thus:

"Behind her glamorous personality there is a great sadness, a discontent, a hunger. There is no evidence of peace or serenity but an aching want of something, destined to be forever unsatisfied. She possesses an old soul, alone she fights, lives and exists within herself, always alone—she has willed it to be so.

"She hungered for love, for companionship, for the comfort of fellowship, for abandon, to get out of herself; but the die is cast apparently; she cannot do it or she has not done it up to now."

Gloria Swanson is proud, as she is ambitious, and she views the advancing years with apprehension. If she is wise she will embrace this new romance, throw herself into it whole-heartedly, make her life over and wring out of the years to come all the happiness, every joy she has denied herself or been denied, and cast her career aside.

She has been given a golden opportunity, indeed few women have had such, to triumph once more in a new and different way, in an arena peopled with a vastly different audience. And with her wealth, her gifts, her dynamic force—if she is in love really and at last awakened—she can weave into this new romance all the thrilling tales she has ever dreamed of complete happiness. Her new position as the wife of Michael Farmer, if she is accepted by his circle of friends, will demand great versatility.

It will embrace every waking moment and leave few hours for sleep and repose, for the life of the great continental set. Mr. Farmer travels with seldom thought of sleep.

Whether St. Moritz, Biarritz, Riviera, Venice, Como, Lido, Le Touquet, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins, Eden Rock or...
Antibes—it is a foregone conclusion that Michael Farmer will be there with the smartest crowd wherever it happens to be the season.

Ascot in the royal enclosure to view the races, Dublin for the horse show, London for the polo and smart tennis gatherings, yachting at Cowes, fast motors and yachts on the Mediterranean, riding to hounds in the shires of England and in the forests of France, guest of the wealthy chateau owners of France for shooting parties, skiing, skating and Cresta at St. Moritz: all these come under the active sports this handsome young Irishman has been enjoying year after year, accompanying parties of the most sophisticated, highly placed nobility of England, of France and Italy and the social registries of America fortunate to be numbered as friends of the most exclusive set on the Continent.

In Paris, as well as in London, Michael Farmer attends the most elegant "parties," held in the most magnificent homes in Paris or at nearby Neuilly. Homes with great garden loggias, lovely lakes. Under the trees, it is quite likely, we will find a Venetian fête being staged, with the guests in Longhi costumes, marques and dominoes; the audience part of the spectacle, costumed in masterpieces of the great couturiers of Paris, some of the dancers doing the most clever interpretations of Siamese and other difficult dances, all gowned exquisitely.

One finds the names of the guests listed in the Almanac de Gotha, the most beautiful women as well as the most clever in all Europe. In no other city in the world do the spoiled society beauties go to such lengths to display their talents and gifts and at such terrific expense for just one evening, one great party, as in Paris.

Michael Farmer has been in the set of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes (sister of the Duc Deazes, niece of Princess Edmond de Polignas, widow of a Prince, wife of the brother of an English Earl), the Princess Faucigny-Lucinge, Marquis Strozzi, Lady Mountbatten, Lord and Lady Ratendon, son of the Viceroy of India, Lord Michelham, Duchesse de Gramont, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Castelrosse, beauties all of them, famous for wit, culture and accomplishment. Such is the group Gloria Swanson's husband has been surrounded by for the past ten years.

During the six weeks of spring, the "Paris season" is the most amazingly interesting of any place in the world today. The smart world then display their talents in magnificent fêtes, balls which go down in history for their marvelous taste and success. The great beauties of society give their time to producing what is called an "entree." For example, an amusing "entree" arranged by the Comte Etienne de Beaumont at a ball held annually at their beautiful home was one called "Faust." All the male characters were played by women and the feminine characters by men.

There was a Madame Butterfly "entree," with the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Novelles, Prince and Princess Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge and Charles de Beistegui. Also an Orpheo "entree," with the beautiful Marquise de [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]
"YOU can do it yourself! You can if you will! But you've got to stir up your lazy bones and your lazy mind. I haven't time to waste on lazy people," says Sylvia. On the opposite page she tells you, among other things, how to lose fifteen pounds in one month!
Don’t fail to read this amazing article by Hollywood’s foremost authority. It’s entirely different from any beauty story ever written.

Any Woman Can Be Beautiful

By Sylvia

O f the hundreds of thousands of you young women who read Photoplay Magazine, I know perfectly well I am talking to only one out of ten. The other nine might just as well skip these pages of Photoplay. My articles won’t do you any good and they may hurt your feelings. The other nine of you may want to be beautiful but you are too lazy. I haven’t any time to waste on lazy people.

I say any woman can be beautiful and I mean it. You can’t all have lovely features, but you can be beautiful. Whoever said beauty is only skin deep was a fool. Beauty begins behind your forehead and the beauty of some of the loveliest women I know can never be registered by a motion picture camera.

Now here’s the amazing part of it. You can make yourself beautiful. You can—if you have the nerve and the courage—do it all yourself.

In Hollywood I am paid upwards of $25 for a half hour’s treatment. Recently I turned down $1,000 for ten treatments. Now I am going to give you exactly what I give the stars. I can and will, if you listen to me and obey me, teach you to do for yourself what I get paid to do.

When the editor of Photoplay asked me to write a series of articles to the young women of this country and give them the benefit of all I had learned from my contact with the beautiful women of Hollywood, I said I would on one condition—that I could be absolutely honest and direct.

I told him I thought most of the stuff written about beauty today was absolute bunk. Polite reiterations, gentle hints, lovely phrases and nothing more.

As I said at the beginning, only one woman in ten has enough stamina to improve herself physically. Only one woman in ten deserves the chance to be beautiful. But since helping women to be lovely amounts to almost a mania with me, I will speak to that one woman in ten. The rest—those who throw away their chances—I don’t care about.

If, when you see yourself improve daily, as you most certainly can, you say “Sylvia told me how to do this,” I will be fully repaid.

But I have no patience with a lazy girl.

I also told the editor of this magazine that I would not answer letters. I have received many thousands of letters in the last few years since magazines and newspapers began to talk of my achievements with the stars in the Hollywood Studios. Many did not deserve to be answered. “Dear Sylvia, won’t you please take a chunk of fat off my hips and put it on my neck?” I am going to tell you how you can do just that, really am. So give the time you’d spend writing to me in following my instructions.

In the advertising pages of this magazine you will find the answer to the majority of really worthwhile questions that are asked in letters to beauty editors.

I am going to talk to you fat women and you plump girls first. And I will guarantee that if you do what I say you will lose fifteen pounds from the time you read this magazine until the next one is in your hands—just one month!

I can hear your alibis. “But, Sylvia, I have gland trouble—that’s why I can’t reduce,” or “Sylvia, I am fat, I know, but I have anemia and I can’t diet because I must keep up my strength.”

You can get thin even if you have gland trouble, but you must stir up your lazy mind—you must want to be beautiful.

Ina Claire said she had anemia and couldn’t diet. I gave her the proper diet (and next month I’m going to treat the anemia subject specifically) and now she is thin, beautiful and no longer weak. Her eyes sparkle and she is never tired.

The reason you’re fat is because you eat your head off and don’t take exercise. And that goes for men as well as women. First of all, I am going to give you a general reducing schedule. In subsequent articles I will tell you about reducing in spots. Now I am going to give you a general reducing diet. Later I shall treat diets for various ailments. Later on in this very article I will discuss thin girls and tell them how to build themselves up.

First of all, then, the reducing diet.

Liquor is out! Absolutely!

Once a famous star gained instead of reduced under my care. “I can’t understand it, Sylvia,” she said to me. “I’ve done everything you say. What’s the trouble?”

“You’ve laid off the liquor,” I asked.

“I certainly, I don’t drink a thing except sherry with my meals!”

Good Lord! Sherry with her meals! Why, that was taking away all the beneficial effects of my treatments. Sherry puts on weight as does any other kind of alcohol.

So that’s the first thing—liquor is out.

Before I forget it, your measurements will tell you more than your scales. But you need bathroom scales to put the fear of God in you. You need to weigh every day to make sure you’re doing right.

Now here’s your diet:

Breakfast

Small glass (about four ounces) grapefruit or orange juice
Cup of black coffee (no sugar)
Slice of melba toast with a little honey and no butter

Luncheon

(You must have one liquid meal a day. It can be at luncheon or dinner. I give it here for luncheon)

Glass of tomato juice
Cup of tea or coffee (no cream or sugar)

or

Large bowl of clear soup (no crackers)
In the middle of the afternoon you can have a cup of tea with lemon and no sugar.
Dinner

Fruit cup
Salad of lettuce and tomato or any other salad except avocado
Salad dressing of mineral oil and lemon juice
Small broiled rare steak or
Double lamb chop or
One slice of ¼-inch thick roast beef or
Two slices of turkey or chicken and a wing or
Two slices of broiled lamb or
Ground round steak, without fat and use the cheaper meat where you get the fibres
(Cut off the fat from all the meat and don’t use gravy)
Two green vegetables (peas, carrots, broccoli, greens, cauliflower, cabbage, etc.)
No bread, instead do this:
Bake a potato. When it is done, scoop out the inside leaving about ¼ inch to the peel. Throw away the inside and put the rest back in the oven until it is dry. Eat this instead of bread without salt and no butter. It’s delicious.
Gelatin or
Baked apple without sugar or
Stewed fruits without sugar.
Use no salt on anything, as there are mineral salts in most foods.
There! There’s your diet.
Now the first thing you’ll say is, “She’s crazy. I can’t live on that and do my work. I have to keep up my strength. I can’t possibly have one liquid meal a day.”
Let me tell you something. I lived on that diet while I was taking sixteen patients every day. And if you don’t think that’s work, try pounding sixteen big men and women and see. I kept up my strength and felt like a million dollars. So don’t give me alibis.
Why, that diet is grand, and when you’ve been on it for awhile you’ll refuse those invitations for a highly seasoned, highly spiced “marvelous dinner.” You’ll like your own diet best. I’m going to teach you how to eat sanely.
Never sleep more than eight hours. About six or seven hours is plenty. I sleep five hours.

MAKE somebody drag your lazy bones out of bed at six o’clock in the morning.
“But what will I do at six a.m.?” you ask.
Start your exercise. Lift your hands above your head and slide your whole body gently from side to side, swinging your hips and moving your spine.
Then move from the waist, describing a circle with your arms.
Note the correct position of the body—feet straight in front and slightly apart—in pictures A and B that I’ve posed for you.
Round and round from the waist and then from side to side, always with arms above the head. Do that and nothing else for twenty minutes.
Then get your breakfast, read your paper and do all those jobs you’ve been putting off for those extra hours of sleep.
You may now go about your usual work at home or at the office.
I think for the next thing it would be a great idea to form a reducing club. Get seven or eight of your plump friends together for one hour in the afternoon (if you’re at home) or at night before dinner if you’re in an office.
C—Evening exercise for fat women. This is the correct position for beginning the two-step I've described. Step as far as you can and give a spring at the knees. If done every day this is a general reducer, particularly good for thighs.

Turn the radio to a peppy band, with arms above your head, hips swaying from side to side, keeping your spine moving, do an old fashioned two-step like this: One two and one two and one two, etc. Make the first step about as long as I have shown you in Picture C. This picture is the position and the beginning of that reducing two-step. Bend slightly at the knees. Draw the back leg into position and take that little hop. You all know the old fashioned two-step. It's step, hop step. And keep in time with the radio—that's a big help.

But, remember to sway the hips and be sure to feel your spine in motion. The first few days don't hop too much. You'll feel like hopping soon enough when the fat begins to roll away and you feel like a million dollars. Do this for one hour every day. No, you won't be stiff, not if you take it easy at first and work into it strenuously later. One hour every day!

THERE you are, the morning exercise, the night exercise, the diet, the getting up early, and if you do exactly as I'm saying you'll lose fifteen pounds. I promise that, but you must do it.

You must be honest with yourself, you mustn't alibi if you want what every woman should have—beauty! Oh, you can be so lovely, why would you fail to be for want of just a little courage?

Now for the thin girls.

Most thin women are nervous. I've had them say to me, "The thing that relaxes me is a very hot bath. I lie in the water for a half hour and run more and more hot water in the tub."

I say, "Well, that's fine, if you want to kill yourself!"

Those hot baths are out—absolutely out! They sap your precious vitality.

First of all, get ten hours sleep a night and put in as many hours as possible before midnight. Get to bed three nights a week at nine o'clock. You will tell me you can't give up your little pleasures, that you've worked hard all day and need them. You can't? Well, when
Doubt if any woman was ever as thoroughly disliked by Hollywood as Constance Bennett. I doubt if anyone ever thoroughly disliked Hollywood as does Constance Bennett.

I do not mean pictures. Connie likes her work. I mean she hates that mythical, fourth-dimension social place made famous by picture people. She once asked me, "Did you ever know such a dull town?"

On the other hand, dozens speak of her as, "That conceited, ungracious, high-hat, snooty, independent, hateful Constance Bennett!" Not only magazine and newspaper people but actors, actresses, electricians, extras and all the other components of our heterogeneous city.

Now, there are two sides to every question. Matrimony; politics; prohibition—anything controversial has a pro and con angle.

So there is Hollywood's and Constance Bennett's!

I am going to attempt to give each impartially and let you judge. Only I must warn you, as a lawyer warning a jury, Constance Bennett has never lost an argument in her life. Producers have learned that! Now, they give her the price she asks first so they won't have to pay more later.

Even Connie's wedding could not proceed to a smooth, made-in-heaven conclusion. Everything went well until that crucial moment when the groom gently places the ring upon the bride's finger. At this point the Marquis fumbled. The ring wouldn't go on. He tried to push it on her finger. And at this point Connie's language was—well, it wasn't the sort of language you'd expect the suave, smooth Connie to use.

But the ring at last went on and the ceremony proceeded. Came the wedding reception and Connie didn't like the attitude of several of her guests. Without more ado she proceeded to tell them so, which is something I was always led to believe a blushing bride does not do on her nuptial day.

Hollywood made much of those incidents. Embellished them thoroughly. "That's Constance Bennett for you. Couldn't get through her own wedding without having a row!"

Incidentally, Connie is being criticized on another score. Newspaper photographers and reporters huddled out in the cold awaiting an opportunity to do their duty: get the news of an international wedding. She did not invite them inside. They froze and awaited her pleasure.

It just happens that Connie had notified her publicity department twenty-four hours in advance. Diana Fitzmaurice, in whose home the ceremony was performed, had said she could not have the photographers and newspaper folk. She didn't have room. Connie had said they couldn't be accommodated because her wedding was to be private. One syndicate had answered that argument: "What! A private wedding for a public woman like Constance Bennett!"

Now, Connie doesn't consider herself a public woman. She thinks of herself as a person rather than a personage and claims

Constance knew the news cameraman was taking this picture, but she was so interested in the polo game she didn't give a hoot that the camera caught a few wrinkles in her forehead.
Henri is really a fine chap and there is one thing sure about his marriage to Miss Bennett. He'll never have a dull moment.

She is entitled to certain personal rights exactly as any woman. She had arranged for the publicity department to send out a photographer and one writer who would impartially distribute pictures and information. If the newspapers wouldn't take those (incidentally the publicity department slipped and failed to notify the papers of Connie's orders) it was none of her business. Her wedding was to be private! It was. And those who dislike her have made public scandal of her treatment of cold men huddled on the front lawn.

She had difficulty with both the M-G-M and First National publicity departments. At Metro, she was accused of refusing to take the proper number of stills for "The Easiest Way." Stills are important; they are the photographs by which studios advertise pictures.

She didn't refuse to take the stills; she simply refused to take certain stills. One in particular. They wanted her in a teddy bear she wore in the production. "No! Five years from now when I am married and have a family, I don't want pictures of me in underwear staring at me from the 'Police Gazette.'"

Connie was right, but they tried to argue. They didn't realize you can never argue with a Bennett. She countered-offered with a negligee. There was a scene. Connie promised to appear for the other stills on a Saturday morning. She was ill. Undoubtedly, they didn't believe her. They insisted she never gave them enough stills; she insists she did.

Then she went to First National. The publicity department asked her to pose with her father, who was playing in "Bought." looking into a make-up box.

"Now, isn't that original?" Connie asked demurely. "When you get something new I'll be glad to pose for you!"

First National also wanted stills. They had heard the M-G-M story. They asked Connie to reserve a day for them. "I will be there from two until five on Saturday."

"We would prefer you at ten, Miss Bennett!"

"I will be there from two until five, I said. And when I say I'll do anything, I do it!" (Which is true, by the way. As we'll prove later.)

"But we can't get enough. We want an entire day. If you'll come at ten—"

"You can get a hundred stills between two and five. I'll be there at two!" She was right again, and by this time the well-known Bennett dander was up.

Darryl Zanuck and other officials walked onto the set. The publicity man turned to them, mentioned the Metro situation; said he needed Miss Bennett at ten—

Connie heard. "You keep still, young man. When you have any experience to talk from, you can talk. What happened at another studio is none of your business. I said I'd be here at two—" There was more; much more. The officials backed Miss Bennett. They had learned, by being forced to pay her income tax on top of her salary when they first demurred at the figure, not to argue with a Bennett.

Evelyn Mulhall (Mrs. Jack) and Kathryn Carver Menjou (Mrs. Adolphe) were among those who disliked la Bennett. One evening, at a party, they told her so.

"Why?" Constance demanded instantly.

"Oh, the way you hold your head; look down your nose at people; speak—"

"Can I help the way I look?" Connie asked quietly. "If I learned to hold my head high as a child, to carry myself in a certain way, is it my fault? If I speak a broad A, as I was taught, am I supposed to change it because others in Hollywood don't use it? No, be fair. Girls. You don't know me; how can you dislike me?"

Certainly, they're friends—good friends, today. They couldn't win an argument with a Bennett.

A writer had an appointment to interview Miss Bennett on the set of her present picture, "Lady With a Past." A publicity man took her down—the two waited. For several hours! Miss Bennett made no move toward them. Finally, in desperation, the publicity man went to her and said, "Miss So and So has been waiting for several hours—"

"And how should I know that? I've never met her. Am I supposed to know everyone whom you bring down? Why didn't you bring her over?"

"But you had an appointment, Miss Bennett."

"How did I know she was the appointment?" Rah; rah; rah. A whole line of them.

Constance Bennett does not take things for granted. She must be told. Her publicity department knows this, of course. Undoubtedly, this man should have announced the writer; equally surely, he was afraid to approach Miss Bennett until she had given him some recognition.

The writer was furious. I glanced to meet her when she left. "I was raised to be a lady! Constance Bennett is not a lady!"

Connie was passing through Albuquerque recently. Twenty-five hundred people were on the platform to greet her. She wanted to send a telegram and do several other things in the ten minutes the train would be in the station. She stepped from a train; a little child
Here is one young man who doesn't want to be the President of the United States when he grows up. No sir, he would rather be a second Clark Gable. And the girls are already just crazy about that dimple in his chin. Ladies and gentlemen, meet Spanky, the newest addition to Hal Roach's "Our Gang." He's decided to be as mysterious as Garbo and keep his real name from his public. But he's going gunning for big parts with that weapon on his lap.

HOLLYWOOD has gone in for a new hair comb with a bang. I mean that literally. The very newest sensation is the bang, over the forehead.

At Edmund Goulding's wedding tea the guests were amazed to see Lily Damita arrive with her hair cut in a bang.

And five minutes later Carmel Myers arrived with her bangs, followed by Eleanor Boardman with the most becoming set of bangs seen in ages.

Over on the Chevalier set there was Genevieve Tobin with a nifty bang hair cut. So the idea seems to be catching on.

Hollywood claims the idea was simultaneous with all the lovely ladies but if you remember it was Garbo (she always does it) who introduced the bang in "Susan Lenox." This was the first time it was worn on the screen. Garbo must chuckle when she hears the others taking the credit.

NORMA SHEARER isn't going to say those smart lines nor wear those revealing gowns (and if you saw "A Free Soul" and "Private Lives" you know how revealing Norma's gowns can be) any more. No siree Bob, it's a right about face to the sweet and simple for Mrs. Irving Thalberg. "Private Lives," a swell picture, is the last of smartness. Her next is "Smilin' Through" and after that more smiles and things.

You can always trust Norma to keep up with the newest trends. When talkies first came in she was being sweet and lovely on the screen, but she was shrewd enough to see that the new entertainment wave was toward the shady lady. So she went shady until she was a black shadow of her former pure self. Now,
"No more gangster pictures," said the censors. So Jimmy Cagney and wife hopped an Eastbound freighter to see what could be done. When they arrived in New York they had such a swell time they forgot all about their Serious Purpose. Here they are going back to Hollywood. Meet the missus. It's the first time you've seen her.

If you were playing your first rôle on the New York stage, how would you like to have Irene Rich drop by the theater and give you a make-up lesson? That is the amazing experience of the young lady, above. Maybe the fact that Irene is her mother had something to do with the interest taken in Frances. The girl appears in "Brief Moment"

But now she'll be wearing hoop skirts and will, as always, come smiling through.

When they couldn't get Clara Bow to play in "The Impatient Maiden," Universal rapidly re-wrote it and cast Lew Ayres in it. And is Lew's face red? To substitute for Clara in a picture which was based on a book called "The Impatient Virgin!" Well, Lew gets speechless when he talks about it.

It's hard for the truth to catch up with the sensational, untrue story. The New York newspapers came out recently with a story that Lilyan Tashman had bought a $10,000 hat. The truth of the matter is that it was a $10 hat, in which Lilyan wore a beautiful diamond brooch. Lilyan was quite upset about it.

John P. Medbury (columnist) says it's rumored that one of Connie Bennett's ex-fiances heard she spent $5,000 a month at her dressmakers, so he quit phoning Connie and started going with the dressmaker.

When Ina Claire arrived in New York wearing a short skirted dress the newspaper reporters asked her the reason. Ina, a
Sob your biggest tears, girls, over this gay picture of a happy young man. It means Buddy Rogers has given up the screen for quits. He's brought his guitar and a couple of saxophones to New York where he'll thrill the maids of Manhattan by leading orchestras and appearing in musical shows.

A direct hit, you... “The depression has hit me.”

Now come, come, Ina. The real reason, please. Here's the answer.

Ina has grand legs and she's smart enough to play up the best part of her figure in spite of prevailing styles.

As we told you a few months ago, Kathryn Crawford got her big break in “Flying High” by reducing ten pounds in a week by going on an orange juice diet.

Now here's the inevitable result. Kathryn's sick. They say it's flu—but it was brought on as a result of the strenuous diet.

One of Hollywood's newest diet fads is prunes and spinach. But don't you try it—or Sylvia will get you. In this issue of Photoplay, Sylvia, the most famous reducing specialist in Hollywood, begins a series of articles. And boy, oh boy, they're right from the shoulder. With those drastic diets Sylvia has no patience. And, as Chic Sale says, she'll tell you why.

And here's another one to make you girls mind your Aunt Sylvia. Hidden away in a newspaper is an obscure item about Katherine Grant who was found, after a disappearance four years ago, a patient in the California State Hospital at Patton. She was admitted to the asylum about two years ago after being cared for in various private sanitariums.

An entirely mental and physical breakdown—it was called—yet four years ago she had as bright a future as any of the present-day stars. What happened? Katherine was beautiful—but overweight. She dieted the wrong way. This is the answer—and the result.

Florabel Muir tells a grand story about Dolores Mae Barrymore, nineteen-months-old daughter of Jack (profile) Barrymore and wife Dolores Costello. The other day a servant gave the family dog a bone. While he was busy chewing Dolores walked in, took it away from him and began to chew on it herself. Mama Dolores was horrified but Daddy Jack was just that thrilled.

That's the old fighting spirit,” he beamed. “If she's stealing bones from dogs at nineteen months—how many big scenes will she be stealing from actors when she's grown?”

The story called “The Man That Gloria Married,” on another page of this magazine, is what you mean when you say “real inside stuff.” And there's a reason why it's the real thing. You'll notice that the author is Eulalia Wilson. She is the former wife of Huntington Wilson. If you remember your politics you'll recall that he was Assistant Secretary of State in the Roosevelt and Taft administrations and resigned under Woodrow Wilson when he and the then-president disagreed about the Chinese policy.

MARIE DRESSLER was invited to a luncheon given by a group of social celebrities at the Ambassador Hotel.
Dear friends: That old bronk Peritonitis was a tough one to ride. The first three or four jumps I underestimated him, thinkin' there was nothin' new to expect or be surprised at, when Doc Smith hollered, "Hey! Tom, that's Peritonitis you're atop of." I just took a short holt and says, "I ride him in my own way, not by contest rules." So I sat down on that old rascal, bogged 'em deep and used every trick I knew—Tom Mix.

She arrived early, gowned in a plain, simple sports outfit. The first guest arrived, in furs, jewels, and orchids. Another came in, garbled in velvets, sables and gardenias. Still another. And another. All just that dressed up.

Finally, Marie turned to her hostess. "Why didn't you tell me this was a masquerade? I'd have worn a costume, too."

A NEWSPAPER woman asked a certain player for some gossip about his friends.

"I've gossiped so much I haven't any friends!" he answered.

One reason why the studios insist that a star keep her physical proportions to a certain measurement is the fact that every star has a "double," meaning a stuffed dummy kept in the wardrobe department and used for fitting the star's dresses. Hours and hours of the player's valuable time is thus saved by having all but the final fittings made on the "double," and if the star puts on a couple of inches here and takes off a pound there, it requires constant changing of the "double's" measurements at considerable expense.

PLAYING hunches or other psychic sug- gestions, is not Clark Gable's way of doing things. "If I don't believe in hunches at all," he argued, "in fact my experience has been that hunches work out exactly the opposite way. "A lot of people kid themselves into believing a hunch made them do this, that or the other thing that panned out well. As a matter of fact, it was either their own good judgment or advice from outside sources that guided them and not a hunch at all. They just don't stop to analyze the reasons behind their own deci-

sions and give all the credit to an imaginary hunch."

WHEN he was working in a rubber factory at Akron, Gable related by way of example, he had a hunch that he should join his father in the oil fields down in Oklahoma; that he belonged there; would find the contentment and happiness he was seeking.

"I was never so miserable in my life," Gable said. "It was worse than anything I ever went through. Lonesomeness became a gnawing hunger. I felt like a living ghost. I finally quit my job at good wages to go back to Akron and, eventually, the stage.

"I have had a thousand hunches while driving that I would turn over into a ditch at the next curve. I have actually felt I faced certain disaster. That hunch, or mental suggestion, is always wrong; I have never had any kind of accident."

A NOther hunch that certainly went wrong was the one I had when I signed for the gangster role in 'Dance Fools Dance,' with Joan Crawford. I was glad to get the chance to play so prominent a part but my hunch told me that was as far as I could ever go in pictures. Thenceforth, my hunch told me, I would be a 'heavy.' Look at me today, a hero — a minister — if you please!

I HAD another hunch not so long ago that turned out with reverse English like all the others," he continued. "I was walking down Hollywood Boulevard when I came to a building with a painter's scaffolding against it. My hunch, call it superstition if you will, told me not to walk under the ladder, although it was out of my way to walk around it. I walked under the ladder, anyway. As I did a pile of mortar and paint cans fell from the scaffold- ing above and landed all over the people walking on the other side of the ladder. I was the only person in the vicinity who escaped a paint and plaster shower.

"Another hunch warned me one night while I was playing on the stage that I had neglected an important part of dressing. I guess every man at some time or other has had the dream of standing in the midst of a crowd of people and suddenly discovering he is without trousers. That was the startling sensation I experienced on the stage before an audience of a thousand or more people. I fumbled my lines. My face crimsoned through the greasepaint. I dared not look to confirm the suspicions of my hunch. I went through twenty minutes of torture until the act was finished. The hunch was all wrong."

It is Garbo's habit to be through with her leading man as soon as the picture is finished. But with Ramon Novarro it's different. No, no, don't get ahead of me. It's not a love affair, even though Ramon admits that Garbo is his favorite actress and he's mad about her. Arm in arm they stroll across the lot. And every day Garbo snatchs a few minutes to visit Ramon's dressing-room to hear him play the piano and sing.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]
What Happened To Harry Langdon

Harry Langdon’s tragic story has been told in headlines. “Cash Paid to Hush Love Suit” “Langdon and Missus Split” “Actor Denies Paying Balm to Wife’s Ex-Mate” “Langdon Longs for Single Life” “Funny Man Goes Bankrupt” And there are dozens more.

But the most amazing story of little Harry Langdon’s rise and fall has never been printed. It is as fantastic as Hollywood itself.

Not so many years ago, at least you and I can remember it, Harry Langdon, “the man with the little hat,” was one of the big three of comedians. There was Chaplin. There was Lloyd and there was Langdon.

Harry had been knocked around—in films as well as in real life. For every comedy kick received, there were three honest-to-goodness knock-out blows. A trouper in a medical show at the age of twelve, an itinerant vaudevillian after that and a Mack Sennett two-reel comedy—he learned how to take ‘em.

People who couldn’t remember him in vaudeville praised him on the screen—and rightly. For here was a real comedian, a man who knew enough about the seamy-side of life to get on the screen that essential comedy quality—a combination of pity and pathos.

Remember his eating the chewing tobacco sandwich in an early Sennett? Remember his being cuffed around by policemen, husky guys and oversized wives? Remember that tragic, futile face?

“Why, the guy’s a second Chaplin,” everybody said, which was unfair, since Langdon had a style all his own and upon that style he winged his way to the highest comedy heights.

He left Sennett to form his own company and make feature lengths. He produced on the First National lot and released through them. “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp” was a great picture (incidentally a plump almost unknown girl who didn’t quite know what to do with her hands played the lead for the great comedian. Her name was Joan Crawford).

The film was fine but Langdon’s director had taken too much time on it and run him into the red, so Harry looked about for another director for the next one. And he handed the megaphone to a man who had been a poorly paid gag constructor at Sennett’s.

The man, whose name cannot be mentioned here, took over the reins of production and turned out a Jim dandy of a piece in “The Strong Man.” It was made in record time, under cost and was a sure fire box-office attraction. It put Langdon right on the top of the heap.

Langdon was delighted with his success. He believed that the troubles he had had—both domestic and professional—were over and that he could take it easy now and things would just sail along on their own momentum. But the poor fellow didn’t know that the fates had a little plan up their sleeves that would completely destroy him.

He’d never been able to indulge in rich men’s pastimes. He’d never been rich before. So now he took up golf, believing that his picture company was in good hands. The third story of his feature lengths had been doped out so that both his director and writer were able, so he stayed away from the studio for four weeks and followed a little white ball over a green lawn. He could shoot an eighty on a golf course. But he found himself unable to sink the put when he got back to the studio.

The writer and director had worked for four weeks on the new picture. They had quarreled. The writer thought the picture was too much footage that retarded the action before Langdon’s entrance. The director said he knew his stuff and wouldn’t be interfered with. Quite without Langdon who was star as well as producer, they had gone ahead. When he returned, they put their separate cases before him. He struggled along with the writer, agreeing with him on almost every point.

The director was furious and the picture was completed in all the maddening discord of a school girl squabble.

And then the fantastic event occurred that was to be the biggest contributing factor in Harry Langdon’s downfall.

The angry director wrote a letter to all the movie columnists. He said that Harry was impossible to work with, that he wanted to have a finger in every pie, that he was conceited, egotistical and considered himself the biggest shot in pictures. That he gave himself airs and wore the high hat instead of the little battered felt of his films. It was a vitriolic letter from a disgruntled man.

But the subject was taken too much time on it and got printed. The news was flung all over the world that Langdon was impossible on the set and dabbled in everything. Other writers picked up the story. Almost every newspaper carried it and it gathered power as it went spinning into the world. Movie fans saw it, but more important, it was read by producers.

By Katherine Albert

Harry Langdon can still give the world the horse laugh. “I know I can act, if I’m not licked,” he says when he married Helen Walton the world looked rosy. But now they’re getting a divorce and Harry’s bankrupt
A PRESS-AGENT would describe this as a "charmingly intimate camera study."

Until we looked at the face we thought it was Marlene Dietrich. Then we recognized Arlene Judge, the naughty child of "Are These Our Children?" She is the recent bride of Wesley (Director) Ruggles.
IRENE DUNNE is the sort of girl who drives interviewers wild. She's a grand actress (you saw her in "Cimarron" and "Consolation Marriage") but there's little to write about her except that her physician husband lives in New York and they talk long distance every evening; that she likes astronomy and was born in Kentucky; that she can sing, is a swell golf player and a nice person.
THIS is the way Joel McCrea looked the day Connie Bennett married Hank, the Marquis, and if you think that's a picture of a young man with a broken heart you've been taking your Pagliacci too seriously. Nope, Joel is the sort of lad men trust with their wives and he'll take Connie out when Hank is busy. In the meantime he'll be Dolores Del Rio's leading man in "Bird of Paradise"
"Well, well," says Clark (What-A-Man) Gable, as he figures out the raise he got from his producers, "that will more than make up for the increased income tax." They may be cutting down in the studios but they are not slicing his salary. They raised him to $1,000 a week and he steals pictures from $5,000 a week ladies
When Nordic Met Latin

Ramon Novarro’s story of working with Garbo in “Mata Hari”

By Ralph Wheelright

WHAT happened on that memorable afternoon when Greek met Greek is history.

But the fusing of the Nordic and Latin temperaments of Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro is still spot news in Hollywood where anything is expected to happen and often does.

Announcement of the co-starring assignments for “Mata Hari” sounded a signal gun for rumors, conjecture and prognostication of all description. It freely was vouched for production wouldn’t last two weeks. Friends of Director George Fitzmaurice wrung his hand sorrowfully as though he were about to board a rocket headed for the moon.

Seven-to-three money was quoted on the curb that Producer Irving Thalberg would leap overboard from the “S.S. Catalina” before he was through with the picture. A few optimistic souls ventured a vagrant hope that somehow everything might turn out all right, after all.

How would Garbo and Novarro get along in double-yoke? In a business of give-and-take who will give the giving and who will take the taking? The back of whose neck will be in the closeups? Would Garbo and Novarro flame with another Gilbert-Garbo bonfire or would they choose weapons at twenty paces?

And who ever heard of a Swede and a Mexican eating at the same bowl, anyway?

Well, the picture is finished. It speaks for itself. Those few privileged to peek into projection rooms acclaim it the best either star has contributed to the talkies—if not the best in their separate careers. The artistic quality is unquestioned. Its box-office appeal is obvious. There have been no bodies discovered strewn about the sound stages. Mister Fitzmaurice is still a sane man. Irving Thalberg’s obituary hasn’t appeared in the public prints.

And Garbo and Novarro are the best of friends!

In fact, it has been whispered around the Hollywood grapevine route that Garbo was happier making “Mata Hari” than she has been in many months. If not years. It is said she enjoyed Novarro’s companionship tremendously, welcomed the sharing of the vast burden of carrying an entire production.

Garbo never appeared more radiant, throbbingly human, than in the glamorous vehicle in which Novarro fills the romantic rôle of the Russian aviator, enamored of the beautiful spy.

Those who have seen Miss Garbo about the lot during the making of the picture, commented upon the gorgeousness of her costume, her unfurled contentment. Not once on the production, gossip says, was there the slightest friction of any kind. Both stars, accustomed to ruling their own roosts, were more than willing to meet each other half-way in making concessions. They understood each other.

By the very reason of opposite temperaments Garbo and Novarro had an intuitive insight into each other’s likes and dislikes. Bringing them together might be described by a psychologist as the joining of negative and positive electro poles.

Garbo, the Nordic, inclined toward being phlegmatic. Novarro, the Latin, more fiery of personality, high-strung, a bit restless. Both as sensitive as Stradivarius violins. But somehow they are strangely attuned in a common effort. To them, their careers are all-important. They live it.

Ten years a star, twice as long in motion pictures as Garbo, Novarro was almost naive in his delight in being cast in “Mata Hari.” True, he had met Garbo socially one time or another, but his natural pride never would have permitted him to reveal his great ambition to play opposite her.

This enthusiasm was manifest in gallant fashion on the morning filming began on the picture.

On her dressing-room table that morning, Garbo found a huge mound of pink roses. Tucked in the silken petals was a note, penned in a sweeping, boyish hand.

It read:

“I hope the world will be as thrilled to see Mata Hari as I am to work with her—Ramon Novarro”

First on the production schedule was the scene in Mata Hari’s exotic apartment. It was
MINNA GOMBELL, the good scout of Hollywood, has a dimple in her chin and a tiny mole on her right cheek. Talks incessantly and has laughed herself out of dozens of tight places.

She arrived in Hollywood at exactly twelve minutes past nine. At nine fifteen she had Hollywood's number and knew half the answers. She knew the other half before lunch.

Whenever a producer along Broadway found a weak spot in a play, he sent for Minna to help. She helped. Weak spots are Minna's specialty. During the run of a certain play, Minna had to stand in the wings and scream and scream. The play and Minna's voice failed at the same time, which drove her to studying tonal placement. She emerged with perfect diction. And no sooner did they hear her speak in Hollywood than they made her a studio voice teacher.

Standing off on the sidelines she read the part of Edna in "Bad Girl" for the other players to rehearse. And yearned for the part, which still remained vacant. Finally the director grew desperate. "Where am I going to find Edna?" he shrieked. "Here," answered Minna meekly. She got the part. She was great. And has been ever since.

Loves swimming and can aquaplane. Stays slender by foregoing sweets and potatoes. Calls her car "Queenie," because it behaves like a burlesque queen, kicking up in the wrong places.


Her last name rhymes with dumb-bell. But Minna isn't one. Wears plain clothes and loves to walk in the rain, but has never met Garbo.

RALPH BELLAMY always wanted to be an actor, so at fifteen he ran away from home (Chicago, Ill.) to be one. He toured with small shows until he landed in New York, but no one cared.

Cold, hungry, tired, he walked, one day, from the World Building to his room on Seventy-ninth Street. And suddenly found himself, perched on the edge of the fire escape, five stories above the ground. His knuckles glistened white as they clung to the rail. Cold sweat bathed his body. Suddenly he laughed, instead of leaping as he'd planned to do. To this day he loathes fire escapes. They give him the creeps. The next week he landed a part on Broadway. And was soon snatched away by the movies.

They tossed him a small part in "The Secret Six," and bits in "The Magnificent Lie" and "West of Broadway." He made them hum. Then Fox gave him "Surrender" and he was a hit.

He's six foot, one and a half and has a disarming smile revealing small, white teeth spaced in the front, like a kid's. Eyes are light blue and his hair light brown. He twiddles his thumbs when he talks. Has a weakness for neckties with blue in them and is devoted to an old pair of trousers he's had for years that are worn in vital spots, but he puts them on the minute he reaches home.

He collects music boxes that play when the lids are removed and keeps the lids off most of the time. It's awful. He loathes sweetbreads and demands lemon cream pie three times a day. He doesn't always get it.

Catherine Willard is his wife.

For no reason, he's scared of the number thirteen, and wouldn't carry $13 in his pocket if he had it. He seldom has it.
If you've been wondering about the girl with the Garbo voice, it's Karen Morley, a calm, practical young woman who suddenly blossoms into an alluring, intriguing, glamorous person before a camera. Even Karen doesn't know how it happens.

She's always imitating people at home, and to her utter horror found herself addressing Garbo, herself, in thick Swedish accents. Garbo gazed at her for some moments in silence. "Ach, so iss, eh?" she finally remarked, which may mean one of several things. Karen fears the worst.

Meat and pickles she loves and will ritz milk and vegetables every chance she gets. She weighs one hundred and four pounds, never diets and is five feet, four inches tall in stocking feet. She thinks she's a giant. It worries her. Her constant habit of speaking the truth has her always in jams. She still speaks it.

She has a habit in pictures of sticking out her lower lip. She received dozens of fan letters about it, so she tries to keep it in. The smell of lilacs always leaves her homesick for a back yard in Ottumwa, Iowa, where Karen was born.

Her yellow hair is naturally curly. So she doesn't bother combing it. Merely shakes her head and lets it fall where it will. Modern poets and German and Russian novels are her favorites. She reads constantly.

Claims she chose theatrical work because she's lazy and it offered the quickest way to success and money.

Practically no one awes her. Even the two Barrymores in her latest picture, "Arsene Lupin," fail to ruffle her calm. Karen Morley is absolutely sure of herself, never fumbles for a word, is reserved and thinks clearly. She lives at home where strict hours are kept, and has one steady beau, a business man.
**PRIVATE LIVES—M-G-M**

Well, they've kept them all in—those swell lines of the Noel Coward play. And they're both there—those two grand, impossible, delightful characters who kept the show running on Broadway for years. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery are excellent as the ex-husband and ex-wife who, having married others, run away with each other. A wild farce idea made snappy by sparkling and at times, questionable dialogue. Una Merkel and Reginald Denny play the dull folk who are run away from.

How Norma and Bob quarrel and make up, only to quarrel again! Bob's comedy is broad but it's good, and Shearer does her most efficient and, sad to say, nudist work. The kids won't understand this, we hope, but if you like 100 per cent sophistication, you'll like this.

**MATA HARI—M-G-M**

The Garbo-maniacs have a thrill in store for them when they view her as the famous spy, Mata Hari. Garbo has never in her entire career appeared more ravishing, more glamorous, nor done finer work than in this picture. Seeing it, you can well believe that many men gladly laid down their lives for her, as they do in this thrilling story.

The life story of the real Mata Hari, who faced a French firing squad during the World War, is familiar to thousands. Garbo moves alluringly through adventures full of intrigue and daring, but pays the death penalty for her crime.

Ramon Novarro gives a genuinely moving performance as the young officer for whom Mata Hari risks all. Probably no one else could have played the part as convincingly. Ramon makes you believe he would be just such a slave to the woman he loved.

Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone shine in the splendid supporting cast. Garbo wears fantastic gowns that suit her and the rôle but Seymour advises against wearing copies of them in your parlor. Her entire work, from beginning to end, is magnificent. Don't miss this glittering picture, and don't miss the new team of Garbo and Novarro.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

MATA HARI
LADIES OF THE JURY
PRIVATE LIVES
LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE
THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM
EMMA
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE
JUVENILE COURT

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari"
Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari"
Edna May Oliver in "Ladies of the Jury"
Norma Shearer in "Private Lives"
Robert Montgomery in "Private Lives"
Sylvia Sidney in "Ladies of the Big House"
Ina Claire in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"
Marie Dressler in "Emma"
Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
Miriam Hopkins in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
Jackie Cooper in "Sooky"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Union Depot"
Pat O'Brien in "Juvenile Court"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116

LADIES OF THE JURY—Radio Pictures

It's a good thing stays have gone out! Ladies would wreck their health if they had stiff restraints against their sides while seeing this. It's one of the big laughs of movie history.

Although it's called "Ladies of the Jury," don't let that mislead you. Masculine weaknesses are as subtly and amusingly revealed as feminine ones. What twelve men and women will do when closeted in a room to judge another human being—we could never do justice in the telling.

Edna May Oliver starts as one against eleven. But you can trust her to read the nature of her opponents and play upon them so adroitly that—well, see the picture.

There's either a chuckle or a roar in every line. The only possible criticism lies in the fact that the picture moves so rapidly you feel you have missed one laugh while recovering from another.

There's not a hint of the risqué. Clean, healthy entertainment. We took an eleven-year-old to see it and he, as well as the adults, wants to see it again. The cast (including Roscoe Arbuckle and Robert McWade), is perfect. Every actor is a veteran and each is picked as a definite character.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM—United Artists

Sophisticated, smart and amusingly different. Crammed with subtle innuendoes and cute little tricks belonging to the feminine gender of gold-diggers.

Ina Claire surprises. She has never been photographed as well and is startlingly beautiful. Her acting is delightful.

Madge Evans looks a youthful version of Greta Garbo in many shots. Joan Blondell is her clever, natural self. Chanel, of Paris, dressed the girls, but the girls re-designed.

It doesn't depend upon story but situations. Three gold-diggers out to collect from well-sugared daddies. Lowell Sherman is one. He gets a hand as both bachelor and director. David Manners had a heart as well as a purse. Hence complications! By no means for children and not good for girls in their formative years.

EMMA—M-G-M

Without Marie Dressler this would not be so meritorious, but it has Marie so we recommend it. We saw it at an early preview and the story is undergoing changes. It will probably be much improved when you see it.

Marie is a servant. The lady-of-the-house dies while giving birth to a fourth child. Marie raises the family with a devotion that real mother love seldom excels. The family rises in position; moves from bungalow to mansion. The children grow "modern." They forget Marie is mother; remember her as servant. She cares them of that.

She is tried for murder. But—we will not tell out-of-school secrets; only advise it will bring tears and put another notch on the victorious gun of Dressler.
Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—Paramount

Here's a picture that partakes of the dual nature of its principal role. The first part is a "Dr. Jekyll" of beauty and drama. But when Dr. Jekyll becomes Mr. Hyde, the picture follows suit. Fredric March's work is splendid and Miriam Hopkins shares the honors. Too bad this filming of the Stevenson classic is not good fare for children nor even for adults who are easily unnerved.

COCK OF THE AIR—United Artists

Billie Dove emerges as a war-time Parisian beauty, so distractingly charming that she has to be sent into oblivion in order that the Allies can carry on. The story goes haywire somewhere. It obviously was meant to be whimsical, and ends by becoming almost slap-stick at times, and rather risqué. Some dating bedroom scenes, fair amount of suspense, and gowns that will make you gasp.

DELICIOUS—Fox

Any picture with Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell is of interest, and this is specially recommended because it is clean. Without Gaynor and Farrell you wouldn't walk two blocks to see it. But you will like the musical score by George Gershwin. Janet is a Scotch waif who tries to elude immigration officials. Charlie is the wealthy American. Encourage this clean picture by attending it.

JEKYLL AND HYDE—Paramount

The pathetic story of a boy who imitates the wrong kind of hero and goes overboard because of it. It's not a preaching, but it reveals conditions surrounding adolescent youth. It makes you think. Pat O'Brien, as the "boot-legging" hero, gives a fine performance, while Junior Durkin, as the worshipful lad who follows blindly, just about breaks your heart. Have yourself a good cry.

SOOKY—Paramount

This lives up to the word "sequel" by its resemblance to "Skippy." Yet, the kids, young and old, will like it. Of course, Jackie Cooper is sensational. He pulls your heart right out with his tears and then puts it right back again with his smile. Robert Coogan is the same Sooky. Jackie Searl, as the sissy villain, is perfect. Splendid entertainment, this, for all the family.

GIRL OF THE RIO—Radio Pictures

This talkie version of "The Dove" is a singular come-back triumph for Dolores Del Rio. It conclusively proves her an excellent actress and one of the most beautiful women of the screen. The picture is good entertainment. Leo Carrillo as the villainous Caballero and Norman Foster as the Johnny of Dolores' heart are perfect, but Dolores takes the honors in her first picture made since her illness.
The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

The Beast of the City — M-G-M

This is not only intriguing entertainment, but it merits intelligent attention because it presents potently the obstacles facing the police of a big city. The inside workings of a police department are shown in interesting detail. Walter Huston, Wallace Ford and Jean Harlow snap out excellent performances. The platinum blonde proves herself an actress as well as a "looker," while Huston is really great.

The Woman from Monte Carlo — First National

Regardless of Lil Dagover's fine work and evident potentialities, her first American starring picture is not sensational. She would grace frothy sophistication better than this heavy, wary-talkative melodrama. She plays the wife of Walter Huston, commander of the ship on which all the scenes are laid. The ships under fire will bring thrills, but the story bores. Warren William turns in a nice performance.

Manhattan Parade — Warners

Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth should be enough for any comedy. But they've thrown the big parts in this one to the headline vaudeville team of Dale and Smith. They're a riot. It's a satire on Broadway and theatrical producers. Laughs come as rapidly and as frequently as traffic cops you're not expecting. Luis Alberni is fine as the mad impresario. See this Technicolor comedy.

A Woman Commands — RKO-Pathé

What a pity that Pola Negri should return in such a trite, impossible and worn-out theme. If she had anything to do, she would have done it well. Her bright spot is singing in a cabaret. The gal has a luring voice which records gorgeously. Basil Rathbone plays opposite and Roland Young makes much of nothing. Pola is beautiful and intriguing. See this for yourself.

Union Depot — First National

Varvings from the average screen fare, this is well worth anyone's time. It portrays humanity in a Union Depot—life as you see it in snatches, with the snatches played by some of the best actors in Hollywood. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., leaps along moving trains as agilely as once did his father. Joan Blondell is cuter in her usual wisecracking roles, but good as a straight lead, too.

Under Eighteen — Warners

Marian Marsh is to be congratulated on her first starring vehicle. She does well. The old story of the innocent cloak model and rich client has a new plot twist, lovely sets and smart clothes. Anita Page, the financially-harassed sister, makes the most of her part, while Norman Foster, the pool-room expert, gets many laughs. Regis Toomey and Warren William are fine. [Additional reviews on page 97]
Both the Barrymore boys act in “Arsene Lupin.” They’ve been in the same productions before, but John has always had the biggest roles. Now it is Lionel who dominates the scenes and John lets him take the royal family honors.

To the Head of the Class

Overshadowed for twenty years by John and Ethel, Lionel Barrymore shines through off on a mad, magnificent career that ended, inevitably, in Hollywood, at $20,000 a week.

But Mr. Lionel, the first-born—he never seemed to get on. While Mr. John’s beautiful nose poked its way into a dozen starring photoplays—while Miss Ethel easily achieved the position of First Lady of the American Theater—Mr. Lionel was serving out a modest term as director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures.

And then, suddenly, and for no apparent reason, Mr. Lionel laid down the megaphone and picked up the grease-paint once more.

Then came what to me is the most thrilling event of the modern photoplay. Suddenly the name of Lionel Barrymore was heard on the tongues of all picture fans everywhere! Cast as a dissolute, brilliant attorney in the picture called “A Free Soul,” he turned in a performance of the very first water. His notices were magnificent. He was in demand.

JUST brother Lionel—turning out a good, workmanlike job of acting. And at the age of fifty-three, with his brother and sister inevitably on the long, swift chute that leads to theatrical oblivion, he had arrived.

I know of no more dramatic, romantic story in the history of pictures than the new arrival of Lionel Barrymore. It has every element of theatrical beauty. Consider the record.

What has happened to the great Barrymore tribe in the past brief decade—the one royal family of the American theater?

Consider Mr. John. Little by little, as the years took their toll, his beauty faded. That magnificent nose became a bit peaked. He was no longer fitted for the Don Juan sort of thing—all that remained for him was the crepe-hair putty-nosed character work that he loves in his heart of hearts. He subsided,

By Leonard Hall

A

BOUT the year 1910, a dizzy adolescent in shiny pants, I wandered into the Dreamland Theater, where I could absorb four one-reel pictures for five cents.

There was method in my visit. I knew that on Saturday the latest Biograph picture would be squirted upon the Dreamland screen, and thither I took myself, weekly, as on a pilgrimage. For I was hopelessly in love with Mary Pickford, Marion Leonard and Florence Lawrence, and I never missed a Biograph (one D. W. Griffith made them all).

This particular Saturday, though I did not suspect it then, loomed large in the history of the baby photoplay. The name of the picture I saw that day was “The New York Hat.” It was written by a sixteen-year-old girl named Anita Loos, a tiny, big-eyed creature who was to amass a fortune from the stage and screen. Its star was my beloved Mary Pickford, then merely “The Biograph Girl.” And its leading man, all dressed up in clerical clothes, was Mr. Lionel Barrymore!

I doubt that many remember Mr. Lionel’s début in the leaping tintypes. After all, I suppose there were not many Biograph fans, in those days.

But I remember it, and for twenty years I have nourished the memory of that trivial, inconspicuous première. For, of the great Barrymore line, Mr. Lionel seemed to prosper least. Of the three star-spangled children of the beautiful, ill-starred Maurice Barrymore, Mr. Lionel, the eldest, got nowhere quite the fastest.

Miss Ethel, tall and statuesque and commanding with a magnificent voice that did things to the soul of the listener, got on. In her twenties she was a star, beloved of the mathée girl.

Mr. John, the youngest of the trio, was beautiful. After a weird period in minor farce, he scored a terrific success in Galsworthy’s mighty play, “Justice,” and was
Llewellyn Carroll is a new PHOTOPLAY find among Hollywood writers. She knows the studios inside out and every phase of the personalities of the players. You will detect a new note in her writings. Watch for her every month.

What Hollywood Did To A New England Schoolmarm

Six years ago, in a small, quiet New England town, a young, attractive blonde yawned to bed on the screened sleeping porch of her parents' old-fashioned house. Her eyes, blue and clear, gazed into the star-sprinkled sky and dreamed beyond the blue-black rim of horizon to the metropolis of New York. New York! Life...

Fortunately, reality plays no part in dreams. If it had, Thelma Todd, school teacher, could never have dreamed, for the salary she received for teaching small children their a-b-c's paid for only the necessities of existence, not the luxury of dreams. Yet she believed, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that some day she would be an animated figure in the fascinating pattern of New York.

The dream faded in the daylight, chased away by prim routine. Thelma, however, was to a school teacher's desk what a duck is to land. She was vibrant and gay with youth. She was beautiful, with a fresh, creamy complexion, a laughing mouth, a curved, graceful body. She had brains, but her wit was a flashing rapier and her bucolic admirers were never frightened away by "blue stocking" humors.

Thelma believed in trying anything once. The local theater announced a movie contest, the winners of which would be signed by Paramount and brought to the company's Long Island studio, there to be taught the technique of acting before the camera and to be featured in a film. Thelma was urged to enter the contest.

A school teacher enter such a contest? She shrieked with merriment at the idea—and entered it. Anything—once. Having entered, she wanted to win. The Todd girl sympathizes with failures, provided she isn't among them. So suppose she did smile coquettishly upon the theater manager whose power decided what local applicants would be submitted to the judges?

She won the contest and amidst a flurry of family and friends she was packed and waved off on a train bound for New York and adventure. Ecstasy flooded her heart and the wheels clicked a pean of hope along a steel rainbow.

New York lived up to her dreams. The Paramount studio, despite long days of work, thrilled her. It moulded and polished the unsophisticated blonde school teacher. She changed subtly and was changed subtly in the motion picture environment where sex, heretofore a moonlight lark, was merely a

Who is this woman? We'll give you up to eighteen guesses. Cross our heart and hope to die, it's Thelma Todd when she was teaching school.

"Teacher, I know the answer," said her pupils. But the kids didn't know that some day little Miss Todd would be a lovely Hollywood actress.
The dreams of a demure little school teacher who was metamorphosed by Hollywood into a beautiful and glamorous actress have sometimes turned into nightmares of disillusionment.

By Llewellyn Carroll

provocative commodity and recognition its golden by-product.

After months of study, the Paramount students completed their technical training. They made and finished their picture, "Fascinating Youth." The showing of this picture and the reaction of critics and public determined whether the young players would receive bona fide Paramount contracts or be returned to their respective homes.

Thelma Todd was in a fever of anxiety. Suppose she failed and was not signed? Should she remain in New York and struggling along as a movie extra, return to school teaching, or fit herself for an office position? She put the worry aside. There was no need to cross any bridge yet. Thelma is a bit of a fatalist at heart. What is, is. What isn't—well, it isn't. Why fret?

The need of a decision never arose. Thelma, together with Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Josephine Dunn and Jack Luden, was signed to a contract and sent to Paramount's West Coast studio. Life, rich and alluring, stretched before her on the long train trip to California.

She arrived in Hollywood, starry-eyed, bubbling with anticipation. Hollywood, however, is bored by young emotions. It accepts only fame, success and riches. The Todd girl, with a surprised lift of arched brows, shrugged off the disappointment of her negative welcome. She knew no one in the community, yet she had no qualms of loneliness. Her very love and exuberance of life had always surrounded her with amusement and activity.

She suffered from no inferiority complex. Neither was she awed by the expensive homes in Beverly Hills with their sweep of green lawn, of flowers, of trees. Nor was she awed by the expensive cars, the swank and the poise or pose of the picture rich.

But she was awed—indeed shocked—by the more personal, the balder aspects of Hollywood. Unattached beauty, she discovered, was considered fair prey for men, from extras to stars to executives who liked to play. It made no difference if they were married. They played and were known to call it attending "studio conferences." They played together, usually, and were familiar with each other's indiscretions. In the argot of the studio, this was cynically accepted as "knowing where the body was buried." Many incapable minor executives held their jobs by being accomplices to the indiscretions of their superiors.

Thelma found, too, that Hollywood gossiped viciously. No person was safe from the "pack." It was smart for women or [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]
Quiet! The cameras are turning!

A WHISTLE sounds. A button, lighting the red light at the door of the stage, is pressed. "They're turning, they're turning," echoes over the set. Then all is quiet as a tomb. Director Robert Florey is ready to begin "Murders in the Rue Morgue," another thriller.
Hushed horror comes to the set!

The fearful guttural grunts of the ape, the shuffle of his padded feet and the Shakespearean voice of Bela Lugosi are noises that drop into the silence. And Sidney Fox knows they mean her doom. This is the scene the cameras on the other page are taking.
DOROTHY MACKAILL—"hardboiled Dot," they call her in Hollywood because she's so worldly—cried like a baby while she was being married to Nell Miller!—and then she took him across the line into Mexico and got so—uh—happy that she didn't want to go home with him!

And Richard Dix, whom you just can't keep away from in front of camera lenses in Hollywood, scowled as only Dix can scowl at cameramen who wanted to get a snap of him and his brand new bride!—and he got square with them by letting them wait outside a closed hotel door listening to cork-poppings inside.

And Gloria Swanson—but wait! We're getting 'way ahead of our story, even before it's fairly begun. For this is the Yuma's-eye-view of that startling succession of movie-star-weddings that happened not so many weeks ago in that little Arizona hamlet, which forthwith leaped into national fame with the new sobriquet: "Hollywood's Gretta Green."

This is the story of the little things filmland's newlyweds said and did in Yuma during those few hours they spent there being married. And maybe some of it's the answer to the Hollywood wisecrack that grew and grew and grew, after the Yuma weddings—something to the effect that it was merely the proof of Hollywood's sense of Yuma! And, of course, seven-score songwriters at once went to work writing music for songs like "Yumarry Me In Yuma."

It really all began when some California legislator, who couldn't think of anything else to write a law about, worked himself into a fever when he contemplated the horrible consequences of getting married too easily. He had heard, specifically, of a case or two where a couple of young folk had celebrated too much at some party—and awakened the next morning and found they'd gotten married.

So he introduced and had passed what's called California's "gin-marriage" law. It prescribes that you can't get married in the Golden State (adv.) until three days after you've filed a notice of intention.

Well, a lot of people when they want to get married are terribly impatient. Hollywood stars, particularly, are noted for their impulsiveness. Good heavens, it'd be a reasonable bet that if some Hollywood stars had to wait three days between filing an intention and the ceremony, they would have changed their minds and wanted to marry somebody else by that time!

And so they started looking around for places where they could step up, get a license, get married, and get back home. First they hit upon Nevada, where anything goes. Nevada became the state where they capitalized on both ends—rapid-fire divorce in Reno; rapid-fire marriage in Las Vegas.

Notable among the Las Vegas marriages was that of Lola Lane and Lew Ayres. They halted a murder trial so the superior judge could step into his chamber and marry them, while the defendant waited. James Kirkwood committed his third (or was it fourth?) marriage, too, in Las Vegas. But Las Vegas harbors some wide-awake newspapermen, Hollywood discovered, so the element of secrecy was lacking.

AND that leads to the first of the notable Yuma-Hollywood weddings: that of June Collyer and Stu Erwin. They're really the ones that started the Yuma wedding vogue. It wasn't Aimee Semple MacPherson's press-agent-and-reporter-and-photographer-accompanied "secret" elopement to Yuma that did it at all, as some would have you believe. It was June and Stu who blazed the trail.

Now, you've already read in PHOTOPLAY about the Collyer-Erwin romance and Yuma wedding—how they stood in a superior court room with the thermometer bubbling at 108 while a six-foot-tall judge named Kelly made them man and wife, while a minister in overalls, a bit disgruntled at not getting the fee himself, stood in the background. You've read that—but you haven't read one detail that's being told now, for the first time. It's about how Stu lost his pants and almost couldn't get married! (He'll kill me for telling this.)

Stu and June had motored all night across the southwest desert to reach Yuma for a morning ceremony. With them
were June's two brothers. They arrived tired, dusty, dishevelled. Instead of going, like that, to the courthouse, they went first to the San Carlos hotel—one of Yuma's two more pretentious places.

They took a row of rooms, and while June primped up in one, Stu took a bath and shave in another. And sent out his pants to be pressed.

Then he waited.

June phoned that she was ready. Stu said he'd be down as soon as he got his pants on. He rang for a boy.

"Where in h— in Yuma are my pants?" he bellowed.

"Your pants?" asked the boy.

"Yes, my pants," thundered Stu, trying hard to look impressive and dignified. But no man can look dignified, all dressed up without his pants! The boy said he'd look for 'em. He went. Stu waited.

June called again. Stu explained his predicament. June, instead of being properly sympathetic, merely howled with laughter. Stu decided to throttle a tailor. He kept on waiting. Can you imagine an impatient bridegroom-to-be waiting for a pair of pants to get married in?

Well, the pants finally arrived—but not until June, her two brothers, the license clerk and the judge had waited for more than an hour. And so they were married.

And went back to the hotel and Stu proudly re-registered as

"No pictures!" thundered Richard Dix after the wedding. So this fuzzy shot of Richard's back as he helped his bride into the plane for the return trip was all cameramen got

"Mr. and Mrs. S. Philip Erwin." They thought they'd gotten away with a secret wedding. But in Yuma, there are a corps of news-hounds of fast calibre.

June and Stu didn't know it, but the wedding story was on the wires before they were man and wife. And so the phone rang in their room.

"Say," demanded the hotel's manager, or somebody in command, "what's a-goin' on here? I gotta call for a MISS Collyer here, and they say we can find her in YOUR room. We'll have no Hollywood goings-on in THIS hotel . . .!"

But Stu showed the license and the certificate. And so everything was smoothed over, and they stopped over in Mexico, which is just three miles from Yuma, and had a wedding breakfast. And the customs officers at the border didn't know it, but the newlyweds brought back the cutest wedding souvenir you ever saw—it's a tiny, tiny bottle with some brown liquid in it, and a label that dates back to pre-war days. They've still got it. They say they'll never open it.

Well, that wedding focussed Hollywood attention on Yuma as a place to marry. About Yuma, they learned this:

That it's less than four hours from Hollywood by air. That there's a justice of the peace ready to marry all comers at any hour. That to celebrate, they can motor for ten minutes and be across a border in Mexico, where the only thing Prohibition

[Please turn to page 111]
Movie Producer: "Nope, not the type, sister. We want an ingénue with everything you haven't got—pep, charm, looks, magnetism and plenty of 'it'—" "Well—I wish you luck—I'm the scrubwoman!"
Thanks for the Tips, Madge

MISS EVANS GIVES FASHION TIPS
IN NEW PICTURE, "COURAGE"

HAVE you started thinking about it—what you will wear this Spring, I mean? If you haven’t and need an inspiration—go see Madge Evans’ new picture. You will come home with enough ideas for several wardrobes. There’s this white crepe sports dress, for instance. It’s summery looking, of course, but it points out some new trends. Wide shoulders achieved by a cleverly crossed cape collar, high neckline, return of two-piece effects, red as a trimming—and a straighter silhouette. Remember these when you go shopping. Madge’s bob is the smart length, too.

BLUES are in again and that soft powder blue is Madge Evans’ choice for the formal afternoon dress. A horizontally tucked yoke finished with bow at one side gives the desired wide shoulder look. Sleeves draped gracefully at the elbow end in tight cuffs. And tucking finishes the flared hemline. Mousseline de soie is the fabric. And as I said, you will see it in "Courage."
Watch For These Fashion

**FUR CAPES** are a popular style of the day. They top such good looking costumes as this one Loretta Young wears. Loretta’s is black galyak worn over a black broadcloth dress whose deep cuffs and belt of the fur stress the ensemble idea. The cape is cut with a flare, shorter in front than in back. Note the narrow, standing collar.

**MANNISH VEST**—just one of the smart details of this trim, tailored suit worn by Bette Davis in “The Feathered Serpent.” The short black wool jacket and skirt stress straight lines.

**NECKLINES** are higher for daytime and evening clothes. Even the jabot on Carole Lombard’s silk blouse is caught high at the throat by a jeweled pin. Nice tailored felt hat.
CLOTH CAPES follow fur ones to fashion triumphs. A separate one edged in fur to match a dress like this one which Myrna Loy wears in “Emma” is especially good. This is elbow length and the fur is black Persian lamb. White piqué edges the square neckline of the black wool dress. Note the back trimming on her brimmed hat—a Spring millinery detail.

PLAIDS are a good old Scotch touch that are livening up many smart outfits this season. Judith Wood wears this plaid suit in “Working Girls.” The skirt, jacket binding, tam and tie are plaid—the jacket of blue suede.

TAM effects continue to be popular. You’ll recognize this as a close-up of the one that matches Judith Wood’s plaid suit. A bow of the material is placed high at the back.
THIS, my friends, is what is known as "back interest" in the fashion lingo. Do I hear you say, "And how?" It's a toss-up whether bathing suits or evening gowns show the most back. Certainly Carole Lombard strikes a new low in this evening gown. This is called the bathing suit decolletage. Note the straps and the wrapped hipline with fulness drawn to the back. Double bows give the smart, old-fashioned bustle effect. The fabric is one of the small flower patterned silks that will be seen this coming season. You can see the front of this in "No One Man!"

LOOKING at this high neckline you wouldn't think Adrienne Ames could truthfully say she hasn't "a stitch to her back" would you? But like Carole Lombard's dress, it's high in front and low in back. Again the bustle detail, this time emphasized by a ruffle in front, too. The pin high on one shoulder and the earrings are a nice touch. Seen in "One Hour With You."
The Unknown Hollywood I Know

When Garbo would not love Jack Gilbert... When Aileen Pringle entertained Aimee McPherson... The real Lon Chaney

I remember once his describing Clifton Webb and Libby Holman doing "Moamin' Low" in the "First Little Show." With such dynamic charm did he play both parts, so effectively did he get into the spirit of the thing that when, a few months later, I saw the number upon the New York stage I was disappointed. Jack Gilbert—who can neither sing nor dance—had done "Moamin' Low" better than Webb and Holman who sing and dance exceptionally well.

Some thunderous god-like madness was imprisoned within Gilbert and he was never able to release all of himself successsfully on the screen—except, perhaps, in "The Big Parade." Yet, temperamental and emotional as he was, he had an abundance of boyish sweetness, a great love for his friends and a deep capacity for being hurt.

That is why I felt miserable when, unwittingly, hurt him. While I was still in the publicity department of M-G-M, Jim Tully wrote an article that appeared in a national magazine. I felt it unfair to Gilbert and, for the most part, untrue. I said as much to Jack and added that it would give me a great deal of satisfaction to see him punch Jim squarely on the nose.

Jack did not answer. I left the set feeling I'd spoken out of turn. But when I got home that night I realized it was fear of showing too much of himself that had made him turn away, for a boy had delivered to my house an enormous box of roses with a sweet note from Jack thanking me for fighting his cause.

We were good professional friends. He didn't care much for interviewers, yet when I left M-G-M and went on Photoplay's Hollywood staff, he always saw me whenever I wanted a quote for a story.

And then he made his first talking picture which you all remember, the picture that revealed that his voice did not live up to his personality. I wrote the
story which was called "Is Jack Gilbert Through?" It was the first thing that had been printed about his failure. I thought I was being kind to him. I said in the last paragraph that he believed he had the spirit to come back and that a little thing like a microphone wasn't going to down him.

Jack got the magazine late one night. He read the article. Later I was to learn that he walked the Beverly Hills half the night in anguish and that he contemplated sending me a wire to read, "And thou, Brutus."

I wanted to see him and tell him that I had written my story in good faith and thought I'd done him a kindness in treating a fact that was before the eyes of everyone, as gently as I could. But he wouldn't see me. Nor has he since. That he was hurt, I am truly sorry, because I know how deeply a person of his temperament can be hurt.

Well, there you have Jack Gilbert. Is it any wonder that his imagination was whetted and his excitement fanned by the slow moving, slow thinking, sloe-eyed Greta Garbo? Is it any wonder that on that memorable day when they both appeared for the first day's work of "Flesh and the Devil" and director Clarence Brown introduced them (they had been on the same lot for months but did not know each other) that the impetuous Gilbert was instantly entranced by the lady iceberg's strange charm?

HE adored her. He wanted the world to know it—and Jack hasn't had many secrets from the world. He bought a yacht (at great expense) simply because he thought she loved the sea. He named the boat "The Temptress" for her and her second picture. And then when some weeks later they were anchored off the coast of Catalina and Jack invited some friends from a neighboring yacht aboard only to have Greta refuse to see them, he sold the thing (and took a big financial loss).

He called her "flicka" which means "girl" in Swedish. It's a lovely word, isn't it? And when Jack said it, it became a sudden sharp caress. He lavished upon her his great love and affection, took her everywhere (and then took her away almost at once when the party bored her, as it usually did). He bought beautiful things for her and then took them back and exchanged them when she didn't like them (as she usually didn't). And when, as was natural, they would quarrel and part—how wildly, she with indifference—he would storm into his dressing-room and, thinking to chastise her, would tell his secretary to say he was out when she called.

But Garbo never called. And Jack, tortured by her non-chalance, would get her on the 'phone and try to make it up with her.

But if Garbo cared for Jack, not a sign of it could be seen by the casual observer. Garbo, you see, was used to the heavy, sudden dominance of Mauritz Stiller. She could not appreciate a bright will of the wisp spirit like Jack Gilbert's.

At last, Jack was worn down by her indifference to him, his friends and his love for her and the two separated. Jack married Ina Claire. They said that Garbo was heartbroken. But steel doesn't break easily.

THERE was another so-called great lover on the M-G-M lot in those days. His name was Lew Cody. Some years before Lew had been handed the title "butterfly man" and it stuck, to his horror and chagrin, for if ever there was a nice, kindly man, a man liked by all men, it was Lew.

But his manufactured fame had gone before him and what he suffered thereby nobody knows. Once a girl from some college paper wanted to interview him. Lew asked her to come to his dressing-room. She entered and looked furtively about her. "Do you mean to say that I'm to be alone with you, Mr. Cody?" she asked, casting a glance at the door.

Lew, startled, did not answer.

She rushed to the door. "Oh, no, I can't stay here alone with you and your reputation." But she stayed and, I trust, in spite of her nervousness, soon discovered that she was safer than she would have been at the college corner drug store. For certainly, Lew, being the man of the world that he was, had no time for silly cub interviewers. But from then on he was afraid of ladies with pencils and notebooks and fought shy of them whenever he could.

It was with his roistering men friends that he had his best times. And when he and Norman [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]
Maurice Chevalier: "Did you see Jackie Cooper in 'The Champ'?"
Robert (Sooky) Coogan: "Yep, Wallie Beery was great!"
Marion’s Philosophy

It's a strange thing—an other penalty of fame, I suppose—but we are prone to believe what we wish to believe about a girl like Marion Davies. I had catalogued her as definitely as a grocer does his vegetables before I entered this business.

I knew, as everyone in Hollywood knows, she is charitable as I know that spinach is green and good for growing children. She was a renowned and gracious hostess. Tomatoes come in loose and solid-pack cans. She had an infectious sense of humor. Canned peas contain Vitamin A. She was the most popular woman in Hollywood. String beans are a best seller. She had the biggest house in the city. Young’s had the biggest grocery.

In fact, Marion Davies belonged to an inventory of fame exactly as Mr. Young’s merchandise belonged to his store-inventory.

I even resented the woman a little. Why shouldn't she be charitable and popular and humorous? She had everything. If I had the same advantages; the same opportunities—

I don’t know just when my cold, impersonal summary of Marion began to change to an analytical interest. But one day I found myself wondering:

Why is Marion Davies charitable? Why is she popular? Did she inherit a sense of humor from nature or did she develop it to defeat nature? Why can’t I locate just one person who really knows her who will say one unkind word about her, when unkind words are common, even between friends, in this jealousy-bound business?

Perhaps it was the little anecdotes I heard about her or the happenings, I myself, witnessed. Possibly it was because I was now spending all of my time with fame; because I began to understand that as a name multiplies in importance so must human nature multiply in ability to live up to the responsibilities forced upon it.

When a house-wife has a hundred dollars a month to run her home, she needs develop little generosity, shrewdness or intelligence to dispense it wisely. But when a woman earns a big income she must be banker, judge, salesman and politician. To handle the hangers-on to such a fortune necessitates a diplomacy as great as American diplomats should develop.

I remember the time that the train on which Marion was returning from a northern California football game caught fire in the middle of the night. The forward car was ablaze. She slipped her feet into old mules, grabbed a light kimono and a fur coat and dashed several blocks away—out of danger.

The sun was rising. It was cold. The mother of Dick Berlin, magazine publisher, had forgotten a coat. Marion gave her hers. She stood on a corner in Vine Street, in her kimono and dilapidated mules signing autographs! She laughed and joked with that humble oil population as compatibly as she meets crowned heads of foreign countries.

But that wasn’t what impressed me. It was the old mules. Why did Marion Davies wear slippers which couldn’t have cost more than $2.95 and which should have been discarded a year before, when she could afford a thousand pair of the most ostrich-befeathered?

I discovered she always wore old mules. She hates new ones; she hates expensive ones. She likes to wriggle her toes in something which gives her a comfortable, homely conscious-ness. Why? Because, in them, she is Marion Davies. One does not expect to be courted, or introduced to others-of-fame in bedroom slippers. One feels safe from all but oneself and intimate with self. Those mules told me much about Marion!

A short time before this is written, Constance Bennett was married. Eileen Percy, ex-star and now newspaper writer, was matron of honor. I don’t believe Eileen would object to my saying that money isn’t as plentiful to writers as to actresses. She was to wear black velvet. She got out her dress. It was not exactly the thing for a Constance Bennett and Marquis de la Falaise ceremony.

Eileen dashed to Marion’s. The two have been friends for years; decorated the Follies together. Marion was to be at the wedding. She had a new black velvet dress which she had brought back from Paris for it. She slipped it on Eileen. All okay except for the tiny half-sleeves. They didn’t look as well on Eileen as they did on the woman for whom they were designed. Marion grabbed scissors, snipped out the sleeves, pinned back the raw edges. Eileen dashed ahead to the wedding.

Marion arrived in a black dress (all the women were in black velvet except the bride) more than two years old. It looked bad. Eileen gasped and explained the situation.
The days are so short. Yet life is just as short. You might as well get all the fun you can from life just as you get all the sunshine from the day, before life cuts it away from you," says Marion. Here is the Davies girl with her three favorite dogs, Gandhi, Patrick and Buddie.

"I have some new black pajamas," Constance said. So Marion attended the ceremony in part of the bride's trousseau! Incidentally, after the ceremony, Marion saw men shivering in the raw evening air beneath one of the windows. She dashed out and discovered newspaper reporters. "Come in," she invited from the door of Director Fitzmaurice's home. One of the boys hesitated and said something about not being invited. "Well, you're standing out here in the cold, aren't you?" Marion retorted. "Come in!"

Five years ago, I wouldn't have believed these stories. But, ancient platitude that it is, seeing is believing. I was determined to ask her how she got that way.

Although I was her guest for luncheon, it took several hours to really get to her. It was the second day of shooting on "Polly of the Circus." There were so many others to see her! Paul Block's son (Paul Block, the newspaper owner); an army officer; secretaries with letters; her old friend, Harry Crocker; Al Santell, her director; producers; publicity people. Incidentally, I didn't know it then but I learned later that leading-man, Clark Gable, had just taken a page from Greta Garbo's book and gone home to await a raise in his $850 a week salary. To face the possible loss of a leading man on the second day—I wonder why she didn't throw up her hands and screech at us.

When she finally waved them away and invited me into her dressing-room on the set, she dropped with an involuntary sigh into a chair behind that closed door, and said: "Don't you think it would be nice if I talked to you of other actors? You know I used to imitate Mary Pickford. Wore long curls; tried to be exactly like her. She's the only one I have imitated, but I know them all so well. Don't you think it would make a different story?"

I could have shaken her; really, I could. Trying to throw her interview to others; trying to blockade my attempt to make her talk of herself!

I held my ground. I asked her my questions. I don't remember the order in which I put them. They just came out in one big jumble.

She sat perfectly still when I had finished. I looked at her—thought she was going to cry. She didn't. But when she finally answered, she spoke very slowly.

"I have a little theory about life. I call it, 'Another Day.' I hate nights. They are dark and long and so awfully dreary. There have been times when I did not think I could live through certain nights. I have wanted to die. Then, when it was morning—when the sun rose or the light seeped through clouds and I could see trees and grass and sometimes flowers or perhaps only other buildings, I've jumped out of bed and said, 'Oh, another day!' The terrible part had gone; night was over; day had come again!"

[Please turn to page 105]
Whom Would You Leave

I HAVE, with the help of seven other courageous persons, picked out of the twelve players, four to die in the desert of Public Opinion. Three men and five women voted and here are the results:

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<thead>
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<th>Player</th>
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<th>Leave to Die</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Greta Garbo</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clark Gable</td>
<td>7</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lupe Velez</td>
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<td>Clara Bow</td>
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<tr>
<td>William Haines</td>
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<td>Joan Crawford</td>
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<td>Marlene Dietrich</td>
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<td>Gary Cooper</td>
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<td>Constance Bennett</td>
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I suspect that there are several surprises in the above listing. Nancy Carroll lost three votes by her very rapid marriage after the divorce. Joan Crawford was trying to imitate Constance Bennett and other stars not herself in the past two pictures, so she had to lose four votes. Constance Bennett is too hard and not attractive enough to hold with both men and women. Jean Harlow has too much sex with a capital S. Lupe Velez is not well enough known and when one sees her she leaves no great impression. You will notice that Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery pass with flying colors. Garbo is a truly great actress and Bob Montgomery leaves with a smile. Garbo is the sorrow and sympathy of life, while Robert Montgomery is the joy and vigor.

I wonder what would have happened if Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor were included in the list. I know of three persons who do not like either one of them. But then we cannot judge by merely three.

JAMES GARTLAN, Toronto, Ont., Canada

THAT dilemma stunt is good stuff, but why not let the stars cast lots for who should go and who should stay? I would rather have the chance to save one Ann Harding than all the rest of the crowd put together. She is a real woman both on and off the screen—one a man would risk his life to save.

How many others can claim as consistently good acting as Ann? Not one of them. Granted that they are all good box-office attractions—but who cares?

Tom Mitchell, Michigan City, Ind.

WELL, Nora Myers sure started something when she listed twelve stars and asked us to save eight and leave four to perish.

But here's my choice anyhow:

I'd leave: Greta Garbo—she's too thin and I don't like her accent.

Jean Harlow—she doesn't wear enough clothes.

Constance Bennett—she's too snippy.

OCH! PHOTOPLAY recently, with innocent intent, published a letter from a Detroit reader who had just been looking over Simon and Schuster's "Book of Dilemmas," and she put this dilemma up to PHOTOPLAY's audience.

"Lost in the desert were the following twelve stars:

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"You can save eight, and leave four behind to perish in the desert. Which ones would you save?"

A few days after the magazine appeared on the newsstands, the mail carriers started to come into PHOTOPLAY's offices laden with heavy sacks of letters. It seemed that everybody wanted to get in on the game.

One thing it proved was that every star named has a heavy fan following. But the game is ended, so don't send in any more letters.

Nancy Carroll—she hasn't made a good picture in ages.

I'd save all the men—they're swell, and Lupe Velez and Clara Bow are full of pep. Joan Crawford's such a good actress I'd save her and Marlene Dietrich's better than Garbo any day.

Lucille Mae Andrews, Chicago, Ill.

MAY a picture fan of years' standing voice his opinion about the various stars to be either saved or left to perish in the desert? After careful consideration this is my decision:

Certainly Greta Garbo should be saved because she appeals to the imagination of the masses and brings delight to many hearts. Clark Gable also should be saved. This is not my personal opinion because I do not consider Mr. Gable a versatile actor but I feel I should include him since so many young women throughout the country find him interesting. Robert Montgomery is another who comes in this category and should be saved. Also Lupe Velez, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll, for each of these has contributed something really worthwhile to the screen and has proven that he is not a fall of the moment.

Most assuredly Jean Harlow, who gives shocking portrayals of the modern girl, should be left to perish. Clara Bow has served her time as a silent film star and has nothing to give the audible screen, whereas Constance Bennett with her extravagant clothes, instills false ideas into the minds of young women. Both of these should be left behind. As for Marlene Dietrich, we have Miss Garbo and there is no room for imitators.

WILLIAM R. LANDERSON, St. Paul, Minn.

I CONCLUDE, after reading Nora Myers' letter in the December PHOTOPLAY, I would rescue—

Greta Garbo: She inspires.

Clark Gable: What a Man!

Clara Bow: She has been lost too long.

Joan Crawford: I don't like her picture. She does try hard, though.

Gary Cooper: Every youngster's Big Brother.

Robert Montgomery: What would Norma do without him?

Room for two more—well I might meet Richard Arlen and Helen Chandler on the way back, and I couldn't leave them.

And these six perish—

Lupe Velez: Too many others that are like her.

William Haines: Ho-hum.

Marlene Dietrich: Why save her? She makes so few pictures.

Constance Bennett: I'm afraid she might be too "bored" on the return trip.

Nancy Carroll: As she is her most ardent fan. I read a story in another magazine of how much her marriage, husband and daughter really meant to her. Before the last installment of the story appeared she took another man. "Night Angel" and "Personal Maid" were flops, why—well, why not?

They say either you like her or you don't.

Jean Harlow:

ONE OF THE "AUDIENCE."

WE surely had fun trying to figure out which stars we'd save and which ones we'd leave behind in the desert. And it also caused a family argument. There are five in our family and each one of us had a different bunch to save and different reasons. But one thing on which we all agreed was that we could leave Jean Harlow behind. She could get along very well in the desert because she wears so little clothes, anyhow. Seriously, my younger brother and sister both wanted to save her, but mother and father and I didn't.
Behind In The Desert?

We never did come to any real conclusion but we surely had a lot of fun talking about it. 

Anna Sothern, Salt Lake City, Utah

I'm trying to solve the dilemma puzzle that was published in your December issue I came to this conclusion. It's just my personal opinion, but maybe some people will agree with me.

I'd leave behind Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable because in these days of depression we don't want people who take themselves too seriously, and all these stars seem to do that. What we want is people who will amuse us and not try this heavy acting stuff.

Of course, Garbo does heavy acting but she is in a class by herself and if left behind I guess 15,000 fans would come looking for me with shotguns. Anyhow, I like her myself because she is a truly great actress. Lupe Velez, William Haines, Clara Bow and Robert Montgomery are all good comedians. Jean Harlow is so full of pep she makes you feel better just to look at her and Nancy Carroll is my idea of a pretty girl, so I couldn't leave her all alone in that big desert. Gary Cooper I'd save if he'd promise to make a lot more of those fine Westerns.

JAMES DELANEY, San Francisco, Calif.

In the December issue of Photoplay, Nora Myers of Detroit sent in a list of twelve stars, and I'd like to pick out eight. Which would you save? I shall list them with my opinion:

1. Greta Garbo—too perfect. She would make a good show-window model.
2. Clark Gable—dislike dimples on a man. He sure has them.
3. Lupe Velez—la la. Give her a modern American part and she will be one hundred per cent.
5. William Haines—is okay with me.
6. Joan Crawford—one hundred per cent good.
7. Marlene Dietrich—leave her in the desert or Germany.
8. Gary Cooper—the desert for him.
9. Constance Bennett—I hear the Sahara calling her.
10. Nancy Carroll—face too round and pictures too dull.
12. Jean Harlow—just plain platinum.

My personal choice over all stars would be the team of Barbara Stanwyck and Jack Holt. Wouldn't they make a really real picture? Why don't they star this she-woman and this man in the same picture.

WALTER SIEMS, St. Louis, Mo.

I'm only a "star gazer" and you're a "star raiser" but last month I was disappointed in you. When one of your readers wanted to know if twelve of Hollywood's most brilliant stars were lost in the desert, and it was possible to save only eight, which ones would rescue, you told us you have troubles of your own, and for us to settle this over the bridge this month.

For an old student of astronomy, who knows his stars, this was a decidedly poor answer. Do you, who help hang out the stars, realize what our reaction would be if we knew that these stars would never again shine?

My solution would be to leave Clark Gable and Joan Crawford—not that they're less vital than the others—but you know that "what-a-man" would find a way out for "such-a-woman." Then too, it would be romantic to leave Gary Cooper on the sands with Lupe Velez. They might see each other as they did before Hollywood came between them.

GUY WADSWORTH, Dayton, Ohio

Here's the way I'd solve the desert dilemma. These are the ones I'd save and the reason for doing so:

Greta Garbo—because of her performance in "Anna Christie."

Clark Gable—because of his performance in "A Free Soul."

Lupe Velez—because of her sweet singing voice in "The Cuban Love Song."

William Haines—because of his performance in "Brown of Harvard." (It's an old picture I know, but the best thing Bill ever did.)

Joan Crawford—because of her work in "Paid" and not because of "Possessed."

Marlene Dietrich—because of her performance in "The Blue Angel."

Gary Cooper—because of his beautiful walk in "The Virginian."

Nancy Carroll—because of her performance in "The Devil's Holiday."

These are the ones I leave behind and the reasons:

Clara Bow—because of her voice in "Kick In."

Constance Bennett—because of her performance in everything!

Robert Montgomery—because of his vivid smile.

Jean Harlow—because of her clothes (or lack of them) in "Hell's Angels."

BETTY MOUNT, Denver, Colorado

About choosing which stars I would save from the desert and which I would leave to perish—1. My idea of an act for the sake of the movie humanity would be to leave Marlene Dietrich first, Constance Bennett second, Lupe Velez third and Jean Harlow fourth. After all, one's opinion is one's opinion. And, by the way, save Clark Gable by all means. His is a rare personality. He's just the type for the incomparable Garbo. Let's see more of the two together.

BETH ROBINSON, Los Angeles, Calif.

Gee, Nora Myers sure gave me a tough job, but I'd rather do this choosing than play three-handed bridge.

The four to be left probably would buy the island and make their own pictures. The camera—ever see a bunch of stars without a camera? Anyhow, they couldn't get so many very often because I'm a forest ranger—but when I do want to be entertained.

Now, I couldn't save any of them from the desert, but if I had to save them from a forest fire—here's what I'd do.

Lupe Velez would go out first—she's a wildcat that I wouldn't mind taming.

Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll and Jean Harlow are neat little tricks. Sure I'd save them.

Gary Cooper is the type of fellow you find in the timber country—save him.

Clark Gable gets all mixed up in these sex stories but that isn't his fault—he looks like a he-guy to me.

Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo are both eyefuls even when they go dramatic on a fellow. I'd give them a break.

Constance Bennett is one of those society high-hats that may interest a man for a while but he'd soon get sick of her.

As for the other three, they're all right but I wouldn't ride a mile to see them.

JAKE JONES, Portland, Oregon [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]
Come With Us And Peek Into

"A perfect idea if you haven't much money. Have several different vestees, all detachable, for the same dress. The snapper method makes this as easy as starting a Hollywood rumor."

"Here's the front view of that white dress. See how the piping and embroidery continues? That open V is an absolutely new idea."

"I've not gone platinum blonde," says Lilyan Tashman. "That's a white feathered turban I'm wearing. The dress, a formal one for dinner, is a white satin tunic over a black skirt. And I simply adore the back detail. The opening is outlined with black satin piping and gold embroidery. Don't you love it?"

"When you take off this beret don't take off the veil. It's worn under-neath."

"The other side of this beret must be worn this high on your head. Yes, I mean it."

Photographs by Shalitt

72
Lilyan's Brand New Wardrobe

"If you don't like this outfit you'll break my heart. Dark green tweed dress, light green coat and the bag of the same material. Beige angora hat. Tricky? I think so!"

"A gray felt and silver beret that can be 'whooshed' over to suit any head. Just grand!"

"You can pay 25c or $50 for berets like this. An instant solution of your hat problem"

"This is one of my favorite favorites. It's a knitted material. Red, white and blue, a combination I adore, with stripes running as madly as a producer with a story idea. Collar and belt are leather in red and blue. The shoes are dark suede; the gloves, white suede. Isn't it a peach?"
Screen stars know that the hair line can make or mar facial beauty. Learn their secrets

Hair Tricks That

Is yours a long, thin face? Or is it a round, wide one? Look in your mirror. Study these pictures. Then see what a comb and brush can do for you.

Would you believe a hairdress could do so much? Here's Tallulah Bankhead looking like two entirely different people in the pictures above and to the right.

HARDLY a day passes that my mail does not bring in a dozen or so letters asking me what can be done to change facial contours. Sometimes there will be letters from girls with long, thin faces and high foreheads. Often it is the problem of what to do for the girl with a round and too wide face.

Most of these girls realize that their personalities could be enhanced if they knew the right thing to do about their make-up and hairdressing. And that's true. Since nothing short of facial surgery can be done to change the bony construction of the face, it is necessary to do tricks with hair and make-up which will counteract the disturbing length or width.

Perhaps there is no place where these little tricks of grooming are done more skilfully than on the screen and stage. By a few deft touches, a perfect siren type can transform herself into a demure school girl to fit a rôle. And vice versa. Costuming, of course, plays a big part, but you will find that the real trick is turned by hairdress and make-up.

Just to show you how easily face values can change, I have selected photographs of several stars. Two of each—I want you to study them to see just what the changes of hairline can do for the entire contour of the face. Not to mention what an eyebrow line or lipstick can accomplish!

Take Greta Garbo, for instance. Greta has the high brow and long face of the Nordic. There is width to the high cheek bones but not enough to counteract the general length of the whole face.

In "Susan Lenox," Greta chose a new hairdress which suited her portrayal later on in the picture—that of the gay, sophisticated woman. Soft bangs cut down the height of her forehead, a longer bob fluffily curled about the face gave an oval curve to it. As you will see, it actually shortens her face.

The other photograph shows Greta in the straight, almost un waved hairdress she affected another time. Note how the open brow and long, uncurled pieces of hair tend to lengthen her face. Irregular features would stand out harshly in the severe coiffure, but would soften and become lovelier because of the curled arrangement.

If your face is long, here are some do's and dont's. Don't wear a straight

Greta Garbo as in "Anna Christie." Lovely, but so plain—every feature is brought out by the severe haircut.
Change Your Face

By Carolyn Van Wyck

Friendly Advice on GIRLS’ PROBLEMS

Don’t forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when writing me for booklets or personal advice. I will answer questions on personal problems about hair, correct colors for your type and shades in make-up. Ask also for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. My complexion leaflet gives general advice on the care of the skin with specific treatment for blackheads and acne.

Address Carolyn Van Wyck at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

long bob. Don’t part your hair in the middle, rather give it a deep side part. Let soft, deep waves and curled ends shorten the face and give it width.

In making up, apply your rouge upward and outward toward the ears for rounder and fuller cheeks. Flow it under the eyes and slightly over the lids. This will give you width through the eyes and temples, thus shortening the whole face.

Look at the two pictures of Tallulah Bankhead. Did you ever see two such distinctly different personalities achieved by one person? In one she looks like a bored, disillusioned woman. The heavily rouged mouth; the unevenly cut, long wisps of hair and the heavy eye make-up.

In the other picture she looks like a young debutante. The neatly dressed hair tucked back of the ears and the lack of heavy make-up has refined her features. And note how much rounder and shorter the face looks.

Tallulah’s mouth seems full and drooping with the lower lip so heavily stressed—yet it is rather large, generous and sweet with the make-up more evenly applied.

If your mouth is thin-lipped you can make it look fuller by carrying the lip rouge to the upper and lower edges but not to the corners of the mouth. But if it is full-lipped, center the color and let it fade out toward the edges.

Sylvia Sidney’s face would seem quite broad if she were not so careful about arranging her hair and make-up. She parts her hair in the middle, drawing it back in smooth waves. When she uses rouge, she works it toward the center and shades it inward toward the nose, to make her face seem narrower. A touch of rouge on the end of the chin will tend to lengthen a round face.

At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Club of Advertising Women, the president remarked that, “Cosmetics are as much a necessity as tooth paste.” And one of her colleagues at the same time said, “Rouge, powder and lipstick are psychological necessities.”

So you can see how important good grooming is to both your mental and physical poise. If you can present a charming face to the world, you will be fortified within to meet any situation, no matter how trying it may be.

Loretta Young has to be careful not to look a little long-jawed. She achieves a piquant

Garbo, the glamorous, as she was in “Susan Lenox.” Soft bangs, fluffy hair, and an almost piquant personality!
Will Marlene Break The Spell?

By Kay Evans

It was a small, intimate Hollywood party. Everybody was having a good time, like kids on a holiday. It was all innocuously innocent and if you’ve never seen a Hollywood party, you don’t know just how much nonsensical, silly, funny clowning goes on.

The person who was having the most fun was Marlene Dietrich. That strange, exotic face you’ve seen on the screen was wreathed in childish smiles. She could think up more silly stunts to do than any of the others. And she greeted every new game proposed with wild enthusiasm.

Suddenly she looked up at the door. The smile froze on her face. She sat down instantly and a curtain was pulled across her eyes. The mask she wore so immediately was the mask she wears in her films.

The others saw the sudden difference in her. They turned to the door seeking the reason for her brisk change.

Josef Von Sternberg had entered the room!
And that is an incident that illustrates one of the strangest real life stories ever enacted in Hollywood—a drama fraught with the weird sensationalism of a mystery play.

The relationship that existed between Greta Garbo and Mauritz Stiller has been compared to that of Trilby and Svengali. The analogy is not quite accurate. Garbo loved Stiller.

The real Trilby-Svengali story, almost word for word as Du Maurier wrote it many years ago, is being played by Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg.
And now there’s a new chapter to add. This chapter concerns the struggle of Marlene to get out from under the Von Sternberg influence. And the struggle of Dietrich’s friends to help her shake off the hypnotic spell.

Marlene is like Trilby in that she does not love Von Sternberg. Yet when her friends say,” If he keeps on directing you, making you play the same rôle over and over again, giving you the same mannerisms, your career will soon be all washed up,” Marlene answers, “No, he is the greatest genius of the screen.” Professionally he has sold her the bill. Personally not at all. But not long ago a strange thing happened. Marlene walked into the Paramount lunch-room alone. She and her grim shadow, Josef, had lunched together every day that she was at the studio since her arrival in Hollywood. Her sudden alone-ness, therefore, made Hollywood shake a puzzled head. They had quarreled—Trilby was chafing at the Svengali dominance.

For ten days they were not seen together. Those ten days may preface the complete change in a woman’s character.

There was a young German actor who comforted Marlene during this time. There was also Maurice Chevalier, whose constant society Marlene sought. They lunched together and they danced together at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove. What is more, they laughed together—a thing she never did with Von Sternberg.

At first it seemed a friendship merely, and those who had Marlene’s best interests at heart were delighted that she was being a human being and not the automaton that Von Sternberg had made her.

She and Chevalier had their pictures taken together by a Paramount photographer. Suddenly all these pictures were recalled and destroyed. However, Photoplay printed one of them.

But for ten whole days Marlene was free—free from her Svengali.

In order to understand the strangest of all strange Hollywood relationships, it is necessary to understand the two protagonists in the drama—Marlene and Von Sternberg.
Von Sternberg is the more important since Marlene, the Marlene you have known, is a figment of his imagination.
Clive Brook recalls that years ago [Please turn to page 103]
What is the truth? Are Frenchwomen more attractive than American women?

"Most certainly not," says Mrs. Cabot. "But... Frenchwomen are clever! They are expert in the art of make-up and are always fresh and charming because they think nothing of renewing their make-up half a dozen times a day.

"Each time they cleanse their skin completely... They rarely allow water to touch their skin, but prefer cold cream for cleansing.

"This lavish use of cold cream is a new reason for appreciating an old friend—Pond's.

"Not only is Pond's Cold Cream the purest and best for cleansing—but it is so economical it reconciles French chic with a New England conscience.

"Another little nicety of the French toilette," Mrs. Cabot tells us, "is the use of vanishing cream as a foundation for make-up. How subtly rouge and powder may then be blended!

"I have a dry skin, so I find Pond's Vanishing Cream ideal!"

Follow these four steps for the exquisite care of your skin:

1. Ample apply Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent... white or peach.

3. Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, close and refine the pores, firm contours, promote fresh natural color.

4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder. This disguises little blemishes and forms a lovely velvety finish. Use not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms... And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white.

"The longer I use Pond's four preparations, the better I like them," Mrs. Cabot says.

Read this interesting interview with Mrs. James J. Cabot of Boston and Paris.

Tune in on Pond's program, Friday evening 9:30 P.M., E.S.T., Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist. WEA and N.B.C. Network.

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"Of course I am 39.

"Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to take care of her complexion.

"Every actress knows that regular care with LUX Toilet Soap will do wonders for her skin.

"I am among the scores of the profession who use it regularly."

Screen stars never look their age! Why not? ... Because, like Frances Starr, they keep their skin youthfully lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it . . .

Of the 613 important actresses of Hollywood, including all stars, 605 care for their priceless complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. Long ago this fragrant white soap was made official in all studios for their convenience. Start today to give your skin this safe, gentle care.

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢
FRANCES STARR, famous Belasco star, is now winning new laurels on the screen. Years of hard work have left her youthful charm as vivid and appealing as when she was a newcomer.
It's All Done With Scissors

In this democratic land every American girl has the opportunity to go into the movies and marry the Marquis de la Coudray.—Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.

"At 40 a man should be able to do everything he could do at 20—and do it easier and better."—Douglas Fairbanks.

Salaries of Hollywood picture stars are to be cut 10 to 20 per cent. In many cases the incomes of screen actresses will be reduced so much they won't know where their next divorce is coming from.—H. L. Phillips in The New York Sun.

"Possessed" is calculated to have a more disastrous effect than most upon morally malleable persons who witness it.—Time.

There are two distinct people: the Jean Harlow that's Ma, and the Jean Harlow I see on the screen. I'm tired of being that girl. Fans, particularly feminine picture-goers, hate her. I'm beginning to hate her myself.

"If I wear a low-cut gown, and overnight I became a husky. And I don't blame them.

"I don't know a soul in New York. In fact, I think I'll advertise for some eligible young man to take me dinner-dancing. I'll convince the public that I'm a nice girl if I have to go out and buy some long underwear, spectacles and a black wig."—Jean Harlow in an interview in Variety.

Every year, the screen is becoming more important as a fashion medium. But in imitating screen styles, women should realize that screen stories are still scaled to pretty high tempo. They must be able to differentiate between artificiality and reality, analyze the stars and their situations before they attempt to apply their clothes to their own lives.—Mayme Ober Peak in the Ladies' Home Journal.

"There's a flock of real people in Hollywood, but there is also a mob who just don't fit. Just because they draw down heavy money, they assume they are regular. I learned to be regular when I was broke. Those who are regular are okay with me. It's the people who are always putting it on that get my goat. If they only knew how to put it on properly they'd be a lot better, but their swank is too phony for this gal."—Marie Dressler in Variety.

Things I Never Knew Till Now—That there are more people living under assumed names in and near Hollywood than there are in Sing Sing and Joliet combined.—Walter Winchell.

"The actor never contributes more than ten or fifteen per cent to the success of any play or picture."—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Producer—Go out and get me somebody with Garbo's glamour, Dietrich's legs, Dressler's humor and Chatterton's voice.

Yes-MAN—Yeh, you must mean somebody like Jackie Cooper.

A current cause for philippics against the star system is the fact that one rather emancipated, colorless blonde of no particular talent or distinction is earning $30,000 weekly. This, you hear outraged outcries on every side, is ridiculous: no one is worth it. "Why, she makes more in a month than the President does in a year!"

Perhaps—but Connie Bennett has given more pleasure to more people in one day than President Hoover has during his entire term.—Clare Boothe Brough in Vanity Fair.

"Local Boy Makes Good" (First National Picture) is the familiar anecdote about a bespectacled and dazed collegian who, to his own surprise and the chagrin of his cronies, succeeds in an amorous enterprise.—Time.

He is something of a monstrosity, this Jackie Cooper, because he doesn't show off or ape his elders.—Pure Lorents in Judge.

Hollywood puts everyone on the spot! No matter how famous the actor or actress, writer or director, once he or she joins the colony certain rules have to be followed.

The three cardinal principles laid down are: "Play the game our way, or get out!" "Talk our language and if you can't, then learn it!" "Laugh with us, not at us!"—Eva Shattier in the Los Angeles Times.

Frankenstein" is proving to be the marvel of 1931, shattering records everywhere. They say Carl Laemmle, Jr., is trying to end the depression by scaring everybody to death.—Florabel Muir in the N. Y. Daily News.

In examining prospective jurors (for the Jack "Legs" Diamond trial) chief defense counsel Daniel H. Prior asked whether they had ever seen motion pictures involving gang wars. When they answered in the affirmative, Prior excused them.—United Press Dispatch.

Perhaps Hollywood is dull, as many insist, but it is difficult to understand how anyone can view without interest and excitement what is the "other world!" for millions of men and women. This, you keep telling yourself, is actually more influential than Washington, has empire over more minds than have churches or newspapers, or the imagination of the multitude.—Anne O'Hare McCormick in the New York Times Magazine.

"If I feel inclined to be a bit careless or hurried while dressing, I stop to think that perhaps this one time I may meet some one who knows me only slightly. . . . I think of the let down, the disappointment that person must feel. So I never risk it. The opinion of even one person is important."—Norma Shearer.

I will love Gary always, forever. Never will I be able to love any one so much again. I was happy with him. But I'm a little crazy. Marriage is not for me. I want my freedom. That is more important than anything. I stopped loving Gary, that's all."—Lupe Velez.

Broadway in general and the first string critics in particular were shocked after viewing the new D. W. Griffith production, "The Struggle," at the Rivoli Thursday night.

The picture is rated the poorest and most amateurish effort in a season of many bad productions. Many of the critics have rung the curtain down on "the old master" as a director and claim this moral lesson of the evils of drink as shown in "The Struggle" is the worst direction seen hereabouts in years.—Hollywood Reporter.

It would have been more logical if silent pictures had grown out of the talkie instead of the other way round!"—Mary Pickford in New York Times Magazine.

Consider the most humdrum person of your acquaintance and you probably will be able to tag him as an invertebrate patron of the movies, loud or silent. Lacking romance in real life, he gets it by watching Greta Garbo in the moonlight and seeing Douglas Fairbanks jump over gates.—Heywood Brown, in the World-Telegram.
"LOOK HERE, EM!"

Our family could save $18 a year on Tooth Paste

"With six of us in the family, each using a tube of 50¢ tooth paste a month—we're spending $3 a month, $36 a year. If we changed to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube—we'd save $18 a year, just on that one item. "Economy isn't the only reason for changing, either. The Vandergiefs use it, and they could afford to pay any price.

"Lillian Vandergrief's teeth are as perfect as any you ever saw. And she told me her family uses Listerine Tooth Paste because it does a better cleaning job than any other brand they've tried.

"In fact, I'm sure our teeth would be helped as much as our budget—and you can see that means plenty!"

Teeth So Clean They Surprise You

If you want to know how clean and bright your teeth can be, begin using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its results will be a revelation to you. This is especially due to a remarkable special polishing agent. It works wonders on your teeth, in half the usual brushing time.

Tartar, tobacco stains, and every other discoloration, vanish entirely. Dirt and decay are gone. Your teeth gleam with all their natural brilliance.

Yet your tooth enamel cannot be scratched or damaged in any way. Powerful as this polishing agent is, it is scientifically gentle in action, and protects your teeth.

And you will be delighted, too, with the fresh, invigorated after-taste it leaves in your mouth.

You Gain By Our Economies

We can give you such an unusual dentifrice, at such an unusual price—for two reasons. First, we use the most modern and efficient methods of manufacture and distribution. Second, the demand is so great that production is on a huge, cost-cutting scale.

Over four million people, in just nine years, have become steady users of Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it, and its economy and cleansing power will surely make a regular customer out of you. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOODS

- 7 lbs. steak
- 8 lbs. bacon
- 10 lbs. ham
- 8 lbs. lamb chops
- 2 chieckens
- a large roast
- 12 jelly rolls
- coffee rings
- cheese cakes or angel cakes
- 6 qts. oil
- 20 quarts milk
- 180 oranges
- 20 lbs. lard
- 150 lbs. potatoes
- 147 lbs. flour
- 40 lbs. prunes
- 60 lbs. sugar
- 36 packages rice
- 15 lbs. coffee
- 3 lbs. tea
- 30 loaves bread
- 6 doz. eggs
- 7 lbs. butter
- 6 lbs. cheese
- 60 packages biscuits
- 30 cans soups or
- 30 large cans evaporated milk
- 30 cans tomato juice
- 15 large cans
- 12 large cans
- (pears or pineapple
- fruit for salad)
- 20 large cans
- 10 cans spinach
- 20 cans Golden Bantam Corn
- 30 cans spaghetti
- 20 cans
- 10 jars marmalade
- 20 packages
- 20 packages
- several lbs. of candy
- 15 qts. ginger ale or
- other beverages

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hose, hat, sweater, gloves, knickers, pajamas, underwear, bathrobe, kimono, col-
- 20 lbs. laces, muffler, raincoat, sneakers, moccasins, slippers, shoes, rubbers, galoshes, girdle, negligee, summer or house frock, dress material, bloomers, neckties, shirts, cuffs, links, belt, suspenders and garters (all 3), overalls, lumber jacket, one
- 20 lbs. blankets, 1
- 1 infant coat and hunting
- 1 infant blanket.
Two men spent two hours daily making up Boris Karloff as the Monster in Universal's "Frankenstein"

CHILDS and shivers! The latest horror sensation, "Frankenstein," has everyone thrilled and the most outstanding question this month has been, "Was the Monster real or was it mechanical?" Movie-goers say it seems unbelievable that anything so terrifying and ghastly could be human. But it's true. Boris Karloff was the chap who made you and you and you stiffen with fright each time he appeared on the screen.

Boris is a native of London, England, where he was born Nov. 23, 1887. He was educated at the Uppingham School, the Merchant Taylor School and King's College, London University. He came to America after a long list of stage successes in European theaters. On the screen he has played Iago, the religious editor in "Five Star Final," and also appeared in "The Criminal Code," "Young Donovan's Kid," "The Mad Genius," and "Tonight or Never." He is one of the finest character actors on the screen. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 and has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes.

Another actor the fans are asking about is Dwight Frye, who played the role of the dwarf in "Frankenstein." Dwight is a native of Salina, Kan. He is 33 years old and is about 5 feet, 8 inches tall. Off the screen he stands very erect and is quite handsome.

NORMA MILES, CHICAGO, ILL.—Naomi, I'm surprised at you. Of course Lola Lane and Linda Watkins aren't the same person. Lola was born in Indiana, Iowa, and was christened Dorothy Mulligan. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has blonde hair and violet blue eyes. Was married to Lew Ayres Sept. 14, 1931. Linda Watkins is a Bostonian, born May 23, 1909. She is three inches taller than Lola and weighs 108 pounds. Has blonde hair and blue eyes.

HOWARD RUNDLE, TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Yes, Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler did play in a picture together. It was "Let Us Be Gay."

MRNA WEEMS, BROWNSWOOD, T. X.—Did you read that story about Hardie Albright in the January issue? That told you all about his stage career. Hardie was born in Charleroi, Penna., Dec. 16, 1905. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. Is still single.

BOOTS KENT, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Boots, as a citizen of Beverly Hills you should be able to keep tabs on your favorite, Lloyd Hughes. Here are Lloyd's latest pictures: "Ships of Hate," "The Sky Raiders" and "The Deceiver."

VERNON MURPHY, FORT WORTH, TEX.—You have gotten your big fellows mixed up a little. George Bancroft did not play in "Broadway Babies" with Alice White. Fred Kohler was the big husky in that picture and you mistook him for Bancroft.

VIRGINIA COUSINS, DETROIT, MICH.—Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper did not appear together in "The Legion of the Condemned." It was Gary and Fay Wray. Colleen and Gary did appear together in "Lilac Time." The theme song of "Lilac Time" was "Jeanine, I Dream of Lilac Time."

ANNOUNCING ANN OF BALTIMORE, MD.—Ann, if you had read my page in the December issue you would have gotten the low-down on Leslie Howard. Here it is in part. Leslie was born in London, in April 1893, and christened Leslie Stainer. He is 5 feet, 7 inches tall, weighs 143 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He is married and has two children.

At this writing he is appearing on the New York stage.

L. E., NEW YORK CITY.—Linda Watkins is 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weighs 108 pounds. Conchita Montenegro weighs the same as Linda, but is two inches shorter. Lew Ayres is 5 feet, 11 inches and weighs 153 pounds.

S. G., HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.—The cute kid who played the role of Mary Jane in "Huckleberry Finn," was Charlotte Henry. Charlotte is a very gifted young lady, and had considerable stage experience before she entered pictures in 1929. She is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., born there March 3, 1914. Is 5 feet, 1 inch; weighs 100 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Victor Varconi was born in Kiskardi, Hungary, March 31, 1896.

GERTRUDE AND BETT, FORT SNELLING, MINN.—Believe it or not, you girls had me baffled for a minute or two. Here's the solution: The picture "Maybe It's Love," was Gertrude and Betty that did the vamping in that for "dear ol' Upton." The silent picture you have confused with it, is "The College Widow" authored by George Ade and very similar in theme. Dolores Costello did the vamping in that for "Atwater U."

NATALIE GIBBS, ABERDEEN, S. C.—Carroll Geraghty played the role of Mary Pickford's wild sister in "My Best Girl."

BARBARA, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Barbara, here are the ages, with the exception of Ann Harding's. Ann was born Aug. 7, but she forgot to tell me how long ago. Clive Brook is 40; Greta Garbo and Greta Nissen are both 26; Elisla Landi is 25 and Lois Moran is 22.

Mavis DuFresne, Montreal, Que., Can.—Mac Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. Her latest picture is "Over the Hill." Chester Morris is 29 years old and a native of New York City. He is married and has one son and one daughter.

MARI JOMAS, PEORIA, ILL.—You're not being a bit of trouble, Marie. I am always glad to answer your questions. John Holland is 6 feet, 2½ inches tall and weighs 153 pounds. Charles Starrett is 6 feet tall, weighs 185; John Wayne is 6 feet, 2 inches, weighs 200, and Joseph Sch kidnaut is 5 feet, 11 inches, and weighs 159. Now for their ages: Wayne is 24; Starrett is 27; Holland is 32 and Schildkraut is 35.

ELIZABETH FEEK, WRENTHAM, MASS.—Gene Raymond was born in New York City in 1908. His real name is Raymond Quin, which he used on the stage before Paramount signed him for the talkies. He made a great hit with the movie public when he played opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid." His next will be "Ladies of the Big House," opposite Sylvia Sidney.

ALICE KARNEY, BALTIMORE, MD.—You're right, Frances Starr is a newcomer to the screen. She was born in Oneonta, New York, June 6, 1886. Made her stage début in 1901 at Albany. Some of her plays were "The Easiest Way," "Shore Leave," "Immortal Isabella," "Diplomacy" and "Fallen Leaves." She made her movie début in "Five Star Final" with Eddie Robinson, H. B. Warner, Marian Marsh and Anthony Bushell. Her latest picture is "The Star Witness."
"My dear— you have no idea how shocked I was...!"

"My dear, there's Helen... I've just spent the week-end with her. And you've no idea how shocked I was. She's such a nice girl and perfectly fastidious about everything else. I don't see how she can be so careless about her underthings... wear them so long without a change. Everybody perspires a little. How can she take the risk—it's so easy to offend."

"Everybody perspires a little. How can she take the risk—it's so easy to offend."

Personal daintiness! The subject of whispered comment, veiled hints. For no one will tell you if you offend, yet nothing more surely spoils friendship, success in business, romance, even marriage itself.

Underthings absorb Perspiration. Avoid offending

... Protect daintiness this easy 4-Minute Way:

Fresh lingerie each day is absolutely essential to daintiness. All day long underthings absorb perspiration acids and odors. The penetrating hint soon becomes noticeable—to others, even though you yourself are not aware of it.

And it's so easy to wear fresh lingerie every day. For Lux is made to remove every trace of perspiration, yet protects colors and fabrics. It only takes four minutes or less. Play safe—make a habit of washing out underthings and stockings with Lux diamonds, after each wearing.

1. Wash after each wearing, for perspiration acids left in silk fade colors and rot threads. With Lux it takes less time than to wash your face and hands.
3. Wash this 4-minute way:
   - 1 tablespoon of Lux does 1 day's undies—stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it.
   - Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice, knead in bath towel, shake out.

Lux for underthings keeps them like new in spite of constant washing.
MODERN FASHIONS MAKE NO SECRET OF THE FIGURE

Every style worn today needs a good figure to set it off—dashing sports togs that are so trim and youthful—clinging evening gowns and the very feminine afternoon frocks.

A good figure is possible to nearly every girl by wise exercise and diet. But we must be careful in dieting to balance the menus so as to retain beauty and not harm it.

Every reducing diet should contain a reasonable amount of “bulk” so as to promote proper elimination. Without this, beauty soon fades—eyes lose their sparkle—and the skin may become sallow and colorless.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg’s All-Bran provides the needed “bulk”—and also furnishes a generous amount of Vitamin B to help tone the system. In addition, it is rich in available iron, which helps build red blood and bring attractive color to the complexion.

You will enjoy eating Kellogg’s All-Bran either as a cereal with milk—or in many delightful cooked dishes, salads and soups. Two tablespoonsfuls daily are sufficient for the average diet. It is not fattening and is prescribed by eminent dietitians.

Your grocer has Kellogg’s All-Bran—in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

“THE MODERN FIGURE”

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in “fashion close-ups,” wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, “The Modern Figure.”

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________
Cookies, Cheese Cake and Stew!

Look out for that sleeve, Marie, you’ll dip it in that tasty looking concoction you’re whipping up for lunch!

COOKING is not just another publicity gag with that queen of reigning Hollywood queens, Marie Dressler. Marie may have a capable cook in her kitchen but that doesn’t mean that she doesn’t know her recipes. And what’s more she gets a real kick out of rolling up the old sleeves and tossing off a tasty dish herself.

Then there is Madge Evans who doesn’t look bewildered if you hand her a rolling pin. Madge is a sensible girl as well as a pretty one, she doesn’t entertain silly ideas that a little domestic knowledge will detract from her screen glamour.

Leila Hyams is another person who enjoys taking a whirl at the kitchen every now and then. Of course you can’t expect to find her all done up in an apron five nights out of the week—but she does find that cooking once in awhile provides a pleasant relaxation from the stress of the studios. She likes putting around with tricky kitchen gadgets—trying to concoct new dishes to break into the monotony of old ones.

Like most people who expend a great deal of nervous force in artistic pursuits and don’t have to worry about weight, Madge, Marie and Leila eat heartily and are fussy about food. They enjoy plain dishes but they want them tempting looking.

Now Marie Dressler was brought up in that good, old-fashioned cooking school that didn’t advocate waste of any kind. Tidbits of food were not tossed out at the end of a meal, rather they were frugally saved to go into the making of some tasty dish the next day. Half the fun of cooking, in Marie’s estimation, is using up the odds and ends.

Do you, for instance, save the end of a steak, Marie does. And she makes it into a perfectly swell concoction. She takes the left overs of the steak, dices them and then adds these ingredients—diced onions, celery, tomatoes and a dash of bay leaves. The whole is cooked in enough water to prevent burning. Try it sometime.

Mmm, cheese cake! And if you have never been able to get it to taste just as good as the first one you ever had, try this recipe of Madge Evans’. Her cheese cakes are poems!

Why have you kept this from us so long, Madge Evans? We never so much as suspected cheese cake talent!

Cheese Cake

3 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons whole wheat flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons grated American cheese
A few grains Cayenne

The butter is melted, the flour added and stirred until well mixed. Then the grated cheese and seasoning is added and the whole mixture put into a buttered pan. It is baked in a moderate oven. And the last finishing touch is powdered sugar sprinkled over the top.

Cookie making is real fun, especially if you can get the finished cookies to turn out with the air of chef-made ones. Leila Hyams has two cookie recipes that are almost infallible when it comes to being delicious. One is a sugar cookie recipe, the other is for a delicious sounding concoction called, “Kisses!” Here they are.

Sugar Cookies

1 1/2 cups sugar
2 1/4 cups whole wheat flour
1/2 level teaspoon soda
2 eggs
Salt
Vanilla
Mace

Cream sugar, shortening, flavoring and salt. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Stir in the soda which has been dissolved in milk. And last, work in the cream tartar sifted into the flour. Roll out, cut with cookie cutter. Bake in quick oven.

Kisses

3 egg whites
1 tablespoon cocoa
1 cup chopped nuts

1 cup powdered sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped dates

Beat the egg whites very stiff. Mix and sift the cocoa, sugar and salt. Add the chopped dates and nuts. Beat whole together and then drop from a spoon onto a greased pan. Bake about 30 minutes.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
Here's one of Hollywood record romances. Mary Brian has been keeping steady company with Russell Gleason for months and months and months. And everybody thought they'd be Mr. and Mrs. long before this. Why wouldn't Mary say, "Uh-huh?" Maybe now that Buddy Rogers has left Hollywood for good and all she will. This picture shows Mary and Russ watching the polo matches between a California and a Mexico City team.

Garbo's whereabouts have been discovered, the mysterious house "somewhere in Santa Monica" to which she moved when too many people discovered her San Vincinte address and too many sight-seeing bus spisters bawled out:

"On your right, ladies and gentlemen, is the home of the famous Greta Garbo."

Miriam Hopkins is now living in that place, while Greta has moved into a house just a couple of blocks from Joan Crawford's and Douglas Fairbanks' home in Brentwood Heights.

From there she does her usual walking in the rain (when it rains) and takes her usual sun baths (when the sun shines).

But the rumors persist that come this June Garbo's permanent address will be "somewhere in Sweden." Garbo is a wealthy woman. She has lived with the frugality of an extra girl and has tucked away most of the money she has made.

There's enough for her to live comfortably for the rest of her life.

From the moment when she was just "that Swede Stiller brought over" until this very day she has had no enthusiasm for Hollywood.

"I do not think I make any more pictures," is what Garbo keeps on saying to her studio and her manager.

Garbo keeps her feet in perfect condition, and spends more time on them than most women spend on their faces. She goes to a chiroprapist twice a week. He works at the Ambassador hotel but he won't tell you a thing about the mystery girl. Not even the size of her shoe.

The reason Rex Bell first denied the fact that he and Clara Bow were married, was because he was afraid her producers might not want her to get married. And Rex is taking no chances on having Clara do anything that might hurt her film comeback.

For Rex is that Good Influence Clara's life has needed all these years. He's what you'd call a "regular fellow." And his devotion to Clara is one of those things to make these cynical eyes grow misty. Lots of folks have said his long engagement and his subsequent marriage to Clara were just his attempt for a little publicity. That was the angle on the Richman-Bow affair if you remember. But that isn't Rex's idea. In fact, he hasn't any use for those men who have used Clara's name to get publicity for themselves. He always wants his name kept out of things where Clara is concerned.

The producers (and the only bitch in Clara's comeback will be if these producers don't get the money to finance her pictures) are delighted at Clara's marriage to Rex. They know he nursed her through her illness and has stopped her from making a lot of the usual Bow gestures.

But will he be exciting enough for the red-headed IT girl? Clara said, a long time ago, that she wanted a man who would think of her first.

Well, she's got one. And she'll be wise to hang on to him.

The reason they were married was because Rex had given Clara just a year to make up her mind. He wouldn't extend the time limit.

When Clara discovered it was now or never she made it now, and the two hopped to Las Vegas without telling a soul.

Rex was nervous, so nervous, in fact, that he got mixed up in his lines. Clara laughed at him right in the middle of the ceremony. But he had a chance to laugh back at her.

She had practiced reciting the ritual and knew that the promise to "love, honor and obey" had been struck out of the service and "love, honor and cherish" substituted, but when she came to repeat it after the judge who tied the knot she said, "I promise to love, honor and obey—oh, I beg your pardon, to cherish."

[Please turn to page 88]
In the Kotex plant, rolls of immaculate Kotex filler, white as new snow, feed into glittering machinery where they are carefully shaped and cut. This Kotex hospital gauze might well wear a gold medal; it’s had to pass so many rigid inspections. Now it embraces the snowy filler, to make a Kotex pad. Nurses and doctors, surrounding every move with scrupulous sanitation, dispensed 24 million Kotex pads to hospital patients last year, alone.

**it’s an unthinkable compromise for her**

to sacrifice the known immaculacy of genuine KOTEX

**WHO KNOWS—who can say what hazards and risks have been removed from women’s lives because of genuine Kotex? Dangers once invited...now a thing of the past. Embarrassment, even humiliations, gone. And health carefully protected at times when it is gravely endangered, because this sanitary protection is sanitary. Because it does protect. The nameless fear of the unknown, the doubtful; the ceaseless experimenting is perhaps as disturbing as the haphazard methods of a bygone day. What about these countless substitutes? How were they made? Where? By whom? What hands have touched them? Were the materials pure? Tested? Germ-free? You don’t know. And unless you do know, how can you trust such sanitary protection?**

Fortunately, when you ask for Kotex, you know you are safe. Hospitals, alone, used more than twenty-four million Kotex pads for patients last year.

Every woman who uses sanitary protection should read every word that appears beneath the above pictures. Before she buys a sanitary pad she should ask herself:

Never more than 35c

Now

Is it clean? Is it safe? Is it pure? Am I certain?

Can you—can any woman—afford to risk anything less than the scrupulous cleanliness Kotex, and Kotex alone, gives you? Ask for it. Make sure, when buying it wrapped, that you get Kotex. Remember, Kotex is safe.

**KOTEX**

**SANITARY NAPKINS**
Hollywood's most ardent bachelor succumbs! Edmund Goulding, director, writer, actor, painter, singer, musician and composer, marries Marjorie Moss, dancer. Now every talent is included in this versatile and agreeable family of two. You see, Eddie couldn't dance. So he just had to marry Marjorie. Before Marjorie came to town Eddie had been escorting Pola Negri to all the best places.

Well, the said London courts had never heard anything like it. And the judge got his wig all away trying to comprehend everything. I mean when a Miss May Shepherd sued Charlie Chaplin for back pay due her, she said, for being his publicity woman while he was in London. The British were amazed. It came as a terrific shock that such things happened. And the London Daily Mail led off the story with: "Secrets of the methods of focusing public attention on film stars were disclosed yesterday at Westminster County Court before Judge Sir Alfred Tobin."

Secrets—my eye! They call these publicity methods secrets in England, when any kid on the streets in America can tell you how press-agents operate. But the British courts were all confused and bothered when Miss Shepherd said that she arranged Chaplin's visit to the Lord Mayor and also when Charlie forgot about an engagement with the Prime Minister. It was she who wrote the letter of apology. At that the judge was in a twitter of excitement, and burst out with, "This is going to do us a lot of good in foreign countries. Fancy how foreigners will laugh at us."

And I'll bet Judge Sir Alfred regrets his friends with the account of "these amazing actors who actually pay people to secure press notices for them."

He was harsh when Chaplin testified and insisted that the comedian "speak up" when he was in the witness box. Chaplin was all apologies for the way important names had been "handled about" in court. Miss Shepherd was paid and everything is serene again in the British Isles.

Wally looks as proud and Mrs. Beery as worried as if these children really belonged to them. Well, they do in a way. It happened like this. Mrs. Beery's aunt died recently leaving three children, George Priester, nine years old; Carol Ann, 15 months, and William, aged four. Wally was crazy about the kids so he will legally adopt Carol Ann and raise the boys, so that the children will always be together.
Striking Smoke-Snags?

CHEER UP! SPUDS BRING MOUTH-HAPPINESS!

Before Breakfast ... Is your before-breakfast cigarette a snag? Smoke Spud! It leaves your mouth moist-cool and clean-tasting. It means mouth-happiness when mouth-happiness means most.

On Occasion ... Do you smoke only "on occasion"? Then you certainly want full fragrance. Spud gives you this ... and cool, clean mouth besides. Another spot for Spud's unfailing mouth-happiness.

At Parties ... When the party's right ... and cigarettes follow fast ... do you strike a smoke-snag? Try Spud; stay with it. You'll have a cool, clean taste always. More Spuds mean more mouth-happiness.

Late at Night ... Do you hesitate over late cigarettes because of the morning-after taste? Cheer up. Spud brings a grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. Smoke ... and stay mouth-happy.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COoled Cigarettes • 20 FOR 20c

(30c IN CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

Here's a girl who could have had movie fame and fortune for the asking. She gave it all up to marry Morton Downey, highest paid radio singer in the world. The little woman who sacrificed is Barbara Bennett, of the three Bennett sisters. Connie's oldest, Joan is youngest. Morton and Barbara were in Hollywood on a visit through every meal. And everywhere Janet went in New York, her silent, but persistent admirer trailed her, from hotel to shops, from shops to theater.

THE newspapers tried to make much of poor Lya De Putti's death and reported that many curiosity seekers but only a few friends attended her funeral. As a matter of fact during her strange life Lya had very few real friends and long before her death she had stopped seeing these few. She left no will but the list of her possessions was pitifully small—her clothes, eleven pieces of jewelry, five pieces of fur, two automobiles and $900 in the bank. That was all. It isn't much for a film star to leave behind.

BEFORE Janet Gaynor, her husband and her mother left Hollywood, a certain young man, whom Janet knew slightly, trailed her car all the way to the station and, just as the train was about to pull out, swung aboard. He sat across the aisle of the diner staring at Janet through every meal. And everywhere Janet went in New York, her silent, but persistent admirer trailed her, from hotel to shops, from shops to theater.

DOUG FAIRBANKS won't go on another picture making jaunt around the world. The reason given for his sudden change of plans is the Manchurian trouble, and Doug had planned to shoot in China and Japan. But maybe the fact that his first travel film, in spite of its novelty and charm, isn't going so good at the box-office is the real reason.

LIL DAGOVER had studied English for only a few months before she came to Hollywood to make talks. One morning she was handed a studio envelope a few minutes before a scene and, believing it to contain dia-logue for the day, she memorized its contents thoroughly. Standing before the microphones and much to the amazement of the assembled crew she delivered a ringing and earnest plea for funds for the Community Chest, Hollywood's biggest charity.

THE day before Pola Negri's collapse, newspapers printed the rumor that she was engaged to John Loder, the handsome young English actor. Even from her bed of pain Pola denied this. So did John. The reason is obvious. Loder has a perfectly good wife.

A FEW years ago Clark Gable and Janet Gaynor worked together in one of the independent studios, where the featured player was always a lion. Clark was the most popular man on the lot—but not because of his sex appeal. No sir, it was because he was the only one of the group who owned a car. And dilapidated as it was, Janet Gaynor used to stand next to him in line so she could ride home in it.

Clark also was an extra in "The Merry Widow," the picture in which Jack Gilbert starred. And that bit is too eloquent for comment.

RUTH CHATTERTON uses her dining room only when there's company, just like your Aunt Em. When she's not entertaining, dinner is served on a card table in an upstairs sitting room. Across the card table sits Ralph Forbes, friend husband.

And Hollywood wonders how much longer Ralph will be sitting there. Which is another way of saying that there are those rumors in the air.

THE morning after Bob Montgomery's fourteen-months-old baby daughter died very suddenly from the effects of spinal meningitis, he was forced to go to the studio. He just chanced to walk up to Norma Shearer as she was waving her hand to fifteen-months Irving Thalberg, Jr. Bob turned his head away as Norma called, "Goodbye, baby."

And if there's ever another baby in the Robert Montgomery family, Bob said not long ago it is not going to be raised so carefully. When she was five months old little Martha was perfectly healthy. She cooed and kicked and laughed like any other baby when her daddy chuckled her under the chin. She always had perfect care and wasn't allowed with other babies.

AND there's the story they told after Lionel Barrymore won the academy award for the best acting of the year.

Late, on the afternoon of the dinner, Lionel called John on the telephone.
"John," he sputtered, "have you got one of those swallow tail coats? I've got to go to that banquet tonight and I have no dress suit."
"Lord, no," John said. "I haven't got one. But wait a minute. I bought one for a picture" "Wait till I rummage through the trunks."

And that night, before several thousand people, Lionel received the coveted award in John's old swallow tail, two sizes too small.
54 women told their doctors, "I can't use soap" ... 52 of them now use Woodbury's!

SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

WOMEN WHO TOOK PART ... 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST ... For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE ... New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY... 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.

RESULTS ... Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 106 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 153 cases of blackheads; 61 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull, "uninteresting" skin.

"In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

TUNE IN on Woodbury's every Friday evening 9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time ... Leon Belasco and his Orchestra ... WABC and Columbia Network.

NOT JUST A SOAP ... A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

CONVINCED THEM. But read about this test...and its thrilling results

When leading dermatologists in fourteen large American cities opened the Nation-wide Beauty Clinic, they found that many women were not anxious to entrust their delicate complexions to any soap, no matter how fine.

54 of the 612 women who took part in the Clinic said, very positively, at first, "I cannot use soap on my skin. It is too dry and sensitive."

"Yes," the dermatologists agreed, "your skin is dry. It is sensitive. Certainly you could not use a strong or harsh soap. But...every skin, except a few that are really sick, needs a fine soap. Its use will improve the tone of your skin and so correct that abnormal sensitiveness."

So these 54 women, along with 558 others, took part in the dermatologists' "Half-face Test." For 30 consecutive days, each woman went on cleansing the left side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. On the right side, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Clinical skin examinations made at the end of the test revealed, conclusively, the superior action of Woodbury's. In 79% of the cases, the Woodbury side of the face showed a marked improvement over the side treated with other, and more expensive, preparations. Even normally good skins were clearer, finer, firmer, when cared for with Woodbury's.

With this proof before you of what Woodbury's can do, surely you want to try it on YOUR skin. A "skin you love to touch" is "a jewel beyond price." Yet Woodbury's Facial Soap costs but 25¢, less than a penny a day.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 814 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario
I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." Please include 10¢.

Oily Skin O Coarse Pores O Blackheads O
Dry Skin O Wrinkles O Sallow Skin O
Flabby Skin O Pimples O

For sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.

Normal Scalp O Dry Scalp O Oily Scalp O

Name__________________________Street_____________________
City__________________________State______________________

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
“Goodbye, old pal,” said Lil to Mary at Grand Central Station recently when Mary Pickford went to Hollywood and Lillian Gish stayed in New York. The girls have been chums for years and years, you know. Started way back in the old Griffith days and has lasted right on through success. Although you haven’t seen her on the screen for a long time, you’ll notice that Lillian is as prim as ever.

"I want to stay in Hollywood to be near my husband," said Mae Murray. And this time several months ago she was saying all sorts of things about him in legal papers. This picture shows Mae and bee-stung lip coming back to Hollywood.

Some new pictures had just come into Photoplay office and were lying on our desk. One of the girls was walking by and espied the top one. She snatched at it eagerly. "Oh, lemme see," she begged. And then she tossed it aside. "It’s only Jack. I thought it was Lionel."

When Marie Dressler returned to her chair after receiving the award for the best acting among the women for this year at the Academy dinner, her waiter leaned over and whispered so all could hear:

"If you hadn’t won there’d have been a riot."

Which shows what the waiters were ready to do about it!

Love, Divorce, Etc.: Mary Duncan and her secretly married husband, Lewis Wood, have decided to separate... Kenneth Harlan (who used to be married to Marie Prevost) is in Reno. And you know what that means. He’s planning a divorce from his third wife, Doris Booth... And they’re saying that all is not well with the Rudy Vallee (she used to be Fay Webb) but it isn’t true... Dorothy Dwan, who was once Mrs. Larry Semon and once Tom Mix’s leading woman, is the mother of a baby boy. She is now Mrs. Paul Boggs and hasn’t been on the screen for years... Elise Bartlett, Joseph Schillkrut’s ex-wife, is married to Book Publisher Horace Liveright... There’s a new boy friend for Loretta Young every month. Last name mentioned is Leslie Fenton’s... Buddy Rogers’ brother (it’s hard to believe but his first name is Eb) is being sued for divorce by his bride of only a year, Marajen Stevick... Maureen O’Sullivan and Eddie Quillan have been seen around the best places... And also Roberta Gale and John Darrow... Sister Connie got a Marquis so Joan wanted one, too. Her boy friend’s last name is Markey. First name Gene... And its wedding bells pronto for John Considine and Carmen Pantages... Mae McAvoy is tattling tiny garments... Linda Watkins and Erwin Geibey are going together, but Linda has a new beau every few days... And then there is Sidney Fox and David Lewis, a junior exec at Paramount... And don’t let anybody kid you, the Lupe Velez-Jack Gilbert romance is still going strong since their return from Europe... Silly Blane and Richard Cromwell are crazy about each other.

Of course, she and Doug never stepped out on the street without being followed by a horde of fans. One girl found out what theater they were attending and was on hand every evening. Another waited outside the hotel door from nine o’clock in the morning until Joan appeared. Others solved the problem of hearing Joan’s voice on the phone by telling the clerk that the studio was calling. But that racket didn’t work long.

Joan is the most self-conscious star in Hollywood. She is so frightened of meeting people that when she knows she has to go through the ordeal she does not eat for hours before. Perhaps the funniest trick she pulled was when she introduced Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins to her mother-in-law. Knowing their names perfectly, Joan was so flustered that her tongue refused to obey and she presented them as “Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes.”
MAKERS OF
VICKS VAPORUB
ANNOUNCE

A NEW PLAN FOR
BETTER "CONTROL-OF-COLDS"

Made Possible by the
Development of a
New Product Based
on a New Idea for
Prevention of Colds

FURTHER REDUCES
FAMILY "COLDSTAX"

A third of a century ago, Lunsford Richardson, Sr., a North
Carolina druggist, developed a
new idea in treating colds —
and with it Vicks VapoRub.
Now, after years of research,
Vick chemists have developed
a new idea in preventing colds
—and with it Vicks Nose and
Throat Drops. These two are
companions— they aid and
supplement each other.
Togethemplan, they make possible
the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds" in the home.

HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE NEW VICK PLAN:

1. Before a Cold Starts
At that first sneezy, scratchy irritation of the nose or upper throat—
Nature's unmistakable warning that you are "catching cold"—use
Vicks Nose Drops promptly as directed. Many colds can be checked
at this stage and bad colds avoided.
If you catch cold easily, the wise plan is to use just a few Vicks
Nose Drops up each nostril after exposure to any particular condi-
tion that your own experience tells you is apt to give you a cold—
for instance, a night on a Pullman— a dusty automobile ride—over-
smoking—over-heated, over-crowded rooms, etc., etc.—and you feel
the slightest stuffiness of the nasal passages. Vicks Drops are espe-
cially designed to aid the nose—Nature's "preventor" of colds—when
over-taxed by such emergencies of our artificial present-day living.

2. After a Cold Starts
At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub
(now available in white "stainless" form, if you prefer). Spread on
thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave the bed-clothing loose
around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled
all night long. During the day— any time, any place— use Vicks Nose
Drops as needed for ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you
will like another new Vick product— Vicks Drop actually medi-
cated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.)
This gives you full 24-hour treatment without the risks of too
much internal "dosing," which so often upsets the digestion—espe-
cially of children— and lowers body strength when Nature most needs
it to resist disease. Don't "dose" colds except on your doctor's advice.

TRIAL OFFER TO VICK USERS

We believe that these two products—used as directed
in the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—will
greatly reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss
of time and health. We believe this so strongly that
we have authorized all druggists to sell Vicks Drops to
any user of Vicks VapoRub on trial—to refund the
purchase price if you do not find the Vick Plan for
"Control-of-Colds" more satisfactory in your home.

VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY

Lunsford Richardson, Sr. PRESIDENT
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

THERE'S a tiny restaurant in Hollywood which boasts Greta Garbo's patronage. It's The Canary Cottage, specializing in sixty-five and eighty-five cent dinners. And Garbo's favorite dish, as always, is beefsteak and onions.

JACKIE COOPER was dining with Louis B. Mayer and his family. The producer asked the lad's preference in foods. "Spaghetti," Jackie ordered promptly.

The Mayer chef immediately prepared the dish with a great culinary flourish. Jackie ate silently. Finally, L. B. asked, "Well, how's that spaghetti, Jackie?"

"Huh. My grandmother can make it better than that thing!"

HERE'S what's happening along the Hollywood financial front.

Salaries are being cut, options are not being renewed. Honestly, the poor stars don't know where their next caviar canapé is coming from and maybe some of the pitiful darlings can have only seven new diamond bracelets this year.

John Barrymore, who used to get $200,000 a picture receives a mere $125,000 now.

They were willing to renew Adolphe Menjou's contract if he'd take a cut. He wouldn't and, thumbing his nose in the grand Menjou manner, sailed for Europe.

Marguerite Churchill was making $750 a week. Her next option called for $1,000. When they said they'd keep her at the old figure, Marguerite said, "Not this old figure," and went a-freelancing.

If Lil Dagover's "The Woman from Monte Carlo" drags the money out of your pocket—and yours and yours, the studio will bring her back for another. But they're waiting to see.

THERE'S not enough box-office to carry Winnie Lightner's salary. She makes one more picture and quits. Anna May Wong is gone from the Paramount list—they thought $750 a week too much to pay her.

Radio Pictures wanted Ivan Lebedeff to take a cut. Drawing himself up to his full Russian height and clicking his heels and his teeth together he refused grandly. Now he's freelancing, too.

And there are a lot more who will have their salaries slashed before this depression is over.

ONE of the swellest interviews we've read in a long time was that between Charlie Chaplin's two boys, Sydney and Charlie, Jr., and a reporter on the London News Chronicle. And did those lads spill devastating personal opinions!

Sydney declared, "Daddy isn't really so very funny. I like Punch and Judy shows better because you get more action." And he went on to say that his father "wasn't so very funny in 'City Lights' but it was better than his other films. He didn't throw pies, you see."

Then, afraid that his words would be misconstrued (he knew about Hollywood rumors), he added hastily:

"People get the wrong impression of dad. It's not good style to throw pies, but he only does it in the films. He never throws pies at home."

Charlie, Jr., didn't have much to say. He simply told the reporter that he wanted to be a lion tamer.

In a court row with her lawyer, Dolores Del Rio said Edwin Carewe was her "worst enemy."

And less than a year ago, Dolores told a writer, with tears in her eyes, that she could never forget what Director Carewe had done for her in bringing her to this country and giving her an opportunity.

And before that Dolores and Carewe toured Europe in the same party.

And shortly before that Eddie Carewe was supposed to be the cause of the trouble between Dolores and Jaime Del Rio.

And before that—Carewe was introducing her to Hollywood and using all of his then-great influence to break a path through the stiff barriers before her.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S former German understudy, Tala Birell, is in Hollywood. She's better known abroad than Marlene. . . . Connie Bennett has had the same maid for nine years and the same chauffeur, waitress and cook since she came to Hollywood. . . . Joe E. Brown's chest is hairless. When he was

Hundreds of readers said they liked working out the jigsaw puzzle we ran in the December issue. So here's another grand one with which to while away those long winter evenings. The idea is to cut out the pieces with a scissors, following the outlines carefully. Then spread out a large piece of stiff paper and assemble the two heads on it. You'll find it easier to paste them down as you fit piece to piece. Both of these are men. One is your newest heart throb and the other is a suave actor.
of Hollywood Goings-On!

cast in a role that demanded he look like a big, husky guy, make-up man Perc Westmore made him "a chest wig." ... Richard Dix won the first domestic argument. Rich wanted to live in an apartment. Wife Winnie wanted to have a house. But they're living in the swankiest apartment house in Hollywood. ... George Bancroft has joined Garbo. No, not actually. He's just turned recluse and doesn't go to parties anymore. ... Karen Morley hates to wear hats and doesn't except when she has to. ... Carole Lombard has a new mink coat and a sable neck-piece. Hubby Bill Powell gave them to her for Christmas. ... Fredric March works at the studio in the day time. His wife, Florence Eldridge, works at the theater at night. They see each other at luncheon. ... Director Jack Ford is disconsolate. Somebody stole the Photoplay gold medal he was awarded for directing "Four Sons," the best picture of 1928. All the detectives in Hollywood are looking for it. ... Tallulah Bankhead never walked an unnecessary step in New York. But in Hollywood she and young Richard Cromwell took a three-mile hike. ... Lola Lane and Lew Ayres get along great. Lew likes the dark meat of the chicken, Lola the neck and wings and that leaves the white meat for company. ... When Nancy Carroll was arrested in New York for breaking a traffic law she was so flustered she said she was Nancy Carroll Kirkland. That hasn't been her name since she divorced Author Jack Kirkland and married Editor Bolton Mallory.

A CERTAIN famous New York hairdresser was in a rage a few weeks ago to read in a newspaper that he was responsible for a permanent wave of Norma Talmadge's hair which made her resemble nothing so much as a Fiji Islander.

The truth of the matter was that he had given Norma the wave but she refused to let him set it afterwards, saying she liked to do that herself, with the consequence that her hair stood out like a porcupine's bristles, when she was seen at lunch at a prominent café half an hour later.

WALTER HUSTON was discussing a thirty foot fall from a scaffolding on a picture set.

"Did all your sins flash through your mind while you were falling?" a friend inquired.

"Great Scott! I said I fell thirty feet, not miles," Huston answered.

THE New Gretna Green," a yarn you'll find in this month's Photoplay, tells all about the movie marriages that take place in Yuma, Arizona. Maybe if the stars who elope to this little Western town knew about the first elopement that took place there and its disastrous ending they'd think twice. Harry Carr tells the story in the Los Angeles Times Magazine.

Her name was Juanita, the first Yuma eloper, and she was a beautiful, sloe-eyed senorita. Her groom was a gay and handsome blade but old true love got to running in circles and one night the groom said, "I've got a notion to cut out your heart." Whereon Juanita, with a simple twist of the wrist, whipped a knife out of her stocking and cut his heart out instead. Just a sweet girl!

THERE'S a very, very naughty burlesque show on Main Street in Los Angeles called "The Folies." It's Parisian, you know, and sort of — well, not the kind of place you'd take your grandmother. But what do you suppose? Mary Brian was there one evening—wearing a wig. According to Mary this comes under the general heading of Search for Sophistication.

By the grace of heaven and the gods of the Cinema "The Greeks Had a Word for Them" is ready for release. And they're calling the sets where the piece was filmed "the battle fields."

First, all the women players, Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans objected to the Chanel designed clothes and they had to be remade.

Then, three times during production actor-director Lowell Sherman walked off the set swearing by his waxed moustache that he'd never return. The reason for the walk-offs was supervisor interference. The bosses would look at his stuff, shake their heads and say, "No, we don't like it that way. We want Ina Claire in a soft and creamy mood."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
GARY COOPER may be nursing a broken heart but his flight into Egypt isn't a lonely one. He is in a party which includes Captain White, the archaeologist, Woolworth Donavan, grandson to the Woolworth and Countess di Frasso. Yes, the Countess is the latest woman in whom Gary is supposed to be interested. Gary is sick of Hollywood and will be gone longer than any of you think.

ONE of Jimmy Cagney's best friends tells this yarn. Seems Jimmy was afraid for his mother to see that gruesome ending of "The Public Enemy!"—the ending that spoiled your sleep for a week. So he wrote his brothers and told them to keep his mother away from the show when it played the home town.

But his mother slipped off, saw it and wrote to Jimmy, "They could have done much more with that picture. The ending was weak."

NOW everybody knows why Jimmie Dunn was so burned up when the story of his engagement to Molly O'Day got into print, and why he denied it so vehemently. June Knight is the real love in Jimmie's life and when she came to Hollywood to fill a dancing engagement at the Roosevelt Hotel, Jimmie had a lot of explaining to do.

Well, the explaining was to the effect that he and Molly had known each other since they were kids and, both being Irish and all that, and love never being a question they simply pulled around together for a spell. June believed him and that makes everything dandy. She thinks Jimmie is a swell guy.

LILLA LEE has recovered from two ailments—the nervous breakdown that sent her to a sanitarium in Arizona and later to Tahiti; and her love for Johnny Farrow. And Hollywood is rejoicing on both counts. As Lilla returns, writer and man-about-town Johnny goes to Europe. It was he, you remember, who told Del Rio to marry before she married Cedric Gibbons. And it was also he who played around with Maureen O'Sullivan while Lila was in the sanitarium. Then there was a Pasadena society woman who cut in on the Hollywood belles for a time.

And yet not a woman went to the boat to see Johnny off. He said he wasn't returning. So long Johnny!

HERE'S Lew Cody's latest story. Seems there were seven Scotchmen who went into a livery stable to rent a horse and buggy.

"Why, it's impossible," said the livery stable man. "Seven of you in one buggy!"

"Oh, that's all right," said the Scots, "we've all got whips."

TOM MIX says he won't make a picture in which he has to smoke, drink or use a revolver. He doesn't want his kid audience to get bad ideas. . . . Six women fainted from emotion when Lawrence Tibbett sang at a benefit in Baltimore. . . . Maurice Chevalier's wife, Yvonne, is back in Hollywood to quiet those rumors about Maurice—or something. . . . Buddy Rogers and Flo Ziegfeld are holding conferences. Buddy may go in the new show. . . . Buster Keaton is leaning over backwards to save Jimmy Durante the breaks in "Her Cardboard Lover." So they can't say Buster is jealous of another comedian. . . . The Siamese twins playing in "Freaks" are that way about Bob Montgomery. But the one on the left likes him the best.

THEY were discussing the over-production of wheat. "It's terrible," Robert Woolsey said woefully.

"But it might be worse," Bert Wheeler piped up cheerfully. "Just suppose it were spinach!"

JACKIE SEARL, "the kid you'd love to spank," is going to be a good boy in his next one. Another villain gone ga-ga. . . . Eddie Robinson is off to Paris to study the underworld there seeking local color. A lot of folks do it but don't have Eddie's allibi. . . . Ann Harding gave drawn-work handkerchiefs to all her friends for Christmas. She made them herself between scenes of "Prestige." . . . Lon Chaney's fan mail is still enormous. It is all from foreign countries and the writers ask when he's going to play in another picture. . . . Madge Evans has never had a make-up test. Cameramen say she has the "perfect photographic face." . . . A second son of a famous English family makes a good living instructing directors and actors in correct English atmosphere for the smart pictures.

ANN HARDING complained for a week, before she left California on location, of "neuritis" in her shoulder. She had no idea it was dislocated until it became so painful at Jacksonville, Florida, that she left the train to see a doctor.

She thinks it must have been out of place at least ten days earlier while working in the fake jungle on the back lot of the RKO-Pathe studios on scenes for "Prestige." This entire picture filmed in the effect the Chinese jungle has upon a woman and her husband. RKO-Pathe scouts could discover no jungles comparable to the Chinese ones in California. So they sent the whole company to Florida.

GABLE'S Beauty Salon across from the Paramount Studio has doubled its business since the sudden popularity of Clark Gable. Somehow the impression has circulated throughout the neighborhood that the shop is operated or financed by "What-A-Man" Gable and that he may drop in any minute. There is a large framed picture of Clark, placed in the shop by the shrewd owner of the establishment, who incidentally has never seen the Great Moment.

"Women are all alike," muses Lew Cody, with a knowing gleam in his right eye and a lift of his lift eyebrow. And then he tells about the time he went through San Quentin prison recently. There he saw Clara Phillips (in jail), and she greeted him like this: "Oh, Mr. Cody, I'm so sorry you came today. I've just washed my hair and it looks terrible."
Well, little Jean Harlow got her way—part way.
She was very upset about that measly $350 producer Howard Hughes paid her while he was renting her platinum locks for four figures. So, when her checks arrived by mail each week, she just didn't cash them. Then, she cashed them all at once and dashed to New York on the accumulation.

Only, she's gotten a promise. After this, she gets half of what Hughes gets above her $350 a week!

Hollywood's favorite sport of the moment is polo... Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Jack Holt, Ricardo Cortez and Big Boy Williams are all good players... Jobby Howland who weighs—well, more than Marie Dressler—wears a white, form fitting athletic sweat shirt at the studio... Anna May Wong has never been to China... Roland Young's hobby is collecting china penguins... He now has over 300... Eddie Robinson made more money for the Warner Brothers than any other of their stars... Jack Pickford is almost well again, after a nervous breakdown that almost cost him his life... And Barbara Stanwyck is going to do the old Colleen Moore rôle in a talkie version of "So Big."

The Shadow Stage
The National Guide to Motion Pictures

The Secret Witness—Columbia

See this if for no other reason than to chortle over ZaSu Pitts as the flustered telephone operator—she's grand. This is another mystery with a double murder and two suicides (oh, you get used to them dropping around!). You'll probably spot the murderer before the showdown, but it's entertaining. Una Merkel is an amateur sleuth, William Collier, Jr., the deeply involved hero.

Men of Chance—Radio Pictures

A smooth, snappy story that moves along at a brisk pace. The plot of the woman who betrays her gambler husband is an old one, but here it has a certain spontaneity that holds the interest to the end. Ricardo Cortez as Johnny Silk of the race-track gives a clean-cut performance. Mary Astor as the bogus countess is thoroughly believable. Worth seeing.

Forbidden—Columbia

Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy contribute fine performances to a gloomy "wages of sin" story. Barbara, in trusting youth and disillusioned middle age, is the unwed mother who sacrifices herself and child to her lover's political career. A chance to see this new and interesting leading man, Bellamy, in a rôle where he's not blind or crippled. Great for those who like their tragedy straight.

Almost Married—Fox

A competent cast struggle hard with a weak, incoherent story, silly dialogue and careless direction. Many situations are left unexplained and border on the ridiculous. Alexander Kirkland, as the mad musician, tries hard but brings little sincerity to the part. Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming, whose voice is lovely, handle their parts adequately.

IVORY SOAP

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap! And dissolves in lukewarm water!
This combination of two unrivaled virtues means perfect safety and speed when you wash fine things.
No need for hot water with Ivory Snow. No waiting for suds. Just lukewarm water, Ivory Snow, and swish—every tiny Snow-pearl is a fluff of suds. No undissolved soap left to cling to the fabric.
For chiffon stockings, or fine lingerie, for soft little baby woolens—perfect safety! And if you try Ivory Snow for dishes, you'll have a pleasant surprise. Such suds—a regular beauty bath for your hands!
You can use Ivory Snow generously too, for the big 15¢ box contains enough pure Ivory to protect hundreds of dollars worth of fine clothes through many silk-and-wool washdays.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree
"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Trubu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Hand-woven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

99 4/100 %
PURE
When doctors approve
you're perfectly safe

Your doctor has certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before he will give it his approval.

Here are the requirements which the doctor considers important:

What the Doctor demands in a Laxative

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach.

It should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines.

It should not grip.

It should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax checks on every point

Ex-Lax meets every one of these specifications.

Ex-Lax is a scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is internationally recognized by the medical profession.

And it is the special Ex-Lax way of combining a delicious chocolate base with the scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not "whip" them. It does not grip—not is it habit-forming.

Get Ex-Lax from your druggist in 10c, 25c, or 50c boxes. Or mail coupon for free sample.

Keep "regular" with

— the safe laxative

that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 179
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name________________________
Address______________________

THE BIG SHOT—RKO-Pathé

A TYPICAL Eddie Quillan vehicle, crammed full of clean entertainment. He is the small-town boy, forever trying to put over business in a big way. Eventually he does. You will like him doing it. Maureen O'Sullivan is the charming girl whom he finally wins. Belle Bennett is the mother, and Arthur Stone is excellent.

HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY—Paramount

THIS snaps into a fine start but slumps to an indifferent ending, although it's amusing. Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Vivienne Osborne is splendid as the wife; Juliette Compton an alluring side-interest and Charlie Ruggles an amusing hen-pecked husband. Well worth an evening.

LAW OF THE TONGS—Willis Kent Prod.

MELODRAMA that will satisfy any average audience. In this case, a Chinaman becomes the benefactor and rescues a girl. Later it costs him his life, in a manner that gives you a lump in your throat. Phyllis Harington is the pretty girl, and Johnny Harron her sweetheart. Jason Rohrads, as the kind-hearted Chinaman, is excellent.

THE UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

A NOOTHER little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. And the usual fun begins. The plot's stale, but the lines are sparkling, although risqué in places. It has Slim Summerville's grin, Zasu Pitts' waving hands and Cora Sue Collins. Wait till you see Cora Sue. Just four, and walks away with everything. Put this down for a blue day. You'll get a laugh out of it.

DEVIL ON DECK—Thrill-O-Drama

NOTHING particularly new about this story or the handling. A young girl is shanghaied aboard a ship and finally killed. Her brother plots revenge. The wicked captain finally meets his fate. Molly O'Day is the leading lady and June Marlowe the ill-fated girl. Reed Howes is the likable leading man and Wheeler Oakman a good villain. Rather mild.

MAKER OF MEN—Columbia

NOW the coaches are getting a hand in football pictures! Here a coach grooms his son for football glories, only to have the boy quit. It's an appealing story, due to the fine work of Richard Cromwell as the son—but it will drag a little for you who are not rabid football fans. Jack Holt makes a convincingly dominating father.

THE STRUGGLE—United Artists

OLD Demon Prohibition Rum makes burnout of honest working man. Papa, full of red-eye, gets a lot of chewy, tiny tor around ruined garret, a la Lillian Gish while audience snatchers at phony thunderstorm. "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now," or "The Face on the Barroom Floor" done in the manner and with the technique of the early Biograph pictures. New invention of talking pictures makes characters actually talk. Sudden wreck rolls in with the concentration, while radio squeaks "Abide With Me." It's all too sad. Hal Skelly tried hard to save it, but even his good work was of no avail. Directed by D. W. Griffith, who sixteen years ago made "The Birth of a Nation."

THE RAINBOW TRAIL—Fox

WESTERN, with some grand scenery which dwarfs a weak story and mediocre acting. George O'Brien tries hard, but the scenario writer fails him miserably. Minna Gombell and Roscoe Arbuckle are satisfactory. Story is one of those revenge things with O'Brien doing the impossible to save pretty Cecelia Parker, but somehow you don't see to care.

IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrift-O-Drama

A GOOD cast, consisting of Henry B. Walthall, Robert Ellis, Blanche Mehaffey, Rex Lease, Helen Foster and others, fails to make this very entertaining. The experiences of a vicious district attorney, some crooks and a newspaper reporter, with the conviction of innocent parties, make the plot. It comes through with a happy ending.

BRANDED MEN—Tiffany Prod.

HAVE you been missing those old-time Western thrillers? Then see this—it has everything. A sheriff's life isn't worth a nickel in Deep Gulch. The saloon is run by the bad man of the town and there are hoss thieves, a beauteous blonde, people pushed off cliff and riding a hard and hand, Tarzan, rescue the fair damsel, June Clyde.

THE DECEIVER—Columbia

IAN KEITH makes his matinée idol role convincingly villainous, but the plot of his backstage murder mystery limps. You know the story by heart—he's a wicked deceiver of young girls and gets his just punishment. You won't believe it when you behold the microscope audience all dressed up for the evening performance! Just one of those little costuming slips. Dorothy Sebastian and Lloyd Hughes play lovers.

ANYBODY'S BLONDE—Action Pictures

F THE Hollywood vernacular this is "just a quickie" but there are plenty of well-timed laughs and good direction. It tells the story of a prize-fighter who is murdered and his newspaper reporter sister who finds the guilty one. Reed Howes and Dorothy Revier do neat work of their respective jobs and Henry B. Walthall is fine.

THE KID—Tiffany Prod.

GIVE Ken Maynard a Wild West setting, a tumbus to champion, a lass to save and his good steed, Tarzan—and you have a fast shooting Western. Twin brothers, both crooks, but one redeemed by love, complicate this old plot. Dan O'Herlihy is the out-and-out villain. There's a hoof beat a minute, if you like that sort of thing.

EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD—Raspin Prod.

HERE'S the big tent show of all the exploration pictures. Six of the outstanding explorers of the world are gathered together, each to tell in his own words and with his own pictures, the story of adventure. Harold Nore, famed for Brazilian exploits, is master of ceremonies, introducing such famous explorers as Gene Lamb, Harold McCracken, Tom Price and Francesco Solano. His Fine photography of strange beasts and their haunts.

BEN HUR—M-G-M

EXAGGERATED stunts take the place of the roar of the screen. They hadn't yet learned to speak back in 1925. But, enlivened by a musical score and noisy "sound effects," it's still eye-filling photography and thrilling action that charmed the audience. Francis X. Bushman breathes fire into Messala. Novarvo is a handsome Ben Hur, Carmel Myers the kind of "vamp" who used to send Garbo-thrills down audience spines.
Any Woman Can 
Be Beautiful
[continued from page 33]

Constance Bennett came to me to put on weight she went to bed three nights a week at nine o’clock, and I guess if a girl as popular and as gay as Connie Bennett can give up a few hours’ enjoyment for beauty you can.
Here’s your menu:

**Breakfast**
Big glass of orange or grapefruit juice
Twenty minutes later
Dish of hominy with ripe sliced bananas and certified milk and sugar
Coffee or tea with sugar and cream
Toast with plenty of butter and jam if you like
(Two hours before luncheon a big glass of tomato juice if possible)

**Luncheon**
Bowl of thick soup
(Cream of mushroom or Cream of tomato or Cream of celery or Thick vegetable soup or Chicken otka with rice or noodles)
Green salad and often half an avocado
Spaghetti (with butter—allowed to melt after the food is off the fire) or Egg noodles (with butter) Chocolate or rice or bread pudding or Cup custard or Stewed fruits with cream Bottle of certified milk (In the middle of the afternoon a glass of milk)

**Dinner**
Fruit cocktail
Soup (cream or clear)
Any sort of meat that is broiled or roasted, and gravy; but skim off the fat—it’s hard to digest.
Two vegetables (creamed or with butter, and put the butter on after the vegetables are done). Use plenty
Glass of milk
Cup custard or Ice Cream or Pudding
(Beware of pies unless you are sure you can digest them.)

In the morning step under a lukewarm shower and then, with a body brush and soap, rub your body briskly for five minutes. Step back under shower and wash off soap. If you can stand it finish with a cold shower. If you don’t react properly (that is, feel a warm glow afterwards) don’t do this.

With a rough towel rub your body for ten or fifteen minutes, working hard on the spine. (You thin girls can get your arms around to your back.)
Rub and rub and rub. Ride to work. Don’t walk too much. You can swim (the plump girls shouldn’t do too much of that).

---

**does the SOCIETY woman wear TINTED nails or NATURAL?**

**Both! She varies her polish with her gown, using all colors from palest to deepest . . . says world’s authority on manicure**

**To tint or not to tint . . . any really smart society lady would sniff—smartly, of course—at such a narrow point of view.**

The instant she saw the new nail shades she realized that the big idea was Variety. She suited her actions to her words and now you can only guess what color nails she’ll appear in if you know what color frock she’s going to wear. Which she knows simply makes her more devastating!

So if you want to keep up with “Smart Society,” get out your wardrobe and decide now what nail tint you’ll wear with which frock. See how much more interest the oldest rag has with new nails! It’s all worked out for you by an expert in the chart at the right.

But don’t forget that quality counts! Cutex Liquid Polish simply hasn’t a flaw . . . It flows on smoothly, dries practically instantly. It is safe from all temptation to peel, crack, streak or fade. And is blessed with an ability to gleam for days on end. Pick your favorite shades today.

**FOLLOW THE EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . .**
A booklet in every package describes it in detail. Give your nails this simple manicure

**CUTEX Liquid Polish ONLY 35¢**

---

**Rose** is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender—smart with hunter green, black and brown.

**Coral** nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

**Cardinal** is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

**Colorless** is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for “difficult” colors!

Each week . . . once a day push back the cuticle and cleanse the tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Before retiring, use Cuticle Oil or Cream.


2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 5 other manicure essentials for 12¢
HE VOWED HE'D BE A BACHELOR, BUT

Her Eyes Captured Him!

You, too, can quickly attain captivatingly clear, bright eyes this safe, easy way

Many a romance has had its start in a pair of clear, sparkling eyes. Yet most women neglect their eyes shamefully! If given daily attention like the skin, teeth and hair, they will soon attain a clearness and brilliance that will amaze and delight you.

To keep your eyes clear, bright and full of life, nothing equals time-tried Murine. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and by its gentle astrigent action reduces bloodshot veins. This soothing, cooling, harmless lotion should be applied each night and morning...regularly!

Unlike mere eye washes, Murine requires no insanitary eye cup. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60¢ at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle today! For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write Murine Co., Dept. A, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.

Photographer Tom Collins, who took the picture (on the right) of Jimmy Walker, claims that the Mayor of New York has a better profile than the famous one of John Barrymore (left). What do you think?

Your exercises should be taken before dinner. Put a sheet on the floor, loosen your clothes and lie down. With arms above head twist and stretch your body. Then pull your legs up and move them back and forth in a scissors movement (as I am doing in picture D). Then, with legs together, pull your knees to your nose (as I am doing in picture E) and straighten them again. Also, with your legs and in the same position make the gesture of riding a bicycle. Finish off by stretching your spine and your whole body with arms above head. Do this for twenty minutes.

When you walk keep your shoulders back.

THERE—that's all, more than enough sleep, the morning shower and rub, the diet and the night's exercise. And if you do this I guarantee that you'll gain the fifteen pounds that the plump girls lose in the first month.
The endless

Beauty Contest

no woman

can avoid

Buy a dozen cakes of Camay—the world’s finest, safest beauty soap. Long before the dozen is gone, you’ll find that your skin has regained soft, natural, flower-petal loveliness which makes children’s skin so appealingly beautiful.

Do children welcome your presence? Like men, they have an unerring eye for clean, natural loveliness! When their active little minds accept you as attractive, you know that you have won another Beauty Contest—and a hard one at that!

A brief minute with gentle Camay lather, a soft cloth, and warm water; then a quick, cold rinse—and your skin has been freed from the film of invisible dirt which clogs pores and dims the natural, shell-like beauty of your skin. Your face glows with fresh loveliness, and is ever so soft and smooth. But trust only Camay! 73 of America’s leading skin doctors praise Camay as being delicate enough, safe enough, for your skin. You are in a Beauty Contest that goes on all day long... every day of your life. Let Camay—and Camay alone—help you win!

Camay

The Soap of Beautiful Women
I need rehearsals to make myself certain I understand exactly how a scene should be played. I like to rehearse with the lights, camera, microphones, just as it will be when it is actually filmed. When Miss Garbo realized my method of working differed from her own, she graciously offered to rehearse.

"OFTEN, while the new camera angles were being lined up on the set, we would sit in her little portable dressing-room and go over the lines together. Other times she would prefer to walk outside and run through the dialogue as we strolled the streets between the stages. "During our conferences with Mr. Fitzmaurice on the set, Miss Garbo never was arbitrary in making demands. Her ideas are sound and studied. She has a comprehensive knowledge of picture technique and nothing is too much trouble for her if it means anything to the picture. If a point tended to bring a discussion to the borderline of disagreement, she always managed to smooth it over with a joke. She has a grand sense of humor and loves to 'kid.' She is warmly interested in every detail of production and seems to enjoy her work with more than ordinary relish.

"When our first scene was finished, the still cameraman set up his camera to take the first still pictures in which we appeared together. In it we posed in the doorway to the luxurious chamber in which the love scenes were played.

As we posed both of us seemed suddenly self-conscious. In a way, it was a test. Perhaps she felt I was watching to see if she would "upstage" me, a trick to hold the center of the picture. Or possibly she was waiting to see if I would try it on her. It is strange, but little things sometimes mount to enormous proportions. Whatever it was that made me feel tense at the moment, vanished the second I heard the camera shutter click. She looked up and laughed at me. We were friends.

"The day we worked on the long scenes in Mata Hari's apartment she wore that gorgeous costume made of many thousands of beads. I think it weighed something more than fifty pounds. Naturally it was very fatigueing, going over the scenes, again and again, to get the correct camera lines and working out traveling shots.

"It got to be pretty close to five o'clock and Miss Garbo was beginning to look tired. Mr. Fitzmaurice was intending to take the scene from another angle when he looked up and saw Miss Garbo removing the elaborate headdress and shaving the hairpins from her head. She smiled graciously, said goodnight, and said she would see us at nine o'clock in the morning. No word of complaint or apology. She came to work early in the morning and worked steadily until five. In fact, all there was to do. No 'I go home!' as I

---

**is PURITY important, girls?**

Have you ever avoided gazing into his eyes ... because you're afraid of close scrutiny? Ever had the disappointment of donning your favorite hat, and discovering it exposed an unlovely cheek? Do you sometimes hesitate to face the cruel, bright daylight?

Of course, heavy powdering will cover up the blemishes. Yet this is the very thing that aggravates your skin. And besides ... men hate "that powdered look."

You say, "What's a girl to do?" The answer's easy: Use powder that is pure; Impure powders cause irritations and blemishes. Only powder that is pure can protect your skin.

And powder that is pure and fine means protection plus beauty. Luxor powder is made in scientific laboratories, of only the purest ingredients. It's sifted through tight-stretched silk to make it fine and soft. It will bring a new, smooth transparency to your skin ... the radiance and bloom of pure beauty.

Luxor products are not costly: face-powder, 30 cents a box, rouge 50 cents, lipstick 30 cents.

---

**Luxor, Ltd.**

Luxor, Ltd., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.
I guess purity is important. Here's ten cents for a sample of the pure face-powder. (Check) — Rachel, Flesh, White.
PP-A
Name________________________
Address______________________

"They wanted me to take a lousy grand a week, the gyps"
heard so much about. Just an independence and courage to do what she believes the right thing.

"Her emotional intensity is genuine. Her role acts as a complete metamorphosis. It is an inspiration to work with her. Temperament? She is too timid to storm, even if she chooses to. She is more like a girl than a woman.

"I don't know what people expected would happen when we were put opposite each other. But it was the happiest experience of my entire career!"

Will Marlene Break the Spell?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

in England he met a strange little man interested in art and belle lettres, who told him, "The only way to succeed is by making people hate you. I intend to bring myself to the attention of the higher and mightier ones by making them remember me as someone whom they hate."

This was, of course, Von Sternberg. He has succeeded.

When he was starting out in the business, a famous director who wanted to help him said, "I believe you can be a director. In three months I could teach you to be one."

To which Von Sternberg replied, "It would take me longer than that to teach you to direct."

Once Von Sternberg was employed by M-G-M. His first picture was put into the hands of a supervisor who disliked him. The finished result was a botch. Von Sternberg was, at the time, in the midst of directing Mae Murray. When he saw the result of his first M-G-M attempt he walked on his set one day, turned his cameras heavenwards, took a hundred feet of film showing the cobwebbed ratters of the stage's ceiling and, with this magnificent nose thumbing gesture, left the lot never to return.

Yet there is a legend which says he used to stand in the doorway of his house upon a hill and, throwing his sensitive hands toward the lighted panorama of the city below, cry in childish ecstasy, "My Hollywood!" And that he would listen for the purr of cars coming up the hill and when he knew that he was to have visitors he would run into the house and seat himself in a high backed chair with an erudite book (title carefully displayed) before his face.

I COULD go on and on recounting Von Sternberg yarns, but perhaps there are enough to show you that the man is a trifle mad—yet he comes darn close to being a genius. Finding life falling short of his fantastic ideal, he has built up in his films a world of his own, peopled with great heroic characters, women with incredible brains, women who make incredible gestures, women who behave not at all as we, who have wiped the star dust from our eyes, expect human beings to behave, but women who, if they existed, would certainly give the dish of life a French sauce of romance and color.

And now we come to Marlene. Von Sternberg has created her in the image of these women about whom he dreams and whom he crystallizes upon a screen. He saw her, as Stiller saw Garbo, a piece of clay waiting for his hands to mould.

But Stiller saw Garbo as an actress. What she did off screen did not matter to him as long as she loved him.

Von Sternberg does not want love from Marlene. But he, being a different type of man from Stiller, wants more.

He has tried to mould her not only as an actress but as a person.
I remember the first time I saw Marlene Dietrich. I thought her one of the loveliest women I'd ever known. That she was unhappy in America I knew—as Garbo was unhappy when she first came over. But she talked freely of her baby, of her life in Germany, of her husband. Von Sternberg was not there.

When he came in the room—as he always eventually comes into any room where Marlene is, he bowed politely to me and turned to Marlene to talk to her in German. She arrose instantly. "I must go," she said. And shortly she left.

She is two different women. With Von Sternberg she is what he has made her be, the woman who wandered through "Morocco" on a pair of ridiculously high heels, the woman who rouged her lips before facing a firing squad in "Dishonored." When she is away from him she is a gay, happy, laughing child. The mask is tossed away, the pose is gone. She is the Marlene Dietrich of Germany and not the creation of Von Sternberg of some mystic Graustarkian country.

In spite of the fact that he says she helps direct her pictures and that it makes her furious to be told he dominates her, his spell has lasted over her since her arrival in this country. And then came those fatal ten days and the spell was broken. It was during those ten days that she laughed and danced with Maurice Chevalier. And, although they are back together again, she and Josef, lunching and talking their serious talk, there is a difference. Things are not as they were.

As a person, this all affects her tremendously but it chieflly concerns her career, which is now at a serious crisis. Not even her most ardent admirers (of which I am one) can fail to see that she has (through Von Sternberg) repeated her roles in every picture. And already people are asking, "What would happen if someone else directed Marlene?"

It is in her contract that Von Sternberg shall direct her pictures.

But suppose those ten days have paved the way for her, suppose she should work for another man? Undoubtedly the vague, intangible, inarticulate woman would be gone and in her stead would be a warm, alive, delightful actress—as Marlene herself really is.

Now perhaps you wonder where Marlene's husband, Rudolf Sieber, comes into all this. He plays a certain role in Marlene's life but not the starring one. Her baby is her greatest and most vital interest. Don't forget that Sieber was an assistant director who could further her interests on the screen in Germany at the time she married him.

And she loves him, of course, since he is the father of her child and that child, little Maria, is her ruling passion.

Marlene is not a strange figure. She is a woman of intelligence and charm. She takes a normal interest in having a good time. Von Sternberg has made her the thing she appears to be. But now that she is being gradually weaned away from the influence—what will happen to her? Du Maurier's ending for his novel "Trilby" was not a happy one. But Trilby did not have the brains Marlene has.

---

"Oh, Beth, I asked Mrs. Dobbs at the beauty shop what to do about my rough 'dishpan hands'"

"What did she say?"

"You'll be surprised! Just to use Lux instead of ordinary soap!... It gives your hands beauty care in the dishpan!"

A HINT FROM 305 FAMOUS BEAUTY SHOPS

Here is a way to turn your dishwashing into beauty care! Experts in 305 famous beauty shops say—"We actually can't tell the difference between the hands of a woman who uses Lux in the dishpan and those of a woman with maids to do all her work. Lux is so gentle it gives the hands a real beauty treatment."

And how little this precious care costs! Less than 1¢ a day—for the big box of Lux does 6 weeks' dishes!

Lux for dishes
Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day

"Well, Connie's married again and this Hank seems to be a nice fellow," beams Richard Bennett. So, with Connie settled in that little love nest for two, papa Dick can pitch right in and do a lot more picture roles as grand as the one he played in "Arrowsmith"
Marion's Philosophy

(continued from page 69)

She paused; whirled on me suddenly. "Do you know that I am the only woman on stage or screen who stutters? I have felt that handicap from the first. When talking pictures came," she shuddered. "But I never stutter in a picture, do I? You haven't noticed it, have you?" She waited anxiously for my denial.

"Well, I did on the stage. My very first line was 'I'm the Spirit of the Follies.' I worried myself sick for fear I couldn't do it but kept building my courage by saying I could do it.

"I couldn't. They pulled the curtain on me. They took the line away because I had stuttered so I couldn't finish the sentence. I cried for two days. Then, the third morning, I went to the window and saw that new light creeping slowly but steadily through the darkness of the terrible night. And I knew that if the world got new light every morning, I could get a new chance when I wouldn't stutter." Another long interlude of silence.

I was paid eighteen dollars a week for that first job. I wanted my mother to have an automobile. More than anything else in the world I wished to ride in a car like other mothers. I saved every penny. Finally saved $130 and bought her one. Then, when I had paid for it and couldn't take it back, I took it home. When it stopped at home, it stopped forever. It never ran again. It was too old.

"As for a sense of humor," again she hesitated. "I guess that has something to do with the days, too. At night you are alone. How you feel, doesn't matter much, does it? But when the day comes and you must be with other people—"

"What's the use of being downcast and gloomy and blue when there's light all around you? You have the light for only such a short time. And if things happen which hurt, you can learn to laugh and to joke and to think of another day which is coming! You can even forget the night which must come before the light.

"The days are so short. Yet, life is just as short! You might as well get all the fun you can from life just as you get all the sunshine from the day before night cuts it away from you.

"This awful depression! It is to the world what the nights have always been to me. And if you can help a little, encourage people in believing it is to pass as the night does, why shouldn't you? Without the breaking of some dawns, I could not have endured life. Without a little help, others may not be able to withstand their nights!"

Marion stopped as abruptly as she had started slowly. Her eyes widened as though with surprise at herself. "Oh, I hope I haven't bored you. I never talk like this." Marie Dressler had told me her philosophy of life in one sentence, "Don't expect too much of life." PHOTOPLAY had printed it and Marie had received hundreds upon hundreds of letters from those who had been helped by it.

Now, I, had Marion Davies' "Another Day!" Perhaps people would believe and get help, also. And now I know also the answers to my questions!

Marion Davies is all that she is because she is not just one more celebrity in the stockroom of fame. She is one of those rare humans who has developed a philosophy to help her through pain and grief as well as success and good fortune. Furthermore, she is a woman who works at her philosophy. Most of us are too lazy to work at what we believe. Marion Davies is not too lazy to work out her own philosophy of life.

**LET'S TALK TRUTH!**

Women out of sorts often need **Sal Hepatica**

The Greeks reverenced the body as a temple. A temple must, above all, be clean. So naturally, among the Greek ideals of beauty for the body, was the ideal of cleanliness.

Bodies, today as then, must be clean. And they must be clean internally as well as externally. For only then comes the full radiance of natural beauty. Only then the full joy of health, and powers of mind.

Neglect of internal care keeps many women "out of sorts." Not well—yet not ill—they fail to discover what their difficulty is.

They need to practice intestinal cleanliness with the simple aid of a saline, with Sal Hepatica. Promptly, indeed, Sal Hepatica flushes poisons and wastes from the system.

Sal Hepatica never has the tendency to make its takers stout.

To drink salines for health's and beauty's sake, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica provides you with equivalent saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other digestive ills.

Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean one whole week. See how much better you feel, how much younger you look!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-22
71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of your youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name.
Address.

© 1932, B. M. Co.
What Happened to Harry Langdon [continued from page 40]

Those who knew nothing about it added in- cidents to make it all seem more important. It was talked about by everyone, the principal topic in the smart luncheon places and the athletic club locker rooms.

So Langdon thought he was somebody now, did he?

Producing his own pictures had gone to his head.

Wanted to be a big shot, did he?

And the comedian himself was as bewildered by it all as that vague, pithy little character he played upon the screen might have been when he found himself caught up in a tangled web of circumstance.

Langdon is a highly sensitized fellow. The thing completely got him. It took away his moral, his pep, his enthusiasm. It made him self-conscious. He had a contract to fulfill. He must go on making pictures, but now when he walked on the set he could feel the cold eyes of his co-workers waiting for his interference, already sure that he was going to make himself objectionable.

FEARFUL lest he prove true the statements made in the letter, he took anyone's advice. Trying to overcome and live down his already destroyed reputation, he would listen to any prop- 

Fellow's suggestion for a gag and try to use it. He also heeded the advice of one of the other producers who told him he should shoot his stuff fast, turn out pictures and cash in quick.

Chaplin takes a year and more on one film. Lloyd does the same thing. Langdon was making comedies in six weeks and it was impossible to catch that rare, ephemeral thing that gets laughs—a quality less sustained, more difficult to imprise than tragedy.

He was bewildered. He was miserable. The critics panned these quickly turned out films and everyone added, "Since Langdon has gone high hat his work has suffered."

Well, it got him down—that's all. It simply robbed him of everything he had to give to the screen, which was quite a lot. He couldn't be funny when he knew that they were all whispering about him, that they all believed the stories of his conceit.

It ate into him. He didn't want to see peo- ple, he didn't want to be watched on the set. He tried being too friendly and managed to be just a little eccentric instead.

And one letter from an ex-employee of his had done it.

It would be a grand case D for a psycho- analyst if it weren't so pitiful.

A ND now here's the ironic part. While the world wrote that letter has become suc- cessful and prosperous and powerful in Holly- wood, Langdon is trying desperately in New York to get a job. He is broke. To help him is a little in a living, he draws cartoons for the funny magazines. They're surprisingly good, too.

He plays around in Yonkers. He and his friends have broken up over a separation.

His life is in a mess. In real life he's playing that beaten, knocked about little fellow he made popular on the screen.

But he says, "Having a jinx follow you is fun. At any rate there's never a dull moment."

But that is not quite true. There have been plenty of dull moments for Harry Langdon, and heartbreaking ones, too.

Not so long ago he signed with Hal Roach to make two-reelers. He'd never met Roach before. The first thing said was, "Now, see Harry Langdon, you've got that high handed stuff you pulled at First National!"

And that was years after the letter had been written.

Nobody has ever forgotten it.

He wants to come back—more than any- thing else in the world.

And he says, "I can make good comedies, too, if I'm not licked."

HE laughs but he's afraid. He knows he's still a good comedian, but every time any- body looks at him sideways he remembers the letter and its tragic results. At the moment, he's got a swell chance. The talkies need good shorts and they need good comedians to make them. Harry Langdon was, and still is, one of the best—when given the right break, left to work out his gags and not reminded of his sup- posed egoism.

For, in reality, he is as unassuming and democratic a little person as you'll meet.

And that's the story of how one man was beaten down at the height of a brilliant career, and licked by a letter!

The Unknown Hollywood I Know [continued from page 66]

Kerry got together over a couple of tall iced ones the stories they told and the smart cracks they made were as grand as they were un- 

printable.

Lew and Aileen Pringle co-starred. That was a mistake.

Those two never hit it off. Maybe it was because Aileen had some stories to tell, too. And the velocity of the Pringle conversation is something that has amazed Hergesheimer, McNeney, Van Vechten and Rupert Hughes, to name a few.

I wish I could put Aileen Pringle on paper— that fascinating, facetious, delightful compan- 

ion who lived her cinema life too soon; that first water sophisticate who livened up every dinner party and who has the ability to make a coal miner's shack seem like a queen's drawing- 

room. I could devote pages to the Pringle wit. Perhaps one incident will suffice.

Her brother in Santa Monica was the official hangout of the literati. Once Carl Van Vechten came to town and Aileen wanted something just a bit ultra-ultra as entertainment for him. Her fertile brain at last devised the astonishing idea of inviting Aimee Semple McPherson to have dinner with him.

Through a reporter friend of mine who had covered the McPherson disappearance case, we got the evangelist, her daughter, her mana- ger-deacon and his wife to dinner at Van Vechten's bungalow at the Ambassador Hotel.

Before the arrival of Aimee, who can give all the Hollywood actresses cards and spades when it comes to showmanship, Aileen was as nervous as an extra girl doing her first bit. We had arranged the room. The table was round, the cloth as white and as uninteresting as virtue and there were ten glasses of water, one at each place, that looked like nothing so much as ten glasses of water. Aileen, with shouts of delight, unearthed a Gideon Bible and dis- 

played it conspicuously.

Breathlessly we waited the McPherson party, Aileen and I running to the balcony to take last minute pulls of cigarettes. She ar-
Into your cheeks

there comes a

NEW

MYSTERIOUS

GLOW!

INTO CHEEKS touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty — color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical underglow that makes brilliancy natural!

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to ordinary rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color showing through the skin from beneath.

Now, then! All ordinary rouge blots out glow. On the contrary Princess Pat rouge imports glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to come from within the skin. It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only beauty is seen—“painty” effect never.

Only the “Duo-Tone” Secret can give
This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly be like Princess Pat “duo-tone.” Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical underglow to harmonize with the skin, and an overtone to give forth vibrant color. Moreover, Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to your individual need.

Every Shade of Princess Pat matches any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, any shade of Princess Pat you select will harmonize with your skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage: for variations of your coloring are unlimited. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic glowing shade for night—under artificial lights.

Be Beautiful Today as You never were Before

Princess Pat’s thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you try Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you can be.

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO
days you didn’t mention mattresses to Aimee McPherson and Aileen knew it.

Always the center of the stage, Aileen preferred the society of men that related to a woman, yet her women friends she holds very dear and they always adore her. Long before the sophisticated shady lady was popular on the screen, Aileen had the idea. But then a woman was an ingénue or a vamp and there were no in-betweens. When they put her in Elinor Glyn roles, Aileen wailed, “But that’s not what I mean.”

So they co-starred her with Lew Cody in farces—still a far cry to the woman she might have been in pictures.

She and Cody did not get along. He was too jovial, too much the good fellow, too little the real sophisticate to suit Aileen. They bickered on the set but were charming to each other at parties. Aileen told radio Aileen did everything she could to annoy Cody (including eating onions before going into love scenes with him).

I used to watch them work, see them cast fishy eyes at each other when the camera was still and then walk before the lights and go into a tender love scene.

I think that the most universally beloved person on the lot (and I’m not a sentimentalist who invariably speaks well of the dead) was Lon Chaney.

The title “mystery man” did not become known to him at all. If ever there were an open souled dear it was Lon. He pulled the mystery gag as a publicity stunt and didn’t pull it very well, as a matter of fact. Always making a great fuss about refusing interviews he never, as long as I was at M-G-M, actually refused one. We said, for publicity purposes, that he was hard to see. He wasn’t.

I’ve heard him time and time again giving interviews like this:

“So you’ve come to interview me, have you, dear? Well, I don’t like to talk about myself. No sir, it’s better to be mysterious. If you want to know anything about me ask the prop boys, ask the electricians—see, I still have my card in the stage hands union. Did you know I was born in Colorado Springs and my father and mother were deaf mutes? You didn’t? Well, I don’t like to talk about myself. Ask the boys who work with me about me. Now, I’ll tell you how I got in pictures. We were stranded in Santa Ana and I heard they needed extras in the movies, etc., etc., etc.”

You get the idea.

That was Lon’s big mystery stuff. As honest as a railroad man’s watch and as open faced—Lon was completely free from pose, unless the call of the pride he took in his democracy a pose.

It was only the weird characters he played that made you think him weird.

Once he brought some members of his family to see the studio. He was taking them over the lot and he wanted to go on Jack Gilbert’s set, but was told that Mr. Gilbert was doing a highly emotional scene and couldn’t be disturbed. Lon was furious. “What bunk,” he said. “Jack should know he’s just an actor like the rest of you. Do you do your job and that’s that!” But the incident began a feud between Chaney and Gilbert that did not end until a few months before Lon’s death.

Lon loved to talk to visitors. And whenever I brought anybody out to look at his set he always came over, explained the picture, explained his part, explained his make-up, always carefully adding, “But I don’t like to talk about myself. If you want to know anything about me, just ask the prop boys.”

And if you did ask, the prop boys gave a glowing account of him. Generous to a fault, Lon was always the first to come on the lot at Christmas time bearing lavish gifts.

He adored his work. No make-up task was too difficult, no hour so long, if he got an effect. And yet I’ve always felt that “Tell It to the Marines,” in which he used no make-up at all, was his best picture.

There are many girls on the M-G-M lot who have Lon Chaney to thank for the helpful hints he gave them. Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree, Norma Shearer, Anita Page—in fact whenever a new contract player appeared Lon made it a point to look her up and show her little secrets of make-up and stage technique.

I truly believe that his death was mourned more sincerely than the passing of any other film personage.

Next month, I’m going to tell you why Eleanor Boardman caused the publicity department the most trouble of any of the stars. It’s an unusual reason. And I’ll let you in on a secret about Billie Haines’ first picture break. And then I’ve a couple of swell stories about Joan Crawford and a peach about Anita Page and her unhappy start with Harry Thaw.

To the Head of the Class

(continued from page 53)
I HAVE read so many mis-statements of Mr. Farmer's occupation, his birthplace and his wealth that perhaps it is timely to say a little about these things. Michael Farmer was born in Dublin, Ireland, about twenty-nine years ago, of poor parents.

While quite young he came to London and eventually became the protégé of Mr. Wade Chance, a well-known American who died a few years ago.

A friend of Mr. Chance, an American lady, Mrs. Edmund Hubbard, rather elderly and perhaps best described as a woman somewhat resembling Mrs. Sheppard (the former Miss Helen Gould), took a great interest in young Mr. Farmer. This interest grew as she knew him better and she wished to adopt him as her son, but he would not consent to it. Many people could not understand his refusal to be adopted by Mrs. Hubbard but he always told his friends that he wished to be free to make his life and his friends independently and he could not do so if he consented to be a son, as he would feel obliged to consult others.

Through Mrs. Hubbard's advice Michael Farmer became associated with a partner, a Mr. Hogan—an American—in the insurance business, and the firm was known as Hogan and Farmer. They wrote all kinds of insurance and acted as motor agents as well, arranging for cars to meet ships on cabled requests from America, provided with reliable chauffeurs, etc., and also acting as "man of affairs" as it is

IF YOU HAVE OILY HAIR, the reason is that the muscles controlling thousands of oil glands all over your scalp are "flabby." Instead of controlling the oil supply and feeding it regularly to your hair, they just fill up and spill over—starving your hair one minute, flooding it the next.

An ordinary shampoo merely washes out the last flood. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—made especially for oily hair—does more. It is mildly astringent. It tends to tighten the relaxed oil glands.

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo as often as it gets oily—every two or three days at first, if necessary. Every shampoo is a scientific home treatment that works away at the oil glands to restore their healthy, normal action.

FOR HAIR THAT IS TOO DRY, use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This shampoo, made especially for dry hair, contains glycerine and other soothing ingredients which help to keep dry, fly-away hair silken-soft and manageable. The Packer Company (makers, too, of Packer's Tar Soap) have had 61 years of scientific experience in the care of hair and scalp.

called in France. That is, the agent who in-
spects, buys and sells motors. This business is
now owned by Mr. Farmer and is known as
Michael Farmer, Inc.

During her lifetime, Mrs. Hubbard gave a
great deal of her time to charities and also en-
tertained her contemporaries. She was a
charming and gracious woman and her later
life was devoted to interest in Mr. Farmer's
welfare. Upon her death she left her great
fortune to him—a fortune estimated at eight
or nine millions of dollars.

She had very definite ideas for Mr. Farmer's
future. She was, latterly, interested in almost
nothing else except that which concerned him.

Frequently she has called me from her apart-
ment at the Ritz several times in one evening
and afterward has arrived at my home, setting
me out of bed, to discuss something concern-
ing Michael.

At one time he was devoted to an American
School girl, residing in Paris. Miss Mimi
Brokaw of New York, the present Mrs. Rich-
ard D. Tucker. Miss Brokaw was, at that
time, the most beautiful girl in Paris.Finish-
ing her education she left for London where
she was presented at court, later returning to
New York to make her début and subse-
quently marrying Mr. Tucker.

Mrs. Hubbard frowned at this friendship of
Mr. Farmer's as she decried the source of the
fortune as 'having been made in clothes; they
were tailors, my dear.' Then there was an-
other girl who worried her dreadfully, Mrs.
Stanley Mortimer, widely reported by the
press on both sides of the Atlantic as the future
wife of Michael Farmer.

Stanley Mortimer, the brother of the famous
"Tuki," the former wife of Count Zoppola and
Mrs. Mortimer were being divorced. Mrs.
Mortimer was earning her living as a manne-
quin in a dress establishment in Paris and
Michael, in his kindly affectionate way felt
sorry for her, took her to parties and tried to
see that she had a good time. That's all there
was to this report.

Marilyn Miller, the famous actress, fre-
quently visitor to France, captured Michael's
roving eye with her winsome smile and her
sunny, sweet disposition, her charming un-
spoiled little-girl manner. She had just been
divorced from Jack Pickford and was, of
course, very much in the news. This worried
Mrs. Hubbard almost to distraction, but
nothing came of it.

As to Michael, whenever discussing mar-
riage, he always entered into the conversation
enthusiastically. He lives in Paris, in a bea-
utilful apartment which he bought and furnished
in the most exquisite taste with rare and
lovely antiques. It is in an historic street, one
that figures in the scenes in the Du Maurier
play "Peter Ibbetson." In his dreams of a
future looming large on the canvas he painted
a scene with a lovely large house out of Paris,
with a splendid garden. The girl he married
must be young, talented, beautiful, jolly, gay
and sweet. They must have a large family of
lovely children. I have heard Michael make
this statement at least a hundred times.

Will Gloria Swanson care sufficiently for this
new world opened to her by marriage with
Mr. Farmer, to shine as a continental society
woman, the wife of one of the most popular
men on the continent? Surely Michael Farmer
can find nothing to interest him in Hollywood.
His friends, his life, his ties are all in Europe.
If Gloria will not give up her screen career—
and she still has a contract and plans new pic-
tures—what will this marriage mean, if they
are to be separated by thousands of miles?

WILL she be interested to compete with the
sophisticated women of the world of wealth,
society and leisure she has been imper-
sonating for years on the screen, and how will
she succeed? What is her equipment?

The answer is all contained right in the inner
corners of her own heart. She must learn to
play, to let herself be happy, to rest on her
laurels and to make her future gloriously happy
and successful as a companion and playmate
as well as a wife.

How'd you like to wake up some morning and find a gadget like this camera
crane swinging over your bed? But at the studio it's all in a day's work—
just one of the many gadgets of H. Griffith (gentleman with bedside manner) moving in for
a close-up of Connie Bennett in "Lady With a Past." And a past is all
this lady would have if the darn thing slipped
The New Gretna Green

[continued from page 59]

means is a merry ha-ha. Yuma got wise, too.

Two new signs were posted in the lobby of the brilliant white courthouse. One sign glows in golden letters to the right as you enter the lobby.

You can't miss it. It reads:

**MARRIAGE LICENSES**

It points up a flight of stairs.

Directly opposite it is an equally brilliant gold-lettered sign. It reads:

**JUSTICE of the PEACE**

It points down a flight of stairs.

And if that isn't service, what is?

Upstairs is a young chap by the name of Donald Wisner.

A year or so ago, he thought he'd never see a movie star in person.

But he's issued marriage licenses to so many of them by now that he's getting bored with it all.

"I used to get a kick out of it," he says.

"Well, I guess I still do."

**DOWNTSTAIRS** is Justice of the Peace Earl A. Freeman, a white-haired, freckle-faced jovial fellow of fifty-two years and a happy heart, who used to hit the high spots along the border in the old days when high spots were high.

He's seen lots of life before he settled down, and he's seeing lots of it again with this parade of movie stars that he marries.

Last year, he passed the bar exams and became an attorney.

But he still ranks in national fame as Yuma's star-marrier.

He and Don Wisner think Gloria Swanson was their most imperious bride. Dorothy Mackall was their sweetest. June MacClay their peppiest. Richard Dix took his wedding big. Marjorie Rambeau was the most gracious. Mary Astor was their most worried—because she begged them to keep her marriage a secret and was afraid they wouldn't.

But they did. Until Photoplay revealed it to the world.

Judge Freeman was busy tying the knot for a coal-black pair just as Photoplay's interviewer entered his courtroom. No—but Stepin Fetchit. Just a couple of cotton-ranch hands from near Yuma. The judge finished the job in a workmanlike fashion, didn't kiss the bride (he didn't kiss any of Hollywood's either) and pocketed the fee, which wasn't as big as he got from the cinema-landers.

He says he's deeply appreciative of the break he's getting—meeting the stars he marries.

"I've heard a lot of things about 'em," he says. "One does. I was of the opinion that many of them would be stuck up, or self-important. But when I got to know them, I found not one of them who wasn't charming, gracious, pleasant,—just fine people."

He thought Richard Dix was a great fellow.

DIX and Winnie Coe, his bride, arrived from Hollywood by airplane, with a wedding party that included relatives and friends. They arrived unheralded, and motored to the San Carlos Hotel, and sent for the court clerk and the judge.

News travels fast in a town the size of Yuma—it's barely over a village. Indians and their squaws wander about the streets, rubbing shoulders with modern young maids so smoothly dressed that you know they watch the fashions on the screen.

So by the time Dix and the party got to the courthouse, five blocks away, there was an audience.

---

The Other Woman's Story

To this day she hates me—blames me for stealing him away. But it was her own carelessness that cost her his love.

**ROMANCE** cannot live when carelessness about "B.O."—body odor—creeps in. Men instinctively turn from the girl, women shun the man who is guilty.

Don't risk your happiness through over-confidence. Don't feel that you can never offend. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quarter daily. We become so used to this ever-present odor that we don't notice "B.O." in ourselves. But others do—instantly!

**Why take chances?**

Play safe. End all "B.O." danger by keeping pores clean and deodorized. Frequent bathing with Lifebuoy will do it! Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps. Its very smell is different—a pleasant, extra-clean scent that vanishes as you rinse. It lathers more abundantly—leaves you feeling fresher, cleaner. Its creamy, germ-removing lather purifies pores—puts an end to "B.O."

**A complexion secret**

"Don't be afraid of soap-and-water cleansing for your face," complexion authorities urge. There's no risk if the soap is as pure and bland as Lifebuoy. Work its gentle, pore-purifying lather well into the pores at night; then rinse. See how quickly dull complexes freshen and glow with healthy radiance.

*Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps. Its very smell is different—a pleasant, extra-clean scent that vanishes as you rinse. It lathers more abundantly—leaves you feeling fresher, cleaner. Its creamy, germ-removing lather purifies pores—puts an end to "B.O."

Now, an audience to Richard Dix is like a red flag to a bull. Wave the flag at the bull and the bull goes into an act. Show Dix an audience—

They used the double ring ceremony. Dix, chin and chest sticking characteristically out, spoke his replies in the best traditional manner. When Judge Freeman told them they were man and wife, Richard bent low and kissed the hand of his bride in as sweeping a gesture as any stage manager could have asked.

People swarmed in with congratulations. Dix beamed and shook hands all around. Someone wanted to well-wish the bride. ’Come here, Mrs. Dix,’ ordered Richard, across the room. Mrs. Dix came to hubby’s voice.

‘And how does it feel to be married at last?’ asked a reporter, of the man whose Hollywood-famous bachelorhood had gone phooey at last.

‘I feel different—already,’ said Dix. ‘Much better.’

THEY started down the courthouse steps.

Dix beheld a camera pointed at him. He glowered. He put his hat before his face. He shielded his bride with his manly figure. ‘No pictures, please,’ he basso-profundus.

‘But Mister Dix . . .’

‘No. No pictures!’

The cameraman was aghast. ‘Are movie people camera shy?’ he asked, in bewildered-ment.

Dix and his bride and the wedding party hurried to the San Carlos hotel, where a wedding banquet was produced out of packages that had flown from Hollywood with them. Reporters stood outside, denied admittance, and listened to laughter, clinking and the popping of corks out of bottles. And watched bottles labeled “Champagne” being carried out—empty.

THEY went to the airport. And there Dix again hid his bride behind himself and himself behind his hat. And all the pictures that were had was a snapshot of the back of Richard Dix, helping the back of Mrs. Richard Dix into their airplane, homeward bound.

‘But he was a fine fellow,’ says Judge Freeman. Judge Freeman didn’t say how much Dix paid him. Dix’s father was in the party. Papa told Judge Freeman that it was a great experience to stand by and see his son married.

Incidentally, Dix signed the papers with his real name—Ernest Carlton Brimmer. But he called his bride “Mrs. Dix.”

Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller flew to Yuma, too. It was one of those spur-of-the-moment elopements. But newspaper people were at the airport when they arrived.

‘Why, I didn’t know anyone knew anything about it,’ said Dix, appalled by the reception as she stepped from the plane. She wore a sports outfit—tan flannel skirt, tan pumps, tan felt hat, and a pale blue rose-trimmed sweater. Her skin, Honolulu tanned by the same sun that had tanned her lover, was darker than the tan of her attire. But her hair was brighter than Yuma’s sun—and that is bright!
They hurried right to the courthouse, not even waiting to let a boy take a snapshot, although he asked. Up the stairs for a license; down the stairs to the cellar to Judge Freeman’s courtroom. There Judge Freeman did his stuff.

As he spoke, great tears welled in Dot’s eyes. Her old friends in Hollywood would have been amazed—Dot Mackall crying at her wedding! Neil put his arm around her. Judge Freeman droned on. The tears rolled down her cheeks. “... man and wife,” came Judge Freeman’s words. Dot made a little choking sound, buried her head in Neil’s shoulder.

His arms were tight around her. He was kissing her, whispering things into her ears so low that no one could hear.

In a moment, Dot was herself again. She lifted her head, smiled at Neil, turned and smiled at the little group of watchers. Outside, they posed for pictures. Then they sped a few miles along the concrete road, turned left, bumped over two and a half miles of horrible dirt road, came to a fence with a gate in it and some guards on each side—and crossed the international border.

They went to a place called “The Oasis.” They ordered dinner and everything that went with it on a wedding dinner in a non-prohibition domain. They popped corns just as loudly as Dix had, in Yuma.

“Dorothy Mackall is a great gal,” grins Eddie Law, a round-faced little fellow who owns the Oasis Cafe. “She sure had one swallow time here this afternoon. She didn’t want to go home.”

“Oh,” she said when they told her it was time to catch the plane, “we don’t have to fly back tonight. Let’s stay here. We can take the train tonight—or tomorrow—we’ll stay here.”

But a friend who was in the wedding party told her that Neil had a job, and had to be back in Hollywood to sing at the Embassy Club or lose that job. And since Dot doesn’t want him to lose his income so he’d have to live on hers and become just “Mister Mackall,” she had a regretful farewell to Old Mexico, sped back to Yuma and to the airport.

There was the boy with the camera to whom she’d said no. She recognized him. “Will you forgive me,” she said to him, and gave him a dollar. He did.

The newlyweds enthused, the motors roared—and Neil (Just-Married) Miller went back to his job.

Gloria Swanson didn’t fly to Yuma with her Michael. She motored. It was the Monday after her final decree from the Marquis had been entered in Los Angeles. The Saturday before, by law, she had two hubbies. On Sunday, by law, none. On Monday, she took Michael Farmer as her hubby.

GLORIA was gorgeously dressed—tan sports suit, brown felt hat, tan-and-brown pumps, a luxuriously befurred brown coat. Her head was down, her eyes didn’t seem to see anything as her car rolled to the courthouse and she entered.

Farmer told Clerk Wisener that he was a broker, and lived in Paris. Gloria told him that she was a year younger than what she told the license clerk for that reported August wedding in New York State. But little details like age—what do they matter to a movie star? Judge Freeman performed the ceremony. Gloria didn’t smile, didn’t frown. She didn’t even give a tear, two, as some erroneous news stories had it. She was cool as ice, her face like a statue—serious, unchanging, imperious. Farmer was far more nervous than she.

Upstairs in the same courthouse, right over their heads, one Eddie “Hot Doughnuts” Carmon was pleading guilty of second degree burglary. Over at the railroad station, many more Yuma people were being thrilled over the shipment of the first carload of peaches of the fall than were by Gloria’s wedding, which seemed

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is nationally famous. Here are reviews of all the new pictures, with the casts of all the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY to thrill her no more than drinking a glass of water, for all the emotion she showed. She responded as called for, and seemed glad when the affair was over.

She looked over the heads of newspaper people who approached her afterward, and briskly past them. So did Michael. Newspaperwoman Katherine Long, a pretty little thing dressed every stitch as modishly as Gloria, and no less determined, popped right after her.

Miss Long, not to be outdone by Gloria, looked just as self-possessed, just as imperious as the star when she planted herself in front of the newlyweds on Yuma's main street and said:

"Now, you needn't go on like this. You might just as well stop and say something to me, because a story is going out over the wires anyway!"

Gloria turned to Michael. Michael turned to Gloria. "Shall we?" he asked. "No," said Gloria. "Well, why not?" he asked. Gloria was silent a moment. "Well, we might as well," she finally consented, and looked away while Michael drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to the girl reporter. It was a typed statement which read:

"I was given legal advice in New York, following my return from Europe. In August, that a marriage in New York State would not conflict with the laws of California relating to interlocutory decrees and would be perfectly valid. After the New York marriage, I was advised over long distance telephone from Los Angeles by my attorney, Lloyd Wright, that the marriage was not valid in California. For this reason, Mr. Farmer and I did not admit the previous marriage and have been awaiting the expiration of the year of the interlocutory decree to be remarried."

That was all.

"Have you nothing to add?" asked Reporter Long.

Gloria condescended.

"I received my final divorce decree yesterday, and we came here and were married and we're terribly happy."

It was all "I" by Gloria, you'll notice—written statement and spoken. Farmer said nothing. They went into a telegraph office, ignored all other approaches from then on, sent a few wires, got back into their car, and sped off.

Marjorie Rambeau was as gracious as Gloria was otherwise. She married Rich-man Francis A. Gudger of Sebring, Florida, in Yuma the very day after Gloria's wedding. Marjorie told Reporter Long all about her romance with Gudger—how she'd been engaged to him fourteen years ago, in New York—how life "took a peculiar turn" and parted them—"and after all these years, we've found happiness."

"Have you something to say?" the reporter asked the new husband. He gazed at his bride and said, "All my romance lies in you."

AND on the next day—three in a row—June MacClay married Band-Manager Schuyler Schenck in an airplane elopement to Yuma. When they reached Yuma, Clerk Wisener was whooping it up at a rodeo, and they couldn't get a license. So they stopped for a wedding ring. June picked a platinum band.

By that time, Wisener had arrived, given them a license. Judge Freeman married them. But did they hurry back to Hollywood? They did not—they stayed in Yuma overnight.

And now, there's that Yuma hotel that has become famous all over the world for its sign:

FREE MEALS EVERY DAY THE SUN DOESN'T SHINE HERE

You see, the sun shines an average of 364 days out of each year. But the hotel man is planning to change his sign.

He says he's going to put up a new one. It'll read:

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February Birthdays

February 1—Helen Chandler
February 2—Frank Albertson
February 3—Andy (James J. Corrill)
February 5—Monta Bell
February 6—Lucile Webster Gleason, Russell Gleason, Ben Lyon, Ramon Novarro
February 7—Edward Nugent
February 8—King Vidor
February 9—Ronald Colman
February 12—William Collier, Jr.
February 14—Frances Dade, Stuart Erwin
February 15—John Barrymore, William Janney
February 16—D. W. Griffith, Chester Morris
February 17—Mary Brian
February 18—Adolphe Menjou
February 22—Lew Cody
February 24—Bert Lytell
February 25—Warren Hymer
February 27—Ian Keith, Joan Bennett

February

Simply Brushing Hair
Now Ends Gray Hair

Now Her Friends Say “She Never Had a Gray Hair”
Because It Does Not Have That Dull, Flat, “Dyed” Look

YOU, too, can quickly, easily and surely end those gray hair handicaps by sprinkling a few drops of Kolor-Bak, a clean, colorless liquid, on your brush before brushing your hair.

If your hair is now gray, Kolor-Bak will impart a youth-like color again. If beginning to gray, Kolor-Bak will banish the invading grayness and keep your hair looking young.

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No one need ever know you use Kolor-Bak; no one can ever tell. Your hair will never have that harsh, flat, dull, “dyed” look, so all-revealing. There will be no tell-tale streaks. You cannot tell which hair was once gray if you use Kolor-Bak a few mornings. Your friends will never think you ever had a gray hair; they will look upon you as years younger than you really are.

End Those Gray Hair Handicaps!
Don’t let gray hairs, which are so unnecessary, cause you heartaches, loss of position or promotions! Give yourself every chance for prosperity and happiness! Get rid of those gray hairs the sure, easy, indetectable Kolor-Bak way.

Start today. Test Kolor-Bak now. If not joyfully satisfied your money will be paid back for the asking. You can get Kolor-Bak at any drug or department store. Insist on the genuine Kolor-Bak and refuse all imitations or substitutes.

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All you have to do to get rid of gray hair is to sprinkle a few drops of Kolor-Bak on your brush a few mornings and brush your hair. No muss; no stickiness; Kolor-Bak is as clear and pleasant to use as water.

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My goodness, we hope your boudoir isn’t drafty, Helen Twelvetrees! Even negligées seem to have fallen for the backless trend. This brown transparent velvet one has a deep cowl effect. Those big sleeves draped at the wrist are effective, aren’t they? Not exactly the garb for the orange juice and coffee hour—but elegant for your more grande dame moments!
What Hollywood Did to a New England Schoolmarm

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

By THOMAS L. ROBB

THE Todd girl "a clever one." Thelma was rumored to have been quite fond of a man who directed her in a recent picture. Hollywood never knew for sure, but the community gossiped. Today, Thelma is hardened against gossip.

She has acquired the strength to ignore conversational cruelty. Strength, however, is never achieved without a balancing sacrifice. Thelma sacrificed kindness for that portion of the hate race that turns her head. She safeguarded real emotion with a crystal hardness allied with a sardonic wit.

Her first and hence her most shattering disillusionment came one night shortly after her arrival in Hollywood. The studio for which she was working called and requested her immediate presence. She assumed the request meant a test of the new picture on which she was working and which was being rushed to completion. She went to the studio, but instead of being permitted to go on the set she was ushered into an office, and there she recognized familiar executive faces. There were girls, too, young and yielding; drinks, cigarettes, a victoria. The amazing gathering were working on Thelma.

Not being merrie, Thelma turned on her heel. They stopped her and cajoled her to stay, to have a drink, to be a good fellow. Thelma refused. Of the another and flared into melodramatic violence. But Thelma went home, shaken, by the experience.

HOLLYWOOD executive, balked in his pursuit of relaxation, has hidden many a screen hopeful. Hundreds of girls believe that by being "nice" to executives they will be rewarded with contracts. They have learned to their grief how little faith can be placed in nocturnal promises. Many who have disdained the_you-be-nice-to-me and I'll-be-nice-to-you promises, have learned to the sorrow but swift can be the revenge of the reviled puppet. Hollywood has no fury like a director scorned.

The sharpest blow dealt the independent girl is through the dread medium of the blacklist. Once a girl is blacklisted, she cannot get a job at the larger studios. A girl on the blacklist is denied work, even by the producers and so secret are their meetings and so closely do they stand together that no victim has ever been able to assemble sufficient evidence to convict any of Hollywood's blacklisted dictator. Yet, Hollywood knows what it knows and the blacklist ranks high in its fears. Thelma Todd became a freelance player. She never got a job, but reappeared in pictures, but with monotonous regularity, she always just missed getting the role for which she was up. Doggedly, she clung to hope and she didn't whine.

If she suspected she was being taught the hard facts of life by those who help make the facts harder, she kept her suspicions and her counsel to herself.

She saw her bank account dwindle as day by day she drew money out and had none to put in. What would happen when she was without cash? Would she be one against the many—and broke. Again she refused to cross a bridge until she had too.

For all of Hollywood, Thelma rode the wave of success and failure. She encountered restaurantiers. She danced at the Coconut Grove, the Blossom Room, the Mayfair. She was seen with Harvey Priestley, insurance broker; with Ivan Leesley, monocled beau of pulpitude; with Al Hall, film editor. Thelma put on a courageous "front."

It paid. The little Hal Roach studio sent for her and cast her in a two-reel comedy. Hollywood seeks those who are in demand. Another company sent for her. Miraculously, she was among the steady workers. Her name had apparently been as mysteriously erased from the blacklist as it had apparently been placed upon it, for those who had given her the run-around no longer did so.

THERE Todd girl goes along minding her own business, working, playing with whom she pleases, and scoffing at rumors and gossip common to the working girls. She has recently to Abe Lyman, the band leader. She laughed. She still laughed when acquaintances pointed accusingly to the new diamond solitaire on the forehead of the former blacklistee. What? Engaged to be married—in Hollywood! She laughed and that was all the satisfaction to be teased from her, the clever girl. But Thelma was really hard. Real people arouse kindness and generosity in her. Last summer, with her mother, Thelma motored down to Malibu to see Raquel Torres. Raquel wasn't home. As Thelma was getting into her Ford coupe, she saw a shirt-sleeved boy walking up the alley. She waited for him, thinking he might be Raquel's house boy. He wasn't, "Hi, Thelma," he said, "I've tried to get work for weeks. I'm starving. I haven't eaten for two days. Do you need a chauffeur? I'll scrub floors, do anything."

She said, "She had no need for such a person. Tears welled in her eyes. She observed the boy's hollow cheeks, his haggard face. "Here," she reached impulsively into her bag and jerked out a bill, "You girl some food." He shook his head, "I couldn't take money, thanks."

Thelma hesitated, then got into the car. In the spot mirror she watched the boy. He walked uncertainly a few steps and leaned against the fence, his head buried in the crook of his arm, his body shaking convulsively. Thelma walked over to him, and thrust the bill into his hand. "This is a loan," she said.

YOU can pay me back when you get a job." She patted his shoulder and returned to the car. As she drove off, she saw the boy again in the spot mirror. He was looking after her, the boy who had been rejected.

A clever girl? Perhaps. The ex-school teacher from the small New England town can be expert at simulating. The few who have known Thelma, both the real and who have penetrated her laughing, cynical veneer appreciate her fineness and sincerity. Even as she dreamed escape from a school desk, so today dreams of Hollywood and the blacklisted chickeries. She'll find her escape. It may be marriage. It may be the stage. It may be—but who can prophesy for that clever Todd girl?
Why Constance Is Unpopular in Hollywood

[continued from page 35]

ran toward her; tumbled; fell. Connie helped the child up. Then she dashed through the crowd, paying the attention as possible. "High-hatting" them.

The publicity which resulted said Connie knocked down the child in her effort to avoid those who love her a courtes[y, "while passing through in her private car."

Of course, Connie might have been more correct about that. But she wasn't in a private car and she is, honestly, afraid of crowds. No question about that. Shy, too. Always self-conscious about meeting people, even the friendly kind first. I cannot get courage to speak to those I do not know well! Anything Connie does is honest. Honest to the point of being rude. She told me, "I don't like the stage. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't bear the people looking at me. That's why I prefer pictures."

Directors usually like her. Intelligent ones. She has made good pictures. The productions are as much hers directorially as theirs. She will not do what seems silly or inconsequent, even if it makes good pictures. She is in her element.

When Paul Stein was doing "Born to Love," he issued a call for Connie for nine o'clock in the morning. Connie was on time. She is rarely late. She was in the afternoon without working. She told him: "I am not going to come any more unless you are certain you are ready for me. I am not going to sit to go around on a set from nine until four. It is absolutely unnecessary and it isn't fair. You might as well resign yourself for I simply will not do it. When you need me, you will only need me. I will be here when you need me."

She was never called again unless she was needed. Her friends are limited. She will not mix with people simply because they are "other celebrit[ies]." In spite of the fact that she is one of the wealthiest women in the city, she does not entertain except at little, intimate parties.

When Joel McCrea was friends with Constance, he told me: "I have never known a woman as pretty as who was as intelligent." Today, he speaks in the same way of her. She is also the most argumentative. She talks as if she was an expert on all her problems. She managed to get away from all her problems, either by winning or losing. Her friends are satisfied.

But she talked—not for quotation. How she talked. To be perfectly frank, I couldn't get a word in edgeways. She talked the most of all the stories I have printed and many more that there is not room to print.

And again and again she said, "I lost my temper. I couldn't be blamed for what I said in a fit of temper, could I?"

It's never entered Constance Bennett's head to control her temper. It's never entered her head to play politics as Hollywood plays them. If she's square and honest and does what she's supposed to do to help make good pictures—then that's enough. She's earned her money and her fame and her right to the inheritance which her father, Dick Bennett, handed down to her.

When the three Bennett girls were fifteen, father had to have their head turned about politics. He told them: "You have the privilege of earning your own living. You have the honor of being American citizens. You have no political position. You have no political education."

"Go out and get what you want!" he warned them. "You're only in life a short time; make the most of it." We understand he didn't say it. We know he said it. We know he didn't wish it. He just said it.

Well, they've lived up to those instructions.

There's something else, too. Constance Bennett was born with a platinum spoon in her mouth. She has never known want. She's never had to hunt a job today so she could eat tomorrow. She was educated in the best private schools in this country and Europe. Her broad A is as natural to her as Gloria Swanson's Middle Western twang was once to her.

The rest of Hollywood isn't like that. It has fought and suffered and struggled. It has starved yesterday and eaten caviar today. Connie has had only the caviar. Hollywood resents that. It feels that it belongs to those who have climbed rather than to those who have inherited.

Connie thinks she is tolerant. She says she is. There is some women. She doesn't know. She doesn't know what the meaning of the word tolerance. How could she? People have to suffer to comprehend what others may suffer; they have to strive to understand hunger. It isn't her fault, but tolerance is as foreign to her nature as intolerance is to Marion Davies! Marion is generous because she knows from experience what it is to be without money. Connie has no conception.

CONNIE is truthful but her penchant for exaggeration and her order of intelligence which makes her feel the right to be victor, makes her shape things to her own convenience. Her friends will admit that, if you press them on the matter. For example: A writer told her she would not quote her. She didn't. She merely used the information which Connie had given—in the writer's own language.

A writer's prerogative, surely. But Connie swore the writer had promised not to use the information. Connie twisted the situation to suit her convenience when she didn't like the result of what she, herself, had said.

Connie's father gave some facts about her youthful days to another writer. Connie was furious; lost her temper. She and her father barely spoke. When the light got into print, Connie was again much disappointed. Connie had told it herself. When reminded of the fact, she assailed the people who heard her for not having intelligence enough to refrain from repeating it.

She may have blamed herself for talking of it in the first place—but I doubt it. There are few to whom she will listen. Only to those who have stood their ground and insisted with some arguments which her intellect and her reason had forced to accept—if ever they have mustered the courage and perseverance to say them! When convinced, she is sincerely fair. "I was wrong; I am sorry." But only those with courage know that. Most of Hollywood is too intuitively resentful to try the experiment.

I revert to this matter of truthfulness. An example from her youth. Her father, Dick Bennett, is a splendid poet. When Connie was a débutante attracting beaus as a honeysuckle does bees, she liked to appear perfect in all things. Father would write the poetry; Connie would memorize it and recite it as though she had written it.

She never said she wrote it. She wouldn't be. But she left the impression which pleased her.

A CLEVER woman. Too clever for Hollywood. Too beautiful; too rich; too attractive to men; too highly paid; too gold-bespooned; too outspoken; too intolerant of stupidity (of which there is much in any city!); too indifferent to what is said about her; too dominant; too simply, sincerely afraid of other people; too much talked about. Hollywood could not be expected to like her.

You could. I do. Plain, everyday people like exaggerations. And Connie is an exaggeration!

Have you tried the NEW non-smarting tear-proof Maybelline?

A delightful experience awaits you. The new Maybelline is so easy to apply—it goes on so evenly—it adds so much beauty, brilliance and expression to the eyes. Instantly, it will make your lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Non-smarting, and perfectly tear-proof.

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Hollywood Fashion
Merry-Go-Round

by Seymour

FASHION news of the month! Joan Harlow wears a cotton nightie in her newest picture. Marlene Dietrich appears (not in a picture) at a restaurant in a man’s black suit. And Ina Claire launches a new fad by wearing one white and one black pearl earring.

You evidently have to have a lot of clothes to be “A Lady With a Past.” Connie Bennett (La Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, just in case you have forgotten the title) brought forty gowns to the set as a fashion starter for her new picture by that name. Among those that were chosen to be used was a white velvet trimmed with sable. Brown moiré slippers accompanied this. Another evening choice was a blue-purple chiffon with a train.

There have been a number of trains in evidence for evening this past season, but for Spring you will find that the hemline is definitely off the floor.

The return of the two-piece dress is going to call forth whoops of delight from those who have had difficulty in pulling their waists in to the right girth. Look for a higher cut in skirts, and bodices that accent the bust line.

If you can imagine a more eye-tilling sight than Kay Francis in black satin, I can’t. She wore it at the Embassy.

When a quiet holiday or week-end is needed, the film colony migrates one by one to La Quinta. This quiet and exclusive spot is about twenty miles from fashionable Palm Springs. Marie Dressler spends all of her time there resting between pictures.

Joan Bennett was a recent visitor. Her favorite daytime outfit consisted of a white mesh sports dress and a white camel’s hair coat. Life is very simple as lived at La Quinta—sports clothes are a big item. All white or with a color touch is the most popular, as it is at other Winter resorts.

I hope you didn’t miss the interesting fashion details of Joan Crawford’s clothes in “Posessed.” There was the large white flower worn on a black velvet dress and duplicated on a black velvet bag which she carried. Several of the more formal dresses had a slim, molded line through the hips with an exaggerated flare from knee to floor.

Speaking of Joan reminds me she has a clothes hobby—it’s hats. When she finds a style that is becoming, she has it made up in any number of colors. At the moment, a felt hat with a medium brim that dips over the right eye seems to be the favorite.

Lupe Velez isn’t going to run any risk of chills in this severe cold country so she keeps a mere fourteen fur wraps on hand.

A wicket inside story on Hollywood! Just a group of nice girls enjoying a quiet game of croquet. The smiling wicketeer is Ona Munson (soon to be Mrs. Lubitsch) looking very trim in a red woolen frock accented in white. And from left to right: Mary Brian in a smart two-tone woolen with tilted beret, Marguerite Churchill, Marian Nixon and Helen Chandler
And Loretta Young boasts of twenty-five pairs of pajamas in some closet at home.

I know it is old stuff to come cheerily forth about this time of the year with the announcement that prints are going to be good for Spring. There's hardly a Spring that they aren't, but there seems to be more of a stir than usual being made about them. Printed silks teamed up with woolens is a new idea that seems interesting. Watch for this.

Everyone is asking "What next in hats?"

Well, you can make your first straw bonnet a sailor. Sailors will be seen in all sorts of tilts and twists. Crowns remain low although there is quite a to-do about high trimmings toward the back. The eyes still have it!

LIL Dagover has gone back to Germany but not before stating flatly that she won't wear a fashion just because it is smart. No, it seems that it must be becoming first. That might be a good hint for a lot of people who wear the fashion flash of the moment regardless of how incongruous it may be.

When Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in 1885, bustles were the big fashion furoor of the hour. And now, even though Miriam Hopkins wears modem clothes in the picture version of this famous story, all of her fifteen costumes have some adaptation of the bustle idea! By the way, did you notice that elegant tea gown Tallulah Bankhead wore in "The Cheat"? That was real and rare old lace used for the collar and sleeves. The dress itself was a wine red georgette.

Mr. Warner, we have a complaint to make against your photographer for mixing up those swell stems with a lot of old tripods. PHOTOPLAY, being a nice family magazine, doesn't do it. But we couldn't resist this picture of Greta Granstedt, who seems to be another formidable contender for the Dietrich leg honors.
THE swell completely matrimonial Musterole. DRAW them out with a "counter-irritant."

They hands, draw and ice absorbed is by using it nimbly on clapped lips, cheeks or legs — in fact wherever the skin has become rough. Use it also as a night cream, in which service it will give your complexion an amazing softness. Only 50c and $1 the jar. For a free sample jar, mail the coupon below.

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To Mothers — Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

DANDRUFF


BEAU HUNKS

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Those splendid fools — Laurel and Hardy — turn in one of their funniest comedies to date. This is a burlesque of every Foreign Legion film you've ever seen and any director should be ashamed to make another serious one. It's rare stuff. Don't miss it.

FICTION

William J. Burns-Educational

Gambling, jealousy, and a murder as aftermath form the background for this new detective thriller which is solved before your eyes. You'll enjoy guessing who did it.

PIEANTOMS OF HOLLYWOOD

Ralph P. King Prod.

This film turns the pages back about fourteen years on the history of the film industry. Along with old shots from Vitagraph, Realart and Metro pictures there is illuminating dialogue about the stars who were popular then. Thoroughly enjoyable.

HALF HOLIDAY

Educational-Sennett

Should a man stay henpecked? Andy Clyde timidly strikes for a half holiday from wifely surveillance but finishes up completely shackled again. A good comedy.

BIG GAME HUNTING

Radio Pictures

Plenty of laughs in this one. Ned Sparks mistakes a matrimonial for an employment agency and the scrambled mess requires plenty of explanation.

ALL AMERICAN KICKBACK

Educational-Sennett

Harry Gribbon performs the neatest football trick of the year. When the villain, Lincoln Stedman, tries to fumble the ball, Harry saves the day by kicking Lincoln and the ball for a goal. Very funny.

THE EYES HAVE IT

Warner-Vitaphone

Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist, and his dummy have some amazing experiences in an optician's office. Good, snappy dialogue makes this amusing.

ALADDIN'S LAMP

Educational-Paul Terry-Toon

A very modern and rollicking version of the Arabian Nights story animates this tuneful short. The Genii provides some marvelous transportation facilities for Aladdin!

EX-ROOSTER

Radio Pictures

Comedian Chic Sale and director Mark Sandrich are a swell combination. Chic's sister orders him to kill his favorite rooster for dinner. He serves instead the prize fowl, prepared for the fair. One side-splitting gag after another.

THE VELDT

Educational-Lyman H. Howe

A scourge of dead locusts and a volcanic eruption are two of the thrilling events in this interesting trip through the African veldt. There are close-ups of some strange animals that are better than a trip to the zoo!

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS

Educational-Ideal

Tom Patricola nimblly "hoots" his way through this pleasing farce of fair senoritas and jealous caballeros. Louise Lorraine and Renée Borden are the brunette interests.
Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Breck
Charles D. Brown
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Clarice Dodd
Tom Douglas
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Marjorie Gateson
Wynne Gibson
Phillip Holmes

Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Francisco Mufi
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Palette
Natasha Phipps
Irving Pichel
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Libyan Tashman
Kendall Taylor
Regis Toomey
Dorothy Tree
Allen Vinton
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
John Arledge
Walter Baxter
Jean Bennett
El Brendel
Jean Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
William Holden
Olin Howland
Warren Hymer
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Sissna Landi
Edmund Lowe
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Ma Muri
Victor McLagen

Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Monig
Conchita Montenegro
Gorgeous Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Maurene O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne De Carlo
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Teresa Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Roscoe Arbuckle
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charley Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Mary Astor
Roscoe Arbuckle
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lila Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Dorothy Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunn
Jill Esmond
Neal Francis
Roberta Gale
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Levland Hodgson
Rechelle Hudson
Kitty Kelly
Godfrey Kerr
Rita LaRue
Dorothy Lee
Lena
Joe McDonald
Kathy Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lawrence Olivier
William Post
Lowell Sherman
Neal Sayer
Russ Weston
Alf Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolley

RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Edgar Canton
Charles Chaplin
Mae Clarie
Ralph Conlan
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 438 Gower St.

Buck Jones
Loretta Young
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Charles Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Tamara Geva

Hollywood, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther
William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Herbert Beerbohm
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Ivan Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
Marlon Davis
Reginald Denny
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Madge Evans
Wallace Ford
Charley Grapewine
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
Bette Davis
William Haines

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Arthur Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
Tala Birell
John Boles
Lucile Browne
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart

Burbank, Calif.

Warner-First National Studios

George Arliss
Richard Barthes
John Blondell
Lillian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butworth
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Donald Cook
Lil Dagover
Bebe Daniels
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Fay Fairchild
Ruth Hall
Raf Hardee

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Charles Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Tamara Geva

Hollywood, Calif.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 S. Vine Ave.
Herbert Raftin, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wiltshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 2154 N. cooker Blvd.

Patty Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

Bitterly we wept in print over the breaking up of that fine old stock company assembled by D. W. Griffith. Having reached his greatest triumph in "The Birth of a Nation," Griffith was left among the ruins of his "Intolerance" sets. Henry Walthall had been the first to leave—then Wally Reid struck out to conquer new cinema worlds, and Mae Marsh packed up to head her own company.

Walthall had done his best work in "The Birth of a Nation" and it took Mae Marsh just fifteen years to make a comeback in the new version of "Over the Hill." While Griffith, now, is waiting, a trite sadly—bright hopes of youth gone, for movie audiences' reception of his new picture "The Struggle."

Miss Mary Gray Peck of the Motion Picture Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, found that the movies were going to "save our civilization from the destruction which has successively overwhelmed every civilization of the past. As long as a ticket stays around the price of a drink, the saloon has to reckon with the first rival that has ever been able to compete with it for business."

Norma Talmadge was the girl on the cover and two pages of pictures of her were spread inside the magazine. Garbed in black velvet and ermine, glamorous then just a word in the dictionary—simply radiated from Norma. She had just been married to Joseph Schenck, and didn't have to know. But Photoplay upped and told.

Anita King, Allan Forrest, Helen Jerome Eady, Gladys Hulette, Harry Hilliard, John Bowyers, Beszie Barrizale and Louise Fazenda appeared in the gallery.


Cal York items: Marjorie Rambeau has just been won over from stage to pictures (now married for the third time and retired).

10 Years Ago

Well, well, what do you think of this? About a year ago, "Films That Talk and Sing," ran a picture of a group of opera stars before a studio, without singing contraption. And we said that an Englishman named Grin-delli-Matthews had perfected a machine which made the voices of the actors synchronize with their filmed actions. Our comment: "Wonder how it will seem to bear our stars? Some of them will surprise you, as their voices are in perfect accord with their screen personalities."

Now, here is a paragraph which we hereby dedicate to Michael Farber, Gloria Swan-son's new husband. "A month ago when Gloria starts getting too rambunctious, recall the fact that ten years ago in Photoplay in a story called "The Confessions of a Modern Woman," Gloria made this statement: "No woman is ever happy with a man unless that man is her master. He may be her slave, her adorer, her devoted servant—but at the same time he must be her master." And again she says: We see no "soap opera" eight months' ago, "The Talk of the Town" (we gave that another 'best six' a few months ago when it was remade by Billy Haines), Dick Barthelmess in "To'able David," Marion Davies in "Enchanted," Lon Chaney in "The Ace of Hearts" and Mabel Normand in "Molly-O."

Lila Lee graced our cover and the gallery pictures included Estelle Taylor, Glenn Hun-ter, Mike Ruddy, Allan Forrest and Hitchcock, Will Rogers and Jacqueline Logan.

Cal York items: The rumor persists that Claire Windsor and Charlie Chaplin are engaged... Rita Hayworth is coming to America. ... William S. Hart and Winifred Westover are married.

5 Years Ago

Jack Gilbert said that the romance between him and Garbo is over but that he still thinks her "the most won-derful woman in the world. Frankly he admits that it was she who turned him down. He declared that "no one understands Greta Garbo except Mauritz Stiller."

I was never Stiller's real rival with her." And we cheered Jack on for his courageous gallant attitude toward the lady he had loved and lost. Jack has always been gallant. When he and Ina Claire were divorced, not one single harsh word about her passed his lips, and since he and Lupe Velez have loved and now—so rumor says—love no more, he makes no comments.

We reported another slighted romance—that of Clara Bow and Victor Fleming and we added, with a catch in our throat, "We'll never announce Clara's engagement again. She changes her mind too often." We didn't carry out the threat. The last five years Photoplay has kept you informed about the last minute state of Clara's heart. That's all over for a while. She's married to Rex Bell. We ran a nice little yarn about Lya de Putti who was, at the time, one of the screens most delightful sires. With only eight months' experience with the English language, she gave our interviewer an earful of delightful non-sense. But Lya's career was marked for storm and turmoil. Last November it ended in death. Poor Lya! We called our story "More England and Beauty."

On the cover was Louise Brooks and the stars in the gallery were Lillian Gish, Claire Windsor, Greta Nissin, Phyllis Haver, Colleen Moore and John Roche.

We chose as the best picture "What Price Glory?" "Old Ironsides," "Flesh and the Devil" and "The Night of Love." "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" and "Twinkletoes." Cal York items: Grant Withers (who later married Loretta Young, and was soon divorced by her) has announced his engagement to Al-bertha Vaughan.
Ho! Ho! Red Head!

H as the bright and dizzy platinum head had its day? That is one of the all-absorbing questions of the moment. And those who reached for a bleach a few short months back are now trying to find ways to go back to "natural" gracefully.

Since we started things not long ago by telling our fair public to stop, look and think before plunging heads willy-nilly into a platinum bleach, there has been a decided turning of heads back to the good old brunette tints that used to adorn grandma's head. A lot of brunettes are heard snickering in the wings, too, we might add.

Platinum colored hair was and still is a fad. The reasons for its being a fad have already been enumerated under time, trouble and expense. Hollywood is credited with the whole idea in the first place, ever since some of the most limelighted stars took to the bleach in a big way.

J ean Harlow probably is the most famous platinum head but she did not have to go far to get that way—her hair was almost a silver white naturally.

Discontented brunettes pointed to Bebe Daniels and forthwith dipped their heads in a platinum rinse. Bebe certainly did go from the deepest brunette to the lightest blonde but no one bothered to inquire why. But now that she has returned to her natural dark hair, some of her hasty followers ruefully remember that she did it because she screened better.

Then there was Joan Crawford. Did Joan want to be a blonde? No, she didn't—she merely did it because a picture role demanded it.

Now she is happily back to her own reddish brown color. And so it goes.

Since the screen has become a criterion in fashion and hair colorings, you will have to look there to find out just what the next popular shade of hair will be. How about red?

"R ed Headed Woman" is the latest picture from Hollywood to start a new hair coloring wave. And already the smart hairdressing and dyeing firms are making a play for the charming red head. They contend that gentlemen may prefer blondes but that they never have passed by a good looking red head.

Reddish glints in the hair are a simple possibility for both brunettes, blondes and in-betweens. And they do not cause as drastic methods of achievement as did the platinumized locks.

So you may become a red, young woman, in your next hair incarnation! You can be certain of the Hollywood stamp of approval, not to mention the perfect joy you will be to your hairdresser!

An excellent device for making public appearances and avoiding sappy interviews. This life-like mask saves Joan Crawford no end of trouble and sometimes it even fools Doug. Incidentally, actor Richard ("Tol'able David") Cromwell made it with his own little chisel and mallet.
CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALMOST MARRIED"—Fox.—From the novel by Andrew Soutar. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by William Cameron Menzies. The cast: Anita, Violet Heming; Dora, Maxwell, Ralph Bel- amby; Capt. Alexand. Kirke; J. Sten; Allan Danger; Maudie, Waddell, Hewitt, Harri- ton; Muriel, Marie Alba; Butler, Herbert Mundin; Cook, Mary Gordon.

"ANYBODY'S BLONDE"—Action Pictures.—From the story by Betty Burridge. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Janet, Dorothy; Betty, Roser; Dan O'Hara, Reed Howes; Steve Crane, Llyod Whit- lock; Myrna, Edna Murphy; Ginger, Nita Martan; Steve, Gene Morgan; Eddie, Henry Walhall; O'Hara, Manager, Arthur Houseman; Riley, Richard Cramer.

"BEAST OF THE CITY, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Charles Brahm. The cast: Jim Fitzpatrick, Walter Huston; Daisy, Jean Harlow; Ed Fitzpatrick, Wallace Ford; Sam Belmonte, Jean Hersholt; Mary Fitz- patrick, Dorothy Peterson; Michael, Tully Marshall; District Attorney, John Miljan; Chief of Police, Em- mett Corrigan; Tom, Warner Richmond; Mac, Sandy Roth; Cholo, J. Carroll Naish.

"BIG SHOT, THE"—RKO-Pathé.—From the story by George Dromgold and Hal Conklin. Adapted by Joseph Fields and Earl Baldwin. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan; Ray Turner, Mary Nolan; Barbara Stanwyck, William Utte; Old Timer, Arthur Stone; Mr. Howell, John J. Bartlett; Dr. Peale, Otis Harlan; Jack Spencer, Billy Hughes; Uncle Israel, Mrs. Hartman; Harvey Clark; Mr. Potts, A. S. Byon; Town Mar- shall, Charles Thurston; Garage Boy, Hilliard Carr; Postmaster, Frank Darbo.

"BRANDED MEN"—Tiffany Prod.—From the story by Earl Sullivan. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Rod, Ken Maynard; Dale Winters, June Clyde; Ramrod, Irving Bacon; Hella-bird, Billy Bletcher; Mace, Charles King; The brother, Donald Keith.

"COCK OF THE AIR"—United Artists.—From the story by Robert E. Sherwood and Charles Lederer. Directed by Tom Buckingham. The cast: Ivan, Robert Moses; Mary, Juanita, Roseau, Billie Dove; Terry (Craig's orderly), Matt Moore; Captain Tomone, Louis Alberini; 1st Italian girl, Katta Sergius; 2nd Italian girl, Yola d'Aubi; Irene Woman, Vivien Oakland; French Ambassador, Emil Chastard; Lili's companion, Ethel Suther- land; Lili's maid, Peggy Watts.

"DECIVER, THE"—Columbia.—From the story "It Might Have Happened" by Bella Muni and Aben Finkel. Adapted by Charles Locke. Directed by Lewis King. The cast: Tony, Lloyd Hughes; Iva, Dorothy Sebastian; Thorpe, Ian Keith; Mrs. Lanson, Natalie Moorehead; Mr. Lanson, Richard Tucker; Sporty, George McQueen; Carlo, Gannam; Breckenridge, Murray Kelly; Dunn, De Witt Jen- nings; Payne, Alton Garcia; Kit Phillips, Harvey Clark; Barney, Sumner Skobel; Mar- day, Mr. Schub, Colin Campbell; Stage Manager, Nick Copeland.

"DELICIOUS"—Fox.—From the story by Guy Bolton. Adapted by Guy Bolton and Sonya Levien. Directed by David Butler. The cast: Helen Horgan; Janet Gaynor; Larry Beamont, Charles Farrell; James, El Brende; Jim, Raoul Walsh; Lawrence O'Sullivan; Olga, Manva Roberta; Diana, Virginia Cherrill; Mrs. Van Beeg, Olive Telf, Mischa, Mischa Auer; Tasha, Marvine Masoy; Motoseoka, Jeanette Georga.

"DEVIL ON DECK"—Thrill-O-Drama.—Directed by Bernard McConville. Directed by Wallace W. Fox. The cast: John Moore, Reed Howes; Key Wheeler, Molly O'Day; Shanghai Morgan, Wheeler Oakman; Mary Moore, June Marlone; Limy, Kenneth Treadwell; Frenchie, Rolfe Sedan; Pop Wheeler, A. S. Byon; Suzy, Constantine Romano.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"—Paramount.—From the story by Robert Louis Stevenson. Directed by Samuel Hoffenstein and Henry Hecht. Directed by Robert Mamoulian. The cast: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Fredric March; Irv Person, Miriam Hopkins; Muriel Carew, Rose Hobart; Dr. Lanyon, Holmes Herbert; Gen. Carew, Halliwell Hobson; Col. MacDonnell, Mrs. Havers, Tempe Pitts.

"EMMA"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Adapted by Leonard Praskin. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Emma, Marie Dressler; Ronnie, Richard Cromwell; Mr. Smith, Jean Her- sholt; Isabelle, Myra Loy; District Attorney, John Miljan; Henry, Herbert Brough. The cast: Bennett, Gypsy, Barbara Kent; Sue, Kathryn Crawford; Bill, George Meeker; Maid, Dale Fuller; Dukes, Wilfred Ray; Count Pierre, Andre Cicero.

"EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD"—Raspin Prod.—Directed by Harold Nore. Produced by Harold McCracken and his Siberian-Arctic Expedi- tion; Gene Lamb and his Photo-Scientific Expedition to Siberian-Arctic Expedition; Lt. Com. J. R. Stenhouse and his Imperial Trans- Antartic Expedition; Laurence M. Gould, Second in Command; William Nettle and his Indian Expedition and his Tasmanian Expedition to North- western Brazil.

"FORBIDDEN"—Columbia.—From the story by Frank Capra. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: Bob, Adolphe Menjou; Holland, Ralph Bellamy; Bel, Dorothy Peterson; Father (baby), Myra Fosholtz; Rober (18), Charlotte B. V. A. Tamar; Halliwell Hobbes; Mrs. Smith, Florence Wix; Mr. Jones, Claude King; Mr. Richert, Robert T. Graves; Three Kibistes, Frankie Raymond, Getrud Pedlar and Wilfred Ray.

"GIRL OF THE RIO"—Radio Pictures.—From the play by Willard Mack. Adapted by Elizabeth Marber. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: Dolores, Dolores Del Rio; Don Jose, Maria Lopez; Tostado, Leo Carrillo; Johnny Powell, Norman Foster; Rolando, Robert Young; Mr. Murphy, Pat O'Malley; Madsen, Edna Murphy; Mike, Stanley Fields; Bill, Frank Campeau; Nellie, Roberta Gale.

"GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM"—United Artists.—From the story by Zoe Akins. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: Boyd, Clyde Brook; Clyde Saunders, Charlie Ruggles; Mary Boyd, Vivienne Osborne; Andrea Trach, Harry Bronson; Christine Hannister, Christopher George; Cecily Reddy, Dorothy Tree; Mr. Red, Charles Win- ninger; Mrs. Red, Elizabeth Patterson; Moly Saunders, Lila Albright; Phillips, Dickie Moore; Anne, Marilyn Knowlton.

"HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY"—Paramount.—From the story "The Marriage Bed" by Ernest Pascal. Adapted by Ernest Pascal and Viola Broders. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: George Boyd, Carl Brook; Clyde Saunders, Charlie Ruggles; Mary Boyd, Vivienne Osborne; Andrea Trach, Harry Bronson; Christine Hannister, Christopher George; Cecily Reddy, Dorothy Tree; Mr. Red, Charles Win- ninger; Mrs. Red, Elizabeth Patterson; Moly Saunders, Lila Albright; Phillips, Dickie Moore; Anne, Marilyn Knowlton.

"IS THERE JUSTICE?"—Thrill-O-Drama.—From the story by Betty Burridge. Directed by Stuart Paton. The cast: Jerry, Rex Lease; Kay Ray- mon, Blanche Malahoo; District Attorney Raymond, Henry B. Wallah; Dan Lawrence, Robert Ellis; June Lawrence, Helen Foster; Sharay Gray, Ernest Adams; Chief of Police, Josephine, Richard Cramer; Doctor Gibbs, John Ince; Rollins, Walter Brenner.

"JUVENILE COURT"—Ziemann Prod.—From the story by Howard Higgins. Adapted by Paul Tr縂owski. The cast: Jimmy Mason, Junior Durkin; Mr. Kelly, Pat O'Brien; Sharay, Junior Copenhagan; Pegge, Betty Davie; Uncle Henry, Charles Gracepin; Aunna Emma, Elinor Dunn; Superintendent Thompson, James Marcus; Mr. Gebhard, Morgan Wallace; Judge, Wills Clark; Captain of Guards, Horeney Achelby.
SUN DRENCHED
Health-Giving Winter Days

expression by girlishly waved hair and a slightly petulant mouth make-up. A long bob caught back behind the ears, long earrings and bangs seem to lengthen her face, while a bangless brow and hair caught in a twist just at the nape of the neck give her a childish, round-faced look.

Girls with "baby" faces should never overdos curls and fluffy hair. And they should be careful to avoid making their mouths look pouty by stressing a cupid's bow.

Another girl wrote to me saying, "I am a girl of Joan Crawford's type, but where she is brilliant and popular, I am dull. People just seem to forget my existence."

Why then should two girls resemble each other in some respects and not in others? Because in one there is a spark that flashes forth to radiate her whole being. But in the other the spark has been quenched by self pity and not enough self-analysis. This girl can be a second Joan if she will analyze her favorite and then apply what she sees to herself.

Observation is the first step toward being what you want to be. We all have to have a model—few of us are creators.

The girl who wrote the following paragraph to me is bound to get what she wants. She says, "One thing I am going to do and that is cut out the sub-title of your article which reads, 'Any Girl Can Be What She Wants To Be.' I'm going to paste it right up on my wall by the mirror so I can see it all the time. I know what I want to be—I know what I strive to have, and that is personality!"

Omma K.:
The tapering line from hip to knee is of vital importance this year in view of the molded fashion silhouette. The following exercise is unusually beneficial for both hips and thighs. Lie flat on your back on the floor. Keep your head and shoulders as close to the floor as possible. Then raise the right leg, swing it over the left, stretch it until you have it at right angles with the body, then give another pull on the stretched muscles and return to place. Then swing over with the left leg the same way. Be sure to roll on the hips and not with the body. If you do this faithfully morning and night, I am sure you will find good results.

A number of the prominent cosmetic houses put out bath oils that will aid your dry skin. I would suggest, too, that you bathe in lukewarm water and be sure to use a bland soap. If you are willing to take the time, it would be good to rub your body with an oil about once a week. Leave it on while resting, then remove it and sponge the body.

BUBBLES:
You are about four pounds underweight. However, at your age, that is nothing to worry about. Just try to eat more butter on your foods, more milk and plenty of leafy vegetables. Also sweets and fruits. Be sure to get plenty of sleep at night, that is the best way to build up the body.

BOBBY:
Oils and ungulates will make your hair appear some darker but at the same time you will find they tend to make your hair look oily. I would suggest instead, that you use one of the good waxes advertised in Photoplay to give your hair a nice sheen. Brush your hair every day also, as brushing brings out all the natural gloss in the hair.

Tall girls get a break this year. All those dreezy sleeves, belted waistlines and trick seamings help to cut down their height. You can wear two-piece effects, peplums and tiers. Any full sleeves will add width to your silhouette and shorten you up some. Choose coats that have the slim silhouette but lots of fur bulkiness at the top. Avoid vertical lines and surplice effects. Wear round or square necklines.

Jane H.:
You will find that the following costume colors will flatter your brown-haired, blue-eyed type: Most shades of blue from light to the rich tones, soft shades of green, especially those with a bluish cast, gray, rust, golden brown and the deeper browns, burnt orange and tomato color, black with color touches or white. Pale pinks and soft rose. Most shades of yellow. Why don't you try a coral tone in rouge and lipstick? New and smart for both blondes and brunettes. A creamy tone of powder. You should weigh about 136 pounds, Jane.

• The world-famous Ambassador offers a new outdoor attraction... A BEAUTIFUL SUN-BATHING BEACH, PLUNGE AND COMPLETE RECREATIONAL CENTER, WITH SOLARIUMS AND PHYSICAL CONDITIONING DEPARTMENTS IN CHARGE OF EXPERT ATTENDANTS.

• The charm of desert sands, ocean beach, swimming all within the Ambassador's own 22-acre park. Not a sanitarium... a playground to make tired people well and well people better.

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Most Attractive Rates...

...Outside rooms with Bath as low as $5 per day. Write for Chef's booklet of California recipes and information.

The Ambassador
Los Angeles

Ben L. Frank
Manager

Who but a Garbo could get away with this hairdress? This is one of her coiffures in " Mata Hari." It's what we used to call a "wash-er woman's knot!"

Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]
STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY

This 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.

Thousands of copies of this de luxe edition of the Stars of the Photoplay have been sold at the original price of $1.75 per copy, and thousands more at the reduced price of $1.25, but they are now offered to Photoplay readers as long as they last at the ridiculously low price of 50c.

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The outside measurement of the book is $\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the size of each portrait is $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

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"It iss dis way you must roll the eye, see?" That's what director Ernst Lubitsch told Genevieve Tobin, and now regard our little Genevieve doing her best to go "dis' way in a scene with Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour With You." And—oh, looky, looky—at Jennie's bangs. The last word.

LET's ramble. Here, for instance, is stage 14 on the Paramount lot. Drab on the outside, maybe, but oh boy, on the inside. Snappy, peppy music. A song. An accent. A smile. A straw hat. Chevalier. Everyone is happy on the "One Hour With You" set. The scene is a lady's boudoir. But then it usually is with that Maurice. Genevieve Tobin in pink satin pajamas, bare feet and her hair in bangs reclines on a gorgeous satin couch. Damita, little Lily, sits off in a corner on a high stool studying her script like a good child. Lily is in the French version. A vision with a bubbling laugh passes by. Jeanette MacDonald. She's in it, too.

Over there by Genevieve is Lubitsch. "Look, look Genevieve," he says. "It iss dis way you must roll the eye, see?" Ernst, Ernst, how you can roll 'em! Maurice practices golf shots behind the camera. The cameraman rushes over. "Maurice, what's wrong with your hair," he asks. "Looks bad in the rushes." "Well, when I am straight like dees," explains Maurice, "ee is good. But when I bend the head, eet is no good. Eet sticks out, eh. But that's all right, old fellow. Does fans know how funny I look anyhow. So what ees, ch?"

Now, they're ready for the song, "Three Times a Day." And does it zip. And is Maurice a zipper. Everyone sways to the music. From prop boy to Lubitsch. It's ended, too soon. And suddenly from her stool in the corner comes a loud French raspberry from Damita. Surprised, Chevalier looks around. And right back goes a louder, Frenchier raspberry. All in fun.

But wait, wait till you hear the music in "One Hour With You." Ooooo Maurice, la la.

Let's all, just for fun, go to a speakeasy. There's one on the Radio lot and it's packed. At one table sits Bob Armstrong, Joel McCrea, Hugh Herbert. Richard Dix, three-fourths soused (only pretending, auntie, only pretending) is trying to make a speech. But nobody knows what about. Not even Richard. The scene is from "The Lost Squadron." Aviators home from the world war are on the skid. Down. There's a pathetic helplessness about these heroes returned. A sort of bewildered helplessness.

Waiters fly about with huge coffee cups full of, well, anyway, it's served in cups. Between shots Dix insists on having his music. The orchestra tears out "The Merry Widow Waltz" while Richard paces madly up and down repeating and repeating his lines. It's a wild confusion. The girls are garbed in 1918 hobble skirt suits.

From a speakeasy to a pent house with George Arliss. Only in Hollywood could it be done. Everything is heavy drama on "The Man Who Played God" set. Arliss, a musician who has gone quite deaf, sits at the piano, playing. He hears no sounds. Maddened, he springs to his feet. Across the room, with that strange Arliss swing, he goes. A violin rests on the table. Enraged, he seizes it. High in the air he holds it.

There's a pause. Deadly. Awful. Then suddenly he brings it down. A resounding smash. And in his hands remain the remnants of his beloved instrument. Horrified, he surveys it. And then a mad dash to the window. Quick. He's on the ledge. And we're on the floor with one arm around the assistant director's leg and trying to strangle the publicity woman with the other. It's tremendous. Over and over they shoot it. It keeps one property man busy racing back and forth with violins for Mr. Arliss to smash.

But if you think that's excitement, wait, just wait, till we get onto the "Fireman, Save My Child" set with Joe E. Brown. We hear a strange, crackling noise as soon as we open the huge sound stage door. There's a pungent odor of smoke. Why, it couldn't be, you think. But it is. The whole corner of the sound stage is a roaring, blazing fire. Up the velvet drapes it creeps. Now the curtains go, a blazing mass. The furniture catches. The walls. It's a whole sheet of flame. Firemen from Hollywood stood tense on the side lines. "Wait," cried Joe E., the hero in the midst of all the blazing, "I can put out this fire with my magic bombs. Gather about me." We gather. Holding our breath. Quickly he opens his case. And heaven help us he pulls out—a lady's teddy. It's the wrong case. Now there is a scramble. Extras can't make up their minds whether it's all in the picture or real. Everyone is running about. Props are overturned. Even the firemen look worried. The entire Mexican polo team who have come to look on, think a sudden revolution has broken out.

The fire has spread. It's terrifying. Shouts. Screams. Yells. Windows are broken with the heat. More screams. But never mind, children. In the nick of time Joe recovers the right case and he did put out that fire. But not with a lady's teddy. And after all it was all a part of the picture. Wait till you see "Fireman, Save My Child."
There's more chicle in it... that's what makes it better

It's the amount and the quality of the CHICLE used that makes such a big difference in chewing gums—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. That explains its greater chewing quality and smoothness. That's why Beech-Nut Gum stays fresh and smooth-flavored far longer than any ordinary gum—that's what makes all the difference between a good gum and the finest gum you can buy.

Riding to greater smoking pleasure

"You get more enjoyment from smoking than anyone I know."

"Of course, I use Beech-Nut Gum between smokes... and it certainly makes the next smoke taste better."

Beech-Nut GUM

"Makes the next smoke taste better"

PEPPERMINT • SPEARMINT
and WINTER GREEN flavors

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there's something really NEW DIFFERENT, DELIGHTFUL

NOW—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

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800 California oranges; 1,000 Italian lemons or 9,000 limes from the West Indies—to make a single pound of flavor—that's what makes Beech-Nut Orange, Lemon and Lime Drops so delicious—so refreshing! 5¢ everywhere.
""I protect my voice with LUCKIES"

"It's that delightful taste after a cup of coffee that makes Luckies a hit with me. And naturally I protect my voice with Luckies. No harsh irritants for me...I reach for a Lucky instead. Congratulations on your improved Cellophane wrapper. I can open it."

Who can forget Edmund Lowe as "Sergeant Quirt" in "What Price Glory?" That mighty role made Eddie famous in filmland—and he's more than held his own in a long line of talkie triumphs. We hope you saw him in the "Spider." And be sure to see him in the Fox thriller, "The Cisco Kid."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

* Is Mr. Lowe's Statement Paid For?

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Mr. Lowe to make the above statement. Mr. Lowe has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 6 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to him and to Fox, his producer, as his endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.
To commemorate the year of the George Washington Bicentennial

This year the American people celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, father of our country.

To help commemorate this important anniversary, the Gruen Watch Makers Guild has created six fine watches, known as the Washington Series.

Designed in the true Early American spirit, their cases reflect the quaint, simple beauty of Colonial times; their movements the sturdiness and rugged honesty of America's pioneers.

The Gruen jeweler in your community has arranged a special showing of these anniversary watches. Each one represents a value far beyond its moderate price. Be sure to see them. Other fine Gruen Watches for men and women for as little as $29.75. Gruen Watch Makers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati. Branches in various parts of the world. Largest manufacturers of fine watches exclusively — engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century.

The Washington Series of Gruen Guild Watches

- The Molly Pitcher, a 13-jewel Gruen Cartouch, in a new and practical design of true simplicity, with bracelet of matching design, $57.50
- The Martha Washington, (center) a new 17-jewel Gruen timekeeping Baguette, designed in the popular mode of old colonial jewelry, in dainty bracelet with real cornelian, jade or crystal, $57.50
- The Paul Revere, a fine new 15-jewel Gruen, in stalwart, white gold-filled case suggesting the early American spirit, $43.75
- The Betsy Ross, a slender, 11-jewel, 14 kt. white gold-filled Gruen of the baguette type, with dainty link bracelet ensemble, $12.50

*Your choice of 14 kt. white or even gold-filled cases of highest quality

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Photoplay Magazine for March, 1932

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[Image of the Molly Pitcher]
GAYEST SCREEN EVENT of the YEAR!

Chevalier! Captivating all the world with laughter and love! Gay, irresistible, romantic! Jeanette MacDonald—beautiful, tuneful sweetheart of "The Love Parade"! Genevieve Tobin, brilliant comedienne! Charlie Ruggles! Roland Young! What a cast! What a swell time you'll have at this Paramount Picture! What a swell time you have at all Paramount Pictures—always "the best shows in town"!

MAURICE CHEVALIER

IN AN ERNST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION

"ONE HOUR WITH YOU"

WITH JEANETTE MACDONALD

GENEVIEVE TOBIN • Charlie Ruggles
Roland Young

Under the supervision of
Ernst Lubitsch

Directed by George Cukor

Music by Oscar Straus

Paramount Pictures
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What the Audience Thinks

With Brickbats and Bouquets PHOTOPLAY Readers Voice Their Opinions of Pictures and Personalities

THE $25 LETTER

To the blue noses of the Society for the Prevention of Everything in General, who love, when the occasion offers itself, to chorus, "The movies are sending our young folks straight to the devil," I, one of the young folks, a senior in high school, would like to reply that if we really feel the craving for unhealthy thrills there are far more exciting places to go to get them than a movie theater.

To the average parent who shakes his head dubiously and says, "Well, I don't know, I suppose the youngsters do get ideas from what they see," I should like to say that we have already got all the ideas from sources other than the movies.

And I would like to say further that George Arliss, Marie Dressler, Polly Moran and Joe E. Brown are just as great favorites with my classmates as the sea-appeal cuties.

EDWARD T. MCNAMARA, Danbury, Conn.

THE $10 LETTER

Our mother is past middle age and we are two young daughters endeavoring to live in this cigarette and cocktail era not too prudishly, but with the least possible friction at home. The movies are our mediator. We take part in all the star productions. Here she sees modern clothes, and modern life as it is lived today in which her own two daughters must take a part. She would never agree that we place ourselves in the same circumstances as Joan Crawford in "Possessed," but she does realize, through these enlightening movies, that there has been many a step forward since the horse and buggy days.

DORA BARNARD, Tulsa, Okla.

THE $5 LETTER

The trouble with picture players is that they want to be too versatile, or their directors want them to be. Why not let them do what they do best? Then we can choose our pictures by the cast.

What happened after "The Love Parade"? As delightful and romantic a pair as ever sang and made love while dwelling in marble halls were separated and not allowed to do too much singing. I speak of Maurice Chevalier and Jeannette MacDonald.

Leslie Howard, the genius of "Outward Bound," was blocked into a wooden peg, the conventional husband with a no-good wife but an oh-so-good child, for Ann Harding to hang her "Devotion" on.

Joe E. Brown, prince of comics, we are asked to consider, seriously, in college stuff! Lilian Tashman is so much admired as an exponent of up-to-the-minute gowns that she was put into khaki for "The Mad (and Sad and Bad) Parade!"

Now I'm going to see Marilyn Miller, that wonderful dancer, in a picture where she dances but once.


When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. Write up to 200 words, no more. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations, and we are sorry but no letters can be returned. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

IT'S GARBO AGAIN

I shall always admire Ruth Birey for her sympathy and squareness in writing "Hollywood's Cruelty to Greta Garbo." Garbo needs it, after the vicious attacks of some of your writers.

Helen Voigt, Syracuse, N. Y.

After reading "Hollywood's Cruelty to Greta Garbo" in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, my admiration for the star has increased tenfold.

I am so thankful for her great success, for she rose so far above Hollywood's "400." How ashamed they all must feel now.

Mrs. N. Elender, Houston, Texas

Did I rave when I read that hard luck story about Garbo! It really exasperated me—"Hollywood's Cruelty to Greta Garbo." Ruth Birey acts as if no one ever picked on her to climb to stardom. Did Garbo expect us Americans to open our arm's wide to a perfect stranger? Garbo is dull.

D. S. Beecher, Indian Head, Md.

Greta Garbo is a not a peasant girl, and as I am also "one of those Swedes" and also from Stockholm I know a little about Miss Garbo's family. They are not rich people but very nice and educated—far from peasants.

Anna B. Strindberg, Havana, Cuba

MATA HARI'S CLOTHES

In my opinion, "Mata Hari" was Garbo's best as far as acting is concerned, but won't someone please tell her to stop wearing such ridiculous clothes and hair arrangements.

Mrs. Jeanne Ford, New Haven, Conn.

Greta Garbo has long been a great actress, but "Mata Hari" places her as the supreme actress of the American screen. Never has she been more fascinating, never has a role suited her better, never has Adrian designed such exotic clothes.

Kenneth Jordan, San Antonio, Texas

If there is anybody left who doubts that Garbo can act as well as be glamorous and enigmatical, let him see "Mata Hari" or forever hold his peace. She surpasses all former performances.

Dorothy H. Aver, Morganton, N. C.

STAR OR STORY?

Give me the good old days when we went to see a show and not to see a star. Nowadays it's the star's name that is draped all over the billboards and if we look closely we sometimes find the name of the pictures itself. Then what? My hat is off to the producer who knows how to find suitable stories in which to cast our favorite stars.

Alton Taylor, Grenada, Calif. [Please turn to page 10]
Purple nights! ... Words of love! ... All the witchery of the mystic East with its tangled skeins of human passion pervades "The Hatchet Man" ...

It is a symphony of blazing emotions ... Stark, elemental drama—of a man who gives —of a woman who takes—of a butterfly who sings her wings at forbidden flames ... Thrilling! powerful! breath-taking! with the screen's most versatile character actor scaling the highest peak of emotional portrayal.
Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

**Branded Men**—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time mystery and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (Feb.)

**Brat, The**—Fox.—Remember Sally O'Neil? What a comeback the kid stages in this old Maude Fulton comedy-drama. And what a rough and tumble she and Van Heflin have! (Sept.)

**Business and Pleasure**—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (Oct.)

**Cautious**—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly, Roy (Dick Arlen) and his partner (Louis Dresser) is outlaw he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (Sept.)

**Brave Love Song**—The M.G.M.—Lawrence Tibbett's voice, Lupe Velez' love-making and Jimmy Durante's droll foolishness in a lusty story of marines in Cuba. Great stuff. (Dec.)

**Dangerous Affair**—Columbia.—A fast-moving surprise-filled "sizericher" with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (Nov.)

**Daughter of the Dragon**—Paramount.—Sesse Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murderers sinister. (Dec.)

**Deadline, The**—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones, (Nov.)

**Deceiver, The**—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backstage atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (Feb.)

**Delicious**—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (Feb.)

**Devil on Deck**—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in midocean and the wrecked sea captain's just desert. (Feb.)

**Devotion**—RKO-Pathé.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moist-eyed plot a picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (Nov.)

**Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual role superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (Feb.)

**Dreyfus Case, The**—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (Nov.)

**East of Borneo**—Universal.—The title tells the story. Real Borneo scenery, excellent studio "faken." Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (Sept.)

**Emma**—M.G.M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressier. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (Nov.)

**Enemies of the Law**—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Lou Tellegren's brand new face-left, I would not waste my time. Max Nolan's good comedy turns. For many years, Max Nolan's beauty compensates for that formula 877—a gangster story. (Sept.)

**Explorers of the World**—Raspin Prod.—Six of the world's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (Feb.)

**Express 13—U.F.A.**—A thrilling German dialogue film that makes you wish you had more attention to your German teacher. (Oct.)

**False Madonna, The**—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis is good but a new boy, John Breckin, steals the show. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]
Charlie Chan's Chance

WARNER OLAND in another amazing adventure of Earl Derr Biggers' master sleuth! With eyes that see all, lips that tell nothing, Charlie Chan unMASKS the most sinister crime of his career. Directed by John G. Blystone, with Alexander Kirkland, H. B. Warner, Marian Nixon, Linda Watkins . . . . A mighty murder mystery!
CLARK, JIMMIE AND FRED

I have just been to see “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” and I was thrilled, for Fredric March proves his talent conclusively and has shown us that he can do the brilliant, intense scientist and the repulsive, destructive beast as well as conventional roles. Could Clark Gable do it? Why not? That is the sudden question that comes to mind. How about a little recognition where it is deserved?

CAROLINE CROSBY, Detroit, Mich.

Art with a great big A certainly describes Fredric March’s latest picture, “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.” It is a marvelous portrayal of the good and bad there is in all of us, a sinister warning to each and every one of us not to allow the baser nature to overcome the better.

MRS. R. B. DAVID, Dayton, Ohio

SPIRITUAL LESSON

Many years I have attended my church faithfully, but never before has a sermon on “the wages of sin is death” been brought to me so forcefully as it was in the play “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.” Here I saw portrayed vividly the result of one following his baser impulses and the effect not only on himself, but on those with whom he came in contact. I came away from the picture feeling that I had been taught a spiritual lesson.

MIRIAM MILLER, Washington, D. C.

“DELICIOUS” AMERICANIZATION

I arrived in America from Wales nine years ago but in all that time I have never had such a feeling of pride and happiness because I am an American citizen as I experienced during the showing of “Delicious,” with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. At the time of my arrival in this country I was too young to understand what it meant to be admitted to America. This picture made me realize how fortunate I really am.

DYLIS EVANS, Margate City, N. J.

CANADIAN ANSWER

I spent a few days in the United States this summer. I won’t say that the screening was only fairly good nor that the sound apparatus was ghastly (as one of your readers said about our theaters) but I can truthfully say that the reception was not so hot as the showings in Canada; for I saw them again here some time later.

LILLIAN JENNINGS, Toronto, Canada

LIVE, DON’T ACT

Movie queens, such as Garbo and Dietrich and others, rely on their beauty rather than brainwork to guide them through a picture. These actresses could increase their drawing power by taking a lesson from a future screen idol—Mae Clarke, who says, “Simply live your part, do not act it.”

JOE J. KOVARIK, Garfield Heights, Ohio

PUT ON YOUR CLOTHES, GIRLS

I would like to know why Tallulah Bankhead had to dress and undress before the public in “The Cheat”; why Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Blondell had to run around in their underwear in “Night Nurse”; why producers and directors believe that the success of a picture depends on half clothed heroines.

JULIA YOUNGS, San Antonio, Texas

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112
Two reasons for decay
Three rules for fighting it

Interesting theories on what makes teeth decay. What to do

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

Film attracts the germs associated with decay. It glues them tightly to the tooth's enamel. What's more, film makes an ideal incubator in which germs grow and multiply. Film must be removed for safety—twice every day.

A new cleansing material
Recently Pepsodent laboratories made a notable discovery—a cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different. This material is unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive film. It imparts a higher brilliance to tooth enamel. And, last of all, this new material is SAFE-safe, because it's soft, twice as soft as polishing material in common use.

Because of its great safety it is urged for cleansing baby teeth and for polishing delicate enamel. Pepsodent marks the pinnacle of achievement in the making of modern toothpaste. Rely on it.

1. Remove film—
use Pepsodent toothpaste every morning and every night.

2. Eat these foods—
One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. 1 lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

3. See your Dentist—
Adults at least twice a year—children every 6 months and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.

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

AUTHORITIES now believe there are two causes of common tooth decay. One is the lack of essential food elements in diet ... interior tooth structure when under-nourished shows a tendency to disintegrate and offers "low resistance" to disease.

The second cause is germs—or to be more accurate, acids manufactured by germs. These acids gradually dissolve enamel and attack the part beneath.

Pepsodent tooth paste was developed to remove the "outside" enemy of teeth. Only your diet—see suggestions—can help you fight trouble from within.

Remove film on teeth

On your teeth a coating forms called film. It is most prevalent after eating and on rising in the morning.

Film is ugly. It absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It dims the sparkling brilliancy of your teeth.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N.B.C. network.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF.—Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver's first starring film. You laugh and—what's more—you'll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (Sept.)

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP.—Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell on that same old plot? If you're deep sea divers in love with each other, Nov. (Oct.)

FIGHTING SHERRIF, THE.—Columbia.—Recommended for dried-in-the-wood Western fans. Other than fit film in average film fare. Buck Jones is the hero. (Sept.)

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

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

★ FLYING HIGH.—M-G-M.—Comedy with snappy music used in the right places. Good dancing, good singing. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (Jan.)

FORBIDDEN.—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolph Menjou, and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in a gloomy "wages of sin" story. (Feb.)

★ FRANKENSTEIN.—Universal.—Not for faint-hearted folks. This is strong horror stuff which might scare boxes, but what does that mean? See it. Boris Karloff out-terrorizes Lon Chaney. (Aug.)

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY.—RKO-Pathé.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the zing in this Western with Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (Jan.)

★ FRIENDS AND LOVERS.—Radio Pictures.—Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim, and Norma Shearer it up tanged up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (Oct.)

GAY BUCKAROO.—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy has work and Merle Kenney her sweetest in this formula Western. (Jan.)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE.—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff intrigues the ladies (Bette Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (Oct.)

★ GIRL OF THE RIO.—Radio Pictures.—Dolores Del Rio comes back strong in this middling interest talkie version of "The Dove." (Feb.)

★ GIRLS ABOUT TOWN.—Paramount.—The old gold digger story all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilian Tashman wear the clothes and spend the old lines. (July)

GOOD SPORT.—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (Jan.)

GRAFT.—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart interested. (Oct.)

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

★ GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM.—THE.—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—handsomely. Inga Cladis, Magee Evans and Joan Blondell play the three gold diggers. Not for children. (Feb.)

★ GRIEF STREET.—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Howard落在illy. (Nov.)

★ GUARDSMAN, THE.—M-G-M.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be good about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (Oct.)

★ GUILTY GENERATION, THE.—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this tear jug. Leo Carrillo stars. (Jan.)

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

HARD HOMBRE, THE.—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western with Hoot Gibson and Lina Basquette. (Oct.)

HEARTBREAK.—Fox.—This has a war background but it's a real sweet love story. Magee Evans (what an actress!) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good actor, too. (Dec.)

HEAVEN ON EARTH.—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Nov.)

★ HELL DIVERS.—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Force turn out a picture of picturesque aviation you won't forget. (Jan.)

HER MAJESTY LOVE.—First National.—Melvyn Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tossoff songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (Oct.)

★ HER WOMAN.—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its lumpy bawling. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (Jan.)

HOMICIDE SQUARE.—Universal.—Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON LANE.—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance between Eddie Condon (the singer) and Jane Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dolicky. (Sept.)

★ HONOR OF THE FAMILY.—First National.—Nothing left of the Balzac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-chu-chu adventuress heroine. (Nov.)

HOUSE DIVIDED.—Universal.—Life in the raw with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (Jan.)

★ HUCKLEBERRY FENN.—Paramount.—This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will cure the blues. Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimmin' hole days. (Oct.)

HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE.—Willis Kent Prod.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (Dec.)

HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY.—Paramount.—Clive Brook fluctuates between wife and seductive arena. Amusing enough. (Feb.)

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


IN LINE OF DUTY.—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police got their man again. This time it is Ralph Bellamy. (Sept.)

★ IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (Feb.)

★ JUVENILE COURT.—Ziedman Prod.—Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (Sept.)

LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE.—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'1l never forget. Sylvia Sidney does her best work. (Feb.)

LADIES OF THE JURY.—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history, and Edna May Oliver gives away you how she sells it! Take the children. (Feb.)

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

LAST FLIGHT, THE.—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first big grand, but the sound part is not too good. Richard Barthelmess' work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (Oct.)

LAW OF THE TONGS.—Wills Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (Feb.)

LEFTOVER LADIES.—Tiffany Prod.—Divorces talk a lot about careers and freedom in dreary dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brimmed wig, is good. (Dec.)

★ LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD.—First National.—Joe E. Brown is funnier than he's ever been, in this story of a college; grind with inhibitions and botanical aspirations. (Dec.)

LOVE STORM.—The British.—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a lighthouse. Even a murder doesn't speed things up. Dreary fare. (Dec.)

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE.—Paramount.—Not unusual standard of RKO-Radio films. But there's a new young man named Ralph Bellamy who makes up for it. (Oct.)

MAKER OF MEN.—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly moving, story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

MANHATTAN PARADE.—Warners.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself satirized. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winne Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make your reference list.
Grimmer than that grim picture, "DRACULA," more gruesome and awe-inspiring than "FRANKENSTEIN," EDGAR ALLAN POE'S remarkable mystery story "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE," laid in the dark caverns of Paris, will thrill you to your finger-tips. Beautifully enacted by

Bela Lugosi and Sidney Fox

The Original "DRACULA" Star of "STRICTLY DISHONORABLE"

Directed by Robert Florey

Universal Pictures

Universal Pictures Corporation

Carl Laemmle, President

730 Fifth Avenue, New York City
**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12**

**MATA HARI—M-G-M.**—Garbo and Nivar are, of course, in a thrilling story of the most romantic of all war spies. Grand supporting cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Feb.)

**SEN AND ROOMS—Columbia.**—(Also shown under the title of "Azarcon.") Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Feb.)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia.**—(Also shown under the title of "Aztarcon.") Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Feb.)

**MEN IN HER LIFE—Columbia.**—The dialogue crackles, but the old story creaks. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Lois Moran and Charles Bickfor both go down. (Feb.)

**MEN OF CHANCE—Radio Pictures.**—The old story of the woes of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (Feb.)

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

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

**MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE—Super Film.**—Even if you do not speak German, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gaiety make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

**MONKEY BUSINESS—Paramount.**—Messrs. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted funny. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (Oct.)

**MORALS FOR WOMEN—Tiffany Prod.**—This "girl the woman who pays" yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back treasured Besse Love. (Jan.)

**MOTHER AND SON—Monogram Prod.**—Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as Faro Ed. (Oct.)

**MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—Tiffany Prod.**—Yes, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice White in a small part, has a sex-appeal voice. (Oct.)

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

**MY SIS—Paramount.**—Tallullah Bankhead and Fredric March in one of those "should a woman tell her past? things." (Nov.)

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

**MYSTERY TRAIN, THE—Darmour Prod.**—Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokus and suspenso. (Nov.)

**NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama.**—Only Stephen Patchett's funny face and voice save this dull-cut story from a complete cove of the old drama. (Jan.)

**NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH QUICK-WADWORTH, THE—M-G-M.**—And they said William Haines was slipping! See this knock-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot, Jimmy Durante, to be convinced they're wrong. (Nov.)

**NIGHT RAID (UN SOIR DE RAPELE)—Ossu Prod.**—A lively French film about a prizefighter, his real sweetheart and a siren. Amusing. (Dec.)

**OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)—Austrian Cinderella.**—Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (Nov.)

**ONCE A LADY—Paramount.**—Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton acting redeem a not too original story. (Dec.)

**ONE WAY TRAIL, THE—Columbia.**—The Kids will love this exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy. (Dec.)

**OPERA BALL—Greenbaum-Emeka Prod.**—English licks flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this splendid German production of Viennese night life. (Jan.)

**OVER THE HILL—Fox.**—Mac Marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unwanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (Jan.)

**PAGAN LADY—Columbia.**—The Sadie Thompson theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (Nov.)

**PALMY DAYS—United Artists.**—A typical "Day" film, with a show that should bring film musicals back. (Oct.)

**PARDON US—Hal Roach.**—M-G-M—Laurel and Hardy in a lot of hokum. Funnv. (Oct.)

**PARISIAN, THE—Capital Prod.**—This attempt at a smart story made in England with Adolphi Menjou and Elissa Landi proves that these glamour kids get that way in Hollywood. (Nov.)

**PEACHO RENO—Radio Pictures.**—Bert Wheeler and George Robinson in a clever plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (Jan.)

**PERIOD AND SAM—First National.**—If you haven't forgotten how it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghlin in this. (Nov.)

**PERSONAL MAID—Paramount.**—Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a nancy-pammy plot. (Nov.)

**PlATINUM BLONDE—Columbia.**—Youth—between to make the story. Lil. Dunn. (Jan.)

**POCATELLO KID, THE—Tiffany Prod.**—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; March in a day, the lady in distress. (Feb.)

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

**POSSessed—M-G-M.**—What a pair Joan Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (Jan.)

**PRIVATE LIVES—M-G-M.**—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good team work in this farce made amusingly, if risque, lines. You one hundred percent sophisticated will have yourselves a fling. (Feb.)

**PRIVATE SCANDAL—A—Headline Prod.**—Another underworld story in which the crook re-forms. (Oct.)

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

**RACING YOUTH—Universal.**—If you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of an automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, June Clyde and Louise Fazenda. (Jan.)

**RAINBOW TRAIL—Fox.**—George O'Brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (Feb.)

**RANGE FEUD, THE—Columbia.**—Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star but you'll twiddle your thumbs watching this Western. (Nov.)

**RANGE LAW—Tiffany Prod.**—This Western takes the credibility but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (Jan.)

**RECKLESS LIVING—Universal.**—An entertaining little picture. (Nov.)

**RICH MAN'S FOLLY—Paramount.**—One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft as an ambitious shipbuilder brings sympathy out of an un Sym pathetic role. (Jan.)

**RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.**—A grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and delicious production. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill excellent. (Dec.)

**ROAD TO RENO, THE—Paramount.**—Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't sell. (Jan.)

**ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—Warner.**—Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and dearts. (Oct.)

**SAFE IN HELL—First National.**—The only re- deeming thing about this sordid story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackaill, who deserves better stuff. (Jan.)

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

**SEA GHOST, THE—Imperial Prod.**—Laura La Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (Nov.)

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
HOWARD HUGHES Presents

SKY DEVILS

The Supreme Entertainment

with

SPENCER TRACY
WILLIAM BOYD
ANN DVORAK
GEORGE COOPER

An EDWARD SUTHERLAND Production

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

PRODUCED BY HOWARD HUGHES
Take These Beauty Tips

To Gain What You Envy in the Stars

Oh, that flashing smile of Lupe Velez—how it is envied!

As you read this page I am in Hollywood preparing a surprise for every reader of Photoplay who is interested in personal improvement and beauty. You will be simply delighted when you look through your April issue of this magazine because you are going to find therein the most complete and helpful beauty department ever printed in any magazine. I am right out here in Hollywood gathering for you all the beauty secrets of all the stars, and what I have already learned surprises even I who thought I knew a lot about them.

Going to the movies is one of the most stimulating beauty treatments I know! Why, you ask? Because I rarely ever see a glamorous looking star that a certain amount of dissatisfaction with myself is not created. I find that I go home, wondering why my figure isn’t as svelte, as say, Constance Bennett’s. Or why my eyes aren’t as expressive as Joan Crawford’s. And after I have wondered long enough, I find that I have a new stimulus to take those exercises that had been boring me. And I find that perhaps I could find a little more time each day for the special care of my tired looking eyes.

Sylvia is right. It is only laziness that keeps us from being the charming looking creatures we want to be and ought to be. It is that extra half hour that could be spent in a little self-beauty culture that we never seem to find in our day’s whirl. It is the seemingly tiresome little things that we shirk which would bring us the most benefit.

From your letters I find that most of you consider beauty such as you see reflected on the screen, quite unattainable. An extra pound about the hips bars you from the Constance Bennett class. The lack of a flawless skin ruins all hope for a natural looking beauty like that of Madge Evans or Dorothy Jordan.

Let’s see what you envy most in some of your favorites. And then see how a few simple beauty tips will put you on the right track toward attaining what you want!

Now there was a girl who wrote to me bewailing her teeth. They were regular but they didn’t sparkle like those of Lupe Velez!

I know that it seems unbelievable that in this day of wonderful mouth washes, dentifrices and brushes, that teeth should not be actual pearls. Yet yellowness is a common complaint.

Did you know that exercise is important to teeth health? It is. You should chew systematically and eat foods that really give your teeth a workout. Fibrous foods, hard foods are what your teeth need daily. Brush your gums as well as your teeth. And have several tooth brushes so that one can be sterilized while the other is in use.

Such simple precepts, but they do wonders for the beauty of your smile!

I listened to a lecture by an eminent physician recently. His interest at the moment is directed toward laboratory research in behalf of beauty. He defined beauty as

"PERFECTION RESULTING FROM A HARMONIOUS COMBINATION OF ELEMENTS."

Isn’t that an intelligent definition? Thus, you see, in order to gain perfection, you simply must harmonize all the elements of your own body.

One of Joan Crawford’s most striking features is her eyes. They are large, lustrous and tremendously expressive. And her figure is reputed to be one of the loveliest in Hollywood. Yet Joan started out in the movies weighing on the heavy side. She has worked hard to keep that slimness she finally attained. She believes that you must look at yourself with the eyes of a critic.

You can’t hope to have eyes like Joan’s unless you give them daily attention. An eye wash should be a morning rite. There are dozens of good ones on the market. Or you can use a home-made remedy of soothing boric acid solution. Pads of cotton, dipped [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]
How To Create Fascinating Beauty
WITH HOLLYWOOD'S MAGIC SECRET of MAKE-UP

ANY girl can be more attractive with this new make-up discovery...created originally for the screen stars, and now offered to you by Hollywood's make-up genius!

Whatever your type...blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead...discover how individualized color harmony in Society Make-Updoubles beauty. Be like a screen star and permit Max Factor to create your own color harmony in make-up...

Accept this priceless gift...mail coupon

In Hollywood, we have found that make-up's secret of attraction is correct color harmony in powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow for each type...for each variation in blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

We proved that off-colors in powder or rouge or lipstick mar beauty; cause complexion colorings to appear spotty, "loud" and even grotesque.

Under blazing motion picture lights the faults of haphazard make-up were quickly visible. Unseen clashes in color or faulty texture were picked up by the searching camera lens.

Thus, through this unique experience in such a trying testing laboratory, with beauty worth millions at stake, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, created a new kind of make-up, based on his discovery of cosmic color harmony. 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's, and in every picture released from Hollywood you see its magic beauty in the loveliness of the stars of the screen.

Now you may share this magic make-up secret which won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Like you were a screen star, Max Factor will create your individual color harmony in Society Make-Up, exactly according to your own complexion analysis. You'll discover the one way to create beauty with make-up that is actually fascinating. You'll discover the one color harmony in make-up, in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow for everyday, that's perfect for you...that will emphasize the beauty appeal of your complexion colorings. Accept this priceless gift now...fill in and mail coupon.

How to overcome skin problems with make-up

You'll also receive copy of Max Factor's 48-page illustrated book..."The New Art of Society Make-Up." It tells how to make up a dry skin; how to make up an oily skin. How to create a satin-smooth make-up that lasts for hours. Gives answers to twelve troublesome make-up problems. Mail coupon now.

Two Tests Prove the Beauty Magic of This Make-Up For You

Facing the Lights

You know that soft, satisfied glow is always flattering...imagine facing blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun.

Think how perfect Max Factor's make-up must be, let seven stars use it every day as beauty insurance. Now you, too, may be sure of satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up.

COURTESY COUPON

Miniature Powder Compact...FREE

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studio, Hollywood, California

1-3-37

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose one (coin or stamp) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

COMPONENT EYES WHIM IRTY

Hair Color

Cream

Brown

Red

Black

Lips

Blue

Gray

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REDUCING

Lowers Resistance...Invites Disease

PLAY SAFE
GARGLE
Listerine
TWICE A DAY

Kills Germs on Contact...Reduces Colds 66%

As the poundage goes down, so usually does the body's resistance to disease. But now women have found a pleasant way to aid them in keeping well during periods of systematic exercise and rigid diet.

It is the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine—recommended by physical instructors and physicians.

Exercise and diet all too frequently lower vitality so that germs multiply more rapidly. Disease takes hold quickly. Dieters are easy prey to serious colds and more dangerous infections.

Used as a gargle, full strength Listerine helps Nature to overthrow germ invaders. It kills germs in the fastest time possible to measure scientifically. Reduces bacteria in the mouth 98% and maintains substantial reduction for hours.

Listerine's value as an aid in preventing and treating colds is not a matter of opinion but of fact. Tests on 204 persons in normal health revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled with Listerine twice a day had from 50% to 66% fewer colds than those who did not gargle with Listerine.

When Listerine users did contract colds they were only one-fourth as severe and lasted one-third as long.

Such results are clear proof of the benefits of Listerine's germicidal action. That Listerine is, at the same time, non-poisonous, safe to use, and actually healing in its effect on tissue recommend its use over ordinary antiseptics so harsh they may damage tissue.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and every night whether you are dieting or not. It is your protection against infection and your certain assurance that you are free of halitosis (bad breath). Listerine is the swiftest of deodorants—instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 4 days. Always keep Listerine handy in home and office. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
OUR lowest Chesterfieldian bow and our wildest applause goes to Fredric March for his amazing and spectacular work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That picture puts him right up in the very first line of actors, either stage or screen, marching between Lionel Barrymore and George Arliss.
JOAN BLONDELL has been charged with grand larceny at least half a dozen times since she reached Hollywood. She is the most consistent picture stealer in the colony. When Joan is in the scene every other player, even the star, works frantically to hold on. She’s a bundle of dynamite—that girl.
THEY billed her as a Lillian Gish type when she crashed the movies a few years ago. But the photographer of this new picture evidently forgot that now they are casting Helen Twelve-trees in tough parts that would give sweet Lillian the heebee jeebees. You'll be seeing Helen next in "Panama Flo"
DICKIE MOORE is mad as mad can be. The director wanted him to cry and said if Dickie didn’t he was going to get another boy to play the part in “Slice of Life.” "Let him get Jackie Cooper for all I care," mused Dickie. "What’s the use of Christmas presents if you never get time to play with them?"
Of course, you're invited everywhere, or almost... anyway. You're one of those popular girls seen at the brightest parties; your heaviest problems are usually such jolly decisions as: "Shall I go dinner-dancing with George; or watch the hockey match with Jim?" A man feels really thrilled to take you out, and other girls envy... or wonder.

But, if they're really clever, they'll investigate. And it's pretty certain that they will discover some of your secrets. You're careful about choosing the right clothes, of course, but you take even better care when it comes to choosing cosmetics... face powder, in particular.

Girls who'd like to be more popular will find, if they snoop about a bit, that many perfect complexions depend on Coty Face Powder. For, though a man hates you to look powdery, he thinks a shiny-faced girl even worse. Coty Face Powder saves its users from these two facial blunders. Subtly smart as all creations in the French spirit—it brings your face the loveliest fragrance—you'll adore it yourself and its heart-twisty effect on men is likely to prove a sensation. Twelve tones, for powder invisibility; various precious odeurs, $1.
"Miss Martha Washington"

— IN SKINNER'S CREPE SATIN

THE Martha Washington theme—fashion headliner for the Bicentennial year!

Skinner's Crepe Satin—supreme among fabrics.

They are here united in a widely-heralded gown—a modern adaptation of the inaugural dress of the wife of our first President.

Marian Stehlik, of New York, fashion creator for the Silk Show of National Silk Industry Week, designed it as a forerunner of 1932 styles.

Grace McCoy, chosen for the role of "Miss Martha Washington," is here pictured wearing it. From scores of candidates, she was selected by a committee of judges including McClelland Barclay, artist; Prince Georges Matchabelli, perfumery expert, and Moses Dykaar, sculptor, to feature the dress at the Silk exposition.

"When asked to create this Martha Washington gown, I visualized a combination of the modern molded silhouette with the flattering bodice of the eighteenth century," said Marian Stehlik. "A material of soft, clinging quality which would lend itself perfectly to long flowing lines was needed. My choice was an egg shell shade of Skinner's Crepe Satin."

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS—Estab. 1848
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia Los Angeles
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"
Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

MY personal nomination for the most versatile and capable young leading man in pictures—seconded by the charming blonde with whom I hold hands in picture theaters—is Fredric March. And this goes for those billed as stars of first magnitude. No player in pictures or on the stage could surpass his performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Any man who can handle this heavily dramatic rôle with such finesse, and also put over an entirely different personality, such as he did as the rollicking brother of "The Royal Family," is a first-class all around, journeyman actor.

Incidentally, he's a great guy off screen and confines his acting to his professional work.

AND while I am all steamed up about my picture pets I can't get away from this typewriter without expressing my admiration for Miriam Hopkins. Of all the luscious wenches that ever threw a sinful shadow on the screen, I recommend her to you in "Dr. Jekyll, Etc." Please, Mr. Paramount, don't make her a good woman. Let us have one siren who can wreck a man with a laugh. Some of us are so tired of those glowering vampires that lead men astray by wrinkling their foreheads. We need a new technique in masculine annihilation once in a while.

EDITORS, like human beings, sometimes have emotions. As the copy for "Screen Memories From Photoplay," on page 116, passed over my desk this month it left me feeling as blue as my editorial pencil. Tragedy and happiness, hope and disillusion, paradise gained and lost, life and death.

With one or two exceptions I have known them all. And only this morning as I brushed my hair I found silver threads among the gold.

IN the first flush of her romantic marriage to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, Gloria announced that she wanted lots and lots of children—oh, perhaps seven or eight.

Well, the stork was never even suspected of flying over Gloria's home until Henri had gone bye-bye and Gloria married Michael Farmer. Then, before you could say "Tonight Or Never," came the news that she was knitting little things.

Now Constance Bennett, just married to the marquis, is quoted as saying she is interested in home and babies.

And a few days later she adopted a three-year-old boy.

WHEN you read all this ballyhoo about television being "just around the corner" don't rush right out and load yourself up with television stock.

It may be around the corner, but the corner is somewhere over in the next county.

TWO feminine members of the Photoplay editorial staff disappeared for a whole day recently. They showed up next day in my office with a "well-do-you-think-of-me-now" grin on their altered and beauty-parlored faces, and with brand new coiffures.

I hadn't the heart to chide them for their truancy. The day before Carolyn Van Wyck, the magazine's beauty editor, had sent in from Hollywood such a bewildering package of beauty tricks for next month's issue they just had to go and try them out.

Thousands of young husbands will be politely cursing Photoplay when they come home and find dinner late.
EXCERPTS from a hysterical advertisement in a motion picture trade journal:

"Griffith! . . . sends roaring across the screen this devastating story . . . personally directed . . . ‘The Struggle,’ . . . This picture is box-office! . . . overwhelming in its timeliness! . . . tremendous as entertainment! . . . Skelly! This one picture will send him zooming to stardom, just as Griffith’s previous triumphs sent blazing to the cinema heavens such illustrious names as Pickford! Valentino! Gish! Barthelmess! . . . Aye, and a hundred more."

The only thing true about these statements is that Griffith started Pickford, Gish and Barthelmess. He did not make Valentino! Rex Ingram and June Mathis did. Skelly, a grand stage actor, will have a hard time living that picture down. He deserves a chance to prove he is not as bad as he was directed.

AFTER that historic United Press dispatch from Baltimore describing the reception accorded Lawrence Tibbett, when six women fainted as he sang his “Cuban Love Song,” we wouldn’t be surprised at anything. Watch your home town papers for dispatches like these:

Hollywood, Calif., Feb. 5—(Via a little bird)—
Millie Miff, 16, was serving customers at her father’s newsstand, Ye Olde Beverly Hillside Smoke and Paper Shoppe, here this afternoon.

She heard a garrulous voice at her side.

“Giff, bleeece,” it said. “A gappy of dis afternoon’s Hollywood Sentinel-Times!”

Looking up, Millie saw that the inquiring patron was Greta Garbo.

Sixteen-year old Millie dropped dead.

Wakefield, Wis., Feb. 8—(By hook or crock)—Little Fannie Smokey six, has now been crying for 147 consecutive hours.

Her case has utterly baffled the efforts of local doctors, as well as a couple of Chicago specialists rushed here by dog-sled.

Nothing hurts her, say physicians, and no pins are sticking her. She spurns all offers of dollys, candy, ice-cream, pie, cigarettes, toys, cocktails, motorcycles and little baby sisters.

“I declare,” Mrs. Smokey, the worried mother, told reporters today, “I can’t think what’s got into the child!”

The only clue to little Fannie’s mysterious malady is that she screeches over and over, between sobs, “I want Jackie Cooper! I want Jackie Cooper!”

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 9—(By cracky)—The Bijou Dream Theater, neighborhood movie house here, was a mass of trembling ruins today. Police threw a cordon as far as they could about the wrecked building today.

Last night, during the showing of Joan Crawford’s latest picture, “Possessed,” dozens of male patrons began shouting “Darling!” “Joan, tuff you!”, “My sweetheart!” and “Oh baby!”

The climax came with the display of a close-up of the beautiful Miss Crawford. At this point a mob of some 500, mostly men, rushed to the stage and tried to kiss the screen.

“If I have ever another theater,” Manager J. C. Kornblatt said sadly today, “I shall show nothing but ‘Our Gang Comedies’ and ‘Mickey Mouse.’”

New York City, Feb. 11—(By no means)—Mr. and Mrs. Frank X. Hootle were walking up Broadway this evening, looking at the electric signs.

A handsome, well-dressed man approached the couple.

“Oh, Frank!” screamed Mrs. Hootle, clutching her husband’s arm and almost falling senseless to the pavement, “there’s Clark Gable!”

“Nuts!” Mr. Hootle replied, and socked her on the nose.

I NEVER could understand why the average producer looks upon and acts toward studio cameramen as mechanical apprentices. With few exceptions, every director is guided in camera angles, lighting and visual flow of a picture by his cameraman, who, if the motion picture is entitled to consideration as an art, is entitled to consideration as an artist.

Stage directors, who know no more about motion picture technique than dentists, come to Hollywood, get eredit for directing good pictures when as a matter of fact, they are as helpless as children in a kindergarten without the advice and cooperation of the cameraman.
MARION DAVIES gave a kiddie party and among the Hollywood children who came to eat ice cream and cake, all dressed up in their party clothes, were little Joan Crawford and Connie Bennett. Shame on you, Joan, for bringing your hoop to a party. Put it right outside the door or you won't get a single drop of gin
How Garbo's Fear

By Katherine Albert

The triumphantly smiling man in the circle is a Chicago reporter who interviewed Garbo as she changed trains on her way home. But about all he got out of her was, "Don't annoy me!"

Greta Garbo has a bad case of agoraphobia.

What is more she suffers acutely from anthropophobia.

But don't be alarmed. None of these high-sounding ailments will take her off—unless it is to Sweden. Those goofy words are simply what any first class psychoanalyst calls plain old-fashioned "fear of people." You may have it and simply think yourself self-conscious.

Agoraphobia means fear of crowds. While anthropophobia is fear of society. You must use high-flown words about Garbo.

Let us consider her recent sensational visit to New York. Several days before the story of her incognito trip broke in the papers, Harry Hershfield, the famous columnist and cartoonist (you all know his Abe Kofblé) was wandering around the Metropolitan Museum. He is well-known there since he, himself, is an art collector. One of the guards called him aside and said, "That tall woman in the tweed coat is the movie actress, Greta Garbo."

Hershfield took a good look. It was Garbo. He went up to her, introduced himself and said a few words in praise of her work.

She was most sweet and cordial, but she put her finger to her lips and said, "Yes, I'm Garbo, but don't giff me away."

A few days later the news got out and the St. Moritz Hotel, where she was stopping under the name of Gussie Berger, looked like a reporters' convention. You all know about her long-legged jaunts through Central Park, Walter Winchell's account of his meeting with her in the hotel elevator, the remark about the gentlemen of the press being no gentlemen accredited to her, her little excursions to New York's best speakeasies with Director Berthold Viertel and later Ramon Novarro.

Why, New York went wild and so did all the reporters. They were furious with her for her attitude of silence (a thing that the Hollywood press has long ago accepted).

One man cashed in on her presence. In Central Park he set up a telescope (a battered old telescope, where for a dime you could see Orion and Ursa Major on a moonless night) and charged a quarter for a peep at that greatest of all stars, Garbo. But it wasn't Garbo. The telescope commanded a view of a St. Moritz room. In the room one of the innumerable Garbo doubles walked back and forth in front of the windows. For a quarter and a squinted eye the suckers could see her.

Then came word that Garbo had not been in town at all. It was strange that just after all the excitement, that just after every
columnist in town had literally turned over his space to Garbo anecdotes, her picture "Mata Hari" opened. Was it a publicity stunt? Had the mysterious Swede been languishing in her Brentwood Heights home all the time, and had M-G-M simply evolved this giant press-agent ruse? If she really wanted quiet why did she go to the St. Moritz Hotel, the haunt of stars, instead of to one of the smaller, less publicized houses?

Garbo was in New York—there's no doubt about that. A lot of fancy was built up about her visit and much of the saga concerning it was untrue, but she was in Manhattan and she was at the St. Moritz, and she does fear (and hate) people. Her fear was once a vital and a devastating thing.

SHE is the psychological Case D, the pet of all the analysts. And anyone with only the vaguest working knowledge of psychology can trace the simple steps that gave her the phobia of which she is a victim.

It has been said thousands of times that Garbo was unhappy in Hollywood because she knew nothing of American ways and language, and could not understand. But dozens of foreigners have come to our shores and have not acquired sudden complexes, complexes that lasted for years and years. It is true that people laughed at her when she first came over, but her phobias, her self-consciousness started long before that, and for a psychological reason that is as simple as all great truths.

Her height was the beginning of her self-consciousness. Any girl who has, at twelve or thirteen, suddenly begun to grow tall, knows the experience. She towers head and shoulders above the other girls of her own age. She sees sprightly, precocious youngsters, their little pleated skirts just missing their chubby [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]
What Really Happened to Buddy Rogers

OTHER boys have come to Hollywood at the age of twenty and have matured gracefully in the goldfish bowl surronding their social set. Charles Rogers, however, came as "Buddy" and Buddy, at best, is a patronizing nickname. He keeps a boy in short trousers unless he compels respect by virtue of a rod. He is a character.

Buddy helped keep his trousers short. He kissed youth, naiveté, eagerness. He dazed the community. The wearily wise and the cautiously wise refused to believe him.

"It ain't true," they marveled.

Buddy was happily unaware of the ripple his Peter Pan character had created. To him, Hollywood was just another city in which to be Buddy, the lad used to the affections of family and friends, to personal popularity.

Paramount had brought him to Hollywood, taking him from the University of Kansas, where he conducted his own collegiate band, to New York and the Paramount School of young players. He had scored in "Fascinating Youth," and a contract and Hollywood was his reward. Jesse Lasky called him the greatest male screen find of years.

Hollywood pleased him with its vast yawn of country and its charm of sunshine. His contract pleased him. It meant good money and in the years to come he could return to his first love and his real ambition — leading a jazz orchestra, achieving, possibly, the position of a syncopated Sousa.

Buddy liked the girls, but he never aspired to be a heavy weight with them. His seriousness revolved in his drums, his saxophone, trombone and horn. But Buddy also relished a good time and when invitations from the film famous climaxed his introduction to these film famous, he accepted them. To his terror, he discovered the girls he met were not the gentle souls of Olathe, Kansas, memories. They smoked cigarettes, and cigarettes are prohibited in Kansas. They drank, and drink, too, is prohibited. Worse, they were the attacking sex.

When they cast appraising eyes upon his six feet of broad-shouldered slenderness; when they permitted a lilithious gleam to sparkle their eyes; when they nestled significantly in his arms as his dance partner — well, sir, as Buddy might explode with his

"He's ga-ga and so very, very sweet," they said. Buddy said he would show them. And he did

By Llewellyn Carroll

This is the meek lad who almost let Hollywood lick him. He was good to his mother, but a dub in the back seat of a parked automobile. Some smart aleck called him "A Rover Boy in search of a choir" didn't say "Yes" nor so much as a half-hearted "Maybe."

"Buddy Rogers?" a vivid screen personage tittered. "He's ga-ga."

"And so sweet," crucified another.

"A Rover Boy in search of a choir," cooed yet another.

In Hollywood lived Claire Windsor, who admits to Cawker City, Kansas, as her birthplace. Confessing to the same state as did Buddy may have had something to do with her conquest of the "no boy." Being blonde and beautiful and persevering may have had more to do with her failing to rest his fear of proximity. She appropriated Buddy and he came to rather like the possessiveness of love. When he went to San Francisco on location for a picture, his hotel telephone rang frequently during the day and the night and when he answered the ring he was rewarded with Claire's caressing voice.

Romance elevated Buddy to the dignity that prepared Hollywood to erase the stigma of his being the "no boy." Then Buddy's mother came West. Hollywood heard, and deduced her appearance on the scene was to sever the ties of blonde loveliness.

Titillating stories bubbled and skipped. Mrs. Rogers had had a frank talk with Miss Windsor. It was said that she had stressed the discrepancy in the ages of Miss Windsor and her son. That other matters affecting Buddy's freedom were gone into.

Buddy said nothing. Claire confided only to her intimates. Mrs. Rogers departed. Buddy was again in short trousers. Hollywood shrugged. Hollywood has little patience with apron strings.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
When Buddy Rogers toots his trombone and other assorted instruments the notes sound like one big, booming razzberry for Hollywood. This is the new Buddy, full of pep and gumption. No longer the dear boy, he has a fast line and a Follies contract. Read how he got that way.
“Gentlemen, a toast. We toss off the first forkful to our mutual wife!”
Husbands Nos. 1, 2 and 3: “To Gloria!”

The scene is the Brown Derby Restaurant, on Vine Street, Hollywood—a thriving venture in which Mr. Herbert Somborn, No. 2, is happily interested. The other characters at the meeting are Mr. Wallace Beery, No. 1, and M. Henri, Marquis de Falaise, de Falaise de la Falaize, No. 3. The current Mr. Swanson, No. 4, is enjoying his honeymoon in foreign parts. The three boy friends are assembled around a table in the restaurant, and getting their share of stories you may be sure. Mr. Beery is the biggest. Mr. de la etc. is the handsomest, and Mr. Somborn is very nearly, if not quite, the most prosperous-looking.

Mr. Beery—Well, boys, the club might as well come to order. As a starter I recommend that Henri, here, as the newest member, be voted into the chair.

M. Henri—But no! It is only fitting that Mr. Beery, the senior member, should preside! Name of a name! But yes!

Somborn—Now, no bickering, fellows! I really think you rate the chair Wally! After all, you date 'way back to the Mack Sennett days. So I vote with Hank here.

Mr. Beery—(simpering becomingly, if you can imagine)

Mr. Somborn—Well, I can say, men, is thank you. It is a great honor to preside at the first regular meeting of the Ex-Mr. Swanson Club. And now I move that we have a nice filet mignon all round and get down to business.

Mr. Somborn—I'll second that motion—Hank, you don't even have to vote, as we've got a quorum already. Guus—three of those special filets, and they should be succulent.

Nervous Old Lady from Midwest—(I almost forgot about her)—Gracious sakes, Madge, what three fine looking men those be!

Madge—Sh, Auntie! They all used to be married to Gloria Swanson!

Nervous Old Lady—Gracious sakes! And they act so friendly like!

Madge—Ah, they have a Bond!

Mr. Beery—(rapping on his water tumbler with a fork and causing six jobless extras, working as waiters, to choke on their boneless sole)—Now, men, let's get down to brass tacks. What is the pleasure of the meeting?

M. Henri—I think, messieurs, we should dispatch the cablegram to that so gallant M. Farmer—our distinguished successor. Yes? No?

Que voulez vous? Oui? Non?

Somborn—Hank, it's a great idea! I move that our distinguished president write a cable right here on the tablecloth—I'll pay the laundry bill with pleasure. Wally, it is the sense of this meeting that you compose a wire to Mr. Michael Farmer, No. 4, here and now, and we'll split the toll three ways. Right, Hank?

M. Henri—Okay keed.

Mr. Beery—Boys, I take this commission in the spirit in which it is offered. How about this? Dear Mike comma congratulations and best wishes for a wonderful honeymoon period. You have undertaken a great and noble career and one that will demand all your fortitude period We all wish you better luck than we had period Love and kisses from the Swanson alumni meeting at the Brown Derby.

Mr. Somborn—Wally, it's a pip. I bet that will cheer Mike up all right! Oh my goodness, boys—what a woman! Mr. Beery—You said it, Herb! What a woman!

M. Henri—Oh bien! Quand femme!

Mr. Somborn—Oh boy, eh?

Mr. Beery—Yes sir—oh boy!

M. Henri—Ma foi! Oh garcon!

Mr. Beery—Well, it was a great experience, men. Mere chit of a girl when I up and married her—back in the old Essanay days, that was. Gosh, it makes me feel old! The truth is, I don't remember her very well, but I've seen her in pictures.

Mr. Somborn—Well, Wally, you date pretty far back. She was a star when I married her, you know. Boy what days those were in the movies! Why, money lay around loose in the streets!

M. Henri—(Feeling slightly faint)— Mon Dieu!

Mr. Somborn—Fact! You came along pretty late, Hank! Things around here had slowed up a lot by the time you blew in.

Mr. Beery—(rubbing his hands as the chow arrives)—Hey! Here come the filets. Gentlemen, a toast! We toss off the first forkful to our mutual wife! (All stand, with poise forks. The restaurant is largely agog.)

Mr. Beery—To Gloria!

Mr. Somborn—To Gloria, God bless her!

M. Henri—To that so handsome, that so charman M. Farmer!

Mr. Beery—Down the hatch!

(The three gentlemen bolt the first forkful of filet mignon and then throw the forks at the

Being a fairly incorrect report of a meeting of The Boys Who Used to Be Married to Gloria
The Ex-Mr. Swanson Club

By Leonard Hall

"Boys, did I ever tell you about the time Gloria—"

nervous old lady from the Midwest, who falls in a dead faint, accompanied by her niece.)

Mr. Beery—(sitting down)—Boys, did I ever tell you about the time Gloria—I think it was in '19—was walking down Hollywood Boulevard—it was all lined with pepper trees in those days, and—

M. Henri—Ah, those days in Paris, when we were young and charming. The trees in the Bois, the music at the Rectz, the cocktails at Zelli's! Ah, that night when Gloria took off her shoes and went—what you call wading—

Mr. Somborn—Speaking of wading, reminds me of the time Gloria was on location at Santa Monica. It seems that a big leading man named Hector Glutz, or Glitz, or something was—

Mr. Beery—Heigho! Them was the days! Why, when Gloria wore that Sennett bathing suit the cops used to—

Mr. Somborn—(shaking his head reminiscently and wiping away a tear with a roll)—Dear little "Bunny"!

Mr. Beery—(stopping short and glaring at Mr. Somborn)—I beg your pardon, Herb. You're wrong. Gloria's pet name is "Toots"!

Mr. Somborn—(trading him a particularly nasty glare)—Mr. Beery, I said "Bunny," and "Bunny" it was and it is. DEAR LITTLE "BUNNY"!

M. Henri—(leaping to his feet and waving a butter knife)—Messieurs! My fraaans! Who should know better than I that Gloria's name is "Snookums"! Such strange names sadden me. Please, gentlemen! Darleeeng leecletie "Snookums"!

Mr. Beery—"Toots"!

Mr. Somborn—"Bunny"!

M. Henri—"Snookums"!

(Mr. Beery winds up and lets go with a boiled potato. Mr. Somborn sees that and raises it with two hard rolls. M. Henri, not to be outdone, wafts a salt shaker and sings the "Marseillaise." The firing then becomes general.)

"Who are those nice looking men?" asked the Nervous Old Lady from the Midwest. "Sh, Auntie," said her niece, "they all married Gloria."

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE
WHIRR! Burrr! Boom! Look out, below! The airplane comes so low that men in the war-torn village street flinch, fearful lest its wheels may graze them. All is excitement and tense nervousness, as real as life. Yet this is simply a scene for a big, special film
HOLLYWOOD'S most dynamic personality — the barking, biting, shrieking Von Stroheim plays movie director, Mr. Von Furst, in "The Lost Squadron." Wearing his inevitable gloves, carrying his inevitable cane, he and the camera crew watch this tricky scene
Does Greta Garbo wear artificial eyelashes? That is a question that has intrigued Hollywood as well as millions of her admirers, and Photoplay has received hundreds of questions on this subject.

Greta's eyelashes are naturally long, but even in public she wears a heavy mascara make-up. Now, that's settled.

The new fad of artificial long eyelashes has hit Hollywood hard. At a recent dinner party, Mrs. Raoul Walsh, wife of the director, who is so good looking that it is certainly gilding a lily in her case, wore them applied so skillfully that it was almost impossible to detect them. At the same party, Hattie Carnegie, famous fashion designer, was also arrayed in a complete set.

When Jackie Cooper appeared with "Our Gang" on the stage of The Capitol Theater in New York, eighteen months ago, his name was not mentioned in the program.

Now he's offered $7,500 a week to appear in person at the Roxy.

While Tom Mix was lying in a hospital between life and death, following his operation for acute appendicitis, the former Victoria Mix, who had secured her final decree of divorce just a week before, was married to an attache of the Argentinian Embassy at Washington. As Tom had turned over to her about three-quarters of a million dollars she is pretty well fixed financially.

It has always been said that one of the troubles between Tom and Victoria, whom he married when she was working as a cowgirl in pictures, was that she objected to Tom's friends, and the living room which he insisted on decorating with revolvers, guns, steer horns and saddles. Adjoining this she had her own little French salon.

Her wedding was performed in the swanky Tuxedo, N. Y., home of Mrs. Ramos, the former Millicent Rogers, society girl, who also married an Argentinian.

Well, Clark, you have arrived. Cadiz, Ohio, your birthplace, now prints its post cards with the heading—"Cadiz—birthplace of Clark Gable."

Billie Dove and Howard Hughes are romancing again. They went together for a long while in Los Angeles. Then they seemed to go their separate ways, and Howard was seen being Lillian Bond around. Lillian seems to have slipped out of the picture.

One of the cutest pictures ever taken of that cute little trick, Mrs. Maurice Chevalier. Having cut short a vacation in France to rush to Hollywood and quash unpleasant rumors about her husband and Marlene Dietrich, she is now a gay member of the colony's social set.
Take off that swanky lorgnette, Joan Bennett, you're not the Marquise de la Falaise. Sure, your boy friend's name is Markey but that's his real moniker and not a title. This snap was taken just after Gene Markey slipped a sapphire and diamond engagement ring on Joan's finger. The groom-to-be is a writer and used to go places with Gloria Swanson.

Seymour doesn't like this snappy model. He thinks that setting him on the lady's head gives her a rakish look that is not the mode of the moment. But once, Seymour, old boy, that was a darn smart hat. Have you guessed it? An old still of Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly"

HERE are some of the names of old-timers working at one of the small independent studios one week, every one of them a former star of considerable magnitude: Henry B. Walthall, Clara Kimball Young, William Farnum, William Desmond, Franklyn Farnum and Priscilla Dean.

DID you hear about the desert house Clara Bow has built herself? Right out near Rex's shack. Only, of course, the house is for both Rex and Clara.

Well, instead of a number (and who the heck wants a number on a desert?) steer horns hang above the door. The house outside is all red and white stucco. There is a huge living room, 40 by 30, with beamed ceiling and red cement floor. The fireplace is granite and gold-bearing ore dug right out of them thar hills.

Back of the living room is another room with a bar and yes, yes, my hearties, it has a rail. It also contains a roulette wheel and—now wait—a slot machine. Gives it atmosphere, Clara says.

Clara and a slot machine. If that isn't a typical Bow gesture!

Upstairs is Clara's orchid and black bathroom and orchid bedroom. The other three bedrooms are downstairs. So are the servants' rooms.

A huge veranda surrounds three sides of the house and the garden is composed of huge cactus plants. The kind that stick when one unexpectedly backs into them. If one is rash enough to back. In the center of the garden is an old Joshua tree over a century old. Well it may have had a dull old time in the past century but what it's in for the next, my, my!

"My desert paradise. My desert of love," Clara calls it. Pretty, don't you think?

AND who remembers when Greta Garbo first came to Hollywood and told an interviewer she'd like to have a room with some nice quiet Hollywood family?

OVER on the RKO lot a movie extra was called out from the mob. "Name," he was asked.

"Creighton Chaney," he answered.

"Well," replied a rather sarcastic assistant director, "it's Chaney, eh? I suppose you were related to the great Lon, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "He was my father."

And the assistant director looked rather silly all that day.
FOR ten years, a tall, swarthy-looking individual has been roaming, rather aimlessly, about Hollywood, doing bits and small parts in pictures and an occasional stage play.

Today he's the most talked of man in pictures. William Henry Pratt (or Boris Karloff, the monster, to you) has certainly rung the bell and has recently signed a long term contract with Universal Studios.

And so it goes in Hollywood. It's the break around the corner that keeps them hanging on.

A BIG show-off was bragging about what a swell movie star he'd make if he ever got to Hollywood. "Well," said a bored cavedropper, "you might at that, you rat. Mickey Mouse is a hit."

THE prize freak accident of the month occurred on the "Polly of the Circus" set. Ruth Selwyn dressed all up like a Christmas tree, in a tinsel dress, sat on her horse waiting to enter the ring. A camel nonchalantly strolled up (being a camel he would be non-chalant) and, mistaking the tinsel for sugar, began nibbling at Miss Selwyn's skirt.

Much annoyed (for after all nothing is more annoying than a camel nibbling at one's skirt) Miss Selwyn pulled away her dress, whereupon the camel reached over and deliberately nibbled away a portion of her anatomy that she needed for riding on a horse.

And Miss Selwyn didn't ride horse-back for several days after.

A WRITER was talking to Jackie Cooper on the telephone about his meeting Tallulah Bankhead at the party given by Joan Crawford for the specific purpose of bringing these two together.

"And were you thrilled at meeting Miss Bankhead?" she asked.

"Do you mean was Tallulah thrilled at meeting me?" Jackie answered.

M.ET Marie Dressler on the second of January, 1932.

"How are you?"

"I am still alive," Marie said serenely, reminding us that the soothsayers had foretold her certain death in 1931.

And Marie has always been one of our most ardent believers in the psychic. Has had each month foretold for her.

Well, she isn't quite so ardent!

SIDNEY SKOLSKY tells the story of a chorus girl, quite stuck on herself, who attended a party that Howard Hughes gave in New York.

"I think Howard is trying to make me," said the chorus girl.

"I'm not worrying," replied the boy friend. "It took him two years to make 'Hell's Angels.'"

LUPE VELEZ has a new boy friend. Randolph Scott, Paramount's so-called new Gary Cooper. Now, ain't that fate? The lad comes down to Hollywood, heralded as the successor to Gary, and the first gal he meets is Lupe.

He must be determined to be a true successor for one look at each other and Lupe forgot all about Jack Gilbert. Can scarcely remember she knew him.

It's Randolph's eyes. They got her. Oh, me—oh, my, and it was Gary's eyes in the beginning.

However, we're glad it's all happened. It's the first time in months we've seen Lupe really happy. All the worn, sad look gone away. She's more beautiful than since the first days she fell in love with Gary. All because she's learned that very old lesson: It may take a long time but there always comes a day when another man can make a woman forget even the "one and only."

But then, you can't judge all women by Lupe.

POOR Randolph Scott. He's learning about Hollywood with a vengeance. He'd only been there a few days, brought from stock in San Francisco, when he met Pola Negri. Interest at first sight.

Then Pola was taken sick. Randolph met Lupe Velez. Love in a second.

Then Pola got better. He went to see her. She was cool. Lupe heard about it. She was taken sick.

An old hand at the Hollywood game took him aside: "You must learn first of all in this town to tackle one wild-cat at a time, Randolph."

Reverend Gable will now lead the congregation in song. Turn to Hymn two hundred and eighty-nine in the big blue book. But the big blue book in this case is the script for "Polly of the Circus," in which Clark plays the role of a minister. Marion Davies is Polly, of course, a character you all know, and the two are taking a quick rehearsal before the next scene. Do you think "What-a-Man" Gable is the type to play a reverend?

Ann Harding doesn't like her new contract. She thought she could pick her stories and found she couldn't. She doesn't like her picture "Prestige," but she likes husband Harry Bannister.
Greta Garbo simply stood the executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on their heads by her mysterious trip to New York City. And the rest of Hollywood, too.

No one knew she was going. No one knows why she went. But Hollywood thinks it was just another trick of Greta's to prove her independence. She has a contract to be renewed. And just when Metro thinks she's ready to sign she takes walk-out powders.

The younger sister of a present musical comedy star was given a contract with a Hollywood studio and arrived on the Coast preceded by the usual fanfare of publicity. Taken to a publicity office, she was asked the usual questions from the printed blank and among them was, of course, this:

"Are you married?"

"No, not married," she replied.

The publicity man, as a gag, asked her the next question, which was:

"Any children?"

"Yes, one," she answered, "but the front office knows all about it."

A Peroxide blonde, who was successful in getting a term contract with a major studio in Hollywood as a featured player, was filling out the usual information blank for the publicity department and getting along famously regarding height, age, weight, etc., until she came to a query as to her education.

The kid had never been beyond the seventh grade in public school, and when the question, "Where educated?" confronted her, she decided to put on the dog a bit.

"Educated by a private tooter," was what she wrote. The spelling was her own.

WELL, well, well, Mrs. Clark Gable certainly pays her bills on time. She was in Magnin's shortly after the first of January and gave the saleslady a check to take to the accounting department to see if it checked with the store's figures of what she owed them. She had kept track of her bill and brought in the check before she received an accounting! And was she getting attention! Seven salesladies hovering over her at once. And the customers whispering to each other, "That's Mrs. Clark Gable."

I couldn't help but remember Clark's remark, "And a year ago I could have walked down Hollywood Boulevard munching a doughnut and no one would have paid any attention."—Least of all the salesladies of an exclusive shop.

Ernest Booth, author of "Ladies of the Big House," will never be able to see the picture made from his story because prison scenes are never shown in penitentiaries. He is a "lifer" in Folsom Penitentiary.

They have completed the renovation of "Pickfair," the home of Doug and Mary, and there are a lot of nice new bedrooms available for royalty that might drop into Los Angeles from now on.

Until Photoplay's story on "The Man That Gloria Swanson Married" appeared in the last issue, Hollywood was very busy with rumors about the bridegroom. And such rumors. His income was $25,000 a year and not a cent over. Gloria was going to have to support him. He really didn't have any social background.

Photoplay's Hollywood office had writers call with proof (supposedly) for these wild statements.

Then Photoplay told the whole story and proved that such yarns came from those who have always been jealous of Gloria.

And about the same time, rumor was doing away with Adrienne Ames' fabled wealth. "Huh. She isn't the little rich girl she pretends.

"A penthouse in New York. That's the bunk. She's just trying to make the grade on the old gag of a rich-girl publicity."

Then Adrienne went to her penthouse in New York for Christmas.

Paramount took pictures and they arrived back in Hollywood.

The gossips gasped. You never saw such a place. Just one little item: A chaise longue cover of ermine on one side and black velvet on the other. Worth enough to pay the expenses of most of the Hollywood gossips for several months.

We don't want to brag but we do want you to read us so you'll get the real truth about these people.

[ Please turn to page 76 ]

Lookeee what we found in an old file. What grace, poise, charm! When Seymour saw it he ran screaming from his office and hasn't been the same since. It's Wally Beery as a comic servant in an old picture

One of Hollywood's most charming and popular hostesses. The name? Look again. Have you forgotten those eyes? Don't you remember when press-agents said she was born in the shadow of the pyramids and dined on humming-birds' wings? Theda Bara is now content to be Mrs. Charles Brabin and shine in the glory of her husband's directorial light, but you'll hear rumors of her screen return. That's Charles with her
The Unknown

Hollywood

I Know

By Katherine Alber.

Don't miss a word of these intimate and never-before-told stories of famous stars

martre, the Ambassador, Coconut Grove, the beach places ... Joan sitting in the middle of the floor of her room at a smart seaside hotel making an entire dress for herself without a sewing machine ... Joan, going into raptures over a flamboyant, beaded velvet hanging (now she prefers the beauty of an old English print) ... Joan, reading aloud the notes from her boy friends ... Joan, living on coffee and cigarettes ... Strange, unhappy, ever-changing Joan. You see these girls change before your eyes. They come to the screen so young and so uniformed that they must crystallize as they work, whereas women and men in other professions and arts do most of their internal growing before giving themselves to the public. The picture public is a witness to all the stark nakedness of mental growth. I should prefer to have my divorces or my affairs of the heart flaunted to the world rather than my thoughts, wouldn't you? Joan's change from an eager, tragic girl into a lovely woman was everybody's show. Yet it was a lovely thing.

Four years ago when I was visiting in New York a nice voiced young actor called me and explained that he was a friend of Joan Crawford. He suggested that we have tea together. We had it together — with an olive, while he told me of meeting Joan when she was on location at West Point. He adored her but he told me that she had been perfectly honest with him and had never said she loved him. It was Joan's honesty (sometimes, in those early days, amounting to rudeness) that saw her through the first part of her troubled career.

THE lad I've just mentioned came to Hollywood and made good in pictures. His name is Monroe Owsley and he may now say he and Joan were sweethearts, but she never held out false hopes to him and she wrote him immediately when she fell in love with Doug. Joan's life, at its beginning a muddled mass of emotions, is now beautiful, but she is not yet through growing. Every time I see her I say myself, "She has come to the last of her capabilities. She is as good, as a person, as it is possible to be." And then I see her again and some new facet has turned in the light of her personality.

How did Lon Chaney achieve the effect of blindness in one eye for "The Road to Mandalay"? You'll find the secret in this story
MICHAEL CURTIZ directs for all he's worth. Star Marian Marsh looks her most beautiful. But it's that old, decrepit camera that tells the final story of this close-up for "Alias the Doctor." Look at the darn thing with its broken jaw bound up in adhesive tape! Yet it always has been and always will be the real god of the set.
They've found a story for Dietrich. It's "Shanghai Express." Clive Brook is also a passenger. There's love trouble aboard
Brush it back and there you are. Who but Garbo could get away with that hairdress? Better not try it yourself.
BEFORE Maurice Chevalier was ever heard of in America, Bill Hart was one of the best known personalities in the world. Today Hart would give his best pinto to be back on the screen, while Maurice longs for the quiet of private life. They're great pals—these two—and spend days together at Bill's rancho outside Hollywood
A Gallant Mother

"I didn't like you in the last part of 'Over the Hill,'" Mae Marsh's daughter, Mary, told her. "You were too old. But I guess all that work would make anybody look old." And isn't Mary like her mother was in "The Birth of a Nation"?

Mary really decided me to play the part," says Mae. "She said that none of her playmates at school would believe I ever was an actress because they had never seen me in a picture. And I couldn't let my children down, now could I?"

THE San Francisco earthquake drove Mrs. Maisie Marsh, a widow with six small children, to Hollywood about twenty years ago. There were Marguerite, Elizabeth, Oliver, Mae, Frances and Mildred. A lovely family with no money. No place to go.

Mrs. Marsh heard of a small hotel where she might get the position of manager. "But not with children," she was told. "The owner wouldn't want children around."

She got the job. Nothing was said about the children. She hid them. With threats and bribes she kept them under cover. Until one day the hotel owner dropped in unexpectedly. Six small children scrambled under the desk in the lobby. Six small children drew back into the darkest corner, in an effort to efface themselves. For they had been told about the hotel owner who didn't like children.

And then suddenly the quiet was broken by a small giggle. Just a tiny, little giggle, stifled almost before it was born.

But the hotel owner heard it. Little Oliver was pulled out from under the counter. The man looked at him; looked at the embarrassed mother; sensed her fear of losing her job.

"Hello!" he roared. "I knew you had a child all the time. I want to tell you that after the way you have run this hotel, I wouldn't care if you had ten children. It's all right."

"But there aren't ten," protested Mrs. Marsh. "There are only six." And one by one they were pulled out into sight. She didn't lose her job and managed to keep her little brood together until Marguerite, the eldest, was old enough to look for work. A beauty, she began her career as an actress at the old Belasco Theatre.

A few years later D. W. Griffith brought his Biograph Company to California to make pictures during the winter months. Marguerite had no trouble in securing work with him. And little sister Mae went to the studio with her.

"Could my kid sister do some extra work?" Marguerite asked Mr. Griffith. And so Mae's career began.

It wasn't much of a career at first. Mae, recovering from an attack of appendicitis, was thin to the point of scrappiness. She was freckled. Her nose turned up. But extra work and small bits fell her way and were eagerly accepted.

Then came "Sands O'Dee," one of Mr. Griffith's first pretentious pictures, and Mae got her first big chance. Everyone knew that Mary Pickford, the star of the Biograph Company, would play the leading rôle. Mary's heart was set on it and it was an accepted fact around the studio that the part would be hers. But Mary and Mr. Griffith had a trivial argument and to discipline Mary, perhaps, Mr. Griffith rehearsed Mae in the part. She was surprisingly good. In fact, she was very good, and Mr. Griffith decided that she should play the part.

Mary's heart was broken and soon after she left the company.

"I didn't mind so much that Mae got the part," Mary explained later, "but she was so good in it. That hurt."

MAE was always on hand to gather up the crumbs left by other stars and in her hands the crumbs always seemed to grow to huge cakes.

"Home, Sweet Home" turned out to be another success for Mae, another milestone in her career, and paved the way for her greatest rôle, the little sister in "The Birth of a Nation."

Another crumb which had grown to a full sized cake. Mae's story from then on is too well-known to bear repeating. Her career never traveled along the middle path of success. Her work was always either a sensation or it was dwarfed by a poor picture. And often she was miscast. But it was at the very height of her success that she fell in love with and married Louis Lee Arms, a newspaper and fiction writer.

For a few years she continued her work and then it became necessary for her to choose between a career and her home. Home and children won and Mae became just Mrs. Arms, living in a big, Colonial house on a six-acre estate in the exclusive Flintridge district, high up in the hills above Pasadena.

For eight years Mae stayed in retirement. Three lovely children came to the big house. The little sister of "The Birth of a Nation" was lost in a medley of babies, bottles, nurses, group, measles and tonsillets.

Any day she could be found [please turn to page 121]
Come On, You Fat Girls!

She made motion picture stars beautiful and kept them in trim.
She can do the same for you

Listen To

A—This is the exercise for you fat girls who don’t want hips. First you take this position. Stretch the left leg far back, toe pointed. Draw the left leg up and put your weight on it (as in picture B). As you do this be sure that the hips rise in the air. Progress as you move hands and feet.

B—Go entirely across the floor, back and forth three times. Do it slowly and be sure that you feel every muscle in your hips pulling, pulling. Gradually increase this until, at the end of ten days, you’re walking across the floor six times. This is my own exercise. It is designed to shave off your hips as a bad example. She is a dear girl, but she hasn’t the ambition to fight flesh. I will admit that it is hard for stars to work at the studios all day and come home and take exercises. That’s why I have to be more tolerant with them than I’m naturally inclined to be, so I pound them to get the blood circulating and stimulate them to fight flesh. Stars have to keep thin to hold their jobs. You have to keep thin to hold your husband or get a husband, to be happy and to have good health.

When I gave Helen Twelvetrees the first treatment, she was dead to the world. She flopped down on the bed and tried to vamp me with those dreamy eyes. “Well, baby,” I said to her, “it’s no use. I might fall for you if I were a man, but I’m only little Sylvia, so you get and take your exercises.”

“I hate to do it, but I suppose I have to,” Helen said.

She started off well for about a week but she couldn’t keep it up. She is rather a large girl and puts on weight easily.

Now don’t emulate Helen’s example. Buck up and try once more. But try hard. You can do it yourself but you must have the intestinal fortitude (if I were talking to you instead of writing to you I’d use a stronger word) to keep it up and keep it up and keep it up.

Come on, darlings, be beautiful and lovely and attractive! You can if you will. Give up tasting rich food “just this once.” Follow the diet to the letter of the law. Take your exercises. Be
Hey, You Skinny Girls!

Sylvia

Lazarick

"I told you so! I said that nine out of ten would not obey me. And you didn’t! Isuppose you'd rather go around looking terrible with all that surplus weight. You don't want to be pretty, do you? But I'm going to give you one more chance!"—That's Sylvia

Now I'm going to tell you fat girls how to reduce your hips and I'm going to let you thin girls in on the secret of building up your bust. Also I'm going to give you the anemia diet. Then I'll make it possible for you to lose weight and keep your face from getting flabby. Here goes.

You can take several inches off your hips in a month. I promise you. That body swinging exercise I gave you in my first article, the one you were to do for twenty minutes every morning, was to limber you up, to prepare you for this hip exercise. Therefore you can substitute this for that.

I've illustrated this exercise in Pictures A and B and described the movement in the caption.

It willl darn near kill you at first and you'll say, "If ever I get my hands on that Sylvia." Well, if ever that Sylvia gets her hands on you—but never mind. I don't need to get my hands on you. You can do everything I can do for you and better, too.

But don't neglect your dancing. Turn the radio to a peppy band and, with arms above your head, hips swaying from side to side keeping your spine moving, do an old-fashioned two step: One, two and one, two, etc. You can take a good long step at the beginning and hop more than you did last month.

Do this for one hour every day [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

D—There are three vital spots on the face that must be stimulated if you want to keep your face firm while you're taking weight off your body. My right hand indicates one spot, my left hand another. The temples are the third. Press the fingers, making them tremble like a vibrator, on these spots.

good girls. Every one of you has the makings of a beautiful woman. The framework is there. Come on—snap into it. Do this for Sylvia. Do it for yourself!

Women must fight to be attractive. Look at yourself in the mirror. Your figure looks terrible. Look at that spare tire. That should make you fight! You can be beautiful. That should give you ambition! Step on the bathroom scales. Good Lord, you didn't know you weighed that much! Well, you do.

But don't you want to change?

There are two kinds of people. Those who did not follow my instructions and those who did. To those who did I say, "I'm proud of you." Don't you feel grand? The first ten pounds were the hardest, yes? But you're on the right track. You don't mind passing up rich and highly seasoned foods. You've got more ambition. You're light on your feet. People are beginning to tell you how marvelous you look.

You wonder how you ever ate so much. It was worth it, wasn't it? Worth every minute of trouble and work and denying yourself pleasures. You've lost fifteen pounds and you're going to lose more.

I told you I was too busy to answer letters but, since I'm trying to do so much for you, I'm going to ask you to do a favor for me. Write to me care of Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and tell me how I've helped you. Thanks! Sylvia's proud of those who followed advice. The others—let them stay fat if they want to.

As for you others—don't you wish you had listened to me and were now fifteen pounds lighter than you were just a month ago? Shame on you! Well, come on. Get together. Try again. This month it will be different. You know you're a little ashamed that you didn't have the nerve to stick to the routine.
Select Your Pictures and You Won’t

If he can’t be a gangster and knock ‘em off with machine guns, he’ll join a Tong and be a hatchet man, is Eddie Robinson’s answer to the censors. The splendid acting, the novelty of the background, the magnificent sets and the exquisite gowns (both Occidental and Oriental), will hold your interest, in spite of story weaknesses.

Robinson equals his best performance as the Chinese merchant made wealthy by his dearest friend—a man whom he was forced to kill in allegiance to the Tong. His life is devoted to bringing happiness to this man’s daughter whom he has reared and married, only to have her snatched from him by a young, Americanized, gin-drinking Chinaman. Loretta Young, lovely in her Chinese make-up, wins new laurels. Leslie Fenton and Dudley Digges are also excellent.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

LOVERS COURAGEOUS—M-G-M

One of those sweet, idyllic stories which make you believe fairy tales may come true in spite of modern sophistication and depression worries. Therefore, very much worth seeing.

Robert Montgomery is at his wisecracking best in this adaptation of “Courage,” which he played on the stage. But even Bob’s good acting would have made only half-a-picture without Madge Evans. That girl is grand! A vivid personality, if you ever saw one.

It’s not a big production and depends upon an old theme—the rich girl who tosses everything overboard to starve with a struggling playwright. But love and good performances make it a safe proposition for a bang-up-evening.

ARSENE LUPIN—M-G-M

The acting is so superb that no one should miss it. For here you have the two Barrymore boys in their first appearance together and at their best. And that, good people, is a real best.

The well-known story of the daring thief who baffles the Paris police is too well known to repeat here and yet it has been sufficiently modernized, with sprightly lines and situations, to keep your interest at a high peak. Certainly there are some weaknesses and a few directorial slips, but when Jack and Lionel are working together you don’t care whether the plot sags at the knees or faints away.

John Barrymore is Arsenic Lupin and that means he furnishes the romantic interest, while medal-winning Lionel dashes off a character performance, as the captain of police, that may have been equalled but just at the moment we can’t remember where.

Which one does the best acting? That’s a little problem with which to start a family argument on a long winter evening.

Karen Morley, the girl with the Garbo voice, has her splendid moments, but at times she has to work hard to keep up the pace the Barrymores set.

Put this film on your list. You’ll be fascinated by it.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month
ARSENE LUPIN
THE MAN I KILLED
THE HATCHET MAN
LOVERS COURAGEOUS
DANCE TEAM
MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

The Best Performances of the Month
Lionel Barrymore in "The Man I Killed"
Lionel Barrymore in "Arsene Lupin"
John Barrymore in "Arsene Lupin"
Jimmie Dunn in "Dance Team"
Sally Eilers in "Dance Team"
Edward Robinson in "The Hatchet Man"
Madge Evans in "Lovers Courageous"
George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God"
Paul Lukas in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

*THE MAN I KILLED—Paramount*

EVERY once in a while someone makes a motion picture that is a gem, a beautiful, living poem. And now no less a person than Ernst Lubitsch, director of frothy musicals, has made a touchingly beautiful picture.

The story deals with a young French musician whose soul is constantly haunted by the face of the man he killed in the trenches. Deep remorse drives him back to the man's town in Germany, where he is taken into the man's home by the father and mother who never dream the thing he cannot bring himself to tell.

He falls in love with the dead man's sweetheart who learns his secret and forces him to make the sacrifice of remaining forever in the home as a substitute for the man he killed.

The story is beautifully and simply told. Phillips Holmes, as the Frenchman, gives a grand performance. Chalk up another perfect performance for Lionel Barrymore, as the German father.

Nancy Carroll, as the German sweetheart, brings a quiet naturalness to the part. The whole thing is a powerful preaching against war.

It's a picture that will appeal to those who love a tender, beautiful story. If you must have sex and snap and sophistication, don't see it.

* MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE—Universal

ANOTHER shocker with all the time-honored appurtenances—clutching hands shadowed on the wall, the monster menacing the beautiful heroine, the madman with the homicidal complex, yet this famous Edgar Allan Poe story manages to smack of the novel. It is different from "Frankenstein," and if that sent the cold chills up and down your spine, prepare yourself for another thrill evening.

He plays Dr. Miralles and, although folks who like the repressed school of acting will get a little annoyed with his tactics, he is, nevertheless, the perfect type for this sort of film. Score another one for smiling Junior Laemmle, the producer. Score a nice performance for Sidney Fox. And give the ape a hand.
Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD—**
**Warners**

Without George Arliss this would be mild entertainment. But Arliss' skill is so great that the rather old and, at times, unbelievable situations, are gladly overlooked. The story concerns an embittered, deaf man who, through lip reading and a pair of powerful field glasses, comes to know the needs and problems of the people in the park below. Violet Heming is splendid. See it.

**PHILLIPS HOLMES** fits the role of wealthy playboy, and Miriam Hopkins is the senator's daughter from South Dakota, who succumbs to the excitement of New York and the charm of young Mr. Holmes. Wynne Gibson, playing the "other kind" of woman, causes the complications. Miriam should have meatier roles; Irving Pichel has done better; the story's weak. But entertaining, if you're not too critical.

**TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—**
**Paramount**

A breezy, amusing opus of "The Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Bill Powell, promoter, whizzes his way through a ticklish proposition to the edge of the penitentiary. Being a pretty good character, he only hits the edges. Powell is splendid, as is Evelyn Brent, the girl friend, who would like a home and babies but must take bogus bonds to keep up with her financial high-stepper.

**PRESTIGE—**
**RKO-Pathe**

The murky setting of a tropical penal colony again accentuates Ann Harding's platinum loveliness, but it doesn't compensate for blatantly careless plot construction. The way in which Miss Harding, as a poised Frenchwoman, is forced at the point of a camera to stand stoically while her weakling husband goes native, falls both actors and audience and offers only an anticlimax to "Condemned." Exquisite photography.

**FREAKS—**
**M-G-M**

If you're one of those who pay admission to the side show and pass up the big circus, you'll like this picture, which is a vivid story of the sordid life of pathetic creatures who have missed part of their physical and mental heritage. Beclanova, who has the part of the beautiful trapeze performer, gives an excellent performance. The freaks were gathered from all over the world for this film.
The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**Charlie Chan's Chance**—Fox

Slow motion where swift is needed is the trouble with this latest offering of Charlie Chan. Detective stories should get away to a snappy start and keep your mind on the run. This lets you walk. However, if you're a detective fan you'll want to watch that excellent actor, Warner Oland, as the famous Earl Derr Biggers sleuth, get his criminal. There's a grand cast to help you enjoy it.

**NO ONE MAN**—Paramount

This is a lavish production of a dull, slow moving story, all about a girl who is bent on marrying three times. The players, including Carole Lombard, Ricardo Cortez and Paul Lukas, more than make up for a weak plot with gay, sparkling performances, while excellent dialogue, sumptuous clothes and smooth direction make you forget how little action there really is. Nice enough.

**Panama Flo**—RKO-Pathe

You saw the silent version of this several years ago under the title, "The Goose Hangs High." Despite the sincere efforts of such stars as Richard Bennett, Frances Starr, Charles Rogers, Frances Dee and Peggy Shannon, this just doesn't click. Perhaps the passing of the jazz age has left us a little cold to the pranks of thoughtless youth and sacrificing parents. Charles Ruggles is a bright spot.

**Situation**s that are different and should have been entertaining somehow go haywire in this potpourri of a New York speakeasy, a Panama honky-tonk and the South American jungle. Neither Helen Twelvetrees, as lovely as ever, nor Charles Bickford, can rise above the inconsistencies of the characters and the trite dialogue. Players as capable as Twelvetrees, Bickford and Robert Armstrong deserve meatier stuff.

**Tomorrow and Tomorrow**—Paramount

Another conversational stage play and not a "moving" picture! With the exception of a few scenes, Ruth Chatterton is not the lovely, wistful Ruth you know so well. She plays the rôle of a woman who is frustrated in her desire for motherhood. Paul Lukas, as the Viennese doctor, is superb. And Robert Ames in this, his final picture, gave the best work of his long career.

**Sky Devils**—United Artists

It's been done before — making a comedy of life in the trenches. You've even seen some of the gags! But they're done so well with new faces that even the old ones bring laughs. A good hour and a half of giggles, and a look at some great air stuff is our promise for this one. William Boyd, George Cooper and Spencer Tracy are capably humorous.

[Additional reviews on page 107]
"Buttons are the thing," says Claudette Colbert, pointing to her new brown silk frock. Yes, and that diagonal arrangement is new, too. Clever brown leather belt, Claudette. And did you say your hat is Rodier fabric, stitched? Four sables gave their all for that scarf.

Not only a change of costume but of hair coloring, too, it seems. You'll have to see the picture to find out why Claudette does it! Meanwhile, study this lounging outfit—it's a knockout! Coral velvet embroidered in gold thread for both trousers and blouse. Very gay sleeves from the elbow down. This is for more formal leisure.
Screen Clothes Are Grand!

Don’t miss a detail in this exclusive preview of the fashions Claudette Colbert wears in “The Wiser Sex”

Photographs by Shalitt

"Of course this jacket goes with the skirt, silly!" says Claudette. "It's terribly smart to wear a plain skirt with a diagonally striped jacket." It's black woolen, the skirt plain, the jacket finely striped. A black crepe blouse has an Ascot scarf attached. In the circle, note the two diamond clips on her black felt hat. Also the up-in-back roll and eye tilt. This Claudette knows her fashion ABC's, all right!
NORMA SHEARER is a sensible woman with a giggle. Which should explain a lot of things about the young lady. But probably doesn’t.

In spite of everything, she will bite at her nails and walk in her sleep. But not, of course, at the same time. For instance, she never bites when she’s walking or walks when she’s biting. At least she’s pretty sure she doesn’t.

And the biting has been reduced, at only Norma knows what cost, to the littlest finger on her left hand. It, however, is practically bitten away.

She always plans too many things to do in one day. And usually does them all. The more there is to do, the happier she is. She is deliriously happy three-fourths of the time.

Clothes bore her to death. Claims she could weep at the sight of them. Nevertheless, she is compelled to give them considerable thought. And has never been known to shed a tear over it.

She takes infinite pains in seeing that every accessory matches. A new dress is permitted to hang in her closet for weeks at a time until she is absolutely certain she has the proper hat or shoes to wear with it.

She visited Paris without buying a single frock and hurriedly snatched off two hats while passing through London. She wears plain, tailored sports clothes that run to woolens and scarfs in the daytime. And plain satins for evening. Her wardrobe is not extensive, but she wears things just one season. And then promptly gets rid of them. In the spring, she sells her last summer’s clothes. In the fall, her winter things.

She loves the frillest and laciest of underwear. But wears only the plainest of pink knit. With no lace. Or no anything. Just plain knit. And decidedly pink, too.

As Norma says, herself, she can’t imagine why the report that she wore no brassiere in her picture, “Private Lives,” should get scattered all about.

As a matter of fact, she declares, she didn’t wear a brassiere in “Private Lives” or in anybody’s lives for that matter, but why start a report about it? That’s what stumps her. Tch. Tch. Tch.

Luncheons or tea parties during the day bore her to death. Actually
Oh, Miss Hamilton, how can you dare tell such very intimate things about Miss Shearer?

Fie, Norma, don't you go biting your pretty nails anymore. And, is it true that you sometimes walk in your sleep?

Telling on Norma

give her the fidgets, Norma claims. Thinks of all the things she could and should be doing while she sits there.

She loves gay times with friends. But only after six o'clock. And promptly at eleven becomes so sleepy she can't imagine where she is. Or why, even. Comes eleven and Norma wants to go to bed.

She seems, to those who know her slightly, much more gay and optimistic than she really is. For very often, and for no reason, she'll be seized with moods of self-consciousness and imagines no one likes her. And suffers horribly.

Old things have a strange hold on Norma. She has the same studio maid she began with. Years ago. The same dressing-room. While Marion Davies, Garbo and Crawford revel in exquisitely furnished bungalows of four and five rooms, one must climb a rickety pair of stairs to a long row of doors where next to a door marked Miss Greenwood is one marked Miss Shearer. A tiny nook of a dressing-room. The one she began with. And nothing would induce her to change it.

She keeps the same servants. Year after year. And after talking did away with any need of stage musicians, Norma kept hers. And paid them out of her own salary. So strong is her belief in old things bringing luck, that when she began making "Let Us Be Gay," she moved back to the house in which she lived while making "The Divorcee." She was positive the old house would bring her luck. Otherwise she loathed the place.

Dropping hairpins means losing a friend to Norma. She'll search for hours on her hands and knees for a lost pin. No losing friends if she can help it.

She has a tremendous appetite, but claims foodaverns her to death because she likes and eats everything. Is constantly threatening to become fussy about her food so people will fly madly about preparing extra dainties and worry dreadfully. But, somehow, she always forgets about it until she's eaten everything in sight.

At the studio she has her luncheon sent over to her dressing-room from the executive's table. And never knows what she's having. She says she loves to be surprised. But seldom is. It's usually beans and cutlets.

She postpones drinking her tomato juice until the very last thing because she isn't too fond of it. But molasses cookies she dotes on. No such cookie on the tray, and her whole afternoon is practically ruined.

Norma Shearer is immensely proud of her little son and has grand ideas about him. Thinks a parent's job is filling a child's life with happy fun and gay times together. And not holding on and twining oneself about his thoughts and heart and soul. So that when it's time for him to leave, as they always do, she can reach out a hand in gay, happy fellowship and say, "Best of luck. Your life is your own. Take it and live it."

And, too, she thinks no mother should place a child before a husband. Children always leave. Some time. Husbands seldom, if they're kept sweethearts.

Wise, beautiful lady.

And she is much more beautiful off the screen than on. Her skin is clear and fair. She wears a clean, scrubbed look and an amazing dimple in her right cheek. That doesn't photograph for some provoking reason.

She curls her own hair. Taking long clean strips of cheese cloth and wrapping each strand of hair about the cheese cloth strip until she finally emerges with an amazing mass of cheese cloth ends. Like a platinum-headed pickaninny.

Thirty minutes later each strand [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
When I Faced Death

The only thing that hasn't taken place in my hospital room is a post-mortem—commonly referred to as just plain "post," in hospital lingo.

First, I am in all wrong. Am in the right church, but the wrong pew. I don't belong on this floor, they tell me, cause it's clean. I belong on number three, that's dirty. Reason —this floor is for clean surgery and the third, dirty surgery, such as drainage cases. Here's how come I'm here. The night I was unloaded and left on the front porch of this open-all-night physical institution of search and research, they didn't know if I had been kicked by a horse, struck by a side winding rattle snake or listened to the fermenting of the home brew too long.

The night watchman, making his rounds, discovered me and like an orphan left on the door-step, I was taken in and turned over to the research department, which put me through the dipping vats and disinfecting chute, declared me free from hoof and mouth infection or fever ticks and said I could pass the quarantine to the open range and grazing grounds of the research boys, who I could hear grinding their knives and waiting with gurgling, ghoulish glee.

But, about this time, my friend Dr. Smith arrived from his ranch out Malibu way, riding his best cutting horse, to major domo the round up.

He had me dragged to the periscope pen and looked into, and discovered that the old pen-dix had gone plumb wild, quit the home range and was running all over the restricted territory. Dr. Smith marked the spot where he thought he could locate this old rascal, slipped me in a hurry over to the brandin' corral, where Dr. Hutchinson sneaked up behind me and shot a load of sheep dip, or something, in the third joint of my spine, which put all of me from there down out of working order, in order for Dr. Smith to try and get his rope on that galloping pen-dix and bring him into camp. In the meantime, leaving me from the third lumber up in a state where I could read brands, watch the count and put them in the tally book.

The boys are all in a corner planning how to drag the range, when Dr. Smith stamped them out of their covey, using sign language, and the first thing I knew, I was hog-tied by this bunch of Klux Klux dressed up Indians.

I asked now why they put on them tar masks and all the fixings around their heads; it's to keep the "Exhibit A," if he don't turn out to be a corpus delicti from recognizing them, so he will know which one to shoot first in case he met up with him at some out of the way place.

Dr. Smith takes his favorite bowie, runs his thumb over its edge, consults his Rand McNally, takes a peck at the almanac, sees the sign of the moon is okay and goes to work.

When he had been at it what seemed about four or five hours to me but actually five minutes, I took a squint and I thought I was looking into the Grand Canyon, so I decided they could do the rest without any help from me.

Then all at once I heard Dr. Smith say, "Folks, that old pen-dix has teamed up with another tough hombre called peritonitis, and between the two of them they can sure make short work of a boy, once they get him down."

I hear this and says to myself, they may think they'll get me down and stump on me, but I might fool them.

So, anyway, they took the old pen-dix into camp and chased that peritonitis in a corner but he broke out past them. Dr. Smith sent for his old elephant gun and shot him full of holes. It looked for a while as if I would cross the range and, after all, the trails I rode had not been so smooth—plenty of cactus and catspaw—as a boy draggin' wood to the chuck wagon helping the cook, horse wrangler, night hawk, cowboys, horsebreaker, wagon boss and foreman. It was a long trail full of thrills, spills and happy-go-lucky, take 'em as they come.

Movies, success, beautiful home, friends, my baby Thomasina. So I looked over the horizon with curiosity, wondering what was there. I had no fear of death. God knows me.

Then I thought of the many things I wanted to do and the looking after of my baby girl, Tommy; the friends and the young folks a-pulling for me, so I couldn't lay down on the job. That decision being arrived at, I snapped the old jaws together and let them hop to it. Never having been worked on in the region of the belt buckle before, it made me kind of squirmish.

Of course, I'd been hungry, had the collera morba when a kid, ate and drank everything that caused a fellow to make resolutions in the middle of the year. But when they started poking around in my equator, like twisting a rabbit out of a hole with a green briar, uncouling a mile or so of those things necessary to have, I got a-thinking, maybe they wouldn't get them untangled, coiled and hung on the right peg in the saddle house again.

I could see by the expression of the doctor's eyes, (the rest of his face being covered by a mask), that everything was not so good, but I had confidence in Dr. Smith, plus fifteen years of friendship, and knew he would do his stuff.

After tying me up, using three or four pairs of rubber gloves with the ends of the fingers cut off sticking up out of the wound, which handed me a laugh, for my tummy looked like a rubber plant. Then they have a gag of using pearl buttons, setting them four on each side of my stomach and about two inches apart and up, down and across, connected with a drawstring running through my hide, so they could clinch it up tighter any time the saddle began to slip.

This handed me another laugh, for I looked as if I had on a four-button, double-breasted coat, only [please turn to page 106]
She

Talked Too Much

IT was the second day on the set of the Maurice Chevalier picture, "Playboy of Paris." Frances Dee, the newly discovered leading lady, was walking downstairs in a gorgeous white gown, under the tutelage of Director Ludwig Berger. Just a week before she had been a mere stock bit player at seventy-five dollars weekly. Now, she was a full-blown leading lady.

Naturally, Mr. Berger was taking many pains with Chevalier's inexperienced discovery. It was necessary. She was pretty, she had charm, but she knew little of pictures. He told her step by step how to descend those stairs so the camera would catch her to the best advantage. She tried it several times. Something was wrong. Finally, Miss Dee approached the director:

"It is because you do not allow me to descend them naturally. A woman in this kind of gown would come down—thus!" she ran to the top and started down. The director watched. The girl was right! She was as natural as a butterfly flitting from one bud to another, her way.

This story spread on the Paramount lot as rapidly as had the rumor of the quarrel between Lilian Tashman and Eleanor Boardman! For an extra girl on the second day of her big opportunity to tell a director how she should make a picture was heresy, and heresy has always made good gossip.

But she continued to make suggestions and Director Berger continued to listen! Of course, she was riding for a fall. It was inevitable. They waited! Then came the day when he whirled on her: "Sometimes you make good suggestions; sometimes you make bad ones. You shouldn't talk so much!"

There were rumors about this new girl. She didn't seem a bit excited about her success! She took it as calmly as though it were her divine right to be selected by Chevalier. And when Josef Von Sternberg chose her for "An American Tragedy," she took this in the same nonchalant, I-expected-as-much manner.

I remember the day Anita Page took a test for "Red Headed Woman," to be made by M-G-M. We all knew about it. Anita was so excited at the opportunity to make a test for a big lead that she told the entire world! Youth gets excited when opportunity almost knocks in Hollywood. It means so much if it should happen. Even older actresses succumb to that. Hedda Hopper was wild with enthusiasm on the day they told her she might play Greta Garbo's maid in "Grand Hotel." Marie Dressler was like a child with a new toy when she read the script of "Politics."

And here was this newcomer acting as though "breaks" were especially ordained for her! Sidney Fox told me when she and Frances were working in "Nice Women": "I wish I could be like Frances Dee. She never gets excited about anything."

This twenty-year-old has a philosophy. She analyzes her emotions and controls them through stern mental training. Most actresses live on the bubbles or the dregs of emotions. They are exalted today with the prospects that glimmer before them. They are in the depths tomorrow, because those prospects have proved to be bubbles.

Frances Dee is assiduously trying to save herself the nervous thrills of the heights. By Ruth Biery

Otto Dyar

No, no, gentle reader. The picture of Frances Dee isn't upside down. But turn it up if you want to. You'll do it, anyhow.
"Pst!" psted Sleazy Joe, my stool-pigeon. "Greta Garbo's in town. She's registered at the St. Moritz Hotel as Mrs. Gussie Berger." And with a last "pst!" Joe dove into a nearby man-hole.

I was off, like a shot, to the St. Moritz—a new and fancy hotel, of some hundreds of rooms and 12,000 sunken baths, that smiles down on the southern fringe of Central Park.

It was true! Garbo was in New York! Hastily assuming my Disguise 22, "Visiting Scientist," consisting of a red Van Dyke beard and shiny pants, I was ready for duty.

Then, Editor, began the maddest, merriest few days that ever blistered the life and sang the soul of a great reporter.

I had to be sly, for newspapermen were as thick as flies in a livery stable. Walter Winchell, the noted Broadway columnist, disguised as The Archbishop of Canterbury, pottered about the lobby, demanding an interview on the Religious Aspects of the Soviet Five Year Plan. No dice—not even acie-deucie. Garbo turned him down cold. His ego painfully fractured, he hobbled to his typewriter and spanked her mystery in burning print.

But not "Scoop" Hall! He remembered your orders—"Bring back that story or else do a double-back-jackknife off the Empire State Building!" I stuck to it, Editor! "Garbo or bust!" I said grimly.

"Mrs. Gussie Berger"—egad, Editor, what a name for the Swedish Rose!—was in that there hotel! And I would run her down!

I buttonholed the help. One bell-hop, who had been inspecting the keyhole for mice, admitted, with the help of four bits, that he had heard Garbo sneeze. An elevator man, goose-greased with a dollar, said that he had heard The Great White Silence say "Yop!" or "Yup," he couldn't remember which.

FIERCE reports came to the corner of the hotel lobby where I lurked, now disguised as a syringa bush.

Garbo, hiking in the park for a breath of fresh air and cinders, had been set upon by a mob of ten thousand, who had pulled out all her hair for souvenirs. Garbo had been shopping on Fifth Avenue for a second-hand tweed topecoat. Garbo was selling apples at the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. Garbo had been seen at a famous night-club in Harlem, talking Hoch Swedish and Ordinary Mississippian with a Sengambian banjo-twanger.

I jumped on my raging red motorcycle and ran these rumors down, other and fechler reporters puffing and cussing in my wake. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of that old coat going over a high fence, and heard a sneering voice mutter "Ach,
“Scoop” Hall, greatest living authority on the Stockholm baritone, writes from padded cell about Garbo’s New York visit

"Merciful heavens, Professor! Haven't you heard?" asked the horrified Boniface, Mon. Godfrey Taylor. "Why, Mrs. Berger left for Hollywood last night to get a job as Greta Garbo!"

Then it was that I went cuckoo. I hurled the manager into a fountain, frightening fifty goldfish to death. I kicked and screamed. The next thing I knew a man in white was saying, "Take it easy, brother!" And here I was, and still am—playing pinhole with a couple of Julius Caesars and unsuccessfully counting my fingers.

So "Scoop" Hall missed—just by an eye-tooth and a couple of molars. But he got the story for you, Editor, the story of Greta Garbo in New York as Mrs. Gussie Berger. My rep as one of the greatest reporters of all times is still unsullied.

Hoping you are the same, Editor,

I am still your famous reporter,

Leonard Hall

Illustrated by Rube Goldberg
CAMERAS

TAKE YOUR OWN MOVIES WITH A HOMEY MOVIE CAMERA

UNCLE JOHN AND AUNT MATILDA ARE COMING THIS AFTERNOON

YOU MUST SEE THE MOVIES I TOOK OF BABY
White is big in fashion this year—for daytime or for evening. Circles of brilliants are cleverly embroidered in a scattered pattern over this white crepe romain gown that Carole Lombard wears above. Don't miss that bodice detail. The front is designed so that two pieces of material cross in front, cross again in back, and tie in front. Very unusual. The back decolletage is extremely low.

White is favored in "No One Man"

Much of the action of "No One Man" takes place in Florida, so Carole's clothes make an excellent forecast of what you will be wearing this summer. Below, the bathing suit is the new two-piece style of shorts and brassiere. The cape is a nice variation of the beach robe—in white jersey trimmed with balls of yarn.

Imagine a dazzling white jacket of seed pearls and brilliants, topping your black crepe evening gown. That's what Carole Lombard is wearing on a warm Florida night in the picture above. The waist-length jacket fits snugly.
THERE'S FASHION NEWS IN HATS, SLEEVES AND NECK-LINES THIS SEASON

PORTRAIT of a young lady waiting for the first warm day to wear a new suit! This one of Miriam Hopkins is cut on simple, tailored lines, but looks feminine. Probably because the tweed is woven in a soft, irregular pattern. A small rolled turban, in the same black-and-white tweed, has a piece of ribbon tied in front. Note that the jacket is belted and has pockets. Trick flare on those hand-sewn gloves. Seen in "Two Kinds of Women."

THE whole design of clothes is simpler, and trimmer. Less period stuff—and more really wearable things. You'll notice this trend in new screen costumes, especially. Feminine details still linger because they are becoming. For instance, this collar on a black crepe dress worn by Miriam Hopkins in "Two Kinds of Women." It's organdie, all done up with little flowers and a big bow. The same flower idea is repeated on bell sleeves. Cire ribbon, finely shirred, makes a smart turban trim, I think.

THIS white silk blouse should never be covered by even the best looking jacket. Miriam Hopkins wears it under the suit I described above. Don't miss two big details you'll be seeing on both frocks and blouses. The neckline tied high with a big bow. And full sleeves caught in at the wrists by smaller bows.
HERE'S a tip on your Easter bonnet. It can be small, like Evalyn Knapp's, have a feather sticking up at the side or in back—and be a combination of rough straw and felt. This one is blue—one of the first spring colors. Don't forget the tilt!

MORE collars and cuffs—seems to be quite a rage, doesn't it? Our smart friend, Lilyan Tashman, uses crisp Irish lace for collar and cuffs on her black silk jacket frock. Those short sleeves are on her jacket. Note how simple in line her dress is. Black and white is being worn by our smartest stars.

ORGANDIE and bows again! It looks like a screen fad. Organdie is a nice contrast for black satin, too, as worn here by Loretta Young.
WHITE with a color—and what better than red? This silk sports frock Lilian Bond is wearing, below, lets a red bordered collar serve for sleeves. That surplice fold is clever. Note the red pocket and sash—also the straight silhouette. Nice outfit.

YOU can hardly tell whether a dress is knitted or crocheted these days. Crochet stitch is up in fashion and this sports frock Lilian Bond wears is a smart example of it. Black and white contrast is used effectively.
Personal Appearance
"Li'l Gawgia" Gets

The startling rise of Miriam Hopkins from a scrappy ingénue to a girl who's got everything

By Al Hughes

As ONE who knew her when, during the days of her mere ingénuehood—and there never was a merer one!—I'm convinced that "Li'l Gawgia"'s sudden flare-up and flame has been one of the most astonishing in picture history.

If you were to ask me—please be a pal, and do!—who has made the longest, fastest strides in talkies during the past year, I shouldn't think for a minute of the bigger and gaudier shots.

I'd pass by Gable and Robinson and Cagney, fine though they are, and I'd vote, in a loud, hog-calling, carrying voice for Miriam Hopkins!

Hardly a year ago—with all due respect to the darling—Miriam Hopkins was just another rather skinny blonde child mugging for the camera. As one old film-hound to another, I couldn't see that she had any more screen future than an Easter bunny.

Then, almost overnight, the moth turned butterfly. Today she is a lovely, voluptuous and practically vicious pictures-stealer—a dangerous threat to any star in whose celluloid opera she appears. Don't be surprised if by the end of 1932 her name shines in bigger and brighter lights. She's come fast and she'll go far.

Miriam Hopkins suddenly, miraculously acquired glamour—that mysterious, magnificent quality that is vital to outstanding screen success.

And how? Lawsy me, chile, if I knew I'd be getting five grand a week from the movie moguls instead of crouching over a one-lunged typewriter yarning about the darlings of the gods!

But get it she did—and if we poke about in the minor drama of her young life before fame's lightning struck her pretty blonde noodle, we may find a couple of clues.

It's worth it. Anybody who can come as close as "Gawgia" did to yanking a picture out from under Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant" is worth a right smart spell under any microscope. If we could find the answer, you and I and Maisie and Joe could rattle out to Hollywood in the old Ford and collect our million.

I first clapped an eye on Miriam Hopkins in the first great Irving Berlin girl show, "The Music Box Revue." But I didn't know it, really. For Miriam, just up from Savannah with an accent you could cut with a butter-knife, was a chorus girl.

No—sort of a super-chorine, for in that show one song number was trilled by "Eight Little Notes"—eight delectable blondies whose names were Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti and Do. Whether "Gawgia" was Mi or Fa, or one of the two Do sisters, I can't tell—but now that she's in the big picture money, I have a hunch she was one of the Do girls.

She was pretty and cunning—and about nineteen—and if she was a bit on the thin side, why, the bald-headed row liked 'em slender in '22!
It wasn't long till Miriam battled her way from the chorus into the legitimate drammer, and her life as a mere ingenue began on Broadway.

Never shall I forget, mates, the time I saw her make her party bow in her first big part. Manager Arch Selwyn had imported a translation from the German called "The Garden of Eden," and for those modest days—back in '25 or '26—it was a right snappy piece!

The leading feminine part was that of a modern girl, a little in the daring line, and the climax of Act II—the sensational sock that was to set the customers to rolling and howling in the aisles—was when the young lady tore off most of her clothes as a gesture of defiance to the villain, and stood before him in her teddy-bear (or whatever the darned things were then) and her armor of girlish innocence.

That was Miriam's part. I, as a critic, squatted pop-eyed in an aisle seat. The moment came. "Gawgia" ripped off her evening gown, and what did the great revelation reveal? Why, a skinny, little tousle-head with undeveloped shoulders and arms and positively scrawny legs. The great moment was a total dud—the luscious heroine stood revealed as a bony hop-pole, and with no more allure.

I relate this shuddering episode because it furnishes the key-note to the Miriam Hopkins that was. No appeal, no richness—in short, no glamour! I'd have bet my studs that "Gawgia" had no future at all in show business. "The Garden of Eden" died the quick, painful death of a perfect flopperino on Broadway—and Miriam Hopkins was off on her trying career as a flop actress!

Oh, she got a good part now and then, and played it well enough. But shows died under her and people had a dismal way of saying, "Oh, yes—Miriam Hopkins. Pretty little thing! Darling accent!" That about let little Miriam out in her pre-glamer days. Competent enough, pretty enough—but no pep, none of the old dash and derring do, no spriericktum, none of the stuff that turns a diffident daisy into a full-blown rose.

I used to see her at parties, now and then, and we laughed and joked together over other times in the theater. And when I was on my way home alone I used to muse on the strange Fate that put a tousle-headed, little blonde Southe'n gyirl into the theater without the natural equipment to make her shine above a faint, feeble glow. How much labor I might have saved my muser, in the face of the Hopkins of today!

So she went her very modest, rather unsuccessful way. She married Austin Parker, the writer (they've separated since, by the way). And then the talkies called—as they have had a way of doing since 1928, The Year of the Big Microphone Blight, as we old geezers call it.

With no fuss, no feathers and no praise, "Lil' Gawgia" debuted in Paramount's "Fast and Loose,"—born on Long Island and died all over the nation.

I cast a bilious eye upon it—and so did a good many others. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
WALTER HUSTON was at a famous banquet in New York not so long ago and his turn to speak came directly after a famous aviator’s. The aviator had succeeded in flying over the greater part of the globe and had done a wonderful job.

He spoke at length on his achievement and the applause at the end of his speech was deafening. Then Huston’s turn came. He stood there, head a little on one side—you know how he does—and looked about. Finally he said, “I’m out of place here. I’m an actor. Not a doer. I am a man with a talent. A talent which was not even achieved. It was given to me. I am a man who merely gives imitations of men who do things. Who achieve things. In this world.”

And darned if he didn’t sit down. It simply stumped them. For Walter Huston was one of the most famous men in New York. Acclaimed by men like George Cohan, Eugene O’Neill and every New York critic.

Yes, WALTER LARDNER was telling a friend about Huston’s speech. “I’ll never forget the amazing simplicity of that statement,” Lardner said. “It left us all thinking.”

But here’s the funny thing about it. Walter Huston didn’t make that speech through any sense of modesty. I doubt if he has five cents worth of modesty along those lines. Neither did he make it for effect.

No. Walter Huston saw the truth, knew the truth, and spoke the truth. He’s an actor. He imitates other men’s deeds, he says other men’s words, thinks other men’s thoughts. That’s his job.

And you can beat the drums, and blow the bugles and throw the confetti all you want.

You’re not fooling Huston. You might as well take your confetti and go home. Nobody is clounding the issue for this man.

He wants the truth of everything. Not just what he thinks. He’d be the first to tell you that isn’t always the truth of things. Or the way you think, either. It’s what actually is true.

Especially about the characters he portrays.

GEORGE COHAN was talking to a friend about Huston. “Grandest guy I ever met,” Cohan said. “but say, did you ever try to get Huston to do a thing medina, Huston was the right way? About playing a character, I mean. I insisted that Walter change a certain character around a bit. Add a little more theatrical color, and so on. Huston listened carefully to everything I said. ‘Sure, George,’ Walter said. ‘I’ll try it that way.’ And he did. That very night. But the next night, darned if he didn’t go right back to playing it the way he saw was true.

“No words. No arguments. That’s Huston.”

He’s an athlete, this Huston. Swims, boxes; swell hockey player.

But try to get Walter Huston to do anything he doesn’t want to do.

Can do most anything they ask him to do along those lines.

Even to cracking long South American whips.

But he hadn’t ridden much when he came to Hollywood to play the role of Trampas in “The Virginian.” And the cowhands didn’t feel too good about one of these New York stage actors coming out to play a cowboy. And then, in one of his very first scenes, he was to ride a horse to the top of the hill, singing and puffing a cigarette as he rode.

At the top of the hill he was to turn the horse quickly about and go on with his singing.

WELL, he made the hill all right, puffing and singing, but at the top he swung his horse too abruptly and the horse dropped.

Still in the saddle, never missing a note or a puff, or showing the least concern, he got his horse to his feet and nonchalantly finished the scene.

And so easy, so natural was the whole thing, that they shot it exactly as it happened.

The director was amazed. “How come you didn’t forget to sing, or fall off or something?” he asked.

Walter just looked at him. “Why, a fellow like Trampas wouldn’t have done any of those things, would he?” he asked.

You see, as usual, he was playing his character true. From the inside out. Not the outside in. He was Trampas.

He reacted exactly as Trampas would have.

And you never saw as many horse-hair belts as those cowboys kept making for “this here New York feller.”

He was playing golf with a friend just before he played the district attorney in “The Criminal Code.” Finally the friend stopped and said, “For God’s sake, Huston, quit barking at me. You’re not a district attorney yet.”

HUSTON is a Canadian. Born in Toronto. He joined his father in the contracting business, but he soon saw he wasn’t fitted for it. So he went on the stage. Playing in stock and vaudeville.

And finally made the Great White Way even whiter.

We were talking the other day about an actor that had put up a row about his salary.

His $2,000 or $2,500 a week wasn’t enough.

“You know,” Huston said, his head on one side and an earnest light in his gray eyes, “here we are, a bunch of actors in Hollywood. Sitting on top. While all about us is grief. Want. Depression. Where we ought to be, those of us who have, is on our knees before God Almighty. In thanks.”

Now how do you figure a guy like that?

"Where we ought to be, those of us who have, is on our knees before God Almighty, in thanks"
OLD Maestro Ernst Lubitsch and cigar view the set from atop the biggest camera crane ever built. This amazing toy weighs many tons, can be managed by the pressure of a finger and was used for the trick shots in "The Man I Killed"
It’s All Done With Scissors

It (“Mata Hari”) begins with Greta Garbo dancing, very badly indeed, in leggings and something that looks like a pillow on her wiggling rear.—Time.

“THEY (the stars) find they can have both babies and a career simultaneously; their public is sticking. When fans approve of an actress they imitate her, so watch the country’s birth rate from now on. It’s going up,”—Billie Dove.

“There was a time when everything thrilled me. . . But no longer can I, for example, go downtown to a store shopping and lose myself in the throng—and you’ll never know what it means to be deprived of a pleasure like that.”—Noora Tukums.

We believe, with the correct casting, that Carney’s popularity could equal or over-run Gable’s this 1932. The lad isn’t tall, isn’t handsome, isn’t romantic. He’s cute, and he has a grand sense of humor, and he’s one swell actor.—N. Y. News.

The chronic film picture of Mickey Mouse shows unmistakable symptoms of a para- doxical dementia on the part of its creator. A diagnosis of the thin-legged, hydrocephalic, astigmatic and neurasthenic Mickey Mouse proves in the first place troubles of feeling in the sphere of vision, and hearing, an ailment commonly known as the delusion of the senses.

—Der Querschnitt.

“AFTER ten years in pictures, the best years of my youth, I feel that screen acting is stilling a man of ambition.”—Romm Novarro.

People engaged in motion picture production work as hard as those in any industry in America. In about seven out of ten cases they work longer hours than those employed in any other line of work. More actual creative effort is required than in any other profession or business. More careful, scientific regulation of habits of eating, sleeping, exercise and recreation is required than in almost any field imaginable.

I speak as a trained newspaper observer who has watched the operations incident to the production of motion pictures for more than ten years right here in Southern California. I speak as one who has written originals and scenarios, produced and directed pictures, and who has equal opportunities today with anyone to observe the routine of every studio in Hollywood.—Leo Meehan in Motion Picture Herald.

It is not surprising that the movies used to inspire all the pretty waitresses of Keokuk and Kankakee to he for Hollywood. Did they not recognize their types in many of the stars and featured players of a few years ago? Talking pictures probably have done more to stabilize the restaurant business in the Middle West than anything else in recent years. When the waitress hears Ruth Chatterton or Ann Harding she recognizes a type she cannot imitate and sticks to her job.

—L. A. Times.

Joan Bennett: The stars portend no marriage for her in 1932, nor in the coming few years. Nor is there, in 1932, any sign of an important romance.—Dorcus, Hollywood’s Fortune Teller.

“Chaplin, born a cockney in a city of caste, is the one person who can see nothing funny in his own antics. Too keenly has this debonair ornament of society felt his part.”—N. Y. Times Magazine.

The legend of Garbo is greater than she is. That is the difference between Garbo of yore, who was great enough to start the legend, and Garbo today. Her hold on her public, or on a new public caught up in the legend, is, of course, unquestioned, but, as I have hinted before, there will come a time when even the legend will not be able to carry her through.

She is still fascinating enough as a screen personality, but there is not enough technical variety in sight to overcome the monotonic beat of her voice.—John S. Cohen, Jr., in the New York Sun.

I CONSENTED to roles that I knew I couldn’t augment my draw at the box-office. I accepted directors who had never worked on a picture before, permitting the studio to cut down on expenditure on films already sold to exhibitors. Believing promises of great treatment in future films, I agreed to play parts of secondary importance.”—Buddy Rogers.

SyLVia Sidney is a distinctly new type as a screen star. Fint sized, cute, her little grin is by no means all that she has. She is an excellent little actress, in dialogue as well as out. Dark, sensual, she may be the proper relief for a public fed up on beautiful, blonde-white goddesses.—John S. Cohen, Jr., in the New York Sun.

Constance Bennett is afraid of any and all kinds of insects! That, I believe, is an informative sentence that will leave the civilized world (and?) and gesticulations—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Vanity Fair.

By an axiom of the stage and screen, which asserts that when a villain makes an audience hate him he is a great actor, young Jackie Searl can be judged a capable performer, despite his years. Reports from theater men who have spinach, sunburn, “Tom Sawyer,” “Huckleberry Finn” and others in which Jackie has been the tattletale, cry-baby little pest, state that spectators, in lobby talk while leaving the theater, have voiced their desires to give that child a good, sound spanking.—The New York Evening Post.

Movie studios in Hollywood are now trying to regulate love. If the studio doesn’t like the girl’s big male bet is running around with, they threaten to break his contract.—N. Y. News.

There are only two pawnshops in Hollywood. And neither will give an actor a penny on his scrapbook.—N. Y. News.

“YOU know how it is. There are some things people just don’t care for—pet aversions like girls who giggle, sand in your shoes. Me, I just don’t care for Hollywood. I’m trying to be honest about it, but nobody will understand.”—Barbara Stanwyck.

“I’LL have to make another million to get in the state of mind where I can consider I can afford to get married again.”—Tom Mix.

Yet Gloria, one of our foremost stars, proved in “The Trespasser” that she could handle the heavier meller and make herself mighty popular in the doing, continues to frizzle and twiddle while Rome (her career) burns.—The Chicago American.

Yet Santa Claus, I fear, in an effort to get “Sooky” to us as a Christmas toy, neglected to wind it so that it would run as well as it might have. “Sooky,” you see, will please the kids, whereas “Skippy” pleases all ages.—The New York Times.

[Please turn to page 98]
Loretta Goes Oriental

Intimate portraits of a smart, young, American girl being turned into a Chinese woman. Working time, two hours! Discomfiture, pretty heavy! Patience—a lot of that! Perc Westmore, who delights in making people what they aren’t, does the skillful work on Loretta Young.

The first step is accomplished by pulling the skin back from Loretta’s eyes and pasting it down firmly with spirit gum and fish skin—not adhesive tape. The fish skin is then covered by make-up. Lips are made larger, eyes and nose are lined. The finished job might make you think Loretta was Anna May Wong.

And why didn’t a real Chinese girl get the part? Well, Loretta is under contract to First National, where “The Hatchet Man” is being made. Her tests were as excellent as the make-up, so they thought you wouldn’t know the difference. Loretta has only to worry about the accent.

And here’s the finished job. Good work, Perc Westmore. Loretta Young could fool us into thinking she was the mandarin’s daughter.
"What, Mr. Warner, you're going to ask me to take a salary reduction?" asks George Arliss. "Haven't you heard that my father was born in Edinburgh and that the English income tax is very high?"
"It's the best short-cut to loveliness I know," says MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON

Mrs. Hamilton is the wife of a grandson of the late J. Pierpont Morgan... Her evening frock is by Bergdorf-Goodman, her suit and hat from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

"GOOD LOOKS are an asset in business as in matrimony," says Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton. A gifted hostess and a brilliant young business woman beside, she cleverly solves the problem of looking always fresh and charming.

"In my office," she says, "I keep just the same beauty kit I have on my dressing table at home—Pond's Two Creams, Tissues, Skin Freshener.

"It doesn't take a minute to cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream, wipe it off with Tissues, pat on Skin Freshener—then a touch of Vanishing Cream gives the perfect base for powder... All traces of toil have been removed—your skin looks fresh and alive."

"I've no patience with women who don't look their best when it's so simple to do," says Mrs. Hamilton with her charming smile... "Pond's is the best short-cut to loveliness I know!"

FOUR THINGS your skin must have to keep it lovely, Cleansing and Lubricating... Stimulating... Protecting.

1—For immaculate cleansing generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Wait a few moments to let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent... White or peach.

2—Pat briskly with Skin Freshener to tone and stimulate... close and gradually refine the pores... keep contours fresh and young.

3—Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives a velvety finish. Use this Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck... and to keep your hands soft and white.

4—At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime... then, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin—leaving it on through the night.

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Tune in on Pond's every Friday 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist, W.E.A.F and N.B.C. Network
Not afraid of

I'm 18' BARBARA WEEKS

I'm 20' JEAN HARLOW

I'm 19' JOYCE COMPTON

I'm 23' JUNE COLLYER

I'm 21' FRANCES DADE

I'm 22' NOEL FRANCIS

Lux
They know the secret of keeping Youthful Charm

THE screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of keeping youthful freshness right through the years!

"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them will give their own peach-bloom skin the most zealous regular care.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties—keep their skin youthfully aglow with this fragrant white soap!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Their preference is so well known it has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in all the great film studios.

You will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!

Toilet Soap — 10¢
CORINNE GRIFFITH’S vacation days are over, for the time at least. She has been in London with her husband, Walter Morosco, who is manager of a studio there. Now she is going to be starred in some English pictures.

OVER at the Brown Derby they were telling the story about the movie leading man who was nasty to the heavy in one of his pictures. Finally the heavy backed him up against a set.

"Listen," he warned, "either you treat me differently or when we come to that big fight scene I’ll have my double beat the life out of your double."

FRIENDS who know Elsie Janis well, and have been guests at her home outside of New York, say that Elsie, who admits to 42, was never so happy in her life as she is with her 26-year-old husband, Gilbert Wilson.

Gilbert is a fine-looking young fellow, who has tried his luck at various undertakings, including motion picture acting. Elsie says that from now on he will be her business manager.

"I must have a business manager," she says, "and Gilbert has the making of a fine business man. We all need companionship, and Gilbert is the finest companion I ever knew."

We congratulate Mr. Wilson and wish Elsie all the luck and happiness she deserves, which is more than one human being in a million ever gets.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., have a new answer to all those asking about that expected child. They’ve been asked so many times when it is expected that they now answer with, “It’s entirely impossible to know when it will come. You see, we don’t know yet which one will have it.”

And then do they howl.

POLA NEGRI has a grand sense of humor. While she was critically ill she asked her secretary in case of her death to ship her body back to Poland on any boat flying the Polish flag. The secretary said that it was doubtful if they could find a ship of that sort. “In that case,” whispered Pola, “my death will have to be postponed until we can find one.”

WHILE Wallace Beery was on a visit to New York the reporters kept pestering him about Greta Garbo, who works in the same studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Beery said that although once when Garbo was not feeling so well her manager arranged for her to spend three weeks at Beery’s cabin in the High Sierras, they had never met. What a big world a studio is.

IN 1910, even before he worked as a comedian for the old Essanay Company, Wallace Beery was fired from the chorus of a Raymond Hitchcock revue. Now he is starring in “The Champ” which opened at the same Broadway theater from which he was booted.

How to choke a lady in one easy lesson. Movie heroes have slapped their leading ladies and knocked them down but Director Marcel Varnel introduces something new and different in “The Silent Witness.” Here he is showing Bramwell Fletcher just how to place his fingers on Greta Nissen’s throat. But don’t you try it on the girl friend. Remember Greta gets a lot of money for playing this scene.
"I'll let you in on a secret"

"I always thought you had to pay a lot for a dentifrice to have white teeth and healthy gums. I believed it so firmly that for years I had been buying one of the most expensive tooth pastes on the market.

"But recently, money hasn’t been so plentiful with us. I have had to look for bargains in everything, but I still persisted in paying a lot for tooth paste.

"John pointed out to me that it wasn’t necessary any more to pay so much for tooth paste—that I was losing a good chance to economize in that direction. After a lot of persuading, I took his advice.

"I bought Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. And I’m going to let you in on a secret—that’s enough to pay for a dentifrice of first-rate quality. John’s teeth are as white and gleaming as they ever were. My teeth look fine and my gums feel fine. And even Junior speaks about the clean, sweet after-taste this famous tooth paste leaves in the mouth.

"I’ve been convinced—you won’t catch me paying 50¢ for a tooth paste again."

The Listerine people put this tooth paste on the market, only after 50 years of oral hygiene study showed them what was needed to make a tooth paste really good. Now four million critical men and women have discarded older and costlier favorites for this modern tooth paste at the modern price.

Listerine Tooth Paste owes its remarkable effectiveness to a special polishing agent. This cleans teeth faster and more thoroughly than ordinary dentifrices do. It leaves no trace of tartar, tobacco stains, decay, or any discolorations. Yet it is so scientifically gentle in its action that it cannot possibly damage the most delicate tooth enamel.

Our Economies Save You Money

We are able to give you this extra-high quality dentifrice at an extra-low price because we use the most efficient manufacturing methods known, and huge demand permits production on a vast, cost-cutting scale. All these economies we pass on to you. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Some of the things you can buy with that $3 you save

Stockings
Gloves
Handkerchiefs
A Scarf
A House Dress

These are just a few suggestions for spending the $3 you save yearly by using a 25¢ tube of Listerine Tooth Paste a month instead of dentifrices costing twice that amount.
from Europe a few years ago was dissipated in a Hollywood court recently.
In legally adopting the three-year-old boy, Miss Bennett explained that he is the son of her cousin, who, with her husband, was killed in a motor accident in London two years ago.
The papers in the case, as is usual in all cases of adoption in Los Angeles, were sealed by the court, and the newspapers were not permitted to examine them.

YES, SIR, there's no two ways about it; the old town's changing. It's no longer quite as mad as a hatter. Slowly but surely it's gaining sense and balance.

A few years ago, for instance, a star as brilliant as Clark Gable, would have set out with all his new found riches, to dazzle the town with 15 room mansions, swanky cars, yachts, scandals and parties.

Listen to Gable. "I own two cars which I paid cash for. I rent an apartment. Just for six months at a time and not a year. I don't even own furniture. I'm saving my money."

WHILE in New York, Greta Garbo suffered terribly from insomnia, and often at five o'clock in the morning she would give up the effort to sleep and go out for a long walk, as it was only at that time she could be sure of eluding reporters and camera men.

And if just one more time somebody says, "The show must go on," we're going to reserve a nice cozy padded cell for ourself. When Jean Harlow was making personal appearances in Pittsburgh and suffered an attack of intestinal flu she insisted that her father, Marino Bello, carry her to the edge of the stage.

ASK Blanche Sweet which she thinks is the vainer sex, men or women, and she'll tell you men, and prove it by an experience she had recently.
Blanche is doing an act in vaudeville and the routine is for the stage to be darkened just after the preceding act finishes, and while the lights are out, her piano is rolled on, then she comes out in a brilliant spotlight.

While playing in Canada recently she got her cue from the orchestra leader and made her entrance, only to find no piano there. She was panic-stricken at first, then started to ad lib and under her breath kept hollering back stage, "Where is my piano?"
The audience got wise, so she told them she was minus a piano and she'd have to go back stage and find out what the trouble was. She dashed back and yelled to the stage hand, "WHERE'S MY PIANO?" To which he replied:
"It's the electrician's fault. He didn't darken the stage after that last act was off and you think I'm going out there in front of all those people with my overalls on?"

It is reported Blanche nearly collapsed.

HERE'S a gem of a Skippy-Sooky Story from the New Yorker:
The parents of a young son who had been deeply moved by the film "Skippy" took him, as a Christmas surprise, to the sequel to that picture, called "Sooky." On the way home afterward, the youth was enthusiastic about "Sooky." "Better'n 'Skippy,' even," he observed. "It ends happier." "But it doesn't end happier, James," said his mother. "Doesn't Sooky's mother die?" "Oh, sure," said James, "but in 'Skippy' the dog died."

KAY JOHNSON has had her nose changed a bit here and there. It looks fine but then we never found any fault with the one she has been wearing since she was born. Gloria Swanson once considered fixing hers up a bit, but before she made up her mind to give the plastic surgeon the order the public began to rave about her beauty and she took no chances.

THE veiled mystery surrounding the baby that Constance Bennett — pardon — The Marquise Henri de la Falaise de la Courray, and former wife of Phil Plant, brought back

"Why, Mrs. Collins, that baby should be in the movies," said the neighbors of this child's mother. So Mrs. Collins and Cora Sue left their home in West Virginia and came to Hollywood. The mother sold stockings from house to house while she was taking Cora Sue around to the studios. Then the baby was picked by Universal to play in "The Unexpected Father" and given a long term contract. But that only happens once in every ten thousand
STOP THOSE RUNS

Preserve the ELASTICITY* that makes stockings WEAR

DO YOU KNOW what causes those ruinous runs?
New stockings are elastic—they give under strain, stretch and then spring back again. When this precious elasticity is destroyed, the silk threads, instead of giving, break under strain. At the least provocation! It is then that runs start!
That is why Lux is made to preserve the elasticity that makes the sheerest stockings really wear.

*The Lux Way to make stockings last twice as long

Wash after EACH wearing. Perspiration left in stockings or underthings will actually rot the silk.
Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys elasticity, making the silk lifeless, apt to break into runs. With Lux there's no rubbing. Even stubborn spots come out perfectly if you gently press in a few dry Lux diamonds.
Don't use too-warm water—this fades color. With Lux you use lukewarm water. No hot water needed. The tiny Lux diamonds—so sheer you can actually read through them—dissolve twice as fast, even in water at wrist temperature!
Wash this 2-minute way:
1 1 teaspoon of Lux for each pair of stockings.
2 Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze the gentle suds through stockings, rinse well.
Anything safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

Lux for stockings—2 minutes a day keeps them like new
HERE is news. Josef Von Sternberg actually decided to get a haircut. After all these years.

But the trouble was, Josef Von couldn't find the time what with Dietriching and so on.

So he summoned a barber to perform the operation on the set between scenes for "Shanghai Express."

Every time he had a free moment the barber sneaked up and snipped a lock.

He began snipping at nine in the morning and at three in the afternoon the last lock was sheared.

And the property man is still picking up Sternbergish locks all over the expansive Paramount lot.

These geniuses and near geniuses.

TWO nights before Christmas Marie Dressler's telephone rang.

"Anderson, Alabama, calling, Miss Dressler," the Butler reported.

A little girl's voice said, "Is this really Marie Dressler? Oh, thank you. I just wanted to call you up and wish you a Merry Christmas because you are my favorite actress. Wait a moment so you can talk to my little sister."

And little sister told Marie that the two, both under ten, had asked just one present from Santa Claus: this opportunity to talk to her.

Mother had agreed and told Santa Claus he needn't bring any other presents.

IS JOAN BENNETT laughing heartily these days?

When this blonde beauty first decided to try films, a good friend tried to get her in and she was willing to sign up for $250 per week on a six months' contract.

Three studios would not even consent to give her a test.

More recently two of the studios paid her more than $2,500 per week. And Dorothy Jordan, who was a dancing girl at Fox during the heyday of musicals at $75 per week, came back to the studio as a dramatic actress later at $750 per week.

DID you know that James Dunn played as an extra in a mob for the Paramount Studio in the East? Almost every major company gave him a screen test, and nobody wanted him.

DURING his personal appearance tour Jimmie Dunn told a story about his first meeting with John Barrymore. Jimmie was a young actor with plenty of self-assurance, and the meeting took place after a performance in which Dunn appeared.

"Excuse me, Mr. Barrymore," he said. "I saw you watching me act tonight. I have been on the stage for six years, and I was wondering if there is anything you can do to help me."

Barrymore looked at the young fellow and said gravely:

"That depends upon whether you still want to become an actor."

IT seems pretty certain that wedding bells will soon ring for James (Bad Girl) Dunn and June Knight.

She was working on the coast until Ziegfeld saw her in "Girl Crazy," and she is slated to appear in the next New York edition of the Folies.

ZASU PITTS, charging desertion in 1926, is suing her handsome husband, Tom Gallery, for divorce.

MAE CLARKE is wondering what is going to happen to her next?

In "Front Page" she jumped out the window and killed herself.

In "Waterloo Bridge" she was blown up by a bomb.

In "Three Wise Girls" she died of poison.

In "Impatient Maiden" she is operated on right before the camera for appendicitis.

"At least they let me live. I don't want to be typed as a 'dead' one. It might prove fatal," she told us.

"I guess I can sit in this chair if I like," Mary Ann Elizabeth Brown said to the prop boy who told her that place belonged to the star. Joe E. Brown is her daddy and if he gets dignified she'll tell everybody how he acts around the house, always clowning and using up those gags he should be saving for the camera.
"Heavens! Buddy must have a girl!"

"NO—you grown-ups are wrong again. I'm brushin' my teeth 'cause Ma finally got me some toothpaste I like to use. And if you don't think it's keen—just try some yourself. It tastes swell—and I think a feller ought to have a right to do some things the way he likes to do 'em. Ma was complainin' the other day to Doctor Brown about me not brushin' my teeth reg'lar and he told her maybe she hadn't given me a toothpaste I like to use, and after all, he said, what a toothpaste is for is to clean teeth, and he said Colgate's would do that as well as anything he knew. He told her she couldn't go wrong buyin' a toothpaste more people use than any other kind. An'... I'll tell ya a secret Pa don't know... mebbe y' guessed right about the girl. Ma says I kin take her to the movies tonight with the quarter she saved by buyin' Colgate's."

* * *

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.
Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]

Robert Montgomery seldom wears a necktie.

Arthur Brisbane once fired Jack Barrymore from a newspaper.

Wally Beery wears a huge diamond ring on his third finger but wears no garters.

Walter Huston is a tea drinker.

Joel McCrea was an employee of a cement company and helped build the sidewalks on Hollywood Blvd.

ALL stars of the films receive begging letters, but one Marie Dressler received recently takes the cocoanut cream cake. "This is the fifth time I've written," it stated, "and still no money. You can't possibly need it as badly as I do, so get it here at once."

"As if," Marie said, "I hadn't worked hard and long for every cent I've earned. Other actresses can stroll on the stage or screen, in a rised gown, say a few sophisticated lines and make a hit. Or an ingénue can skip on, roll her eyes, look cute and is a wow. But me. Listen. I've got to fall over chairs, dive into oceans, break my neck coming down stairs or do some darn thing every time I make an appearance.

"Yes, sir, I work hard for my money. And what's more I'm keeping it. I earn it, don't I?" Marie asks.

THE laugh of the month comes from the story of a certain picture star who was describing a marvelous dinner party she had attended.

"It was wonderful," she said. "The dinner was superb and not too many people there. Just eight of us. There were Constance and the Marquis, Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, Dick and Jessie Barthelness, my friend and myself."

"But who gave the party?" her companion asked.

"Oh, I forgot," she answered. "There were nine of us. The other man was from New York."

"How did he get in?"

"Well, he gave the dinner."

A CHICAGO newspaper has appointed a Garbo editor. This is the first time in history a newspaper has given any personality such individual journalistic attention. The funny thing about it is that the editor never saw Garbo except on the screen.

Now, perhaps, we'll hear of a Hoover editor, who may also double as Depression editor.

IT isn't every divorced couple who remain good friends throughout the years, but Tom Moore and Alice Joyce are still pals to the extent of doing a vaudeville tour together, and what's better, the new Mrs. Tom Moore and John Kegan, husband of Alice, don't seem to mind it a bit.

An annual announcement from Ziegfeld designing the annual model of the American girl is as sure as the annual income tax. According to him, the 1932 American girl should be blonde, five feet, six inches in height; one hundred eighteen pounds in weight, fuller curves than last year, and less stream lines. Ho hum.

MET Constance Cummings in a business police without hat or coat but wearing thick black kid gloves. She noticed our look of amazement.

"I don't bite my nails but I bite the skin from around my fingers. I am wearing gloves every moment until I break the habit," she announced firmly.

A beauty hint for you, ladies, who boast nerves.

FATE! Ah, how difficult it is to understand it. Tyrone Power's last scene, before he passed from among us, was the deathbed scene as the patriarch in "The Miracle Man." He left the set to enact the same scene—his last—in life.

Hobart Bosworth, intimate friend of Tyrone Power since 1886, replaced him. They started together in the old "Augustin Daly" stock company in New York. Shared dressing rooms. And this is the third time Bosworth has replaced his friend. Twice before when illness hit Power.

IT may not make a bit of difference to you, but—

Mary Astor wears horn-rimmed spectacles off the screen.

No, no, not another one. We can't bear it. Those long lashes, that sloe-eyed look, those tip-tilted eyebrows, that hair brushed off the forehead. Whom does she make you think of? Shh, don't say it. Sari Maritza has a glamorous background. Her mother is Austrian, father English. She was born in China and just before she came to Hollywood and signed her Paramount contract her name was linked with Chaplin's in Europe, but (whisper) it might have been just publicity. You'll be seeing her soon.
"I learned from a beauty expert how to hold my husband—and why so many women fail"
WALLY BEERY tells this one. And
wears they weren’t motion picture
directors.
It seems that a man was driving, one night,
along the Colorado Street bridge, at Pasadena,
when he saw another man just ready to leap
over the railing.
“Hey. Wait a minute. What’s the matter?”
“It’s the depression,” said the other.
“No. Now. Things aren’t so bad as all
that. Sit down for a few minutes and we’ll
talk it over,” said the first, filled with concern
over the plight of the second man.
Down they sat.
They talked and talked.
Finally there seemed to be no more left to
say.
They rose and exchanged a long, friendly,
handclasp.
Then both jumped over.

A CERTAIN columnist discovers that some
Englishmen have a sense of humor, even
that romantic looking Englishman, Ronald
Colman.
She relates that, during the holidays, a
friend decided to send Ronald a telegram and
chose one of the telegraph company’s standard
greetings, number 17, thinking Ronald would
never know the difference.
Within a few days a reply came back.
“Thanks and number 15 to you.” (Signed)
Ronald Colman.

HEDDA HOPPER was attending a party
at Laura Hope Crews’ where there were
such motion picture people as Ruth Chatter-
ton, Roland Young and others.
An intelligent and rather well-known stage
actress from New York City was also among
those present.
Her first motion picture party. She
approached Hedda.
“Really, Mrs. Hopper, I’m amazed. You
picture people have such charming manners.
You seem like—well, charming people.”
“What did you think?” Hedda’s back
stiffened.
“Did you expect us to bite you?”
“No. Not exactly. But you hear so much
about Hollywood being gauche, you know.”
Hedda made her get-a-way before she should
give a good old-fashioned raspberry and prove
exactly what the woman had expected.

MARLENE DIETRICH announced to the
 world that all is well with her and her
discoverer-director, Josef Von Sternberg, by
clinging adoringly to his arm at a Hollywood
opening.

IN Freddy March’s latest, “The Black Robe,”
a picture of his father plays a large part
in the production. Freddy plays two parts,
you know. Twins.
The art department produced one father
after another for his inspection but Freddy
didn’t like them.
Finally, he brought down a small photo-
graph of his own dad and said, “Why don’t
you use that?”
So they had it enlarged and hung it on the
wall to take its place as almost an actor in
the picture.

Just think of the thrill Freddy’s father will
get when he sees that picture back in Racine,
Wisconsin, and finds himself playing a part
with his son in the movies.

WHEN Una Merkel married Ronald Burla,
aviator, unexpectedly, she left one very
broken heart in Hollywood.
Johnny Arledge.
They worked together in “Daddy Long Legs”
and Johnny just thought Una the
greatest little gal in the world.
Still thinks so. But Una could only marry
one man and she’s happy and Johnny is
happy to see her happy.

HOLLYWOOD has gone kitchenette. Many
of the stars are giving up their beautiful
and expensive Beverly Hills homes to move
into apartment hotels with electric refrigerator
privileges and no worries about servants.
The Richard Barthelmesses are the latest
couple to rent their home and move into The
Town House.
They still have their newly completed home
at Malibu Beach, however.

JUST a few days before he left Hollywood,
to go East, the late Robert Ames was talking
to a friend about his future.
“What’s this getting us?” Robert asked.
“We work like dogs and think of nothing but
money. I’m going to do one more picture
and then quit. I’m going to live the rest of
my life as I want to.”
But Bobby Ames never made that picture.
In less than a week he was dead in New York.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
so dainty herself

you would expect her to rely on
the purity of genuine KOTEX

By its very existence, by its courageous pioneering in educating them to the use of true sanitary protection, Kotex has done great service to women. No less important, however, is the service Kotex continues to do.

For beyond freedom from embarrassment, beyond women's mere emancipation for all activities at all times, there must be a serene assurance that one's protection is safe.

Nothing so intimate as Kotex, nothing must be freer from the whisper of taint. Snowy whiteness alone might easily, but falsely, nourish misguided trust. In a product like Kotex, only the highest surgical cleanliness is enough. Anything less than this immaculacy in Kotex is unthinkable. No hovering question mark... Where was it made? Under what conditions?... to mar one's confidence.

The familiar name of Kotex is women's shield against the mysterious, the nameless, the unknown. They trust it as they would dream of trusting nothing else. Kotex is doubly valuable to women because they can give it, as they do, that priceless, comforting confidence. Who would risk a substitute? Make sure, when you buy it wrapped, that you get genuine Kotex. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores, also in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Never pay more than 35c

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
FREDRIC MARCH is again a favorite. In the January, 1931, issue of Photoplay we told you that Freddie brought in the most "tell me" letters. Now, over a year later, following his great success as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, folks are asking him about again.

For those who didn't save the January, 1931, issue, here's Freddie's history. He was born in Racine, Wis., on August 31, 1898. Is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Was educated at the Racine High School and University of Wisconsin. Was in many successful plays before he entered pictures in 1929. Married to Florence Eldridge, stage and screen actress. His next picture will be "The Black Robe."

And here's a surprise! Raul Roulien scored second in the mail bag. Some of you don't know him, but after you've seen "Delicious" you will want to know all about him.

Raul is a newcomer. He was born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, South America, on October 12, 1905. His father, before his death, was the director of the National Musical Institute of Rio de Janeiro. Raul made his first stage appearance at the age of five. From then until he was twelve he travelled all over Brazil with various companies. Then he returned to school.

After he finished school he resumed his pursuit of a stage career. He formed his own musical comedy company and travelled all over the world. He composed the song, "Adios Mis Farrahs," the sale of which ran up to 1,700,000 on records and 386,000 printed sheets in seventy days. He wrote and staged more than twenty plays, such as "The Irresistible Robert," "Miss Charleston," "Heart," "Pettals," and others. In addition to his achievements as song writer, playwright and composer, he has an architect's degree. His next picture will be "Widow's Walk."

KITA CARE, PHILA., PA.—Junior Coghlan was born in New Haven, Conn., on March 16, 1916. He has brown hair and brown eyes; Junior's latest pictures are "Juvenile Court" and "Union Depot." Don't miss either of them. They're good and he's good in them.

Paul Flores, VENTURA, CAIIF.—Jean Harlow is a native of Kansas City, Mo., born there on March 3, 1911. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 112, has blue eyes, and—oh well, you know about her. Jean is divorced from Charles McGrew. Her latest picture is "The Beast of the City."

THELMA SCHMIDT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Robert Ames was about forty-two years old when he passed away. Hardie Albright uses his own name in pictures.

Una Allward, TORONTO, Oxt., CAN.—Una, you have been raving about Lionel Barrymore in "The Mad Genius," when all the while it was John you should have been praising. Lionel was not in that picture. The other chap you mention is Donald Cook. Have you seen him in "The Public Enemy" "Side Show" and "Safe in Hell?"

BETTY DARLING, UTAH, NAT. —Darling, who wins the bet? Mary Pickford was married to Owen Moore from 1910 to 1929. Mary's real name is Gladys Smith. She has no children of her own, just an adopted daughter of her sister, Lottie.

MARGARET DESMOND, TROY, N. Y.—Kay Francis is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and the gorgeous Garbo tops her by one inch. I believe these heights are without shoes.

A FRIEND.—You can convince your pal that Edward Everett Horton did play a dual role in "Lonely Wives." He did play the part of the criminal attorney and also the part of a vaudeville performer.

YOLA FRANKOVSKA, LODGE, POLAND.—Yola, I am glad that you like our American pictures. Maurice Chevalier has just completed work on "One Hour with You," with Jeanette MacDonald and Genevieve Tobin. Grace Moore hasn't done anything in pictures since she made "Jenny Lind" in 1930.

IRENE KELLY, HAZARD, KY.—It was Ray Milland who played the role of the deposed king in "Ambassador Bill." Ray has played in several other good pictures. They are "The Bachelor Father," "Bought," "Larceny Lane," and he will be in the new Marion Davies-Clark Gable picture called "Polly of the Circus." Ray was born in Drogheda, Ireland, on January 3, 1907. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 168 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Was married to Muriel Weber last September.

CARLA LOSLY, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. —The reason you don't see Ralph Graves so much in pictures now, is that he spends most of his time writing stories for the screen. He and Bess Meredyth wrote "West of Broadway," Jack Gilbert's latest picture. Ralph was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on June 1, 1900. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 170 and has brown hair and blue eyes. I'm married to Virginia Goodwin. "A Dangerous Affair" was his last picture.

JANET LOUISE EVANS, MALDEN, MASS.—Tallulah Bankhead uses her own name in pictures. Tallulah started her stage career when she was but seventeen years old. She was popular on the New York stage, but deserted it for London where she appeared before the footlights for over eight years. Returned to America last year to make pictures. Her latest is "The Cheat."

BETTY SMITH, OHIO, NEB.—Irving Pichel was the District Attorney in "An American Tragedy." Charles Middleton was the Prosecuting Attorney. Irving was born in Pittsburg, Pa., 40 years ago. He is married and has three children. His first picture was "The Right to Love" and his latest is "Two Kinds of Women."

GLADYS MATTHEWS, DES MOINES, IOWA.—Raquel Torres played the role of the half-caste wife of Ben Lyon in "Aloha."

MARGARET CALVET, MONTREAL, CAN.—The very first picture that Chester Morris appeared in was "Alibi," in which he also played on the stage. Chester's father, William Morris, played in a few pictures too, among them "Brothers," and "Behind Office Doors." Muriel Oakes was Robert Ames' fourth and last wife.

H. LORRENCE HEINKE, FLOURTOWN, PA.—As a typist you're okay with me, Lorraine. Here's the lowdown on Laurence Olivier, the new chap who has your heart all aflutter. He was born in Dorking, Surrey, England, on May 22, 1907. Is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 150 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Appeared on the London stage and in British pictures before he came to America. I know it'll break your heart, m'dear, but Laurence is married to Jill Esmond. Jill, by the way, is also a Britisher. She was born in London, on January 26, 1905. Has appeared on the London stage, too. Jill has been appearing in American pictures recently, among them "Once a Lady" and "Ladies of the Jury." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
What would it mean to you to be Seventeen Tonight?

Have you heard the thrilling news? That Seventeen has put youth's own subtle coloring in powder, make-up? That your complexion may have the charm of seventeen tonight? Here's what you must do!

Forget previous disappointments with make-up. Forget the rouges that deceived no one. The lipsticks that made your mouth look—not soft—but hard and old. The powders that seemed to coat your skin as with a mask, clouding natural transparency, discovering tiny lines.

Forget all that. It's in the past. Your complexion's future—is Seventeen!

For Seventeen Make-up comes in Youth-Tone shades. Soft, glamorous tints that bring the fresh, natural glow of youth to your complexion. Shades carefully compounded, by wise beauty workers, to lend your skin the fugitive color tints of the seventeen-year-old complexion.

You'll want Seventeen Rouge, Seventeen Lipstick. And by all means, Seventeen Powder. For perfect results, use Seventeen Creams, to prepare your skin, and leave it smooth and dewy.

Then the make-up. And the glorious thrill—of seeing your own mirror reflect the radiance of seventeen!
Still as FIT as ever

Here’s a dish for young men and men who stay young

YOU remember him when he was fresh from college—lithe and healthy and fit. He wants to keep as young and as athletic as he was then.

But no man has the time to figure out what to eat. He leaves that to you. You don’t want to fail him—so give him a delicious cereal that’s especially made for active people. Serve Kellogg’s PEP Bran Flakes.

These better bran flakes are full of a flavor men love—the matchless flavor of Pep. But even more important, they’re filled with whole-wheat nourishment. Whole wheat is a favorite food for active people because nature has made it a storehouse of the food elements that build and nourish... of iron and minerals, of vitamins and proteins. And just enough bran to be mildly laxative. They’re an ideal dish for the children as well. Have Kellogg’s PEP Bran Flakes for breakfast tomorrow. For your own lunch. For the children’s supper.

Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. In the red-and-green WAXTITE sealed package. Quality guaranteed.

FOR THE CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg’s SINGING LADY every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 Eastern Time, over WJZ, WLW, WHAL, KDIA, WHZ, WHZA, WCB, WJR. At 5:15 Central Time, KOIL, WREN, WWK; at 6:00, WGN. Songs and stories children love.

*When available
 Recipes That Help Dorothy Jordan Keep Her Grand Figure

Despite the fact that everywhere you turn you hear that the good old curves are once again mightier than the angles, women continue to pursue that will-o-the-wisp, slimmness. The response to Sylvia's first article in Photoplay last month proves that.

Dorothy Jordan gets her supply of good foundation material. Her lunch at the studio commissary wisely consists of a fruit salad, a glass of milk and raisin bread. Dorothy never neglects eating her quota of vegetables and fruits every week, which accounts for that lovely skin and nicely rounded figure.

Vegetables need not become a bug-a-boo on the menu. Here, for instance, is a grand way of giving the lowly bean an elegant air. It is called, Beans—Italian Style.

Beans—Italian Style
2 tablespoons chopped celery 3 cups cooked green beans
1/2 teaspoon salt
5/4 cup tomato pulp
2 tablespoons chopped onions
4 tablespoons olive oil
1/4 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Heat the oil in a frying pan. Then add onions and celery. Cook slowly until a light brown. To this add the rest of the ingredients, cover and cook slowly for 10 minutes. Be sure to stir frequently.

Carrots, broccoli, cauliflower or any other vegetable you might choose, will seem twice as tasty if covered with this excellent sauce.

Bread Crumb Sauce
3/4 cup fine, dry bread crumbs
4 tablespoons of butter.

Melt one tablespoon of the butter, then add crumbs when it is very hot. Stir this over the fire until the crumbs are a light brown, then add the rest of the butter. This is poured hot over the vegetables.

Banana bread often takes the place of white bread on the Frederic March's table. Here is how to make it—I might add that the best part of it all is that it takes no time at all to make it!

Banana Bread
1 cup shortening
2 eggs
3 ripe bananas
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup water
1 teaspoon soda
2 1/4 cups flour
Pinch of salt

Mash the bananas with the sugar and shortening. Then sift the baking powder and flour together. Add the ingredients. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

And there's another way of dressing up vegetables so you can hardly recognize them. Here is one of the recipes.

Scalloped Eggplant
1 eggplant
grated cheese
1/2 cup of milk
1/2 box salted crackers
lumps of butter
salt and pepper.

Cook the eggplant whole until it is entirely done. Remove it from the water in which it has been cooked and peel it. Butter a baking dish. Break up the crackers in fairly small pieces. Slice the eggplant and put a layer on the baking dish. Then add a layer of crackers and small lumps of butter. Continue until the dish is almost full. Add the milk, sprinkle the top with grated cheese and bake in a medium oven until hot through.

Summer squash is excellent this way and so is oyster plant.

Even the lowly carrot is delicious if given a new zest. One of the best and most nutritious methods of cooking carrots is to cook them in boiling water whole until they are done. Take them out and skin them.

Put them in a pan and mash them with potato masher adding butter generously. When they are thoroughly mashed, beat them with a spoon, as you would beat potatoes, until they are creamy. You'd never know your old detested carrot.

Caroline Van Wyck
Choose your own ending. Nothing could be fairer, except to pay the audience for attending
are 1932 Débutantes choosing nail tips that are tinted or natural...

The popular girl of 1932 is way past losing sleep over whether to wear her nails bright or pale.

The deep question that every smart young thing today is pondering is which of five shades of nail polish is best to wear with which dress.

Will she lure more men from the stageline if she wears the white satin dress with Coral nails, or with Rose nails? Or the red crépe de chine with delicate Natural finger tips?

If you're not bright enough to work out your own color scheme, you can look it up in the chart at the right. But whatever you do, don't be seen with the same color nails 7 nights in a row!

In other words one nail polish is no longer enough. To be smart you've got to have at least two shades ... a lighter one and a deeper one.

And with color so Very Important you've also got to use a flawless polish. Cutex Liquid Polish has a grand lustre; dries in no time — lasts for days, and does not crack, peel, turn white, streak or fade! And the new bakelite cap wipes out the broken cork problem — keeping the brush (attached) neatly off the table top.

Go pick your favorite shades today!

Follow this easy Cutex Manicure ...

Scrub the nails. Then remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. End with Cutex Nail White, Penell or Cream, under tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Northam Warren • New York • London • Paris

2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 5 other manicure essentials for 12c

Northam Warren, Dept. 203
191 Hudson Street • New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address Post Office Box 2980, Montreal)

Enclose 2c for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked...  □ Rose  □ Coral  □ Cardinal

All Colors!

Every popular deb has at least two shades, and varies them with her gown, says world manicure authority

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender ... smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" ... black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

CUTEX Liquid Polish

... ONLY 35¢
But there was, at M-G-M, one woman whose life was never straightened out. I'm referring to Jeanne Eagels. The great stage star came to Hollywood to do "Man, Woman and Sin," with Jack Gilbert. Monta Bell, having written the story, was assigned to direct it. Having faith in Jeanne Eagels' ability, he didn't know what he had let himself in for.

Getting Jeanne to work was a task fit only for a Hercules. You already know the reason. One morning she arrived late on the set. The scene was a simple one. Seated at a desk, it was her sole duty to pick up a telephone receiver and speak a few words, any words at all, since this was before the days of talkies. They rehearsed over and over again but she could not coordinate enough to accomplish the single gesture required of her. Once, during a rehearsal, she did it right.

"We'll shoot it," said Bell.

They hit the lights and the cameras turned. Jeanne failed miserably before the cameras. Almost frantic with the waste of time and energy, Bell decided that they would keep on shooting the scene, right or wrong, in an effort to catch her when she was at her best. They did it twenty or thirty times, using valuable film and electric juice. Slowly she began to get it, slowly she was coming out of the fog which dimmed her brain. Bell heaved a sigh of relief. Ah, it was coming along.

Just at that moment a publicity man, who knew nothing of the strain of the morning, walked on the set. He waited until one take was completed and then stepped in front of the lights and, before anyone could stop him, leaned over to Jeanne and said, "I'm writing your biography for our department. Miss Eagels, where were you born?"

Her face was enough to tell them all what was about to happen. Worn down by the repetition of the scene, her nerves frayed and jagged, she turned upon the press-agent and shouted at the top of her lungs, "Where was I born? Good Lord, who cares where I was born? You ask me where I was born? You ask me where I was born!"

"Man, woman and sin," she kept saying. "Man, woman and sin, God in Heaven, where was I born?"

Her hysterical shrieks shook the set. She arose from the desk and stumbled away, still shouting, "He asks me where I was born!" And there was no more work that day.

NOT very long ago I saw in the paper an article which stated that Lon Chaney guarded his make-up secrets carefully, particularly the one that made him appear sightless in one eye in "The Road to Mandalay." That is not quite true. Any friend who asked Lon could have had the secret for the listening. In this picture he used the lining of an egg cut to fit the eye and carefully slipped over the eyeball to achieve the effect. And Lon would tell you about it, for he was essentially an honest person.

There was another honest person on the M-G-M lot and she got herself and the publicity department in trouble because of it. The name is Eleanor Boardman. It was with fear and trembling that I used to take interviewers to Eleanor's dressing room. With utter frankness she answered whatever questions were asked her. She told exactly what she thought of life, love, marriage and studio executives—especially studio executives.

Invariably the interviewer would call us and say, "Do you think I dare print what Miss Boardman told me?" And we, on bended knees, would beg her not to do so. But Eleanor did not
"MEN ARE STRANGE CREATURES"

What an unmerciful twitting they give women about their bargains! And how they love to harp on "vain as a woman" when wives and daughters are successful in looking their best! . . . But to hear them at the office is another story. It's "my wife this, and my wife that"—with evident pride.

Vain? There's nothing quite so vain as men who have attractive and accomplished wives. How their wives manage the home—how they plan and buy—is a source of constant wonder and appreciation. Nothing pleases a man more than the knowledge that his wife is a shrewd manager and a deft hostess.

But what is so amazing to men is commonplace to women. Women know that shrewd management and good taste are not matters of chance, but qualities to be cultivated—personal qualities that depend upon a thorough knowledge of style and value.

It is not difficult for them to obtain this knowledge. They read the advertisements in the magazines—printed statements of style, price and value. Statements that are sponsored and signed by companies known for business integrity and style authority.

Guided by this knowledge, women choose wisely—and receive for their money the highest in quality, the utmost in style.
Men go wild, simply wild, over me...

I'm not a bold bad baby who rolls her eyes. But men simply love to play around with me. Every time they get a chance they tickle my chin or tenderly stroke my cheeks!

All this has got me thinking that they like girls with complexion allure.

Now what I'd like to know is—what's the difference between complexion and skin? Grown-up ladies say what's above the neck line is complexion, Now, really I wasn't born yesterday. I know that my skin is the same all over me—and it simply feels grand after an Ivory bath!

I guess mother's come over to my way of thinking. She doesn't fuss over her face the way she used to do. She washes her face good and clean with my cake of Ivory Soap. I guess she realizes that a soap that's nice to my sensitive skin is just bound to be the best beauty treatment for her pretty face.

And she's getting my complexion allure...I notice father is checking with her too!

IVORY SOAP
KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES—99 9% PURE

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

WHEN little Bette Davis' contract was not renewed by Universal, she was thrilled. Tickled to death. She had failed in pictures and was glad of it. She was going home, to New York, for good. Nothing would separate her from her boy-friend again. (A business lad in New York.)

She was working in "The Man Who Played God" on the Warner lot when she learned her option was not to be renewed. Just as she was ready to leave—all packed—Warners asked her to sign a long-term contract. Her heart dropped a mile but her ambitions jumped two miles.

She signed. Somehow, ambition always wins the old battle in the film city.

NOW here's a smart lad—and a chap who ought to go far in big business. The name's Jimmie Fidler and once he was married to Dorothy Lee.

When they were divorced he advertised the house he'd built for Dorothy for rent.

Dorothy was the first to apply for it and Jimmie rented it to her—for six months' cash advance.

SARI MARITZA is Paramount's new import from foreign lands. Another Marlene Dietrich hope for the studio that has lost Bow, Chatterton, Francis, Powell and that has let Wally Beery slip to Metro.

Well, if this little gal uses the same tactics to tackle Hollywood that she did to tackle England and her first picture, Dietrich had better look to her laurels.

It all started when Sari was eleven. The daughter of an English father and an Austrian mother (shades of Elissa Landi!) she was born, and reared until eleven, in China. She passed through Hollywood on her way to England and was shown the Douglas Fairbanks set where Doug was making "Robin Hood" with Wally Beery. Exactly ten years ago.

When she left the set, she announced loudly, "I will be a motion picture actress."

"Tush, tush, tush," said mother and daddy who were training her for a grand début in diplomatic circles in Europe.

SARI learned the social prerequisites. She speaks English, French, German and Chinese as though she were a native. She made her début—and then, one day, she slipped over to England and met an actress named Vivienne Gay. "I want to get into pictures. How can I do it?"

"I'll fix it for you. I will be your manager." Miss Gay went to the phone and telephoned five British producers saying that Sari Maritza, the great Austrian actress was in town between engagements and would consider one picture offer if the picture and the price were right.

She chose Sari's mother's name because it was Austrian and would uphold the story.

The five producers arrived; three of them made the great Austrian offers. Sari accepted
one and explained her awkwardness before the camera by the fact she had only been on the stage; never in pictures.

She's been playing leading roles ever since, either for British concerns or for UFA.

If she could get by the British producers without a day of experience on either stage or screen—we'll trust her with Hollywood's head moguls.

BEFORE a kid named Jackie Searl became a screen actor, he lived with his dad, an oil driller, and his mother in a little house such as an oil driller could afford. The family either walked or used street cars and busses when they traveled. Jackie's toys came from the ten-cent store, and he played with the neighborhood kids.

Now Jackie Searl is a Paramount actor, making several hundreds of dollars a week, with prospects of being in the four-figure class soon.

And what is the result?

He's still living in the same house. His dad still works as oil driller. He still plays with the neighborhood kids. He still gets his toys at the ten-cent store, because his ma gives him $5 per picture spending money, and that's all he gets.

Every other cent of what he earns goes either into clothes or other material for his professional work, or into bonds in his own name.

Not a cent of little Jack's earnings are taken or spent by the family. They're still living on dad's salary.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Good work, Polda, you've never disappointed us yet. Look at this remarkable photograph. It was taken just as Polda left the Santa Monica hospital where she fought for her life. Still weak from her long confinement, she was mistress enough of herself to be a good showman in spite of everything. Note the flowers, note the Russian boots, note the dramatic smile.

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Look to your looks in March Weather

...and be guided by the world's greatest authority on beauty—Mme. Helena Rubinstein

Trying days, these are, for your looks! March winds whip dust and grit deep into the pores. The skin dries—lines—ages. Ordinary methods of care fail you now; you recognize the need for something entirely different!

"At this time of the year," advises Helena Rubinstein, the world's foremost beauty authority, "I especially recommend my Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—a cream unlike any other in the world—combining biochemical ingredients which revive the life and loveliness of the skin. A beauty treatment in itself!"

Rich, plastic, Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream sinks gently, deeply into the pores, cleansing antiseptically—removing every trace of dust and make-up—revitalizing important skin glands. Fine lines retreat, the skin is left soft, protected—without a trace of "stickiness"—and wonderfully receptive to "finishing touches"! This unique cream comes in three distinct blends. For normal skin—PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM. For oily, sallow skin—PASTEURIZED BLEACHING CREAM. For dry skin—PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM "SPECIAL". Each in a generous jar at one dollar.

TO CLEAR AND BEAUTIFY—use Valaze Skin Clearing Cream (Beautifying Skinfood) youthifies—clears away sallowness, freckles—1.00

TO TONE AND BRACE—Valaze Skin Toning Lotion—refines pores, corrects fine lines. For dry skin—Skin Toning Lotion "Special"—1.25

"FINISHING TOUCHES"—YOUTHIFYING FOUNDATION CREAM—
(Weatherproof)—1.00—a flattering, protective powder base. WEATHERPROOF BEAUTY POWDER—1.50—in the new "transparent" Porcelain Natural or Ivory Rachel. ROUGE (en creme or compact)—1.00—in alluring tones. NEW AUTOMATIC LIPSTICK—1.00—nourishing—indelible! PERSIAN EYE BLACK (Mascara)—1.00—does not run, or rub off.

Secure these creations from Authorized Helena Rubinstein Representatives among the better department and drug stores—or, if unobtainable, communicate with

Helena Rubinstein

LONDON 8 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK  PARIS

Have Your Face Analyzed by Helena Rubinstein

Mme. Helena Rubinstein, 8 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y.

Please send me without charge full individual instructions for correct daily care of my skin.

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SANITARY NAPKINS

Questions and Answers

[Hazel Anderson, Brooklyn, N.Y.—The young lad who played the role of Joan Crawford’s brother in “Dance Fools, Dance,” was William Bakewell. Bill is a native of Los Angeles, Calif. He is 23 years old, weighs 145 and is 5 feet, 11¼ inches in height. Has brown hair and gray eyes. His latest pictures are “Daybreak,” “A Woman of Experience,” “Politics,” “Guilty Hands” and “The Spirit of Notre Dame.”]

[Violet Ruhwedel, Chicago, Ill.—Here is the information, Vi, and I hope it is not too late to settle your argument. Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16, 1897. He is married to Ruth Helms and they have one daughter. Conrad has been doing a little turn in vaudeville and that’s why you haven’t seen him on the screen lately.]

[Jimmy Norlin, Oklahoma City, Okla.—Jimmy, your namesake, Jimmie Hall, is just 31 years old. He was born in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 22, 1900. Stands 5 feet, 10; weighs 158 and has dark brown hair and green eyes. Lately he has been devoting most of his time to stage appearances. He is divorced.]

[Rudy Stoemer, Waco, Tex.—Phillips Holmes still has his pretty blond locks. For the picture, “The Devil’s Holiday,” he had his hair bleached a lighter shade. Now it is back to its original natural blond shade and doesn’t photograph quite so light. If you like him better with the pale colored hair, I’ll pass the information on to him.

Jeff, San Diego, Calif.—Jeff, you came along too late. Arlene Judge was married to Director Wesley Ruggles last October. Arlene was born in Bridgeport, Conn., 19 years ago. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 100 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Was on the stage before she entered pictures. Her latest picture is “Are These Our Children?”

Mary Blane, Canton, Ohio.—Yes, Mary, Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers. Norman Foster’s latest picture is “Girl of the Rio” with Dolores Del Rio. Monroe Owsley played the role of Jim Woodward in “Indiscreet.”

L.A.S., Ocala, Fla.—You have been misinformed. James Kirkwood is very much alive. He is now appearing in “Widow’s Might,” for Fox. James was married to Beatrice Powers in September, 1931.

Dudley McKee, Terre Haute, Ind.—Here are the descriptions you wanted: Sylvia Sidney is 5 feet; 4; weighs 100 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue-green eyes; Greta Garbo, 5 feet, 6; 122 pounds, light brown hair and blue eyes; Clark Gable, 6 feet, 1; 190 pounds, brown hair and gray eyes; Madge Evans, 5 feet, 4; 116 pounds, golden hair and blue eyes; Eric Linden, 5 feet, 9; 150 pounds, brown hair and brown eyes.

The gentleman wearing the gray suit is very seldom photographed, as his pose will testify, but he’s a power behind a throne, nevertheless. Meet Robert Fairbanks, brother of the widely known Douglas. Bob accompanies Doug on many of his travels and has a voice in most of the business deals Doug puts over. Except for the similar cut of the moustaches we don’t see much resemblance.
The January, February and March, 1931, covers of *Photoplay* were graced with the faces of Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill and Constance Bennett, respectively.

K. OIZUMI, TOKIO, JAPAN.—Little Dorothy Jordan uses her own name in pictures. You can write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City, California. If you want to write to any of the other stars you will find a list of names and addresses printed in the back section of any issue of *Photoplay*.

EVALYNNE OF WINSTED.—It was Bramwell Fletcher, blond English lad, who played the role of Hitler in "Svengali" and Alice in "Once a Lady." Donald Crip played the role of The Laird in "Svengali."

EVA ALYNN, WORCESTER, MASS.—Eva, the picture you described to me was "Three Girls Lost." The three in question were Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton. John Wayne was the handsome hero.

---

Colds spread from germ-filled handkerchiefs

*Prevent spread of colds and self-infection by using KLEENEX Disposable Tissues*

**TAKE care when a single member of your family has a cold. Start everyone using Kleenex immediately. Especially children, who catch cold so easily. This is the modern, inexpensive way to keep colds from spreading to others... to prevent germ-laden handkerchiefs from self-infecting the user.**

**GERMS in handkerchiefs**

During a cold a handkerchief collects thousands of germs. It infects your clothing and laundry bag, and may spread a cold through the entire family. It self-infects you every time it touches your face. Colds get worse and worse. They hang on for days and weeks. So often they develop into grippe, flu and other serious complications.

Now Kleenex brings you new safety. This sanitary tissue is used only once, then destroyed. Germs that live and multiply in ordinary handkerchiefs are destroyed this way. They cannot self-infect you or spread infection to others.

**Far more absorbent**

Made of rayon-cellulose, Kleenex is many times more absorbent than linen—and infinitely softer! It's a positive comfort during colds!

Once you have a package of Kleenex, you'll find it convenient in scores of ways. Use it for removing face creams, to blot up impurities that cling so stubbornly in the pores. The former 50c size is now 35c at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

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**KLEENEX Company**

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Lake Michigan Bldg.,
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Please send me a free trial supply of Kleenex.

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In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

---

Seymour tells us that there is a decidedly mannish air to play clothes this coming season. Well, we have picked this pyjama ensemble for its boyish, gamin look. Evalyn Knapp says her headgear is a "Jimmie Walker" cap—no doubt inspired by hisonner from New York. The jersey trousers are yellow, the knitted jumper orange and the shirt white.
NATURAL BRIDGE SHOES lift up your spirits — put smiles in your eyes — by releasing you from the enervating effects of arch strain.

There's a triumph of modern shoemaking in the way the natural arch bridge gives normal support to your natural arch — in the way these shoes fit the foot in action as superbly as in repose. They bend without bulging — mould smoothly to the arch and instep — clinging comfortably to the narrowest heel. Standing, sitting, walking, they give you the joy of constant ease; the flatness of a perfect fit.

Let your dealer show you the soft, durable leathers, the perfection of detail that make Natural Bridge Shoes such remarkable values. They are styled for girls and women who know shoe fashion; priced for the thrifty; designed in individual combination last to fit every foot. All sizes, AAAA to EEE. Natural Bridge Shoemakers, Lynchburg, Va.

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE wear these smart shoes that put you AT EASE

THE pseudo-science of the story (Paramount's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde") is rather overdone, leading us to speculate un- dually on this marvelous chemical which not only alters the shape of the doctor's skull and changes the number of his teeth, but deranges his linen and soils his cravat; just as the antideote restores teeth and profile and launders out in an instant the white ties.—The New Yorker.

SOME day, in the distant years, Hollywood is going to awaken to the fact that one of the greatest actors who ever lived, is in our midst, has been for almost a year, and with every intention of remaining here indefinitely. Richard Bennett is the name.—W. R. Wilkeson in the Hollywood Reporter.

A STAR'S attitude toward press and public should be governed by the character she is assuming. Miss Janet Gaynor must be gentle and soft as she faces her worshippers, and Miss Tallulah Bankhead must be daring and unconventional even though in the innermost reaches of their souls they long to change parts. It happens that Miss Garbo's rôle is that of the mysterious and distant lady o- poesy and legend, and it would be suicidal for her if she attempted to drop it long enough to greet the boys and girls of the local papers with the easy heartiness and informality of a Bebe Daniels or a Richard Dix.—Richard Watts, Jr., of the ?????

"I LIKE the movies for the romance and the fascinating contacts they give you. ... I am saving seventy-five per cent of my salary because I get a kick out of saving up against a rainy day."—Joel McCrea in Picture Play.

GETTING a child to sit willingly and happily in a dentist's chair is a feat that is accomplished regularly in the office of a Boston dental surgeon. He had two or three very young patients, one his own three-year-old son, who fought and wept when they had their teeth attended to, and one day he brought his movie machine down to entertain his child. He rigged an arrangement for throwing the movies on the ceiling, and the little boy laughed at the antics of Felix while the necessary work was done.—The New York Times.

Yep, those are snow balls, but there isn't any ice on the Connie Bennett-Marquis de la Falaise marriage, yet. And that attractive girl in Hank's left arm won't cause any scandals, either. She's Diana Fitzmaurice, wife of the director, at whose home the two were married, and it was near her mountain cabin that this picture was snapped. Note the latest in hiking costumes that Connie is wearing. She's dressy even when she's having fun.
A STRIKING demonstration of the theory that seeing motion pictures may be classified as a necessity as well as a diversion is found in a recent decision by the leading film houses of Berlin to place 60,000 free tickets per month at the disposal of the municipal welfare bureau during the winter season. As reported in Vorwaerts, the authorities will check up on all applicants for free tickets so that there will be no abuse of the charity—The New York Times.

DENUNCIATION of gangster parts hasn’t helped George Bancroft. The ladies prefer him as a big, blustering racketeer, who’ll shoot ten men and then befriend a puppy dog.—Variety.

THERE are several songs in “Delicious,” the principal one being such an unutterably banal ditty that I must print its opening line: “You’re so delicious (pronounced capric-i-ous).” Well, it’s probably malicious (pronounced capric-i-ous)” etc. Well, it’s probably malicious of me to print these lyrics out, but they are so stupid that I am certain that they will be popular.—John S. Cohen, Jr., in the New York Sun.

LET no one essay Hollywood today without first being asked. No longer does Hollywood consider the uninvited at its gates. Only those with written bids can get in. They can be newcomers to pictures but they can’t be new to the amusements world. Hollywood’s asking a lot of a picture aspirant, beauty, intelligence training, experience—but then look at what Hollywood can do for her.”—Cecilia Ager—Variety.

HOLLYWOOD is to discontinue “O. K.” as the universal expression of sanction, complete satisfaction and approval. The directors are casting about for some happier or equally expressive substitute. We doubt whether they will find one soon. “O. K.” has been overworked, and its variant, “okay” is a vulgarism positively offensive to the ears of the purist. And the inverted “k. o.” positively is too lowbrow for words. Who’ll volunteer to slip us the great, useful little word that will be okay with everybody?—Kansas City Star.

WESTERN heroes of the big open spaces have dimmed in luster for two seasons. Horses have lost speed compared with automobiles and airships. The worst bad man of the frontier was a fair-haired Sunday child compared with the modern gangster.—Harry Carr in the Los Angeles Times.

AND while we shouldn’t care particularly to take our twelve-year-old daughter to see “Anna Christie,” “The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox,” “The Sin of Madelon Claudet,” “Are These Our Children?” “Devotion,” “A Free Soul” and dozens of other splendid pictures, nevertheless these films are thrilling entertainment for anyone between the ages of sixteen and one hundred and sixty.

They are real. They live and move. They have organs and dimensions. They are fascinating. So let’s continue to have them. We’ll send the kids to see “Huckeleberry Finn,” “Tom Sawyer” and “Puppet”—Edward Orleons in the New York Mirror.

THE crisis is heartbreaking and no man can regard it with indifference. What do we do? That is the question. Certainly the lovely ladies and compelling men who bring romance to the people in the movie houses that dot the land must not be allowed to feel the pinch of want and the pain of privation. No heroine of the films can do her best work if she labors under the annoying knowledge that until the depression lifts, her weekly pay will be delivered in six sacks instead of seven.—H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun.
Advice on Girls’ Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

in an eye lotion or witch hazel should be applied to the eyes while you lie down for a fifteen minute rest.

Rest will eliminate dark circles, as will proper diet. Careful massage with a good cream will iron out those tell-tale crow’s feet. Exercise out of doors will bring a healthy sparkle.

How does Constance Bennett keep such a slender figure? How often I answer that question. Those slender hips, that flat waistline, those lovely, lean legs are all the results of faithful exercise both indoors and out.

Here is a grand exercise to flatten the waistline to Bennett-like proportions. Lie flat on your back, preferably on the floor. Then place your right hand on your stomach, just below the waistline.

Then lift the stomach slowly as far as you can without straining yourself.

Then slowly lower the stomach as far as possible. The slight strain you may feel, will have no injurious effect.

Don’t hold your breath as you do this. Keep your mouth open and inhale as you go up, ex-hale as you come down. Do this exercise ten times in the morning and ten at night before retiring.

“Any Woman Can Be Beautiful”

That is what Carolyn Van Wyck wrote in PHOTOPLAY a few years ago when she started to write on Girls’ Problems. Since then she has proved it by metamorphosing thousands of girls from plain, unattractive, self-conscious youngsters into attractive, stunning young women. Thousands of readers of PHOTOPLAY have written to her during these years, expressing heartfelt gratitude.

NOW

“The Hollywood Beauty Shop”

Miss Van Wyck will, in next month’s issue of PHOTOPLAY, inaugurate the finest beauty department ever offered American young womanhood. Hollywood is acknowledged to be the beauty center of the world and taking up her residence there, she will give you, not only the benefit of her long experience as a beauty and cosmetic expert, but convey to you by wonderful, especially posed photographs of the beautiful women of the screen, all they know about how to improve looks and personality.

Watch for the beginning of PHOTOPLAY’S “HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP.” Tell your news dealer to be sure to save you a copy. It will appear exclusively in PHOTOPLAY the 15th of March on all newsstands.
Everyone envies Madge Evans her fresh, natural looking beauty. Her face radiates good health and care. How does she do it? She follows a simple daily beauty routine.

This same eminent doctor whom I mentioned before, says that the simplest beauty treatments are best and most effective. He says that the skin is an auxiliary to the lungs, it breathes, takes in oxygen and is an absorbing organ. Therefore, if you would avoid enlarged pores and ordinary skin blemishes, you have to keep your skin free to breathe normally.

Internal and external cleanliness is essential to natural beauty. Always remove make-up with a good cleansing agent. Never fail to wash the entire body with soap at least once a day. When using a bath powder or talcum, see that it is light in texture so that it will not clog the pores.

Apply a cream rich in oils but not too heavy in texture. And be careful of the base you use for your make-up. It should not be a coating upon which the powder lies like a blanket, it doesn't sophisticate Connie, look ingénue in this charming picture? Perhaps it is her gown of brocaded white satin, with its flattering roll collar of the material. Notice where La belle Bennett wears her gardenias — on the shoulder they would have spoiled her neckline.

"at Once" You can't have any tense, tell-tale lines, especially around your mouth. Chewing gum is the quickest lip beautifier and facial known. Its results are immediate. And if you chew Wrigley's delicious DOUBLE MINT as a regular daily beauty habit, the permanent result is an amazing, fresh, new loveliness of face.

IT'S A FACT — Chewing Gum relaxes tense facial lines.

That is why DOUBLE MINT is so popular in Hollywood.
For a short time, the Luxor Special and a brand-new complexion for 50¢ regular 75¢ value

This is the “powder that is pure”... that is made in the Luxor laboratories. That is sifted fine through tight-stretched silk. That is fragrantly scented, and perfectly blended.

This is the “powder that is pure” that will bring petal-smoothness to your skin. And a new delicate transparency... a charming, natural bloom.

You’ll like the Cold Cream Facial Soap too. A bland and mild cleanser, it leaves your skin refreshed and glowing—all ready for Luxor face-powder to transform it to satin-smooth beauty!

A full-size box of the face-powder, a free cake of the soap... the “Luxor Special” that will do wonders for your skin. The cost is but 50c! Can you resist such a reasonable investment—or forego brand-new beauty of complexion?

This offer is made for a limited time only. So go soon to your toilet-goods dealer who displays the “Luxor Special.”

Luxor, Ltd.

Luxor, Ltd., 1333 West 33rd Street, Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c for a generous sample of the face-powder. Check___ Rachel, ___Flesh, ___White.

Name__________________________
Address_______________________

You are only a few pounds underweight so there is nothing to worry about.

HELEN:
Continue to use the peroxide, it eventually discourages the growth of hair. It takes considerable time, however, so do not become discouraged. I would suggest adding a few drops of household ammonia to the solution.

BILLIE:
I am afraid you have confused posing and poise. The two are not the same. You cannot adopt a pose and keep it for very long because it is false and sooner or later you will be found out. Poise is the assurance which comes when you know that you look and appear well. It is natural, not forced.

Blue-eyed blondes have an easy time choosing costume colors because there are so many that flatter them. They look lovely in pastels such as yellow, pink, blue, green and others. Orange reds, nearly all shades of blue, rich browns and black with white are charming or them.

RUTH:
Don’t become discouraged about making friends readily the first few months at college. It is always a little hard to break the ice when you are transplanted into new surroundings and friends.

There is nothing the matter with your personality; you have become a little self-conscious, that is all. Join into class activities and club work. If you are athletic, go in for that. Nothing will get you acquainted and “in” quicker than taking part in school activities.

ROSEMARY:
Your sort of sensitiveness is nothing but self-pity. You need to take things less seriously. Nothing is more fun than being able to retaliate gaily to teasing.

Of course, laugh it off—and furthermore, have something to say back. No one who is a good friend is going to deliberately hurt your feelings.

If you think the teasing is intended to be catty then just dismiss the person who does it from your mind.

“And with this ring...” Let this picture be a warning to all directors. Monta Bell discovered Betty Lawford when she was playing in a Broadway production and gave her her first screen rôle. Not long ago Mayor Jimmy Walker listened to their “I do’s.” Betty played in “Secrets of a Secretary”
How Garbo's Fear of People Started

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

aces, and she looks at her own long, awkward legs and could die of shame. Her feet and her hands get in her way. Her energy taken up with too much growing, she has not enough left with which to feed her mind. She usually sags in her studies. This is a fact that all school eunches know. They learn about it in their normal school courses.

Such was Garbo’s experience. At thirteen he was as tall as she is now, and her feet and hands were as large. She wears a seven and a half shoe. Lathering faces in the Swedish tailor shop, and later working in the millinery department of a Stockholm store, she felt that all eyes were upon her. The shame of conspicuousness, a shame more devastating than any other, was her constant companion. I do not need to go into this further. Every tall girl knows about it, and every tall girl will sympathize with Garbo.

Then came the amazing sequence of events that took her to America. Her tallness seemed worse in Hollywood, since most of the screen stars were dainty, petite women. Ruth Biery, who wrote for Photoplay the only life story of Garbo from Garbo's own lips, a story which in part has been quoted throughout the world (and incidentally the very last interview that Garbo ever gave), tells a story about Greta that illustrates the point.

The appointment between star and writer was made for dinner at Garbo's hotel, the El Mirrool. Garbo had not wanted to give the interview, she had been forced to do so by her manager, Harry Edington. She was ten minutes late, and later she confessed that she had been pacing up and down her apartment trembling with fear, trying to get the courage to face a stranger who was going to make her talk about herself.

The first words she said were, "Pardon this woolly coat, but it is the kind they wear in Sweden." She was afraid Ruth wouldn't think her dressed correctly—would laugh at her.

Prompted by the clever interviewer, she began to talk. Suddenly she stopped, "But you wouldn't understand. You laugh at me, maybe." She was afraid of being laughed at by a strange woman in a strange country.

I remember when I was in the publicity department at M-G-M, I took an interviewer to see Garbo. Greta had just come over. When the interviewer came back to my office she said, "That girl has been hurt—deeply, terribly hurt. I wonder what it is?"

Well, what is it? Those are the facts. Garbo was frightened. But why? Some people were nice enough to her. Many tried to help her. We were not, at M-G-M, as brutal as we have been sometimes painted. But she would not accept that help. Why?

The answer is the answer to every question asked about Greta Garbo. One name looms large and conspicuous in her life. No serious story about the star can ever be written without a mention of Mauritz Stiller.

Stiller had told her, "These people are not your friends. They do not understand you as I do. They will seek to exploit you, to make a fool of you. You have but one friend in this entire country. I am that friend."

And Garbo believed him as she believed everything he told her. She was afraid to be seen having even the most casual conversation with anybody lest Stiller discover her. Why Stiller imbued her with all this is another (and a more sordid) story with which we are not concerned at the moment.

But these were minor little fears compared to the great one that rocked her during the making of her second picture, "The Tempt-
HOURS of this...

and this . . .

WASTED
.. by neglecting an instant for THIS

OFTEN all efforts to attain a dainty, lovely appearance are undone by perspiration moisture.

It's so unnecessary, for just a minute devoted to DEW will protect a beautiful frock. DEW may be used at any time—even while dressing.

DEW will not irritate a tender skin or injure fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. At all drug and department stores in three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1.00.

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Crystal-pure Deodorant * Instant Non-permanent

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Dept. J-25, Del Monte Way, St. Louis
Enclosed is 10c. Please send DEW sample to:

Name
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The Unknown Hollywood I Know

(Continued from page 92)

The bitterness that only people who have been tortured by one time phobias know. She turned away from the trail after her. When she first arrived in New York from Sweden, wearing the funny little checked suit, she showed a few snapshots of her and murmured, “That girl hasn't lost her charm.” She loves throwing M-G-M in a fever of excitement for fear she will not sign their contract and will take herself, their little gold mine, away.

WHEN she first arrived Stiller had to beg the studio to make a screen test of a few hundred feet of her. She felt a great gleam of quarreling with her manager, Edington. When she first arrived she was completely intimidated by him and must do whatever he said. She adores ignoring the publicity department and refusing to cooperate with them in any way. When she first arrived she had to pose in bathing suits and track suits, suffering acutely at seeing her head should have been exposed, as she compared herself with the slim loveliness of Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer.

Oh, Garbo is a straight Case D psychologically. Its cause and effect, as simple as a movie extra's mind. First the fear and now the bitterness, her great chance to get even. Garbo is even.

And yet the star still crops up when she returned from her sensational visit to New York. Mrs. Berthold Viertel, wife of the director, met her at the train in Pasadena. Not Viertel, but her reservations. Trailed by hordes of reporters, she rushed from car to car. Other passengers greeted their friends hysterically, “Garbo's on this train. Rush down here and you can see her.”

Garbo stepped from the next to the last car wearing her dark glasses and slouch hat. Mrs. Viertel asked her to be a good girl and pose for the newspaper men.

“No, no,” cried Garbo. “They'll only ask me embarrassing questions. Get me into a car. Give me your car.”

Mrs. Viertel tried to persuade her. “No! Where is the car?” Garbo persisted.

Conductors and porters ran interference for her, warding off the newspaper cameramen, as she made a dash for her automobile.

“Put your baggage,” Mrs. Viertel screamed. “Leave it, leave it. Somebody will come back for it later.”

An hour later, Garbo safe again in her home, behind her locked doors, the chauffeur returned for her suitcases.
any first-class third degree department proud, I threatened her, malign her, got her mad and appended to her sympathies. She was completely worn down, but her story held up. She could account for every second of her time since she was born into the world. I realized at last that it was simply through chance and ignorance that Harry Thaw was connected with her in any way.

In the meantime, other members of the department had been working on her mother. The story stuck. It was all true. Now, what were we to do? A conference was called. Some were in favor of keeping Thaw’s name entirely out of it (her name had already been changed). But others of us were against this, feeling that if we tried to make a secret of it the papers would dig up the story and put a wrong interpretation upon it. We decided for once in our lives to come clean and tell everything there was to tell.

Give thought to your ROUGE

TO HAVE IT NATURAL

ONLY if the color "seems to come from within the skin," does Rouge give you bewitching Beauty

By Patricia Gordon

ROUGE that appears artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use rouge. Choose, then, the one rouge of which it may truly be said, "the color actually seems to come from within the skin." This one rouge is Princess Pat—because none other possesses the almost magical secret of the famous duo-tone blend.

You know, of course, that such color as the cheeks possess naturally, shows through the skin, from beneath. It has glow, radiance. Actually, it is the blood showing through the skin. Unfortunately, few women retain this beauty of natural coloring beyond girlhood’s days. Then rouge must be the resort of all.

Give to Your Cheeks the Wondrous Beauty of Princess Pat, Natural Color

If you’ve used only usual rouge, try Princess Pat. A small thing to do, surely... yet startling as to utterly new beauty. Just as though you had blushed, will your cheeks be suffused with lovely, radiant, youthful color. No flat, painty, artificial effect. Instead an admirable transparency of skin texture, enriched so magically that no matter how much color you use it will seem your very own.

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This "More Than Natural Beauty"

"Duo-Tone" means that each Princess Pat rouge shade is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by an exclusive, secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical undertone to harmonize with the skin, and an overtone to give forth vibrant color. Too, Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to your individual need.

A Marvelous Advantage in Selection of Shades. You Use Any or All

With usual rouge, you are restricted to just one shade—the one that "matches your skin." That must be so of "one tone rouge," With Princess Pat rouge, all eight shades match every skin. Thus you select Princess Pat shades at will—to harmonize with your gown—or to be brilliant or demure—to be ultra fashionable.

Your Make-up in Perfect Color Harmony

Remember that all Princess Pat make-up aids give the famous Princess Pat color harmony—make-up automatically. This most beautiful of all effects is carried out in Princess Pat almond base face powder, eye make-up and lip rouge.

Today, Be More Beautiful Than Ever Before

Today, secure Princess Pat rouge. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with color that "actually seems to come from within the skin." You’ll adore the effect that none other than Princess Pat duo-tone rouge can give.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, Dept. A-9963
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked:

☐ English Tint ☐ Squaw ☐ Medium ☐ Vanilla ☐ Theatre ☐ Gold ☐ Tan ☐ White

Name ____________________________

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One sample free; additional samples 1¢ each.

PRINCESS PAT

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IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO
AN EYELASH BEAUTIFIER * that actually is WATERPROOF

There is one mascara that's really waterproof. The new Liquid Winx. Perspiration can't mar its flattering effect. Even a good cry at the theatre won't make Winx smudge or run.

It's easy to apply, too. It doesn't smart or burn. And instantly your lashes appear long, dark, and soft and smooth. Your eyes take on a new brilliance—a new sparkle!

Beauty editors of the foremost magazines have voiced their enthusiasm over Winx in no uncertain terms... Now we invite you to try it. Just send 10¢ for the Vanity Size—for a month's use.

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. P5
New York
Enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.
Black...Brown...
Name...
Address...

When I Faced Death
(Continued from page 56)

Strange enough, it worked, and the reporters seemed to feel that when everyone was so frank there must be nothing to it. Very soon it was all forgotten. But every time I see Anita's big eyes on the screen I think of that afternoon when I put her through the third degree.

Nor was Anita's coming to pictures the only inauspicious one recorded. There was Billy Haines, for instance, who arrived at the studio with a cold in his head and a boil on his nose. No wonder they made him play milkmen and plumbers. Nobody thought the kid had much until, because no other actor was available, they gave him the part of "Brown of Harvard." It was his big chance and he made the most of it.

Billy Haines is, without doubt, the most annoy- ing person I've ever known. Oh, mind you, I think he's a swell guy but his delight in up- setting dignity is something almost poetic in the fineness of its fervor. He can no more resist pulling a gag than Peggy Hopkins Joyce can resist a marriage license.

One day I took a very dignified member of the press out to see it. Let it be said in the lady's defense that she had, before her arrival in Hollywood the week before, been assigned to write political news in Washington and she knew almost no one in pictures.

She asked Billy if he had any exclusive news for her. "Yes, I have," said Billy. "I'll give you the exclusive announcement of my engagement. I'm going to marry Polly Moran."

He expected her to laugh. She didn't. She had never heard of Polly. "Oh, that's fine," she said, "now tell me all about it."

It was as good as Polly supposedly nailed. Warner was able to take the weight off his arms by resting upon the bicycle seat which did not show in the picture. Surely that's fantastic enough for anybody.

THE newspaper woman busily took down her notes, beaming with delight.

"Her father not being here, Louis B. Mayer will officiate and we'll be married in a church— a big affair. Miss Moran will wear duchess lace—a gift from her grandmother. It was worn at the wedding of all the Morans. We will have the ceremony solemnized beneath a bower of lilacs."

"I'm so much," said the reporter. "I'll wire this story at once to my paper."

We turned to go. Billy called me aside.

"Listen here," he said, "if you tell her the truth, I'll put ground glass in your coffee. This is the biggest fix I've ever had and I'll murder you—do you understand?"

I was torn between fear and duty. If Billy discovered that I had told her, my whole life would be a burden of practical jokes. If I let the story go through she would be furious and the studio would never get another line of copy from her powerful newspaper.

At last I had a brilliant thought. "Polly Moran is working on this stage," I said as we walked along. "Would you like to get more details from her?"

We went on the stage. "Polly—Polly Moran," somebody called, "we're ready for your scene now." And the newspaper woman saw the real Polly Moran of the old Virginia fox hunters.

Later, when the story did not appear, Billy accused me of having snitched. "I swear I didn't," said I, "she just happened to see Polly."

Hollywood is a strange town—as perhaps these stories have already shown you. Not long ago somebody asked me to recount the most incredible sight I've ever seen in the film colony. That was a pose, but I do believe that the Savannah was the weirdest thing I've ever seen. H. B. Warner, if you remember, played the Christus in "King of Kings." In the final scene he was suspended from the cross. The problem was how he could hang there without doing himself bodily harm. Somebody had a thought. They attached to the cross a bicycle seat and, with the pose and perfectly nailed, Warner was able to take the weight off his arms by resting upon the bicycle seat which did not show in the picture. Surely that's fantastic enough for anybody.

Is there any sin in Hollywood? That's the question I'm going to answer next month. You can trust me to be honest. I haven't been caged with you yet, have I? I've discussed everything perfectly frankly and I promise you this won't be the average stuff written about Hollywood sin. I won't trick you. Next month I'll also tell you about the coming of the talkies and give you, among others, the inside story of Renee Adoree's departure for the Arizona sanitarium.

When I turned loose back home on the home range, I will be Simon pure and fit as a fiddle. Thankful to everyone for their help and always remembering that God sure enough rode night herd on me.
Stop that COLD

This New ALKALINE Way

MODERN SCIENCE has discarded the old, violent method of treating a cold with strong drugs. Today leading authorities recommend the "Alkaline Way"—that is, to thoroughly "Alkalize" your system. Slow down—rest—keep warm—go to bed if possible. ALKA-SELTZER Tablets are a most effective way to "Alkalize" your system.

A cold that hangs on is apt to cause serious trouble. Don’t neglect it. If you have a cold, or feel one coming on—cut out the coupon below—take it to any drug store and receive a package of ALKA-SELTZER Tablets on our Special Trial Offer. You will be pleased at the prompt and effective relief you get. A tablet of ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water makes a bubbling glassful of the vital alkaline minerals which you need to alkalize your system and relieve your cold.

When colds and sore throat attack—when you are troubled with headaches, sour stomach, acid indigestion and similar everyday ills—it’s a sure sign you are suffering from TOO MUCH ACID in the system. ALKA-SELTZER Tablets help to correct this excess acid condition. They make a sparkling anti-acid drink, first relieving the pain and then building up the "alkaline reserve" which is so necessary if you want to get well and keep well.

ALKA-SELTZER is the new common sense way—"the Alkaline Way"—to relieve colds, headaches and indigestion. Use the coupon below and get a package at your nearest drug store.

Try This New ALKALINE WAY

At All Drug Stores

Handy Pocket Size 25c

Large Size $1.00

ACCEPT THIS TRIAL OFFER

We make it easy for you to try ALKA-SELTZER because we want everybody to know how wonderful this new "Alkaline Way" is to get relief from colds, sore throat, headaches, sour stomach, indigestion and other everyday ailments. Fill out the coupon NOW—take it to any drug store and the druggist will give you a regular 25 cent package for only 10 cents. You will find one of the best ten cents you ever spent.

This coupon saves 15c

Take this coupon to any Drug Store and as a Special Introductory Offer the druggist will give you a regular 25 cent package of ALKA-SELTZER tablets for only 10 cts.

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________

DRUGGIST: Mail this coupon to us signed by the customer and we will replace each package you give out on this Special Offer.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1932

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

THE SUNSET TRAIL—Tiffany Prod.

KEN MAYNARD’s horse, Tarzan, and a small boy named Buddy Hunter really walk off with the acting honors in this shoot-em-up Western. There is the usual blonde to be saved from a bunch of black-hearted wretches; this time they are trying to scare her into selling her ranch. Ken Maynard, of course, turns the trick with fist and gun. Ruth Hiatt is the rescued damsels. Good riding and lots of shooting.

CAIN—Talking Picture Epics

A MODERN Robinson Crusoe story, not as idyllic as the lovely "Tabu," but entertaining in spots and sometimes very beautiful. Although it is a French-made film, what little dialogue there is (and most of the scenes are silent) is in English. It was photographed on an island off the coast of Madagascar and points out the conflict between a lonely paradise and civilization.

THE LOCAL BAD MAN—Allied Pictures

A RATHER mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone a little naive. Not much story or action to this one and everybody is just so tired when they hold up that train. A wasted evening for adults. Sally Blane is the girl who just knows Hoot can do no wrong.

MICHAEL AND MARY—Universal-Gainsborough

THIS film, made in England from the play by A. A. Milne, boasts Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, the two real life love birds who wouldn't be separated even for a few weeks. But those who write theater mash notes to Marshall (when he appeared in the stage play

Those gay little tams that turn up in the back, only to zoom down over the right eye, have turned to straw this Spring. This fetching one worn by Kathryn Crawford is made of a dull prystaline straw. Two ostrich pompons point toward the eyeline
“Tomorrow and Tomorrow!” will be disappointed in him in this slow-moving, over-talkative “Enoch Arden” story. He should have another chance. Wife Edna is winsome and pretty and that’s about all.

THE U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME—Sono Art-World Wide

For those who love football this is one of the greatest spectacles of the year. The combat that has been called “the greatest game in football history” is here shown play by play (many of the shots in slow motion) with all the suspense, action and excitement of the original. And when the Trojans defeat the fighting Irish in the last two minutes of play you’ll be lifted out of your seat. Every football fan must see this.

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox

A DULL farce, with a couple of faint snickers buried in the overdone slapstick, the tedious direction and the song and dance numbers. Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland, as three burlesque queens, two of whom try to play the society game, work their little fingers to the bone in a futile effort to drag something out of this that isn’t there.

NIGHT BEAT—Action Pictures

TRIING to cash in on the vanishing gangster picture vogue this “quickie” attempts to glorify the law, with amusing results. But the producers didn’t mean to be amusing which is why Patsy Ruth Miller and Jack Mulhall (Jack used to be a big star) have such a tough time making it even passable.

What Really Happened to Buddy Rogers

Mary Pickford signed Buddy to appear opposite her in “My Best Girl.” Together with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary shared the publicized spotlight of screen royalty. She signalized aloofness from the dark swirl of passions that spurt and foam from the springs of Hollywood emotions.

Buddy was among the chosen few invited to Pickford, a charming house in the hills of Beverly, Charles Farrell, one of his closest friends then, was also to be among the few, later, but now—

THE boy from Olathe, Kansas, rose to heroic social heights. But again his nemesis, ridicule, thrust him back into the male Polynanna class for, with a crash of publicity cymbals, Paramount blared their boy, Buddy, forth as “America’s Boy Friend.”

The reaction was anything but favorable. Buddy sought solace in his musical instruments.

He did more. He made a date with the vivid Latin screen personage who had called him “54-56.” He primed himself for the date. He gloomed over his titles: the no-boy, the apron string puppet, “America’s Boy Friend.”

Buddy was not quite himself that evening. His blood boiled and his heart thumped it through veins accustomed to it cool and tempered.

With a grind of brakes, Buddy drew up to the beautiful home of his date. He rang the doorbell. The Butler opened the door. Grimly, Buddy stalked to the drawing-room where she who had insulted his manhood by branding him “54-56” awaited in all her effete beauty. Lightning cracked his brown eyes, eyes usually so mild and gentle.

Before his hostess could say more than “Hello,” Buddy had reached to her feet, crushed her in his arms. The warm, fragrant, a mite of a trick, albeit on occasion she had been known to enforce an argument with an uppercut that would have done justice to Jack Dempsey in his prime.

“I’m ga-ga, am I?” shouted Buddy from his anguish, or words to that effect. “Well, sir, I’ll show you who’s ga-ga!”

He pressed most beautiful lips to the lips of his unsuspecting prisoner.

“I’ll show you,” he half-sobbed in defiance to all his tormentors, or still words to that effect.

“Here, here,” she interrupted, exercising the strength with which nature had blessed her. “You’re in a lave, my lad. Sit down and cool off.

Was it Buddy’s fault that experience and courage forsook him at this critical moment and left him a poor second to the firmness of her who keeps him, now, among her amusing souvenirs?

In the rationalizing light of a new day, the echo of the night before must have been just a bottle of white rock that didn’t faze when opened.

However, Buddy had been pursued before. A certain star, whose name would surprise you if you knew it, looked upon Buddy’s handsome-ness and fell hard. And Hollywood gaped when they learned her name. The gasp increased to a stifled shriek when it became known that a delivery car from a smart haberdashery had stopped in front of Buddy’s house and left a gift package containing twelve magnificent pairs of silk pajamas. Had he ever had silk pajamas before? Never, returned the echo.
But Buddy later found to his relief that all femininity in Hollywood is not necessarily aggressive. Not all girls were of the attacking sex.

There was Mary Brian. Buddy rushed Mary at a pace that augurs seriousness. Mary soothed the wounds of vanity. Mary responded sympathetically to his musical ambitions. Mary was girl and woman, and from her emanated a motherly sweetness that Buddy craved.

But he was not ready for matrimony. His pace slackened. His direction wavered and focused on June Collyer. He began to pay court to June. Mary and June appeared with him in a picture, “River of Romance.” It should have been a situation.

It wasn't, for Buddy. His eyes favored June, and Mary, her heart hurt her own, turned to others and where love had been anticipated, friendship alone remained.

And now, having achieved the eminence of a male, a man who made his own engagements, who lived his own life secure from the bolder ladies, Buddy permitted himself to expand and to voice his ideas of love and marriage. He liked Mary and June and Florence Hamburger, the Los Angeles society girl with whom he used to go and who is now married. He liked many girls, in and out of pictures, but he wouldn't marry until he met the right one. In her, he idealized the virtues of the Victorian and the Jazz Ages.

He may find her. He is not in Hollywood today.

Paramount refused his plea for dramatic roles. Even after “The Lawyer's Secret,” in which he became Charles and smoked his first cigarette, the studio refused him further dramatic roles.

So Buddy is in New York, the metropolis that has acclaimed him wildly before, acclaimed him for the very qualities Hollywood laughed at. The effort he has put into a musical future is being realized in a salary approximating ten thousand dollars a week derived from the stage, the radio, and his own band.

Three thousand miles away, Hollywood considers Buddy Rogers in a more reflective light as radios are tuned to his program. They remember yesterday and the boy who came out of Olathe, Kansas, to be Peter Paw and their no-boy.

They read of him today, the boy who must still call the police reserves in New York to protect him from the frenzy of admirers; who is successful, wealthy, sought after.

He is twenty-eight, and the demands of crowding days and evenings of work and play have mellowed his youth, his naiveté, his frankness.

Charles Buddy Rogers, secure in a new field of popular favorism and a tremendous and assured income, is tooting his saxophone at Hollywood, notes that resemble razzberries.

March Birthdays

March 1—John Loder
March 2—Edna Best, Jean Harlow, Edmund Lowe
March 4—Dorothy Mackaill
March 11—Lois Moran
March 16—Junior Coghlan, Conrad Nagel
March 18—Betty Compson, Rosita Moreno, Edward Everett Horton
March 22—Bernice Claire
March 23—Joan Crawford
March 24—Jameson Thomas
March 25—El Brendel
March 27—Gloria Swanson
March 29—Warner Baxter, Wheeler (of Our Gang)
March 30—Anna Q. Nilsson
March 31—Eddie Quillan, Victor Varconi

Many women who first learned of Norforms from their physicians, told their friends of this dainty, safe form of feminine hygiene. Now it is the accepted modern method.

There is no need for complicated apparatus. Norforms are small, convenient suppositories, all ready for use. No mixing, no dissolving ... odorless and deodorizing.

Norforms are not untried newcomers! Made by the Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of Unguentine and Amolin, Norforms have over 15 years of medical use behind them.

Unlike the momentary douche, Norforms remain in prolonged contact, applying a protective, antiseptic film to the delicate membranes and tissues.

Norforms come 12 in a package. Order them from your druggist, or if you wish to know more about Norforms, fill in and mail the coupon below.
Lost Her Boy
Friends Because of

is undone and is beautifully curled. Then she reaches for her strong white brush and with firm determined stroke brushes out every single vestige of curl.

She has the satisfaction of knowing she did curl her hair, anywhere.

Her eyes are small, expressive and very blue. Her teeth are strong and very white. Her hair plain brown. But a glistening, well-brushed brown.

SHE plays the piano rather well. Her hands are long and slender, but surprisingly strong.

In one scene in “Private Lives” she was to smash Robert Montgomery’s face right smartly with her left hand. Not able to control the swing of her left arm, she let out a blow that smashed an amazed and thoroughly stunned Mr. Montgomery directly through a screen. Where he lay gasping like a fish while Norma looked on in horror. They shot the scene exactly as it happened. And caused a riot with the fans. Who little dreamed how it really happened.

Her one ambition as a child was to be a famous and spectacular athlete. The kind that swims channels and crawls up buildings. Human fly fashion. Her heart was set on the human fly business. She plays a good game of tennis, swims well and is an excellent skier. Landing, nine times out of ten, on her skis. To her own delight and surprise.

She drinks a glass of hot water with lemon juice in it every morning after her setting up exercises. But she doesn’t believe in sun baths. Thinks women should keep fair to be lovely.

She’s tried and tried, but simply cannot bring herself to get under a cold shower. But will plunge into the coldest pool without a qualm.

Her feet are always cold. Winter or summer, her feet are cold. Even in a heat wave. Especially during heat waves, as a matter of fact.

Norma Shearer goes about the studio quietly and even submissively. Asking no favors. She actually goes to extremes to show that because she is the wife of an executive she expects no favors.

THE entire studio adores her. And she never suspects how much. And would weep with gratitude if she knew.

But they have to threaten all sorts of dire things before she’ll pose for photographs. But once let the urge seize her, nothing can stop her. She’ll go steadily for days. And pose for hours at a time. She’ll drag every garment she owns to the photographer and there she’ll sit. For days. Until actually the poor photographer weeps with fatigue. Then she won’t go again for a year.

She never knows any Hollywood gossip, but loves it. Known she’d make a perfect movie fan.

Recently, for the first time since she’s been working at M-G-M, she made a trip with friends to the different sets. She sh-h-h-h’d her guests half to death, stole meekly across sound stages and stood there, like a tourist from Kansas, thrilled to death.

She says herself she’s as patient as a cow. Doesn’t mind waiting dinner for her husband or other guests and can’t imagine why any hostess should be disturbed by her tardiness. Heaven knows it never bothers her when people are late.

If there is one kind of person she dotes on, it’s that willing person that joins in on an impromptu good time. A “come on, let’s go places” person. Who always goes at the drop of the hat.

She uses one scent. With toilet water to match. And won’t tell its name. Hates to write. And sends all her messages by wire. Has only the deepest disgust for telephones. And is constantly surrounded by phones that ring madly.

She loves stage actresses. And will go home from the theater and imitate them by the hour. Sweeping grandly before her mirror. Gesturing and acting. Until her husband swears she must have a fever.

FANS. Crowds of people outside theaters thrill her to death. She would, if permitted, linger among them for hours, signing autographs.

Once, coming out of a hotel in London, she found a crowd of people milling about to glimpse her. Pleased, and pulled up at the unexpected attention, she entered her car and drove to a theater. With a bit of pity for the Prince of Wales whom she pictured at that moment as being absolutely devoured with envy. At the theater she was amazed to find another crowd. Demanding autographs and plucking at her coat. “How ever did you know I was coming to this certain theater?” Norma asked one. “Oh, we didn’t,” he replied, “you’re just an accident. We’re waiting for the star.”

And did Irving Thalberg shout! But Norma has a grand time laughing at herself.

For some reason she never has a cent of her money.

And keeps dashing in and out of shops to borrow from her chauffeur. Who keeps plenty handy for that very purpose.

She’s a great actress in real life and puts on a grand show. Of a charming, worldly-wise woman.

As a matter of fact, she’s pretty well frightened three-fourths of the time. And, terribly unsure of herself.

And, oh yes. I must make a list. I must write on that list to speak to Norma about the things with both feet up on that screen door of her dressing-room while she talks.

Some day that screen will break and Norma will go gushing over that rickety bannister. And if ever that should happen, a million hearts all over the world would break.

For Norma Shearer.

“Alas,” thought I, and so did others, “the same old Miriam. If she has anything to give to pictures, I’m Eddie Cantor’s five daughters!”

Just another job of work by just another ingenue—except that she was a little more colorless and more plain than some. And when other inconspicuous Hopkins talks came along, I conveniently forgot and went to a newspaper.

Then I went to “The Smiling Lieutenant,” to see Chevalier grin—but what I did see was
what was billed as Miriam Hopkins! What a woman as the little princess! What charm, what grace, what vivacity; what co-la-la and yum-yum! My hat! Your hat! Queen Mary’s hat!

Somehow, sometime, snickering Fate had dealt her a mess of glamour! In some inscrutable fashion she was no longer a scrawny and colorless girl, but a woman full of danger and allurement! As the dance-hall girl in “24 Hours,” she repeated the dose, doubled and redoubled—what a luscious picture she made in that.

AND now, in Freddy March’s newest essay, “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” our lil’ Miriam really comes of age. As one watches her brilliant performance in Fearless Fred’s support, the feeling comes that here is a real somebody, a power and a personality in the making of talking shadows!

Out there in the Hollywood jungles there roams, practically unchecked, a vivacious and an exceptional actress. It’s “Lil’ Gawgia” Hopkins, the girl from Savannah, and it’s safe to predict—Whooa! What a rotten predictor I turned out to be!

I watched that girl, on stage and screen, for a matter of nine years, and I could see no more future for her than awaits an old studio gate man who snoozes the sunny hours away. And now what she’s done to me!

Yep—I’ll take a chance. I’ll say that 1932, if it gives her a good shake in the matter of roles and directors, will make Miriam Hopkins one of the outstanding screen figures of the day.

AND here it is in writing!

Well, it just goes to show that, well, it just goes to show.

By one of the blinding, blistering miracles that life delights in committing, now and then, a blank cartridge among ingénues has been changed into a sieve-gun shell destined to blast a big niche for her in the fortresses of filmland.

Anything can happen now—you and I had better run for President on a Know-Nothing Ticket!

What did it? Good old Glamour, whatever that is! You tell me.

Gosh and gee whilkin’s, kids, if they only sold that stuff in drug stores!

THE family’s “Colds-Tax” can be reduced. It is being reduced this winter—in every community in the country—with the Vick Plan for better “Control-of-Colds.” Developed by the makers of Vicks VapoRub, the Plan is made possible with Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Based on a new idea for preventing colds, this new Vick formula is companion to VapoRub, the modern method of treating colds. Each aids and supplements the other in the Vick Plan, which follows:

1. BEFORE a cold STARTS...

At that first sneezy, scratchy irritation of the nose or upper throat—Nature’s warning that you are “catching cold”—use Vicks Drops promptly as directed. If you catch cold easily, use a few Vicks Drops up each nostril after exposure to any particular condition that you know is apt to give you a cold—for instance, a night on a Pullman—a dusty automobile ride—sudden changes, wet or cold—after over-smoking—dry, over-heated rooms—indoor crowds—etc., etc.—and you feel the slightest stuffiness of the nasal passages.

2. AFTER a cold STARTS...

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub, Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave the bed-clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long. During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Drops as needed for ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vicks Cough Drops—actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.) This gives you full 24-hour treatment and without the risks of too much internal “dosing.”

TRIAL OFFER BY ALL DRUGGISTS

You have Vicks VapoRub—now get Vicks Nose Drops and use together as directed in the Vick Plan for better “Control-of-Colds”—to reduce their number and severity. Unless you are delighted with results, your druggist is authorized to refund your money.
What Do You Want To Know About The Pictures?

Is it a good picture?
Is the kind of picture I would like?
Which one shall we see tonight?
Shall we take the children?

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

PHOTOPLAY gives you:
Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.
Striking editorials that cut, without fear or favor, into the very heart of the motion picture industry.
Articles about every phase of the screen by outstanding authorities who have made pictures their life business.

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PHOTOPLAY is nationally famous. Here are reviews of all the new pictures, with the casts of all the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a PHOTOPLAY reader.

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6000 revolutions per minute

An Electric Motor for Only 10 Cents. It sounds almost unbelievable but it is definitely true. For only 10 cents we send all the parts necessary, packed in a neat box, together with full printed directions for assembling. No trouble at all putting the parts together. In fact it is fun. Just follow a few simple instructions and motor is ready to run in a few minutes. And OH, BOY! Isn’t it speedy! All it needs is to run on No. 6 or similar dry battery. As to the fun you’ll get out of it, you won’t have it an hour before you have running and performing many novel and interesting experiments—it has more power than you’d think. Besides, assembling the parts is an education in itself for any boy.

Big 770-page Novelty Catalog Included Free
With every order we include our big 770 catalog of novelties, puzzles, tricks, jokes and other articles that every boy just can’t have. Only 6c each of its kind in existence. Send 10c in cash or stamps—west of the Rockies and foreign countries 15c— and you will receive this huge 770-page VALUE PACKAGE by return mail. Nothing more to pay—nothing more to buy.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 507, Racine, Wis.

What The Audience Thinks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Gable Tribute

Clark Gable has charmed me out of twenty years of despondency. During that time I have waged a desperate battle with a suicide complex. In all that time the movies have been my greatest solace. For the time being I would forget that constant planning to end it all. However, it was not until I saw Clark Gable in the second time, that I didn’t want to die. Life was beautiful and worth while. What does anything matter when I can look forward to seeing Clark on the screen? Isn’t it the most ridiculously amusing thing? At the same time, isn’t it perfectly wonderful? Can you explain it? I can’t. I don’t try very hard. I just accept it and am thankful.

Edith F. South Gate, Calif.

PRO AND CON JOAN

Why does Joan Crawford try to imitate Garbo? She must sit up nights studying the Viking Venus. My idea is that Garbo-ites will not have cardboard—so Joan, stop wearing gray slouch hats and above all don’t try to imitate Garbo’s eyes.

Florence Bolder, East Hartford, Conn.

Why doesn’t Joan Crawford get the praise that’s due her? She could have taken any one of Norma Shearer’s last three pictures and done them as well, if not better than Shearer, without the affected giggle.

Betsy Baer, Chicago, Ill.

Jack or Clark

Just a short while ago John Gilbert’s name was on every lip. We girls raced on and on about him. And now, what has happened? Instead of Gilbert it’s Clark Gable. And Gilbert has almost faded out of the picture. I don’t think it fair. Gilbert is as good an actor as ever and just as handsome. I, for one, shall remain an ardent Gilbert fan regardless of all the Gables or what have you.

Mrs. B. Dennis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Gable Fan

When I saw Clark Gable as an extra in a picture about two years ago I recognized his ability, and, what’s more, I wrote him and wished him all the luck in the world. It was the only fan letter I have ever written and contained no request for anything. But just the same I received an autographed photograph by return mail. I am sure I shall be a Gable admirer long after feminine booms have ceased to heave whenever he comes into view.


World Thoughts

Why isn’t there ever a line about Victor Varconi? I hope there will be more publicity soon for that divine actor.

Lory Aoliner, Vienna, Austria

I adore Norma Shearer for her acting (although I do dislike her roles), and for her clear pronunciation, but it is Warner Baxter who has made me sit back and relax when he talks, for I understand practically. Ramon Novarro is still the supreme idol of most of us down here, for his extreme boyishness, romantic appeal, and now his splendid voice. He is the best understood of all the stars, for he speaks exactly as most of our friends, cousins and brothers do.

Trendal Ramirez De Arellano, Manila, P. I.
In the “Brickbats & Bouquets” department we like to compare our opinion with that of your American readers, who see the pictures so much earlier than we do. Lucky people! John Scheeffs, Antwerp, Belgium.

In Malay, it is really out of the question to see stage plays like “The Last of Mrs. Cheyne,” “Journey’s End,” etc. But now, thanks to the talkies, not only can we enjoy them, but we can afford to see them several times over. Novels are very expensive here and so naturally one cannot afford to buy all the books written by favorite authors. Again we must thank the talkies for having translated such books as “All Quiet on the Western Front,” “The Divorcee,” “Trader Horn,” etc. Goh Cheng Eng, Penang, S. S.

Many of the college stories are not life-like. “Confessions of a Co-Ed” caused me serious trouble. My mother and I live in a country place and do not often go to the movies, but we saw this one. My mother was saving up for me to go to college, but when she saw this picture she said I could not go after all. It took my uncle and me a long time to convince her that it was only a story.

May Redo, Mexico, D. F.

Seven theaters in Paris show English talking films. My friends and I appreciate them greatly. The directing is skillful and the casts always splendid, but why are the majority of stories so poor? My American friends agree with me. Why don’t companies that are willing to pay third-rate actresses like Constance Bennett $30,000 a week spend more money on stories?

Hélène Luné, Paris, France

This is an appeal for Frank Fay pictures. All his films have proved amusing and interesting, only unsatisfactory because there are not enough of them.

A. Harris, Montreal, Canada

John Gilbert and Clara Bow are not through. Clara has had a lot of tough luck and we all admire her for her courage in trying to come back. She has a good voice and has nothing to fear from the microphone.

Fans still like John Gilbert. He made a bad picture in “His Glorious Night,” and people said he was finished, but that was disproved in “The Phantom of Paris.” I saw that picture several times and would like to know what star could have given as splendid and as dramatic a performance as Gilbert. His voice was natural and better than many voices of male stars I have heard.

Hilda Graham, Vancouver, Canada

I am told that Mary Pickford once acted splendidly as Judy Abbott in “Daddy Long Legs,” but I know nothing about it. I only know that “Daddy Long Legs” is produced again splendidly by Janet Gaynor and Alfred Santell, the director. Many of the scenes make my heart move.

Hiroshi Nagae, Tokyo, Japan

LESS TALK, MORE LOVE

Something drastic will have to be done about the love scenes in the talkies. As it is now, our favorite stars are pathetically funny, saying the silly lines they have to repeat over and over again. Why not limit the lines to a few expressive words?

Ruth Douglas, Council Bluffs, Iowa

ART WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Many of the letters state that we should not patronize foreign stars, but should give the Americans a chance and incidentally keep the money among Americans. It seems to me the American actors and actresses have the best chance from the beginning, with no acccents to conquer, and if they fail to “come across” whose fault is it?

Are we to lose the artistry of a Garbo, Arliss or Dietrich because they were born in Europe? I fail to see the connection between nationality and artistry. When George Arliss gives us one of his inimitable performances and speaks English as it should be spoken no one grudges him the money he makes. We are the better for having seen and heard him.

Rose Tapeock, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHEER UP, LIL

“How the Woman From Monte Carlo,” in which Lil Dagover makes her movie debut, will suit the kind of audience that likes real drama of the inevitable, as in Greek tragedy. Those who prefer for their suspense the unexpectedness of cheap melodrama, will not be so pleased. Miss Dagover is an entirely different type of heroine, making one think of Gloria Swanson at times, of Greta Garbo often. She will give them all a race for laurels, providing her producers give her real plays. Like Ruth Chatterton, she is a real actress.

Emero Stacy, Portland, Ore.

THAT BLOND GENE

“Ladies of the Big House” was wonderful. Sylvia Sidney gives a fine performance. But you should see her leading man, Gene Raymond, tall, handsome, blond and with a charming smile. He is a relief from Clark Gable.

Miss Vallory, Newark, N. J.

Gene Raymond is a different blond hero. Personally, I never liked blond men before...
Photoplay's Wonderful New Beauty Service!

It will be the most complete and helpful beauty department ever given by any magazine to its readers, and will be called, appropriately enough,

"The Hollywood Beauty Shop"

There you will find all the latest beauty tricks and fads of all the Screen Beauties. There you will find, prepared for you with startling pictorial clearness, the fundamental requirements of make-up and hairdressing, and care of the skin.

Carolyn Van Wyck is now in Hollywood searching out the beauty secrets of the stars for you.

Watch for it in the April issue of

PHOTOPLAY

either on the screen or off. But now I'm all for Gene Raymond.

ANN LABUCKAS, Chicago, Ill.

AN ENGLISH COMPLAINT

How much longer will it be before British pictures are given a fair showing in the United States? Certainly some of our films are very poor but there are a lot of darn good ones which deserve universal success. Our players get no publicity in the American press and are consequently unknown to the American public, yet seventy-five per cent of the film news in the English press concerns American picture players.

LESLIE J. CROCKER, Middlesex, England

YOU DON'T KNOW MAG?

I arrived at our neighborhood theater to discover that almost every seat was taken and I saw that the majority of those present were children. When Graham McNamee's face appeared on the newscast screen the applause completely drowned his greeting. A little girl sitting two seats from me asked, "Who's that?" The one next to me said, "Why, that's Graham McNamee!"

Mere words can't convey her apparent shock at the colossal ignorance of the one who did not know Graham McNamee.

MARY W. WALLACE, Atlanta, Ga.

JOAN'S GOOD EXAMPLE

A little ten-year-old girl I know had taken piano lessons for about a month and was getting bored with them. She and I went to see Joan Crawford in "Possessed." She heard Joan play and sing and right then and there her former interest in the piano lessons was revived. So far, Joan's influence is still going strong, for the little ten-year-old practices diligently so she can "play like Joan did." Perhaps Miss Crawford did not do the playing but what does that matter if she was just pretending. She did a lot of good.

DOROTHY REED, Scranton, Penna.

QUEEN MARIE

Be it rain or shine it's standing room only when Marie Dressler's name is blazing from the electric signs, for some actresses are good in some pictures and not so good in others. But Marie is good in everything.

MYRTLE KAUFMAN, New York City

PERSONAL OPINIONS

My opinion of Hollywood's gossip hounds is that they are jealous of Jean Harlow's loveliness and her personality. They realize they are not so pretty as Jean.

DORIS SMITH, Davis, Ill.

Gloria Swanson is the greatest actress of them all. "Tonight or Never" was great. New stars may come and go but Gloria goes on forever.

HARRY R. BRAKE, South Milwaukee, Wis.

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interesting, easy-to-read manner, with nothing missing.

DOROTHY DOREY, Philadelphia, Penna.

Robert Montgomery does a certain type of sophisticated comedy that is splendid and he has a charming style all his own.

BETTY BARNSDALE, Cannes, France.

Let us have more pictures with Helen Hayes, whom I consider the greatest actress ever to grace the talking screen.

JOHN WELLS, Los Angeles, Calif.

I find so much greater pleasure in reading a book after having seen the picture made from it.

The characters are infinitely more real to me.

MARIAN PETRIE, Seattle, Wash.

Ramon Novarro does not have to wear a uniform before he can act. What about "Ben Hur"?

What other star would put that nasty make-up all over his entire body, to make it look scaly? Also remember "The Pagan" and "Where the Pavement Ends."

MARIE J. WAGNER, Denver, Colo.

Don’t pluck your eyebrows, Clark Gable. Only sissies do that. You should remain the he-man you are.

D. RIDINGS, Dayton, Ohio.

If Hollywood is overflowing with beauty and talent, why in the name of Garbo can’t they find some of it to put in a few of those terrible short subjects?

JIM BOOTHIE, Sweetwater, Texas.

Joan Blondell is not only the cutest and peppiest blonde in Hollywood but she has a pleasant voice as well and I could sit for hours just looking at her.

JOAN GRAHAM, Oakland, Calif.

People have to blame something for making their children bad so they are picking on the movies.

CLARENCE LONTO, Shakopee, Minn.

They can talk about glamour but personally I prefer sweetness and simplicity.

BETTY DRUMMOND, Orono, Me.

Directors are as important as the stars. No matter how talented are the actors, no matter how good or novel is the story, it is the director who is responsible for the success or failure of the finished film.

MARY LANE, Wellington, New Zealand.

TOM MIX

For miles I drive my rattling Ford among dense fields of sugar cane, and suddenly emerge into a village whose inhabitants are "gooks"—a mixture of Oriental races. However, enough of the population is Japanese that theirs is the common language and theirs is the movie theater where I see brilliant banners in red and blue floating from long poles to announce the show.

Yes, they are talkies. Usually the picture is a Japanese one with real Japanese actors, but sometimes I see Tom Mix. Then I am especially early at the show.

You who enter thoughtlessly, those luxurious picture houses in the States to see the latest films, stop sometimes to think how much happiness can be gleaned in a little rough board theater half hidden among the sugar cane of Oahu.

MRS H. E. TOMLINSON, Waialua, Oahu, Territory of Hawaii.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

I am sorry to learn that Leslie Howard doesn’t care for Hollywood. I think he is a fine actor and would like to see him in more movies.

MRS. W. E. WELLS, New York City.

If Sylvia Sidney were starred in more pictures, Greta Garbo would be forgotten entirely.

Miss Sidney is one actress of whom the fans will never tire.

SYLVIA GRIDLEY, Syracuse, N. Y.

I spend lots of money on shows. Every time Elissa Landi is playing, I drag my family to see her. I would rather see her than Clara Bow.

MELBA SAVESWHITE, Marshall, Mo.

To my way of thinking Mae Clarke in "Waterloo Bridge" does more real acting than Constance Bennett has achieved in her entire "talkie" career.

RUTH ELY, St. Paul, Minn.

Why give all the praise to Clark Gable? What about Robert Montgomery? He has more wit, personal appearance and technique than Gable ever thought of having. Bob Montgomery has been my favorite ever since I saw him in "Shipmates."

EVELYN KIEFER, Rochester, N. Y.

Not only do I think Eric Von Stroheim a consummate actor and a unique director—a genius—but I think he is the most fascinating man I’ve ever seen. One glance is sufficient to show that his is a background of breeding and culture.

Compared with Mr. Von Stroheim, these popular matinee idols seem tame.

MILDRED H. HUDSON, Washington, D. C.

Never before have we had a screen star like Joan Blondell. She has good looks, personality and she is a great actress and a trooper.

M. REISBECK, Denver, Colo.

“CLEAN those Lips...or we

DON’T GO!”

JUST think—Jack breaking out like that and the Briggs waiting right there! I nearly died of shame... but when I looked in the glass—my lips did look painted.

That painted look is one thing men simply cannot stand! You don’t notice it—but others do. Colors you have grown used to look cheap and tawdry to your friends.

End painted lips! Forget your present lipstick. When you make up, Tangee your lips.

Tangee can’t make you look painted. It isn’t paint. It’s a new discovery that changes on your lips to the color that looks best on you!

Tangee is permanent. Its cold cream base sinks into the pores. It won’t cake or chap.

Get Tangee at your druggist or cosmetic counter. Use it next time you make up!

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Cheeks Mustn’t Look Painted, Either

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you.

Tangee Rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted. And it makes the color on your cheeks match the color on your lips.

When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

TANGEE ROUGE

MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET FOR 10c

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send me miracle make-up set to:

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NEW KIND OF SOFT BEAUTY

Scientists say that the skin contains about 28 miles of pores and ducts. That explains how Dr. Charles Flesh Food is bringing a new kind of soft-skin beauty to so many women. Almost as soon as applied, this remarkable cream is absorbed by the pores; thus it gets to the entire skin—the lower tissues as well as the upper—lubricating them and giving them a pliant softness which is different from anything else. As a night cream it imparts a translucent beauty and tones down wrinkles. On chapped hands or other rough surfaces it works seeming miracles. Every woman should take advantage of it. 50c and $1 the jar.

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The Meaning of Beauty

THE woman men call beautiful is the woman who radiates health and vitality. Such women are popular with both sexes. The desire to be healthy shows itself as a dominating factor in every woman’s life.

Dr. R. Pierce’s Favorite Prescription has helped countless women. It builds up the system, causes irregularities to diminish, and the regular use of this tonic has helped do away with monthly pains and those black circles under the eyes. Make your body healthy! Inward beauty is the most important of all.

For free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce’s Clinic (Dept. “P”), Buffalo, N. Y.

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Moles

HOW TO REMOVE THEM

A simple, home treatment—30 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M.D., 1469 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

THE department has often wept over the passing of the one-time great and glamorous stars. We printed this picture of Marie Dressler and the caption under it read: “Marie Dressler is now a star in her own comedy company, valued at two million.”

Here’s something else that doesn’t change. In our editorial we got as excited as a politician on election day over the ubiquitousness of the movie butler. Said we: “Pictures have passed the bow stage and yet the screen’s Butler persists. The bachelor is not allowed to hang his own pants in his own closet and the business man cannot put away or get his coat or hat when he exits or enters.” The film butlers and gentleman’s butlers are in houses now, but they’re still their obsequious selves.

But there are heart thobs in this issue, too. The beautiful girl in riding habit is Seena Owen whom we called the loveliest siren of the screen. Professionally, Seena is almost forgotten, but she hasn’t forgotten her friends. During the long months when Lila Lee was regaining her beauty in a Kansas hospital recently, Seena was one of the few faithful ones who made the trip to see her time and again.

The girl on the cover was Mary MacLaren, who may come back to fame in a recent picture. Besides that, the cover included Marguerite Clayton, Antonio Moreno, Edna Hunter, William Courtleigh, Jr., Jackie Saunders, Wilfred Lucas, Lois Weber and Mary Pickford members.

Pictures reviewed were: Geraldine Farrar in “Joan, the Woman,” Douglas Fairbanks in “The Americano,” Marguerite Clark in “Snow White,” Lenore Ulric in “The Road to Love” and Ethel Barrymore in “The Awakening of Helena Ritchie.”

Cal York items: Mae Murray has become the bride of Jay O’Brien. (She was later married to Robert (Director) Leonard and is now married to Prince David Mividni, brother of Pola’s ex.)

10 Years Ago

YOU thought gangster pictures were something new, didn’t you? No, there’s nothing novel under the cinema sun, for ten years ago we ran an article called “Underworld Life in the Films” and it told the now-in-need-of-eyeliner story of crook pictures.

There were vice rings and “moll buzzers,” but we didn’t take them so seriously as we do now. Indeedly, the whole piece was written for Photoplay by Willard Huntington Wright, whom you know as S. S. Van Dine, the creator of Philo Vance, who then was a steady contributor to the magazine.

Under a picture of Rudolph Valentino we wrote “Even in these days of dismal depression in motion picture production (times were bad then, too) his services are being eagerly sought.” On the opposite page he gave his views about women and one of them read, “I would not care to kiss a girl whose lips were mine at our second or third meeting.” And that was Rudy! On the screen, the cave-man (they were cave-men then) Rudy had, in reality, the heart of a simple Italian boy.

There were two pages of horrid pictures, one showing Lon Chaney achieving some of his weird make-up effects, and the other of Theodore Roberts, getting emotional with his trusty cigar. Three brilliant performers—Rudy, Lon and Daddy Roberts! All gone! Olga Petrova was the cover girl and pictures of Rex Ingram with Alice Terry (whom he had just married), Helen Ferguson, Thomas Meighan, Alice Gough, Wallace Reid and his son Billy, Charlie Chaplin, and Carol Dempster graced the gallery.

The best pictures were “Orphans of the Storm,” “Miss LuluBett,” “RoomingRag,” “Three Live Ghosts” and “Red Hot Romance.”

Cal York items: Bill Hart and Winifred Westover are on their Honeymoon... Marilyn Miller issued an indignant denial that she was to marry Jack Pickford... Mabel Normand’s health is bad again and the brilliant little comedienne has not been able to start her scheduled picture for Mack Sennett.

5 Years Ago

STARING out from among the pages of five years ago is a picture of Lois Wilson with bobbed hair, and the story which accompanied it is plentiful with words of defiance hurled by Lois. She says she is sick of being sweet on the screen. She swears she is interesting and has personality and will prove it. Poor Lois! A great story will some day be written about her. She’s the girl who was born to be a satellite, invariably revolving in the orbit of a great star—one it was Gloria Swanson, now it is Kath Chatterton. But they say she blossoms forth in a new role in the forthcoming Chi Sale picture “Slie of Life.”

You’d never believe that those two pictures, on opposite pages, are of Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. Is it possible that five years can make such a difference? Norma is a smiling young woman with demure curls and bangs, while Joan is burly and untidy. Not a trace of the glamour which is later to surround them can be seen in either. If you covered up their names under the pictures, I defy you to recognize them. Norma was, at the time, a star; Joan just a small part player.

Promises were made but to be broken! We recounted the story of the discovery of Jimmie Murray by King Vidor and we quoted Jimmie as saying, “I’m going to keep my mouth shut, do what Mr. Vidor tells me and make good or bust. I won’t have any alibis if I don’t make good.” All right, Jimmie, you’ve got no alibis. You had the biggest chance of any young teller in Paramount, but you’re now for a mess of pottage. And you didn’t do what Mr. Vidor told you, lad.

Andy Marchal (who started out big and flopped) was on the cover this month and gallery pictures were those of Gloria Swanson, Billy Itaines, Clara Bow, Natalie Barrache, Anna Q. Nilsson and Charles Ray. Here were the six best films of the month, “The Kid Brother,” “The Fire Brigade,” “Tell It to the Marines,” “The General,” “Blonde,” or Brunette,” and “The Music Master.”
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

★ SECRETS OF A SECRETARY—Paramount.

The actors make this worth the price. Claudette Colbert is fine and that Herbert Marshall, from the stage, is one of those men you don’t forget. (Sept.)

SECRET WITNESS, THE—Columbia.—Zasu Pitts as a battered telephone operator adds her usual dash to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (Feb.)

SECRET SERVICE—Radio Pictures.—Adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (Dec.)

SHANGHAIED LOVE—Columbia.—Mutiny and gory evictions at tea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (Feb.)

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

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?—Regal Prods.—Dreary talk about dreary ethics. Who cares? (Nov.)

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

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK—M-G-M.—A laugh a moment and just the right number of moments with “dead pan” Buster Keaton, Cliff Edwards and Anita Page. (Oct.)

Marguerite Churchill
Star of
“Charlie Chan Carries On!”, “Quick Millions”, “ambassador Ball”
demands
Bon Ton
Foundation Garments

Miss Churchill says—
“Correct Foundations are the most important feature of a Wardrobe. I find Bon Ton Foundations far more satisfactory than any other.”

Miss Churchill’s measurements are:
Height 5’ 6”; Weight 119; Bust 34; Waist 26; Hips 36.

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Dept. 3-P, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

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Instantly put on or removed, Nesto Lashes are readily cleansed and can be used repeatedly. Made in four shades—Blonde, Brown, Dark Brown and Black. Price $1.00 per pair at your beauty shop—or if not available there, mail in your check or money order with the coupon below. A happy revelation awaits you with your first pair of Nesto Lashes.

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You may send ___________________ pairs of Nesto Lashes ___________ color, at
$1 a pair, postage prepaid, for which I am enclosing check or money order.

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 Aside from being a very charming pose of Claudette Colbert, this picture has fashion distinction. A black woolen frock has the unusual trimming of white angora on sleeves and collar. Note the epaulet effect which gives the broader shoulder line that Seymour has been telling you about. And what a pert feather on Claudette’s black felt turban!
SILENCE — Paramount. Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (Oct.)

SIN OF MADELEINE CAUDET, THE — M-G-M. One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen Hayes having pulled at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (Dec.)


SKYLINE — Fox. Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamps. Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

SMART WOMAN — Radio Pictures. What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (Nov.)

SOB SISTER — Fox. You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand, too. (Nov.)

SOOKY — Paramount. Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equalling its success, young and old will like it. The game's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Cogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (Feb.)

SPECKLED BAND, THE — First Division. Charles Holmes is at it again, finding sinister East Indian diabetes methods used in an English country house. (Jan.)

SPIDER, THE — Fox. Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theme. Eddie G. Albert is grand and suspense is geared on high. (Nov.)

SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE — Universal. Knute Rockne lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (Dec.)

SPORTING BLOOD — M-G-M. The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable is entranced. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE — Peerless Prod. The famous young jockeys throw the race, but is re- tressed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (Jan.)

STARRY WATCH, THE — First National. At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chie Satze and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

STREET SCENE — United Artists. Thirty-four excellent actors and super-direction by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the year. A vivid cross-section of life you will never forget. (Oct.)

STRICingly DISHONORABLE — Universal. You'll love this story of a grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi, Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (Dec.)

STURGGL, THE — United Artists. Old Massa. D.W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (Feb.)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A (Ein Burschenlied Aus Heidelberg) — UFA. Rod La Rocque, Greta Nissen and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Nov.)

SUICIDE FLEET — RKO-Pathé. The war on a wit and wirering basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (Jan.)

SUNDOWN TRAIL — RKO-Pathé. Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

SURRENDER — Fox. Warner Baxter and Lella Hyams just wish their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (Jan.)

SUAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE — M-G-M. Romance and excitement, a good picture. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

TAXI — Warners. The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (Jan.)

TERROR BY NIGHT — Famous Attractions. Bet you can't guess before the last reel who did the murdering. A good mystery with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (Dec.)

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL — UFA. A dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialogue. (Dec.)

TODAY Modern AGE — M-G-M. Joan Crawford lovely and drooping box-office appeal in a ridiculous story. (Nov.)

TIP OFF, THE — RKO-Pathé. Fresh guy Eddie Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a glibly comic is the result. (Jan.)

TONIGHT OR NEVER — United Artists. A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and burns with snappy love scenes. And there's a new sex appeal lad named Melvyn Douglas. For the sophisticated. (Jan.)

TOUCHDOWN — Paramount. A football picture that's different—with inside stuff on crossing methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. (Jan.)

TRANSATLANTIC — Fox. Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodrama plot, make this one of those bit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (Sept.)

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS — Paramount. It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clark Bow are grand. (Nov.)

UNDER EIGHTEEN — Warners. A neat little picture, Marian Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (Feb.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE — Universal. Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Howard Hawks Four-year-olds Flora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (Feb.)

UNION GARDEN, THE — United Artists. Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Sahara castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to save the impossible story. (Oct.)

UNION DEPOT — First National. Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks Jr. turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (Feb.)

WATERLOO BRIDGE — Universal. It's the most. You could drive a truck through it. but it's well made, and it has most screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

WAY BACK HOME — Radio Pictures. If you follow Seth Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy seeing as well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (Dec.)

WEST OF BROADWAY — M-G-M. John Gilbert's voice is low—so is the entertainment value of the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six months to live. (Oct.)

WHITE DEVIL, THE — UFA. Russians in big fights are always serious things again. You need not bother. (Nov.)

WICKED — Fox. Elisaa Landi and Victor McLaglen are good in a too heavy drama about a bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (Oct.)

WILD HORSE — Allied. Hot-Gibson captures a man, a bandit, a murderer and his audience's approval, in all one handsome gesture. (Sept.)

WOMAN COMMANDS, A — RKO-Pathé. Pola Negri stuff is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (Feb.)

WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE — First National. An old story to American audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (Feb.)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER — Tiffany-Cruze. Your old friend Clara Bow in a very different role. It's a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (Sept.)

WOMEN MARRY — Headline Prod. Don't take this picture too seriously and you may not find it dull. Glenn Ford is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

WORKING GIRLS — Paramount. Two beautiful country blanders learn about life in the city. But not even Paul Lukas and Greta Nissen can make the story and dialogue seem real. (Jan.)

X MARKS THE SPOT — Tiffany Prod. Another gangster-news story inspired by the Lingle case. Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax. (Jan.)

YELLOW TICKET, THE — Fox. Russia before the revolution. The heroine fights for her honor. Old stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. (Jan.)
A new film to tickle the fancy of sports lovers, Ice hockey fans will be thrilled by "He-Man Hockey," a short reviewed below. Here you see Joe Jerwa, Alex Cook and F. Jerwa, of the Boston Bruins, who cut plenty of capers long ago? He's the leading character in this short about a suspicious husband who returns home unexpectedly. It's mild screen fare, but Brian is good.

DREAM HOUSE
Educational-Scnnett
This is another one of the comedies featuring the famous radio crooner, Bing Crosby. Bing seems more at ease in this quite amusing skit than in previous ones. You'll like his songs.

CLOSE HARMONY
Paramount
The Boswell sisters, whom you've been hearing on the radio for quite a spell, show their faces to the camera. They are nice faces, too. The idea of this amusing sketch is that the girls sing in the barnyard and inspire the chickens and the cows to better efforts.

FOR THE LOVE OF FANNY
Educational-Vanity Comedies
The usual college rah rah plot is made unusually funny by the appearance of Glenn Tryon in a daisy striped bathing suit and silk hat. His best girl won't say yes until he belongs to a certain fraternity, so he endures much horseplay at the hands of his rival.

THE JAZZBO SINGER
Columbia
A grand burlesque on all the back stage stories ever filmed. Literally, it's monkey business, since the cast is played by monkey actors and some of the lines (spoken by real people) are very funny.

ROAD TO ROMANCE
Educational-Brown Nagel Prod.
Claude Flemming finds a romantic journey right here in America this time. He takes you on horseback through one of the magnificent Western canyons. The color photography is superb.

IN SPITE OF HARSH, HARD WATER
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- Richard Arlen
- George Bancroft
- Tallulah Bankhead
- George Barrie
- Clay Brook
- Eleanor Boardman
- William Boyd
- John Breck
- Claud B. Brown
- Lisette Carpenter
- M. C. Chevalier
- Simone Compiete
- Jack Coogan
- Robert Coogan
- Gary Cooper
- Frances Dee
- Marlene Dietrich
- Claire Dodd
- Tom Drake
- Junior Durkin
- Stuart Erwin
- Marjorie Gómez
- Tamara Geva
- Wynne Gibson
- Phillip Holmes

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios**

- Miriam Hopkins
- Fredric March
- Marx Brothers
- Lena Horne
- Carole Lombard
- Paul Lukas
- Jeanette MacDonald
- William Marx
- Mervyn Monroe
- Robert Montgomery
- Richard Morley

**Culver City, Calif.**

- Nihui Altin
- William Bakewell
- John Barrymore
- Lionel Barrymore
- Wallace Beery
- Charles Bickford
- Herbert Bixby
- John Mack Brown
- Jack Cooper
- Joan Crawford
- Kathryn Crawford
- Marion Davies
- Reginald Denny
- Marie Dressler
- Jimmy Durante
- Eddie Foy
- Eddie Foy Jr.

**Hal Roach Studios**

- Charlie Chase
- Mickey Daniels
- Dorothy Granger
- Oliver Hardy
- Mary Kornman
- Stan Laurel

**Universal City, Calif.**

**Universal Studios**

- Lew Ayres
- Tala Birell
- John Daly
- Lucile Browne
- John P. Clyde
- Bette Davis
- Sidney Fox

**Burbank, Calif.**

**Warner-Finest National Studios**

- George Arliss
- Richard Barthelmess
- John Blondell
- Lilian Bond
- Joe E. Brown
- Anthony Bushell
- Charles Butterworth
- James Cagney
- Ruth Chatterton
- Donald Cook
- Lil Dagover
- Bebe Daniels
- Douglas Fairbanks Jr.
- Kay Francis
- Ruth Hall
- Ralph Harrode

**Long Island City, New York**

**Paramount New York Studio**

- Nancy Carroll
- Claudette Colbert
- Charles Starrett

**Hollywood, Calif.**

- Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave., Virginia Beach, 1312 Grand St., L. A. Chamber, 607 Equitable Bldg., Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Philippe de Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

**Los Angeles, Calif.**

- Pat Maloney, 1832 Taft Ave., Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St., Ralf Rolando, 2222 Sunset Blvd., Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

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**Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.**

- Mary Astor
- Rosemary Ames
- Evelyn Brent
- Joseph Cawthorn
- Lila Cheverie
- Ricardo Cortez
- Philippe Cuppie
- Lily Damita
- John Darrow
- Dolores Del Rio
- Richard Dix
- Irene Dunne
- Jill Emmond
- Noel Francis
- Roberta Gale
- Morgan Galloway
- John Hallidas
- Hugh Herbert
- Levand Hudson
- Rochelle Hudson

**RKO-Pathe Studios, 780 Gower St.**

- Robert Armstrong
- Constance Bennett
- Bill Boyd
- James Cagney
- Ann Harding

**United Artists Studios, 1014 N. Formosa Ave.**

- Eddie Custer
- Charles Chaplin
- Ida Chairn
- Ronald Colman
- Melvyn Douglas
- Douglas Fairbanks Jr.
- Jean Harlow

**Columbia Studios, 1388 Gower St.**

- Bud Selland
- Richard Cromwell
- Susan Fleming
- Ralph Graven
- Jack Holt

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**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**

- Pat Maloney, 1832 Taft Ave., Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St., Ralf Rolando, 2222 Sunset Blvd., Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

digging in her garden, an old straw hat perched on top of her red-blonde hair, her arms bare to the shoulder, as many freckles will testify. Some days she must have forgotten the hat, for a little row of tiny freckles runs across her uptilted nose.

MAE was digging in her flower beds when she was called to the telephone.

“Oh, bother,” she said.

Jack Gardner’s voice came over the wire. Jack is the casting director for the Fox Studios.

“How would you like to make a picture?” he asked.

“Oh, I don’t know. What kind of part?” she asked. Her mind was still on planting her sweet peas; the snails that were eating up her chrysanthemums and what the baby should have for lunch because it was the nurse’s day out.

The next day she went to the Fox Studio to see about playing the gallant little mother in “Over the Hill.” She was the actress again. She was the thirty-first and last actress to make a test for the part. And how she played it!

“It is the first role that has appealed to me in the eight years of my retirement,” Mae said.

“Of course, I was curious to hear how my voice would sound in a talking picture, but I was especially glad to play the part of a mother,” “But Mae,” I wailed, “you’re going to be typed now, just like every other actress who makes a hit in one role. You’re going to have to play mothers from now on.”

“I don’t care,” Mae replied. “Let them type me if they want to. I’ll play mothers. I’ll play grandmothers. I’m not the ingenue type. I never was.

“One critic said that I was not so young, not so winsome as I was twelve years ago. I hope I haven’t stood still all that time. I don’t know anyone who is as young today as he was twelve years ago.”

The red-blonde hair is now snow white; bleached and bleached for the scenes in which she played the white-haired mother in “Over the Hill.” Wig after wig was tried but none of them looked natural. And so they bleached Mae’s own hair, because it must look perfect for the part.

Now that the picture is finished, Mae hates her hair.

“TT makes me feel so old,” she complains. “I have an old lady complex anyway, since I made the picture. I can’t stop feeling old. They kept telling me I couldn’t do this and I couldn’t do that because I was too old. Now I feel that I’m at least a hundred.”

But her daughters like the color of her hair. “Mama, darling,” they said, “why, you look just like a platinum blonde. Like Jean Harlow.”

A Gallant Mother

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

BE an ARTIST
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Come On, You Fat Girls!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

either in the morning or the afternoon. This makes the muscles elastic and draws the fat from underneath.

It also makes you long and lithe and graceful. It gives you poise, too.

Now for you poor thin girls who want to build up the bust.

Keep up the exercises I've already given you but add to them the exercise I've illustrated and described in Picture C.

Do this complete exercise twelve times every morning and be sure to feel the chest muscles stretching.

You'll be amazed at how firmly your bust will develop.

NOW for you people who give me that alibi, "I know I should reduce, but I have anemia and must keep up my strength by eating." Those anemia people are always whiny. I know them. They love to be sick and they think it interesting to look pale and fatigued. Well, it isn't. I implore you—don't get a kick out of looking like the devil.

As a rule you anemia people won't do a thing to help yourselves. You take it out on your poor family and friends. They'll put up with you, but I won't. You look awful—fat and flabby and pale. Come on, get that fat off and, at the same time, cure yourself of anemia.

Here's how it's done. Follow the general reducing diet I gave you last month, but with the additions I'm going to tell you about. (You'll find the general reducing diet and the general building up diet repeated at the end of this article.)

The milk cure for anemia is very good. There are a number of institutions where they take people and feed them on milk alone. And they get results, but some folks have difficulty in digesting milk. Why not correct that

SKIN BLEMISHES

NATURE'S warning—help Nature clear your complexion and paint red roses on your pales, sunny cheeks. Truly wonderful results from thorough, extra cleansing. Take NR and TUMS daily. NR helps to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Then watch the transformation. Try NR.

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Give your face plenty of time because you will love it. It’s so restful and relaxing.

Clean your face with cleansing cream. Remove it and with a good feeding cream go all over your face with a gentle, smooth, rotating movement of the two middle finger tips. Linger longest over the sagging muscles of the chin and deep lines about the mouth and nose, but always rub lightly and gently and do not pull the skin.

But that’s not all. Your nerves and muscles must be stimulated.

PRESS the two middle fingers of both hands—just at the cheek bone rather close to the ear (where my left hand is in Picture D). Do not pull the skin but press hard, making the fingers tremble as if they were a vibrator. Do this for two or three minutes. Do the same thing at the temples and also between the eyebrows (where my right hand is in Picture D). In the picture I have my two hands in different places—that’s just to illustrate. When you do it, put both hands to the cheek bones at the same time, also put both hands between the eyebrows at the same time. Touch the three spots I’ve mentioned with the fingers in the vibrating motion for two or three minutes each.

You will love this for it stimulates the face and makes your nerves tingle pleasantly. This keeps your face toned up and doesn’t allow it to sag.

Now use a lot of cold water on your face, but never until every bit of cold cream has been removed, for that’s the surest way to start blackheads.

Look at yourself. Why, you look lovely. Your eyes sparkle, your skin is fresh. You’re losing weight, but your face is still firm. Think, as you look into the mirror, how pretty you are.

The pounds are going, going, going. You’re youthful. Isn’t it great? Doesn’t it pep you up to know how splendid you’re becoming? And, as I tell you more and more things, you’re going to look more and more beautiful.

NEXT month I’ve got some surprises for you fat and skinny girls, that will make you sit up and hear the birds sing.

Now go out and enjoy life. But don’t forget your diet and your exercises. There—you see, what a fool you were not to obey me the first month? But it’s different now. Keep it up without variance!

But remember, I’m too busy to answer letters. I’ve told you what to do. Go do it. Come on, baby, get busy.

General Reducing Diet

Breakfast

Small glass (about four ounces) grapefruit or orange juice.

Cup of black coffee (no sugar).

Slice of melba toast with a little honey and no butter.

Luncheon

(You must have one liquid meal a day. It can be at luncheon or dinner. I give it here for luncheon.)

Glass of tomato juice.

Cup of tea or coffee (no cream or sugar) or

Large bowl of clear soup (no crackers).

In the middle of the afternoon you can have a cup of tea with lemon and no sugar.

Dinner

Fruit cup.

Salad of lettuce and tomato or any other salad except avocado.

Salad dressing of mineral oil and lemon juice.

Small broiled rare steak of

Double lamb chop

General Building Up Diet

Breakfast

Big glass of orange or grapefruit juice.

Twenty minutes later

Dish of hominy with ripe sliced bananas and certified milk and sugar.

Coffee or tea with sugar and cream.

Toast with plenty of butter and jam if you like.

(Two hours before luncheon a big glass of tomato juice if possible.)

Luncheon

Bowl of thick soup.

(Cream of mushroom or

Cream of tomato

Cream of celery or

Thick vegetable soup or

Chicken okra with rice or noodles.)

Green salad and often hall an avocado.

Spaghetti (with butter—allowed to melt after the food is off the fire) or

Egg noodles (with butter).

Chocolate or rice or bread pudding or

Cup custard or

Stewed fruits with cream or

Bottle of certified milk.

(In the middle of the afternoon a glass of milk.)

Dinner

Fruit cocktail or

Soup (cream or clear).

Any sort of meat that is broiled or roasted, and gravy; but skin off the fat—it’s hard to digest.

Two vegetables (creamied or with butter, and put the butter on after the vegetables are done. Use plenty).

Glass of milk.

Cup custard or

Ice Cream or

Pudding.

(Beware of pies unless you are sure you can digest them.)
HOLLYWOOD’s fashion prestige is like a star who gained little press notice in the days of silent pictures, but now that her voice is found, she’s telling the world!

The high and lowbrows of the fashion world, whose eyes have been strained from looking over toward Paris, are grudgingly admitting that there is something to this screen fashion talk.

This past year has seen screen fashions creating more than the usual furor—and it won’t be surprising if the screen couturiers have work as much complaint against copyists as the Paris houses are now experiencing.

New pictures certainly prove that the screen designers are right up on their toes—they are ready to broadcast the new trends before they happen in real life. And they are endowed to give you a visual picture of the fashions you will be wearing a season in advance.

This isn’t just lofty. Watch for a new fashions show in the coming summer.

Girls who like that come-hither look of a nose veil can go as veiled as they please. Many new spring; let’s that turn their brims up to boldly reveal the hair at back, go coy with veils over the eyes in front.

One of the first formal affairs that Constance Bennett gave after she married the Marquis, was a dinner announcing sister Joan’s engagement. She chose to wear formal evening pyjamas on this occasion—they were red velvet with a coat of silver metal cloth. Joan Bennett wore black and silver. Somehow she always looks like a little girl dressed up for her first party, especially when so closely contrasted with stylish sister Constance.

Red was quite the order of the evening, I might add.

Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford both sponsored it.

Waistlines are on the up and up. A new high is being launched that out-princesses the most princess silhouette.

It’s being cleverly adapted, though, so that the not-so-slim-waisted sisterhood need not go without a warning.

By way of an interior decorating note—both Mrs. Richard Barthelmess and Mary Pickford have had rooms in their houses done in red.

Mary’s is the drawing-room—Mrs. Barthelmess’, the boudoir.

She Talked Too Much

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

At the opening of that picture in Los Angeles, Marlene leaned over to a friend and said she had “discovered” Frances.

Gossip about herself and Von Sternberg hurt Frances. When it went so far that folks began making up poetry about “Dee and Dietrich” she went into another huddle to settle the matter with her emotions and her mind. Her emotions said—

“I’d better stop staying on that set when I’m not working; I’d better stop having lunch with him every noon. I’d better not be seen with him at all—”

But her mind said, “He’s teaching me more about pictures than anyone I’ve known. He can help me as few can. Why shouldn’t I take advantage of it? What do I care what people say. Gossip doesn’t do any good, but it needn’t do any particular harm.”

She continued to be with Von Sternberg.

Will she, with this philosophical beginning—become a star? She’s not one, today. Far from it.

Her important pictures to date are “Playboy of Paris,” “An American Tragedy,” “Rich Man’s Folly,” and “This Reckless Age.”

But she’s taken a long step since, a year and a half ago, she came out between her sophomore and junior years at the University of Chicago to visit an aunt, learned they were casting for a college production at Fox, walked nonchalantly to the casting office, and said: “I’m a college girl. Why not use me?” They used her.
Castes of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ARSENLE LUPIN"—M-G-M.—From the play by Maurice Le Blanc and Francis De Croisset. Screen play by Lenore Coffee and Bayard Veiller. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Duke of Charlottenburg; M. Leblanc; Sherlock Holmes; Irene Dunne; J. H. Dakin; Dolly Barry-Brown; Sowrus; Karen Morley; Prefect of Police; John Millian; Gourlay-Martin, Tally Marshall; Sherlock's Man, Henry Armetta; Sherlock's Men, George Davis; Robby, John Dallenson; Laurence, James Mack; Marie, Mary Jane Irving.

"CAIN."—TELEVISION SERIES.—Directed by Leon Borens. The cast: Cain, Thomy Bourdelle; Zosour, Rams-Tale.

"CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE."—FOX.—From the novel by Erle Bishop, adapted by John Conyers and Philip Klein. Directed by John Blowstone. The cast: Charlie Chan, Warner Oland; John Blakely, Alexander； Shirley Marks; Marion Nixon; Gloria Grahame, Linda Watkins; Inspector Flannery, James Kirkwood; Barry Kirk, Ralph Morgan; Kwan-Tau-Du, James Todd; Gerrick Enderly, Herbert Bunston; Leo Lin, Jimmy Wang; Doctor, Joe Brown.

"DANCE TEAM."—FOX.—From the novel by Sarah Addington. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: Jimmy Del Lago, Edward Kent; Sally Prentice, Ralph Morgan; Penelope, Edward Crandall; Jane Boyden, Nora Lane; Herb, Harry Price; Lily Weber, Charles Williams; Corna, Minna Gombell.

"FILE 113."—ALLIED PICTURES.—From the story by Emile Guibert, adapted by J. Francis Nattrass, directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: Montserrat Lesco, Lew Cody; Allie, Andrea Mary; Martha Gray, Susan Van Rapp; Gorky, Archey Verduzzi, George E. Stone; Proctor Barlow, William Collier, Jr.; Madeline, June Clyde; Floyd, Herbert bunston; Denmark, Honor Parke, Irving Bacon, Michael, Harry Cording, Ottoman, Frank Kent.

"FORGOTTEN WOMEN."—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Wellyn Tomlin. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Patricia Young, Marion Shilling, Jimmy Barke, Rex Atwood, Mary Kent, Cyril Raymond, William Tabbert, Jane Frazee, Dinah Sheridan; Doris Anne; Zasu Pitts; Walter Holdin, Tom Douglas; A Priest, Frank Sheridan; Frau Holdin, Louise Carter.

"MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE."—WARNERS.—From the story by Georgeuine Morris. Play by J. Daron Johnson, adapted by Jimmy Jangson and Maurice Howell. Directed by John Adolph. The cast: George, Royal Artie; Mildred, Violette Schiazza, Henry, Irwin Simpson; Florence, Lucile Closer, Hatle, Bette Davis; The King, Andre Lugue; Harold, Donald Cook; The Doctor, Charles Evans; The Lip Reader, Oscar Apfel; Concert Manager, Paul Forcast; Eddie, Raymond Mandell; Annie, Dorothy LaBoire; First Boy, William Jamney; First Girl, Grace Durkin; The Reporter, Russell Hopton; The King's Wife, Murray Kinnell, Calibdon, Harry Stubbs; Mrs. Chittendon, Heddah Hopper.

"MICHAEL AND MARY."—UNIVERSAL—GAMERSEL.—From the play by A. A. Milne. Scenario by Angus MacPhail. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: Mary Rose, Edna Best, Michael Rose, Herbert Marshall, David, Frank Lawton; Rose, Elizabeth Allen; Price, D. A. Clarke-Smith; Tulliboy, Ben Field; Mrs. Tulliboy, Margaret Yarde; Lady Camfield, Sunday Wilshus.

"MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE."—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edgar Allan Poe, adapted by Tom Reed and Dale Van Every. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: Dr. Miracle, Ben Lugue; Inspector Cloutier, Eugene Purgin, Leon Adams; Paul, Bert Rose; Prefect of Police, Brandan Hurst; Armand, The Black One, Noble Johnson; The Morgue Keeper, D'Arcy Corrigan; The Mother, Betty Ross Clark.

"NIGHT BEAT."—ACTION PICTURES.—From the story by Scott Darling. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: Johnny, Jack Mulhall; Eleanor, Patty Ruth; Miller, Walter McGrail; Chili Starbuck, Harling Cordall; Weisbrock, Ernie Adams; Featherstone, Richard Cramer; Italian, Henry Semides.

"NO ONE MAN."—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Rupert Hughes. Adapted by Percy Heath, Directed by Max. Corrigan. The cast: Perry, Boyce Lundr; Carole Lombard; Bill Hanse; Ricardo Cortez; Dr. Karl Bini, Paul Lukas; Sue Polson, Juliette Comer; Alfred Garbare; Mrs. Neubah, Virginia Hammond; Stanley McRae; Arthur Pierson; Delia, Frances Moffett; Alphie Clark, Irving Bacon.

"PANAMA FLO."—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Garrett Fort. Directed by Ralph Murray. The cast: Flo, Helen Twelvetrees; Bee, Robert Armstrong; Mr. Traugut, Charlesrickford; Pearl, Marjorie Petersen; Sadie, Maye Elmore; A], Paul Hurst; Luke, Ernie Adams; Chata, Reina Veile; Pio, Hans Joly.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1932

WHY THEY NEVER MARRIED

She Learned Too Late How to Whiten Her Skin

If only she had learned before that there’s an easy way to clean and whiten skin, dulled and roughened by wind, dust, age, worry. Other women knew! Over half a million have used this new, safe treatment—Golden Peacock Bleach Cream.

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He gave me the part because I was just the type"
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one drawer and the rest of the dresser filled with string, rope and wire.
So don't be too harsh on your offspring.
Maybe he'll be a great actor like Jackie.

KAY FRANCIS is a different person since her marriage. Once a regular fellow and the life of every party, she now lives in almost semi-retirement. She and Kenneth MacKenna rush to their sailing vessel between pictures and remain there until the studio calls them back.
She has only been to two parties this winter—the opening of the Mayfair and the Embassy.

HERE'S how Mickey Mouse happened.
His creator, Walt Disney, broke and discouraged, was sitting on a park bench. At last his eyes fell upon a frightened little mouse, running around the outside of a refuse can trying to find shelter.
Disney laughed at the animal's antics and that's what gave him the idea that has been making the rest of us laugh for all these months and months.
Incidentally, both Mickey's income and his fan mail are enormous. It takes sixty artists to put him on the screen and two weeks work on each production.

JOHN (Profile) BARRYMORE never kisses a girl unless he has to. In a scene from "Arsene Lupin," John was supposed to seize Karen Morley in the dark and kiss her violently. Came the darkness but John merely stood off by himself and emitted long passionate sighs. Which passed for kisses.
Strange person, this Barrymore. And have you seen Karen?

THEY bought gold mines in Arizona and stocks on margin and now the fortune which three years ago amounted to $1,000,000 that Vivian and Rosetta Dunstan earned by singing that close harmony is all gone.
In Hollywood the two sisters put their heads together and had a big joint cry. Maybe Nils Asther, Vivian's husband, joined in Swedish. For the breaks haven't been so good for him, either. He hasn't done any work in pictures for a long time and the baby needs shoes. The girls have gone into bankruptcy but they say they're going to work hard and pay back all their debts.

KAY FRANCIS' dachshund is the best dressed dog in Hollywood. He always wears a sweater the color of the dress Kay is wearing. ... A woman in a Los Angeles theater died while laughing over the scene antics of Joe E. Brown. ... Sidney Skolsky says that James Cagney fired his first real bullet for the first time in Maine last summer. And he was scared, too, in spite of all those fake shots he's made in pictures.

CLIFF EDWARDS walked on the Greta Garbo set where "Mata Hari" was in progress.
No shooting was being done. Everybody was pulling long faces.
Cliff looked from one to the other and then piped up, "What's the matter, Harry?"
And then he played the ukulele as if his little heart would break.

"Well, my land," says ZaSu Pitts, "ain't he the clever one, lighting his cigarette off that gas jet. Wonder how it feels way off up there." ZaSu is all bewildered over Clifford Thompson, the tallest man in the world.
He's eight feet, six inches tall and ZaSu puzzles how in the name of Garbo the camera is going to photograph both her and Clifford at the same time.
The two are acting together in Hal Roach's "Seal Skins."

A MAGAZINE printed a nasty little bit of chit-chat about Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
When he read it, he telephoned the editor, and thanked her sweetly for spelling his name correctly.

WILLIE COLLIER, SR., one of the finest actors and most popular young fellows of the picture colony, was not at all enthusiastic over the smallness of a picture role handed to him recently.
The director called him. Collier ambled over.
"Ready?" asked the director.
"No," said Collier, "I couldn't learn my part. I haven't got my script."
"Why not?" thundered the director.
"A flea ate it," growled Collier.

ALTHOUGH the fad for wisecracks on "Tin Lizzies" has had its day, a hopped-up Ford outside of Hollywood high school had a crack that is entitled to at least passing mention. The kid had chalked on the door of his car;
"DOORWAY TO HELL."

HERE'S a note of hope to you mothers with young sons.
Even Jackie Cooper collects bits of wire, pieces of rope and broken glass and goes home with his pockets bulging.
Recently his mother rearranged his dresser drawers with socks in one, ties in another and underwear in another. She told Jackie he must keep them straight. The next day Mrs. Cooper found everything dumped together in
Do You Want A Brand-New Personality?

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY
EXPERTS and Psychologists
Tell You How—In This Issue

NORMA SHEARER
"Luckies are certainly kind to my throat"

"No harsh irritants for Lupe. I'm a Lucky fan. There's no question about it—Luckies are certainly kind to my throat. And hurrah for that improved Cellophane wrapper of yours—it really opens without a tug-o'-war—thanks to that tab."

"It's toasted"

"HOT TAMALE!"

Lupe landed in Hollywood with one lone dollar and no part to play. But now she has nine fur coats, 15 canaries and the world's loudest lounging pajamas. We hope you liked her in the M-G-M PICTURE, "THE CUBAN LOVE SONG," as much as we did. Lupe's been a LUCKY fan for two years....There was no — what is politely called "financial consideration" for her statement. Gracias, Lupe!
WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Admission
Evening 85¢
Matinee 50¢

Time for the movies—
No time for her gums
and she has "pink tooth brush!"

You bet there's a big thrill in a
swell movie! But if you want to
live romance, as well as watch some-
body else's romance, better spend a
few seconds a day keeping your gums
in condition!

You won't have an attractive smile
for long unless your teeth stay sparkling
white and sound. And that means you
must keep your gums firm and healthy!

Your gums probably aren't firm and
healthy. Modern foods are too soft
and creamy to stimulate your gums.
Lacking work to do, your gums have
become lazy and sickly. Two to one
they're so tender that they bleed.
That's why you now may have
"pink tooth brush".

And when "pink tooth brush" ar-
ries, take heed! For it's Nature's
danger signal—a warning that more
serious gum troubles are on the way.
Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even
pyorrhea may be just around the cor-
ner. And you certainly don't want to
take chances with the soundness of your
white teeth! Yet that's another thing
"pink tooth brush" warns you about!

You can improve the condition of
those gums of yours if you'll use Ipana
Tooth Paste with massage. Clean your
teeth with Ipana. But every time, rub a
little more Ipana right into your gums.

You'll soon notice a new sparkle
in your teeth. Use Ipana with massage
regularly, and you'll be able to
forget "pink" on your tooth brush!

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THE MIRACLE MAN

SYLVIA SIDNEY • CHESTER MORRIS

The picture that swept the world—now an all-new, all-talking masterpiece! With a master cast! Sylvia Sidney, wistful, appealing dramatic diamond! Chester Morris, dynamic in the role that skyrocketed Thomas Meighan to fame! And Irving Pichel, John Wray, Robert Coogan, Hobart Bosworth! Will you rave about it? Naturally! It's a Paramount Picture, "best show in town!"

Directed by Norman McLeod. Adapted by Waldemar Young. From the story by Frank L. Packard and Robert H. Davis and the play by George M. Cohan.

 Paramount Pictures
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.
Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920 "HUMOR-TOL'ABLE ROBIN ESQUE" DAVID HOOD
1921 "The ABRAHAM THE BIG COVERED LINCOLN PARADE" WAGON
1922 "BEAU 7th FOUR GESTE" HEAVEN" SONS"
1923 "DISRAELI" "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

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Caught With the Goods
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood
The Greatest Battle in the Long History of Films!
The Hollywood Beauty Shop
I Remember!
Seymour—Photoplay's Style Authority
Unknown Hollywood I Know
Now! Girls! Here's Pep for You!
Dancers in the Dark
Vote for the Best Picture of the Year
Studio Rambles

Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets
Hollywood Menus
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems
Questions and Answers
Screen Memories from Photoplay
Addresses of the Stars
Cast of Current Photoplays

High-Lights of This Issue

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

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The Shadow Stage
Short Subjects of the Month

Personalities

Don't Lie to Her
$750,000 and Danger
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Sixty Inches of Many Moods
He Borrowed a Name
Rain Brings Her Luck
Don't Call Him Platinum
30 Girls in a Race for Stardom
Let's Shop With Adrienne

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What the Audience Thinks

With Brickbats and Bouquets "PHOTOPLAY" Readers Voice Their Opinions of Pictures and Personalities

THE $25 LETTER

How many people know that motion pictures serve as a therapeutic measure in treating the mentally ill? As a student nurse, I recently studied psychiatry at a large hospital for the insane. I imagine a great recreation hall packed with the oddest assortment of humanity possible; lawyers, scientists, college graduates, rubbing elbows with congenital defectives. Here, through the phonoplay, these patients who move in a realm of delusions and hallucinations are brought back to reality for a time by viewing pictured incidents reminding them of their once normal lives. Their appreciation is so intense that it is pathetic.

A trend of connected thought is maintained for a definite period. Reactions are quietly noted, aiding in a diagnosis. Occasionally a simple incident may strike that responsive chord in a patient which turns his topsy-turvy world right side up again.

Catherine Woods,
Patten Memorial Hall, Evanston, Ill.

THE $10 LETTER

We’re all wise to this business of sex. At least we all should be because we have certainly seen enough of it on the screen. A little is okay but there’s no need to spread it on so heavily. Most of us are not so thick headed that we don’t get the drift. Why not try using it sparingly like any good spice? Too much of anything makes it cheap and any cotton farmer will verify that old saying. I’m not advising cutting the sex stuff out of the pictures entirely. That would be the same as leaving the seasoning out of a dinner. But there’s no need to make the menu too salty.

Raymond Goforth, Dallas, Texas

THE $5 LETTER

“Movie stars are paid too much!” How often we hear this statement. How untrue it is. Soda jerkers are paid in proportion to their worth to fountain managers; mechanics are paid according to their value in garages. Corporation executives are never paid according to the amount of work they do. Their worth to their business determines their salaries. And so it is with every trade.

If people line up for two blocks to see Norma Shearer’s pictures, and millions of dollars flow into the studio coffers, shouldn’t Norma be paid in proportion? Isn’t she worth it to her company? If Barbara Stanwyck breaks box office records, doesn’t she deserve a huge salary? “Movie stars are paid too much.” Ridiculous!

Mae O’Brien, Sulphur, La.

YOU BET WE WOULDN’T

Why do some fans insist that many of the screen’s most scintillating stars are high-brow? Would any one of us be content to sleep in an old, rickety, white iron bed, wear a muslin nightgown or drive a battered bunch of tin if our incomes permitted more than that? Of course not.

And you can’t expect a Joan Crawford or a Connie Bennett to do it either. You don’t catch Henry Ford in an old Model T.

Mrs. Mary A. Rice, Flint, Mich.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

In PHOTOPLAY there was a picture of Constance Bennett published where there was a generous display of her hands—and they were beautiful. Her nails were perfect. Now I do all my own housework, so naturally my hands cannot look as they used to, but I looked at her nails, then at my own. I went right out and bought a bottle of polish, got my file and began work. I also bought a bottle of hand lotion advertised in PHOTOPLAY. My husband commented, that night, upon how nice my hands looked.

Mrs. J. G. Porter, Birmingham, Ala.

THEY SAW GARBO

By knowing someone who knew someone who was someone, I watched Garbo work on the “Grand Hotel” set one afternoon. Not only did I hear the famous “I’m going home,” but she rehearsed with great care.

Not once were the other members of the cast hurled into abject silence to mollify the tempestuous diva.

When Director Edmund Goulding relieved the tedium by strutting across the stage foppishly with a woman’s coat wrapped around him, Garbo laughed as heartily and as unaffectedly as anyone on the set. She is a tall, slender girl in a simple black dressing gown, working earnestly and courteously.

Mona Rogers, Hollywood, Calif.

I would like to apologize for frightening Greta Garbo while she was in New York. I’m a Garbo fan and when I saw her coming down the street I just stood there with my mouth gaping wide open. I don’t know whether it was my face that frightened her or the fact that I was staring, but she took one look and started to run.

But in that minute I saw the Garbo and she was wonderful.

Beatrice Wardburton, New York City

SISTERS IN BOWLS

I paused longer than usual over the page showing June Collyer and Stuart Erwin as I was reading PHOTOPLAY. I recognized the bowl in June’s hand. The row of tulips upside down that made the attractive border and the shape of the bowl is exactly like one in a set I have. What a surprise to be admiring the convenience of June Collyer’s kitchen and find your mixing bowl in her hands.

Vivian Shirley, Valley City, N. D.

[Please turn to page 14]
Richard BARTHELMESS in "Alias the Doctor"

with MARIAN MARSH

Vivid, dynamic drama
— of a man who LIVED A LIE to save another from disgrace
— of a woman who fettered his love, chained his passion, trampled his soul.
Dick Barthelmess at his unrivaled best in a role of tremendous sweep and power—the most dazzling performance of his career.

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

**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

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

**AGE FOR LOVE, THE—**Caddo—Billie Dove is good but the old familiar story doesn't click. (Oct.)

**ALMOST MARRIED—**Fox—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heinig (stage star), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (Feb.)

**AMBASSADOR BILL—**Fox—William Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

**ANYBODY’S BLONDE—**Action Pictures—Prizefight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (Feb.)

**ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?—**Radio Pictures—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on which no children should miss it. (Dec.)

**AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES—**United Artists—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you’ve seen. A novelty you must not miss. (Jan.)

**ARROWSMITH—**United Artists—Neither as good as Nectarine Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (Jan.)

**ARSENE LUPIN—**M-G-M. —The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can’t be beat for absurd acting. Story concerns a Persian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (Mar.)

**BAD COMPANY—**RKO-Pathé—A gang picture that’s different, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (Nov.)

**BEAST OF THE CITY, THE—**M-G-M. —Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery. (Feb.)

**BELOVED BACHELOR, THE—**Paramount—Complaints between a sculptor and his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heartthrob—Charles Ruggles screamingly funny. (Dec.)

**BEN HUR—**M-G-M—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Frances X. Bushman picture is still eye-filling and exciting. (Feb.)

**BIG SHOT, THE—**RKO-Pathé—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over starting business deals and wins Maureen O’Sullivan. (Feb.)

**BLONDE CRAZY—**Warner—(Reviewed under the title “Larceny Lane”)—James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another “crook picture” that’s top-notch entertainment. (Dec.)

**BRANDED—**Columbia.—Good scenery, good riding, good ol’ Buck Jones. But let’s have less talk and more action in Westerns. (Oct.)

**BRANDED MEN—**Tiffany Prod. —An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (Nov.)

**BROKEN LULLABY—** Paramount (reviewed under title “The Man I Killed”)—A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don’t miss it. (March)

**CHEAT, THE—**Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (Jan.)

**CISCO KID, THE—**Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girl’s heart beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn’t new but the treatment is. (Nov.)

**Cock of the Air—**United Artists—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a aviation pioneer has been transferred without any settings, somewhere along the line. Pretty risque. (Feb.)

**COMPROMISED—**First National.—(Reviewed under the title “We Three”),—Justusbuilt on this one. It neither bores nor thrills. About a millionnaire. (Nov.)

**CONSOLATION MARRIAGE—**Radio Pictures—Don’t miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat “Front Page” O’Brien. (Nov.)

**CONVICTED—**Supreme Features—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Aileen Pringle and Harry Myers. (Dec.)

**CORSAIR—**United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (Jan.)

**CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE—**M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett’s voice, Lupe Velez’s love story and Jimmy Dunn in an old-fashioned story, in a lusty story of marines in Cuba. Great stuff. (Dec.)

**DANCE TEAM—**Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull’s-eye once more. The story as a grip-and-put picture. (Feb.)—but you mustn’t miss those two kids! (March)

**DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A—**Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled “shrieker” with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (Nov.)

**DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—**Paramount.—Bette Hutton, and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (Oct.)

**DEADLINE, THE—**Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot but not better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (Jan.)

**DECEIVER, THE—**Columbia.—Wicked Deceiver, your girl, back-stage atmosphere and a murderer. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (Feb.)

**DELICIOUS—**Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (Feb.)

**DEVIL ON DECK—**Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother’s revenge in mid ocean and the wicked sea captain last desert. (Feb.)

**DEVO—**RKO-Pathé.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten picture a must-see. Miss Dunne’s picture. (Oct.)

**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—**Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send chills and thrill up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual role superbly. Marvelous stuff, but dogged. (Dec.)

**Dreyfus Case, The—**Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (Nov.)

**EMMA—**M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant’s love for her master’s children. (Feb.)

**EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD—**Raspin Prod.—Six of the world’s greatest explorers tell their adventures in word pictures. (Feb.)

**EXPRESS—**UFA.—A thrilling Germanodrama film that makes you wish you’d paid more attention to your German teacher. (Oct.)

**FALSE MADONNA, THE—**Paramount.—This doesn’t make you laugh but it tells your heart. Kay Francis is good, but a new boy, John Breiden, steals the show. (Jan.)

**FANNY FOLEY HERSELF—**Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver’s first starring film. You’ll laugh and what’s more—you’ll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (Oct.)

**FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP—**Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick O’connell on that same old plot? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with each other. (Feb.)

**FILE 11—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you’re wise you won’t wait! (March)

**FILE TURN TO PAGE 10**
Modern youth, laughing at yesterday's conventions, promising to pay for today's kisses... after tomorrow. The gay partnership of a boy and girl who found it easier to make love than to make money.

AFTER TOMORROW

with CHARLES FARRELL

MARIAN NIXON • MINNA GOMBELL
WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.

Based on the stage play by John Golden and Hugh S. Stange
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
FOX Picture
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

FLYING—High—M.G.M.—Comedy with great slapstick. Directed by William Keighley, starring Tallulah Bankhead, Robert Young and Myron McCormick. (Feb.)

FORBIDDEN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in this gloomy "wages of sin" story. (Feb.)

FORGOTTEN WOMEN—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (March)

FRANKENSTEIN—Universal.—Not for first-timers. (Jan.)

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY—RKO-Pathe.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the ginger in this Western with Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (Jan.)

FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures.—Adolphe Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim and Lily Damita get tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (Feb.)

GAY BUCKAROO—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy his worst and Merna Kennedy her sweetest in this formula Western. (Jan.)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff introduces the ladies (Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of balkan intrigue. (Feb.)

GIRL OF THE RIO—Radio Pictures.—Dorothy DeLuise comes back strong in this mildly interesting talkie version of "The Dove." (Feb.)

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN—Paramount.—The old goddler story all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman wear the clothes and speak those smart lines. (Dec.)

GOOD SPORT—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (Jan.)

GRAFT—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is his interested sweetheart. (Feb.)

GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—Jose Callea, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three good diggers. Not for first-timers. (Feb.)

GRIEF STREET—Chescher.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Halliday. Save your spare change. (Dec.)

GUARDSMAN, THE—M-G-M.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be crazy about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (Feb.)

GUILTY GENERATION, THE—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this beer food drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (Jan.)

HARD HOMBRE, THE—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western with Hoot Gibson and Linda Darnell. (Feb.)

HATCHET MAN, THE—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese Quadrille, is the picture's best card. (Feb.)

HEARTBREAK—Fox.—This has a war background and it's really a sweet love story. Madge Evans (what an actress!) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good hero. (Dec.)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Nov.)

HELL DIVERS—M-G-M.—Walkley Berry, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces turn out a picture of peacetime aviation you won't forget. (Jan.)

HER MAJESTY LOVE—First National.—Marjorie Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tosses off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (Feb.)

HIGH PRESSURE—Warner.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Willingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (March)

HIS WOMAN—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its sly bowing. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (Jan.)

HOMICIDE SQUAD—Universal.—Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (Nov.)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—First National.—Nothing left of the Balian story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-cha-cha adventuress heroine. (Nov.)

HOUSE DIVIDED, A—Universal.—Life in the row with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (Jan.)

HUCKLEBERRY FINN — Paramount.—This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will erase the blues. Jackie Cooper and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimming hole days. (Oct.)

HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE—Universal.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (Dec.)

HUSBAND'S JOLLIDAY—Paramount.—Clive Brook vernacles between wife and seductive sire. Amusing enough. (Feb.)


IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Noah Berry. Sue Carol is the girl. (Dec.)

IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good story this yarn about attorneys, brokers and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (Feb.)

HELL'S HOUSE—Ziedman Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Juvenile Court"). Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (Feb.)

LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sidney does her best work. (Feb.)

LADIES OF THE JURY—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is? Take the children. (Feb.)

LAST FLIGHT, THE—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first half grand, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelmess' work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (Oct.)

LAW OF THE TONGS—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (Feb.)

LEFTOVER LADIES—Tiffany Prod.—Divorces talk a lot about careers and freedom in dressy dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brunette wig, is good. (Dec.)

LOCAL BAD MAN, THE—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson given male. (Feb.)

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD—First National.—Joe E. Brown is funnier than he's ever been, in this story of a college grad with ambitions and a botanical awakening. (Nov.)

LOVE STORM, THE—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a lighthouse. Even a murder doesn't speed things up. Dreary fare. (Dec.)

LOVERS COURAGEOUS—M-G-M.—An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (March)

MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE—Warner.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decide for yourself while. (March)

MAKER OF MEN—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly slow-moving story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

MANHATTAN PARADE—Warner.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself matures. Langley hui the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (Nov.)

MATA Hari—M-G-M.—Garbo and Noarro are co-starred in a glittering story of the most famous of all war heroesses. The cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Dec.)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia.—(Also shown under the title "Arizona"). Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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Once a woman smoker has been introduced to Camels it's a case of love at first light. The first cool, mild fragrant puff of smoke from this fresh cigarette is sufficient to win her to Camels ever-growing ranks of friends.

Maybe it's because her throat is more sensitive than a man's that she's so quick to grasp the difference between the mildness of this air-sealed cigarette and the stinging bite of parched or toasted tobaccos.

Blended from choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, Camels are made with just the right amount of natural moisture and kept that way until delivered to the smoker by the Camel Humidor Pack.

These cigarettes are never parched or toasted. The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you haven't smoked Camels lately, perhaps you've been missing something. Why not switch over for just one day? After you've known their rare, throat-easy mildness, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S
COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS
CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wins, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System
PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

Don't ever move the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time.

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Smoke a FRESH cigarette

Camel Made FRESH—Kept FRESH
MOTHERED BY AN APE—HE KNEW
ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE
— to seize what he wanted!

TARZAN
THE APE MAN

with
Johnny WEISSMULLER
Neil HAMILTON
C. Aubrey SMITH
Maureen O’SULLIVAN

ANOTHER MIRACLE PICTURE
directed by
W. S. VAN DYKE
Creator of "TRADER HORN"

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Based upon characters created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Adaptation by CYRIL HUME
Dialogue by IVOR NOVELLO
brief reviews of current pictures

[continued from page 10]

men in her life.—columbia.—the dialogue creates a story that breaks. all about rich girl in europe and a rough and ready american. lois moran and charles bickford both good. (feb.)

men of change.—radio pictures.—the old story of a gambler's wife, well acted by ricardo cortez and mary astor. (feb.)

michael and mary.—universal.—matinée idol herbert marshall should have better material than this english film. wife edna best plays opposite him. (march)

monkey business.—paramount.—meeors, Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. no beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (oct.)

morals for women.— TIFFANY prod.—this "it's the woman who pays" yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back troupie beanie love. (jan.)

mother and son.—monogram prod.—another Reno story, with clara kimbull young as paro lita. (oct.)

murder at midnight.— TIFFANY prod.—yes, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice white, in a small part, has a sex-appeal voice. (march)

murders in the rue morgue.—universal.—here's another shocker for you and there's plenty of thrills and lots of Belle lugosi and the ape deserves a big hand. (march)

my sin.—paramount.—Tallahas Bankhead and Fredric March in one of those "should a woman tell her past?" things! (feb.)

mystery train—the.—Darmour prod.—old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokum and suspense. (dec.)

neck and neck.—Thrill-O-Drama.—only stephen fitchett's funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete case of the drummer. (mar.)

new adventures of get-rich—quick wallingford, the.—M-G-M.—and they said william haines was slipping. Sheila knox-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot, normal durante, to be convinced they're wrong. (nov.)

night beat.—action pictures.—unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (march)

night raid.—(un soir de rafle).—osso Prod. hires a lively french film about a prize-fighter, his real sweetheart and a sten. amusing. (dec.)

no one man.—paramount.—sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, carole lombard and pola nelson almost make up for the tottering plot. (march)

old song, the.—(Das Alte Lied).—Austrian Cinderella. lil dagover brightens it considerably, german dialogue. (nov.)

once a lady.—paramount.—charming simplicity and Ruth chatterton acting a reenactment of a not too original story. (dec.)

one way trail, the.—columbia.—the kids will love these exciting adventures of handsome tim mccoy. (dec.)

opera ball.—grenabia-emelka.—even you might make it possible for you to enjoy this sprightly german production of the viennese night life. (jan.)

over the hill.—fox.—mace marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unites her children. jimmy dunn and sally eleris, too. (jan.)

pagan lady.—columbia.—the Sadie Thompson scene new in a dress, with ewen brem wearing it better than deneuve. (jan.)

palmy days.—united artists.—a typical eddie cantor-and-nonsense show that should bring music films back. (march)

panama floc.—ROKO-pathe.—different situations went haywire in a potpourri of sex skits, monkey-snuts and jungles. so what could Helen twelvetrees and charlie bickford do? (march)

PARDON US.—Hal roach.—M-G-M.—laurel and harry in a plot of thieves and an electric chair. (nov.)

parisian, the.—capital prod.—this attempt at a smart story made in england with adolphe menjou and elissa landi proves that these glamour kids get a new look in Hollywood. (nov.)

peach o' reno.—radio pictures.—Bert wheeler and robert wooley in an absurd plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. short on romance but long on laughs. (nov.)

penrod and sam.—first national.—if you haven't forgotten how it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan in this. (nov.)

personal maid.—paramount.—nancy carroll gets all mixed up in a nancy-pamy plot. (nov.)

platinum blonde.—columbia.—vacht and beauty, comedy and drama—and jean harlow. a well done newspaper yarn. see it. (dec.)

pocketido kid, the.—TIFFANY prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting: Marceline day, the lady in distress. (feb.)

possessed.—M-G-M.—what a pair Joan Crawford and Clark gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and good clothes. (jan.)

prestige.—ROKOPathe.—Ann harding is lovely, which does not compensate for this lousy plot about a tropical penal colony. (march)

private lives.—M-G-M.—norma shearer and bob morgan make do good team work in this film made amusing by priceless, if raucous, lines. you one hundred per cent sophisticates will have yourselves a fling. (feb.)

private scandal, a.—headline prod.—another unrelated story in which the crock reforms. (oct.)

racing youth.—universal.—if you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with frank albertson, jane clyde and louise fazenda. (july)

Rainbow trail.—FOX.—George O'brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (feb.)

range feud, the.—columbia.—Buck jones may be your favorite Western star but you'll twiddle your thumbs at this banal old story. (dec.)

range law.—TIFFANY prod.—this Western taxes the credulity but Ken maynard does some slick riding. (jan.)

reckless living.—universal.—an entertaining little picture. (nov.)

rich man's folly.—paramount.—one of those stark dramas in which George harrow is as an ambitious shipbuilder wins sympathy out of an unsympathetic role. (jan.)

riders of the purple sage.—FOX.—a grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O'Brien and marguerite churchill excellent. (dec.)

road to reno, the.—Paramount.—Divorce, murder and undercurrents of various types. this is anything but a picture that just doesn't tell. (nov.)

road to Singapore, the.—Warners.—Bill powell and doris kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (Oct.)

safe in hell.—First national.—the only redeeming thing about this scorded story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackaill, who deserves better stuff. (jan.)

sea ghost, the.—Imperial prod.—Laurea la Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (nov.)

secret witness, the.—columbia.—Zsa Zsa gitts as a flushed telephone operator adds her usual det to a story of a double murder and a couple of suicides. (feb.)

secret service.—radio pictures.—adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. richard dix tries too hard. (dec.)

shanghaied love.—columbia.—Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (july)

should a doctor tell?—Regal Prod.—Drama talk about doctors. a poorly-written yarn of an evening scene. And that's it for this boy Lionel atwill, now to the talkies. (dec.)

sins of madelon claudet, the.—M-G-M.—One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heartstrings. Don't miss it. (dec.)

skyline.—Thomas meighan builds skyscrapers and saves hardie arbut from vamp Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (oct.)

sky devils.—united artists.—plenty of giggles, you'll have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (march)

smart woman.—radio pictures.—What a performance Mary's actor gives and in what beautiful clothing. A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "holiday" school. (oct.)

sob sister.—fox.—you'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie dunn is terrific. (nov.)

sooky.—paramount.—even if this does resemble "skippy," without equalizing its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all here (Jackie cooper, Robert coogan and jackie seatl) with tears and laughs. (feb.)

speckled band, the.—First division.—Shelock holmes is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house party. (nov.)

spider, the.—FOX.—Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (oct.)

spirit of notre dame, the.—universal.—talk about Racetrack. Who cared? This powerful football story with Lew ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (dec.)

sporting chance, the.—Pepe Prod.—The story of a young jockey who comes to the race, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (july)

stepping sisters.—FOX.—Louise dresser, miama gombell and howard howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild shrieks. (march)

street scene.—united artists.—thirty-five second excellent actors and rendition by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the past year. The LA vivid cross-section of life you'll never forget. (oct.)

strictly dishonest.—universal.—you'll love this story of the grand opera singer who skids his way with the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul lukas, lewis stone and Sidney fox all great. (dec.)

[please turn to page 129]
What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

The movies give me an insight into my daughter's likes and dislikes and a chance for us to get much closer together by discussing them.

If any mother wishes to find out the character of her daughter's companions let her take them to the movies and watch their reactions to certain scenes. It never fails.

MRS. GRACE BETTFREUND, Salt Lake City, Utah

CONNIE BENNETT OPINIONS

Won't somebody please say a kind word for Constance Bennett? Just because she makes a little more money than some of the rest of the stars do and carries herself like a regal lady people have to slam her. Connie can't help it because she is the kind of person she is. I'd rather have her be her own natural self than assume a pose.

LOUELLA FRANCE, Powell, Ohio

I have often heard of damning a person with faint praise, but not praising with faint damning — as Ruth Biery does in her article about Constance Bennett in a recent Photoplay. I agree with the article until it is spoiled by the last two paragraphs. I don't think that the general public likes Constance Bennett any better than does Hollywood.

DONALD K. JOHNSTONE, Halifax, N. S.

Connie has always admired the American people for their sincerity and frankness and I surely enjoyed Ruth Biery's recent article about Constance Bennett for that reason. She writes openly and expresses Hollywood's opinion of this star.

CONCEPCION FERNANDEZ, Chilton, Ariz.

An enormous crowd gathered around the station at Albuquerque to see Constance Bennett. I thought, "When she sees this mob she will never get off that train." But she did and in spite of the bad publicity she got while she was here she came up to my expectations. What if she did high hat the reporters? She was sweet to the kiddies. I am a more ardent Bennett fan than ever and am anxiously awaiting her next picture.

IMAE PENMAN, Albuquerque, N. M.

HEAR YE, CENSORS!

If the producers want bigger theater attendances force the censors to stop cutting out the best parts of the picture and quit over-advertising any production in any manner.

JACK KRONBERG, Eau Claire, Wis.

SUGAR OR SPICE?

One can scarcely believe that there are such things as censors after witnessing some of the new pictures. It has gone far enough!

If many more pictures like "Private Lives" and "Cock of the Air" get by the censors I'm turning elsewhere for my entertainment. The public prefers clean, wholesome pictures. Why can't we have them?

MARY HILBERT, Franklin, N. J.

I enjoy taking my family out to see a good screen production. If some particular picture has been branded too sexy, that is the one I want the family to see, for that is life itself. Why should the rising generation acquire knowledge of the "bootleg way"? Let's have as much freedom for the screen, as the press enjoys.

EARL ROBERTS, Kenton, Ohio

The rapidity with which Janet Gaynor is falling into sweet innocent parts will soon drop her into the discard, as it did Mary Pickford and Colleen Moore. Only older women, maidens, school girls and children can endure these tiresome "sweetish" pictures, the ending of which is obvious from the start. Sugar coated as they are, they are not good for children.

Many romantic girls in the Victorian era fell for just such goody-goodish stuff and awoke to find out the reality of life. Girls of today understand men much better and, accordingly, take better care of themselves. It is too bad to waste Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor on such unrealities.

EMERCI STACY, Portland, Ore.

Extra! The first still of Greta Garbo as you will see her in "Grand Hotel." And doesn't she look grand? That gorgeous lounging costume is cloth of gold done in the Chinese manner with high neck, frog fastening and all. Perhaps that individual Garbo hairdress with a round comb at the back will launch another hair style. Garbo never fails to stir up something, does she?
LEW AYRES and MAE CLARKE

"IMPATIENT MAIDEN"

She couldn't wait for life to unfold its secrets. She was determined to dig them out for herself. My! How her eyes were opened when she met the real man.

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
CARL LEMMLE • PRESIDENT
DARLING MARIE

In a waiting line before a box office one hears many a casual remark about the leading lady or the leading man, but whenever one is waiting to see Marie Dressler one hears, "I can hardly wait to see her." "I know she'll be perfect in this role." "There's no one like her." But when the play is over and the people are leaving the theater all one hears is, "The darling!"

RITA PENEISKY, San Francisco, Calif.

SO THERE, MR. RUGGLES!

The author-director Wesley Ruggles picks out one very far fetched case in a million, highly exaggerates it and then calls it "Are These Our Children?" Where does he get that stuff? I wonder how Mr. Ruggles would like for someone to make a picture about a couple of dissipated old bums and then call it "Are These Our Directors?"

RICHARD BARE, Modesto, Calif.

SPOTLIGHT FOR CAROLE

I work in an office with fifteen girls and we wonder why so much ballyhoo about Constance Bennett when we have a girl like Carole Lombard on the screen? If given half a chance she'll have the spotlight before Miss Bennett wakes up to what it's all about.

STELLA COVNER, Akron, Ohio

A SOCK AT PHOTOPLAY

I noticed with a great deal of surprise PHOTOPLAY's review of Griffith's "The Struggle" and the very caustic manner in which the picture was treated. Evidently PHOTOPLAY's memory is as short and as lacking in loyalty as the general public's, for you seem to overlook the fact that you most generously laughed him not so long ago for "Abraham Lincoln." This was one of the finest talking pictures ever made and Griffith proved he knew how to use that medium. But don't expect a masterpiece like that every time. It can't be done. It is unfortunate that a genius like Griffith refuses to work under contract and yet has insufficient capital to make his own pictures. "The Struggle" is undoubtedly a result of this.

J. E. BAILEY, Houston, Texas

INSPIRATION

I have read many articles about Marion Davies, but never before has there been one which revealed her true self as clearly as the one in February PHOTOPLAY called "Marion's Philosophy." Marion is a lovely girl and I'm sure her thoughts will be an inspiration to us all.

BERTRAM G. KNOWLES, East Orange, N. J.

A PERSONAL MATTER

A fan may criticize a star's acting but not choose her husband. Why do some people write that Constance Bennett should not have married the Marquis? Why did they complain of the people Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell selected? The stars have a right to choose their own mates.

JULIA LA SALVA, Philadelphia, Penna.

GENTLEMAN GABLE

Clark Gable is a one role actor. As the hard boiled gangster he is swell, but when they try to make him a gentleman he just isn't there.

This clever suit is beige, it has a striped scarf and it is simplicity personified in line. Note the "S" belt fastening and the pert stitched felt bonnet. Evalyn Knapp wears it

Clark had better stick to the only thing he knows how to do and that's to act tough.

MILTON MANNERS, San Francisco, Calif.

SEYMOUR SAYS "THANKS"

I attend the movies to see good pictures, but chiefly to see the new styles. I duplicate as near as possible the fashions. Shearer, Bennett and Crawford just can't go wrong with Seymour's praise and frank criticisms. My mother is a seamstress and, consequently, I write every detail down in my memory to take home to her so that I, too, may be smartly dressed.

BUELLA WALKER, Louisville, Ky.

CARBO COMPLAINT

I am a Garbo fan but I think Garbo the most selfish star on the screen today. She has no right to ignore us, the public. Didn't we make her a star? Unlike Garbo, Ramon Novarro always sees that his fan mail is taken care of and we do appreciate it.

MARJORIE HAWLEY, Berr, Vt.

FROM A TROOPER

I am a retired black-faced comedian and although my days of entertaining are over I still get the thrill of being entertained. I am a picture fan and no matter how tired I happen to be I find my way to a movie theater where I particularly enjoy Norma Shearer, George Bancroft, Marie Dressler, Ruth Chatterton and Oliver Hardy.

J. B. ELLIOTT, Indianapolis, Ind.

CHARLIE AND CLARK

I can't understand why Charlie Farrell is always knocked when he appears in movies without Janet Gaynor. Of course, she is my idol, but Charlie Farrell is my favorite actor and I can't see why people say he is miscast. I am sure he will be remembered long after Clark Gable is forgotten.

DOROTHY FRANCE, Powell, Ohio.

LANGDON SUPPORTER

Before reading the story entitled "What Happened to Harry Langdon" in PHOTOPLAY we felt as the majority of people felt about Langdon, that he just wasn't big enough to be a great star. But now I would like to have the power to write a two-page letter that would help him as much as another letter of an unthinking director hindered him.

CARLOS HULSE, Kamas, Utah.

DECORATING DEPARTMENT

For a long time I was dissatisfied with the look of my colonial mantel and square mirror above, but I never saw just what I wanted until I saw "Possessed" and that lovely plain round mirror (with the picture of Clark Gable at the left). I knew that was just what I wanted, so now I have a mirror like the one Joan had in that excellent film.

MRS. I. L. WALL, Memphis, Tenn.

After I became a home owner I depended solely upon the silver screen for suggestions in the art of how to make a window more attractive or a corner more cozy.

M. C. LOVE, Graton, Conn.

TOO BAD, RUTH

If "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" is her deciding picture I am sorry to say that Ruth Chatterton, the great, has gone over the cliff. It is the first time I sit through a Chatterton picture listening to snickers and laughs while Ruth was in her most serious moments.

EDITH RUTTICK, Minneapolis, Minn.

MARIAN MARSH

Hats off to the lovely little magician whose smile made thegoers believe they had seen and heard a photodrama when they had only attended "Under Eighteen." What a shame that Marian Marsh's first starring vehicle had to have a plot that simply wasn't there.

LOVE DOZIER, Thomson, Ga.
At one-third the mouth wash cost guard the whole family against colds

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as any other leading mouth wash. Hence it goes 3 times as far. That's economy for you!

Why waste money on antiseptics that must be used full strength?

P LAIN, simple arithmetic is causing millions to change to Pepsodent Antiseptic. Because Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth washes... hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against colds, irritated throats. For protection against germs associated with common ills, remember there are only two leading kinds of mouth washes. On the one hand you have the mouth wash that must be used full strength to be effective. On the other hand you have Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs within 10 seconds. It is bad enough to have germs in your mouth before you gargle... it's worse to have germs in your mouth after you gargle... so choose the antiseptic that kills the germs even when diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be sure! Be safe—and save money!

BAD BREATH (Halitosis)
Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when combating colds and throat irritations. For at the same time it checks bad breath. Remember P. A. is 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics... and it kills germs when diluted.

Over 50 different uses

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Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C.
Figures NEVER LIE . . . TODAY!

Rounded slimness and youthful curves are the keynote for the current year. Modern fashions are moulded to the figure. Where dresses once concealed, they now reveal. Never was a good figure so important.

Yet we must use wisdom in achieving this desired figure. So many women, today, have lost both health and beauty, because of a faulty reducing diet.

Two things are needed in a meal to promote proper elimination. These are "bulk" and Vitamin B, both of which help tone the system. If they are lacking, faulty elimination soon develops. Complexions become sallow. Eyes lose their gaiety. Wrinkles appear. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy follow.

Improper elimination is usually unnecessary. Avoid it by eating Kellogg's All-Bran. Science tells us that this delicious cereal provides both "bulk" and Vitamin B. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Isn't it reasonable to use this delightful cereal rather than pills and drugs—so often habit-forming? Two tablespoonfuls daily of Kellogg's All-Bran will prevent and relieve most types of faulty elimination.

Kellogg's All-Bran is also a good source of iron for the blood. Serve as a cereal, or cook into bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. It is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"THE MODERN FIGURE"
Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. D-4, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name

Address
HOLLYWOOD breakfasts vary from a cup of hot water with lemon juice to really hearty affairs, according to the figure of the star! Those who don't have to use breakfast for an abstinence from sweets and fats, have some favorite breakfast dish recipes that are worth copying into your own recipe book.

There's Frances Dee, for instance, who gives waffle breakfasts that are the envy of the town. When I asked Frances to what she attributes her waffle success, she promptly replied, "The beaten whites of eggs!"

And forthwith gave me this simple but excellent recipe.

**Waffles**

2 cups flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 eggs  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
2 tablespoons butter  
2 cups milk

First sift your flour, baking powder and salt together. In a small pan melt the two tablespoonsful of butter, add to the flour mixture. Don't hesitate to use a generous quantity of butter if you are going to cook the waffles on an electric iron as it helps to keep the batter from sticking. To this add the beaten yolks of the two eggs and two cups of milk. Now come the egg whites, beat them stiff and fold them into the rest of the batter. Don't stir afterwards as the egg whites are what make the waffles so fluffy and light.

Ruth Chatterton's breakfast menu doesn't require any careful planning beforehand! She does not have a bit of solid food, merely fresh fruit and milk. During the day she consumes about two quarts of milk in all.

Sidney Fox is one of the hot water and lemon juice girls. Like Ruth Chatterton, she has no solid food. Here's a typical morning menu for her: a cup of hot water with lemon juice, some kind of cooked fruit, coffee and yeast.

Rochelle Hudson, who is one of the younger and newer stars of Hollywood, has a pet breakfast dish—it is baked egg. Baking the egg takes no longer than it does for you to boil one.

**Baked Egg**

Cover the bottom of an individual baking dish with milk and add a few cracker crumbs. Into this break an egg. Then add a dash of salt, pepper and a whole cracker, finely crumbled. Over this pour a little milk. Add a small piece of butter. Bake three minutes. Sounds delicious, doesn't it?

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Evelyn Knapp is one of the heartier breakfast eaters. Her menu includes either prunes or grapefruit, cooked cereal, eggs and bacon, buttered toast—and she has a different hot water arrangement. She has a cup of hot water with a little cream added.

Prunes at Evelyn's house are made more delectable by being cooked with lemon slices—or by having the prunes covered with a Sherry sauce before serving. Try these some morning.

THE young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.s. like to have breakfast served on trays in their rooms. Both Joan and Doug like to start off with orange juice, but from there they branch off in tastes. Joan likes a small breakfast, Doug an ample one.

One of Joan's pet peeves is coffee that is not piping hot. I have seen her insist that her coffee be served in a thermos jug, even at table in a hotel. For breakfast in bed she has a small vacuum jug that brings it red hot from the kitchen.

Orange juice, toast and coffee are the usual proceeding for Joan. Doug likes to have new twists to his menu. One of them is a special way to fix bacon.

I don't know that this has any special name, but here is what you do. Dip the pieces of bacon in an egg which has been slightly beaten. To this egg you have added a pinch of dry mustard, a teaspoon of vinegar and a pinch of red pepper. Taking the slices from the egg, roll them in cracker crumbs. Then lay the strips across the wire rack of your broiling pan. Cook the bacon until it is brown and crisp.

BETTE DAVIS certainly is no help to the collector of breakfast recipes. Her sole fare consists of a glass of orange juice, one slice of either raisin or bran bread, toasted; prunes and a cup of black coffee!

Because Jobyna Ralston Arlen is Southern, tasty corn breads appear frequently on the Arlen breakfast table. Corn dodger is a great favorite. These cakes can be cooked on an electric griddle.

**Corn Dodgers**

1 cup corn meal  
1 1/2 cup water  
1 1/2 teaspoon salt

Be sure that you select the white corn meal for this dish. Stir the ingredients in the order listed. When the mixture has reached dough consistency, make up into oval or round shaped cakes. Cook on a hot griddle.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.
Sore Throat and Colds
Start This Way...

Colds that would ordinarily
last 9 days, vanish in 3

Look out for wet or cold feet, draughts,
sudden changes of temperature; any undue exposure. All are contributing causes of the common cold and sore throat. Such exposure lowers resistance so that germ organisms in the mouth and nose get the upper hand. Illness follows. At the first sign of trouble, gargle with Listerine night and morning. Better still, every two hours.

Listerine reduces mouth bacteria 98% and allays pain and irritation. It's amazing how frequently this treatment will break up a cold.

Actual tests show that colds that would ordinarily last nine or ten days, vanish in three or four. Colds, instead of being severe, are mild. Repeated tests on human beings have proved this again and again.

These tests also revealed that the regular twice-a-day Listerine gargle is a remarkable preventive of colds.

Experiments show that non-Listerine-users contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled with Listerine twice a day. And the colds lasted three times as long.

Such brilliant results could not be expected from mouth washes so harsh they irritate tissue. Listerine's success is due to the fact that, while it kills germs, it is soothing and healing to tissue. Make a habit of using Listerine every day. It not only safeguards your health, but automatically makes your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable. It instantly ends halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Your guide in buying a mouth wash
The Lancet of London never bestows its commendation on a product without subjecting it to critical tests. And now this great medical authority attests the safety and germicidal power of Listerine. Remember that when you buy.

FATAL TO GERMS YET SAFE
There's a sparkle in the Del Rio eye and fire in the Del Rio soul again. Dolores, staging a comeback after a long illness, has forgotten her sleek-gracious-society-matron off-screen pose and is now giving everything she's got to the camera in "The Bird of Paradise," on location in Hawaii.
THIS picture is a ringing message of hope to all plain girls in search of glamour. Once the lady above was named Jane Peters, claimed Fort Wayne, Indiana, as “home” and worked for Mack Sennett. Look at her now—exotic, glamorous, exciting Carole Lombard. And it’s all done with lines and a line.
WHEN they first suggested that Joan Crawford play the rôle of Flaemmchen in "Grand Hotel," Joan uttered a mild "nix" on appearing in a film with Garbo, but when she saw the size and possibilities of the part she rushed to the set without another word. Here's Joan, the gorgeous, as the little steno
EXPERTS say that Evalyn Knapp has the most beautiful mouth in Hollywood—and quiteunkissed. In spite of the fact that she and handsome Don Cook are seen at all the local ice cream parlors, she swears she is not in love and doesn’t want to be. But minds are changed overnight in Hollywood.
Coca-Cola has a wonderful winning way. In it you find the happy answer to thirst. A taste thrill. A quick, wholesome little lift when you need one.

This drink just naturally fits into a pause from work or play. Tastes good when nothing else does. Leaves you cool and refreshed.

Only 5¢. Always the same high quality.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.
Fearless are the fastidious at such close-ups as this—never a worry for them with the minty freshness of crystal cool Cryst-O-mint Life Savers to sweeten the breath!

We asked everyone who wanted a sample of Cryst-O-mint Life Savers to please raise their hands—and your Hole News Reporter was avalanched by this gay boatload of enthusiasts.

Isn't a Cryst-O-mint package worth five cents when it brings a Million Dollar smile like this...that's why everyone's calling it the Million Dollar Flavor! Try Cryst-O-mint Life Savers—youself, today, and see!

LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT!

By the Hole News Reporter

You think I've got a line, don't you? Well, I have got a line—Cryst-O-mint Life Savers—and what a line! Watch 'em line up wherever Cryst-O-mint Life Savers are sold! Buy Cryst-O-mint Life Savers—the Million Dollar Flavor for the Millions—and these mouth-cooling taste sensations will win you right from scratch!
I HAVE at least one reader who thinks I am Jack the Giant Killer turned yellow. She complains that I am afraid to discuss the entrance of the banking interests into the management of motion pictures. The lady holds several hundred shares of stock in one of the major companies, purchased in the gold rush of '29, and is apparently quite disgusted with the whole motion picture business in general and me in particular.

Somewhere she has read that these banking laddies are hell bent on running the business themselves, and naively intimates that they are wasting her money lolling around Malibu Beach, basking in the sunshine of beautiful blondes, and rushing through the sound stages telling Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich how to act, Ernst Lubitsch and George Fitzmaurice how to direct, and Rupert Hughes and Fanny Hurst how to write.

She has even written to her congressman telling him there should be a law.

Oh, lady, lady, if you knew how those Wall Street boys would love to be back in their nice, peaceful offices, getting reports of mounting profits and toying with little thin strips of paper with amusing figures on them.

It reminds me of Montague Glass’s favorite story of the Jewish merchant who had prospered in the white goods business for thirty years when hard times came upon that line. He had a note coming due at the bank and he called on the president to explain the utter impossibility of meeting it.

The president explained that his board of directors thought the bottom had gone out of the white goods business, that they knew competition was ruinous, and they wanted to have nothing to do with it. The note had to be met next week—or else.

“All right, Mr. President, if that’s the way they feel about it,” said the poor old fellow as he turned sadly away, “but just tell them that next week they are in the white goods business.”

ONE wise man of the cinema said recently, “There is nothing the matter with the picture business that good pictures won’t cure.”

That is a very clever statement which is a half truth. The whole truth is much more flattering to the business and that is, that an inflated industry is trying valiantly to adjust itself to a deflated market. And that goes for steel, auto-motive, copper, and almost every other business.

A fat man who has lost a lot of weight suddenly, always looks ridiculous in his old clothes until he can have them taken in.

BANKERS cannot make money unless their clients prosper, and when you find one of those sad-faced boys fooling around studios, factories, or skyscraper offices he is there because some of his customers are pointing their fingers and scowling at him just as you are doing. But don’t scowl at me, lady, because, remembering the idea of October, 1929, I will match you dirty look for dirty look. But wasn’t it great while it lasted? There for a while I had every intention of buying the little woman an ermine coat.

The picture business is on the up and up. The public can’t do without pictures any more than it can without telephones.

Just hold onto those stock certificates, lady. We have been traveling along the longest road without a turning in recent times. Sooner or later there will be a corner that really has something behind it. And wouldn’t it be wonderful, lady, if it was a nice, cool glass of legal beer?

NOW that I have done a hop, skip, and a jump from financial misadventures to beer, and, believe it or not, that is not economic incoherency, I want to tell you a story of darky philosophy which has some bearing on our national atmosphere.

A few years ago—before the year of the big wind in Wall Street, of course—I made a trip to Bermuda. One day the venerable old negro who drove me about the island in his victoria showed up at the hotel pretty well ginned up.

“Now, George,” I chided him, “here you are, a man with a horse and carriage of his own, a man with a respectable family, and you show up here for business like this. What do you drink for, anyhow?”

“I dunno, Boss,” he said, hanging his head and turning his battered derby in his hands, “I dunno. Things is bad at home, and I guess I took that nip of gin to get a change of thought.”

WE don’t have to use gin for our troubles, but what this country needs even more than good twenty-five cent movies or five cent cigars is a change of thought. I respectfully submit that every congressman should study the little contribution of statesmanship. We certainly need something besides political platforms deliberately designed to last from nomination to election and then crumble.

But then I never knew an architect who was in politics.

THERE is no business in the world that has become so inured to public criticism as the picture business. When, as happened recently, one of the most famous mercantile houses in the world dropped from millions of annual profit to a five million dollar operating loss, the newspapers recorded it briefly and without editorial comment, on the editorial pages where it belonged. But the finances of motion picture companies are news because the personalities involved are news.

TRAVEL back and forth between Hollywood and New York so often—strictly business, mind you—that some of the transcontinental conductors are old pals of mine.

On the long stretches through the wheat fields, desert and mountains we often sit by the hour, and, like folks in “Alice in Wonderland,” talk of many things.

At twilight, when that orange and red orb begins to slide so gracefully into the horizon, bathing the landscape in a soul soothing bath of changing colors, congenial humans shed thoughts of material things and commune with one another.

THERE is one conductor especially with whom I love to travel. A dozen times I have arranged my trips for the pleasure of his company on the three-day trip.

He’s Fred to me and I have been Jim to him for ten years or more. Fred has
been with the same road since he was eighteen—he's fifty now—and besides the famous train he conducts, his only interests in life are his two daughters, fourteen and sixteen, Alice and Maude.

LAST summer as the train was passing through an expanse of Arizona desert he plopped himself on the seat opposite.

There was a preoccupied look in his eyes, but he said nothing; just gazed out the window at the dreary waste of sand and mesquite, broken here and there by a giant cactus.

Suddenly he turned to me. "I want your advice about something," he said, "something you ought to know about because you know pictures and you have daughters."

I merely nodded and he went on.

"You know I am a widower and that I have two daughters. But you don't know how difficult it is for a father alone to guide girls, to guide and help them without danger of repressing their normal personal and mental development. They are bright girls. Sometimes I think they are brighter than the average, and they are good girls.

"I have nothing in life but their happiness.

"We live in Kansas City and I don't believe that is any better or any worse for girls than any other city or town. But the girls are fond of pictures and that is what is worrying me.

"I haven't the heart to tell them they cannot go to a picture show on the Saturday I am on the road and that is every second week.

"I want them to realize that I trust them, but is there any way I can do that and still guard them against seeing the wrong sort of pictures? Can you help me?"

"They read your magazine and they know we are friends. A word from you and it will save me from appearing like a distrusting, dictating father."

THAT is not as difficult as it may seem," I said. "Why don't you make a game of it with them?"

"A game?" he asked. But he seemed relieved at my assurance that there was a way out of his problem.

"Yes," I said. "I have tried it and it works. In the first place, there are certain stars who never make a picture they cannot see. George Arliss, Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Harold Lloyd, and now Tom Mix is coming back. Tell them they can see any picture these fine folks appear in."

"But the game part of it?" he interjected impatiently. "That sounds interesting."

THERE are guides to pictures," I said. "My magazine is just one. We always try to tell the character of the picture. Often we say directly, 'Not for Children.' But you cannot always say it in those words. Some girls of fourteen can safely see a picture that others of seventeen should not see. It depends on the girl. The Kansas City Star has one of the finest motion picture departments in the country. You can trust that.

"That's where the game begins. Have a palaver with your girls.

"Tell them you are concerned about them seeing the right pictures when you are away.

"Tell them you have confidence in their intelligence in selecting the right ones from Photoplay and the newspapers.

"Tell them they can see any picture they choose, but that you would like to have them save the reviews and point out why they chose one picture and rejected another."

"They'll love it," said Fred, "a million thanks," and he went back to his duties smiling and nodding his fine grey head.

AFew months ago I received a letter from him.

"It worked like a charm," he wrote me. "Not only Alice and Maude but all their little girl friends are now motion picture critics."

MISS H. B. STAPPENbeck, of San Francisco, California, wrote Photoplay a letter recently. It is as good an editorial as any that editor could write. It requires no comment. She says:

"I'd like to raise a mighty roar of protest against recent statements that women are responsible for so much "dirt" in current pictures and plays. That isn't so! I suppose the producers think that all the empty seats in theaters lately are due solely to the depression. Not at all. Another reason is that many of us are tired of seeing one sexy drama after another. I have a newspaper before me as I write this, open to the theatrical page, and here are some of the pictures advertised, and their "catch" lines:

"She Wanted a Millionaire"—She gambled with life and love.

"Lovers Courageous"—On her wedding night she ran to the arms of her lover.

"Nice Women"—The daring ex-pose of a "nice" girl.

"Why go on? Nearly every picture advertised is of the same type, and we're getting pretty darned tired of it. We want more comedy, more real romance and I'll wager that even a costume picture or two would not be amiss.

Personally, I've lost interest in pictures temporarily. I go to shows these days to hear my favorite orchestra leader and in the hope of seeing Mickey Mouse, or Stan and Oliver.

THAT letter should have been given the top prize in the Brickbats and Bouquets department of letters from readers, but it was exceptionally good and so well expressed that I am putting it on these pages.

Yes, Miss Stappenbeck gets a check for top prize, also.

I HAVE often wondered if Joe E. Brown, the picture comic, was born with a silver ladle in his mouth.

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That Brand-New Personality

This issue of Photoplay is so full of remarkable features that can help you in looks, figure, clothes and even mind that we call your attention to four special articles designed for this purpose.

See "THE HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP," and SYLVIA'S wonder-working exercises, self-massage, and diets.

Read the article, "JUST WHAT MAKES THEM CLICK," in which a famous psychoanalyst tells you why the personalities of two stars are so amazingly interesting, and what you can learn from them.

See SEYMOUR'S selections of screen styles for the month.
Don’t Lie To HER

THE greatest personality sensation in Hollywood film circles today, not excepting Garbo, Gable or even Dressler is Gene Dennis, beautiful young mind reader whose work is so amazing and baffling that she is filling the great Warner Bros. theater in Hollywood. The film stars are flocking to her performances and almost breaking their necks to get her to give them private audiences. She never breaks a confidence of a private audience, but some of the answers that she has given in the theater have got Hollywood reeling.

How does she do it? She says she doesn’t know herself. When she was nine years old, still a school girl in Kansas, she developed an uncanny faculty for finding lost articles. When she was fourteen, Dr. David P. Abbott, investigator for the American Society for Psychical Research, stated after a test that she was America’s only true psychic. She resents the implication that she is a clairvoyant, medium or fortune teller.

She is twenty-four years old and pretty enough to be a motion picture star herself. In fact, companies have offered her contracts, but she won’t consider them.

Some of the things she says:
That Doug Fairbanks, Jr., loves Joan Crawford, but that Joan is a woman who will never be happy. Joan and Chaplin, she says, are two of the most psychic people she has ever met, and psychics are not happy.

She says that Tallulah Bankhead always puts her worst foot forward—her bad side—and that she has a very fine, sweet side that she keeps well hidden.

She told Louis B. Mayer, head of the Metro Studios, things about his mother which he says only he, himself, knew.

She told Einstein, the scientist, some of his own secret family problems and he expressed himself as amazed. She says that the Einsteins are simple, poor, German people and that he lives in a daze.

She told a worldly-wise Hollywood staff writer of Photoplay, who went to see her, such secret personal things that the writer went out baffled.

She says that the depression that hangs over the country has lifted.

When Anita Loos visited the Warner Theater in Hollywood and asked who should play in “Red Headed Woman,” the psychic answered that Joan Crawford should be the one to play it, but a new star will be born through the part.

Before the depression most of the questions asked her were about members of families and love problems. Now seventy-five per cent of them are about business, and the chances of holding or getting positions.

She never attempts to judge the stock market. “There’s nothing psychic about the stock market,” she says. “It’s just crazy. And I wouldn’t attempt to read a demented mind.”

THE high moguls of the studios mean nothing to Gene Dennis. A casting director of one of the biggest studios in Hollywood tried for days to get in personal touch with her. He had attended her performances for a week, sitting in different parts of the house, studying her. He talked it over with his chiefs and was willing to bet his reputation that she would be a great picture star.

“Get her,” said the mogul. The casting director, so used to having the screen stars come to his office at the lift of his finger, finally after a week’s work, reached her fourth assistant secretary. He told the secretary that the studio executives would be very glad to see Miss Dennis at her convenience. Without even consulting her employer, the fourth assistant said, “Miss Dennis is too busy. She has no time.” Imagine anyone talking to Hollywood moguls like that!

The girl doesn’t have to depend upon reading other people’s minds. She has a mind of her own. What a combination—she is a better personal showman than Chevalier, more mysterious than Garbo, and as good looking as Marlene Dietrich! It would seem that there isn’t any such person, but there she is, packing them in at that Hollywood theater every day.

Figure it out for yourself. The worldly-wise Photoplay writer gives up.
A World Famous Psycho-analyst TELLS

S T U D I O U S L Y applied, it is easy, in the present state of mob hysteria, to put over a bluff.

A little practice and thought spent in applying a bluff that will make others believe that you have plumbed great mysteries of life, will go far today.

Gable gives the impression of a "civilized brute." It is that which challenges every woman.

He has less of the feminine streak that is present in every man than any other screen male today.

HAVE Garbo and Gable really a mysterious "something" that other people haven't?
Or is it possible that you, yourself, have within you the same things that these two have—the only difference being that they know how to use it, and you don't?
You've wondered that, haven't you?
You've watched them on the screen, felt and envied their colossal and strange appeal.
You've witnessed the idolizing movie-public's reaction to these two individuals.
And certainly you've wondered what are the ingredients of these two personalities that make their possessors—just ordinary, everyday mortals like yourself—two of the most famous people in the world today.
Well, Science has an answer.
Science—the science of psycho-analysis, of human emotions and reactions—can take those two creatures, Garbo and Gable, apart, and tell you what makes them click. What's more, it can tell you how that same something can be cultivated, to a greater or lesser degree, by you, and the girl or boy who sits in the seat next to you at the movies tonight.

Offhandedly, you dismiss the Garbo-Gable matter by saying they have "personality." You might even say it's "It," or "S. A."
or any of the other patent phrases with which mortals pass off a matter that's a little too deep.
But science can go much deeper than that, and analyze the very ingredients that make up that "personality." So let's see what one of the most famous psychiatrists and psycho-analysts of the Pacific Coast can do about it—

Dr. Cecil Reynolds is his name. British by birth, he studied the human mind and its ramifications abroad and in this country. He has become a recognized leader in his field. He has written many scientific treatises on human emotions and reactions. He is among the famous psychiatrists who have appeared as state witnesses in scores of court proceedings where the strange mysteries of the human mentality needed clarification.
He is at present head of the department of psychiatry at one of Los Angeles' foremost clinics, and further than that, he enjoys the intimate friendship of many of filmland's most famous.

Dr. Reynolds has studied Garbo and Gable on the screen. He has studied the fan reaction to these two players. He has tried to answer the questions that naturally arise—What makes Garbo Garbo?—and what makes Gable Gable?—and how can you, and you, be like them?
Here are his answers:
The appeal which Garbo exerts from the screen is not a fluke. It is real, because Garbo is, fundamentally, a great artist, a great actress—comparable even to Bernhardt and Duse, in her more inspired moments. Those who clamor that she is, after all, "just a dumb Swede woman" are wrong.

In the first place, there is about her that sense of mystery which is one of the most attention-compelling, admiration-arousing characteristics any human can possess. With Garbo, it is natural, due to the very fact that she is a great artist, and all great artists "feel" more deeply than other people. Many people cannot reach those depths of feeling. Vitality is essential to an artist even in moments of complete repose—that is, psychic vitality. Yet this air of mystery can be cultivated—by such as you, mind you! On your own desires, your own aspirations, you can build a bluff that will make some people believe you have fathomed the unfathomable mysteries of life, and know all about it.

Garbo gives the immediate impression of a woman who has suffered, and attained knowledge and strength by that suffering. Maybe she has, and, on the other hand, maybe she has not. The fact remains that anyone can cultivate certain external appearances that will give the same effect. Jennie Jones can artificially achieve much of Garbo's allure, if she is intelligent enough.

If you must be a "poseur," the rules are these: First, learn a complete self-control of expression and action. Studiously avoid putting everything you are or feel in the show window. Try to understand your own emotions, while concealing them. See it in Garbo's face; watch,
The New Pickfair

Here it is—Pickfair, re-modeled and re-decorated and rebuilt. Here Mary and Doug entertain dukes and duchesses as easily as you have your Aunt Lu over for Sunday dinner.

Here is the mistress of Pickfair ready to go downstairs and nibble a caviar canape with her guests. The management of little Mary's big home is as smooth as Connie Bennett's satin evening gown. And Mary does it all herself. Butlers, cooks, chauffeurs, maids, know that Mary's word is law. So does Doug. While he was chasing a golf ball through Europe, Mary had these new plans up her lace sleeve.
Here is your inside peek into the lower floor of Pickfair—the plans from which the magnificence to be seen on these pages grew. A—I—new guest quarters; A—drawing room; B—terrace; C—projection room; D—butler's room; E—hallway; F—utility room; G—servants' dining room; H—kitchen; I—pantry; J—breakfast room; K—dining room; L—terrace roof; M—library; N—reception hall. Don't get excited and tell us that there are no books in the library. On the next page you may see the actual photograph which shows you how many volumes can be disposed of in a tricky way.

Directly above is the original Pickfair with a new coat of paint and a lot of other fancy improvements. Over on the other page where the picture continues is the new guest house with the final touches being put on. It cost a fabulous amount of money, gave hundreds of people work and is one of the most beautiful estates in Hollywood.
The dining room is furnished in Eighteenth Century English style. Turn back a page and compare this actual photograph with the plan of the lower floor. The photographer stood in front of the fireplace. The door at the left opens on to the terrace. The door at the right goes into the library.

Mary and Doug call this the upper hall, but we always thought a hall was a place to hang your hat and park your umbrella. This gorgeous room looks like a first class front parlor to us, except there isn't any post card rack or family album. Every piece of furniture here was especially built, even the lighting fixtures. It is done in pastel shades.
How Can You Cavort Around Foreign Parts?

You can get some idea of the size of the drawing room by looking at the piano in the left hand corner. It is a baby grand and instead of filling the room, as pianos do in most parlors, it is hardly noticeable. See how even greater spaciousness has been accomplished by having all the furniture hug the walls.

When you climb the gorgeous stairs you arrive at the second story. Above are the plans: A—west room of Doug's suite; B—Doug's Chinese room; C—bathroom; D—bathroom; E—hall and sunroom; F—linen room; G—Gwynne's room (Gwynne is Lottie's daughter whom Mary recently adopted); H—hall; I—Mary's bathroom; J—Mary's bedroom; K—sleeping porch. And you could put five or six city apartments in Mary's suite alone and have enough left over for a college lecture hall. Mary's closet is as big as the average bedroom. It must be to hold all her clothes.

The doors in the library are self-closing, devised by Mary so when Doug goes dashing through they do not stand ajar. There are two sets of book shelves, one on hinges, the other just behind. The room is Eighteenth Century French.
Caught With The Goods

This woman is wanted for grand larceny!
Stop that man—he's a thief!
That sweet little child—he has learned to steal!
This is the charge against a score of Hollywood actors and actresses. Yet none of them can be arrested.
The crime of which they are accused is stealing, certainly, but the stolen object is a scene and nothing in the constitution can cover the offense.
Dozens of times you've read reviews—including those in Photoplay—which stated "Little So-and-So stole the picture from the star."

It is not by chance that a scene is stolen. Carefully worked out tricks that trouper learn during their fight for the screen survival of the fittest are necessary. And you've seen grand larceny performed right before your nose as dramas flash upon the silver sheet. For the most part you do not recognize the culprit at work. All you know is that your eye follows one person in a group and not the others. If the person whose movements you watch is not the one who should be carrying the dramatic situation at that particular moment—then the scene has been stolen. You don't stop to analyze it. All you know is that you liked that person and want to see him again. And that is the very attitude he was working to accomplish.

A second story man has an amazing array of tools (and if you don't know what they are, you've forgotten your gangster pictures), but the studio thief has only his face, his hands and a few extraneous props. Once you catch on, you can watch for the tricks in the next picture you see—and catch the thief.

Someone said to me not long ago that talkies have practically done away with the possibilities of scene stealing. It is true that studios don't like actor tricks, because they take up valuable time. But as long as there is a drop of real actor blood in Hollywood, and as long as the name of Barrymore inspires a bowed head and a genuflection, there'll be scene stealing and don't let anybody kid you about it.

Marie Dressler wins the slightly used set of old, abandoned theme songs for being the Chief High Goddess of Scene Stealing. Didn't she almost (and some say, so loé voce, entirely) walk away with "Anna Christie," a Garbo picture?
Remember Marie in "Anna Christie"—always plucking at

Mr. Bob Montgomery, that scene belongs to Irene Purcell. You give it right back to her

Cliff Edwards just could not resist trying to rob these two tough birds in "Hell Divers."

Evelyn Brent and June Clyde in "The Mad Parade." Read the story of the robbery
PHOTOPLAY hereby charges a score of screen stars with grand larceny and hands them over to—the audience for sentence, with a plea for mercy.

By Katherine Albert

A famous team of screen burglars. Polly is trying to give Marie the works in "Politics"

A classic battle of "backing up." Lowe and Mc-Laglen in "The Cock-Eyed World"

The greatest screen pick-pocket exhibition of all time. Dressler lifting Garbo's scene in "Anna Christie"

He sleeve of that old sweater? That was a trick. Of course, it was in character, it gave you an excellent picture of the old wharf rat, but it attracted your eye rather than to the star. You've seen her rolling and re-rolling a paper in her hand, humming with a shawl around her shoulders, pulling at the neckline of her dress. It's grand larceny, I tell you. A movement catches the eye. Marie moves—but always in character, you understand. Ergo, you watch Fairie instead of the other players and the scene is stolen before you can say Anna May Wong.

If you're not too overcome with fars or laughter when you see Fairie in a picture, watch for these tricks.

You can catch her at them. She does them every time.

Now, Polly Moran is a scene stealer of the old Sennett university, so when she and Marie play together the directors jump up and down on their hats or else they get suddenly taken with laughter and forget to jump. Polly uses that expression you know so well—the one where she twists up her mouth making it look as if she has just lunched off green persimmons. In trouper parlance it is called "mugging." You'll catch Polly it plenty of times. Remember "Politics"? Well, she had to do something to keep up with Marie.

IONEL BARRYMORE is a past master at off-stage trickery. "The Barrymore boys learned about scene stealing at their mother's knee. She fed them scene stealers' cream in their cereal. Lionel, when he is not actually working, pretends to be half asleep. He sits in his chair, hands folded limp in his lap, eyes half shut, body relaxed. Seeing him, you would think, "Now here sits a kindly old gentleman who wouldn't steal a scene rom a kitten." But when the time comes he rushes before the camera with such bewildering vitality that the rest of the cast stand back aghast—just looking at him. It is the vivid contrast he has planned. In "The Yellow Ticket" Elissa Landi felt the power of this method. And so did brother Jack in "Arsene Lupin."

But brother Jack knows a few tricks himself. You've seen him pull the staring gag. While a scene is in progress, he gazes so fixedly at the actor with whom he is working that the fellow becomes so confused in lines and business he doesn't know whether he is Louis B. Mayer or the prop boy. When Jack and Lowell

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]
Well, if it isn't that little Mrs. Thalberg with her hair all done up in a braid. While Garbo was busy avoiding the Hollywood opening of "Mata Hari," Norma Shearer arrived and started a new fad—just like that! All you have to do, girls, is to comb back your hair, make two tight pigtails and wrap them around your head, or you can pin some on. The fancy name for this coiffure is the "coronet." How do you like it?

REMEMBER how the love scenes in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and "Wayward" failed to stir you much? How hard it was to realize that Paul Lukas and Dick Arlen were really the impetuous lovers the stories seemed to demand?

There was a reason, a perfectly logical one. Paul Lukas and Ruth Chatterton weren't even on speaking terms during the whole filming of their picture. They talked to each other and looked at each other only when their scenes demanded it.

And, when "Wayward" was being filmed—oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! Nancy Carroll was late on the very day the most ardent love scene was taken, and Dick Arlen was already pretty much fed up on what he called her "temperament."

They're good actors and actresses, all of them—but it would take the boy-and-girl wonders of the world to put love scenes across under those conditions and make them seem real.

The old story about the stars who were rushed into an ardent love scene and introduced afterwards doesn't seem so far-fetched after all, does it?

NORMA TALMADGE finally ups and admits what we have known for five years—that she and her genial husband, Joe Schenck, head of United Artists, have agreed on a divorce.

Here is one of those cases where neither party seems to be to blame. And it's really true that they are great friends, as they have both been saying for years, but they just don't fit in married harness.

Norma is in France to get the divorce and hard-working, good-hearted Joe is plugging away at his studio duties. She has denied time and time again to the press that she will marry Gilbert Roland and now, for the first time, that seems to be true, because they are not seen around together as much as they used to be.

One of the real troubles with Norma is that she hasn't been working, and, having worked hard all her life, leisure didn't bring her happiness. As one of her closest friends once said, "What Norma needs is a good picture. That's the only thing that will bring her any happiness."

BARBARA STANWYCK is one of the mysteries of Hollywood—more mysterious in her way than Garbo. It's a strange case. Now here is a girl who has made a great success, whose name spells box office wherever it is flaunted on a theater marquee, who is pretty, attractive, charming. Yet she is not seen around at the social centers where film celebrities gather, nor has she many close friends in the industry.

The reason is that Barbara just doesn't like Hollywood. It is true that she has a chip on her shoulder because she feels that Frank Fay, her husband whom she loves more than fame, got a raw deal from the cinema city. But it is more than that. She just doesn't like the
The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

The very smug, very self-satisfied young lady in the center of this happy family group has just been christened—and she bears a royal name. Barbara Bebe Lyon was pretty bored with the whole idea and yawned in the face of the Hollywood celebs present. Phaw!—she can't be bothered with stars, with two of them around the house all the time. They are, of course, Papa Ben Lyon and Mama Bebe Daniels, and very proud, too.

While Garbo is walking around alone in the rain, dressed in a tweed coat and a slouch hat, Marlene Dietrich gets herself all togged out like this and attends those swanky Hollywood affairs. And please note that handkerchief. If Marlene dropped it, it would be pounced upon by avid fans. It is big as a table napkin and embroidered with the star's name in each of the big dots. A cute idea that the girls will copy.

town, nor the people, nor the climate, nor anything about it. Maybe you don't like olives—well, Barbara doesn't like Hollywood. As a result she is called temperamental and hard to manage. But that's only because she is indifferent.

She would rather live happily and quietly with her adored Frank Fay than be the biggest star in the business.

We were sitting around Henry's the other day and someone said, "What's the matter with Nancy Carroll, anyhow? That girl started out to be one of the biggest stars. She seemed to have everything. She had a beautiful face, fine figure, and, boy, the appeal that girl put over on the screen."

"You can't blame it on Hollywood, anyway," spoke up a press-agent. "She didn't make a hit with the boys who worked with her in the studio, and they say you never can tell which way she's going to jump. One day she's as aloof as a zeppelin. They just can't figure that girl out."

An actor who had worked with her passed by our table. We yanked him into a seat and put it up to him. "Well," he said, "I always try to be a gentleman and I'm not a gossip, but deliver me from working with that temperamental baby again."

"But," he continued, "she has as many real personal friends as anyone in town. She has a lot of ability and probably she will get on to herself. And remember that Bernhardt and Duse were very temperamental."

Did you know that Harold Lloyd has a private telephone exchange in his home and employs a day and night operator? There are sixteen different lines through the house.

Estelle Taylor's neck had a vertebra out of place following her automobile accident. To get it back it was necessary for her to hang by the neck. The doctors had to hear the click when it went back—and if they couldn't hear it, Estelle had to be in condition to know it was really accomplished. To feel the click.

If she took an anaesthetic, they might not know whether the work had been accomplished or not.

Estelle hung for forty-five minutes without one drop of anything to still the pain. It was so excruciating that several times she started to faint.

They threw wet sponges on her—she stiffened and went on suffering.

Nothing more heroic has been done by a patient in Los Angeles, the physicians tell us. The click came—and Estelle is lying in a cast. Just how long she will be there, no one knows.

But she is assured of complete recovery eventually.

Without this bravery she could not have recovered.
THE Gables aren't making any statements at the time we go to press and neither is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but a divorce between Clark and his wife is a daily expectation. Perhaps it will be one of these one-day affairs granted in Mexico.

Clark and his wife appeared at the Brown Derby on the evening after the first rumors were printed to prove it ain't so.

But no one believed the advertisement. Not a soul.

"PRESTIGE," Ann Harding's last picture, is about the last straw for Ann. She's a bit fed up with the entire business. Will be glad when her contract is up in 1933 and she can either retire or return to the stage. She doesn't mind making flickers when they're good but she's about come to the conclusion that they're not often good!

Ann won't have to worry. She's got that mansion on the top of the hill all paid for and a big pile tucked away besides. Remember husband Harry Bannister has been dragging in $1000 weekly in addition to Ann's $125,000 a picture. They've protected the kiddie with that combined salary.

Of course, the studio paid Harry to keep Ann, but money is money and it all goes into the family coffers no matter how the checks are written.

CONNIE BENNETT'S making an honest effort to know the press better and to have them know her as she is.

Connie's always shunned publicity a bit, you know—even been indifferent to the point of being called high-hat.

Some things that have been written about her she has termed "persecution." She's sure if the writers knew her they'd understand she's really a regular guy.

So she's inviting editors etc. to meet her. They'll like her; they can't help it. But they'll make her front page copy just the same. Connie can't help that.

She's born that way just the same as Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow and other headliners.

For instance, that story that the Marquis signed a release, relinquishing any rights to their community property. It's not true, but even Puirorously, which tries so hard to be accurate, reported it. We're sorry, Henry. Our apologies, Connie.

FEW of the stars send out pictures now unless requests are accompanied by 25 cents. Of course, they still mail the small photographs free, but Constance Bennett is almost the only star now that still sends a lovely 8x10 photograph to all who write for it. This costs her many dollars each month.

All of which reminds us of the money some of them formerly spent on pictures for fans. At one time there was a standing order with a large photographic gallery for ten thousand daily of Mary Pickford.

No other star has ever remotely approached this, though Paramount formerly sent out 30,-

000 and 40,000, respectively, of Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers each month.

A CONVERSATION that has been repeated to us as being held between Greta Garbo and Bob Montgomery:

"How would you like to be on the stage, Greta?"

"I would like it if it was a good play but I would never rehearse."

Greta's refusal to rehearse for pictures is a well known fact, of course.

"But how would you get around it?" asked Bob, whose experience on the stage has taught him the importance of rehearsals since cues can only be learned by practice.

"Everyone else would rehearse. I would learn my part at home and perhaps the last day or two I would come and fit myself in."

And she'd probably do it. She's done everything else that people said couldn't be done.
We're wishing Tom and the bride good luck. It cost Tom three quarters of a million cash when Victoria divorced him.

Now, he's broke, so money can't be the main issue.

Don't think you're the only ones who admire the stars' clothes and want to copy them. Remember the stunning black tailored suit that Photoplay showed you last month, worn by Claudette Colbert in "The Wiser Sex"? The suit had a straight, plain skirt and diagonal-striped, hip-length jacket, and was very, very smart. Well, we'll tell you a little secret about it.

Joan Crawford wears that suit off-screen—orders it in half a dozen different materials and colors.

It's almost a day-time uniform. Claudette and Joan are friends. Claudette raved about the suit.

So Joan said, "Here, take one and have it copied."

And Claudette not only copied the suit, but the crepe blouse with attached Ascot scarf that Joan wears with it. She even claps the scarf at the throat with the same sort of jeweled pin Joan uses.

The "Grand Hotel" cast, with its list of prominent new faces, was costing $11,969. Plenty of the "well known but little seen" mazuma. So, in order to impress the importance of saving time and money, Director Edmund Goulding spoke to each star separately.

To John Barrymore he said, "Every minute counts. Please be prompt and on the job at all times, as it's costing the company $980 a minute to make this, since you joined the cast."

John merely sniffed just a slight Barrymore sniff.

That afternoon Director Goulding walked off the set.

"Hey," Barrymore called. "where you going?"

"To telephone," the surprised director answered.

"And that," Barrymore smiled, "will just cost us $4500.

Another little gal gone broke. Remember Louise Brooks with the two swell legs and a Brunette Dutch bob?

Louise, who had the promise of being a screen sensation not long ago, ups and divorces Eddie Sutherland, director, takes herself over to Germany to make pictures and then comes back broke.

Louise has gone bankrupt in New York, listing her liabilities at $11,969.

Assets—zero.

But, just the same, when a magnificent liner recently pulled out from New York harbor, Havana and good time bound, "Brooksie" was among those present.

Now what we likewise penniless lads and lassies want to know is, How do they do it?

[Please turn to page 84]
Two years ago Ruth Chatterton was the “first lady of the screen.” Today, she faces the possibility of being a “has been.”

A strange situation.

She is now beginning her new Warner Bros. contract guaranteeing her three-quarters of a million dollars in the next two years—the highest paid actress now on the screen for any definite period. Yet her future is a question-mark.

When Warner Bros. won Ruth from Paramount, she was the greatest money-maker in the business. Paramount was frantic, so frantic that they made every effort to buy her back.

Paramount offered her a new contract at a huge figure. It did not give her full control of her stories and production. Ruth turned it down. She must have the same authority as well as the same money that Warners had promised.

Which reminds me of the day Gloria Swanson refused $20,000 a week from Paramount for identically the same reason; went to United Artists where she could direct her own unit—and almost flopped herself out of pictures.

I have no fear of Ruth’s flunking in an executive capacity. But I fear for Ruth as an actress. I fear that the world has already discovered that she has resorted to the technique, the tricks she has learned during her long years of experience.

I am sincerely frightened that the public knows that Ruth has substituted that for emotional acting.

No actress can last when she reaches the point where she uses mere technique. Audiences detect it immediately.

I am one of her most ardent admirers and yet I must confess that “The Magnificent Lie,” “Once A Lady,” and “Tomorrow and Tomorrow” left me cold. When I should have cried—I smiled. When I should have smiled— I wanted to cry. Cry for the woman who could no longer stir me.

I remembered the Ruth Chatterton of “Sins of the Fathers,” “Madame X” and “Sarah and Son.” She was the rage of the critics; the pet of the public. Her pictures grossed millions.

Every one of those pictures rated a place among Photoplay’s best pictures of the month.

She was doing a scene for “Sarah and Son.” One of the most dramatic of that intensely dramatic production. She was crying over the sick child. Tears were pouring down her cheeks. Dorothy Arzner, her director, called “cut.” Ruth’s mouth-muscles commenced moving. She was chewing gum.

Directors have told at one time or another of her ability to finish a most dramatic scene, walk to a couch and fall instantly asleep. Doesn’t that tell something? I can’t imagine Greta Garbo falling asleep before or after a dramatic scene. Greta paces outside of the stage to control the nervousness which possesses her—the intense anxiety and fear for her ability to put her work over. Marie Dressler, talking, talking, to cover her agitation.

The other day I watched Ruth shoot her first scene with her new leading man, George Brent, for “The Rich Are Always With Us.” He was trembling. He knocked over the salt shaker on the night club table; tried to catch the eye of the make-up man (when Ruth wasn’t looking) to check on his make-up; shook so you could see the table and chairs vibrate.

A very wise hand at the game of acting was standing beside me. “That boy has something,” he said slowly. “If he were too sure of himself on this first shot, I’d think he was no good. But he’s nervous. That’s emotion. He’ll give a great performance.”

Knowing Ruth as I do, I think she was probably nervous also. She has a terrific inferiority complex way down beneath that smooth, drawing-room exterior. [Please turn to page 128]
A COUPLE of years ago PHOTOPLAY called Ruth Chatterton "The First Lady of the Screen." She was the pet of the critics; the rage of the public; adored by thousands. Now she has a contract which gives her final word on stories and production. She rules the set, but she is slipping with her fans. On the opposite page Ruth Biery tells you all about it.
ALL right, you music lovers and you lovers of whimsical light comedy—here’s the answer to your prayers. It won’t be long until you’ll be hearing Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier warbling together again. Look out for the film. It’s called “One Hour With You.” It’s splendid and it is reviewed in this issue of Photoplay.
In one of Sylvia Sidney's blue-green eyes there is a golden-brown fleck, so maybe that's why she gets the first look at all those big dramatic roles. The camera caught her resting on her way to stardom. But not for long. Just the minute she finishes playing the part Betty Compson created in "The Miracle Man," she rushes into "Jerry and Joan" with Fred March.
TALLULAH, the glamorous, the sophisticated! Isn't it amazing that the still camera seems to bring out more of her personality than the motion picture? Here is Tallulah as she is. Why doesn't some of her fascination come through on the screen? Tallulah believes it's because of poor pictures, and once at a preview—but read all about that on the opposite page.
!!Tallulah!!

A remarkable personality that so far has failed to register on the screen

LUPE VELEZ, Greta Garbo and Clara Bow have held the winning cards as headline showmen in Hollywood for many a day. But now they've got competition.

Tallulah is entitled to a little more time.

For example, she's been to just one Hollywood preview—"The Reckless Age." She snatched twelve of the preview cards which are handed to the public at the door, soliciting their criticisms of the picture. These cards go directly to Ben Schulberg, production manager at Paramount. She filled out each of the even dozen and mailed it to the man who controls her contract, the choice of her pictures, etc. Here are samples chosen at random from her comments:

"Annette Kellerman was superb. Give Tallulah Bankhead a good picture."
"Bring back Roscoe Arbuckle! Give Tallulah Bankhead a good picture."

"Did you know that lemon juice removes tobacco stains? Give Tallulah Bankhead a good picture."

She signed each of the twelve in her own, bold handwriting—Tallulah Bankhead. No camouflage. She was using the most startling method she could discover to insist that she was entitled to a good picture. She has been thoroughly disgusted, with her first three American vehicles and says so—despite the fact it is considered bad politics in Hollywood to rap either your own pictures or productions from your own studio.

But Tallulah cared nothing about politics. She'll get her own way by her own methods here, just as she did in England, New York and by-way places. She summarizes Hollywood in one sentence: "A place where people would like to like other people but are afraid to: hypocrisy!"

Take the opening of "Mata Hari." She accepted an invitation to a dinner party preceding it and agreed to return to join in the fun afterwards. But she flatly refused to attend the première itself because of a crowd complex. She must be in small groups.

This complex must be Hollywood-developed. For Miss Bankhead in England used to stop and chat with the huge throngs which collected around the dressing-room door to pay her homage. And she did the night clubs, social gatherings, charity affairs, etc. Of course, she explains that by saying it was necessary to get herself established. She had to be seen to be talked about; she had to be talked about to be famous. But the moment she became so famous that they talked about her anyway—she stopped going to public places.

WELL, that may be true. But we'll wager you a war with Japan against a depression that the reason Tallulah didn't want to go to that opening was because the fans in Hollywood wouldn't know her. While all the rest of the audience was being welcomed by great cheers—she would have slipped in unannounced. Tallulah, like Lupe, must be the center of attraction. At every party she attends she keeps up an uninterrupted stream of conversation. Usually about herself. Her escapades in England; her opinion of everything in the world—both holy and unholy.

Incidentally, her instincts about not being recognized were correct. For she did go to the opening. They called her a poor sport at the dinner, surprised her by saying they had secured her a ticket even though she had refused the invitation. She had to counteract that poor sport inference. Good showmen always pride themselves on good sportsmanship. So

By Ruth Biery

She cut the cards to see whether she should go or not go. She lost. She went—and there was scarcely a ripple. The hundreds who trampled each other around the entrance of the theater didn't know her.

Soon after her arrival, she met Polly Moran. Now, Polly is always a sensation. She's a great running mate for anyone who wishes to get talked about in Hollywood. She's been adopted before by newcomers as a wise-cracking foil to help them get their names on the tips-of-Hollywood- tongues. Don't misunderstand me. Tallulah really likes Polly. She couldn't help it—but neither could she find a better audience or guilt-line-feeder. When Edmund Goulding, an old friend of Tallulah, invited her to a party she asked if she might bring Polly.

Of course, when Tallulah plans a party, herself, she usually calls her guests at midnight to invite them. To get someone out of bed makes the invitation just that much more impressive.

AND she's always impressive. She only goes where she can be impressive. "I haven't been any place yet where I have seen Hollywood trying to be ladies and gentlemen. Who cares or wants to be either? If I were well-behaved, I'd die of boredom. I'm not patronizing it. Don't give that impression. I'm just being natural. They have lovely places; charming houses. But—I must be myself. Otherwise, why live? I brought two friends from England, a woman and her brother. I have my secretary, the best friend in the world. In other words, I have my bridge fourth in my own house so I am never bored. I don't have to go out with other people."

Of course she was always front page copy in England. The report of her engagement pushed international news to inside columns. She explains that engagement as probably no other woman in the world would explain such a situation.

"He gave me a diamond necklace. No other man had ever done it. I felt the responsibility and thought I must get engaged to him."

"He was awfully attractive but absurd. He just didn't make any sense."

Wise girl to break it. Two people who don't make sense might not find the heaven promised by matrimonial proponents.

But she believes in love.

"I'm miserable if I'm not in love and, of course, I'm miserable if I am," she says. "But I can stand any misery except boredom and not to be in love is the greatest bore on earth."

She admits she came into pictures because she could make four times as much money as on the stage. She wants to save some money. Never has. Has no jewels, no great possessions to show she's been the theatrical rage [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]
The Greatest Battle in the Long History of Films!
OUR photographer's inspired picture of one of the greatest motion picture sets ever erected, floodlighting with its sun-arcs the mightiest array of stars ever corralled in Hollywood's history!

It is the lobby scene for "Grand Hotel," the Vicki Baum stage hit now being filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under the direction of Edmund Goulding, the sweat-shirted gent with hands in pockets, seen at left center. And what stars of stars are laboring in the cast! Many stars—many temperaments—many ensuing rows. A lion-tamer is a mere governess beside Irving Thalberg, the producing genius. Across the bottom, left to right, are Wallace Beery, Tully Marshall, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Garbo, Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore. Just above them, center, are Joan Crawford and John Barrymore. See if you can find such lights as Jean Hersholt and Frank Conroy.

What a set—and what a company! If this great picture, with its milling mass of super-stars, its talents and temperaments, is finished without a murder or two, it will be a triumph for the bosses.
Select Your Pictures and You Won't

**THE LOST SQUADRON—Radio Pictures**

"WINGS" started it. We've had lots of aviation pictures since. But here's one that's different and will entertain any audience from the age of eight to eighty.

Richard Dix is captain of a trio of flyers who, at the termination of the war, make the Three Musketeer pledge. They eventually find themselves stunt flyers in a motion picture being made by an unscrupulous director, played by Eric Von Stroheim, who'll go to any extreme for realism. Dix comes through with his best performance since "Cimarron." Dorothy Jordan and Joel McCrea furnish the romance delightfully; Hugh Herbert the laughs. Mary Astor has little to do but looks lovely as ever. Robert Armstrong is good as the third flyer. The photography is excellent, the direction splendid.

**TARZAN, THE APE MAN—M-G-M**

Thrills. Noise. Suspense. Mix well with plenty of action against an African background and what have we? *TARZAN, THE APE MAN.* This glorified fairy tale, taken with the tongue in the cheek, packs a wallop that lays out old *Trader Horn* himself.

Two English hunters in search of the burial ground of the elephants find it and plenty besides. Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of one of the hunters, is captured by *TARZAN,* a wild African white man, played convincingly by Johnny Weissmuller. *TARZAN* returns Maureen to her father, only to rescue them from a band of aggravating dwarfs. Neil Hamilton, C. Aubrey Smith and Johnlyn's swimming are grand. Director Van Dyke has given us another thrill.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

**ONE HOUR WITH YOU—Paramount**

It has Chevalier. Oh, how it has Chevalier—this gay, naughty, sizzling little farce. And, too, it has Jeanette MacDonald, and behind it all, is Lubitsch. Ernst himself. Need more be said?

It races and patters along its risqué, saucy way to snappy, lingering music by Oscar Straus and Richard Whiting. And every once in a while, Maurice steps out right of the picture, walks down front, and takes us into his confidence.

Maurice, a doctor (oh doctor, my operation), married to Jeanette, is happy and peaceful until along comes his wife's friend *Mitzi.* Played too Mitzylish for words by Genevieve Tobin. *Mitzi* sets out to get Doctor Maurice. And poor Maurice hesitates, weakens, and alas, succumbs.

But *Mitzi's* husband, played by Roland Young, and how he plays it, sets out to divorce *Mitzi* and names the philandering Chevalier as co-respondent.

Charlie Ruggles, as a would-be lover, is a howl.

"One Hour With You," as the musical version of "The Marriage Circle," is even better than the silent version. George Cukor, the director, with Lubitsch as supervisor, turned out a picture a bit naughty, but oh, so "nize."
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

ONE HOUR WITH YOU LADY WITH A PAST
THE LOST SQUADRON TARZAN, THE APE MAN
SHANGHAI EXPRESS THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER
DISORDERLY CONDUCT ALIAS THE DOCTOR
THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN

The Best Performances of the Month

Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour With You"
Jeanette MacDonald in "One Hour With You"
Genevieve Tobin in "One Hour With You"
Ben Lyon in "Lady With a Past"
Richard Dix in "The Lost Squadron"
Buster Keaton in "The Passionate Plumber"
Jimmy Durante in "The Passionate Plumber"
Irene Purcell in "The Passionate Plumber"
Spencer Tracy in "Disorderly Conduct"
Richard Barthelmess in "Alias the Doctor"
Fredric March in "Strangers in Love"

Cast of all photo plays reviewed will be found on page 135

☆ LADY WITH A PAST—RKO-Pathe

A Sparkling, frothy, gay, young picture that skips along at a happy pace and has a grand time on the way. This story presents no heavy "drammer" or complicated sex problems, but is a cozy, understandable little yarn.

Constance Bennett, as a wealthy society miss with no small talk and hence no beau, finds herself alone in Paris, all dressed up and no place to go. A chance meeting with a penniless young American, who takes on the job of a glorified gigolo turns the trick and our little wallflower blossoms forth a night-blooming orchid. My, oh my, what an orchid!

Even in all her gorgeous finery there's something warm and intimate about Connie in this one.

Ben Lyon, as the happy-go-lucky and irresponsible American youth stranded in Paris, just about picks up the whole picture and marches blithely off. And where, one wonders, has this Ben Lyon been all our lives?

David Manners as Connie's beau seems a bit subdued and even mild after the brightness of Ben and Connie.

The dialogue is easy, natural, and spills all over with laughs. There is an air of spontaneity about the whole thing that simply sweeps it into first place.

☆ THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER—M-G-M

What do we care how long Chaplin stays in London when we can get comedies like this? Here is an unusual picture that provides a love story, combined with hilarious Mickey Mouse antics. Couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy.

The scenes where Buster Keaton serves Irene Purcell breakfast in bed and those in which he goes off to fight a duel rival anything Chaplin ever did for sheer tomfoolery. And that Jimmy Durante deserves the thanks of Congress for making us forget the depression when all the wise men of Washington can't make us forget it. The picture producers should give us more of that clever Purcell girl. Gilbert Roland does well by a minor role.
Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

SPENCER TRACY—look out for him, Mr. Gable—Sally Eilers and Dickie Moore give you a thrilling and amusing evening's entertainment. You must use the car and take the whole family to this one, which tells the story of a policeman and his struggles to be honest. Don't wait for the neighbors to tell you you missed a good picture. Photoplay tells you not to miss it.

THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN—Universal

HERE is a picture that won't disappoint you, and if it didn't come in a month of such good pictures it would belong on the preceding pages. Lew Ayres and that coming star, Mae Clarke, are featured. He thinks he should make a "good woman" of her but she has other ideas. The director was responsible for "Journey's End," "Waterloo Bridge" and "Frankenstein." That's enough said.

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

NO horror here, no gangsters, and Clark Gable never oncesocks the beautiful Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus." Pure sentiment, and Lord how we need it these days in pictures. No matter how often you have seen or read this well-known story, you will want to discover it in its talkie form. And there's fine suspense in the last scenes that the original didn't have.

THERE medical men are certainly coming in for a lot of screen glorification these days. Richard Barthelmess essaysthe rôle of surgeon this time and does some superb acting. It'sbeen a long time between Barthelmess pictures, but this one was worth waiting for. Full of old-time melodrama, it neveronce becomes maudlin. Marian Marsh is the girl who continues to deliver beautiful performances.

STRANGERS IN LOVE—Paramount

IN the capable hands of Fredric March and Kay Francis an old be-whiskered theme becomes an entertaining and amusing movie. You could write the plot blindfolded—twin brothers, one a crook with heart trouble, the other a supposed prodigal but actually a sterling character. But how that boy March shades the characters of the two Drake brothers! Stuart Erwin gets over some grand laughs. Good stuff.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL—Tiffany Prod.

SOMETHING new under the arc lights. With lavish sets, suspense and action, here is presented the story of a crook who returns for his hidden plunder the night before a famous hotel is torn down. It catches up the lives of many people in a whirlpool of excitement. Theodore Von Eltz, as the crook, and Peggy Shannon keep the audience with them every step of the way. Grand cast.
CHIC SALE and little Dickie Moore are the perfect team for this nice, homey picture, about a seventy-year-old man who comes to live with his married son. Even though he winds up in the Old Folks' Home, you have the feeling that you have seen a happy ending, so charmingly does Chic play the rôle. Edna Ferber wrote the story, called "Old Man Minick." Maybe a few tears, but you'll like it.

SURE, this will tax your credulity, but if you don't take it too seriously and realize that it's all in movie fun, you'll enjoy it. The leading man is that new sex appeal lad, Melvyn Douglas, who made hearts flutter in "Tonight or Never." And there are also Claudette Colbert, doing very well, and Lilian Tashman in amazing clothes. All about society, politicians and gangsters. A well done movie.

SO here's the picture that sent Joan Bennett to the hospital when her horse spilled her. With its thrills and horrors it's liable to send you there, too. Joan, who wins a beauty contest and a mad millionaire, is rescued by Spencer Tracy, the small town boy who made good. James Kirkwood, as the millionaire, is grand, and Una Merkel, the reporter in search of a man, any man, is a hool.

HERE you go to the ball game and even without the peanuts, you'll love it. Don't let the title mislead you. Joe E. Brown is a big leaguer with a fire engine complex. You'll be peeling off your coat, climbing out of your seat and into the bleachers. Every bit of the excitement of a real ball game. And boy, the laughs. Evalyn Knapp and Lilian Bond are grand. Here is a picture.

A CLEVER combination of mystery stuff and real drama, all so neatly knit together that, although it's a minor production, it ranks with some of the spectacular mystery pictures of the year. Jack Holt and Constance Cummings do grand work, surrounded by doctors who smuggle and detectives who don't detect. They made no mistake when they chose Miss Cummings as a Baby Star.

WELL, there are a lot of good plots in this one. Let's see—there's "The Silver Cord" and "East Lynne" and "Nice People" and maybe some more, but wrapping them all up in one celluloid package makes a pretty dull movie. In spite of the good efforts made by Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick, nothing much could be done to save this picture.

([ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 116])
In five years Norma Shearer has developed from a sweet-faced girl into a lovely lady. She has learned to reveal her perfect hairline, to emphasize her mouth's appealing curves. Yet the change is not entirely physical. Self-analysis, determination and work are largely responsible.

Gloria Swanson did not have glamour in 1926. But today—her smile is unforgettable and even her nose is fascinating. Her eyes, too, reflect the spirit of her great battle for self-beauty.

**Hollywood**

All the Beauty tricks of all the stars Brought to you each month

**HERE I am in Hollywood again!** The Embassy at the luncheon hour! The Chinese Theater for the opening of "Mata Hari!" The Mayfair Room of the Biltmore!

These are some of the play haunts of Hollywood's beauty—beauty so glamorous, so perfect, that you gasp and ask yourself, is it real? It is real.

It is almost unbelievably real. For it is beauty that has been worked for, made sometimes from almost nothing. This beauty is the fruit of sacrifice in some way. It has been suffered for, paid for dearly in time and dollars and self-discipline.

It is the highest priced beauty in the world.

Contrary to general opinion, Hollywood beauty is not skin deep. It is not alone the rose-textured skin of sixteen or the gold of youthful curls. Hollywood beauty is, however,
Was it heartache or ambition that changed Greta Garbo from this unkempt child into a national figure of romance? Certainly masterful eye make-up has done its part.

Joan, does that beautiful strength in mouth and chin tell the story of your transfiguration, too? Compare the butterfly with the grub. Can you believe they are the same?

largely the result of self-study, of effort and determination to correct a fault and a development of personal allure which can sometimes make you feel beauty where literally there is none.

Shown on these pages are four of the most glamorous faces in Hollywood. A comparison between past and present portraits is more eloquent than words. You can see the results of effort and development in these faces, and you would be amazed at some of the beauty barriers these actresses have overcome.

Every star has her own little beauty secrets, her tricks of overcoming this and that weakness which you and I and the rest of the world possess. Beauty like theirs is yours, too, if you want it and will work for it like the stars do. Nature does a good job in one out of fifty; with the rest good looks is a personal achievement.
Make-Up And Perfume Tricks

Imagine it—Lupe Velez works to make her face shine! But we must admit that those high lights are charming. First, Lupe removes all make-up with cream, then she bathes her face in soap and water. For further immaculacy, protection and powder base she uses a liquid cleanser or skin tonic. Then she powders lavishly and polishes her face for that child-like gleam. This glow is particularly alluring if your eyes are large and your skin is fine.

WHEN you consider beauty as a personal achievement you have caught the spirit that is Hollywood and Broadway and Piccadilly and the beauty centers of the world. You will understand that the gardenias and the orchids, the ermine and the sable, bestowed at the feet of beauty, are the world's rightful tribute to a great art, the art of appearing to be beautiful, whether or not nature made you that way.

ONE of the sweetest faces I noticed in Hollywood was that of little Rochelle Hudson. Her hair is a nice brown, her eyes very blue, and her skin so fine that a still photographer tells me the closest of close-ups never has to be retouched.

She has lovely lashes and here is her secret. For three years she has used a little eyelash curling device which has taught her lashes to turn heavenward most becomingly, and the slight pressure, Rochelle says, has exercised the lashes and made them grow much longer.

WHEN I met Karen Morley face to face, I was shocked. I had first met her in "Mata Hari," where as the ill-fated Carlotta she came to an untimely end for knowing too much. Well, Miss Morley really has blonde hair, which changes her face entirely.

If you happen to be by nature without much eyebrow, take heart in this. The less eyebrows the Hollywood girls have, the better make-up they manage. In fact, all they need is a little brow at the inner corner of the eye. Make-up can then carry the outer end wherever they wish, with no natural brow anywhere to interfere.

As a rule, that new, high, thinly arched brow gives a very sophisticated expression, while the brow that is straight and closer to the eye adds sternness and sometimes an almost sinister look. As a matter of fact, the perfect brow follows that arch of bone just above the eye socket. But Hollywood has forgotten that. One make-up artist cited Sidney Fox's eyebrows as being perfect because they do adhere to this line.

June Clyde is showing you how to rouge the space below the brows to obtain a fresh, youthful effect. Use just the slightest glow of color and let it fade toward the temples.
"Perfume yourself instead of your frock," advises Adrienne Ames, as she shows you how to use perfume before donning your evening gown. The chemical composition of the skin and hair often will affect the same perfume so that it becomes different on each person. If you will spray your underthings and personal accessories, too, rather than your frock, your fragrance will be more lasting and subtle. Perfume on furs is also particularly persuasive and enduring.

You know, of course, of the lashes to be applied to your own lashes or to your lids. But just in case you haven't been paying attention—one is the complete luxuriant lash on skin-like tissue which will adhere to your upper lid. Then there are those marvelous lashes to be applied one by one to the ends of your own. Do they stay? Somewhere I met a single lash that had been in place for six months. Its owner had watched it carefully. A month, though, is a fairer estimate.

But the very newest are adjustable brows. I don't know what you are supposed to do with your own. They're probably marvelous for stage make-up or evening.

You may admire Miss Dietrich's loveliness, but let me tell you that the black, white and gray values of photography do not do justice to her beauty—it is so largely a matter of color. The loose, irregular curls that peep from her side-wise sports felt are naturally and decidedly golden, but it is her skin that holds the eye.

I am told she scrubs this skin daily and then uses a spray of cold water over her face. Try this cold water spray if you want a real refreshant. Those eyebrows may grow in that butterfly or satanic manner, but I am sure she steered them a little. Off the screen both lashes and brows are blonde like her hair.
Curls For The Outdoor Girl
And A New Formal Coiffure

This is the Olympic bob introduced by Madge Evans in "Are You Listening?" It combines softness with a trimness well adapted to the activities of the young athletes who will participate in the Olympic sports. This is an ideal bob for the younger girl, for these curls will peep as charmingly from a sports beret or toque as they will enhance an evening chiffon, crepe or velvet.

The hair is parted at the left, loosely water-waved, with swirl effect at back, and the ends curled upward irregularly.

WIGS and transformations are very much in vogue in Hollywood these days. Many roles call for blonde hair because it photographs better than dark. Many players, however, prefer to use wigs rather than change their natural hair. Nevertheless, the blondes certainly are in the majority, with brunettes second, and next to no redheads.

HOLLYWOOD must spray, sprinkle and otherwise dab a large percentage of the world's perfume. Everyone is delightfully scented. Joan Marsh mixes her own, a blend of light floral odeurs. So do many others.

If you have a keen nose and an experimental mind, here is some fun for you. Almost all floral odeurs are sympathetic to their kind and by changing proportions of the same perfumes you can have one for every occasion. Gardenia, rose, violet, sweet pea and the whole flower family are very popular just now.

Marlene Dietrich, I am told, sprays her bed linen with toilet water—a lovely habit if you like to sleep in a lilac or lavender atmosphere.

[More Beauty Hints on page 88]
Anita Page's semi-classic coiffure gives you the best reason in the world for wearing one earring. It also sponsors those little flat face curls so much of the moment. The full side is the most flattering because the profusion of hair gives play to every highlight and shadow. But the other side is the chic side. One ear and one earring are very piquant and if He doesn't like one side, He's sure to like the other. The back, too, is quite as bewitching as the other views. If your hair isn't long enough, use a separate chignon or knot. You will find this coiffure comfortable and smart beneath those shallow spring hats.
Sixty Inches Of Many Moods

ONE day Sidney Fox is madly in love, the next day she isn't.
Sometimes she has social ambitions and hopes that Hollywood will invite her to parties and let her play hostess, too; again, she wants to climb into a little shell and live away from the world with her books.

At certain moments she is domestic and maternal. She wants babies with an intensity that brings tears to her really immense black eyes. Ten minutes later she is just as intensely wondering when her name will flash in electric lights that mean "one of the biggest artists."

Then she wouldn't have babies or a husband or anything that might interfere with professional success spelled in capital letters.

She says of herself:
"I have only a social sense of humor. I can laugh and talk and make people think I am gay and full of fun at a party. But that doesn't work when I'm alone. Then I am blue, morose, moody. I don't know what I want from life. Oh, yes I do. I want happiness and I can't find it!"

Like all unstabilized and too-pretty girls, Sidney takes advice and flattery too easily.

She got in wrong at her studio in the beginning. "Be aloof," some people told her. So she was aloof and always late for appointments until the publicity director said, "Who in thunder do you think you are? Come down off that high horse and be human." She cried.

Now, she says, "I think the more simply you live, the happier you are. I'm going into a tiny apartment where I won't have to worry about things. I'm learning to drive my own car so I can dismiss the chauffeur. I'm going to keep just one maid. I'm going to try to get acquainted with myself. You see, I don't know myself at all."

But the fans know her and like her for her grand work in "Bad Sister" and "Strictly Dishonorable."

And Photoplay thinks she's such a good bet that we're putting her picture—a lovely one, too—on the cover next month.

He Borrowed A Name

WALLACE FORD began life on a doorstep, and the wrong doorstep at that. He was left a foundling in London at the haven for homeless girls. The home for orphaned boys finally relieved an embarrassing situation.

He was known as Sammy Jones and when he was seven or eight years old he discovered himself on a ship bound for Canada. Work, and plenty of it, on a Canadian farm awaited little Sammy. A few months of bitter cold mornings tending cattle, of back-breaking labor in the fields, and Sammy ran away to sell papers on a street corner in Winnipeg.

Out on his own. From job to job. From cellar to barn. From doorstep to theater basement. Hungry. Cold. It sounds like a sob story. But it's the truth.

Sammy's best friend was Wally Ford, a sort of tramp philosopher, and with him Sammy hopped his first freight train. Wally ran for it and missed. Sammy glimpsed his friend beneath the wheels but the train had gained speed so that he couldn't let go. With tears streaming down a wet, smudgy face, he hung on. Whirling past strange towns, strange homes, strange people. A heart-broken kid. Unable to let go. And there it was, on a speeding freight, the name Sammy Jones died forever. He had always hated that name.

"He was a pal and he won't mind my taking his name," Sammy reasoned. So Sammy took the name Wally Ford. And headed on. Alone.

Tent shows. Stock companies. One night stands. Show boats. And at last Broadway. Then Hollywood beckoned and you saw him, that natural actor, in "Possessed." He played Joan Crawford's country boy friend, and they say he's to be a big success.

He never spent a day in a schoolroom and he hasn't the slightest notion who he really is. In the spring Wally hopes to go back to London to track down a few clues. No matter who he may find he is, he'll remain a grand guy—this lad who borrowed a name. If you saw the life of Sammy Jones (alias Wally Ford) made into a screen drama you'd say, "It could not happen."
Don't Call Him Platinum

Rain Brings Her Luck

She comes from Boston, wears size four shoes, has the biggest blue eyes in captivity and is one of the few natural blondes in Hollywood.

For a year Bette Davis loitered on the Universal lot as the mild, little sister who played country maidens too cute for words, and then she emerged in "The Man Who Played God" and "The Rich Are Always With Us" as one of the smartest moderns in town.

Her eyebrows, in strange contrast to her hair, are black. When she was a kid in summer camp schools, Bette was thrown in the lake on the average of seven times a day to wash the mascara from her eyebrows. It didn't wash. It's just there.

As an awkward girl in her teens, with a squeaky voice and no personality worth mentioning, Bette arrived in New York with her mother.

"I haven't much money," Mrs. Davis confided to John Murray Anderson, "but won't you take her in your stage training school?"

Anderson did and Bette won a scholarship, four stage engagements, fell in love and eventually into Hollywood.

She has a perfect mania for picking up things and putting them in place. She's orderly and loathes it. She usually arrives ahead of time for appointments.

Loves to go to parties, but feels she's a social flop because she always gets sleepy by the time everyone arrives. And sleeps through all the fun.

She has been in love with the same lad for six years, off and on. Mostly on.

The harder it pours, the better she likes it. She was born during a heavy rainstorm, and every nice thing that has happened to her since has come in the rain. She knows rain brings her luck. Let it pour.

She's grateful nice things just happen to her, for she feels sure she hasn't the stamina to fight for them.

"Success," says Bette, "is usually just a pain in the neck. And those who are successful are often too miserable to know it." Yet she herself is on the road to success.

If you call Gene Raymond a platinum blond you'll regret it. Of course, he is and always has been since the first sign of a baby curl appeared on a bald pate, but he doesn't like the sound of the phrase. His hair is naturally platinum colored and so are his eyebrows and lashes. That's how you recognize the lad who played tunes on your heart-strings in "Ladies of the Big House."

But he looks much bigger in pictures than in real life, and his face much rounder. It is really a long, narrow face and, although well built, he is a slight man.

That's why he's always trying to gain weight and that's why he eats almost anything that's set before him, if there's enough of it, but prefers several yards of a big juicy steak which verges a little on the rare side.

He is crazy about horses and he doesn't play polo so much as he'd like because the game is too rough on the horse.

A cold, biting snow is his favorite type of weather and that's one reason the perpetual sunshine of Hollywood gets on his nerves.

He's active in New York, and in Hollywood he is as lazy as a studio gateman. He was bitten by the manaia bug and swears it's the climate.

A trouper all his life and one of the leading Broadway juveniles, he determined that he would have everything Hollywood offered, so he rented a house with seventeen rooms, swimming pool and tennis court.

His mother and brother share the house with him, for he isn't married—yet.

Big parties bore him—he'd rather be with a small group of friends, or walking or riding horseback alone. Or maybe just listening to the radio. He likes symphonic music but leans toward the melodic for his real enjoyment—"Liebestraum" and "Melody in F" are his choice.

Pictures in which he can really act are his favorites, and in the scene in the cell at 4 A.M. when the talk was done in whispers he was pleased with himself for the first time. "I think that scene really had something," he said.
I Remember!

By Leonard Hall

1912. A sixteen-year-old schoolboy leans over the balcony railing in the old Euclid Avenue Opera House, in Cleveland. You could have hung hoops on his eyes. On the stage a tall, slim, blonde girl is singing a waltz song with the plump tenor. "Oh! Won't You Come to the Ball?" The show's "The Quaker Girl." She's the loveliest thing the boy has ever seen—too beautiful to be true. Bingo—he's in love for the first time! Going home on the streetcar he rides six blocks past Beech Street, where he lives. Ina Claire.

1918. It's a great night at the ratty old Berchel Theater, in Des Moines. The house is packed with the hot shots of the corn country. The governor's here! A slender girl is on the stage—her voice isn't merely talking—it's singing spoken words. It's magic holds the house like a vice—you could hear a feather drop. "Mary Rose" is the play—a confection by a little Scotsman named Barrie. That eager face—that wheedling, coaxing, compelling voice, all music! She floats off-stage—a thousand people sigh audibly, as one. "Mary Rose!" Ruth Chatterton.

1921. Aged and reformed dramatic critic, who knew them when, recalls when bright stars were mere satellites.

1922. They're putting on a stock show down at the Lyceum Theater. We know the manager—let's drop in. What's the bill? "Ladies' Night (in a Turkish Bath)"—what a shocker! That was in its day. The tall blonde in the company—the one who's a bit plumpish, and has a deep voice? Used to be in the "Follies"? She plays with a lot of gumption. Dollar stock in Baltimore, on a hot May night! Great life, trouping! Aw, let's go and get some beer! Lilian Tashman.

1925. The sweet and hot little band in the Club Chanticlear, Washington, is playing "Oh—Sweet and Lovely Lady, Be Good!" Across the table from me is a curly-headed little dancing girl, sheer peaches and cream. She's playing a tiny bit in "May-flowers" at Poli's Theater, and we've picked her up after the show. We swagger with a bit of lobster thermidor. "Sure I'm happy," she says. "I've got a nice husband and a wonderful baby, and I like show business. Let's dance!" "Lady Be Good!" means the little band. We dance. Nancy Carroll.

1927. The big Hungarian and I have just had dinner with some of his friends—chicken paprika and all the fixins'. We're bumping downtown on the Broadway subway, knocked around by the mob. He's a bit down on his luck—no job, none in sight. He looks tired and low in his mind, and not too dapper, either. "What are you going to do now?" I ask. "Oh, I dunno—I look around," he says, with his Hungarian accent. "Something turn up.

A Thrilling Treasure Hunt

in this issue of PHOTOPLAY

Much safer than hunting for Pirate Gold, no fear of having to walk the plank, and 1,000 times more chance of getting away with doubloons to buy silk shoes for baby or platinum spectacles for grandpa.

Skip through the pages of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, find the right Fifty Words and the gold is yours. See rules on page 102.

$500 in Prizes
Elissa Landi Wears These

Elissa Landi evidently trusts her designer pretty well, because here you see a suit as she wears it in her new picture and also you see the designer's sketch of the same model. Hardly a change made. There's nothing more youthful than a bolero — and doubly so when it has a trick collar like this of white pique. A navy blue chiffonweight woolen is the fabric. The mannish buttoned vest is pique, too. Don't miss the straight, slender lines of the skirt — suits are trimmed to the figure this season.

WHEN you see "The Devil's Lottery" you'll see Elissa in some striking new clothes. This afternoon gown in beige chiffon with brown and green plaid overblouse is worth a careful look.

— Seymour
DOES your height bother you in choosing clothes? Miriam Hopkins, who is one of the smaller stars, says that shortness need not be any drawback to chic. And if you don't believe it, watch how perfectly Miriam's clothes seem to fit her type. Take this street dress in a sheer brown woolen, which she wears in "Dancers in the Dark." It has a beige flannel collar that gives a long neckline. Small sleeve puffs above the elbow have a fringed finish which is repeated on the bodice and hip also.

EVEN negligees affect a scarf neckline these days. This flame red velvet one which Karen Morley wears in "Arsene Lupin," has a scarf which starts at the right side of the neckline with its long throw casually draped across the other shoulder. This would be perfect in satin for summer.

FLOWERS and veils on little tight fitting straw caps are fashion news in hats these days. Adrienne Ames is looking particularly fetching in one of black rough straw. Those are daisies circling the edge and if you could see the other side of Adrienne's head, you would note that they form a wide band there.
YOU who like to know what you'll be wearing next in hats, can take this tip from Juliette Compton—it will be one of these small affairs that looks like a sailor's gob hat. Some call that up-turned brim, the aureole. Clever sleeve on the coat. From "Strangers in Love."

HERE'S another costume that illustrates Miriam Hopkin's theory that 'you can dress tall even if you aren't.' Her slender black crepe dinner dress gives height with its utter simplicity—and that short jacket beaded in crystals adds to the illusion. The jacket dips in back—a lengthening trick. From "Dancers in the Dark."

"WHAT the well-dressed bride wears in an airplane" could be the title of this charming picture of Frances Dee. In her new picture, "Sky Bride," you will see her wearing this good looking brown and beige tweed dress. The striped pattern of the woolen is used horizontally for the tunic and vertically for the skirt. Buttons down the front, piqué as trimming, and brown accessories should not be overlooked.
TALLULAH BANKHEAD is one person who can go in for exotic dress and get away with it. Her new screen clothes are sheer glamour. By means of a cowl-like cape she cleverly covers the extreme decolletage of this copper-colored sequins gown. A flame satin sash girdles the waist, falling to the hem in long streamers. Note the cross-strap back without the cape.

HERE’S an idea for your summer evening wrap. Tallulah’s beautiful white brocaded satin gown has a three-quarter jacket of the satin. The sleeves, only elbow length, are bordered in sable. A scarf neckline is stunning. The skirt could be shorter.
AND now we come to the question of Hollywood sin. Is it or isn't it? Do the members of the colony all go to bed at nine o'clock, after having worn themselves out playing charades and drinking hot chocolate or are they a bunch of hell-raising, rip snorting, devil-may-care folk who would chuck a grandmother under the chin?

A strange thing happens to short story and article writers when they go to Hollywood. I heave a sigh every time I read that one is on his way, for I know the inevitable story will be published. You know that story. It has been written by almost every famous pen-pusher. As if the writer were making the greatest and cleverest of discoveries, he tells you with naive delight that he went to Hollywood expecting to see lurid sin and found a group of friendly people playing charades in a nine o'clock town where they pull in the sidewalks as the curfew rings.

You read these sweet accounts (you'd think writers could think up a new one) and then next morning you pick up your papers and discover blazing headlines about some new Hollywood scandal. It's pretty confusing, isn't it? I should think it would keep you unstrung.

So let's clear it up once and for all. The truth is so simple I wonder somebody hasn't thought to set it down before.

There are, gentle reader, two types of Hollywood folk. There—that's your answer.

There are those people (but I'm afraid to tell you their names for fear a scandal about them will break tomorrow) who do lead simple, home lives, who do play charades and "Guggenheim" and who do toast marshmallows before their fires. That is very nice even if it is depressing. It seems to me rather a sad commentary on the cinema center that it is impossible for a group of fairly intelligent and decidedly adult people to amuse themselves without resorting to a game.

But any clever hostess knows that there is conversational poverty in Hollywood and she must start a game going or else the talk will turn to pictures and picture people. During an exciting hide the slipper hunt, someone remarks, "Well, look at us, sitting around playing games. Wonder what the public would think of sinful Hollywood now."

I'm pretty fed up with that, for every one of these nice people knows that there is sin—and plenty of it—in Hollywood.

Well, then, why don't you hear more about it? Why is it that only occasionally do rumors of brawls and fights seep through to you? Here's the reason. The picture people know that a public scandal can ruin them. Therefore, they
have their fun right in their own homes, where prying eyes cannot see them. This is different from any other gay city in the world. New York has its speakeasies; Paris its sidewalk cafes; New Orleans its French quarter—Hollywood has only its homes.

There is only one bona fide, first class, good sized speakeasy in Hollywood. It is referred to as "the speakeasy." The few night clubs are always closing up for lack of business; and even when they are open, you'll see only the very last string picture hangers-on there. The film people cannot afford to risk their reputations at these places. That's why, when you go to Hollywood, you see a sleepy little nine o'clock town. That's why you begin to think maybe the newspapers have exaggerated (as indeed they often do) and maybe it is as perfect as it looks.

You walk along the streets of Beverly Hills in the quiet of the evening. They are almost deserted.

You see no disorderly conduct, no careening cars going to some wild place of amusement. You conclude, therefore, that there is no wildness in the colony.

But pull up the blinds of some of those lovely Spanish houses that line the streets. Step inside the front door, past those sound-proof walls and you'll find a human share of sin.

I saw the drunken sister of a well-known featured player, crazed with jealousy, fly at her sister's throat at the home of another star and almost mutilate her valuable face. I heard that sister threaten to tell tales that would involve four important members of the colony. The logical thing to have done under the circumstances would have been to call, if not the police, at least a doctor to cope with the liquor maddened girl. But it was impossible; the story might leak out, the doctor might tell. One word gripped us all—Scandal!

I was at the home of a friend when a muffled voice over a telephone begged for aid. The woman who needed assistance was a star who had just been brutally beaten by her boy friend.

I sat in a room one night and saw the ex-wife of a well-known male star threaten the life of her ex-time husband's girl friend with a knife.

I heard a mother and daughter quarrel until they almost came to blows because both were in love with the same man.

And I have seen more that I could not repeat even anonymously. I have witnessed scenes which would delight the tabloids, but which did not get into print because they were laid, not in some wild night club or back-alley speakeasy, but in homes. That's why the stories didn't leak out, that's why writers who come for a short visit, who meet the screen great only superficially, go back to their typewriters and pound out that story about the one hundred per cent respectable little village.

There are two kinds of people in Hollywood—the good and the bad; the nice and the not so. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

Once this man was as popular as Clark Gable is today. The talkies tragically nipped Nils Asther's career in the bud. But now that slight accents no longer matter, he's coming back at his old studio

Hunt The Treasure

In this month's PHOTOPLAY

Yo! ho! ho! and a bag of gold. As you rove through your PHOTOPLAY this month, note the Fifty Words that, assembled neatly, tell a little tale of picture people. Turn, gentle reader, to page 102 and read the rules of this fascinating Treasure Hunt.

$500.00 in Prizes—Test Your Wits

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Now! Girls! Here's Pep For You! By Sylvia

The Hollywood miracle worker is pleased this month, because all over the country thousands of readers of PHOTOPLAY are getting back their figures and feeling better day by day.

I WAS wrong! And I'm willing to admit it. Yes sir, I was wrong and the funny part is that I'm tickled to death I was. I told you in my very first article that I was talking to only one out of ten girls; that only one out of ten would follow my advice. To tell you the honest-to-goodness truth I thought when I wrote that that maybe I was too conservative. Last month I asked you to send letters telling me whether or not I was helping you. Since that time I've had thousands and thousands of letters. Why, I wouldn't have believed it unless I had seen it with my own eyes. And hard-boiled as I am, these eyes grew misty as I saw all those letters thanking me for making a figure where there was none before. So I'm in a good mood today and I'm glad to admit that you're better than I thought you were. You surprised me.

Honestly, the way you've come through, the way you tell me you've stuck at it and at it and reduced yourselves, and are on the road to having a good figure, tickles me more than anything that has happened to me since I worked on Alice White. You see, I like to overcome obstacles, and you and Alice White were obstacles.

I shall never forget the first time I went to see Alice. She was a roly-poly little person. I thought she was a cute kid but oodles too fat. She weighed about 136 pounds and was exactly five feet tall.

I remember that she was having a bridge party at the Roosevelt Hotel and when I came in (she had made an appointment with me) she said, "Won't you have a seat?"

This was about nine o'clock. She went on playing cards for an hour. At last I got up and started to leave. She rushed over and said she had forgotten all about me and that she'd come right along.

I promised myself I'd give her what was coming to her. She asked me if she was looking terrible. "You're looking worse than that," I said. I was angry from being kept waiting.

A—First position of the exercise for reducing the stomach. Muscles of the stomach pulled taut. Now, without changing the position of arms or legs, roll over on your face, making sure that the stomach touches the floor. Arms stretched tight above your head, you must feel the muscles of the stomach pulled tense. Now, without changing the position of arms or legs, roll over on your face, making sure that the stomach touches the floor.

B—Pulling the legs slightly inward, roll back to position A. As you do, progress along the floor. The idea is to roll and hitch yourself along on your stomach. This should be done for ten or fifteen minutes every morning. Watch the improvement. But that's not all. Read the story to find out how to keep the stomach flat.
I gave her a massage that she'll never forget, but she didn't complain, and she made an appointment for the next night. But the next noon the telephone rang and somebody said she was speaking for Miss White who couldn't keep her appointment with me. Well, I was not surprised, so I just crossed Alice off my list and prepared to forget about her, but a week later I heard a very small voice over the wire. "This is Alice White," the voice said.

"For heaven's sake, are you still alive?" I asked.

"Yes, and I would like you to take me back. I tried everybody else but they can't reduce me." Alice has always been frank—that's why I like her, and that's why I liked a lot of your letters. Many of you said that you tried to follow my instructions, didn't have the nerve at first, but went back to them later, and for that I'm proud of you. You'll get your reward.

LOOK at Alice White today. She has one of the cutest figures of any of my girls—she weighs just 94 pounds. And at first she was going to ritz me! Later, she did what I told her and has reaped the benefits.

I'm awfully proud of Alice and I'm proud of you, too.

But don't let my exuberant mood go to your head. The work is not nearly completed yet. Beauty is a driving taskmaster. I told you last month I was going to have some surprises for you. I had just begun to tell you how to keep your face looking young and firm while you were reducing your body—remember? It was to be done with gentle massage and a hard vibrating pressure of the fingertips just under the check-bones, right between the eyebrows and at the temples. But there's more to be done.

Both fat and thin girls must stimulate the thymus gland. Did you know that most of your health and happiness centers right around your neck? You must keep your neck loose in order to have sparkling eyes. We all do strenuous, nerve-racking work. We must loosen up the neck and shoulder muscles. We must work on those glands. And no little gentle tappings either. You've got to dig in deep. And you must do it every day, night and morning. It doesn't take long.

Study pictures C, D, E and F and read the captions. This must be done twice a day and you'll be amazed at how much pep you'll have afterwards. When you have a stiff neck it is impossible to look happy. When you look happy half your beauty battle is won.

I have a friend who was sick all the time. She told me nothing could be done for her. I said, "I'll show you just one funny, little trick." I explained the digging in exercise for neck and shoulders, and discovered that all her ailments were caused by a stiff neck and shoulders. She said later that if she were dying she would want Sylvia called in to work on her back.

You fat girls and you skinny girls, too, do these exercises twice a day for as long as you can. Several times every day, while you're at your office desk or in your home, work on your neck and shoulders. Why, you feel better already. You're full of pep. You're stimulated. You're alive. You look happy. Your eyes sparkle. Isn't it wonderful? And so easy, too. But don't forget to dig in and dig in hard!

Maybe you think because I'm so happy with all the letters I'm letting you off easy, but I'm not. This month we take up the exercise for reducing the stomach and that's not easy. Look at pictures A and B and read the captions. That's your exercise. For the first few mornings substitute this exercise for the hip exercise I gave you last month and then do both—for ten minutes each. You'll be surprised at how quickly you'll reduce your stomach. Fat girls must do this. And a lot of thin girls have big stomachs, too. But that exercise isn't all there is to taking off the stomach.

Sylvia's first article giving the general reducing diet for fat girls and the general building-up diet for thin girls, as well as reducing and building-up exercises for night and morning, appeared in the February issue of Photoplay. The second of the series, which began the exercises to keep the face from becoming flabby while the body was being reduced and also explained how to take off surplus weight around the hips, was in the March issue. You may obtain one or both of these preceding numbers by writing to the Photoplay office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Twenty-five cents apiece.

C—These are what I call the pep exercises. Working with the left hand on the thymus gland, which is in the middle of the chest, rub from there gently upwards with the right hand, keeping the left hand going in a circular motion. Repeat the same exercise on the other side. Slide the upward moving hand gently.

D—With both hands dig in with the fingers to the muscles that I am touching here. My two hands are at two different spots. Work up and down always with a digging in, pinching movement. Don't be afraid to dig in hard on these spots. It is better for this, and all these exercises, to have cold cream on the finger tips.
When you sit down to your meals don't flop in your chair. Hold your stomach in and your shoulders up, and you won't be tempted to put more into your system than you really should. I know everybody loves that full, comfortable feeling that comes after you've eaten a big meal. But that feeling is fatal. Sure, it's nice to sit around the table after a meal and talk. Don't do it, unless you want a big, fat stomach. Right after a meal get up and walk around the room for ten or fifteen minutes, holding your stomach in. If you work in an office, walk around the block instead of chatting over the luncheon table with a friend. Always wear a good foundation garment to make you hold in your stomach, if you haven't got the nerve to do it yourself. A foundation garment is necessary to reduce your stomach for it makes it impossible for you to follow your naturally lazy habit of slumping in your chair. Slumping is one of the troubles with fat people. Why can't you get up and move around? Anything wrong with your legs?

The thin girls drink milk with their meals but to you fat ones who want flat stomachs I say, "Do not drink any liquids with your meals." Let the saliva liquidize your food. It is best for you. You may have your coffee or tea after you've finished eating. And I'm not so terribly keen about a lot of water drinking between meals unless, of course, you have some kidney disorder and the doctor advises you to drink water. You must obey him, of course. But, if you're normal, two glasses of water a day is plenty.

A lot of water tends to expand the stomach. Drink a glass of water in the morning and one at the end of the day. There is a lot of water in the diet I've given you—in soups, vegetables, tomato cocktails. You must shrink your stomach to make it smaller. It's funny how easily people get used to less food in their systems and how much better they feel for it.

Now you girls with fat stomachs—there you are. The mornings exercise, the getting up and walking around after meals, and holding your stomach in when you sit and when you walk, and wearing the foundation garment. Watch how fast that stomach measure is reduced!

Oh, how I hate to see anyone—man or woman—slump. Pull yourself together, hold in that stomach, throw back your shoulders, hold your head high. Walk as if you owned the world. You do, you know, if you only will believe it.

Besides, taking the swimming exercise thin girls should be careful about clothes. Ruth Chat-terton has a thin chest. If you will pay attention to her clothes you will learn a lot from her. The necklines are always round and rather full or shirred around the neck, so that they give an extremely attractive appearance.

There—you fat girls get busy and take off that stomach, and you thin girls get busy and add weight to the bust. But be sure to keep up the former exercises I've given you. Also, both fat and thin girls keep your neck and shoulders limber. Dig in and dig in deep. I cannot emphasize this too much.

And, now, because you're so good and have followed my instructions so well, I'm going to be good to you. Don't fall off the Christmas tree! I've had a

Thin Girls Can Enlarge Their Chest Measure 2 to 4 Inches This Way

LAST month I gave a breathing exercise for thin girls who wanted to develop the bust. Here is another. It's so simple. Just do the regular swimming exercises featuring the breast stroke. Do this every morning before an open window for fifteen minutes. And do it as if you were really cutting through the water. It will develop your shoulders, bust and arms, and is better than actual swimming since it will not make your hips fat at the same time. But be sure to feel your muscles pull and pull. Do it hard and earnestly. Measure your chest before you start and again at the end of a month. If you do not miss a day taking this exercise, you will be amazed at the improvement you will show.
Here is a complete trip through a studio, on two pages. Study this picture carefully and you'll find everything there is to be seen on a sound stage. And some things that have never been used before.

See those two fellows sitting in the nest of the giant camera crane? They are an assistant director and a cameraman and while the brisk action for Paramount's "Dancers in the Dark" goes on, on the floor of the stage, these two men enact a little drama of their own.

Long-shots and close-ups are being taken simultaneously. The floor camera takes the long-shots while the men and apparatus in the crane are silently projected, winging like some giant bird, up and out and down, picking up whatever bit of business looks interesting, swooping from the orchestra at the back to Miriam Hopkins and William Collier, Jr., in the foreground. The crane is manipulated as easily as a child's toy.

Every extra girl is acutely aware of the camera of fate which hangs above her head. No matter how far in the background she may be, that crane can find her. Therefore, she must continually keep in the mood of the character she is playing for the camera may be fifteen feet away from her one second and taking a close-up of her the next. Every girl knows the legend of Hollywood—that one striking close-up might make her a star, and every girl is prepared for the time when her chance at fame will come. But only once in a movie moon does such a thing happen.
May Pick Out A New Star

To the left is the microphone. It, too, is projected forward on a small crane of its own and follows the camera, as you see it doing in the picture, so that both sound and action may be caught at the same moment.

The men working the microphone apparatus must be as alert as the men on the crane. The mike must hang just above the head of the person being photographed.

In the foreground you'll discover, besides Miriam Hopkins putting on the hot cha-cha for William Collier, Jr., a little platinum dizzy called Lyda Roberti. (She is wearing the ostrich trimmed dress.)

The director whispers that she is knocking out a swell performance.

Off to the right, behind the floor camera, is Al Hall, cutter; director David Burton (with hat on), assistant director Russel Mathews (in sweater, crouching), Slavko Vorkapic, another assistant director; Karl Struss, head cameraman and Howard Kelley, head electrician. Every detail of the scene is watched by these men. Each is a specialist in his own line, each divides the scene to suit his own particular interest.

If you can find an incorrect detail, your eyes are better than six pairs of the sharpest in the business.

When you see the film there will be flashes of the long-shots, interspersed by close-ups.

And now that we've let you in on the secret, you'll know exactly how the effect was achieved.
By Cal York

30 Girls in a

STEP right this way, folks, and get your dope sheets for the biggest race in Hollywood.

Look at them lined up there—all those beautiful, glamorous, talented girls; all expecting the big trophy—stardom.

Cast your eyes over the thirty promising young women who have a chance at the sweepstakes. Just look at them. Pretty, aren't they? High-spirited and eager. All right girls. "On your mark! Get set! Go!"

Some will win their races; some will be left at the post; others will be disqualified. But wait a minute. Who'll decide? Who'll be the judge?

Why, you, of course. You, the audience, award the prizes by your approval or disapproval. Your word is final.

All we can do is to hand out the dope sheets and maybe give you a few inside tips. But it's up to you to cry, "Winner!"

The Paramount dressing rooms are the padocks for two of the most promising bets—Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sidney. But over at M-G-M there's a favorite, too. A little make-up table is awaiting Helen Hayes' return from the New York stage. She is already a legitimate star, but she must make a few more pictures before she can prove whether or not she's to be a real star on the screen.

With two films only to her credit—"The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith"—she has played a beautiful, melancholy tune upon a lot of heart strings. Not in the technical sense of the word, but, and having already passed the thirty-year mark, Helen has that rare combination of qualities—piquancy, whimsy and the flare for pathos. She has much that Janet Gaynor has and is a more experienced actress. "Madelon Claudet" was a box-office hit. If Helen Hayes does not devote too much time to her beloved theater and if she is given roles as suited to her rare ability as the little mother in that film she will be on the last lap of the race before three more Hollywood divorces.

A HOLLYWOOD sage remarked to me recently, "Stardom comes, with a few exceptions, to those who give promise of variety. Stars must give more than the public expects and create a unique experience for the audience." With this in mind it is easy to see why Miriam Hopkins is a favorite on our dope sheet.

Remember "The Smiling Lieutenant" in which she changed from a droll little sit-in-the-corner to a startling butterfly flapper? You have seen her in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" as the fascinating, seductive charmer; in "Two Kinds of Women" as the sweet, clean heroine and as the society girl in "Fast and Loose."

Comedy or drama; tough ones or sweet ones—Miriam Hopkins can play them with a dynamic hint of hidden depths as yet unrevealed. She is much more beautiful on the screen than in real life, but she's a dynamo on or off—changeable, exciting, volatile. A fascinating little bit of temperamental femininity who won't let anything—not even a husband—interfere with her success as an actress.

Incidentally, she has that rare knack of playing up to her audiences. Marlene Dietrich often makes the mistake of playing down to them. She seems to say, "I'm superior and different and I know it," whereas Miriam gives everything.

SYLVIA Sidney has already secured the cream of the story crop and she's scheduled for the best of this year's offerings. She has always had big roles. I credit Sylvia's success not only to her unusual, Oriental type of beauty, her obvious dramatic depths and her ability to offer variety, but also to her off-screen personality.

Sylvia is one of those people who put herself in the right spot and demands success. She whirls and—presto!—there is success barking at the door. She broke away from routine when she fibbed her way out of school. She wouldn't string along with the rest of the herd but went out to tackle life, single-handed, with any weapon which she could snatch for the struggle. "An American Tragedy," "Ladies of the Big House," and "Street Scene" put her in the front line. Now she is playing a society girl—something the public doesn't expect of her—in "Jerry and Joan."

But what if they would quit giving her chances at big parts? Ah, my dears and again, ah! Yet I would stake my bank account—both those dollars—on Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sidney.

Let's see who comes next. Madge Evans, Irene Dunne, Carole Lombard, Sally Eilers, Jean Harlow, Sidney Fox, Marian Marsh, Mae Clarke and Joan Blondell.

HERE's a little tip on Madge. After the preview of "Lovers Courageous" I listened in on a private conversation, as all good tipsters do, and heard an elderly man say, "I just love that girl."

His son answered, "So do I, Dad. She's the kind I'd like to marry."

And the mother chimed in, "Well, I hope you stick to the idea of marrying a girl like Madge Evans, son."

When entire American families pull for an actress she's pretty sure to be star material. If Madge were just sweet, like Mary Brian, that wouldn't hold true. If she were just sophisticated, like Connie Bennett, she wouldn't be liked by everybody. But she's both and a darn good actress, to boot.

In addition she's pretty, wears clothes like a Swanson and keeps her own counsel like a Garbo.
Race for Stardom

She lives with her mother in a small apartment which comes nicely within her $500 weekly salary and studies hard. Magdalena is not as dynamic as Miriam or Sylvia, nor does she have the pathos of Helen Hayes, but that determined little chin of hers is pointing straight to a four figure salary.

It all depends upon the stories they give Irene Dunne. If she could have "Cimarrons" all the time she'd be a present-day Lillian Gish. Irene has charm, dramatic ability and a beautiful singing voice. But stories like "Consolation Marriage," which could be played by any woman with charm, will not lead her across the flag line.

It’s strange about Carole Lombard. She’s the Constance Bennett screen type in appearance and ability, and yet—here’s a little secret—exhibitors, who are the boys who buy pictures for the theaters, are not wasting any time crying for Lombard pictures—yet.

Somehow she hasn’t piqued the public curiosity to date. Now, Connie’s reputation has been built by newspapers and magazines. She’s been front page copy since she was old enough to say, "I won’t," and I’ll bet those were the first words Connie lisped. The Bennett hates newspaper reporters but these newspaper boys and girls have stirred the fires of the imagination of the people.

Carole has the same screen potentialities, but she’s not front page copy. She loved Bill Powell, married him and has kept on loving him. She is not a spectacular person off-screen, although she looks as if she might have glamour. But glamour is largely dependent upon a fantastic background which Carole hasn’t acquired—yet!

Sally Eilers is shrewd in business. While she was out of pictures for so long, she learned all the political tricks of the profession. She’s had some grand parts recently—"Bad Girl," "Over the Hill," "Dance Team" and she has taken full advantage of every one. When other companies were making offers to her, she wisely remained with Fox where her only real feminine competition was an already well-established star, Janet Gaynor.

Jean Harlow will be a star if she uses her head for something besides a platinum rinse. Publicity has given her a good start and now she’s learning to act. With Walter Huston in "The Beast of the City" she shows rare dramatic possibilities, but because she has become so well known by virtue of her figure and her platinum hair she wants to run before she learns to walk. If she is all excited about herself and thinks she can finish the race in one big burst, it’s seldom done in the picture business. If Jean will make the most of every small opportunity, she will get what she wants. Otherwise, she’ll hit a rough spot on the race track and take a tumble.

Sidney Fox is dramatic, over-emotional, potentially a fine actress. If they could only photograph her as she really is with that perfect complexion and figure—golly! what a figure!

Sidney is a bundle of high strung nerves and she has what race-track touts call a "running heart," but she has not learned self-control. "I won’t do this and I will do that," are phrases always on the tip of her tongue. And the next day she realizes she has made a mistake. But if you’ve seen "Strictly Dishonorable" and "Nice Women" you know she’s very much in the running.

MAE CLARKE has improved so much in the past year that you must give her a good spot. A year ago we might have said that her eyes were too close together; that she had a bad walk and no clothes sense. The trouble was that she had been an intimate friend of Barbara Stanwyck for years and everybody had said to her, "If you only had Barbara’s fire."

Today, Mae has the fire and has learned how to dress. In "Frankenstein" she was beautiful; in "The Impatient Virgin" she is smart; in "Waterloo Bridge" she showed of what dramatic stuff she is made.

Joan Blondell’s reputation hangs upon a wisecrack. Mr. and Mrs. Audience like her when she appears with Jimmy Cagney in those flip, gay little roles. She was excellent in "The Greeks Had a Name for Them." That’s Joan’s style—that’s the sort of person she, herself, is.

An ex-vaudeville trouper, the pet of whatever set she happens to be on—and just try to get ahead of Joan in a battle of wits. Joan is a type, but so is Lilian Tashman, and her studio must realize that she should stick to that type. In "Union Depot," when she had a straight dramatic lead, she did not click so well.

Marian Marsh has had the Barrymore-leading woman break. She shows great promise. Only time and the breaks can determine in what place she’ll finish. In "Under Eighteen," she was starred, but the mere gesture of putting a name above the title of the picture doesn’t make a star. She is still waiting to be judged by you.

NOW let’s look at a few in list number two. Wynne Gibson, Karen Morley, Frances Dee, Una Merkel, Arlene Judge, Genevieve Tobin, Dorothy Jordan, Anita Page, Leila Hyams, Helen Twelvetrees, Marian Nixon and Maureen O’Sullivan.

Little Wynne is going to get the leading role in "Clara Deane," her first big break. And here’s another tip. The exhibitors are bowing for her in spite of the fact that she has only had small parts. She’s a vital little thing, who says what she thinks, does as she pleases and gives just that impression in pictures. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]
Let's Shop With Adrienne

That Ames girl shows you some new fashion tricks

White with a color, a plain silk with a print—that's the smart combination in this sports dress of Adrienne's. Note the rough textured silk—it's new. Brown and white for the dotted yoke and trick belt. All white shoes are in again.

Little-girl bibs for sophisticated grown-ups—that's a new fashion whim which Adrienne Ames endorses here. Her bib is red, white and blue plaid—her dress a navy blue silk. A nice blue hat with its red trim and tilted brim, Adrienne

Now it's two-tone coats! Isn't this the best looking one you've seen? The sleeves with those trick elbow puffs are brown—the coat is white wool in diagonal weave. Note the straight line. This type of collar is new, too.
Two Royal Princesses of Greece

"Pond's keeps one's skin lovely"
SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA

"I always use Pond's"
SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Your complexion can be as beautiful as that of any royal princess—if you follow Pond’s easy Method of home care.

“Truly the best and easiest Method,” says Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth of Greece...her sister, H.R.H. Princess Marina, says, “The Two Creams, the Cleansing Tissues and the Skin Freshener keep one’s skin lovely!”

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1—Generously apply Pond’s Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt up to the surface...Remove with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues, which are softer, more absorbent. Get the new 25c box—half again as many Tissues!

2—Pat briskly with stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores.

3—Always before you powder, smooth on a dainty film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck...and to keep your hands soft and white.

4—At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day’s accumulation of grime. Then smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

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BETTY COMPSON

"I'm over 30," says this fascinating screen star. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

MARY BOLAND

"I'm over 40," says this stage and screen star. "Complexion care is the secret of keeping youthful charm. That's why I always use Lux Toilet Soap."
Keep the glorious appeal of YOUTH—Screen Stars know how to:

DON’T let birthdays frighten you! The screen and stage stars laugh at them. These recent pictures show why!

“No woman need fear added years,” says the lovely Betty Compson, whose glorious young charm wins hearts by the thousands on the screen. “Stage and screen stars must keep youthful charm, and they know a young-looking skin is absolutely essential.”

The stage and screen stars have found the way to keep their skin smooth and fresh, year after year! They use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

In Hollywood, youthful appeal means success itself. Of the 694 important actresses there, including all stars, 686 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. The stage stars, too, overwhelmingly prefer this gentle, fragrant white soap. Begin today to let it care for your skin. Escape the tyranny of birthdays—stay lovely, appealing, as the screen stars do.

OVER 45

NANCE O’NEIL

“I’m over 45,” says this lovely stage and screen star. “A woman is as old as she looks. I am among the scores of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.”

Toilet Soap—10¢
"You'll have to make that speech over, Senator, something went wrong with the news reel microphone"
Why is it that Listerine Tooth Paste is found in so many homes of the wealthy?

Obviously the 25¢ price could not appeal to a woman who has her own box at the opera. Or to a man who takes his family annually to Palm Beach.

Listerine Tooth Paste has won its way into their homes simply on its merits. By the quality that the very name Listerine guarantees. And by results that are clearly apparent.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste do so now. Note how thoroughly, how swiftly it cleans. Contained in it are ultra-modern cleansing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach every surface of the tooth. Even penetrating between teeth—removing tartar, decay, discolorations, and stains.

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Note, too, the pleasant taste and refreshing feeling and mouth invigoration that follows the use of Listerine Tooth Paste. That delightful, clean feeling that you associate with Listerine itself.

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More than four million people who could afford to pay more have found that this dentifrice serves them best. Please try it. You be the judge. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

25 cents
BANG! BANG! James Cagney shoots and shoves his way to the top of this month's mail bag. Ever since he went into pictures in 1919, that has been on the receiving end of much praise for each new performance. And now he is sitting on top, one of Warners' best box-office bets.

Jimmie was born on the lower East Side of New York City, at 8th Street and Avenue D, on July 17, 1904. He is 5 feet, 8 inches tall; weighs about 145 pounds and has greenish-brown eyes and a mop of red hair. He went through grammar school and began high school, but had to go to work when the family needed money.

He wrapped bundles in a New York department store, then tried vaudeville and musical comedy and finally landed in talkies. He now has a long-term contract and a bright future. His latest release is "Tort," which he made to Loew's office records everywhere it played. His next will be "The Crowd Roars." This will be followed by "Winner Takes All," a story of the prize-light ring. Jimmie is married to Frances Vernon, who was a dancer before she became Mrs. Cagney.

DOROTHY DEASE, KANSAS CITY, MO.—You guessed right, Dot. The Harry Barris who appeared in "The Spirit of Notre Dame" is the same chap who writes popular little ditties in his spare time. Harry is a native of New York City, where he sounded his first "a" on November 24, 1905. He is 5 feet, 7 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He was married to a Whiteman November 22, 1931. Harry recently signed a contract with Educational Pictures, so you'll see him soon.

Connie de South Amboy, N. J.—Glad you like the old Answer Man's page. Jimmie Dunn first saw light on November 2, 1903; Loretta Young on January 6, 1915; Anita Page on August 4, 1910 and Mitzi Green on October 22, 1920. Minna Gombell celebrates her birthday on May 28, but you'll have to guess how long that has been going on, cause she won't tell me. Ruth Hall was the girl in the bookstore scene in "Local Boy Makes Good." She hails from Jacksonville, Fla., and her real name is Ruth Hall Ibanez. She is the great niece of Vicente Blasco Ibanez, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Her next will be "Heart of New York."

Corinne Clark, Jackson Heights, N. Y.—Yes, Eric Linden is still single. Eric was born in New York, September 15, 1909. He is 5 feet, 9 inches; weighs 130 pounds, with brown hair, brown eyes. Entered pictures in 1931. His next will be "The Crowd Roars."

E. McD., Vancouver, B. C.—The lad you liked so well in the role of Dr. Claudet in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" was Robert Young. Robert is a native of Chicago, is 6 feet tall and has brown hair and brown eyes. You will see him soon again in "The Wet Parade." Greta Garbo's next picture will be "Grand Hotel." Have space here to announce your long list of questions. Send stamped return envelope the next time.

E. M. Fraser, Boston, Mass.—Norma Shearer's next picture will be Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," taken from the stage play that brought her top-box-office performance. Clark Gable will be her leading man.

Nancy, Philadelphia, Penna.—Let me straighten out that puzzle for you. Eleanor Hunt played the role of Sally and Marian Marsh played the role of Harriet Underwood in the picture "Whooppee." At that time Marian was using the name of Marilyn Morgan for screen purposes, her real name being Violet Krauth. When she was signed by Warners to play in "Svengali," they changed her name to Marian Marsh.

Dorothy Kuesters, Motley, N. J.—John Breeden is a San Francisco lad. He was born there on March 3, 1904. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 150 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray-green eyes. John appeared on the stage in Germany, Austria, the U.S.A. before signing for the talkies in 1929. He has appeared on the screen in "The Shanghais of Broadway," "The Beloved Bachelor," and "The False Madonna." His next will be "Dancers in the Dark." He was married to Kathryn Kiblourne in December, 1929, and has a daughter, Joan, born in October, 1931. Ruth Taylor's little son was christened Henry, and Shirley Mason's daughter Sheila.

Cherie, Paris, France.—So you think that our American stars cannot stay married to one person for more than a couple of years! Here's where I prove that you are wrong. Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen recently celebrated their fifth anniversary. Vilma Banky and Rod LaRoque will celebrate their fifth anniversary in June and Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg will celebrate their fifth this September. Frances Ring has been Mrs. Thomas Meighan since 1910. The Joe E. Browns were married in 1915; the Jack Holls in 1916; the Warner Baxters in 1917; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in 1919; the Edward G. Robinsones in 1925 and Liliyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe in 1925. Now what do you think?

River Bentel, Jeffersonville, Ind.—Cyriel Maude was the old grandfather in "Gypsy." Lon Chaney had no part in that picture.

C. E. W., Toledo, Ohio.—In "The Dawn Patrol" Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., did not play brothers. They were just pals and fellow aviators. William Janney was the chap who played the role of Doolittle brother. The cast of this picture was entirely made up of men.

Barbero, Corino, Italy.—Sorry to disappoint you, but Ann Harding did not do the talking in the Italian version of "East Lynne." Voices of Italian players were dubbed in to take the place of the voices of Ann, Clive Brook and Conrad Nigel. Lots of funny tricks done in talkies, eh?

Janet Sparkman, Coatesville, Penna.—Joe E. Brown was born in Hotelge, Ohio, on July 28, 1892. He is 5 feet, 9½ inches tall; weighs 130 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Entered pictures in January, 1928. Joe has been married since 1915. He has two sons and one daughter. His daughter, Mary Elizabeth Ann, who is just about eighteen months old, seems bent on taking the spotlight away from her old man. See that cute picture of her in last month's Photoplay? Joe's latest picture is "Fireman Save My Child."

Rorena Larson, Boise, Idaho.—Fredric March played both Jekyll and Hyde in the pictures "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." No double was used. Clark Gable celebrated his birthday on February 1. He was 31 years old. His latest picture is "Polly of the Circus" with Marion Davies.

W. H. Herber, Glendale, L. I.—Paul Lukas was born in Budapest, Hungary, on May 26, 1896. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 182 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. He is married to Gizella Benes, whom he calls Daisy 'cause it's easier to pronounce. Paul was on the stage for fourteen years before he tried the movies. He entered pictures in Budapest, in 1918, and in America in 1917. His latest release is "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" with Ruth Chatterton. His next will be "Thunder Below," in which he plays opposite Tallulah Bankhead.

Dot, Toronto, Ont., Can.—Helen Chandler is a native of Charleston, S. C. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 102 pounds and has blond hair and blue-grey eyes. She is married to Cyril Hume, novelist. Reinald Denny hails from Richmond, Surrey, England, home town of Ronald Colman. Reggie is 41 years old, 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Has been married twice, and has two children. A daughter by his first marriage and a son by his second.

M. C. R., Portland, Ore.—The team of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are busy on a new picture titled "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Mary Pickford and Eugene O'Brien did this for Paramount back in 1917.
A HOUSE PARTY—charming girls, Dorothy especially. And yet . . . "Weren't you shocked at Dorothy?" they whispered . . . "I simply couldn't believe it! Why does she wear her underthings a second day? Everybody perspires a little—and it's so easy to offend."

HOW can she take such chances with personal daintiness? Every woman knows that underthings constantly absorb perspiration acids and odors. These become noticeable to others before you yourself are aware of them. Then those cruel whispered comments! Don't run the risk—put on fresh lingerie each day. It is actually more important than the daily bath.

Underthings absorb perspiration. Avoid offending . . .

Protect daintiness this way:
It is so easy to wear fresh things every day! For Lux is made to remove perspiration acids and odors completely, yet saves colors and fabrics, keeps them like new. And it takes only four minutes or less. Follow this dainty habit—Lux your underthings and stockings after every wearing. Of course, anything safe in water alone is just as safe in Lux.

1 Wash this 4-minute way:
   One tablespoon of Lux does 1 day's undies—stockings, too! Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice, shake out.

2 Never rub with cake soap—it tends to streak colors, weaken fabrics.

3 Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which robs silk of its life, weakens, fades it. Lux has no harmful alkali.

LUX for underthings—keeps them like new in spite of frequent washing
**They Have Never Seen A Movie And Never Will**

**T**he blind eyes of a score of sightless children mirrored happiness when they became active participants in the filming of Radio Pictures' "Symphony of Six Million."

Students of the Braille School in Los Angeles, all have been sightless from birth. Their busy little fingers felt the strange newness of cameras and giant incandescent lights, and rested for a moment in the comforting hand of Irene Dunne.

The children were employed by Director Gregory La Cava for the clinic scenes of this poignant drama of the New York East Side, written by Fannie Hurst.

It was the first contact any of them had with motion pictures. A fantastic dream mirage became an actuality for them—a thing they could feel with those ever-questing fingers, carrying new and wonderful messages to their minds.

Their thirst for knowledge in this form of amusement forever denied them had its moments of poignancy for Miss Dunne and Ricardo Cortez, co-featured with her. Together with La Cava, they guided the children out of the eternal mystery of darkness and explained the romance and drama that lie in motion pictures.

The youngsters wanted to know how the cameras worked; why the cameras made slight clicking noises when everything was supposed to be quiet; how sound was recorded. Difficult questions, asked earnestly, while their vacant eyes focused, unblinking, into the great lamps as though warmth and cheer came from that source.

The children were natural actors and actresses, completely devoid of affectation.
"I like it"

I hope I'm a little different from most girls in lots of ways. But I know I'm just like most women in this respect. I don't like to be argued with. I don't like to be preached to. And I won't be frightened into things! I like what I like. And I like a toothpaste with a clean, keen, refreshing flavor. I like to know that my dentist approves. And mine does! He says that all any toothpaste can do is clean teeth. And no toothpaste can do that better than Colgate's. So—I would just like to know why I should pay more than 25 cents for toothpaste? That's all I have to pay for Colgate's!

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[continued from page 84]

This, according to a Hollywood writer, is the true story of a carpet.

It seems that all the writers of a certain major studio, were housed on the second floor of a building that had no carpets.

And the high powered writers, ranging in salary up to $25,000, listened to footsteps beginning at one end of the bare hall and ending at the other, until they were ready for a hospital with nerves.

Plea after plea was sent into the front office for a carpet.

Any kind of carpet.

But no attention was paid - the heavy footsteps went on.

A month ago, the first floor was turned over to the drafting department, who occasionally looked upward as the footsteps sounded overhead.

Finally, the foreman noticed them and sent in a complaint to the front office.

Immediately a roll of carpet was rushed to the second floor and the amazed and thoroughly awed writers came out to look and marvel and then tiptoed back to their nooks.

A flash of time in Hollywood—and yet it is a matter of years—

The opening of “Union Depot.” Crowds—lights—excitement—

Mary and Doug enter the theater. A ripple of applause from the milling fans—just a ripple.

A thunder of cheers—that rattles the playhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable.

And not so long ago, for Mary and Doug, a thunder of cheers—

Young, beautiful Marian Marsh sat just in front of Mary and Doug, at the première.

At intermission time, when Marian arose, Mary’s eyes followed her eagerly—a bit sadly.

“She’s so pretty,” those near her heard Mary murmur. “So young and so pretty! So pretty!”

There was wistfulness in Mary’s voice. It deeply touched those who heard it—and perhaps added them to her devotees!

Hot news note from Lunnon, England.

Over there Clark Gable and Greta Garbo are co-starred in a picture called “The Rise of Helga.”

But don’t fret, folks! We American fans aren’t getting gypped. It’s just our old friend, “Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise,” retitled for the Englishers!

Clark Gable, the current holocaust and tornado, has one of the sanest, soundest outlooks on pictures and people that Hollywood has ever known.

His feet are on solid ground—not the quick sands of rapid success.


“Gable? A stuffed shirt!” answered the writer. She looked up to see Clark standing in the doorway, grinning broadly.

Didn’t bother him. Not that boy! He has the grand, old-fashioned idea that it’s box-office reports that tell the tale.

[Please turn to page 92]
"More searching than your mirror
... your husband's eyes"

Over 20,000 beauty experts
for that reason insist that clients
keep skin radiantly young by
using an olive and palm oil soap.
Palmolive is the only large-selling
soap made of these oils.

"If all the women who seek to hold their
husbands would first hold their good
looks, editors of beauty columns wouldn't
get such a large mail... and there would
be greater chances for happiness." That's
the warning addressed to women by leading
beauty specialists.

* * *

Neither a great amount of time nor large
sums of money are necessary to keep look-
ing your best. But intelligent home care,
every day, is necessary. Don't think that
means hours of primping. It means the best
natural skin cleansing you can obtain. And
beauty experts are unanimous in their rec-
ommendation of Palmolive facial cleansing.

Two minutes. That's all it takes. A sim-
ples washing of face and throat with the lather
of this olive and palm oils soap. Then, pow-
der, rouge, if you wish. But foundation
 cleansing, first.

Won't you try this method, endorsed by
more than 20,000 experts, as the wisest step
toward keeping that schoolgirl complexion?
Use Palmolive... twice every day... faithfully.
Then see what your mirror reveals.
See what your husband's eyes reveal.

Retail Price
10¢

"When you are in doubt as to
the claims a soap maker, look
at the label. Can you tell 'what's
in that soap?' Then why take
chances? Use Palmolive—which
is recommended by those who
KNOW."

Carsten, Berlin's Disting-
guished Beauty Expert.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion
Two More Little Beauty Tricks

By Carolyn Van Wyck

June Clyde knows another good evening ruse for the laughing girl. Rouge the area of a dimple slightly heavier than the cheek and deepen color at the center. This emphasizes your dimple. A cream rouge is ideal for this purpose.

There is much difference of opinion as to the beauty of the two Bennett sisters, Constance and Joan. But to my mind Joan is far the lovelier. Connie's corn-colored hair, brushed to the smoothness of a ribbon with a fringe of flat curls close to her head, is beautiful with a black velvet frock and a sight to stir masculine hearts.

But I prefer Joan's taffy hair against the whiteness of an ermine wrap. Constance's beauty is just a little too icy; about Joan there is a very warm and human quality.

Hollywood knows how to use its rouge. In place of obviously colored cheeks those girls get a radiance from their rouge that is really marvelous. Maybe they follow the advice of the studio make-up man who advised me, "Rouge your whole face." He really meant it. The point is that if we use rouge lightly and distribute it evenly, as a natural flush would be distributed, then we will look fresh and lovely and not merely rouged.

One safe rule to follow is, if we wish to confuse our color is—rouge only the cushion of the cheek—not the full cheek. When you smile this cushion or full part of your cheek stands in high relief. Never rouge the hollows of the cheek unless you wish to create a gaunt effect.

Helen Twelvetrees' hair is abundant and so naturally curly that it is often a nuisance.

In fact, she says it is so unpressable that when she has to wear a special coiffure she must first use a lotion, such as nest little school boys or gigolos use, to straighten out her hair. Then she may put the wave or curl where she likes.

When she is working on a set, her hairdresser dare not smooth her hair with a brush, as this causes every strand to fly. Instead, she uses a comb.

This is a good idea if you have hair like Helen's.

In telling of her skin care, Miss Twelvetrees mentioned a lotion or astringent containing honey. Honey, either straight or in combination with other ingredients, is a marvelous astringent and especially advisable for oily skin or one with conspicuous pores.

After the use of cleansing cream and lotion, apply a little honey to chin, cheeks, nose and forehead. Pat lightly until the skin glows, then remove with water or lotion. A honey cream or lotion is just as effective.

Do these high-waisted styles, these shallow hats, make the most of your face and figure? If you're not quite satisfied with yourself, I have two friendly helps, a booklet on reducing and a leaflet on acne and blackheads. These, as well as advice on skin, hair, all beauty problems, are yours on request. Don't forget to enclose that self-addressed, stamped envelope! Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 921 West 57th Street, New York City

That gadget that Frances Dee displays is not a cigarette lighter but a highly concentrated powder perfume flask. It's a grand idea for your day or evening bag for it cannot break or spill. Sprinkle the powder over the skin and rub.

Indeed, the ingredients of many well-known preparations read like a well-stocked pantry—eggs, honey, lettuce, almonds, or maybe you'd like yours with chocolate and marshmallow?

I think the cupid's-bow mouth has been forgotten in Hollywood. If you will look at recent photographs of Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, Norma Shearer and a host of others, you will see that each has forsaken this old conception of beauty.

These stars rouge their lips along more natural lines, always accenting that under lip. It does something to faces; adds a life-like quality, a character and voluptuousness that many faces lack.

One thing we never see in Hollywood—the very thin lip.

One of the studio make-up men showed me what happens to our faces after a day's wear when we've been too busy to remove old make-up and apply new. Actually, we always look about ten shades darker and drabber, don't we? That look isn't entirely due to the day's dust and grime.

It's largely a matter of your powder mixing with the skin's natural oil and thereby darkening about one hundred per cent. Mix a little powder with any cream and notice the color.

The best way to avoid that dark-toned, five o'clock color is to choose a lighter tone in powder. Be sure the shade is related to your skin and use a little less generously, since the lighter powder is more apparent. Avoid using puffs that are clogged with old powder. Fresh absorbent cotton makes the best temporary puff there is, and it's easy to slip a fresh wad in your bag each morning.
Dramatize Your Beauty
Like Hollywood's Stars
with
MAKE-UP
In Color Harmony for Your Type

Glorify Complexion Colorings
Give Eyes New Loveliness
Add Allure to Your Lips
... with the Magic of Hollywood's Beauty Secret... Discover How!

By Florence Vondelle

TRAVEL to Hollywood with me... let's discover the make-up secrets of the stars. We'll go to Paramount in the heart of Hollywood... then to M-G-M Studios, First National, Warner Bros., and R.K.O... everywhere you'll find a make-up used that means make-up perfection in Hollywood; a make-up that's beauty insurance in every picture released—it's Max Factor's.

"What is this secret in Max Factor's Make-Up?" you'll ask. "It must be the magic wand of beauty, discovered at last." "Perhaps it is. Would you, yourself, like to listen in and learn the secret of the screen stars? Yes... then let's go to Max Factor's Make-Up Studios, and ask Max Factor."

As you are ushered thru the luxurious Louis 14th salon, you thrill with the thought of the gorgeous stars who have preceded you... then in the make-up analysis studio you face a battery of lights, like on the motion picture sets... and myriad reflections from an array of full mirrors dazzle you for a moment. Quietly you're greeted by Max Factor... and you welcome his kindly, understanding smile. Now you know why stars place such confidence in his genius... and you ask your questions unhesitatingly.

"The secret of beauty enhancement with make-up lies in color tones of the cosmetics and the color harmony of the make-up ensemble," remarks Max Factor. "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes, redheads and brownettes must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty.

"Your every day make-up... powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, must blend with your complexion colorings. Look! I will show you what a miracle can be done with make-up."

You look at your mirrored reflection, entranced... enraptured with your new beauty, charm, allure... amazed at the transformation Max Factor had deftly effected with your own Society Make-Up color harmony ensemble. You understand now why only Max Factor's satisfies the stars.

You are now invited to share Hollywood's make-up secret. You personally are offered a priceless beauty gift by Hollywood's genius of make-up... your complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart... and also copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Just mail the coupon! Discover at last that make-up by Max Factor is magic!

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars ** HOLLYWOOD
96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.

LORETTA YOUNG, First National Star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Eyeshadow

JOAN BLONDELL, 1st National Star and Max Factor, Filmland's Wizard of Make-Up, using the correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder.

Now! TEST...FREE
The Face Powder Used by Hollywood's Stars
MAIL THE COUPON

Beauty worth millions is insured with this final touch of make-up perfection... for 96% of Hollywood's stars personally use and prefer Max Factor's Face Powder... because it is perfect in color tones, texture, adhesion... because it is foolproof against blazoning studio lights, sunlight or searching camera lens... because of a new, secret color harmony principle, it creates a gorgeous satin-smooth, velvety make-up impossibly to gain with ordinary face powders. No uneven, spotty, chalky, tallowey and off-color effects which often mar beauty. No other face powder in the world is so magical in its care of beauty.

COURTESY COUPON

MINIATURE POWDER COMPACT... FREE

Max Factor—Max Factor Studios Hollywood, Cal.

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Envelopes 10c or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.

Name
Address
City
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Name
Address
City
State
Hollywood designers know the subtle power that lies in a costume. They know that a part has to be dressed as well as acted. The selection of materials is important.

To adorn the vibrant personality of Dolores Del Rio, in her new screen production, "Bird of Paradise", the costume designers of RKO-Radio Pictures chose Silks about whose quality there is never any question—the Silks woven by William Skinner & Sons, at their mills at Holyoke, Mass.

In speaking of the part played by materials, Gwen Wakeling, costume director for RKO, says:—"There is a great difference in fabrics, and no one knows it better than the costume designer. The richness and softness which I invariably find in Skinner weaves are of great assistance to me in arriving at smart effects on the screen."

To identify these Silks, look for the name in the selvage.

Skinner's Silks
**Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood**

*DID Greta Garbo really do that high-class wiggle dance in “Mata Hari”—or did she have a double? Thousands of people have asked that question—but why? Anyone can pick out the part done by the double. Just compare them—well, the rear view of the figure of the dancer with that of the star. And if you can’t detect the difference—well, you’re no true Garbomaniac, and are hereby read out of the lodge!* 

Garbo’s reputation for plumpness was eased by a recent crack she made on the “Grand Hotel” set.

“Just walk hurriedly through this crowd of people as though you wanted to get away,” Director Goulding told her. “Want to rehearse it?” “Oh no indeed” shrugged Greta. “I rehearsed it in New York all the time I was there!”

**THERE’S** a little tragedy in Garbo’s life during the shooting of “Grand Hotel”: For the first time since “Flesh and the Devil”—years back—Alma, her famous colored maid, is not with her!

The girl’s been seriously ill. And treatment? A queen’s! She’s been in a big private room at St. Vincent’s Hospital, special nurses and all—as good accommodations as the star herself would have.

And on the big set Garbo starts to call Alma’s name—remembers—and calls the substitute in a hesitating, even sad voice. For Greta remembers faithful, loving service!

**ONE** more charming little Garbo yarn, and we’ll let you off. It illustrates, none better, the sweeter side of the Swedish star’s nature.

Mary Carlisle plays a little bride in “Grand Hotel.” Greta sent for her in costume, and Mary shivered like a leaf. Garbo shook her head.

“With your baby face you should have softer clothes,” said the star. “Go to the wardrobe and tell them to put you in that coat with the fur collar.”

Mary went, was dressed gorgeously, came back to the set, and sat in a far corner. She was afraid to go to the star for an opinion. But the mountain came to Mahomet. Greta came to Mary’s corner.

“Better, much better!” said the great one. “I like you!” And she smiled kindly—and Mary will live happily for days on that bit of kindness from a great star who had the graciousness to think of the welfare of a minor actress!

---

**Neither Camera nor Microphone Can Wait.** The results are immediate. That is, you “go over” or you don’t. That’s why stars of the film and air chew delicious DOUBLE MINT just before the big moment—At once tense lines and vocal chords relax. Try it yourself. ☘

---

An actor was having still photographs made by a famous studio photographer. When they had finished the actor said:

“I want some special retouching on these. I even want the hairs removed from my arms. Every one.”

The photographer turned and called to his assistant: “Please get some lavender paper to print this guy’s pictures on!”
SAID Adolphe Menjou to a London newspaper reporter:

"Do you know, I dine out as little as possible. Silly, maybe, but I am trying to preserve that behind-the-scenes illusion about myself."

What ho, Adolphe? It isn't half so dangerous as not working steadily in pictures.

SOMEONE in the M-G-M dining room has a swell sense of the ridiculous. A "Jackie Cooper Special" sandwich merely consists of two tenderloin steaks on toast, a fried tomato, a fried onion in batter, French fried potatoes, and lettuce, while a "Wally Beery Special" is a wisp of watercress between knife-thin slices of toasted whole wheat bread.

POLA NEGRI and Albert Einstein, world famous scientist, met at Palm Springs. When Pola heard about the Einstein theory of the expanding universe, she is said to have remarked:

"How long has this been going on?"

And when Herr Professor was informed that Pola's salary ran into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, he looked at her for a long minute. Finally he cocked an eyebrow and said:

"So. And how long has this been going on?"

TODAY'S riddle—whose pictures make the most money for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

Sh! We know your answer. You say "Garbo's" right away. But you're wrong again. When all the box-office receipts are counted up, it is found that the net profits from Marie Dresser's films are the largest chalked up at that mighty studio.

The reason? Well, here's a guess. Garbo's sophisticated talkies do enormous business in the larger cities. But our hunch is that in the small-town and country theaters the sentimental, homes movies turned out by Ma Dresser simply clean up.

SOMEONE took the time to check the popularity of Garbo among box-office patrons and discovered that seven out of ten women were crazy about her while the men were less than fifty per cent as enthusiastic.

On the other hand, Marlene Dietrich had a higher percentage of admirers among men than does Garbo—and less among women.

THAT rascal, Sid Skolsky, columnist for the New York Daily News, whips over a fast one.

"In my Tintype of Lilian Tashman I stated that she doesn't wear one single garment under her evening gown. She's making a personal appearance at the Paramount Theater this week, and changed gowns on the stage behind a screen. A stage-hand just wired in to say that the statement in my Tintype was correct!"

As they say,Oops!

MARILYN MILLER is still going places with Don Alvarado—another of those film actors who seems to make no films. Mervyn Le Roy, although not divorced from Edna Murphy, is still seen with Ginger Rogers. Anita Page, WITHOUT papa and mamma for chaperons, is being escorted everywhere by her faithful doctor friend. Little Joan Marsh and one of the current heart-thumpers go about together.

Ricardo Cortez seems to look with favor on a certain beautiful brunette. Maureen O'Hara, Sullivan and Hardie Albright are sweethearts. Dorothy Burgess is still smiling upon Director Clarence Brown.

---

Ivory Snow is pure—as safe for wools as Ivory Soap is for a baby's tender skin. For Ivory Snow is Ivory Soap, blown into fluffy little puffs so that it will dissolve instantly.

Ivory Snow doesn't need hot water to make it melt into a rich lather of wonderful suds. You can start with tepid water wool requires. Ivory Snow will dissolve completely. It has no flat particles which can cling to the fabric and cause a soap spot!

Don't rub wool garments. Just swirl and squeeze them through gentle, lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. No clinky flake particles to rub out! Baby's soft little sweaters, your own knitted suits and trim Jersey frocks, your fleecy blankets, will be as softly woolly as when they were new. For with Ivory Snow you avoid the three great dangers in washing wools—harsh soap, hot water, and rubbing.

Ivory Snow is extra safe and convenient for washing all fine fabrics. And it is economical to use lavishly, because that nice big package costs only 15c!
Men Will Love
The Fragrance of
FEU-FOLLET
on you

And You Will
Love FEU-FOLLET
On Yourself —

It's soft and gay—suggesting "folly"—
a subtle challenge for attention.
Spray Feu Follet on your skin, on your
clothes, your bag, your lingerie— an aura
of invisible beauty surrounds you.

Feu Follet (FLAME OF FOLLY) is
the newest Roger & Gallet creation.
In smart bottles, from $1. to $6.
Also, in the softest, purest face
powder, in toilet water, talcum or
sachet—and in the famous round
cakes of Roger & Gallet soap. At
best stores everywhere.

FREE — A copy of "Fashions in
Fragrance" telling how the Parisian
Elegante is using Feu Follet.
Address Roger & Gallet, Dept. 1,
1071 Sixth Avenue, New York.

ROGER &
GALLET
PARIS

DANIEL CUPID has shot off another quiver
full of red-hot arrows in Hollywood. He
has hit, right amidships—
Lowell Sherman's busted heart is fast mend-
ing, since Helene Costello walked out on him.
He caught sight of beautiful Ethelind Terry—
and since that moment life has no longer
stretched before him bleak, dreary—and girl-
less!

Loretta Young, whatever the reason, has
formed the habit of dropping into the Brown
Derby Restaurant for a spot of dinner with
Herb Somhorn (Mr. Gloria Swanson No. 2),
Meanwhile her ex, Grant Withers, is making
personal appearances around New York, and
having one swell time with Peggy Joyce.

AND if that card, Jack Oakie, hasn't switched
girl-friends again! Used to be Mary Brian,
for a steady—now it's a pretty brunette named
Helen Collins, niece of Austin Parker, ex-
Miriam Hopkins.

And Dorothy Jordan seems to have made up
her mind.
Looks as if the lucky youngster is Donald
Dillaway, now that Howard Hughes and Billie
Dove seem to have kissed and made up. We're
wrong.
They've busted again.
What a job, keeping track of Hollywood's
love-birds.

LINDA WATKINS won't have to pay any
legal bills from now on. No sir, she married
a lawyer, Gabriel Hess, and says she's through
with pictures for quits.
Some folks were surprised and some just
nodded an "I told you so" when Colleen Moore
and Alfred Scott, a broker, were married in
Florida early, early one morning. Colleen had
known Al for a long time. In fact, right after
she got her divorce from John McCormick they
were reported engaged.

A S for babies—lawy!
Four assistant storks have been assigned
to the picture colony, just to help along with
Hollywood's latest fad—nay, mania!
If you haven't a youngster, aren't expecting
a youngster, or don't even hope to have one—
well, my dear, you're just not in the swim,
that's all!

And wouldn't his father be proud of this lad who wants to make a name for
himself and not trade on another's reputation? When Creighton Chaney
first applied for work at the studios they wanted him to change his name to
Lon Chaney, Jr., but the boy said, "Nix, Dad wouldn't have liked that."
So Creighton it stays and he's got a nice new contract with Radio Pictures
It probably began with the pride and joy of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer. Then came EstherRalstonWebb's little girl, Alice Day's son, and Bebe and Ben's daughter. Of course, Gorgeous Gloria Swanson and young Michael Farmer are expecting a European stork this spring.

And now listen! Dorothy Mackail—Madcap Dottie, of all people!—and Husband Neil Miller proudly announce the hope, with good reason, of a son and heir or heiress.

THERE'S a surprise connected with the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello baby, expected in June.

Everyone thought Jack would practically demand a son. He has two daughters—one by Blanche Oelrich and one by Dolo, little Dolores Ethel, two years old this month. There has not yet been a son to carry on the great Barrymore name and acting tradition.

And that, in the theater, is priceless, particularly among such a tribe as the Barromores.

And what does Jack say? Namely, that he's crazy about little girls, and wouldn't mind another! He'd rather like little Dolo to have a sister.

And that, to old Uncle Cal, is the shock of the season!

A NOther great day for Hollywood. Doug—papa Doug—has sailed away for the South Seas.

Doug has another travelogue on the fire, and all picturedom is agog.

On a bleak, rainy afternoon The Invader slipped out of San Pedro, the Los Angeles harbor, for the open sea.

Old William (Bill to most of us) Farnum joined at the last minute.

Raoul Walsh, great director, was broken hearted because contract trouble held him up at the pier.

Eddie Sutherland, the director, had his tooties fixed rapidly so he could be a member of the party.

And at the dock—well, Mary Pickford stood. As the steamer became a wisp of smoke on the horizon, she waved, and waved, and waved.

WELL, Ruth Chatterton is busy at Warners—as busy as a couple of lives of bees. "The First Lady of the Screen,"—as we and a couple of million others once dubbed her—is at work on her new lot!

In her first picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us," she has no less than twenty-one changes of costume. Greer, the famous designer, made them, and it meant a few old pennies for Greer.

Incidentally, Ruth ordered seventeen new dresses for herself at the same time. And did the designer cash in?

And as for the Hollywood gossip—they DO say that Ruth and husband Ralph Forbes are on the outs.

And Why?

Here's the way such stuff starts. Warners rebuilt Colleen Moore's bungalow for Chatterton. It's a sweet place—one might even say a ducky place.

And Ruth is spending most of her time there, day and night, while "The Rich Are Always With Us" is being made.

Which accounts for the reason that the Chatterton-Forbes separation rumors are now rife.

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This happened to her. It may happen to you and me! Her skin lost its clear radiance, and languished in dark and sullen dullness. So did her spirit. She became a crank!

No wonder—her whole system was being steadily contaminated by impurities! Both her mind and body were depressed.

She never had realized that internal cleanliness is essential to health. Her cleanliness, externally, was exquisite. But she had neglected internal cleanliness.

At length, on the advice of her physician, she began to use Sal Hepatica. Her skin freed itself of sallowness and blemishes. Its new peach-blossom fairness echoed her childhood years. And she was again the laughing angel she had been before.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica provides you with an equivalent saline benefit. By clearing away poisons and acidity it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other ills.

Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one week. See how much better you feel, how much fresher and younger you look!
A FEW months ago when Photoplay announced that Gloria Swanson was going
to have another baby, we received hundreds of letters asking how we knew. Photoplay
was the first to make the announcement.
And now Gloria in London has told interview-
ers that it’s true. She has always said that
she wanted another baby as a companion to
her own little Gloria and the small boy she adopted.

It seems to me we’re always telling you about
the marvelous friendships that exist between
certain of the screen stars. And sometimes
we get sort of tired of it. There are some lusty
first-rate hates in Hollywood if anybody should
ask you.

Connie Bennett and Lilian Tashman. Both
have been called “the best dressed woman
on the screen.”

Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich. When
these two were in New York each put on
the high manners with the other.

Dietrich confided that she “couldn’t bear
Miss Bankhead,” while Tallulah heaped the
old coals of fire by announcing, “Dietrich is
just too marvelous!”

Lupe Velez and Ina Claire. The reason for
that one’s easy to guess. The answer is—
Jack Gilbert.

HERE all you young blades who want to be
devis with women, take a tip from Holly-
wood’s favorite beau—young Joel McCrea.
Joel has escorted Gloria Swanson, Dot Mc-
Kail, Constance Bennett and most of the other
high powered queens to all the best places.
Before Joan Crawford married Doug he used
to sit on the sink in Joan’s kitchen and eat
green onions with her. Husbands trust him
with their wives.

Big stars simply must have him for their
leading man.
The secret of his success? Indifference, my
good man, indifference.

Joel doesn’t chase after them. When they
like him he likes them. As simple as that—or
is it?

THAT Jimmy Durante—is there
no end to his smart cracks?
Not long ago he was having a va-
cation in a mountain resort when the
studio phoned him that he was
needed at once to begin work on
a new picture, and in order to get
to Hollywood on time he would have to
drive for sixteen hours without stop-
ing.

“Now say,” flipped Durante, “you
wouldn’t ask Garbo to do that, would
you?”

THAT Phil Holmes is one of the strangest
boys in Hollywood.
Maybe you’ve noticed that dazed look he
gets in some of his pictures.
Maybe you’ve noticed that occasionally he
is like a man walking in his sleep. Well, in
a way he is walking in his sleep. He’s tired—
dead dog tired.
He has worked in pictures for two solid years
without a vacation and with sometimes just
two days and sometimes just two minutes be-
tween pictures.

If you have ever ached with fatigue you will
understand why Phil Holmes sometimes ap-
pears dazed.

True enough Dick Arlen has worked as hard
as Phil and has made as many pictures—but
there is a difference in these two young men.
They work differently.

Phil acts purely emotionally. He gives all
of himself to his roles.
He cannot detach himself from his screen
character.
He is as sensitive as a poet.

THAT sprightly trade daily, The
Hollywood Reporter, vouches
for the fact that the other night Billy
Haines was entertaining in his new
apartment with his new butter serv-
ing.
When it came time for the coffee
the new servant asked the guests,
“Will you have large cups or D. T.’s?”

AND in case anybody’s interested in white
scanties Billy Haines has one.

WILLIAM POWELL has taken a right
about face! Supposed to be among
the most difficult to handle at Paramount, he is
making himself the most affable at First Na-
tional.
If anyone had told a Paramount executive
that Bill would consent to be master of cere-
monies, or make a public appearance for them
—he’d have had apoplexy.
But when Zanuck asked Bill to officiate at
the opening of one of their local theaters, he
said he’d be scared to death, but he’d do his
best!
And he takes still pictures by the hour with-
out the least remonstrance.

Dietrich. To the world a mystery,
Dietrich. As she was in May, she
now is in September.
The studio has been trying to make her
appearances in pictures.
She can’t stand it.

PEOPLE are always wondering how Joan
Crawford keeps that beautiful figure.
“Must starve herself to death!” they say.
It isn’t so.
Joan eats modestly enough, but a starvation
diet is no part of her life.
But listen!
She’s a bicycle fiend! Every day, when
able, she wheels through the Brentwood hills,
and a horde of little girls cycle with her, for
company.
Does that answer the question of slim hips—
and those superb legs?
Meadows! My bicycle.

S PENCER TRACY came limping
across the Fox lot the other day.
The entire studio kept attaching
various reasons to Spencer’s limps.
Finally he met Frank Borzage.
“What really did happen, Spence?”
Borzage asked.
“Well, if you must know,” Tracy
replied, “I tripped over the wolf when
I came out the door this morning.”

F OIS MORAN is scoring a tremendous stage
hit in “Of Thee I Sing,” the current musical
comedy smash on Broadway, with George Ger-
shwin music.
Look Enchanting...This Spring

In springtime, you are inspired to look your loveliest! Romance is in the very air! So dismiss every flaw or blemish from your face—and transform your complexion to entrancing loveliness in a few short weeks...under the guidance of Mme. Helena Rubinstein, the world's foremost authority on beauty care.

Helena Rubinstein has devoted a lifetime to beauty—as a science—analyzing millions of faces—and creating "specialized" creams and lotions for every facial need.

For the busy young woman who cannot devote more than a few moments daily to her looks, Mme. Rubinstein recommends her Pasteurized Face Cream—for a quick daily "renovation" of the face. Exquisitely rich, plastic, concentrated—this cream molds over the tissues and deep into the pores. It absorbs hidden impurities—revitalizes important skin glands—lends youthful glamour to the face. Fine lines are molded out of existence. Blemishes soon disappear. The skin is left soft, protected...satine-smooth! This unique cream comes in three distinctive blends. For normal skin—PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM. For oily, sallow skin—PASTEURIZED BLEACHING CREAM. For dry skin—PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM "SPECIAL". Each in a generous jar at one dollar.

For blackheads, coarse pores, oily skin—Valaze Beauty Grains. Corrects oiliness, refines skin, dissolves blackheads—1.00

To clear and beautify—use Valaze Skin Clearing Cream ( Beautifying Skin food )—youthifies—clears away sallowness, freckles—1.00

To tone and brace—Valaze Skin Toning Lotion ( Normal and Oily )—or "Special" for Dry Skin. Closes pores, refines texture, corrects fine lines—1.25

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Secure these creations from Authorized Helena Rubinstein Representatives among the better department and drug stores—or, if unobtainable, communicate with

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Please send me without charge full individual instructions for correct daily care of my skin.

P. H. 4

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ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

TEXTURE OF SKIN:

☐ DRY ☐ MEDIUM ☐ OILY

☐ SALLOWNESS ☐ BLACKHEADS ☐ LINES, WRINKLES ☐ RED HANDS ☐ COARSE Pores

☐ DROPPING CHIN ☐ OILY NOSE ☐ PIMPLES, ACNE ☐ ROUGH ELBOWS ☐ THIN LASHES

WALTER WINCHELL tells a pretty cute story about the time that Bolton Mal-

lory took his wife, Nancy Carroll, back to Omaha to see the home folks. Seems that

The world's fastest traveling cross-
country bride. Married to Rudy Va-
lee less than a year, Fay Webb has
made three trips from New York to
California to see mama and papa.
And every time she steps on the train
both she and Rudy croon the same
ditty, "This doesn't mean a divorce.
It's just because Fay's health is too
bad to stand New York winters"
For Sparkle and Smiles Like Dorothy Mackaill’s

wear these shoes that put you at ease

Girls! Women! Put your feet at ease on the wonderful natural arch bridge of Natural Bridge Shoes...and your whole system will tune itself to the gay tempo of youth! You’ll never know the enervating drain of arch strain when you give your natural arch this constant, normal support.

Standing, sitting, walking, these shoes are a joy. Good to look at, they fit your foot in action as becomingly as in repose. See your dealer today and start smiling in Natural Bridge Shoes. Natural Bridge Shoemakers, Lynchburg, Va.

The Modette $5

The Candy $6

Natural Good to the Foot...Good to the Eye
Bridge Good to the Pocketbook...
Shoes...
..$5 and $6

Photoplay Magazine for April, 1932

everybody kept calling up and wanting to talk to the stair.
At about the twenty-fifth call Mallory had taken for Nancy someone said, “Is this the Imperial Garage?”

“No,” bellowed Bolton, “but don’t hang up. I want to talk to somebody.”

Hedda Hopper has decided that playing
the Hollywood social game gets her just exactly nowhere on the screen. The trouble is that when you make friends with a director you can’t argue with him.

Hedda wanted the role that Irene Rich played in “Five and Ten.” She went to her friend, Director Bob Leonard, and begged for the part.

“But you don’t look like a small-town merchant’s wife,” he said.

Hedda was born in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, and spent most of her life in Altoona. She is really a small-town girl but she didn’t say so because she figured that Bob was a pal and she couldn’t tell a pal he was wrong.

So Hedda has decided to give up the drawing room for the vaudeville dressing room.

“Social contacts are a lot of bunk,” Hedda thinks.

She’s going to have a flyer in vaudeville and try to get back her professional standing that way.

Well, well, but George Brent (Warner Bros.’ new hope for the Gable throne!) is surely getting imitated to movie life with a vengeance.

He’s been playing opposite Ruth Chatterton and Barbara Stanwyck at the same time—running from one set to the other.

In his excitement to do two parts well and at the same time, he got a bit upset on the “So Big”-Stanwyck set the other morning and backed right up against the salamander. That is the stove with which they heat stages.

His trousers, the seat, if you please, caught fire.

And for a moment it looked as if two ladies were going to be out a leading man.

They put the fire out. It burned right through, but that was only a small part of the worry.

George was able to go on—but the pants. It was a brand new suit made especially for the picture.

They shot other scenes until they could duplicate them.

What? Our own Ronald Colman arrested? And in war-torn Shanghai, of all places.

Ronald, it seems, went out for a quiet stroll along the streets of Shanghai where he’s visiting, when things were happening, only to be seized by local police and dragged to headquarters.

Ronald didn’t know it, of course, but he was violating an emergency order forbidding civilians to be on the streets between ten P.M. and four A.M.

After warning Ronald not to commit the same offense again, they let him go.

Comical signs are eternal, and common, yet we can’t resist retailing the one seen on a Hollywood theater.

It says—

“Two Kinds of Women—Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes.”

Write your own ticket. It’s funny or it isn’t—as you choose!

“I’m through with men!” said Helene Costello with a defiant look at the cameraman, who packed up his little graftex and fled right after this picture was snapped. “Oh, pooh!” answered sister Dolores Costello (Mrs. Jack) Barrymore. “Some day you’ll find a man as nice as my Jack and you’ll forget all that.” But Helene, following her separation from Lowell Sherman, sailed away for France and England. Dolores and Jack, you know, are expecting another little Barrymore.
Although great, Amy Ager, Fox still knows, "I can't do it any longer. I want to try something new."

A HOLLYWOOD wit tells this story. Sam Mintz, part author of "Skippy," met an independent producer on the street soon after the release of that picture.

"Sam," the producer said very confidentially, "I want you to write 'Skippy' for me."

"Why, it's been done," Mintz replied.

"I know, I know," the producer said impatiently, "but not with a girl it hasn't been done!"

PEGGY SHANNON, that red-haired beauty, was tabbed by Paramount as Clara Bow's successor. So was Sylvia Sidney, but Sylvia disappeared into dramatic roles, leaving the hotsy-totsy parts to Peggy. But what happened to her? Where has she gone, and why?

She says it's bad roles—that Paramount gave her inconsequential parts in silly pictures, such as mere bits in "The Road to Reno" and "Touchdown." She may say that Sylvia Sidney got all the breaks, and she got none, except bad ones.

Paramount says something else. The company claims that Peggy was hard to handle—that she ranted and squawked too much about her parts—openly accused executives of playing favorites.

AND the result? Peggy Shannon, with a great chance, was "sold down the river." That is, she was loaned to other companies whenever possible. Tiffany borrowed her for "Hotel Continental."

And then came a magnificent break—the sort that could only happen in filmland!

Fox began a still hunt for personalities. Peggy wanted her release from Paramount and got it. Fox gave her a test. It was great! Now she has another chance with the Fox crowd—a grand one. If she gets good stories, able direction, and doesn't run around with a chip on her shoulder—maybe we'll hear more, and much, of Peggy Shannon, the lovely redhead who had a great opportunity—and muffed it!

THE winter brought a flu epidemic to California. So bad that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer established gartering machines on every set and in every office. Every actor and actress was requested to use the garter to stop the spread of the disease.

All except Garbo! Not a soul said a word about it to her. And she did not have influenza!

WELL, George Bancroft went temperamental again during the making of "The World and the Flesh."

In fact, he announced that Director John Cromwell was trying to take "the Bancroft out of Bancroft," and walked out of the picture.

George, who has been a goody-goody since his last trouble with Paramount, went to a lawyer. But Paramount calmly chose Charles Bickford for the role—and George, when he heard that, just as calmly went back to work.

Temperament is out of date in Hollywood!
HOLLYWOOD'S gossips call George O'Brien "The boy who always falls in love with his leading woman."

And Conchita Montenegro, who played opposite him in "The Gay Caballero," was no exception.

Everyone thought this was True Love—for ever and ever and ever. But George set out on a trip to China, and Conchita hopped a plane for New York and a stage show.

And Hollywood's romantic souls sighed a deep sigh. Always disappointed.

"Just another one of those things!" they said, and went back to their knitting, or their cocktail shaking.

AND here's another Barrymore story somebody remembers.

When John, Ethel and Lionel were little kids they came to the theater during rehearsal to visit their father. Unable to leave at lunch time he gave each of the children fifty cents for their lunch. And Barrymore like, they went to Delmonicos, the most expensive place in town.

In vain they searched the menu for something that could be bought for fifty cents. At last a waiter tottered by carrying a huge tray of French pastries. "How much are those," John asked. "Fifty cents, sir," the waiter replied. "Fine," John said, "bring on three trays. This is the place to come," John said with his mouth full of pastry.

And a half hour later their father was quickly summoned to the restaurant. They had consumed exactly thirty dollars worth of pastry among them, never dreaming their fifty cents didn't buy the tray full.

WELL, Wally Beery is a real daddy now and no mistake! The Beerys recently adopted a baby girl.

A visitor happened out to Wally's house the other day and there was Wally folding and pinning a diaper on the baby!

And, "Look," Wally said to his speechless friend, "the proper way to do this is to fold it square and pin it on the side."

And there you have movies' favorite bad man!

JOAN BENNETT has been one of the busiest girls in Hollywood recently.

In the first place, every one in town has been

We extend the privilege of the "Luxor Special" again! The combination package containing a full-size 50¢ box of Luxor face-powder... and a free cake of our 25c Cold Cream Facial Soap... all for 50c!

When you first pat on the Luxor face-powder, you just notice its fine texture, its delicate fragrance. But after a moment you find with delight that all your skin seems to be transformed... that it's smooth as satin, soft, and radiantly fresh. That's because this "powder that is pure" is sifted to marvelous fineness through layers of silk.

Ask your dealer for the "Luxor Special." Remember—a full box of the powder, and a free cake of our bland, mild complexion-soap. A whole beauty-treatment—the cost, 50c! And ask for it soon—the supply of "Specials" is necessarily limited.

Luxor, Ltd.

Luxor, Ltd., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago.

I enclose ten cents for a generous sample of the face-powder. Check Rachel, Flesh, White. 

Name__________________________

Address________________________

City________________________State____________________

And may all your children be acrobats—which in this case, Tom, isn't the old trouper's curse. Here is the first picture of Tom Mix and his new bride, taken after their marriage in Mexico. She was Mabel Ward, a famous aerialist in Tom's circus—you know her, hanging on with one arm at the top of the big tent. Now she says she's going to hang onto Tom—and Photoplay wishes them both a ten-gallon hat full of happiness.
anxious to see that unusual star sponge which Gene Markey gave her for an engagement ring. It's almost navy blue, set with small pearls. Any one with even a speaking acquaintance has tried to see her on one excuse or another.

Then, there was that business of joining a church before she got married. Taking the vows of her new husband's religion.

And on top of that, being made honorary colonel of the 347th Field Artillery—the red tape of going through signing of papers, both federal and state; being fitted for a uniform; arranging to attend the military dinner in her honor. And, just incidentally, getting ready for her wedding!

In between, Joan went to a party.

Another guest remarked, "Goodness, but Joan is noisy. She won't talk to anyone but her own little clique."

A member of that "clique" answered, "If you had as much on your mind, you'd be pre-occupied, too."

Both were right, judging from Joan's record.

A NEW Gable yarn!

Some one remarked on the gray hair Clark wears for his role of the doctor in "Strange Interlude."

"Swell wig, Clark," the friend said. "Wig," Clark growled, "that's no wig. I saw myself in 'Polly of the Circus' last night and my hair turned white overnight."

AFTER making New York, Los Angeles and various other cities sit up and take notice of her extraordinary talent in the concert field, Doris Kenyon is back in Hollywood, and starting "Young America" for Fox. It looked for a time as if Doris was to be lost to pictures.

Newspaper reports were wildly enthusiastic over her concert work, which combines much of the artistry of Yvette Gilbert and Raquel Meller. She has never been more beautiful than now, and her concert triumphs should add considerable poise and depth to her future screen work.

THAT exciting new book, "The Life of Jackie Cooper," by his mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper, will soon be on the book stands.

Even though Jackie's a mere child, he's had enough excitement and trouble packed into his life to satisfy many adults.

Cold hotel rooms, draughty stage wings, miserable boarding houses, long uncomfortable train rides, were the fate of a lonely little Jackie while accompanying his mother on her vaudeville tours.

All these and more Mrs. Cooper tells in her book. And what a difference a few years and a stroke of luck can bring!

There isn't a child more feted, more famous than the same little fellow who, just a few years ago, trudged his weary way through mud and slush to wait for "Mummy" in theater wings.

AND from now on the Greta will be dropped and it will appear on billboards and theater marquees as just plain "Garbo."

UPON their recent trip to New York, June Collyer and Stuart Erwin stayed with June's parents in their Park Avenue apartment.

Somebody asked Dad where the children were stopping. He chuckled, "Both these children are Scotch. Where do you suppose they are stopping?"

In response to your request, Philip Morris announces a Third Contest MARLBORO PRIZES FOR Distinguished HandWriting

For all successful, enthusiastic, and, maybe, a million friends

of handwriting and America's finest cigarette.

Once again we are happy to offer for the most distinguished handwriting

$500 in Cash

(150 Prizes)

NO cost to enter this contest.

There are no strings. No conditions. Simply write in your own hand: MARLBORO—America's Finest Cigarette.

SEND AS MANY examples as you wish. Each will be considered separately, solely on its own merit. In case of any ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

CLOSING DATE—Contest closes midnight, July 31, 1932.

JUDGES—R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitrick and M. L. Sheridan, of Philip Morris, Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist and K. M. Goode, Advertising advisor, will be judges. Their decision final.

WINNERS to be reproduced. Especially distinguished handwriting and, where available, portraits of winners, will be selected for publication in society magazines. No payments or fees, beyond prizes. We regret we cannot return samples nor undertake correspondence.

DOUBLE PRIZES to Marlboro smokers.

Anyone is eligible to win any prize. Believing, nevertheless, the cultured good taste which awakens an instinctive preference for Marlboro will reveal itself in the handwriting of Marlboro smokers, we offer in each and every case to double the prize when, as, and if, the winning answer is written on, or accompanied by, the front wrapper from a package of Marlboros.

Marlboro—Plain or Ivory-Tipped. Successful cigarette of successful men. And smart women. Don't delay your try at double prizes. Send your distinguished handwriting to Philip Morris & Company, 119-C Fifth Avenue, New York City.
What is the doctor's opinion of your laxative?

You wouldn't dare take medicine from a bottle without a label. Yet so many people dose themselves with wrong laxatives, regularly, without knowing what their action is.

There are many laxatives—some not good for you—some inviting after-effects that more than nullify the temporary relief they bring.

Your doctor will tell you that more important than mere results is how a laxative works.

Follow the Doctor's advice

Ask the doctor about the laxative you are taking. You will find that the medical profession has a definite code of standards for a laxative.

A laxative, says the doctor, should be safe, and gentle in its action. It shouldn't grip. It shouldn't be absorbed by the system. It shouldn't disturb digestion.

A laxative should not overstimulate the intestines—thus weakening the natural functions. It shouldn't be habit-forming.

Here's one laxative that checks on every point the doctor looks for—it's Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts as Nature acts

Ex-Lax is safe, effective—pleasant. It tastes like chocolate. Yet it contains that scientific laxative—phenolphthaletin—in just the right quality, the right proportion, the right dose.

Gently, yet thoroughly, Ex-Lax stimulates the bowels to normal, healthful action. It doesn't "whip" the intestines—it stimulates them! It simply helps Nature to help you.

Take Ex-Lax tonight! Results will delight you. Ex-Lax is ideal for children as well as for grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c, 25c, 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with Ex-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

Ex-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 179
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address


HE had been friendly with her before Hollywood flattered him into forgetting her and his other pals. He remembered her when Hollywood, after a short and merry whirl, forgot him along with hundreds of other potential male stars.

Then he met her on Hollywood Boulevard and to her astonishment fairly gushed over her. The gushing led to a rushing: "Do you know, I need five hundred dollars as nobody ever needed five hundred dollars," he said.

She smiled.

"Really? Well, let me know where you get the five hundred dollars. I could use it myself. Toodle-oo!"

She hasn't seen him since.

ACCORDING to Variety Spencer Tracy, who is a father, has been taking little Dickie Moore to lunch a lot during the making of "Disorderly Conduct," and, knowing what kids should eat, always ordered a vegetable plate for Dickie.

But finally the kid got to refusing the lunch dates.

Tracy asked what was the trouble. "Well, you see," Dickie replied, "I gotta eat spinach at home."

Zasu Pitts—the greatest and most famous unstarred actress in Hollywood's history—is divorcing Tom Gallery.

Who's he? An ex-actor, a fight promoter, etc.

And she? The mightiest picture saver and stealer in film history.

And this brings to mind the fact that Barbara La Marr's son, whom Zasu adopted at the time of Bab's death, is now nine years old. And so is Zasu's own daughter.

Never mind, Zasu!

The time will come when filmland will erect a monument to you, sweetest of mothers, kindest of friends.

Photoplay's $500.00 Treasure Hunt

Read the rules carefully before hunting words

1. Thirty-three cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

   First Prize ..................... $200.00
   Second Prize ................... 100.00
   Third Prize ....................  50.00
   Thirty Prizes of $5.00 Each ..... 150.00

2. In this issue Photoplay Magazine has designated throughout the editorial pages in blackface type sixty words. When fifty of these words are assembled they tell a little tale of picture people. $500.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correct story from these fifty assembled words.

3. Solutions are to be written on one side of the paper only. The full name and correct address of the contestant should be written or typewritten on the same sheet of paper as the solution.

4. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to participate in this Treasure Hunt. You do not have to buy a single issue. Copies of Photoplay Magazine, from which the words can be copied, may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. 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.

6. 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. Neatness in submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes.

7. The April issue contest will close at Midnight, May 5. All solutions received to the moment of Midnight, May 5, will be considered. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. The prize winners will be announced in the July issue of Photoplay Magazine, which goes on sale on or about June 15. No solutions will be returned.

8. All solutions are to be sent to TREASURE HUNT EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
YESSIR, Garbo wears her own mink coat—the one in which she wrapped herself when she was avoiding New York reporters—in "Grand Hotel." It's the first time she has worn any of her own togs in a picture.

JACK HOLT, who usually plays rough and ready characters and hard ridin' cow punchers on the screen, is one of the old Virginney Holts, suh, and is proud of it. What's more his Colonial house is furnished throughout in genuine antiques.

As a matter of fact, Jack is a complete paradox. A man's man, a cow boy, a one time civil engineer and once an engineer on a New York subway, he is one of the most sartorially perfect gents in Hollywood and is a beautiful dancer. And he loves to dance and play the gallant in smart drawing rooms. Yet for all his love of nice clothes (and he's as handsome a figure as you'll want to see in full dress) he hates a shirt and, in the daytime, invariably wears a sweater instead of a shirt, with a silk scarf around his neck.

AND still they come, these foreign beauties. Out at Universal is Tala Birell, a Viennese. And now none other than Sari Maritza, Charlie Chaplin's object of fervish excitement in Europe. Sari, in spite of the name, is an English girl, sandy and sensibly named Patricia Nathan. But you know these movies. They must be different.

KAREN MORLEY has her own little idea of mystery—not copied from Garbo, either. She wants to have dark hair in one picture, blonde in the next, bobbed in another; long

Once to every woman

THE STORY OF

FACE POWDER

IS NEW

Always to Every Woman her discovery means "Twice the Beauty from Powder"

by Patricia Gordon

Would you want face powder to give you utterly new beauty . . . to impart smooth, aristocratic skin texture hitherto unknown . . . to cling the entire day . . . to be fascinatingly mysterious as to lustrous, pearly hues and subtlety of shades? Why not? It is a matter for your own decision.

Once to every woman

the story of Princess Pat powder is new. She learns that of all powders only Princess Pat has a base of soft, caressing, precious almond. She learns that usual face powders (likely the one she uses) have a base of starch.

Almond Base Completely Alters Face Powder

The very "feel" of Princess Pat powder discloses its unequalled softness. There is none of the dusty dryness of starch base. One word comes instantly to mind to describe Princess Pat almond base powder—the word "velvity." It is a lovely sensation just to apply Princess Pat powder—a feeling that the skin is being made silken—a knowledge that no harsh, drawn effect will vex sensitive skin. And with continued use, you find that the almond base improves your skin, preventing coarse pores.

The Famous "Invisible Beauty" of Princess Pat

Almond base imparts to Princess Pat powder a mystical quality of transulence. Your skin is given utmost beauty without appearance of having been powdered. This is the lovely effect every woman desires—perfect illusion. It is the magic of beauty "Invisibly produced," for which Princess Pat powder is famous. So many powders are obvious, chalky, instantly to be detected. But with Princess Pat, your mirror says "beauty," not "powder."

New, Fashionable Shades

All the usual powder shades are made by Princess Pat, though created in richer hues, through the exclusive secret of prismatic blending. But more than this, Princess Pat gives you certain exclusive shades, setting the new powder fashions. The famous Olde Ivory, for example—adorable for fair skins; Princess Pat Ochre—loveliest of shades for medium complexities; Tan—of marvelous beauty for dark, gypsy types.

Try Face Powder of Almond Base

You have used starch base powders—one or many. Unless you have used Princess Pat, you have never tried powder of almond base; for almond, instead of starch is an exclusive Princess Pat secret.

Once to every woman

comes the first knowledge of Princess Pat powder—giving "twice the beauty." To know, to try, to fall in love with Princess Pat powder is the experience of millions of women seeking wondrous new beauty.

FREE PRINCESS PAT. Dept. A-2064
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago
Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat powder, as indicated.

□ Flesh     □ Olde Ivory (Naturelle)
□ White     □ Brunette     □ Ochre
□ Tan       □ Mauve

Name:
Street:
City __________________________ State __________________________

Name________________________________________

One sample free; additional samples 10c each.
in the following, etc. And she doesn’t want
the public to know what her own hair really is.
She’s forever trying on wigs, to prove just
how many different types she can be.
Well, too bad, Karen, it won’t work. We’re
going to spoil your secret right now. You’re
an ash blonde; you wear a Garbo bob and
your hair is naturally curly.
Incidentally, she’s determined that her rôles
shall be as varied as her head-dresses. She
literally begged to play the nagging wife of
Bill Haines in “Are You Listening?” This is
a rôle without one ounce of sympathy, and
when every other woman player on the lot
was shunning it, Karen asked for it—with
Madge Evans, as the “other woman,” getting
all the breaks.
“I don’t want sympathy. I want parts!”
If you imagine the movies don’t go in for
details, listen to this one!
In a certain scene in “The Man Who Played
God,” George Arliss raises a violin high above
his head and bringing it down with a bang,
smashes it on a table.
The scene was shot no less than a half
dozens times, and each time it was reshoot,
production was held up while a man rushed
in and tuned up the next violin so that when
it was smashed, the strings would vibrate in
rêve. Tie that!
EDGAR WALLACE’S death came as a
terrific shock to Hollywood. And, yet,
Hollywood took a bit of an ironic view. No
one could come here and live who wrote three
original stories in less than two months and
had them accepted. Radio will produce them
as rapidly as possible.
In addition to this, he completed two com-
plete novels and wrote a daily column for an
English syndicate.
It just couldn’t be done in a city where it
usually takes six months to whip one story
into shape.
Incidentally, following Hollywood’s custom
of keeping engagements at any cost caused
his death. He had a severe cold. He was
entertaining Hollywood celebrities at the Emb-
assy’s Saturday night party. They urged
him to cancel. Hollywood doesn’t cancel.
Mr. Wallace—trying to do in Rome what
Romans do—went to the party. He was taken
home very ill. Three days later he died of
pneumonia.
THAT little Virginia Cherrill—remember her
when she was Chaplin’s leading woman in
“City Lights”?—has broken right into the big
social register book and has gone high, high,
society. She’s been doing all the places with
William Rhinelander Stewart (and you’ve got
to give all three names when you’re mentioning
these society swells). Stewart went to sea with
Vincent Astor, on the Astor yacht. He went
to the South Seas.
Then he got lonesome for Virginia and
wired her asking her to be his bride—or at
least that’s what they do say.
Virginia packed up and sailed for the South
Seas and maybe by the time you read this
they’ll be married and maybe the ceremony
will be performed on the Astor yacht. And if
ever Virginia goes back to Hollywood can’t she
look down her nose at Connie Bennett?
A ND it’s the cutest baby in town,” or any-
how that’s what her mother thinks. The
mother is Bessie Love. The father William
Hawks.
The baby weighed seven and one-fourth
pounds. And was named Patricia.
DID you ever wonder what has become of Rod LaRocque and Vilma Banky—that pair of lovebirds who once shone in the film heavens, and then disappeared? They're the busiest couple in Hollywood right now. They are preparing themselves for the stage—and, eventually, the screen. Seems funny, but it's true!

"We're not ready, and we know it," say these two veteran troupers, going to school again. So they are studying voice with Kayser, a famous expert on speech, and Vilma is practicing music with Caruso's old teacher. In the meantime, both have refused stage and screen offers—one from London. Vilma's accent is still thick—and that is one of the things she is working on. And you'll hear from this fine pair again, and probably enjoy their work more than ever!

HOLLYWOOD has been taken for another ride via the hoax route. This time a couple of bright newspaper boys played the joke that still has the film colony snickering.

It happened at the opening of "Mata Hari." Hundreds of important stars had arrived, been photographed, autographed books and spoken sweetly into the microphone.

At last an imported car drew up to the curb. Nobody recognized it as Rudy Valention's old machine which is now owned by a rental garage. From the car stepped—guess who?

Well, he looked exactly like Albert (Relativity) Einstein. He spoke not a single word, autographed not a single book. When Sid Grauman rushed up to him he turned haughtily away. One star twittered to another, "Should I speak to him now or try to get to him later?"

And everybody wondered how the two newspaper men had become chummy enough with him to have him at an opening.

The next day the story was told. Professor Einstein's impersonator (although nobody had said he was the star gazer) was a local tailor named Goldberg—all dressed up in a rented Tuxedo. He is a dead ringer for Einstein.

At the opening of "Hall Divers" a woman rushed up to Clark Gable and held out a jeweled evening purse, asking him to autograph the flap. The bag was obviously of great value so Clark said, "But haven't you a piece of paper, madam?"

She insisted upon his writing on the purse. Clark turned to the woman's husband. The husband smiled. "Go ahead. You'll spoil her entire evening if you don't sign it."

JETTA GOUDAL won her case against Cecil DeMille in the Supreme Court, and it looks as if Mr. DeMille is going to have to pay that $34,531.23. The court finds Jetta not unduly temperamental.

QUICK! What do you think? Joan Crawford carries large gray silk hankies, with a picture of Marlene Dietrich worked in one corner.

And there's friendship, and a swell idea for you girls. You're welcome!

**Dry-Haired Girls**

**study this micro-diagram**

Dry, fly-away hair—wispy, harsh. How unkempt it looks in a close-up!

Now look at the micro-diagram. That long spear is a hair magnified many times. The little plume-like sacs attached to it are oil-glands. Over 900 of these glands in each square inch of scalp must be normally active to keep your hair soft and lovely.

When these glands are sub-normal and your scalp becomes tight, the hair does not get enough oil to lubricate it. Though cleansing and massage are needed, but careful to wash your hair with a shampoo made for dry hair. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is enriched with glycerine and other soothing ingredients to soften the hair and restore its silken gloss.

Shampoo regularly with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo—every week or ten days, if need be. Make each cleansing a scientific home treatment to revive the natural beauty of your hair.

**FOR OILY HAIR...** Packer also makes a shampoo especially for oily hair. This is Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It is mildly astrin- gent. Frequent use tends to tighten the relaxed oil glands and keep your hair fluffy and fine.

**FREE:** 30-page illustrated book, "The Care of the Hair." For your copy, write PACKER, Dept. 10-B, 101 West 31st Street, New York.

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Use the ballot on page 118 to cast your vote for the Best Picture of 1931.
TALK about a show-woman! We’ll hand Marie Dressler a palm-leaf after hearing this one! Why not?
Marie was returning from one of her trips to Europe. Reporters and photographers were at the boat to meet her. They shot dozens of pictures and were finished when one of the boys said, “Well, what about some leg-art, Miss Dressler?”
He was kidding, but Marie saw her chance. “Certainly, boys. Certainly.”
Up went her foot on the rail; up went her skirt to the knee. Marie wasn’t letting any of the younger Hollywood gals get ahead of her. She never does.

OVER at M-G-M studios there’s a man employed on the “Grand Hotel” set, just to see that the clocks and time pieces are correctly set.

JANET GAYNOR’s home—and at work! Little Janet, as winsome and sweet as ever, after a long visit to the old world.
Here’s the lowest of low down. Janet hated England. They spoke our language—but it was dark and foggy every blessed day she was there.
But in the south—ah, another story. Janet spent a lot of time in Italy, and she loved it, for Italy is the nomen of sunshine, and softness, and sweetness, and sunshine means Hollywood—and home!
Mother Gaynor was with her, and so was Husband Lydell Peck.
In spite of the nasty cracks the press has carried about those two—they’re happy, and much in love.

THERE seems to be no more talk, these days, of Marlene (Lena) Dietrich being a carbon copy of Garbo.
Yet they certainly do wear the same sort of dusks!
Dietrich goes to lunch in the Paramount commissary wearing a small blue beret, wide sailor pants and an odd little jacket. That’s a Garbo get-up, and no mistake.
On rainy days, she goes in for a Leopard coat with a big collar, a tiny tam, and high Russian boots—and no umbrella.
But after all, what has that to do with her pictures—her screen appeal?
Nobody can deny that Marlene is one of the most glamorous women ever to come to the American screen. And as far as most of us are concerned, she can wear anything she likes.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—baggy pants, limber cane, woe-begone face—may never be seen on the screen again!
At least, that’s what his advance agent, back from Charlie’s side in Switzerland, says. It seems that the great clown, well over forty, wants to throw away the makeup and devote himself exclusively to directing.

IT was no surprise when John Barrymore signed a five-year contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—where brother Lionel has risen to a fame which equals, if not surpasses, John’s.
John signed for “Arsene Lupin” and “Grand Hotel” by the picture but his new arrangement is a week-by-week one. No, he doesn’t get as much money as he did at Warners. Warners payed him $175,000 a picture, plus $50,000 cash against a certain percentage of the profits. Metro pays him, we understand, a flat $150,000 for “Arsene Lupin,” and a little less for “Grand Hotel” with its huge cast—the most costly in the history of pictures. It is nice to know that the new Barrymore baby won’t come into the world hampered by financial worries!

BRAMWELL FLETCHER and Gwen McCormack seem headed for wedding bells at this writing. Bramwell is the stage actor, you know, recently recruited to pictures and Gwen’s the daughter of John McCormack, the Irish tenor. Oh, she’s done a few bits but doesn’t seem to have actress ambitions!

If you think that the movies are growing old and blase and fed-up—listen to this story, which is so superably what the world believes of Hollywood that if it appeared as fiction, no one would credit it for an instant!
In St. Louis was a James Force, who was an insurance broker. But selling insurance did not satisfy him. He had, and has, the heart of an actor. He believes that he can do the sort of thing that made Lon Chaney famous. But he not only believes—he acted!
So Mr. Force gave up his insurance business, and sold his many friends on his acting ability. He sold them so well that a group of his fellow businessmen underwrote him for three years, promising him $250 a month upkeep, until he made good in pictures. And he’s coming to Hollywood under this arrange-

PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITES
PHOTOPLAY’s readers are constantly asking for new photographs of their favorite motion picture stars, and we are pleased to announce that PHOTOPLAY has just received new pictures of the following ten players:

Constance Bennett
James Dunn
Fredric March
Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo

Robert Montgomery
Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Marlene Dietrich
Miriam Hopkins

We are sure you will be pleased to have these pictures to add to your collection. These prints, 8 by 10 inches, can be obtained for twenty-five cents each, by addressing PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Or you can obtain any four of these pictures free by using the coupon on page 130.
If, and when, he makes good, he is to pay his backers their principal, and some interest, for a period of ten years.

What a salesman!

**EVERYTIME** Mrs. Jean Hersholt hears "hubby Jean creeping carefully up the stairs with a bulky package under his coat, she knows he's bought another first edition.

His library is already insured for $41,000 and he's always bringing home a new volume he's just picked up at "such a bargain, dear, that I couldn't pass it up."

**EIGHTEEN** months ago there were thirty-five contract players at Warner Brothers. On the day this is written (of course, they may sign more tomorrow) there are five remaining:

George Arliss, Joe E. Brown, James Cagney, Jean Blondell and Marian Marsh.

P.S. We were right! The next day they signed Bette Davis.

Incidentally, have you ever noticed how closely Marian Marsh resembles Dolores Costello, and Bette Davis in some shots is almost a twin for Constance Bennett? We understand that when Warner executives saw Bette's tests, they said, "Another Bennett!"

Always hunting for duplicates of the headliners. And how seldom duplicates get further than the first line trenches:

---

**HICKORY**

**Zip—**

**Girdles**

Of Course, You Can Have An Attractive Graceful Figure!

And it's really quite simple and inexpensive. Just go to your favorite Notions Department. See for yourself why the latest girdle creations by Hickory are so decidedly popular. Extremely fine fabrics—stylishly correct models—superb tailoring—four Genuine Hickory "run-proof" Garters.

Above all, be sure to see the new Zip Girdle by Hickory. "Zip...it's on—or off." Just the most comfortable, convenient arrangement imaginable.

No bumpy hooks and eyes—no bulging— to mar the graceful smoothness of your lovely frocks. $1.50, $2.50, depending upon width.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO • NEW YORK

"Smile your best smile, my dear," says Lionel Barrymore as he and his wife are stopped by the cameraman at the "Mata Hari" opening. Lionel cops all the scenes on the set but when he's out in society he gives the breaks to the little woman. She knows how to take them, too, for she used to be Irene Fenwick, a grand stage star. She's content, now, to be just Mrs. Lionel Barrymore—and they're crazy about each other.
YOU NEED MORE THAN A MANICURE FOR BEAUTIFUL HANDS...

KAY FRANCIS has stolen many a scene. She began, disastrously enough, at the age of four when her mother, an actress, had just finished a heavy death bed scene on the stage.

Little Kay toddled out from the wings to the foot lights. "She isn’t really dead," Kay assured an amazed audience. "She’s my mother and she’s only play acting."

RECENTLY in a Los Angeles paper there appeared a headline as follows: "Stars Will Be Subject of Lecture," and the Auditorium was packed with people who hoped to hear all about their favorite movie star, and who had not taken the trouble to read further and learn that the lecture concerned the astral system.

WHEN you saw "Tonight or Never," Gloria Swanson’s picture, maybe you wondered who played the off-stage honeymoon couple (heard but not seen), that got Gloria all hot and bothered in the picture.

They were two well-known players and we shouldn’t be telling because it’s supposed to be a secret.

But we just can’t keep those things.

They were Joan Blondell and David Manners.

Here’s how it happened:

Director Mervyn LeRoy used to hear Joan kidding the boys on the set by saying, "Kiss me," in such dulcet and seductive tones that the lads flocked around in droves. So when the lines came up in "Tonight or Never," he asked Joan and David Manners to play off-stage noises.

They did—without pay, just for the laugh.

DRESSED in a brand new football suit, Jackie Cooper gave one punt too many and landed in a heap, on his ear. "Listen, Jackie," Marie Dressler warned, "when you feel yourself tumbling again, don’t try to break your fall with your hands. Place both arms over your face and let go. Remember, Jackie, a broken arm in this business isn’t half as bad as a broken face. Always remember that."

BELIEVE it or not! We don’t. But here’s the story they’re telling:

When Paul Lukas made personal appearances at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Paramount theater, he was stopped one evening as he pushed past the doorman.

"It’s all right for you to let me in," he told the doorman.

"Why, who are you?" thundered that official.

"Paul Lukas," was the answer.

"Oh, is that so?" came the retort. "Well, we have enough palookas around here now. So, scram!"

WHEN Edward G. Robinson was in London, recently, thugs mobbed him every time he appeared in public.

He was most flattered at this display by the supposedly reticent and indifferent English, until he discovered the attention was not be-

Folks, meet Betty Boop (right). You’ll be seeing a lot of her because she is the new animated cartoon character who is trying to cut in on Mickey Mouse’s popularity. Does she look familiar to you? Now look at little boop-a-dooper Helen Kane. Helen was the cartoonist’s inspiration for Betty, the first time a real life character has been used for the popular jumping comics.
cause he was Robinson of pictures but supposed to be a double of Al Capone of Chicago. They wanted to get even a second-hand peep at the gangster.

In all credit to Robinson, he tells it on himself.

HATE to pin another on long-suffering Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, but a Hollywood columnist has one too good to miss.

Howard Dietz, author of the tremendous revue hit, "The Band Wagon," was getting congratulations from Sam.

"Glad you’ve got such a success in that swell show, 'The Band-Box,'" said Goldwyn.

Dietz was not to be licked. "I think that picture of yours, 'Arrov-root,' is great too!" he answered.

INA CLAIRE, away over in London, arises to say, according to English newspapers, "My marriage to John Gilbert was one of those things one does in a hurry and regrets afterwards. I must wait six months more for my final decree so I am not open to proposals just now."

HARRISON CARROLL, Hollywood’s irrepressible columnist, tells this one.

Two men happened to meet at the bar during one of those big parties.

"Your face is familiar," said one. "Haven’t I seen you here before?"

"More than likely," was the smooth reply.

"This is my home and I frequently entertain.”

TALK about movie salaries. Chicken feed, mere chicken feed compared to those stars who vaudevilling. And to go on a vaudeville tour is the swankiest thing to do these days. Yesterday, the stars who had slipped and were headed downward were the only ones who "hit the road." But not any more. The bigger and better stars are treading the boards like good fellows today, and no wonder. Listen to this:

Tom Mix and Tony got $10,000 a week. Mae Murray gets $100 a day. Not a week, if you please, but one twenty-four-hour day. Anna May Wong is gadding about to the tune of $200 a week, every week. Victor McLaglen and Charles Judels each earn $600 every week. Jackie Cooper has been promised $7000 and Lupe Velez $6000. Jack Dempsey is preparing to grab off $1500 a week and the former Mrs. Dempsey (Estelle Taylor) received $2500 a week for twelve long weeks, and as soon as she recovers from an automobile accident, will go bye bye again.

Louise Fazenda is promised $3000 per and Edmund Lowe and Warner Baxter will grab $5000 every Saturday night.

A staff of writers is maintained by a prominent theatrical agency in Hollywood to write material for all the outgoing stars of pictures. Occasionally the production companies agree to pay half the salaries but not always.

Find some of the $500 in Photoplay’s Treasure Hunt. See the rules on page 102.

SHAMPOOING this way . . . gives your hair NEW BEAUTY

Results are amazing! Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap. Costs only a few cents to use.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified COCOANUT OIL Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified COCOANUT OIL Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.
THE prize joke on Hollywood has just been revealed.
A little over a year ago, in New York, Pat O'Brien's telephone buzzed at 3 o'clock in the morning.
"California calling," the operator informed the sleepy O'Brien.
A little bewildered that any one should be calling from California, Pat held on.
"This is Howard Hughes speaking," a voice said, "will you come to Hollywood to play 'Hello Johnson' in 'The Front Page'?
"Why, why sure," Pat replied.
"How much salary do you want?" Hughes asked.
O'Brien was stumped. He hadn't the slightest idea of what he was expected to answer. So Mr. Hughes kindly consented to hold the wire open for one hour while Pat decided.

O'BRIEN hastily dressed, rushed to the Lamb's Club to ask for advice, but no one was about.
So hurrying back to the phone, they decided that Mr. O'Brien should confer with Mr. Hughes' agent in New York, later that morning.
And then Pat suddenly remembered he was under contract to play in the stage play "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" just going into rehearsals.
So, to the puzzled astonishment of Mr. O'Brien, Hughes very kindly bought out his contract.

A WEEK later Pat O'Brien arrived in Hollywood and discovered that everyone, including Hughes, believed he had played "Hildy Johnson" on the New York stage, and all the telephoning and contract buying was made clear.
Pat, who was merely a member of the stage play "The Front Page," kept his secret for a week. Finally he had to tell. And twelve gentlemen proceeded to swoon all over Hollywood.
But just the same Pat got the role and made it hum.
But Howard Hughes didn't smile for weeks after that boner.

AND all rumors to the contrary, Marlene Dietrich will visit her native Germany only after she completes three more pictures for Paramount.
So that means another year in Hollywood for Marlene.
But Garbo?
It won't be long now. Garbo's contract comes to an end very shortly.
"So what?" as Jimmy Durante says.
And Hollywood and the world holds its breath.

ACCORDING to Variety, Leslie Howard, the important young English actor who walked out on Hollywood's movie moguls and left them dangling their sacks of gold, has a swell definition of the word that has puzzled Hollywood into many a nervous breakdown.
"Box Office" is the word. What is "Box Office"?
"I may not know box-office," Howard stated, "that terrific bugaboo to which Hollywood constantly refers, and of which it knows, I suspect, as little as I do—but I do know what constitutes a good play, a good performance and a sincere projection of a dramatic idea that will hold interest.
"If there's a better definition of box-office than that—and if it's up to my standards—I'm willing to listen to it."

Photoplay magazine for April, 1932

What $2.50 Will Bring You

In twelve issues of Photoplay hundreds of unusual pictures of photolayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

Brief reviews of current pictures with full casts of stars playing.

The truth and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today — and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for $2.50 addressed to

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and receive the next issue and eleven issues thereafter.

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Gentlemen: I enclose herewith $2.50 (Canada $3.50; Foreign $3.50), for which you will kindly enter my subscription for Photoplay Magazine for twelve months (twelve issues) effective with the next issue.

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Photoplay magazine for April, 1932

How nice and how good for your skin...

Bathasweet

Try It Free

Mere bathing is old-fashioned. Why waste time with just an ordinary bath, when you can make the daily dabling not only a serious delight but also a giver of that body-beauty which modern clothes and manners demand.

Add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet — so little a thing — and see the difference! In the first-place, it makes the water fragrant, as a flower garden. But that is not its chief delight, for it also gives the water a satiny smoothness. You can actually feel this strange quality with your finger-tips — indeed with your whole body, which seems to be caressed by the water.

More important still — Bathasweet makes the water soft, so that it cleanses quite differently than when only soap and water are used. The impurities that lie deep in the pores are dissolved; and they stay dissolved. The best evidence of this is that there is no sticky "ring" around the tub when Bathasweet is used. You step out of your bath immaculately cleansed. As a consequence, skin imperfections disappear, and the whole body takes on a new loveliness.

25c, 50c, $1, $1.50, at drug or department stores.

Free A can sent free, anywhere in U. S. if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P-D, 1907 Park Avenue, New York.
Of course there isn't a better one. But Hollywood's definition seems to be, "If a picture makes money, it's box-office. If it doesn't, it's art."

GRETA NISSEN and Weldon Heyburn are Hollywood's latest romancers. He's Fox's hope for a second Clark Gable, you know—the one who looks like him from "all angles."

It's a hot romance, believe us. The pretty, dynamic blonde and the Gablish, virile newcomer.

According to someone who had worked on "The Blue Angel" in Germany, the reason Marlene Dietrich got the leading rôle was because she learned to speak English more quickly than any other applicant.

And there you see, Little Cyril, it was brains and not a pair of legs that sent Marlene starwards. But the legs were no handicap.

WHEN Anita Page was playing with Marian Marsh in "Under Eighteen," Marian deliberately turned Anita's face to the camera and gave her the scene. Anita thanked her sincerely. Marian replied: "I never kid myself when some one is better than I."

And that makes Marian Strange Case 4-A in the scene-stealing community of Hollywood. But give her time, we add with a cynical pull at our moustache. She's young in the business yet.

Photos for You

New photos of:

Constance Bennett
James Dunn
Fredric March
Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo
Robert Montgomery
Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Marlene Dietrich
Miriam Hopkins

Can be obtained for your collection at twenty-five cents each from Photoplay Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

You can obtain any four of these pictures Free by using the coupon on page 130.
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

Here’s a laugh in an interview with Richard Bennett. Accompanying it was a picture of Lymario Dick, with his two daughters, and we did not even mention their names! But the chubby one with dark bobbed hair, who wasn’t a day over four when that picture was taken, is unmistakably Joan, and the girl with long curls and glasses must be Barbara. What of Constance? Papa Bennett did not even speak of her.

How could he know that fifteen years later the pages of Photoplay were to be decorated with her pictures; that she was to be the Marquis de la Falaise; that her salary was to be $2,500 a week?

Fifth Avenue’s most exclusive shops displayed clothes with a strong Babylonian influence, and we pointed out that D. W. Griffith’s “Intolerance” inspired the fad. Said we: “The screen is a genuine style creator,” which was, undoubtedly, the first time the phrase had been used. Fifteen years ago the movies influenced styles. They’re still doing it.

The tragic note was a brilliant little yarn about Gladys Brockwell, one of the most alluring “vamps”—they were vamps in those days. Not so many years ago, just after a screen comeback, she was killed in an automobile accident.


We made this comment: “If someone will write a scenario for Marie Dressler using just a little bit of her capacity for pathos, and leaning to occasional serious moments, she will create a female David War- ren.$$.$

Cal York item: Mary Pickford is to do “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.”

10 Years Ago

Undoubtedly the most interesting woman of ten years ago was Nazimova. Even in those days of sweet, sweeter and sweetest heroines—Close Naz—as we fondly called her—had that rare thing, glamour. She was already wary of interviewers—like Garbo. But the present day glamour girls could find a couple of lessons in the fad of Nazimova. She ruined herself professionally because she tried to pick her own stories, act in them, supervise the building of sets and helped with direction. Ruth Chatterton, take a look at your amazing accomplishment and be worried.

Grandidly we rallied to the defense of the film beauties and declared the lassies had brains, proving this with psychological tests given by an eminent examiner. Colleen Moore passed with flying colors, as did Helen Ferguson. But Patsy Ruth Miller, who was just a sixteen-year-old “find,” got the best mark of all.

One of the loveliest stories ever written about a newly wedded pair was printed. How ideally happy they were—Bill Hart and Winifred Westover! Now Bill is alone on his ranch and Winifred, after her comeback in “Lummot,” is almost forgotten on the screen. Close friends say that Hart still loves her.

If you don’t believe anything runs in cycles, glance at this item: “Drastic salary reductions have been announced in almost every Hollywood studio within the past week. The cuts range from ten to twenty per cent.”

Dorothea Gish was the girl on the cover and the gallery pictures included: Elsie Ferguson, Anita Loos, Maryon Aye, Conrad Nagel, May McAvoy, Norma Talmadge and Madge Bellamy.

Cal York item: The day after the news of Valentino’s divorce decree leaked out to a palpitating world, Famous Players-Lasky stock jumped two points.... Lila Lee is the latest little lady to achieve the honor of having her name linked with Charlie Chaplin’s.

5 Years Ago

Rhetorically, we asked in headlines, “What’s the matter with Greta Garbo?” The ensuing replies have answered us through hundreds of threats—“She’s all right!” Five years ago we told how Garbo was harassing her studio by making them wonder if she would remain in Hollywood in the spring of Sweden. She begged, it seems, for sweet girl roles instead of the siren she had been playing. Today she is again worrying the studio. Will she sign or will she return to Sweden again?

Five years ago she signed because she got a bigger salary. Maybe she will do the same thing again for the same reason. Does that make you feel better?

Here is an amazing story in Photoplay by no less a person than H. L. Mencken, called “The Low Down on Hollywood,” in which he said: “Hollywood seemed to me to be one of the most respectable towns in America.” And again, “The wildest night I encountered was at Aimee McPherson’s tabernacle. I saw no wildness among the movie folks.”

And in another story we wondered if Gary Cooper and Clara Bow were really engaged or not.

What different paths these two have taken—Gary, the ranch boy, who has been away exploring in Egypt, and Clara, the city girl, married to a ranchman, Rex Bell, and quite content, thank you. And Lois Wilson graced the cover while the gallery pictures included: Blanche Sweet and her sweet old grandama; Charles Farrell, Gilda Gray, Victor McLaglen, Evelyn Brent and Vilma Banky.

Cal York item: Jobby Ralston and Dick Arlen are married.... Lois Wilson’s first few weeks of freedom from her Paramount contract were spent learning the “Black Bottom.” .... James Kirkwood and his wife, Lila Lee, will appear together in a stage play in Los Angeles.
Caught With The Goods

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Sherman—who knows a thing or two himself—were working together in "General Crack," the two gazed at each other like a couple of fighting cocks. Notice, in "Arsene Lupin," Jack's little trick of looking out of the corner of his eye, with an intense stare, his head turned ever so slightly.

The eyes are often the scene stealer's blackjack, as witness Cliff Edwards with Charlotte Greenwood in "Stepping Out." During Greenwood's speeches, Ukulee Ike continually rolled his eyes. Presto—you watched him and not Charlotte.

GESTURES, of course, play a large part in this amazing business of thievry. Remember George Bancroft invariably reaching for a handkerchief during another's speech? Remember Jack Oakie with a slightly moving hand to his face most of the time? And then there's Wally Beery who once stole a scene when he was forced to play his back to the camera. He was wearing a dark suit and carrying light gloves. He folded his hands behind him, holding the gloves. The splash of white against the dark suit was an eye-catcher.

Wally has another famous and favorite trick. He will not read a line twice in the same way. Players never know just what he is going to say next and they are, therefore, so intent upon catching Wally's lines that they are unable to resort to any tricks themselves. He never does the same piece of business twice. He moves one way during a rehearsal and exactly opposite during the shot, thereby neatly keeping other actors' attention upon him. He kept moving continually in the opposite direction with John Miljan in "Hell Divers."

But Wally had to fight for scenes with John, for that veteran has some good ones up his sleeve. You will notice that Miljan's voice is pitched several tones lower than that of the other players. By its very contrast, it draws instant attention. That quiet voice, compared with Wally Beery's rumble, stole several scenes in "Hell Divers."

HERE is a trick so simple that I wonder it isn't used more often. It is very good for the health—unless some actor gets mad. Watch Ruth Chatterton. You'll notice that when she finishes a speech and the other actor starts to talk, she holds her breath, a physical gesture which keeps your eye upon her rather than upon the person talking. As a rule when a person finishes speaking he exhales. It is a sign he has completed what he has to say and you will naturally turn to look at the one who must answer. But by holding her breath, not putting the period to her sentence, Ruth also holds her watchers. Try this the next time you're in a room full of people. You'll discover that eyes will always focus upon you because you give the impression that you have more to say.

Even Garbo has her tricks, but, like everything else about Garbo, they are far from obvious. For instance, it is her habit to ignore the mistakes of others. She will not take time out for corrections. She goes through a scene but twice and then leaves for her dressing-room. Hence, the rest of the cast are so busy trying to keep from making errors that they have little time for scene stealing. And maybe that accounts for the fact that Garbo's leading men, excellent actors when playing with other stars, are often not so good when they play with her. Certainly this was true of Bob Montgomery in "Inspiration."

Bob couldn't get in his gags effectively. It is the famous Montgomery smile that has taken many a scene from a fair lady. He invariably smiles during the scenes of the other actors— attracting the attention. He also treats other performers' scenes flippantly, which rattles...
New as This Minute!  
**Po-Go Lipstick!** and it lasts for hours!

Thousands of smart American girls know imported Po-Go Rouge—adore it for its hand-made, French-made perfection. Here’s news!

Po-Go presents—a Permanent Lipstick! And what a lipstick! Unbelievably smooth—exquisite in quality—never looks greasy. It costs only 50c in an adorable modern case—in three smart Parisian shades.

Po-Go Lipstick is very new. Nearly all drug and department stores have it—but if yours hasn’t, we’ll serve you by mail. Tell us your type, or choose your shade from below; then enclose 50c to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Dept. 14

**Po-Go ROUGE & LIPSTICK**

LIPSTICK 50c  ROUGE 50c

Briar (light)  Orchid (medium)  Cardinal (very)  Each a perfect shade: smooth, permanent.

**ZIP DEPILATORY CREAM**

Perma-tone—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. Sold Everywhere. GIANT TUBE 50c. ZIP Epilator—IT’S OFF because IT’S OUT (Formerly $3.00) Now in a new 1½ oz. package

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A Better Looking Nose

Improve Your Personal Appearance. How To Obtain.

A long, well-shaped nose gives a woman a better looking face. But a long, upturned nose looks flat and often gives a woman a unfortunate appearance. Our trip is to improve the shape of your nose by forming the cartilage and bony parts quickly, safely, and positively, or refund your money.

The very best, precise and, permanent only by our new patented method 25 Nose Shaper instruments. Make the nose appear to be shorter, wider and right or left. Over 100,000 users. Send for free booklet.

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**30 Girls in a Race for Stardom**

Karen Morley does her best work in "Arsene Lupin," with John and Lionel Barrymore, in spite of the fact that she has an exchange against the two most finished actors in Hollywood. There are moments when the comparison is bad, but at times she is great. Karen knows how to keep her mouth shut about her personal affairs.

She has that quiet but determined push of truly secretive women. But so far she lacks the radiance of glamour.

They turn Una Merkel into a comedienne—a wise interest—watching out for a lot of the others. Her Gish-like beauty seems to call for Gish-like roles, but her cute Southern drawl, the tantalizing twinkle in her eyes and the determined set of her really beautiful shoulders spell comedy. She has a sense of humor off the screen that the old camera catches and I’ll lay any wager—a couple of pineapples and a banana, let’s say—that if they give her the right pictures the kid will finish in the pay class.

After "Are These Our Children?" Arlene Judge should go far and director husband Wesley Ruggles will see that the studio does right by the little gal.

Frances Dee is a question mark. She is one of the prettiest and most brilliant girls in Hollywood but, as someone who has seen all her pictures, said: "She’s a bit cold. She may change ice to fire. Otherwise she’ll be just a good leading woman."

Genevieve Tobin is a master at the technique of acting and very much like Ruth Chatterton. It is true, however, that she has been called high-brow by Hollywood because she does not understand the light comedies of the studios and cannot remember to speak to technicians.

But her slogan is, "The top or nothing." She wants to be the biggest of them all. A few more roles like she has in "One Hour with You" will help, anyhow.

Dorothy Jordan will always have a place because of her sweet beauty and her human understanding, but she hasn’t the infinite variety necessary for stardom, whereas Anita Page should have been a star following her hit in "Broadway Melody." Anita has received an enormous amount of publicity and her fan mail has not yet hit the director’s office. She has made a lot of mistakes on her lot by talking too much about parts for which she is tested before they are officially given to her.

L E I L A H Y M A S , too, is still in the race. She remains a competent leading woman and may, some day, break out with a rip-snorting part that will give her a chance to nose out another racer.

Helen Twelvetrees, a fine actress and very beautiful, is technically a star but not really the variety necessary for stardom, whereas Anita Page should have been a star following her hit in "Broadway Melody." Anita has received an enormous amount of publicity and her fan mail has not yet hit the director’s office. She has made a lot of mistakes on her lot by talking too much about parts for which she is tested before they are officially given to her.

A few months ago Marian Nixon would not have been considered but it looks now as if she will, like Sally Elters, make a comeback. She’s playing opposite Charlie Farrell in "After Tomorrow" and Director Frank Borzage

**continued from page 75**
says she has many of the same qualities that Janet Gaynor has.

Maureen O'Sullivan is another who seemed to be left at the post until she did such a good job in "Tarzan." Now she may prove herself and swing into the lead.

Peggy Shannon, Constance Cummings, Greta Nissen, Myrna Loy, Barbara Weeks, Mona Maris—they're all in the running and no one can tell.

MYRNA LOU must overcome being typed as a vamp. Constance Cummings has done many fine pictures.

She's Columbia's high hope, but whether or not they can create a star out of such a regular girl remains to be seen.

So place your bets, folks. We pick the favorites, but the favorites don't always win. Some of those way off there down the track might take a fresh spurt and finish way ahead.

And—who knows?—they may run a dark horse!

### GRAY HAIR?

Would you know the secret of lovely color treasured by millions of women? A simple way, entirely SAFE... Coupon brings you FREE OFFER.

Today youth calls...but the whole effect of an enviable complexion and ideal figure is lost if hair is streaked—faded—gray. And how unnecessary this is! With Mary T. Goldman's famous way to young-looking hair, you can easily and safely bring lustrous color to every gray strand.

No Experience Required
Successful results are easy to obtain. Simply combing clear, colorless liquid through the hair imparts lovely, lustrous color with a sheen and naturalness rivaling Nature's own.

Entirely Safe to Use
This method is SAFE, time-tested and approved. It contains no aniline derivative. No "skin test" is required. Leading medical authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair or scalp.

Nothing Artificial Looking
Mary T. Goldman's gives rich, even lustre. Any color hair can be had: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Your hair stays soft and fluffy—as easy to curl or wave as ever. Nothing to rub off on hat linings, linens or garments. Shampooing will not affect the color in the least.

Sold at Drug and Department Stores Everywhere
You will find Mary T. Goldman's practically everywhere that aids to beauty are sold. Every bottle carries a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Just ask for "Mary T. Goldman's". Get a bottle today—but insist on the genuine.

FREE TEST
Or, if you prefer, test it free first. We send Complete Test Package. You nip off a lock of hair and make test on this. See results this way before you use. Just mail the coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

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When your hostess says, "Don't dress," and you are in a quandary to know just what would be right—wear a simple crepe frock like this one of Mae Clarke's. It's cherry red crepe and Seymour says that covered shoulder line with the criss-crossing of the fabric is very clever, not to say smart. Sandals to match the dress are well chosen by Mae.
AN EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

that actually is
WATERPROOF

There is one mascara that's really waterproof. The new Liquid Winx. Perspiration can't mar its flattering effect. Even a good cry at the theatre won't make Winx smudge or run.

It's easy to apply, too. It doesn't smart or burn. And instantly your lashes appear long and dark, soft and smooth. Your eyes take on a new brilliance—a new sparkle!

Beauty editors of the foremost magazines have voiced their enthusiasm over Winx in no uncertain terms... Now we invite you to try it. Just send 10¢ for the Vanity Size—enough for a month's use.

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I enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.
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Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild and purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like NR for biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes.

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FREE Write for sample of NR and TUMS.
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HEADING TO-NIGHT

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

SODA FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS QUICK! RICH! ROLLED! EASY LIKE CANDY ROLLS!

The Shadow Stage
The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

THE GAY CABALLERO—Fox

GEORGE O'BRIEN rides and rescues, as usual, in a border-line community, where law is unknown. He shares honors with Victor McLaglen, while Conchita Montenegro is the feminine attraction. An actor named Weldon Heyburn registers big in a small part and his dynamic personality will remind you of Lawrence Tibbett. The film, itself, is just average.

DRAGNET PATROL—All-Star

The least said about this one the better. It's a banal ballad in celluloid about an ex-sailor who runs rum and generally amuck between two women. One he marries. It would really be kinder not to mention the cast. So we'll just cough politely behind a discreetly raised hand and pretend it was two other Hawaiians.

NICE WOMEN—Universal

BEAUTIFUL daughter offered on marriage block to save impoverished and selfish family—but little sister gets the man; such is the trite plot which surprisingly turns out to be entertaining by dint of skilful acting. You may be swayed by the tender romance of Frances Dee and Russell Gleason, Jr.—but it's Sidney Fox who gets the breaks when she finally lands millionaire Alan Mowbray.

FINAL EDITION—Columbia

HERE'S a newspaper story that packs a real punch. Political intrigue, the murder of the police commissioner, and a smart girl reporter out to prove to the city editor that she's a real newspaperwoman, are the ingredients for the fast moving story. Pat O'Brien, as the hard-boiled editor, and Mae Clarke, as the reporter, and love interest do excellent work. Decidedly worth seeing.

A FOOL'S ADVICE—Frank Fay Prod.

FRANK (Master of Ceremonies) FAY, whose agility in turning a neat phrase amused Broadway for years, returns to the screen not only as star, but also producer. This time he plays to the sticks. Smart boy! There're more Oskhoshes than Broadway's. As the beloved yokel who unwittingly uncovers a crooked political plot, Fay gives an appealing performance. Ruth Hall and George Meeker furnish the romantic interest.

THE ROAD TO LIFE—Amkino

YOU may or may not think that this first Russian talkie (with English titles superimposed) is art, but we'll wager you'll be highly entertained by the actual story of how the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow—all hopeless little bandits left parentless by the revolution—into able citizens! Here there, comrade, is made really a fine spectacle and one you shouldn't miss.

MURDER AT DAWN—Big Four Prod.

THIS is supposed to be a grisly tale in line with the current vogue for horror pictures. Faces at windows, falling bodies, weird happenings—in fact all the props with none of the chills. Through it all run Jack Mulhall and Josephine Dunn, far more confused than you and not nearly as amused. Marjorie Beebe is a bright spot.

STEADY COMPANY—Universal

JUNE CLYDE and Norman Foster are again teamed in a nice comedy drama, which re-counts the romance of a circumspect working girl and an ambitious truck driver. There are some fine moments, and ZaSu Pitts gets a laugh whether she speaks or merely moves those long, expressive hands. Fun for the whole family.

WITHOUT HONOR—Supreme

THIS is regular old home week and you'll recognize a lot of one time favorites. There's Harry Carey, starring in a Robin Hood sort of rôle, and there's Mae Busch as well. Mae, where have you been all these years? Gibson Gowland, who was once a great character actor, comes back for a brief moment. This is a Western with a fair amount of thrills.

THE MENACE—Columbia

ARPENT mystery fans will find this amus- ing enough. It's all pretty artificial, but the action is fast and includes murders, stonnings and jail-breaks. Certainly there is the detective from Scotland Yard (he's your old friend H. B. Warner) and there are also the two inevitable young sweethearts.

TEXAS GUN FIGHTER—Tiffany Prod.

DESPITE hammering hoofs and quick gun play, this Western moves at too slow a pace to be entertaining. There's nothing new about the plot—Ken Maynard is an outlaw who goes noble on account of a gal he saves. There are the man hunting posses and the other outlaw band. Sheila Mannors is the reason for all the shooting.

AIR EAGLES—All-Star

THE best thing about this film is that two old favorites return to the silver screen. Matty Kemp and Lloyd Hughes are the lads. Kemp's work is excellent. By glancing at the title, you can guess what type picture it is, but so many big aviation pictures have been made that this suffers somewhat by comparison.

SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions

FOR once little Marion Shilling gets a good acting part and—goody for you, Marion—makes the most of it. Her prettiness, which sometimes reminds you of Billie Dove's, is set in a nice frame of good-looking men—Anthony Bushell, Walter Byron and Holmes Herbert. If you're very, very romantic you'll like this.

CROSS-EXAMINATION—Supreme

THE suspense of this dramatic production is sustained at a high pitch. The attorneys, H. B. Warner and Edmund Breese, have the big scenes, but the boy, accused of his father's murder, is made mostly real by Don Dillaway. Excellent entertainment.

THE MONSTER WALKS—Action Pictures

ROBERT ELLIS has turned his experience as actor and director to good advantage, and dashed off another horror picture that will give you those old creeps. A nice cast, headed by Vera Reynolds and Rex Lease, is helped by the "creepy" house, a huge ape and a corpse. Bu-t-r-r—are you scared?
THE SADDLE BUSTER—RKO-Pathé

ANOTHER swift-moving Western with smiling Tom Keene lassoing all the honors and, would you believe it?—there is not a shot fired nor a single person killed. It's a great evening for the kids.

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY—Action Pictures

DON'T be misled by the title. This is not a Pollyanna yarn. It's a crook story—and very high class crooks at that. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Revier do nicely enough in this little picture which will provide you with an amusing evening. The photography is swell.

ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES—Sol Lesser

AUTHOR Zane Grey's fishing expedition in the South Seas becomes tiresome only because it runs into five reels and repeats much that has already been shown in other pictures. However, there are exciting moments, particularly when Mr. Grey loses one sword fish only to catch a better one.

THE DRIFTER—All-Star

"PIERRE, he go back to de beek woos, an' fin' dees ol' cabeeen—she ees feel wit' memories. But Lfe, she ees gran', my fren', n'est-pas? Ah-h-h!" William Farnum, an actor of wide dramatic scope, is miscast here as a French-Canadian kibitzer who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. Noah Beery, Charles Selon, Phyllis Barrington, and Bruce Warren are all a-clutter about nothing at all.

This decided improvement in a nose is the result of an accident, but Carolyn Van Wyck doesn't advise other girls to go to the unpremeditated extreme Judith Wood went to. Judith got her face pretty badly cut up when an automobile smashed into her car. Doctors thought the injuries would be permanent, but when bandages were removed after the operation Judith had a new nose. The original—at the left—wasn't so bad, but the new one is better.

Mothers everywhere have welcomed and adopted the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds." In millions of homes, it is reducing the number, severity and duration of colds.

HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE VICK PLAN:

1.—BEFORE a Cold Starts

At that first scratchy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, or a child's first "sniffle"—Nature's warning of a cold coming on—use the new Vicks Nose & Throat Drops promptly. Also, at the slightest stiffness following exposure to anything that usually causes a cold. Vicks Drops are based on a new idea of preventing colds—of stopping many colds before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2.—AFTER a Cold Starts

If you have neglected precautions—or a cold slips by them—don't neglect the cold. Follow the Vick 24-hour treatment as directed: Use the family's standby—Vicks VapoRub—at bedtime, for its double attack on the cold all night long. Follow with Vicks Nose Drops for ease and comfort during the day. (If there is a cough, try the new Vicks Cough Drop—actually medicated with Vicks VapoRub.)

TRIAL OFFER BY YOUR DRUGGIST

You have Vicks VapoRub. Now get the new Vicks Nose Drops and use with VapoRub as directed in the Vick Plan—to reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health. Unless you are delighted with results, your druggist is authorized to refund your money.

With this DOUBLE PROTECTION of the Vick Plan for Better "Control-of-Colds!"
Vote for the Best Picture of the Year

YOU who read Phonoplay and are interested in encouraging better and better pictures have your annual opportunity—and in a way, duty—to encourage the producers who are making an effort to give you fine pictures, big human themes, and direction of the highest quality.

Each year Phonoplay awards a Gold Medal for the best picture shown in the previous year. But you readers of Phonoplay select the winner. Your ballots tell the final story.

You have never failed to make the perfect choice, as you may see by turning to the contents page in this issue, where the best pictures of the past eleven years are named.

Phonoplay furnishes the Gold Medal of Honor—the Nobel prize of the cinema, made of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, designed by Tiffany and Company, New York. But your votes are the last word. You really award the Medal, which is the highest honor that can be conferred upon any motion picture company.

EACH year we ask that in selecting the best picture you forget personalities and consider the film as a whole, from a standpoint of story, direction, acting, theme, motivation and spirit.

The ballot printed below is for your convenience. Use it.

Also you will find a list of fifty outstanding films released in 1931, but that does not mean you are limited to one of these. You may choose any 1931 picture that you think worthy of this highest of all awards.

And send in your votes as early as possible.

May the most worthy picture win! May you again be able to take just pride in your selection! Everyone, whether he be a subscriber to Phonoplay or not, is welcome to cast a vote.

List of Fifty Pictures Released in 1931

Alexander Hamilton
American Tragedy
Are These Our Children?
Bad Girl
Blue Angel, The
Champ, The
Cimarron
City Lights
City Streets
Criminal Code, The
Daddy Long Legs
Devil to Pay, The
Devotion
Dirigible
Dishonored
East Lynne
Five Star Final

Freck Soul, A
Front Page, The
Guardians, The
Huckleberry Finn
Illicit
Inspiration
Millionaire, The
Miracle Woman, The
Mother's Millions (also titled "The She Wolf")
Night Nurse
Paid
Platinum Blonde
Politics
Public Enemy, The
Rango
Secret Six, The

Send in This Ballot

Phonoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1931.

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS

Photo: Nancy Lee, Dept. X-4

190 Broadway
New York, N.Y.

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Send in This Ballot
breakfast

It's and feel good day a self into know have Stuart big to Add one and just of this coffee cream.

Coffee without cream or sugar

luncheon

A nice big salad of fresh fruits

dinner

six blue point oysters (no cocktail sauce, just a little horseradish and lemon.)

Roman lettuce salad, mineral oil dressing, and sliced onions

Asparagus

Broccoli

beef a la stroganoff (this the big surprise and here's how it's made—this recipe is for one person)

small steak cut up in small cubes

one small potato cut up the same size as the meat cubes

one sour pickle (cut up)

two sliced pickled beets in cubes

one bunch of small green onions, sliced

one clove of garlic, cut up

Put this all together in a pan in which a very little better has been allowed to melt. Add celery, salt and paprika and enough water to keep it simmering over a slow fire until done.

When it is done turn off the fire and add a big tablespoon of thin coffee cream.

And, oh boy, is this good! But how you'll have to swallow the next day to make up for it!

For dessert you can have pineapple ice and a demi-tasse of coffee. But remember a birthday comes but once a year.

Now don't tell anybody that Sylvia isn't good to you. I'm too darned good and I know it. It's those letters—they made me feel swell, but next month I'm going to fight into you plenty and tell you things about yourself and ways to improve yourself that you didn't think I knew!

April Birthdays

April 1—Wallace Beery, Mary Miles Minter
April 6—Walter Huston
April 7—Gavin Gordon
April 8—Vola D'Avril, Mary Pickford
April 9—Thomas Meighan, Carmel Myers
April 10—George Arliss, Tim McCoy, Nick Stuart
April 12—Virginia Cherrill
April 13—Tully Marshall
April 16—Charles Chaplin, Fifi Dorsay
April 19—Constance Talmadge
April 20—Harold Lloyd
April 24—Marceline Day
April 26—Dorothy Sebastian
April 28—Lionel Barrymore
April 30—David Manners
Short Subjects of the Month

THE HURRY CALL
RKO-Pathe

This is a rip-roaring good comedy, by cracky, with that fine old fellow Chic Sale at his comedy best. It's fast and snappy and full of laughs. And recounts the adventures of Chic in a horse trading deal. Great stuff! And you should not miss it.

MANHATTAN MEDLEY
Fox Movietone

New York at a glance — or a couple of glances. The camera whirls from the subway to the Empire State Building, from the lowly East side to Park Avenue and back again, picking out, on its way, intimate shots of folks unawares. It is perfectly grand entertainment.

TORCHY TURNS THE TRICK
Educational-Torchy

There have been funnier Torchy episodes than this—but Ray Cooke is always good for a few laughs and Dorothy Dix is a cute trick. This time Torchy gets mixed up with foreign nobility in order to get an important steel contract signed.

SHAKE A LEG
Vitaphone

All the tried and true slap-stick tricks are shown in this one about the butler and the chauffeur who masquerade as gentlemen. It's the answer to all you folks who wonder what becomes of old jokes.

ZANZIBAR
Fox Movietone

Well, just take a look at that Sultan's palace and all those funny narrow little streets! This one has a swell opening scene carrying out the Arabian Nights idea and is one of the decidedly better "Magic Carpet" travelogues.

THE IMPERFECT LOVER
Vitaphone

If you're one of those people who like comedian Jack Haley no matter what he does, you'll probably enjoy this little yarn about a pale lad who wants to be a "what-a-man." But it could have been much faster and funnier.

KEEP LAUGHING
Educational-Mermaid

You'll be surprised to see an old friend in this mildly funny comedy—none other than Bryant Washburn. He is a prospective buyer for Addie McPhail's defunct night club. The best gag is a vat in the night club kitchen from which the chef draws "everything but the kitchen stove."

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS
Columbia

This is a sort of newsreel of the doings of Hollywood stars—but it's quite entertaining and intimate, particularly the scenes showing how an accident, during the making of a Buck Jones picture, actually occurred. There's flash of Maurice Chevalier returning to Hollywood.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS
Universal

In the newest short of this entertaining series you're given all the inside stuff about how a frog's blood circulates, how Mexicans make candles and how a Japanese carved a statue of himself. Amusing if you're collecting odd bits of knowledge.

BY-WAYS OF FRANCE
Fox Movietone

The bootlegger is going to have a tough time selling you "real French wine" after you see this short. For here is wine in the making— and the grapes are pressed by peasants' feet. But the film, as a whole, is beautiful photographically and scenically.

CURiosITIES
Columbia

A grand hodge-podge of weird and interesting shots ranging from the strange Winchester house which took twenty years to build and has 4,000 windows, to a candy that sings "Yankee Doodle." And a lot of other things are sandwiched in. You'll like this.
So ashamed of her Poor Complexion
she locked herself in her room!

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

Not! She'd powdered and powdered but still those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She couldn't keep that date. Couldn't, couldn't—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, afraid to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts—but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks," Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Honore St., Chicago, Ill. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

Many quick results

A radiant complexion is only one of the many benefits Ironized Yeast brings. This wonderful tonic acts on the entire system—helps end constipation, nervousness, that "always tired" feeling—at the same time it builds firm, healthy flesh!

In Ironized Yeast you get rich, specially cultured, specially imported "beer yeast"—concentrated seven times! Thus seven pounds of "beer yeast" are used to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—it recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is ironized—treated with three distinct types of energizing, blood-enriching iron. The result is a pleasant, easy-to-take tonic tablet—almost unrivaled in its amazing body-building results. A tonic which helps strengthen the nerves, the stomach, the intestines—adds strong tissue, too!

Tested three times

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but its triple-tested for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

GUARANTEED: Thousands once thin and sickly now enjoy radiant health and an attractive figure—thanks to Ironized Yeast. If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be gladly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST
New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form
GLAZO
gives the fascination
that men admire.
Your first Glazo manicure will win the admiration of every man who sees you. For Glazo gives your fingernails a perfection of beauty that no other polish, however expensive, can quite attain.
The famous Glazo twin package contains both Liquid Polish and Remover—Natural, Deep Shell, Flame or Colorless, 50c. Bottles have bakelite caps with brush attached. The marvelous new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème, too, is only 50c. Get them today.

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

CUT YOURSELF A PIECE OF LAKE!
Poke the prow of an Old Town Boat out in a rippled lake. Let the point of it part a pretty furrow along the bee-line to your favorite haven.
She glides without a shiver . . . gets you there in a wink. For Old Town Boats are built to knife the water at a speedy clip . . . light, easy to handle . . . reinforced for powerful outboard motors. Sturdy and steady and trouble-free.

Whether water is choppy or glassy-smooth, an Old Town glides on an even keel . . . banks beautifully on the turns. Get a free catalog. See the many models for every use. Sporting boats. Big, fast, all-wood seaworthy types for family use. All kinds of canoes; rowboats; dinghies. Lower prices. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 324 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"
talkies, for staring at me from the screen are Americans I never knew existed—people who talk a strange "language"; men with guns on their hips; women, half naked, who change their gentlemen friends as they change their gloves; wriggling creatures, squabbling and tickering. All around are English people, who do not travel as extensively as Americans do, snickering and wondering what it is all about. I was invited to it all the time. It is true that such a state of affairs really existed.

MRS. FRED WOOSTER, London, England

I was glad to hear that Joan Crawford has returned to her natural hair coloring.

PATRICIA WHALLIN, Adelaide, S. Australia

To judge by American movies the U. S. A. must be about the most uncivilized country in the world today. The people appear to have no morals and treat the marriage vow as one made to be broken. Although you have prohibition, the people seem to defy the law and drink like fish. The newspaper reporters are the last word. They'd spend their lives in jail over here if they used the same tactics with our citizens.

PHYLIS HANNA, Belfast, Ireland

All my life I have been the victim of an inferiority complex. I sought the friendly darkness of the cinema. I became an invertebrate film fan. From guess to put on up to and make a brave front. I forced myself to have companions and laughed the loudest when the joke was against me. Today I have a new personality and call it all the.

JAMES MORAN, Paisley, Scotland

Life would have been very dull for me, while I was traveling in out-of-the-way places, had it not been for the fact that I could find a movie theater to go to.

S. MENDES, East Bermuda

CAN GAYNOR ACT?

What I can’t understand is why people are always raving over Janet Gaynor. It is true that she is a sweet little thing—but as for acting, why, she can’t hold a candle to Sally Eilers and a lot of others. We want real acting, these days, and not just a sticky smile and a little piping voice.

MAY ANDREWS, St. Louis, Mo.

ODD SHOTS

I have read of the rise and fall of actors both good and bad, but time will not affect that truly great artist, John Barrymore.

MILES KILLMAR, Hancock, Mich.

Gene Raymond is by far the best looking blond actor on the screen and how about some producer waking up and giving Dorothy Jordan a chance to show her ability?

EDITH SIMPSON, Houston, Texas

As long as Photoplay continues its present policy of offering the best, I will continue to buy it—even at the risk of appearing foolishly extravagant, in these times of universal depression.

P. S. LIPPOLD, Baltimore, Md.

Now that Buddy Rogers has deserted the pictures, my only reason for attending the movies has vanished.

ELIANOR ANDREWS, Detroit, Mich.

What has happened to Richard Barthelmess? He is such a good actor but such a long time lapses between his pictures that I often forgets. You can have your Clark Gable and your Robert Montgomery, but give me Dick Barthelmess.

ELIANOR ADAMS, Portland, Me.

Every picture in which Jean Harlow plays is better and better.

JOHN PUTTMAN, Green Bay, Wis.

Let’s have more of Melvyn Douglas. He was great in "Tonight or Never." For once in her life Gloria Swanson had her picture stolen. Why not make him Garbo’s leading man? They would be swell together.

MARTHA REFEBER, Gallipol, Ill.

Richard Cromwell was fine in "Emma". And he thought he wasn’t good enough looking enough. He’ll make a fine actor if someone don’t look like freaks. There’s something written on his face. I think it’s—stardom!

BILL MINTON, Dayton, Ohio

I think that Janet Gaynor and Jimmy Dunn would make a better team than Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell.

A. IWANGA, San Francisco, Calif.

My Photoplay gets into the hands of five families and all enjoy the magazine as much as I do.

RICHARD W. CAIN, Little Falls, N. Y.

Photoplay’s covers are the best of any of the other magazines and I cut out the faces and save them. I am going to make a screen of the faces when I have enough.

ELIZABETH SCHLAFMAN, Atlantic City, N. J.

When a new star gets too much publicity, he produces get careless and cast him in inferior roles.

MRS. ALICE LINDQUIST, Evanston, Ill.

I have just read the article “Will Marlene Break the Spell?” in the February Photoplay. Such gossip about changing her methods alarms me, because I consider "Morocco" the most nearly perfect of any talkie ever presented to the American public.

MRS. H. S. MORRIS, Philadelphia, Penna.

No star, no matter how pleasing, is big enough to carry a mediocre picture.

R. E. BUSH, Oakland, Calif.

If Hollywood would just meet Connie Bennett halfway I’m sure they would find her most charming. Give her a chance! But please, Connie, don’t let them think you are a snob.

MRS. PETRA RINGER, Los Angeles, Calif.

JOAN’S HUSBAND, DOUG

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. should stick to being just Joan Crawford’s husband and not try to act. His father is a better actor than he is any day. Joan had better give young Doug a few lessons. How could anybody have imagined that he could have played a young n’er-do-well in “Union Depot”? Once I actually heard him say “cawn”!

LESLIE MORTAN, Mobile, Ala.

CONNIE AGAIN

Much has been said about Constance Bennett’s education, culture and “finishing.” But an article in Photoplay relates that she expressed her displeasure when the Marquis fumbled with the wedding ring during the ceremony and that she criticized her guests. Such deportment does not come under the head of culture and our best people are never rude and never so primitive as to indulge in violent outbursts of temper.

Just what is all this “hooley” about Miss Bennett’s early training?

MRS. R. E. SOULES, Marietta, Ohio

DOMESTIC BLISS WANTED

I’d like to see these Hollywood stars make a go of their domestic lives. When we see a particularly good looking man on the screen it all seems so realistic until we remember that many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks every year. It disillusionus us!

MARGARET FOLK, Phoenix, Ariz.
**I Remember!**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

young man does his stuff, almost unnoticed.
Oh, that Ruth Chatterton! Ronald Colman.

1924. What a party this is! The small ball-
room of the Carlton Hotel in Washington is
packed with gay, handsome, well-dressed people.
We’re celebrating the opening of a new play—I
think it’s “The Garden of Eden,” or something.
I find myself at the bar, with a hot dog in one
hand and a glass of champagne in the other.
Next me is the leading woman—young, almost
skinny, blue-eyed, with a mop of rebellious
silver-blonde hair. “Lawd, I suah hope this
goes to Nyew Yawk!!” “Well, here’s to a long
run” I say. We drift apart. The play flops
dismally on Broadway. Miriam Hopkins.

1930. A hundred and fifty people cram
a large apartment in Greenwich Village. We’re
joyfully hailing the huge success of brilliant
Sam Jaffe in the hit drama, “Grand Hotel.”
It’s just after the première, and we are all
merrily gay. What a racket! A short, stocky
figure in impeccable dinner clothes enters the
room. A mop of jet black hair above a round,
gentle and smiling face. But the brown eyes

Mr. Bennett’s little girl, Joan, is look-
ing very imposing in this unusual
white satin evening wrap which she
wears in “Widow’s Might.” The coat
is cut on form fitting lines to below
the hips, where it flares out. That
scarf collar of brown fur is clever be-
cause it opens up to form a jacket
effect. Those wide cuffs of fox are
dramatic, too.

### Beautiful Betty Compson Shows How to Keep Young or Get Young

**Amazing Beauty Secret Takes Hollywood by Storm**

Betty Compson is one of the many
Hollywood beauties who look as
young today as they did 10 years ago.
They credit their unfading youthful
skin and the absence of lines and
wrinkles to Sem-pray.

Miss Compson says:

> “An actress who has
discovered Sem-pray
doesn’t need to spend
much time on beauty
treatments. It takes only
a minute or two to apply
and the results are a
soft, fresh skin. What
more could the most
elaborate beauty treat-
ments do?”

**How Women Famous for Lovely Skin
Looked Young and Pretty When Old
Try “Sem-pray” FREE**

Sem-pray is different from any beautifying
and youthifying cream you ever used. It
eliminates, cleans, softens, youthifies and beauti-
fies the skin as no ordinary creams ever have.

Sem-pray ends erasable wrinkles, age-lines.
Reduces large pores. Pimples, blackheads, and
red spots go. This one cream does the work of
several different creams, lotions and skin
tonics, and does it better.

It is a wonderful secret over 100 years old,
handed down from generation to generation
in the family which still owns it.

Women of this family were noted for their
flawless, smooth, unlined skin even when they were old.
The secret of their unfading youth was closely
guarded, although even in the olden days they
made and sold the preparation to women who
eagerly to their town to get this youthifying and
beautifying cream. Its fame had spread wide.

Only 3 people in the world know the secret.
Sem-pray is made of rare, Eastern youthifying
and beautifying oils not found in other creams.
The process is so intricate that it takes 3
months to make Sem-pray. Consequently
chemists who wish to imitate the process are
unable to do so. Women who wish to look
lovelier and younger can obtain the benefits of
these wonderful oils only in Sem-pray.

**New Beauty Overnight Age-Lines, Wrinkles Go
Look 10 Years Younger**

Fashionable women, famous actresses and
screen stars were the first users of Sem-pray
when the family began to sell it through the
stores. Many older stars, who still play young
parts, credit their new youth to Sem-pray.
Use Sem-pray before going out at night and
skin looks lovelier instantly. It cleanses, stimu-
lates and freshens the skin as nothing else can.

Use it at bedtime and the improved appear-
ance of your skin by morning will astonish you.

Sem-pray gives the skin radiant, girlish color
and soft, velvety texture. It quickly banishes
erasable wrinkles and network of lines about
eyes and mouth. Smooths out lines on neck.

Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry
skin. Makes all skins normal, due to its stimu-
lasting and tonic effect.

**The Only Beauty Aid You Need**

Sem-pray also ends pimples, blackheads,
roughness. Softens parchment-like or leathery
skin. Reduces large pores. tones skin tissues
without growing hair. New beauty overnight.

New youth quick.

It is the only beauty aid you need.

These wonderful Eastern youthifiers and beautifiers
used in Sem-pray are compressed into dainty, rose-
pink, almond-scented cakes. In oval, push-up container,
used easy as lipstick without touching with fingers.
Use any time, anywhere. At home, in office or when
traveling. Wonderful foundation cream, too. Blends
rouge and powder perfectly. Prevents caking or spot-
times. Guaranteed safe, pure. Large economical 60c
size at drug and department stores.

### FREE -- Send Today

Mail coupon at once for 7-day package of Sem-pray
Creams. Act quick and we will include Introductory
packages of Sem-pray Rouge and Free Powder
Special 3-day offer ends forever at youth await you. Get
Sem-pray at once.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Name.
Address.

**FREE 7-day trial packages of Sem-pray Creams. Include Introductory package of Sem-pray Rouge and Free Powder FREE. I enclose 60c for parking and mailing.**
Regains sparkling eyes,  
velvet cheeks,  
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

Instead of rouge and powder, many  
women need internal cleansing. That is  
why you should know about Dr. Edwards  
Olive Tablets. A safe, efficient substitute for  
calomel, much easier to take. They gently  
regulate the liver and intestines, help nature  
clear the way for a lovely skin and the alluring  
glow of health.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

More than 20 years ago, Dr. Edwards first  
prepared this famous compound of vegetable  
ingredients for his patients. Because it is so  
mild and sure, it removes the cause of many  
headaches, blemishes, pimples, and that dull  
lifeless feeling.

You cannot realize how much better you  
will feel and look until you try Dr. Edwards  
Olive Tablets. Know them by their olive color. At all drug stores, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Improve your  
FIGURE!

Just Give Me  
10 MINUTES a DAY

Are you dissatisfied with your  
figure? Are you flat chested or thin? Or is your form too full  
and embarrassing? Creme Treatment No. 1 adds in filling  
out hollowness and developing  
round, graceful curves where needed. Creme Treatment  
No. 2 helps to reduce surplus flesh and is used  
to develop a youthful figure. Fashion demands natural  
proportioned neck, chest, arms, legs  
and hips. Send name, address for FREE  
sample and directions. Mention cream  
number desired. Enclose 10¢ for  
mailing costs.

Moonlight Hour  
Beautiful New  
PERFUME

Fashion's newest delightful odor  
"Greta Grae's Moonlight Hour"  

Try this rare blend of flower  
secrets, just a little more lasting,  
just a little better than any perfume you've ever used.

Introductory Offer  
20¢  
Sample this rare new odor--Send 20¢  
the identity of samples for liberal  
trial bottle, sufficient for old  
stars to try. Write today.

Greta Grae  
Dept. P, Times Bldg., NEW YORK, N. Y.

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT—The family picture  
of her secret passion is published in a movie magazine

of England. She's spent every cent just as
she spends every ounce of the most tremendous
vitality I have ever seen in a woman—not
barring Lupe.
Tallulah and Lupe. If they should meet—
whoops! But they won't. Hollywood would
never be so cruel as to put them in the same
room together.
One would have to leave. And the exit
would not be voluntary.

Does this lovely young lady look
familiar to you? No, she hasn't ap-
ppeared in a picture yet but you have
probably seen her photograph more
often than Garbo's. Gwill Andre has
been for three years the most sought
after artists' model in New York.
Her face has graced dozens of maga-
zine covers and she has posed for
hundreds of Parisian gown advertise-
ments. Now, she's going to see how
it feels to face a motion picture camera.
Under contract to Radio Pictures, she
is five feet, six and half inches from Copen-
hagen. What! Another Norsewoman?

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---

"Hollywood Is Wearing—"

by Seymour

**RECENTLY**, a very smart party was given at the Embassy Club by Minna Gombell. There in a red crepe creation, made with a trick crossing of the bodice very low at the back, where a huge buckle caught up the ends in bustle effect.

Joan Marsh was another who was "bustling" about. Her dress, also of bright red crepe, was draped up in back to form a bustle. Rhinestone clips trimmed both shoulder straps. Red, incidentally, was the big color. And not a retiring red, either, but what used to be called "fire house red!"

**BETTE DAVIS**, who looks more like Connie Bennett every day, wore a dark blue crepe. It was closely fitted to the figure and cut round and low in back. Tiny shoulder straps were a match for another.

Everyone seems to be reviving those large hairpins of brilliants for evening. I see them tucked into the soft waves of the hair—and they are mighty attractive.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** appeared at a recent night looking radiant in a snugly fitted black crepe gown which was quite unadorned. She wore very smart black sandals and a long ermine coat.

Of course, you know that buttons are very much in the style picture at the moment. Madge Evans is getting credit for launching a vogue for buttons which are monogrammed. Her initials, ME, caused quite a furor when worn on a smart costume recently—or should I say when buttoned on to a smart costume?

Adrian, the well-known Hollywood designer, says that Joan Crawford's severely tailored clothes have started a new trend toward simplicity—fussy furvelows are out.

**PARIS** is having heated arguments these days on daytime skirt lengths but Hollywood has sereneiy adjusted its skirt to a "nine inches from the floor!" length and let it go at that. This is considerably longer than it has been. Evening clothes vary from instep to ankle length.

**WHEN** Kathryn Carver Menjou was in St. Moritz she appeared at a dinner party dressed in brown jersey trousers topped by a tuck-in blouse and a brown jacket piped in orange.

In Paris, Marie Beaunon, a stage favorite, appears in her new play wearing a jacket with only one sleeve. Remember when Gloria Swanson was considered bizarre because she tried this stunt in "What a Widow?"

**ONE** of Garbo's "Mata Hari" costumes has been copied by a dress manufacturer. It is changed, of course, but you would know it immediately.

Joan Bennett wears twenty-two bangles on her arm in one scene of her new picture, "Widow's Might." Watch and count them!

**LILYAN TASHMAN** certainly had the fans agog with her personal appearances in the East. Needless to say, she knocked 'em cold with her clothes. She made a dramatic entrance in gold colored pyjamas, the legs of which formed a train. The back was cut very low and over one shoulder and down to the waist cascaded bright green flowers in exotic bloom. In her hand she carried a green chiffon handkerchief big enough to use as a luncheon cloth!

A SAPPHIRE evening gown topped by a red jacket is one of the current evening fashions. The sapphire shade is more dulled than that of former years.

Although Ruth Chatterton believes that rigid adherence to a favorite color or colors is an obstacle to chic, she herself has three preferences—black, white and a lipstick red.

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**Unknown Hollywood I Know**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]
Embassy soup, song writers arrived in Holly-
wood in schools, droves and herbs. That one
small, round instrument, the microphone,
turned a fairly peaceful city into a mad, topos-
tury world.

Great stars were brought from the stage—
some remained, some returned.

There were voice doubling, secret me-
chanics. Great stars of the cinema were tossed
aside for new arrivals. I can't begin to go into all the ramifications of the
talkies.
The town was in a furor.

You know many of the tragedies and suc-
cesses for which the talkies were responsible.
One of the most amazing was the defeat of
Nils Asther.

HERE was a lad from whom everything was
expected. Before talkies it was said that he
could do anything. (We did not know then that Gilbert's headgear would
drop off when it hit against a microphone.)
Nils was the big shot of the M-G-M lot, as
great a sensation for a short space of time as
Clark Gable is today.

Then came the talkies.

They thought accents wouldn't register (they have since discovered their mistake) and
Nils was out.

Nils was one of the most interesting, one of
the most amazing men in Hollywood.

I wrote a piece on Asther, for Photoplay at the
time when life stories were in vogue. He was
riding the crest of that wave, which has made
many a man sick.
I had known Nils for some time, rather casually, but I never quite
got at him, even when I was doing the life
story.

I sum him several times to get all the details of
that fascinating yarn. I wrote the story, setting down the facts and trying to catch
something of the Asther spirit. But I never
really knew him.

I watched him speak of his friends in Sweden,
heard him tell about that fascinating place
that he and a group of fellow artists bought off
the coast of the peninsula, a virgin island
where they lived without an electric light or a
telephone or even a razor. I heard his voice
grow low and throaty as he mentioned the
place, in a hushed and reverent tone almost as
a girl speaks of the spot that witnessed the
first trust with her lover.

What this island meant to Nils I shall never
entirely know. But I do know that within the
lad there were great fastnesses that no
other American (with the possible ex-
ception of his wife, Vivian Duncan) could penetrate.

Even when he was off-guard, even when he
was speaking of the most intimate things—he
held back either because he could not speak of
thes things or because he was afraid I would
not understand.

Humorous as he is, he has in spite of this, a
piquant flair for the unusual. The last
evening together, when the life story
was ended, we sat before a blazing fire in his
living-room. We had just dined on a seven-
course menu. He smoked his special
blended cigarettes and were, at the moment,
commenting on the smoothness of the high-
balls his house boy had mixed. Casually, I
asked what was the most satisfactory
copy picture if the sound of rain were to be
heard against the window panes.

Nils arose, excused himself politely, left the
room for a few minutes and returned shortly.

Immediately, I heard the sound of water, not
pouring gently but splashing against the
windows in a torrent.

"Good Lord," I cried, "you're a swell host,
Nils, and all that, but don't tell me you've got
two heavy draughts that can turn on the rain
for you."" Nils laughed. Later I learned he had in-
structed his house boy to stand in the patio—
and it was a chilly night—spraying the win-
dows with the garden hose. What the boy

thought when Nils made this unusual request
I shall never know.

Now Nils is all set for a comeback, I'm glad
to say.

THERE was another foreigner whose career
might have been nipped by the talkies had
not illness done it before the microphone. How
shall I talk of her?

What words shall I use to describe one of
the most enchanting, whimsical, delightful
women who ever lived?

I know her well and I love her so much that
it is difficult for me to write of her without
becoming maudlin and sentimental. But I can
think of only one word for Renee Adoree. That
word is "dear."

She is such a darling, such a sweet and
lovely thing.

Our friendship started in the M-G-M days.
And a pang of loneliness touches my heart
when I think of the mad, crazy good times she
and Dorothy Sebastian and I had together.
Hundreds of pictures of complex little Renee
crowd my mind.

I believe Renee Adoree to be the greatest
actress of them all, an actress who should have,
after "The Big Parade," scaled the topmost
heights, but one who failed to do so because
she either would not or could not play the
political game the studios play.

She tossed away upon her friends the time
and energy she should have given to her work.

She was a creature of the most intense moods,
which ran from gayety to devout religious
moments.

I have written much about Renee, but what
I have never told before is the courageous
thing she did just before she went to the
Arizona sanitarium.

She had been sick for months. She had
tried to take care of herself, had tried to listen
to the warnings that the doctors and Dorothy
Sebastian and I gave her, but it was impossible
for her to rest when she was at home.

When guests called, she felt it necessary to
tell them rather than be entertained by
them.

Therefore, she became steadily worse, but
in spite of this took a role in Ramon Novarro's
"The Call of the Flesh." What it cost her
to go through that picture, no one but her
intimate friends ever knew. But she went on
because she felt she must.

It climaxed in one of the most dramatic
episodes that has ever been enacted off-
screen in Hollywood.

One day she was so ill that a doctor was sent
for. He came on the set and said to the
director, "If you do not let me take this girl
away at once, I shall not be responsible for her
life." The director was a kindly, sympathetic
man, but he knew that if Renee left at that
time he would have to re-film almost the
entire picture at a terrific cost. Quickly, he
ran over in his mind, Renee's remaining
scenes, figuring out what ones could be done
by a double, what ones could be cut entire and
what ones were absolutely
necessary.

At last he said, "If you let me have her for
just one half hour I can finish."" OKAY," said the doctor, "one half hour."
I
remained quite pleased that he had
pulled out his watch, "but not a second longer."

Cameramen were hurriedly moved up,
phones were quickly adjusted. Without a
rehearsal, Renee went into a close-up. As
she worked she became visibly ill, but she did
not show it.

Her face played the emotions which the
scene demanded.

Simultaneously, three things happened.
The doctor shouted, "The half hour is up."
"The director shouted, "Cut—that finishes
Renee's scene."

And Renee, herself, keeled over on the
floor in a faint.

She was carried off the set. It was the last
work she has done, but she proved of what
trouper's stuff she is made.

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ONE'S A CROWD

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Several weeks later she was taken to the Arizona sanitarium. I say she was taken—a nurse accompanied her, but Renee was on her feet. She weighed just eighty-seven pounds. Her clothes hung on her. The train pulled out at 11:15 at night. Five of her oldest and best friends were there to see her off. We all tried to be happy, but none of us had ever been so miserable.

As we saw that pale, small hand waving us goodbye, we all turned away from each other and as hard as I could and I walked back to the car. I said, "Howard, we will never see Renee again."

We knew she had courage, but we thought it was an active courage. We knew she could do anything under stress of circumstances, but we did not believe that she had the stamina to remain for a year upon a hospital bed, to obey doctors' orders, to give up everything she had had.

The first time I visited her in Arizona, the doctor told me he despaired of her when she first arrived. "She does not know the meaning of the word 'rest'," he said. "I tell her to stay in bed, but if there is something across the room she wants, she gets up and gets it. However, I do believe we're coming along."

A few months later I went to see her again. I saw a different Renee—radiant, plump, plumper by twenty or twenty-five pounds, beautiful and with a depth of character she had not had before.

You may think that her playing a scene when she was too ill to hold up her head was courageous. So it was. But infinitely more splendid is her remaining in the sanitarium for over a year.

That Renee, used to gayety, to self-indulgence, to doing exactly as she pleased, could give all that up and obey orders (she had never obeyed anyone before) proves that she's got the stuff of which great heroines are made.

That's the biggest thing Renee has ever done.

And here's the glorious sequel, the fine reward. In a few months she will leave the sanitarium. After another few months' rest she will be perfectly well and ready to resume the career that I now await on the screen—just a year. And now she has so much more to give to the screen.

Those long, dreary, disheartening months have shown her a site of life. The sanitarium has changed Renee from a charming dear child into a fine vital woman. If Renee isn't given a chance to do a big comeback upon her release, then I'll know that all producers are fools.

What is the inside of this interviewing business? Why do stars talk so intimately to reporters? Next month I'm going to tell you how I'm going to do it, I hope, even though I shouldn't be giving away state secrets. I've some swell yarns about Lupe Velez, Alice White, Bill Powell, Gary Cooper, Mary Astor and others.

$750,000 and Danger

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

But she's so trained—it with her technique—that, today, even the keen, dissecting eye of the camera seldom catches it.

Take the way Ruth arrived on the set that first morning. A call for eleven o'clock. The appearance of Chatterton's new star in the new studio! Bette Davis was wondering whether Ruth would remember that they had met once at a social gathering. John Milián was wondering what he had to do with his appreciation of the opportunity she had given him for a sympathetic part in a picture. Director Al Green knew her only casually.

At exactly eleven—limousine, chauffeur, maid, and Ruth. The cast crowded their necks. They went through the introductions. Ruth was marvelous. Said just the right thing at the right moment. The perfect drawing-room manner. So perfect that, in which seemed only a twinking, everyone on that set was saying either verbally or mentally, "Yes, Miss Chatterton."

When he started his first scene the director said, "Is that all right, Miss Chatterton? Does it suit you?"

Ruth nodded. The perfect queen.

I repeat, I think Ruth was as nervous as the others. At least, she knocked over a glass of water, necessary part of her re-setting of the table. But she made nothing of it. Such a little thing. A casual "I'm sorry." Again, the perfect poise—too perfect.

When Ruth first went into pictures she was a heart-broken woman. New York—New York which had adored her for years—had almost forgotten her. She had been at the top. "Daddy Lovely" Out of the Kitchen. I will never forget them.

Today, I have been reading the interviews given by Ruth Chatterton during the past two years. To one writer she gave a definition of sophistication; to another, one of Hollywood; another, of acting. Clever, pat, definitions.

In 1929, she told our own Katherine Albert, "What you play on the stage or screen has nothing to do with the sort of person you, yourself, are. Great changes come into the lives of actresses and, if they're good actresses, these personal crises do not affect their performances."

I would like to write my friend Ruth a letter. If I did, I would say:

"Ruth, what do we do in life affects every part of us. If we love, we are inspired; if we hate we are poisoned! Jealousy taints our system as surely as does pomegranate. And you say that an actress's life has no today with her performance? If you have really trained yourself to believe that—there is no reason for me to go any further. You have given yourself your own warning.

But, just a moment! I don't believe it. I know you too well. Recently, you lost a valued friendship. All the emotions within you rose to torment. If you could only have made a picture at that moment! I'll lay a wager that your perfect enunciation, which has become just that you are now awaiting is perfect, might have turned a little incoherent. A delightful, human incoherence. How the public would have adored it in you!"

ISO hoped you'd show were you scared to death on the first shot of your picture! I'd so hoped Al Green would order you about—tell you what he wanted on the screen instead of yessing you as though you were a De Mille of the grandeur days of the movies.

Your emotions in your early pictures did not betray technique. They seemed to come from the heart, not the mind. In those days you were not philosophizing about life. You were seeking a way to live it. And you were twice the screen actresses! It is not yet too late. You have technique as few have it. You have lived life as few women. But if you do not give us humanity and heart, feel, emotion, all the "best sellers" ever written will not help.

You are one of the really great actresses. Come back, and all is forgiven. The screen needs the Ruth Chatterton of those first pictures.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from Page 13]

STRUGGLE, THE—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (Feb.)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A (Ein Burschellenlied Aus Heidelberg)—UFA.—Rollicking tunes, students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Apr.)

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathé.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and the famous Three Musicians—this time in the Navy. (Jan.)

SUDDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathé.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

SUNSET TRAIL, THE—Tiffin Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (March)

SURRENDER—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (Jan.)

TAXI—Warner.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (Jan.)

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions.—Bet you can't guess before the last reel who did the murdering. A good mystery with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (Dec.)

TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (March)

The World's Most Beautiful Women Wear Bon Ton

"I wear a Bon Ton with every costume—I've tried them all and Bon Ton is best"—Rita Crane

Ruth Litting
"The New Bon Ton Velvex Foundations are as light and close fitting as rouge on your cheek."
OUR readers are constantly asking for new photographs of their favorite motion picture stars and we are pleased to announce that we have just received new pictures of the following ten players:

Constance Bennett  
Joan Crawford  
Marlene Dietrich  
James Dunn  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
Miriam Hopkins  
Fredric March  
Robert Montgomery  
Norma Shearer

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Am enclosing $5.00, please send me the next eight issues of PHOTOCPLAY and photographs of the four stars which I have listed.

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THIRTY DAYS—Patrician. A wealthy tone- ment owner plays the regeneration scene in jail, Hetty Compton and Maureen O'Sullivan make it entertaining. (Jan.)

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL—UFA. A dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialogue. (Oct.)

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M. Joan Crawford lovely and drooping box-office appeal in a ridiculous story. (Nov.)

THIS RECKLESS AGE—Paramount. In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (March)

TIP OFF, THE—RKO-Pathé. Fresh boy Eddie Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a slyly witty comedy is the result. (Jan.)

★ TONIGHT OR NEVER—United Artists. A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and burns with snappy love scenes. And there's a new screen appeal led named Miriam Douglas. For the sophisticated. (Jan.)

★ TOUCHDOWN—Paramount. A football picture that's different—with inside stuff on crooked methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. (Jan.)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—Paramount. A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture, Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (March)

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—Paramount. Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (March)

TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)—Cicero Prod. Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolean country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (March)

★ 24 HOURS—Paramount. It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are grand. (Nov.)

UNDER EIGHTEEN—Warners. A neat little picture, Marian Marsh's first starring role, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (Feb.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE—Universal. Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Ho- hum! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (Feb.)

UNIOLOY GARDEN, THE—United Artists. Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Saratoga castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to save the impossible story. (Oct.)

UNION DEPOT—First National. Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks Jr., turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (Feb.)

U. S. C.—NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE—Sono Art-World Wide. If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (March)

WAY BACK HOME—Radio Pictures. If you follow Bert Lahr on the radio, you'll enjoy seeing him as well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (Dec.)

WEST OF BROADWAY—M-G-M. John Gilbert's voice is low—no is the entertainment value of the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six months to live. (Oct.)

WHITE DEVIL, THE—UFA. Russians in big fur hats are doing serious things again. You need not box. (Nov.)

WICKED—Fox. Eileen Landi and Victor McLaglen are good in a too heavy drama about a bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (Oct.)

WOMAN COMMANDS, A—RKO-Pathé. Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (Feb.)

WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE—First National. Lil Dagover is a queen of the American screen audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (Feb.)

WORKING GIRLS—Paramount. Two beautiful blondes learn about life in the city. But not even Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers can make the story and dialogue seem real. (Jan.)

X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prod. Another gangster newspaper story inspired by the Lindbergh case. Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax. (Jan.)

YELLOW TICKET, THE—Fox—Russia before the revolution. The heroine fights for her honor. Old film comes worthwhile by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. (Jan.)
Just What Makes Them Click

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

particularly, the complete obedience of her mouth to her control of emotion. If you watch her mouth right through, you will hardly ever be offended, and that is rare, for everyone’s mouth nearly always offends sometimes or other.

That asset, on Garbo’s part, is unquestionably cultivated—studied control. Any girl can do it, who has sufficient quality of feeling.

Control of facial features is a huge Garbo asset. Not alone hiding true feelings, but substituting the artificial facial evidence of emotions that do not exist. Garbo’s face telegraphs every thought she wants to put over, always with restraint—but whether it actually exists within her is another question. It did at some time. And that, too, is an asset that any woman can cultivate. Try it out before your mirror, and see if it’s not true (and add to the gaiety of nations!).

Now, here’s another thing—and though it seems unimportant, its effect is great. Garbo’s walk. She walks with “a quasi-oriental, loose-limbed motion.”

Dr. Reynolds doubts if Garbo consciously is aware of that walk. He believes it is hers naturally. But that does not prevent other women from profitting thereby. That does not mean, purely, imitation. It means, rather, realization of the effect a graceful, unusual walk.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1932

Sniff away and carrybag— and the profiting by that knowledge. Garbo always remembers her debt to sculpture.

Garbo's voice is another case in point. It is always quiet, deep, restrained. How few women are there whose voices do not ring shrilly under excitement or emotion? Garbo's does not—she is different—being different is being mysterious, the mysterious is to interest, fascinating others.

Garbo's appeal is not alone to men, nor to women. Sniff it goes to women because they want to be like her, knowing and envying her power; to men because Garbo's appeal is to the mother complex in man!

This Dr. Reynolds states politely. The sex reaction in the great majority of men, to a greater or lesser degree, is tied up with a kind of mother complex,' he points out. "Any man who wants to be like Garbo, who is also, to express it like that in the psychiatrist's language. Women merely know that the vast majority of men are just little boys.

Garbo appeals to that in men particularly. Her whole personality makes men want to be unconsciously, mothered by her. Certainly men do not want to father her, as they do the opposite type. Garbo, being of a very masochistic man, the man who wants to sense strength—not necessarily physical, but moral strength—in his woman. And be mothered by her.

"You can sum up Garbo's personality then, in general, as follows: (1) Great self-control, leading to (2) the impression that she has great understanding of life through suffering, which creates, in turn (3)—that sense of mystery that makes a person fascinating, dominant. (4) The physical attributes of an extraordinary, yet graceful, walk, and a vibrant, low voice always under control. (5) As a result of these, a form of sex-appeal which plays upon a man's mother complex. She has great psychological vitality." And that's Garbo. Now for:

CLARK GABLE

Gable may be summed up in a two-word characterization—he is a "civilized brute."

"It has taken man a long time to evolve out of the jungle brute into the civilized man of to-day," says Dr. Reynolds. "In that process, he has lost many of the physical qualities which made the brute, and substituted for them—outward weakness, and approximate to femininity.

"It is becoming rare then, today, to find a he-man who is, withal, kindly, good-natured and tolerant."

Clark Gable, on the screen, presents exactly this picture. He presents the picture of a true he-man, a splendid physical specimen radiating strength and force and power, and who has, nevertheless, a sense of inner civilization. He appears happy and honest.

"And it is a fundamental truth that the majority of women today, wanting that sort of man unconsciously, when they find him, to strip that veneer of civilization from him and reawaken the brute beneath.

"It is that factor of human challenge, more or less, in every woman. And that is why, if it is so, that Clark Gable's appeal to women has been so sudden, so great and so widespread—as was Valentine's, in a different way.'

The keynote of Gable's appeal, it seems, is not only that the observer knows that he is possessed of qualities more of brute, but also that he has that same restraint that speaks of a moral strength behind the physical.

Moreover, he has the Garbo trick of facial emotional control. He can mask his true reactions and assume, instead, the evidence of an emotion that does not exist within him. Like Garbo, he has learned not to put everything in the show window.

And does this mean anything to women? "Hundred of women," answers Dr. Reynolds, "have told me, in the course of professional relations, that the only reason they ever married their husband was because of the apparent indifference he displayed during their first three months' acquaintance!"

Well, any intelligent male need but read that to know what to expect.

Now here are some specific facets of Gable's appeal; as Dr. Reynolds, knowing the twists of the feminine human mind, observes them:

HE has a habit, when smiling, of raising his eyebrows. It engenders in the observer an impression of sympathy, understanding and tolerance. The effect on a woman is that, cognizant of the physical attraction. For her, she nevertheless feels safe because she senses a protection in those qualities.

Moreover, his mother-complex, Gable's attitude is one of 'fathoming' his girl. There is a kind of paternal note in his actions and reactions toward that intriguing girl and giving her a place of trust in him.

There is much in common between Dempsey and Gable, says the psycho-analyst. "Gable has much that Jack Dempsey has, besides which Gable is a good actor. Gable has all the glamour and attractiveness of Dempsey. "Some of this is purely physical. Both carry their head in a peculiar manner—which I can only describe as a sort of old—chin down, a little arch to the neck so that one notices the corrugation of the chin line. Subconsciously it reminds the watcher of the Greecian athlete. It is a memory, perhaps—resulting in an impression of great physical and moral strength as well as alertness.

Strange it is, certainly, and seemingly simple that tiny and unobtrusively mechanical and physical things stir within us the subconscious emotions and reactions that make rabid Garbo—Gable fans fanatical.

And atop all else, Gable has this prime handicap, as far as screen appeal goes, according to Dr. Reynolds: "He has less of the feminine streak that is present in every man than there is in any other screen male today!"

Summing up Gable, then, he has (1) definite physical strength and a splendid body, (2) the effect of great moral strength, communicated by such physical habits as the way he holds his head, the way he smiles. Like Garbo, he has (3) self-control and avoidance of "putting everything in the show window." And the result is that he appears as the "civilized brute" whose appeal is the more tremendous, especially to those with a "father-fixation."

WELL, you've read what Dr. Reynolds had to say. A lot of it may sound a bit abstruse. "Deep" But it isn't. Read it over again, and it's quite simple. But you may wonder, discouragedly, if there's anything in it to help you—you who want to capture some of the personal charm that makes Garbo and Gable so universally admired.

Well, Dr. Reynolds tells you this: "Studies apply, it is easy in the present state of mob hysteria that exists, to put over a bluff, of sorts.

"Get the field of sex, thanks to Freud and his followers and imitators, and the present openness of sex discussion, sex has become so absolutely phlegmatic and dull that most men and women are longing, by very nature, for a little mystery.

"So a little practice and thought in applying a bluff that will make others believe that you are really expert. Of course, such a baffled great mysteries of life, will go far today. "People are looking for leaders today as never before—small circle leaders as well as leaders of a national calibre. He who can become a leader, merely by intelligent care and bluff, but it cannot be sustained without the necessary vitality."

That's why the "French valets get away with posing as lords."

And if there are many such attempts, the world will be a funnier place than ever to live in.

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Casts of Current Photoplays
Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue


**GAY CABALLERO, THE**—Fox. From the novel by Tom Gill. Screen play by Philip Klein and Barry Comers. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: Tim Redfield, George O'Brien; Dan Harrigan, Victor McLaglen; Ada Morell, Conchita Monte- negro; Ava Gray, Linda Watkins; Don Paco Molina, C. Henry Gordon; Jefe, Welton Heyburn; Major Henry, William B. Morgan; Juan, Juan Tovar; Manuel, Martin Garrakos.

**HOTEL CONTINENTAL**—"Tiffany Photo." From the story by F. Hugh Herbert and Paul Perez. Continuation by Warren B. Duff. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Mary, Peggy Stimson; Bennett, Don Collier; Miss Collins, Patricia Moore; Martin, J. Farrell MacDonald; Tyrooki, Rockefeller; William, Mrs. Edred Clayton; Winston, Howard H. Walsh; Layton, Bert Ross; Millie, William Scott.

**IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—"Universal." From the novel by Margaret White. Screen play by Donald Henderson Clarke. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: Lillian Gish, Ben Lyon; Wanda Hawkes, David Manners; Thea, Mary Mansfield; Martha, Evalyn Walsh; Mansfield, William V. Mong; David Wells, Donald Dillaway; Eliza Billings, Nita Castavett; Mary Stren, Helen Forrest; Ruby, Nell O'Day; Jimmy, Dickie Moore; James Crawford, Ralph Morgan; Fletcher, Edna Williams; The Countess, Claire Boyar; Mr. Adams, John Miljan; John E. Johnson, Frank Conroy; Sid Combs, Corinna Keene; Green Fish, Nora Lane; Dolly Dara, George Durant; Mrs. Kiplinger, John J. Graover; Mr. Mansfield, John Todd; Helen Burke, Sally Slane.

**DISORDERLY CONDUCT, THE**—Fox. From the story by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by John W..isNotBlank...
Kenton; McCracken, Jimmy Durante; Patricia, Irene Purcell; Albine, Polly Moran; Tony Lange, Gilbert Roland; Nina, Mona Maria; Ann Chariter, Mayde Elmore; Touma, Henry Armetta; Paul Le Maire, Paul Parsons; Champaw, Jean Del Val; General Beauchay, August Toliare.

"POLY OF THE CIRCUS"—M.G.M.—From the play by Margaret Mayo. Directed by Carey Wilson. The cast: Polly, Marion Davies; Rev. John Hurley, Clark Gable; Rev. James Norcott, C. Aubrey Smith; Downey, Raymond Hatton; Biff, David Landau; Mimi, Ruth Selwyn; Miss Downey, Maude Karne; Hefie, Little; Erice, Guinn Williams; Don, Clark Marchall; Mrs. McNamara, Lilian Elliott.

"ROAD TO LIFE"—THE—AMTK.—From the story by Nikolai Ekk. Directed by Nikolai Ekk. The cast: Fomba Zbijan, Mikhail Zhavorov; Lena Mezunia; Maria Genta; Dundy, Matyas, Tavan Kyral; Kubia, Mikhail Dzagarosov; Koljo; Father, Vladimir Vovkovsky; Kubia; Mother, Reina Yanushkevitch; Nikolai Sereja, Nikolai Batalov; Maria Shredina, Maria Antopolova.

"SADDLE BUSTER, THE"—RKO-PATHER.—From the play by Cherry Wilson. Adaptation by Oliver Drake. Direction by Fred Allen. Photography by Ted McCord. The cast: Mortana, Tom Keene, Sweny, Helen Foster; Rio, Marie Quillan; Rance, Robert Prager; Jude, Richard Carlyle; Pa Heren, Fred Burns; Calagry, Harry Bowen; Claght, Charles Quigley; Keno, Charles Whittaker; Strory, Ben Corbett; Blakie, Al Taylor.

"SALLY OF THE SUBWAY"—ACTION PICTURES.—Story by George B. Seitz. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: Ludwig, Jack McHale; Angela, Blanche McIntyre; Sally, Dorothy Revier; Gordon, Huntly Gordon; Tom Tramp, Harry Some; Mr. Malt, Crawford Kent; McMillian, John Webb Dillon; Saragi, William Burt.

"SHANGHAI EXPRESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Harry Hervey. Screen play by Jules Furtman. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: Shanghai Lily, Marlene Dietrich; Capt. Donald Harvey, Clive Brook; Hsi Fei, Anna May Wong; Henry Cheng, Warner Oland; Sam Sui, Elaine Pallette; Mrs. Haggerly, Louise Clower Hale; Ren Carmichael, Lawrence Grant; Col. Lewis, Emil Chautard; Eric Baum, Gustav Von Seyffirtz.

"SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE"—FOX.—From the story by Sonya Levien. Screen play by William John, Anthony McCutie; Directed by John Blystone. The cast: Jane Miller, Joan Bennett; William Kelso, Spencer Tracy; Mrs. Taylor, Una Merkel; Roger Norton, James Kirkwood; Mrs. Miller, Dorothy Viney; Douglas Crosby; Humphrey, Donald Dillaway; Charlie, Tetsu Komai, Moky, Constantine Ramanoff.

"SHOP ANGEL"—PREMIER ATTRACTIONS.—From the play by Frank Craven. Adapted by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. JERRY DOE, Jimmy Durante; ANITA SIDNEY, Dorothy Christy.}

"STEADY COMPANY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edward Luddy. Screen play by Earl Snell. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: Jim, Norman Foster; Peggy, June Clyde; Tony, Henry Armetta; cuz, Zhuo Plaat; Hoy, J. Farrell MacDonald; Bitz, Maurice Black; Tazio Carner, Morvan Wallace, Pete Flow, Carly Blake, Morry Cohen; Pop Hersey, Willard Robertson.

"STRANGERS IN LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Black Rose" by William J. Locke. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavena McNutt. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: Arthur Drake, Frisco March; Buddy Ebskie, Frisco March; Diana Morrow, Kay Francis; Sam Kennedy, Sholt Erwin; Monty Preston, Juliette Compton; Mr. Morrow, George Baber; Director: Dick MacPhail, Sidney Tolmer; J. C. Clark, Earl Fox; Prof. Clark, Lucien Littlefield; Brad, Leslie Palmer; Sneed, Gertrude Howard; Crenshaw, Ben Taggart; Dr. Schol; John M. Swain.

"TARZAN, THE APE MAN"—M.G.M.—From the story by Edgar Rice Barroshes. Adapted by Cyril Hume. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Harry Ito, Neil Hamilton; James Parker, C. Aubrey Smith; Jane Furse, Patricia Morison; Dr. West, Donald Buka; Burton, Katherine DeMille; every, Helen Brown; Jan, Bela Lugosi; every, Ludwig; Ethel, Karen Morley; Gayle, Robert Lowery; Kate, Marjorie Rambeau; Dolly, Lloyd; Beamish, Forrester Harvey; Ryan, Ivory Williams.

"TEXAS GUN FIGHTER"—TYPHOON PROD.—From the story by Len Cohen. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Bell, Ken Maynard; Jane, Shelly Manne; Betsy, Lloyd Ingram; Mason, Harry Woods; Clayton, Bob Fleming; Adams, Edgar Lewis; Drew, Jim Mason.

"WAYWARD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Wild Beauty" by Matea Hows Farnham. Adapted by S. E. Phillips and Harry Spatone. The cast: Daisy, Nancy Carroll; David Prost, Richard Arlen; Mrs. Prost, Froilene Frederick; Bob Daniels, John Lit, Louise Daniel; Margalo Gillmore; Uncle Judson, Hurie Clarke; Harte, Dorothy Stickey; Harry Naron, Gertrude Mack; George, Sidney Easton.

"WISER SEX, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Clyde Finch. Screen play by Harry Hervey and Caroline Franke. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: The Margare Hughes, Claudette Colbert; Claire, Lilian Harvey; Tau, David Wolst; Melynn Douglass; Harry Evans, William Boyd; Jimmy Vcelli, Ross Alexander; Phil Long, FrankTo; Stithen Blayce, Paul Harvey; Mrs. Hughes, Effie Shannon; Ed, Victor Kilian; Gay, Charles Blythe; Friz, Robert Fischer; The Wop, Douglas Tear.

"WITHOUT HOROR"—SUPREME.—From the story by Lee Sage. Continuity by Harry Crut and Lee Sage. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: Max Marlow, Harry Carey; Mary Ryan, Mac Buech; Bencie Donovan, Mary Jane Irving; Mike Donovan, Gibson Gowland; Larry Lenee, Ed Brady; Frank Henderson, Jack Richardson; Shpol Flatcher, Tom Mudd. The cast: Zane Grey and his party.

Every time Mrs. Robert Montgomery gets all dressed up in her ermine coat and doilies asks her where she's going to take pictures another Hollywood after party. "One star in the family is enough. Keeping up with Bob is a career in itself." Here they are about to see a Hollywood première. Their companion is Ivan Simpson, who did such a grand piece of character work in "The Man Who Played God"
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Studio Rambles

All aboard. Hop in. Here we go for a ride through the back lot of the M-G-M studios. Through streets old by Juana, country towns, jungles and villages. All props. A whistle blows shrilly and our car stops. It's the signal that somewhere in the distance a scene is being shot. We wait patiently for several minutes. Then it comes. A far off whistle. Another watchman relays the whistle. Then another. Until it reaches the man nearest us. Our car swings sharply off the rutty, twisting road and, suddenly, after ugly barren streets we find ourselves facing a lovely park. As we step from the car we stop and look. It can't be. But it is—Clark Gable dressed as a minister and catching a baseball like old Babe Ruth himself. He waves a hand in greeting. These "back lotters" are always glad to see visitors.

SOUNDS and voices reach in through the trees. Carefully we pick our way back. There, in a wheel-chair, sits Marion Davies. A vision in blue organdy. What has merely seemed a dilapidated pile of lumber from the rear is a lovely old Colonial Manse, with bright wicker furniture. Marion holds a large bible on her lap and reads aloud between scenes. Raymond Hatton, disguised as an old gardener, passes by. It's all for "Polly of the Circus," Marion's new picture.

Suddenly, the soundman jumps up in alarm. "Well, I'll be——" he shouts. "What is it?" everyone asks. "Someone, somewhere, has a radio in the studio and our last three shots are ruined," he growls.

Amidst the groans of despair, we pick our way across barren lots where, far off in the distance, lights and figures can be glimpsed. It's the "Tarzan, the Ape Man" company. Hard at work. A large, rocky cliff has been built up. Perched perilously on the brink are Maureen O'Sullivan, C. Aubrey Smith, Neil Hamilton and a dozen or so huge, half-naked Africans. There's an air of suspense.

One is almost sure something is about to happen. It does. The lights flash on. the sound box whirs and they're off. Up that narrow, rocky cliff. The black men moving slowly. Suddenly, there's a scream. Maureen has slipped. Hamilton grabs her. She half swoons in his arms. The natives remain stoically calm. Never moving. She recovers her nerve. On they go. Up. Up. Up. Almost to the top. A shout from Smith. And then—a glimpse of a long body swinging from a tree. Tarzan, the Ape Man.

And is there excitement on that two-by-four cliff? Even Clark Gable, who has sneaked over from his adjoining lot, looks all ruffled, for all his minister's garb.

Then back to our waiting car we go and, amidst the echoing and re-echoing and forth of shrill police whistles, that fade off in the distance like some melancholy sound from Alice in Wonderland, we hurry out to Universal Studios just in time to grab a bus, on its way to another back lot.

But there we find murder. There's a slight, drizzly rain. The proper sort of atmosphere for violence of some sort. Suddenly, crowds of extras storm the doors of a property hotel. Someone in there has been killed. Along the street a taxi whirs. People are running. Shouting. Screaming. A girl runs out into the street. Another car just missing her. Excitement. Terror. In the distance, through the drizzling rain, the gleaming red hair of Charley Bickford can be glimpsed. If the other scenes of "Ambition" are as lively as this, mercy goodness, what a wear and tear on the old nerves.

On another set is "Girl Crazy." Why just girl crazy? As a matter of fact, everyone seems to be crazy. Mad as hatters. Bert Wheeler, for some delirious reason, flies madly about a dude ranch, clad in a woman's black sailor hat and veil, and no pants whatsoever. Yes, ma'm, I said no pants. Just a pair of salmon pink shorts and, heaven help us, Russian boots. Woolsey, almost as nudity insane, and Kitty Kelly sporting a hair cut that's a take-off on some Fiji Islander.

Two tough hombres of cowboy's lie dead on the floor. And is it any wonder? We had to escape or lie right down and die ourselves. Wait till you see crazy: "Girl Crazy."

There's more Chicle in it

that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM

Makes the next smoke taste better

"And this line... shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette."
"How do you figure that out?"
"I'm going to give you a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. You should know that Beech-Nut Gum between smokes makes the next smoke taste better."

There is something NEW under the sun
DIFFERENT DELIGHTFUL DELICIOUS

Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

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These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.
Radiant at 39!
Share her Complexion Secret

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars keep youthful charm

"I really am 39!" says Billie Burke. "And I don't see why any woman should look her age," adds the famous Broadway star.

"We on the stage, of course, must keep our youthful freshness. Youth always has irresistible attraction—it wins and holds the public as nothing else can.

"So one must be wise enough to keep this charm right through the years. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty—keep one's skin temptingly fresh and smooth.

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap. It leaves my skin clear and soft."

The lovely Billie Burke is only one of countless successful actresses who have found in this fragrant white soap the perfect complexion care. In Hollywood, actually 686 of the 694 important actresses use it!

"I'm 39"
says Billie Burke

Lux Toilet Soap...10¢
What a Fool She Is!

Has a fit if she gains a pound!

Ignores sickly gums!

And she has "pink tooth brush!"

Of course you watch your weight! You don't intend to sit in a corner with an overstuffed figure, while some slender girl gets all the attention!

But what about your face? What about your smile? You aren't going to have a beautiful, alluring smile for very long unless your teeth stay sparkling white and sound! And your teeth aren't going to stay white and sound unless you pay some attention to those soft, sickly gums of yours!

Practically every bit of food you eat is soft, cooked food—far too creamy to give your gums the stimulation they must have. Your gums have been getting lazier and weaker with every year. Now they tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" dulls the teeth. Moreover, it can lead to gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Get a tube of Ipana. Do it today. First of all, it's a fine tooth paste. And when you clean your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and massage it right into your unhealthy gums.

The ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, with the daily massage, will firm your gums. It won't be long before your teeth are whiter and brighter, and your gums harder. You can forget "pink tooth brush." And you'll be able to smile and still be alluringly beautiful!

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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"The WORLD and the FLESH"

starring

GEORGE BANCROFT

with MIRIAM HOPKINS

Two great stars together in a powerful drama of Red Russia! A story of raging revolution, with its dark pattern of hatred, intrigue and passion! George Bancroft, the sailor who leads a bloodthirsty pack of marauders! Miriam Hopkins, seductive toast of all the gay theatres of Russia—who finds a new life and love in a strange twist of Fate! "The World and the Flesh"! A thrilling adventure you don't want to miss! A Paramount Picture—"best show in town!"

Directed by John Cromwell

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.
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(Potoplay Radio Contest Coupon on Page 118)
The Audience Talks Back

"If every man, woman and child were forced to see 'The Man Who Played God' we would be a better nation!" That's how one letter writer felt about the George Arliss picture. In the same mail came a note which said, "Give Arliss better vehicles." And that's why producers get silver threads among the gold.

THE $25 LETTER

Not long ago I was visiting a cousin who is the mayor of his town. During my stay I noticed that every night we went to the movies for our recreation. On the sixth night I asked him why the talkies were his preference over all other amusements.

"Well," he replied, "back before we had this theater the parents of this town came to me day and night complaining of their children's behavior, saying they were getting into all kinds of mischief. Maybe the kids meant no harm but the citizens demanded that I put a stop to it. I was helpless, but by good fortune the theater was established and from then on I have had very few complaints. I owe to the movies more than I shall ever be able to pay, so I show my gratitude by attendance."

EDWIN PATTerson, Enid, Okla.

THE $10 LETTER

The other night I was feeling very down-hearted, having just lost my job. I spent my last money for a movie, hoping it would cheer me up. But it didn't, for in five minutes I was weeping right out loud in public, for the whole picture was about the troubles of a heroine whose husband had been killed. Now I ask you, is attending movies like that a way to forget your troubles? Everyone is blue these days. I thought movies were for pleasure. Why do we want to see suffering on the screen? I think it is the duty of every motion picture studio to cut out the heavy drama and give us light, wholesome comedies.

HELEN PAYNE, Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE $5 LETTER

Any more pictures like "Skippy" and "Sooky" and the discipline in our home is going to be completely shot. How can we stern parents hold out if the movies undermine our morale like that? As I sat there in the theater with my own two little boys, more than once I wanted to reach out and take old Doc Skinner by the hand. I knew just how he felt. His problems are my problems.

Will nobody say a kind word for this poor downtrodden woman? Oh sure, plenty of kind words for Ann Harding, but a violent turning of thumbs down for her picture "Prestige." And one ardent admirer begged that Ann be the one star who can refrain from becoming smart and chic.

THE $57 LETTER

It's a man-sized job, raising boys, and union rules don't apply. We can't always understand kids, and I guess they almost never understand grown-ups and their ways, but from now on there's going to be more love and fun and play at our house, and less spanking.

C. L. PORTER, Chicago, Ill.

"FREAKS"

Well, I have seen that picture "Freaks" and I certainly think that whoever directed it should be ashamed to have put his name to it. I didn't mind its gruesomeness so much, but its cheap vulgarity is something that left a bad taste in my mouth. I cannot understand how anyone in his right mind could have conceived of such a picture. I am not easily shocked and do not hold with rigid censor laws. What amazes me is its frightfully bad taste.

ELIZABETH CONNOR, San Diego, Calif.

DOES ANYONE AGREE?

I think producers are wrong when they make feverish efforts to suppress all news of temperament, wild parties and fights in the film colony. As far as I am concerned these things are not bad publicity. Temperament on the set should be taboo, for during working hours the stars should behave as salaried employees, but off-screen temperament only makes them more interesting. It's difficult to be enthusiastic over a quiet, modest little girl like Janet Gaynor, or a domestic type like Ann Harding. They are too much like the people we know in our own circle.

I like to admire someone whose beauty and brilliance are so outstanding that she can afford to be different, can dare to do things ordinary girls could not attempt. If she fights when she feels like it, and makes whompee when [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]
It's a matter of LIFE and DEATH!

The Crowd Roars

Starring

James CAGNEY
Joan BLONDELL

with

ANN DVORAK
ERIC LINDEN
GUY KIBBEE

Story by
Howard Hawks and
Selznick Miller
Dialogue by
Glassman and Bright

Direction by
HOWARD HAWKS
of "Dawn Patrol" fame

Speed demons with goggled eyes glued on glory... Grinning at death... laughing at love!... Breaking necks to break records—while the Crowd Roars—FOR BLOOD!... Never—never—never has the screen shown such nerve-racking ACTION—lifted right off the track of the world's greatest speedway! It's the thrill epic of all time—the talk of every town that's seen it... Forty men risked death to film it. Miss it at your own risk!

THE HIT of the YEAR - FROM WARNER BROS.

12 of the world's greatest race drivers in the most thrilling action pictures ever shown!

She fought for her men—
with every trick love knows!
Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AIR EAGLES.—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but a bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

ALIAS THE DOCTOR.—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who confers the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

ALMOST MARRIED.—Fox.—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming (stage stars), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (Feb.)

AMBASSADOR BILL.—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

ANYBODY'S BLONDE.—Action Pictures.—Prize-fight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (Feb.)

★ ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what goes on in some high schools. Neither parent nor children should miss it. (Dec.)

★ AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES.—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (Jan.)

★ ARROWSMITH.—United Artists.—Neither author Norvell Page nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (Jan.)

★ ARSENE LUPIN.—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that won't be out to impress. The story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (March)

★ BAD COMPANY.—RKO-Pathé.—A gang picture that's different, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (March)

★ BEAST OF THE CITY.—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (Feb.)

BEHIND THE MASK.—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and chill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

BELoved BACHELOR.—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heartthrobs.—Charlie Ruggles amusingly funny. (Dec.)

★ BEN HUR.—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still excelling and exciting. (Feb.)

★ BIG SHOT.—RKO-Pathé.—A keen little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (Feb.)

★ BRANDED MEN.—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (Feb.)

★ BROKEN LULLABY.—Paramount.—A reviewed under title "The Man I Killed". A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillip Adams and a great cast. Take your extra hardy, but don't miss it. (March)

★ CAIN.—Talking Picture Epic.—Although not as idlely as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (March)

★ CAPTIVATION.—Capital Prod. — Hochum, a wife-in-name-only situation, a stouter Conway Tearle and a leading woman who almost out-Dietrich Greta Garbo. Made in England. (Dec.)

★ CHAMP, THE.—M-G-M.—You'll laugh, you'll thrill at this hard-boiled picture with those two great artists, Jackie Coogan and Wallace Beery. Don't miss this one. (April)

★ CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANGE.—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (March)

★ CHEAT, THE.—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (Jan.)

★ CISCO KID, THE.—Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girls' hearts beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn't new but the treatment is. (Nov.)

★ COCK OF THE AIR.—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a vainglorious Parisian beauty won't have anywhere along the line. Pretty risky. (Feb.)

★ DANCE TEAM.—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bullseye more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (March)

★ DANGEROUS AFFAIR.—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprising thriller "shrieker" with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (Nov.)

★ DEADLINE, THE.—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Both Kerloch's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (Feb.)

★ DECEPTION.—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor's beauty and lovers of clever entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charles is a young American. (Feb.)

★ DEVIL ON DECK.—T-Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in mid-ocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (Feb.)

★ DEVOTION.—RKO-Pathé.—Perfect cast, expert direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten plot a picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (Nov.)

★ DISORDERLY CONDUCT.—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy in a flat-finished love story. (March)

★ DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the different roles superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (Feb.)

★ DRAGNET PATROL.—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rain runner and two women. (April)

★ DREYFUS CASE, THE.—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola romance, made in England with a fine British cast. (Nov.)

★ DRIFTER, THE.—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two tales where there are only one great before. (Feb.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ (Jan.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ EMMA.—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Doro. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (Feb.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ EXPERT, THE.—Warner.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homely picture from that fine story, "Old Man Mimmick." (April)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD.—Rasprod. —Doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Jack Francis is good, but a new boy, John Breeden, steals the show. (Jan.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP.—Columbia.—Why a nauseatingly Parisian beauty went nowhere? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with one girl. (Nov.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ FILE 113.—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you’re wise you won’t wait. (March)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ FINAL EDITION.—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (April)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD.—First National.—Don’t be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
Supreme stars in the realm of romance, ruling by right of the joy they bring you, are now destined to triumph once more in a picture aglow with youth.

JANET GAYNOR
CHARLES FARRELL

IN Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

Directed by ALFRED SANTELL
From the play by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONIA LEVIEN
People got up and cheered because Connie Bennett in "Lady With a Past" proved that a girl could be both interesting and nice. But others said it was ridiculous to try to imagine the poised Connie getting hot around the collar just because a man paid attention to her. Yet everybody liked the film. Here's the new naive Connie with David Manners.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

she wants to—so much the better. It shows a daring personality and makes her quite irresistible.


HOW ABOUT IT, FRANK FAY?

I adore Barbara Stanwyck; she is one of my favorites and I never miss her pictures, but why doesn't she quit talking about how much she loves her husband, Frank Fay? It's okay with me if a woman loves her husband, but why broadcast it continually?

Why doesn't she emulate the example of the great Garbo with her mystery and tragic love affairs or glorious Gloria Swanson who, although married several times, still seeks romance and is always in love with love?

MADGE DRAKE, Portland, Oregon.

DON'T GET CHIC, ANN

Please save Ann Harding from becoming chic, or whatever it is the studio wants her to do. Ann Harding is the one spiritual star of the screen; the one person who re-establishes our belief in the purity of the human heart. We want her left just as she is.

K AA W ALMSLEY, Balboa, Calif.

THAT LADY'S PAST

I hope that the movie producers saw "Lady With a Past" and noted that it is quite possible for a girl to be good and interesting at the same time.

M. L. SMITH, Ft. Worth, Texas

LIFE VS. MAKE BELIEVE

Sex pictures do not appeal to me, but not for the reason that I think they will lead us to the wrong path. It is my opinion that any normal young person with even an ounce of common sense will not allow what he sees on the screen to turn his head. The reason I don't like these films is that sometimes they are so crude and raw that they are no longer enjoyable.

Some may say, "So is life." But we are well aware of that fact, and the principal reason we enjoy movies is because we may live for a few hours in a make-believe world.

Instead of giving us pictures that make us reflect on the wickedness of humanity, give us some good clean entertainment that will make us think instead that "this is not such a bad old world after all."

LILLA TOLONI, Pittsburgh, Pa.

YES, MR. EXECUTIVE

While attending business college I also attended the movies regularly. Many pictures show business offices, business men and women, executives, etc. By watching I learned the difference between a good secretary and a poor one; also what to say and how to say it in a business-like manner and, at the same time, graciously.

I observed what is suitable for a girl to wear in an office and how to stand and to sit correctly.

In an interview for a first position all this proved valuable. And this may be a hint to other girls who wish to succeed in the business world.

NANCY HAGE, Seattle, Wash.

AT LAST! GARBO EXPLAINED

Greta Garbo doesn't avoid people because she is the victim of phobias and complexes. She does it because she is Swedish. Swedes are the most reserved on the face of the earth. They are fiercely proud of their own independence and occasionally ungracious, preferring for the most part to live in their own society. Colonel Lindbergh is precisely this type; so, apparently, is Miss Garbo.

It is this quality that has enabled the two of them to remain level-headed after having been raised to the dizziest pinnacle of public favor.

MARCHETTE CHUTE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Here are a few facts that will make readers understand Greta Garbo better.

Reticence is an ordinary characteristic of her race.

The majority of Swedish girls attain their full height at the age of thirteen.

Five feet, six inches, is not an unusual height for a woman in Sweden and any woman under five feet, four is considered short.

In ordinary good society a person who avoids becoming conspicuous is called gentile, and a lady.

Therefore, we must assume that there are different rules for screen people, to account for the reporters hounding Greta Garbo.

MRS. J. SPARTH, Chicago, III.

Yesterday I passed a florist shop and exclaimed at the unusual and beautifully colored roses in the window. As I drew nearer, I realized that they were not real roses at all, but just beautifully made artificial ones. These roses symbolized Garbo—artificial but so unusual, so beautifully formed and graceful that they were a delight to behold.

MRS. CARL SAVIN, Amsterdam, N. Y.

GARBO'S FANS WILL GET YOU

After all the high expectations it was pitiful to witness the exhibition of wooden and unconvincing acting in "Mata Hari." Lionel Barrymore furnished the only authentic and convincing moments in the piece. The rest of the cast were terrible. The expert Lewis Stone, usually so reliable, so competent, put on a false sternness along with that false chin whisker. The handsome Mr. Novarro, being so obviously good, so incredibly naive, was without reality.

LOUISE BRADEN, Dubuque, Iowa.

I understand that they worked for months sewing sequins on Garbo's gowns for "Mata Hari." What would I like to know is, what was the scenario department doing all that time? Judging by the results—pincushion.

NATALIE KAY, Long Beach, Calif.

ARLISS ARGUMENT

What the American public wants and needs today are more pictures like "The Man Who Played God" with George Arliss. This is the kind of picture that leaves everyone something worth while to think about and one that gives every man, woman and child more faith in the Infinite.

LILLIAN B. WARNER, Charleston, W. Va.

I think it is a pity that an outstanding artist like George Arliss should be allowed to play in such a poor vehicle as "The Man Who Played God."

He is at his best in historical or symbolic plays like "Dionyeli" and "Old English. " "The Millionaire" was not good enough for him, but "The Man Who Played God" is worse.

E. GRIFFITH, Montreal, Canada
audience always has the final word

NO MORE WHOOPPEE

My friends and I go with a crowd of girls who believe in keeping up with the modern times. A while back our families raised a kick because the girls seemed so brazen and acted too whoopee to suit them. This year, however, the girls have calmed down and seem much more refined.

The mother of one of the fellows asked what was the cause of the decided change in our girls and we told her it was because of the change in the movie actresses; that a year ago all the actresses were hey-hey, but now they were typifying the modern girl as a more sweet, refined type. The boy's mother was very much impressed and said that if that was true she wanted to thank the motion picture industry.

That goes for us, too. We like our girls much better in this new pose.

BILL RICHARDS, Urbana, Ill.

MORE SPICE WANTED

I'm sick of this continual cry, "Why don't they give us more pictures like 'Daddy Longlegs'?" I, for one, am perfectly satisfied with pictures as they are. Certainly no one in his right mind would care to sit through variations of 'Daddy Longlegs' for the rest of his life.

We need variety.

BILLIE REEL, Butte, Mont.

BUT NORMA SAID IT

Sara Hamilton's article on Norma Shearer was the peepist I've read in a long time, but how can she say Norma doesn't like clothes? Both on and off screen la belle Shearer is exquisitely dressed. Not even the finest creator of fashions could make her the well gowned woman she is. It requires a certain amount of interest and good taste to wear the things that she does.

MARY G. SMITH, Rochester, N. Y.

YESTERDAY OR TOMORROW

Even Ruth Chatterton's most loyal fans cannot continue forever condemning poor plays for a favorite. It is safe to predict that many more "Tomorrows and Tomorrows" will relegate the inimitable Chatterton into yesterday and the day before yesterday. Today is the time to remove the gowns and give this fine actress and her fans a chance for a couple of smiles.

MRS. S. G. SCOTT, Phoenix, Ariz.

RIGHT, MISS GREENE

There is no reason for anybody being ugly, dull or uninteresting. Most all of the stars have changed themselves into beautiful creatures. Why can't we try it?

MISS L. GREENE, Kokomo, Ind.

MURDERING POE'S MURDERS

I have just seen "Murders in the Rue Morgue" and I am horrified to see what Carl Laemmle, Jr. has done to Edgar Allan Poe's classic. Why invent that erratic figure, Dr. Mirable, and those absurd experiments with gorilla's blood? No doubt the audience expects to find a few necessary changes in a well known story rewritten for the screen, but to keep the title, the names of some of the characters and the author's name is not enough.

JEANNE B. PRICE, Bronxville, N. Y.

ROMANCE EASY

Anyone can be himself. Any man can make love to a beautiful girl. Or any girl can be romantic when a handsome young man puts his arms around her. But it takes an actor to be something he is not. It takes a Barrymore to be the arch fiend in "The Mad Genius" and a Lugosi to be the vampire of "Dracula." Let us have more of Edward G. Robinson, George Arliss, Lionel and Jack Barrymore and less of Garbo, Robert Montgomery, Buddy Rogers.

ARNOLD MCCOMBS, Hartford City, Ind.

TURN AROUND, JACK

It would be a treat to have John Barrymore turn around and look the camera in the eye. I am one of the many under the impression that Mr. Barrymore is a wafer-like person without a third dimension. That perfect profile has had its day. Barrymore can afford to meet his public "face to face." He might surprise us.

JOHN NUNGOSSER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IN DEFENSE OF NORMA

Why just because Norma Shearer is a devoted wife and mother shouldn't she enact the rôle of Amanda in "Private Lives"? A capricious, shrewish young woman I will admit—but what of it? Could you mention one other star with the sparkle and sophistication to play that same rôle?

BELLE SHILLICP, Detroit, Mich.

MOVIES AND FAIRY STORIES

I said to my ten year old daughter, after taking her to see "Mata Hari," "There are some scenes in such a picture that I hate to have you see." "Why, mother," was the reply, "the movies seem like a fairy story to me." So perhaps a generation brought up on such grim details as the terrible punishments inflicted by the cruel stepmother, need not worry too much about the effect of the pictures on our children's minds.

MRS. ELLEN T. WOODS, Kent, Conn.

DON'T SOCK THE GIRL FRIEND

I hope that boys will not get the idea that it is the smart thing to do to slap an innocent girl vigorously in the face if he is provoked. As did Doug Jr. in "Union Depot." Boys are apt to take up such ideas.

MRS. WILMA STEEN, Goshen, Ind.

GARBO AND JOAN

Joan Crawford has been referred to as trying to imitate Garbo. Garbo should feel flattered. Joan has one thing Garbo can only imitate—personality. And she has another thing that Garbo will never have—beauty. I think Garbo is uninteresting.

Gussie Chambers, Dublin, Ga.

NO GABLE JEALOUSY

We men have always been accused by the fairer sex of jealousy and secret envy whenever we have dared to express our disgust at their ravings over some of the marcelled, lollipop types of screen lovers.

Now the mighty Clark Gable, greatest female heart accelerator of all time, enters the movie scene. Are the "small minded" males jealous? No! I think it safe to say that most men wholeheartedly admire and approve of him. Does this prove that our criticisms are not based on jealousy?

RUPERT STEPHENS, Duncan, B. C., Canada

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]
So the battle raged! And the focal point of that not-very-private war was "Freaks." Boos and hisses and shocked surprise accompanied lots of letters, while some of the writers felt it made blessing counting easier to see those poor unfortunate. At the left is one of the controversial scenes with Baclanova and midget Harry Earles.

Atta boy, Jimmy Durante! Go to it, Buster Keaton! We said you'd like "The Passionate Plumber" and you did. The folks are always begging for comedies. "This sort of thing is what relieves the depression," one fan wrote. And isn't he right?

Cooper and Garbo as I am. You might think that the city would be crazy over Novarro, Velez, Cortez, etc., but, surprisingly enough, Argentina is very pro-French in its picture favorites. Chevalier and the great Menjou make big hits here.

Lawrence Field, Buenos Aires, South America

TAKES WALLY'S PLACE

At last we have a successor to our beloved Wallace Reid in James Dunn. Not only does he resemble Wallace, but he has the same smile and natural charm that endeared Wallace Reid to thousands. Let us see more of him and Sally Eilers.

Constance Arnold, Brighton, England

MARLENE'S RESTRainer

People think that just because Marlene Dietrich is beautiful and shapely it is enough. But she has great art as well. Because she never screams or makes queer facial contortions in her pictures people say she can't act. She makes us feel her part without resorting to these tricks. Her performances are always a perfect example of restraint, quiet forcefulness and good taste. Nor is her voice expressionless. See her latest picture "Shanghai Express" and maybe you will be convinced.

Harry Bierman, New York City

AMONG HER SOUVENIRS

A girl friend of mine who is spending the winter in California and whose uncle works at the studios, has just sent me a hairpin which, she says, belonged to Marlene Dietrich. And I am thrilled! Doesn't that prove in a measure what power the stars have over us "everyday people?"

Daisy Covington, Harrisburg, Ill.

GERMAN OPINION

If Hollywood does not want to lose the German market, it will be necessary to accommodate the versions to that which the German cinema visitors want to see—pictures without the typical Hollywood atmosphere and without exaggerated improbabilities, but players of flesh and blood like Sylvia Sidney in "An American Tragedy." Even Marlene Dietrich's pictures, especially "Morocco," have disappointed.

Otto Behrens, Berlin, Germany

PERTINENT LINES

The actors in talking pictures are required to use English that is superior to that of some of our college professors. I speak with authority because I am a college man.

Orlando La Varre, Kansas City, Mo.

I have a sister in high school. When she goes to see Constance Bennett she walks around for days, her head high in the air and looks at everybody else like they were worms. Then if it's the Tashman lady she gets big ideas about clothes and tries to dress up in her best clothes for school. Sometimes she tries to fix her hair like Gloria Swanson. I sure give her the ha-ha.

I like regular guys like Wallace Beery, William Powell and Joe Brown, and I don't like the dames who just wear clothes and try to show off.

Marie Dressler is my favorite. You know she might shake you if your ears weren't washed clean, but she might hand you some molasses cookies afterwards. I like to read your magazine after the girls are through raving about it.

R. J. Ballard, Jr., Greensboro, N. C.

Judging from the title I thought "Lady With a Past" a suitable vehicle for Constance Bennett. And then I saw it and haven't recovered from the shock yet. Constance Bennett, the sophisticated, the glamorous, as a nervous, ill-at-ease young debutante! A great strain on the imagination. I must admit!

Maros Greer, Columbia, S. C.

The sweet part about "Emma" and "Hell Divers" is that you can take your girl and not get warm about the collar as you do when they show the sex stuff of so many pictures.

J. F. Barker, Santa Barbara, Calif.

We are tired of hearing over and over that Garbo and Gable are good. We like George Arliss and Ann Harding and Fredric March, with their real acting.

Ann Stewart, Shreveport, La.
An appalling torrent of conflicting human emotions swept the highways of laughter, tears, romance and crime, in one single, hectic, never-to-be-forgotten night. God! What a mess it made of life.

Directed by Hobart Henley

LEW AYRES
BORIS KARLOFF
MAE CLARKE

"NIGHT WORLD"

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
Universal City, California

Carl Laemmle
President

730 Fifth Avenue, New York
HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Nov.)

HELL DIVERS—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces turn out a picture of wartime aviation you won't forget. (Jan.)

HELL'S HOUSE—Ziedman Prod.—Reviewed under the title "Jewel Court". Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (Feb.)

HER MAJESTY LOVE—First National.—Marlyn Miller, as a beautiful lighthouse tender, throws off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (Jan.)

HIGH PRESSURE—Warner's.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (March)

HIS WOMAN—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert cry hard but a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a larnished lady. (Feb.)

HOMICIDE SQUAD—Universal.—Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (Nov.)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—First National.—Nothing left of the Balian story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-chata-cha adventures heroine. (Nov.)

HOTEL CONTINENTAL—Tiffany.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunders and a crook entertaining film fare. (March)

HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE—Wells—Keith Prod.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (Dec.)

HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY—Paramount.—Clive Brook vacation drama, life and seductive scene. Amazing enough. (Feb.)

IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mac Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (April)

IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.—The Northrup Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Not Covered Carole is the girl. (Dec.)

IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-Or-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (Feb.)

LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE—Paragon.—An intensive story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sidney does her best work. (Feb.)

LADIES OF THE JURY—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is! Take the children. (Feb.)

LADY WITH A PAST—RKO-Pathé.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

LAW OF THE TOWNS—Wells—Keith Prod.—A Chinaman is the goods in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (Feb.)

LEFTOVER LADIES—Tiffany Prod.—Divorces talk a lot about careers and freedom in dreary "The Lawless One." Claudia Dell, in a brunette wig, is good. (Dec.)

LOCAL BAD MAN, THE—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone nafe. (March)

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD—First National.—Joe Sawyer has never been, in this story of a college grad with ambitions and betrothal aspirations. (Dec.)

LOST SQUADRON, THE—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

LOVE STORM, THE—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a loveless, even murder a don't speed things up. Dreary fare. (Dec.)

LOVERS COURAGEOUS—M-G-M.—An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Marge Evans. You'll like it. (March)

MAKER OF MEN—Columbia.—A football story the hero fights to win, despite self-scrutiny. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Wimmy Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (March)

MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE—Warner's.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (March)

MATA HARI—M-G-M.—Garbo and Novarro are co-starred in a glittering suspense. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Wimmy Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (March)

MEN IN HER LIFE—Columbia.—The dialogue crackles, but the old story crakes. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Lois Moran and Charles Beckford both good. (Jan.)

MEN OF CHANCE—Radio Pictures.—The old story of the woe of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (Feb.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Universal.—Matinee idol Herbert Marshall should have better material. Wipe Saps Leave England film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (March)

MONSTER WALKS, THE—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]
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MORALS FOR WOMEN—Tiffany Prod.—This "It’s the woman who pays’’ yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back troupers (April.)

MURDER AT DAWN—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (April.)

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE—Universal.—Here’s another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big mark. (March)

MY SIN—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead and Umedio March in one of those "should a woman tell her past" things. (Nov.)

MYSTERY TRAIN, THE—Darmour Prod.—Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire holocaust and suspense. (Nov.)

NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—Only Hep! Fethel’s funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete case of the dol drums. (Jan.)

NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, THE—M-G-M.—And they said William Haines was dumb! See this knock-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot, Jimmy Durante, to be convinced they’re wrong. (Nov.)

NICE WOMEN—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Inge Dump, Russell Gleason and Frank P. (April)

NIGHT BEAT—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can’t exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (March)

NIGHT RAID (Un Soir De Raffle)–Oso Prod.—A lively French yarn brighter, his real sweetheart and a siren. Amusing. (Dec.)

NO ONE MAN—Paramount.—Symptomatic clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the pottering plot. (March)

OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)–Austrian Cinderella. Lil Dagoverer it considerably. German dialogue. (Nov.)

ONCE A LADY—Paramount.—Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton’s acting redeem a not too original story. (Dec.)

ONE HOUR WITH YOU—Paramount.—A gay, naughty face with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand neat dialogue. (April)

ONE WAY TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—The kids will love these exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy. (Dec.)

OPERA BALL—Greenbaum-Emelka Prod.—English lines flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this spiffily German production of Viennese night life. (Jan.)

OVER THE HILL—Fox.—May Marsh’s screen return as the self-sacrificing mother un wanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (Jan.)

PAGAN LADY—Columbia.—The Sadie Thomp sen theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (Nov.)

PANAMA FLO—RKO-Pathé.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakeasies, honky-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (March)

PARISIAN, THE—Capital Prod.—This attempt at a smart story made in England with Adolphe Menjou and Ethel licensee proves that these glamour kids got that way in Hollywood. (Nov.)

PASSIONATE PLUMER, THE—M-G-M.—This couldn’t be crasser, but it’s as funny. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (April)

PEACHO RENO—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler and Robert Wolfe in an absurd plot concoction of Reno’s divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (Jan.)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—If you haven’t forgotten how it feels to be a kid you’ll love Leon Janney and Junior Coplin in this. (Nov.)

PERSONAL MAID—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a namby-pamby plot. (Nov.)

PLATINUM BLONDE—Columbia.—Youth and beauty, comedy and drama—and Jean Harlow. A well done newspaper yarn, but it. (Dec.)

POCATELLO KID, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; Marcelline Day, the lady in distress. (Feb.)

POFFY OF THE CIRCUS—M-G-M.—Norton and Clark in a silly, well done version of an old favorite. (April)

POSSESSED—M-G-M.—What a pair Jean Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture with plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (Jan.)

PRESTIGE—RKO-Pathé.—Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn’t quite compensate for this haphazard yarn about a tropical penal colony. (March)

PRIVATE LIVES—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good work in this farce made amusing by priceless, if risque, lines. You one hundred percent sophisticated will have yourselves a fling. (Feb.)

RACING YOUTH—Universal.—If you aren’t too critical, you’ll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, Jane Clyde and Louise Fazenda. (Jan.)

RAINBOW TRAIL—Fox.—George O’Brian tries to make a weak Western come to life. (Feb.)

RANGE FEUD, THE—Columbia.—Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star but you’ll twiddle your thumbs at this last old story. (Dec.)

RANGE LAW—Tiffany Prod.—This Western taxes the credulity but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (Jan.)

RECKLESS LIVING—Universal.—An entertaining little picture. (Nov.)

RICH MAN’S FOLLY—Paramount.—One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft as an ambitious shipbuilder wrenches sympathy out of an unsympathetic role. (Jan.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—a grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O’Brian and Margaret Churchill excellent. (Dec.)

ROAD TO LIFE, THE—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (April)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Paramount.—Divorce, suicides, sickly sarcasm, but an important cautionary tale. No one will fail to get this but a picture that just doesn’t sell. (Nov.)

SADDLE BUSTER, THE—RKO-Pathé.—A Western without a shot fired. (April)

SAFE IN HELL—First National.—The only redeeming thing about this sordid story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackall, who deserves better stuff. (Jan.)

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (April)

SEA GHOST, THE—Imperial Prod.—Laura La Plante wanted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (Nov.)

SECRET SERVICE—Radio Pictures.—Adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (Dec.)

SECRET WITNESS, THE—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a flustered telephone operator adds her usual deft touch to this mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (Feb.)

SHANGHAI EXPRESS.—Paramount.—Orchestral drama ramps rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don’t miss this. (Dec.)

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (April)

SHAIHALEDIE—Columbia.—Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (Nov.)
SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?—Regal Prod.—Dreary talk about dreamy etchings. Who cares? (Nov.)

SILENT WITNESS, THE—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (March)

★ SIN OF MADELAN CLAUDET, THE—M-G-M. One of the greatest motion stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

SKY DEVILS—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen them heard before, is a guess before. The air stuff is great. (March)

SOB SISTER—Fox.—You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand. (Nov.)

SOOKY—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equaling its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Armstrong and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (Feb.)

SPECKLED BAND, THE—First Division.—Sturrock Holmes is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (Jan.)

★ SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal.—Knut Roche lives again in this powerful football story, with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (Dec.)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Peerless Prod.—The famous young jockey throws the racetrack, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (Jan.)

STEADY COMPANY—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver, June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jolynia Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (March)

STRANGERS IN LOVE—Paramount.—An old theme with twin brother good, the other bad played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

★ STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Universal.—You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi, Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (Dec.)

STRUGGLE, THE—United Artists.—Old Maude D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (Feb.)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A [(Ein Burschentum Aus Heidelberg) UFA]—Rol-linding's romantic Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Nov.)

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathé.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Croseton and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (Jan.)

SUNSET TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress, Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (March)

SURRENDER—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams offers to the boisterous type to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (Jan.)

★ TARZAN, THE APE MAN—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes "Tired Hawkey" one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is the star. (April)

TAXI—Warner.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (Dec.)

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions.—But you can't guess better than the last reel who did the murder. A good mystery with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (Dec.)

TEXAS GUN FIGHTER—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (April)

TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY—Argo Prod.—This story is Mexican cowboy界面 here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (March)

THIRTY DAYS—Patrician.—A wealthy temperamental owner plays the regeneraten scene in jail. Betty Compson and Maureen O'Sullivan make it entertaining. (Jan.)

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford lovely and dripping box-office appeal in a ridiculous story. (Nov.)

THIS RECKLESS AGE—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too lite. The jazz age is pretty cold. (March)

TIP OFF, THE—RKO-Pathé.—Fresh guy Eddie Duffin gets mixed up with gangsters and a sprightly comedy is the result. (Jan.)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (March)

★ TONIGHT OR NEVER—United Artists.—A Gloria Swanson vehicle that stumbles and burns with sappy love scenes. And there's a new sex appeal led named Melvyn Douglas. For the sophisticated. (Jan.)

TOUCHDOWN—Paramount.—A football picture that's different—with inside stuff on crooked methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. (Jan.)

★ 24 HOURS—Paramount.—It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are grand. (Nov.)

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—Paramount.—Margaret Hayes is in it. So is Phillippe Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (March)

TWO SOULS [(Zwee Menschen)]—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolean country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (March)

UNDER EIGHTEEN—Warner.—A neat little picture. Morgan Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (Feb.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE—Universal.—Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy, Hoof! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins todles off with the honors. (Feb.)

UNION DEPT.—First National.—It's life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks self, turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (Feb.)

U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE—Sono Art World-Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see the visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (March)

WAY BACK HOME—Radio Pictures.—If you follow Seth Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy seeing as well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (Dec.)

WAYWARD—Paramount.—A lot of plots tangled in one endless package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (April)

WHITE DEVIL, THE—UFA.—Russians in big fur hats are doing serious things again. You needn't bother. (Nov.)

WISER SEX, THE—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilian Thomas. (April)

WITHOUT HONOR—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, A—RKO-Pathé.—Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (Feb.)

WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE—First National.—Lil Dagover hows to American audiences in a weak, over-talkative drama. Lil should do better with better material. (Feb.)

WORKING GIRLS—Paramount.—Two beautiful country blondes learn about life in the city. But not even Paul Lukas and Bud Wheeler can make the story and dialogue seem real. (Jan.)

X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prod.—Another gangster-newspaper story inspired by the Lingle case. Pretty poor, except for a terrific stunt of a widow killing her husband. (Jan.)

YELLOW TICKET, THE—Fox.—Russia before the revolution. The heroine fights for her honor. Old stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. (Dec.)

ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES—Soli Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (April)

COSTS LESS THAN EVER

FOR fifty days or more of the year you need sanitary protection. Modess—the gently fluffed, surgically clean pad, with safety backing—gives you perfect protection and comfort during these extremely trying days.

Johnson & Johnson have reduced the price of Modess. It is the same quality—nothing changed but the price. And the price is most decidedly in your favor.

Try Modess. If it isn't completely satisfactory, write your name, address and the price paid, on cover of box, and mail to us. We will refund your money.
"READ THAT... if you want the truth!"

Georgia had not meant to speak so bluntly to Leona. It was a brutal thing to do. After all, Leona was one of her best friends, and her room-mate. But when Leona accused her first of flirting with one of her men friends, and then hinted that Georgia was leaving her out of "double dates" with attractive men and asking some other girl, Georgia's Texas temper got the better of her.

"You know that isn't true, you little fool!" Georgia cried. "If you've been left out of things, it's your own fault. I've never had the nerve to tell you until now."

And seizing a magazine, she flipped it open to a current ad. "There!" she snapped. "Read that if you want the truth about yourself."

And Leona read.

Maybe if more friends were as frank as Georgia, the world would be a pleasanter place to live in.

HE NEVER CALLED AGAIN

Often a charming and attractive girl finds herself unpopular and is at loss to explain it.

More often than not the cause is halitosis (unpleasant breath), although frequently body odor may also be to blame.

Halitosis, however, is the most common cause. It is the unforgettable social fault. You yourself never know when you have it. And your best friend hesitates to tell you.

Why not make sure that you do not offend this way by gargling twice a day with Listerine? Listerine halts fermentation, the cause of 99% of mouth odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves. No other mouth wash possesses such marked deodorant properties!

As to body odors—mere soap and water will not overcome them. After your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Send for our FREE book of Etiquette—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address: Dept. P.H. 5, Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.
MARIA ALBA thought her big chance had come when she was given the lead in "In Old Arizona." But her Spanish accent didn’t register and Dorothy Burgess got the part. Heartbroken, she waited and waited. Now she’s in the South Seas with Doug Fairbanks making "Tropical Knight"—a real break
WHEN that Blondell girl appears on the set, things start.
"Come on, darling," she says to the director, "give that
brain of yours some exercise today. Let's go." And all day long
the other members of the cast wear themselves out trying
to keep this peppy little dynamo from stealing the picture
OTTUMWA, Iowa, may well be proud of Karen Morley, who walked from Hollywood High School into pictures by helping in a screen test for Bob Montgomery. She delights in playing a different character in every picture, and she'll soon be seeing her name in electric lights. One of the quickest rises in film history
MADGE EVANS, the beautiful screen child, now grown up
to sweet sophistication, is face to face with a big decision.
Shall she marry that fine New York lad with whom she is in love,
for the first time, or should she follow the lone trail of screen
success which leads toward stardom? Difficult, don’t you think?
TO YOU—

Enjoy a rest minute now and then with ice-cold Coca-Cola. Sixty seconds' worth of wholesome cheer. A tingling smack. A bright and breezy sense of refreshment.

Such is the pause that refreshes.

Only 5¢. Always the same high quality.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

Drink Coca-Cola

THE DRINK THAT MAKES A PAUSE REFRESHING

LUPE VELEZ. See her in "The Broken Wing"
PERSONAL
Take a Life Saver to sweeten the breath.

ACHIEVE SENSATIONAL POPULARITY!

CRYING for her Life Savers! And wise mothers know that this delicious "Candy With The Hole" is always pure and good for little tummies and safe for tiny teeth.

A SHARP TURN in an ice boat, all sails flying . . . what a sensational thrill! It's like the thrilling taste sensation you'll experience from your first and your fiftieth Cryst-O-mint Life Saver.

CLEAR YOUR OWN daily hurdles . . . poor digestion . . . smoke-tired tongue . . . unpleasant breath . . . as smoothly as this, by keeping on hand your favorite Life Savers flavors . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Cinn-O-mon, Lic-O-rice and Vi-O-l.et.

LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASHES
By the HOLE NEWS REPORTER

BUSY day today! Wires hot with news! But I'm keeping cool with those delicious Life Savers mints and refreshed with the tangy fruit flavored Life Savers. Those "Candy Rings With The Hole" are certainly real Life Savers when you're busy, that Life Savers are a refreshing aid to smoking enjoyment.

CHICAGO — Reports just received on candy popularity investigation shows overwhelming majority favor Cryst-O-mint Life Savers, the crystal cool peppermints.

ST. LOUIS — "Life Savers Day is every day in St. Louis," say leading citizens. "We're 100% for the candy with the hole!"

LOS ANGELES — It is observed that the contestants in Olympic games eat Life Savers . . . they steady their nerves for the trying events and help supply needed energy.

ORANGE
LIFE SAVERS

5¢

IN THE SELF-SEALING, HANDY ROLL PACKAGE

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.
Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

THE day the newspapers throughout the country carried the story of the separation of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, a group of six married women, three of them motion picture stars, sat at a luncheon table in the Ambassador Hotel, in Los Angeles.

They spoke in hushed tones, like physicians in consultation, with the life of the patient at stake. Fear enveloped the gathering, depressed them: unspoken fear of the loss of love.

"I feel," said one of the women, "something like I felt the day I read of the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby. It was a shock. I have been trying to tell myself that such things cannot happen."

Even cynical and hardened Hollywood writers were stunned by the abrupt announcement. There had been, in that hotbed of gossip, no preliminary rumors to cushion the shock. For days it was the only subject of conversation.

On another page of this magazine is a story about Ann. On still other pages is an airplane view of the Harding-Bannister home, and the details of the precautions they are taking to protect their baby. These pages had gone to press when the separation was announced.

This marriage seemed so secure. Ann and Harry seemed to have everything to make love and marriage safe, even in the treacherous matrimonial waters of the motion picture colony.

There is no doubt but that they have loved each other; still do. They had perfect companionship. They have an adorable little girl. They have money. They have youth. They have health. They had a home, beautifully and romantically situated in the hills high above Hollywood. They had worked for years on the stage together. They had the same friends. They were interested in the same pastimes. Both have a grand sense of humor. They are both ardent devotees of aviation.

That home so physically guarded from intruders and outside influences, that home they had planned and designed together, into which went months of work with their own hands, seemed actually to be cemented by enduring love. For months they searched for such a site, and when they found what they thought the most beautiful spot in one of the most beautiful parts of the whole world they held each other tightly and cried with joy.

But the cement crumbled and the home toppled down about them.

What, then, was the insidious and eroding influence which barred windows, iron gates, armed guards, precipitous mountain sides and what seemed like perfect love, could not resist?

We hope that they will be reunited, just as we have hoped for the safety of the Lindbergh baby.

Day after day I have sat at luncheon at the Embassy Club and watched Ann and Harry together at a table; always the same table, always alone and utterly absorbed in each other. Many and many a time I have seen other Hollywood celebrities look at them in frank envy of their happiness. Many times I have noticed friends refrain from joining them, so complete unto themselves did they seem, so happy in sharing ideas and laughter.

The statement which Ann gave out to the press has been printed in hundreds of newspapers throughout the world, for Ann is a world-known personality.

Nevertheless, I want to reprint it here because it is so like Ann in its directness and honesty:

"We, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding Bannister, are getting a divorce, because during the three years in the motion picture industry, we have been placed in a position which is untenable.

"Due to Harry's constant and generous effort to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own, he is gradually losing his identity, becoming a background for my activities, and looked upon as 'Ann Harding's husband.'

"We have decided that the only way for Harry to re-establish himself in his profession is to cut the
Gordian knot, to set forth on his own—quite apart from me—and win his way back to the standing he enjoyed in the theater before this unfortunate situation in pictures has a chance to reach us and destroy the love and respect we have for each other. "We have found courage to preserve the thing we have in the way that seems best to us."

Bannister also gave out a statement, supplementing his wife's:

"During the five and one-half years I have been married to Ann Harding I have had the love and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife.

"Therefore, in order to preserve this in its entirety, we find the apparently drastic course of divorce the quickest and best solution to our eventual complete happiness.

"There is nothing further that I can add to Mrs. Bannister's statement."

Let us examine these carefully, keeping in mind a statement Ann once made to Louella Parsons, who knows them both intimately:

"When we were married at the Little Church Around the Corner we agreed to stay married as long as we both loved each other. It seems funny that neither of us emphasized the permanency of our marriage. We both agreed to take our happiness while it lasted."

Something has changed these charming folks. That is certain. If there was another man or woman in the case it might still be a victory for love. But, that is not the case. Love has been vanquished by Hollywood. Ann and Harry admit defeat.

Ann's statement says definitely that their devotion to each other was not great enough to withstand the onslaughts of the problem of career. In all fairness it must be said that no one who has not been subjected to the difficulties of maintaining a happy marriage relationship in that atmosphere of ambition, deep-rooted devotion to artistic work and the constant exercise of artificial emotions, can understand life in Hollywood.

These folks live in the blinding glare of the spotlight of publicity, a sorry substitute for the modest moon which lovers still invoke as the symbol of constancy.

I have always felt that most folks go Hollywood just as they go Native in the South Seas. The very air is insipid with ego and self-importance. It is the capital of egomania, and it takes supermen and superwomen to withstand it.

Barbara chucked her picture career right overboard when Hollywood declined to accept Frank as her professional equal.

A few months ago we told the story of Edna Best, a beautiful and talented stage actress who ran out on an assured career in pictures because she could not live away from Herbert Marshall, her handsome and equally talented actor husband. Today they are together in a stage show, "There's Always Juliet," and New York folks go to that show as much to observe their devotion to one another as to enjoy the play.

It seems that when talented men and women want to preserve love, they must flee Hollywood.

Within the past week I have talked to two women who have withstood the Hollywood acid test, Mary Pickford and Doris Kenyon.

Mary and Douglas have come through it. In spite of the rocks, charted and uncharted, that have wrecked so many marriages, they have cleverly and together avoided them.

The marriage of Doris and the late Milton Sills ended only with his untimely death a year ago, and Doris has found in work and study, and the philosophy she learned from his great mind, a measure of sureness from the blow of his passing.

The University of Chicago Press—Milton was a graduate of the University—has just issued a book of his philosophy.

It is called "Values," and it contains a remarkable and beautiful poem which he wrote and dedicated "To My Beloved Doris":

"Death cannot end all things, if love denied
Must find fulfillment, as indeed it must,
Though you and I descend into the dust,
And in the earth commingle side by side,
Yet shall our frustrate ghosts triumphant ride
To some far heaven where our loved trust
Anoint the bridegroom and the bride.

Then, hushed and dreamlike, shall our footsteps wind
Through fields of deathless asphodel where blows
No sharp wind of despair, and we shall find
Each other's hands again; and all our woes
Shall be forgot, our spirits sky enfringed.
While heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose."

And when we are ranting at Hollywood, let us not forget the beauty and the joy it has brought us, and that Milton Sills, a motion picture actor, wrote that poem there.
WHEN Florenz Ziegfeld, America's high priest of beauty glorification, went seeking pulchritude and charm for his new revue, he raided the Hollywood studios. And if his new show, "Hot-Cha," with its glamorous and eye-smashing Mexican backgrounds by Joseph Urban, isn't a tremendous hit, it will not be the fault of Lupe Velez, Buddy Rogers and June Knight, Jimmie Dunn's real girl friend.
How Movie Babies Are Guarded

Two men who conspired to kidnap one of our most famous stars a few years ago, went to the California penitentiary for fifty years each, and they never had a chance to get near their prey.

It'll be just too bad for any kidnappers who try to repeat the Lindbergh outrage with any of Hollywood's movie babies!

Because Hollywood's star parents are ready for 'em. Those Hollywood cinema celebrities who are parents, cautious enough even under ordinary conditions to protect their babies, have redoubled their precautions since the Lindbergh kidnapping.

And so today, they're all ready for 'em—all set and ready with amazing protective arrangements and enough hot lead to make fine, satisfactory corpses out of any would-be baby-stealers, amateur or professional! The man who guarded Lord Kitchener and the King of Belgium during the World War is ready—even anxious!—to drill a few bullet-holes in anybody who'd try to steal Marlene Dietrich's baby.

On Tom Mix's twenty-acre estate, two armed cowboys, old pals of Tom, patrol the grounds day and night. They're real cowboys, not the movie kind. And they have their own idea of what they'd like to do to varmints that come around a-tryin' to kidnap Tomasina Mix!

This is Harry Wright, former personal guard of Lord Kitchener and of King Albert of Belgium, who guards Marlene Dietrich's baby day and night. He's one of the world's champion pistol shots and can whip his weight in wildcats...
Ann Harding's hilltop castle is like a medieval feudal fort—protected by walls, gates, guards whom no one (not even members of the family!) may pass without a check and double-check okay.

And what's true of those movie-parents is true of almost all others. From the biggest electric-lighted names down to the less important players who have babies, all Hollywood is up in arms—both figuratively and literally—against kidnapper attempts since the papers blazoned the news of what happened to little Lindy, Junior.

By the money-twisted, conscienceless reasoning of such turn to kidnapping for loot, movie stars' children would be fair game. Who hasn't heard of the fabulous incomes of cinema-famous actors and actresses, and even the child-actors themselves? Kidnappers would quickly discover that parents with such incomes would and could pay a big ransom to get their children back.

This story is both a narration of some of the precautions that protect movie-tots, and a fair warning to would-be baby-stealers that they might just as well take a flying jump off the Empire State Building as try to kidnap one of cinemaland's youngsters.

Probably one of the most complete systems of child-protection in all colorful movieland is that which safeguards nine-year-old Tomassina Mix, daughter of Tom.

The girl lives, when Tom is in Hollywood, in the Mix mansion, in the center of a walled-in estate back in one of the Beverly Hills canyons. There are only two ways of getting onto the twenty-acre property; one is via either of the two huge gates; the other is over the high wall that completely encloses the property. "That," you might say, "would be a cinch!" So?—well, first of all, consider these facts:

Both gates are guarded by watchmen, stationed permanently. Both gates and the house itself are interconnected with an electric alarm system. When either gate is opened, the alarm flashes the warning to the watchman at the other gate, and also to the personnel of servants inside the house. Furthermore, there are other secret alarm systems we won't talk about. By the time anyone even got on the Mix estate, everybody'd know about it.

And that "everybody" includes those two cowboys who were mentioned before. They're no drug-store cowboys; they're old-fashioned gun-totin', hell-for-leather cowboys of the old school—the kind that Mix portrays in movie roles. Each of them carries two guns, constantly. They know how to use them. And in these effete days of chocolate malted milk and false eyelashes, those two old-timer Westerners would like nothing better than to unlimber those guns and let a kidnapper have an anatomy full of lead. Or they might string 'em up; Tom has plenty of lariat-rope around the place.

The room in the Mix mansion which is Tomassina's own, by the way, is protected with heavy Spanish iron grilling at the windows. There's no flimsy, unhooked window-screen such as failed to bar the Lindy kidnappers. And the two guards who patrol the Mix property by night, follow Mix's careful instructions to maintain a particular watch over the windows of Tomassina's room.

And that for Tomassina Mix. Any of you kidnappers want to try it? No? Well, how about Marlene Dietrich's little girl—little seven-year-old Maria?
Hollywood's

By Sara Hamilton

HE'S GOT a lower lip like Chevalier. One medium good eye, slightly blue. Twelve hairs on the top of his head. All violently curly. A nose like a rootin' wart hog. And he's the big sheik daddy of Hollywood. They're crazy about him, these ladies of Hollywood. Why, Jimmy Durante is the biggest sensation since Valentino. Bigger even, for you see Rudy didn't have Jimmy's nose. He's a panic. That's what he is. A downright panic. One of these Eyetalian lovers. That's "Schnozzle."

The fans can have their Gables and their Chevaliers. Hollywood has taken itself a boy friend.

What do they do, these Hollywood beauties? Why, they ups and gives parties for him. In the Embassy. The very day he's worn the same "shoit" for three days. And do they care about the "shoit"? Huh? They ups to him, anyhow. And what do they do at this Embassy thing? Here he is, mind you, one man and twelve lovely women and they, every one, bring him gifts.

Gigolo Durante.

But I ask you, do they ever come bearing gifts and glad tidings to Gable? Naw, you know they don't. Or Montgomery either. But Jimmy. Well, and here's the "woist" of it. They bring him everything, see, in one color. Handkerchiefs, socks, ties, all one color. A gorgeous, luscious shade of pansy. How moritifvin'.

"It's the Eyetalian lure," Jimmy explains. "Haaaaaaaah."

But the comic part is, Jimmy never knows who anybody is. He couldn't remember his own grandmother. He wouldn't know Marv Pickford if she walked right up and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Durante." He wouldn't know Garbo from Polly Moran. But he greets everyone like a thirsty buffalo that's just found a waterhole. "Hi, there." And all the time they're tickled to death at Jimmy's enthusiasm, he's whispering out of the side of his mouth, "Quick who is that? Slip it to me."

Several weeks after he arrived in Hollywood a man stopped him on the M-G-M lot and said, "Listen, Jimmy, how come you never come up to my office to see me? You've been to all the other offices and, after all, I knew you first. Besides, I'm the fellow that hands out the checks and I should think you'd come to see me first."

"Oh, dat's all right, pal," Jimmy said with a hearty slap on the back. "I'll be up one of these days when I need some dough, eh? I'll be seeing you den," and with another wallop on the back, Jimmy strolled away.

That night he attended a large party at the home of Louis B. Mayer, one of the heads of M-G-M Studios, and over by the door he noticed the same man all dressed up in evening clothes, bowing and shaking hands with all the notables.

Sweet reticence is part of the irresistible charm of Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante. Here he is with Polly Moran in "The Passionate Plumber." Go away, Polly, you vampire. Leave him be, sweet and unfastened by your wicked Hollywood wiles.

"Cheeze," Jimmy said to a friend. "Look, there's de bookkeeper we seen this afternoon. For a bookkeeper he mus' be some guy to be asked to a party like dis."

"Where's a bookkeeper?" the friend asked.

"Over by the door. The guy wit de glasses," Jimmy said.

The friend looked wild. "My gosh, Jimmy," he whispered, "that ain't no bookkeeper. That's your host. That's Louie B. Mayer."

How moritifvin'.

Friends that know of Jimmy's complete lack of memory will bring up perfect strangers.

"Jimmy, here's an old friend you'll remember for sure."

"Oh, sure." Jimmy enthuses, "I remember him. Now don't tell me the name. I got it now. Don't tell me."

And do they laugh.

Why, one time in New York he actually parked his new car on a side street and for two days he tried to remember what had become of it.

And is he a stickler on clothes, this Durante guy? Say, Jimmy don't care any more for clothes than Gandhi. They cover him, so what? Day after day, he'll grab the same thing he took off the night before, until his wife or friends will say, "For heavens sake, Jimmy, haven't you had on that suit long enough? And how about another shirt?"

Imagine Ivan Lebedeff's disgust.

And jewelry. He's had more watches with the name Jimmy
Why there's Jimmy studs. He's a millionaire, and gives it all away. Usually to his brother who is a policeman on the New York force. For himself he carries a three dollar watch he's had for years. That seldom, if ever, runs.

And one night Jimmy was asked to the home of Mr. Chrysler, the millionaire, to do a little "So I Ups to Him" for the guests. And here he was at the last minute without a dress shirt. So Jimmy stopped at the laundry on the way out and picks up a clean dress shirt. And changing it in the taxi what do you think happens? He ups and tears the button hole. Imagine. So Jimmy takes out his knife and stabs a hole at random. It lands somewhere around the side of his neckband so that when Jimmy puts on his collar, the bow tie hits him somewhere under the left ear. And his shirt studs were somewhere in the vicinity of his right bosom. And was Jimmy bothered? Why say, he just kept yanking the tie over and singing "Ups to Him" and yanking and "Upsing" and yanking until it was a riot. And, as usual, all the ladies of the social elite thought Jimmy just too fascinating for words. And him with a tie under his ear. So you see how it is. There's no explaining it. They all go for him.

Right from the lower (you can't get really lower) East Side of New York comes Jimmy Durante. An Italian with a mad, hysterical sense of humor and an ear for music. Playing the piano in cheap little cafes. Liked by everyone. Bums and all. The same glad hand for a Bowery waiter as he hands out to shining celebrities.

"Jimmy, why gee, he hasn't changed none," his friends tell you.

Somewhere on his way up he picked up Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson. The three went on to vaudeville where Jimmy's famous "I Ups to Him" (written while Jimmy was in the hospital) was introduced. Then on to their own night club. And boy what a club. They clubbed the orchestra, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]
LAST fall a young girl of twenty-three was spending the week-end with us at my home in one of the more remote suburbs of New York City. At night a movie was suggested.

"But what are they playing?" inquired our finicky guest. And right here I had better add that this knowing person hailed from the big city, did society with a vengeance, was the sort who poked fun at love and marriage and, in general, prided herself upon her sophistication.

It happened that the local theater, and the only one conveniently near, was showing "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

"Not for me!" our metropolitan friend cried. "From all I hear there's too much sob stuff."

Nevertheless, to make a long story short, my wife and she finally did attend that picture after all, and the reactions which the young girl experienced and what she said upon her return got me to thinking. In fact, it eventually led me to the writing of this article.

For the strange part of it was that, despite her distaste for the theme in the beginning and her firm conviction she was going to be bored, this worldly-wise young person had been thrilled.

Indeed, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" roused into being and fanned into life an emotional flame which she never before realized she had! These were her exact words:

"Don't tell me that deep down I want to be a mother after all!"

Through a motion picture, Miss K. learned something about herself of which she had been ignorant. What is more, I can assure you that millions of others have had similar experiences.

I WAS suspicious, of course, that the case of our guest might be an exceptional one. But no! Upon investigating the matter and talking with persons of both sexes, the more mature as well as the young, I was astonished to find not only how often people had learned some new fact about their deeper, inner selves but also how frequently such a discovery changed the course of their lives.

One woman admitted that "Skippy" turned her from a business career to settlement work among poor children. Till then, she claimed, children had never "touched her heart."

Another said that she was about to ask her lawyer to start divorce proceedings when she happened to spend an afternoon seeing "Husband's Holiday." This film convinced her, however, that her love for her husband was big enough to overlook a casual "affair." As she, herself, put it: "As Vivienne Osborne played that part I gradually began to see things in a different light. It enabled me to get a perspective on myself. I knew then and there that..."
What kind of person are you? You don't know. Play this fascinating and stimulating game and be your own mental detective.

I was really punishing both of us.”

Another asserted—this time a man—that had he not seen “The Front Page” and “Five Star Final” he never would have registered as a student at the Columbia University School of Journalism. The excitement of it “got him,” so to speak, and he realized how he could combine his literary hangdog with a fascinating out-of-doors job.

Lastly, Miss K herself: Well, perhaps now you won't be surprised if I tell you she's engaged to a real he-man who already is beginning to assert his dominance. “You bet,” she emphatically replied when I brought up the question, “I surely do want babies.” Then, after a pause, she added, “Where would I be now if Madelon hadn't sinned?”

The truth of the matter is that few really know what is going on inside of them, in those deeper reaches of their emotional lives, in the place psychologists call the unconscious mind. Instincts, repressed wishes, thwarted desires, all lie buried there. And often, were it not for some strong stimulus such as that we get from a well-plotted, well-directed, well-acted and well-photographed motion picture, such emotional values, despite their importance for us as regards our well being and happiness, simply stay buried for the rest of our days.

YOU are probably familiar—at least more or less so—with that modern system of psychology called psychoanalysis. What this seeks to accomplish is to probe that other part of ourselves—our unconscious selves of which we are only vaguely, if at all, aware—and bring to light, technically into conscious recognition, the very truths which the persons I have mentioned, hit upon so accidentally. In other words, exactly what a pains-taking psychoanalysis would have done for them, certain movies accomplished, and much more expeditiously, even while they were being entertained.

These truths which we do not know about ourselves need not be, of course, emotional ones. Not the least of the benefits to be derived from regular attendance at the silver screen is the strong tendency we all experience to ask ourselves how we would behave if we happened to be one of the central characters portrayed and were confronted with a situation similar to that shown in the story.

This, you see, makes us think in spite of ourselves. And it makes us think in a very special way. It forces us to search our own souls, which exercise besides being the finest kind of personal stock-taking imaginable, at one and the same time leads us to discoveries about our character make-up which we never so much as suspected before.

I am reminded here of a man who left the theater at the conclusion of the film “Delicious” and immediately went to a telegraph office and cabled fifty dollars to his mother in Poland. Not that this picture of an
A ROUND the Holywoods they call this the happy lot. M-G-M has as peppy a bunch of youngsters—including Marie Dressler—as you'll find among the microphones and the incandescents.

Happy? Why shouldn't they be? There's Bob Montgomery. The director has just told him that he doesn't need to lift another eyebrow for the camera and can take a little rest, like swatting a tennis ball around.

And Marie Dressler is delighted because she can honestly deny those rumors about her "serious illness." Wasn't serious at all—just too popular and went to too many parties.
Whereas Jack Gilbert—zowie! Take a look at Jack. He's the old fighting kid again. Boss Irving Thalberg has just given his okay on a story Jack wrote all by himself and in which he'll have the star part. Right now it's called "Downstairs," but Jack's way up in the clouds.

Anita Page is glad she's got a big role in "Night Court." Joan Crawford is thankful "Grand Hotel" is finished and is a great picture. While Clark Gable—well, the sensation of the decade knows he's the luckiest lad in town.

At the left Madge Evans, who has several blessings to count, takes a snapshot of these graduates of the Pollyanna School. Garbo, Marion Davies and Norma Shearer were not working, the day Photoplay's photographer got by the studio gates—otherwise they would certainly have joined the happy parade.
HERE'S a grand story from the "Grand Hotel" set. Lionel Barrymore had an unusually long, hard scene. And he went through it in great style. He argued and shouted with rage, he stormed and ranted. He gave it the good old Barrymore works. At the conclusion, he sat down exhausted.

"Very, very good," the director said. "Now we'll do it again."

"What?" snapped Lionel. "Go through it again? Wasn't I all right?"

"You were perfect," the director assured him. "You couldn't have done better. But pick up your mustache off the floor now and do it over."

IT'S funny about those nice, regular boys who suddenly find themselves over-night hits. Consider Jimmie Dunn, for a minute, who was almost starving and not doing it very gracefully when he took the test for "Bad Girl."

Now he wants $10,000 a year!

His first salary, under the contract, was $400 a week. Winnie Sheehan gave him $1,000 worth of clothes after the "Bad Girl" success. Then Dunn went into vaudeville at $3,000 a week and took all the money for himself, but while he was playing the road he hired a lawyer and a new agent in Hollywood and sent them to Fox to say that if he didn't get lots more money than $400 a week he wouldn't come back.

Now the funny part is that Fox declares if Jimmie had talked the situation over with his bosses in a reasonable way they would have come to amicable arrangements.

Apparently the money he made in vaudeville gave him big ideas, so now film companies are going to include in all long-term contracts a clause that if a player accepts vaudeville engagements he will get his salary, and above that only a percentage of the vaudeville receipts.

NOW you just wouldn't feel natural unless I told you something about Garbo's contract, would you? Old Cal never wants to disappoint his little readers. So after putting on eight pairs of false whiskers and hiring the best bloodhounds (left abandoned by an old

Smart young deb introduces new vogue. "Bonnets are very good this year," Mary Esther Webb told reporters as she arrived in New York. She brought mama Esther Ralston, who will appear in vaudeville, with her

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey look pretty calm considering the fact that their wedding was the most exciting of the Hollywood month and that they are just about to take off for their honeymoon. Like sister Connie's, the ceremony was a simple one, with Joan wearing a dress of white rough crepe and only very, very select guests were invited—among them Marion Davies, Norma Shearer and Irving, and Joan Crawford and young Doug
The Monthly Broadcast
of
Hollywood
Goings-On!

What! A blonde actually gone brunette? Look again. That's a rubber bathing cap Mary Carlyle wears over her fair locks. You can amaze your friends by swimming all day and still look as if every hair were in place.

road show of "Uncle Tom's Cabin")—here's everything I know. Nothing!

Well, I'll take that back. Garbo hasn't signed as I write this and just lots and lots of people say she won't. One of Those Close to Garbo declares that she's going to retire at the height of her career, so she will always be remembered as the Great Garbo.

She has already made a fortune. Another awaits her if she signs. I'm betting that Garbo, like the tent-making philosopher, will take the cash and let the credit go. But maybe that's just because I'm an incurable optimist. And because the thought of all those years stretching ahead without Garbo slithering across a screen is almost more than I can bear.

GARBO and a friend put in an appearance at the Mary Wigman dance recital in Los Angeles.

A young couple sitting near chewed gum so enthusiastically that finally Greta could endure it no longer and leaning over said, "Listen, I give you ten dollars each if you go home."

The young couple readily agreed, pocketed the money and lit out. While Garbo leaned back and enjoyed the concert in peace and quiet.

The minute Jean Hersholt steps on Garbo's set, Garbo is off to greet him with a hand clasp and have a long chat in her native tongue. But just what Greta and Jean (who is a Dane) find to talk about so animatedly will always be unknown. Jean isn't telling.

Recently a woman on the M-G-M lot rushed up to Mr. Hersholt, as he emerged from the "Grand Hotel" set, and gasped, "Oh, Mr. Hersholt, may I shake the hand that has touched Garbo's hand?"

One of the magazines said that Greta Garbo had cut off her hair for the last scenes in "Mata Hari." But don't get excited, 'taint so. Greta simply combed her hair back from her forehead and off her ears and caught it in a tight small knot at the back.

No, this lovely lady is not a new British film star but she has a right to fame, even if she isn't photographed very much. Folks, step up and shake hands with Mrs. Clive Brook, who doesn't mind at all when her husband makes love to Marlene Dietrich. Why should she? For the better Clive makes love in films, the more dollars in his pockets and the more fur coats for Mrs. Clive. Both just returning from jolly old England.

Look quick! Doug's acting again in a real story. He's given up travelogues and is in the South Seas dashing off a film in which he plays a modern Robinson Crusoe. Fairbanks, old sport, we're waiting for your show!
Sad Youth, Happy Old Age, Romance, Tragedy,

Here's poor little Robert Coogan who has to go to school like any other kid. He's a picture actor, earns a big salary, but he's got to take readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic just the same. And gosh!—how he hates it, just as all kids do. Besides that he must learn his lines for his next picture. It's awful to have to study. But—

Augustine Lopez, ninety years old, is thrilled to be given the chance to learn her lines. Nothing is too hard for her if it means a few days' work. She is happy only when she's in a picture. This Mexican actress has just been assigned a small part in Tallulah Bankhead's new film, "Thunder Below." Watch for her

I knew a lot of people who aren't satisfied with Claudette Colbert's answer whenever she is questioned about her marriage. "It just isn't natural," somebody said, "that two young people could be as much in love as Claudette says that she and Norman are and live apart more than half the time."

Yet every time Claudette mentions her marriage she scoffs at rumors of a separation and says she and Norman are ideally suited.

They were apart, you know, for months when Claudette was working in New York, and Norman in Hollywood, and now that Claudette is working in Hollywood you'd think they'd be just that thrilled over being together, but Norman has the wanderlust again and wants to strike out for China.

The truth is that Claudette adores her husband and everybody who knows her realizes it. Norman loves Claudette, too, but both of them are intensely nervous, high-strung people. There are often words—and pretty high words—between them, when they are together. Yet Claudette says she could never love another man as she loves Norman.

A friend of theirs summed the whole situation up rather neatly by saying, "She's crazy about him; he's crazy about her. That's the trouble—they're just two crazy kids."

Joan Crawford is a lucky girl. She woke up before it was too late. For years Joan has been on one of those foolish diets—the kind that Sylvia doesn't recommend. Joan has lived on rabbit rations, nibbling on lettuce and more lettuce, with occasionally a fine dish of rhubarb as an extra special treat.

Now she has discovered that she was all wrong and is really eating sensibly—not over-eating, mind you, but getting enough good, nourishing food. When you think how many deaths in the film colony have been caused by foolish diet, you can realize how grand it is that Joan changed her ways in time.

Any girl or woman who puts herself on starvation rations, hoping thereby to get thin, defeats her own purpose. And if you don't believe it ask Aunt Sylvia. Sylvia gives her girls plenty of nourishing food. That's why they don't have that gaunt, hungry look while they're reducing.

Perhaps Janet Gaynor and Lyndel Peck had some idea of going ritzie in Europe when they cabled real estate men to find them a Beverly Hills house. But when they got home, they discovered they were "just folks" after all, so they have taken Director George Hill's place at the beach, just a few blocks from their former home.

The rented house is furnished. Janet has never bought any furniture. She puts her money in bonds. The house is only five rooms and there's nothing fancy about it.

Janet almost never entertains. She hates the role of hostess and only a few intimate friends are ever invited for dinner.

Several years ago Boris Karloff, whom you now know as the monster of "Frankenstein" was driving a truck for a living. One afternoon a man asked him for a lift and as he climbed up on the seat beside him Karloff
Success And Failure, Marriage And Divorce

“My troubles are all over,” said Mary Nolan, when this happy picture was taken of her and her young husband, Wally Macrery. How beautiful Mary is here, how earnest and eager he looks. Certainly Mary had had enough trouble. She deserved happiness. But they went to Hollywood, opened a dress shop. And—

recognized Lon Chaney. Mrs. Chaney had taken the car so Lon said he’d pick up a ride. Karloff explained that he, himself, was an actor, down on his luck. The unknown told the greatest make-up artist of them all his story. Chaney listened attentively and said, at last, “If you’re going to act—you’re going to act. Even if you have to starve—never give up. It’s the only way.”

That chance meeting turned the tide in Karloff’s career and when those old black clouds loomed upon his horizon he repeated to himself, “Chaney told me never to give up—never to give up.”

Ten years later, Karloff is acclaimed as Chaney’s successor.

But Boris insists, “There will only be one Chaney, because he understood so well the souls of afflicted people. On that fateful afternoon he told me how he had suffered because his mother and father were deaf mutes and that the fear always haunted him that his children and grandchildren would be so afflicted. None of us can do what Chaney did, because none of us feel it just as he did. I realized it that afternoon on the truck. I know it now.”

And here’s the height of non-chalance.

Miriam Hopkins was chatting with a friend. She looked at her watch. “Oh, I must run. I’m to meet my husband. He’s bringing his girl friend to see me and I wouldn’t be late. He’s such a sweet person.”

“When are you going to get your divorce?”

“Just as soon as I get the time. I just haven’t gotten around to it.”

That inveterate curtain speaker, Richard Bennett, is trying not to do so much speaking in Hollywood. Connie gets pretty doggone mad at some of the things Richard tells the press.

Dick counters with “that wasn’t what I said at all—I was misquoted.”

Here’s a case in point.

Somebody printed that Dick, when asked about Connie’s marriage to the Marquis de la Falaise, said, “France must live.” And Dick said that what he really said was, “Vive la France!”

To hear Julia Shawell tell it in the New York Evening Graphic, Norma Talmadge is a girl who holds her men.

Norma has been doing all the stay-up-late places with George Jessel. “There’s nothing to that,” folks say, but Julia says that George was in love with Norma before he married the other girl and Norma married Joe Schenck.

So what about Gilbert Roland, whom Norma said was her true love?

Norma says the romance between her and Gilbert has ended. Gilbert says he will always adore her.

And Norma doesn’t look any too happy. Once she said:

“All women should have families. I should have had a son.”

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
Down To Two Cents!

A BOUT a year ago I heard there was a new, pert, wisecracking girl over on the Paramount lot. "Go and see Wynne Gibson!" people said. "A laugh a minute, that one! You'll die!"

Long before she came to screen prominence, Wynne Gibson had the Paramount studio in stitches. She had come in quietly, minus fanfare of publicity blares, and soon had everyone in the place hanging about her modest dressing-room, hungry for laughs. Stenographers, electricians, hairdressers and the other trouper used Wynne as an unfailing tonic for those Hollywood blues.

"She's a panic, that Wynne!" my friends told me. "A howl! Never a dull minute!"

I had a line on these smart-crackers of the studios. I was sure that behind the screams of mirth were stories far from gag—that the peaks of merriment hid valleys of despair. I remembered that Willie Haines' first Hollywood nifty was born of desperation, and that he had labored hard to build up a reputation as a supreme clown to help him forget the dark spots of his pre-picture past.

And so I went over to Paramount to see Wynne Gibson, with whom fame and a measure of fortune had finally caught up. I wanted to meet the rising star—and I also meant to find out if the storms of mirth came from her inmost heart or from regions less sacred and nearer the surface.

I found out.

Her dressing-room was crowded with gay admirers. In one luncheon hour I met nearly all the big-wigs on the lot, and every last one of the studio proletariat. They dropped in to say hello—they left laughing. Wynne disappointed no one. She dealt laughs from her amazing repertoire as a card shark raffles aces from the bottom of the deck.

I was hard-boiled. I bit my lip and played straight as the gayety rippled on. And I caught odd moments—seconds when her laughter came only from behind her eyes—when only her lips were smiling. I guessed that my theory was right—that I had found another wisecracker with a story she would never tell.

And how hard she tried not to tell it!

She showered me with a sparkling cascade of her best lines. She shot off a tremendous barrage of sure-fire jokes. I appreciated them all, but decline to use them for a story about Wynne Gibson.

Then she abruptly switched her technique, and launched into a hard-luck yarn of poverty-stricken days on Park Avenue—with a month's rent paid in advance, but with only two cents between her and starvation. Of how she had jingled the pennies, and had then gone to the corner delicatessen and persuaded the man to charge a long string of frankfurters. Of how she had lived on the wienies for a week.

"Did that happen often?" I asked, still the skeptic expected.

"Off and on for ten years," she said. "But it was good luck. Whenever I got too hungry a good job turned up. Some of my best stage parts came when I was emptiest. The lead in "The Gingham Girl" came along when I was down to a few nickels."

"NOT good enough!" I thought. "You never got to be a synthetic wisecracker that way, my pretty!"

So I continued my gentle prodding—and I found what I rather expected to find. It wasn't anything in the life of Wynne Gibson, actress, that had turned her into a semi-professional sunshine girl—jester-in-ordinary to the Paramount lot. It was one episode in the life of Wynne Gibson, woman, that had done the trick—one black chapter of heartbreak that had shattered her days and nights for months, and had then given her a backbone of steel and a strong heart better able to face the future.

So here is the short, sharp story of Wynne Gibson, the synthetic wisecracker who built a new, brave life upon the ruins of the old.

For all the thin periods, Wynne was successful in musical comedy. She performed ably in a series of leading parts in the merry-merry, with only the usual waits between.

But she was young, and she was pretty, and avid for life—and it takes more than modest success to fill the life of a little singing girl.

Nineteen-twenty-six was a red letter in the Gibson book of life. She was enjoying a successful San Francisco run in "Casablanca in the Air". Eric Von Stroheim, shooting "The Wedding March," saw her and offered her a chance in the picture. With Fate literally dumping chances at fortune in her lap, she chose another—a personable, moneyed young New Yorker came along.

Unhesitatingly, Wynne voted for love. Leaving her show, and not even replying to Von's bid, she married the boy and slipped away for a European honeymoon.

Then, and then only, did she feel that her life was filed [Please turn to page 124]
“Life on the ocean wave!” pipes that old salt, Wynne Gibson, as she clings desperately to a stout cable! Winning Wynnie is tastefully togged for a plunge in the newest blue and white beach-bathing suit and a nice platinum wrist watch. Let go, Wynne—Papa will catch and we’ll go downstairs to the old ship’s parlor for a noggin of grog! Read across the way of Wynne’s rise!
HERE'S what you should wear underneath those lovely dresses Seymour picks out for you each month—the very last syllable in lingerie chic. We don't need to tell you that the girls are the six shapeliest models in Hollywood, who will put pep and punch into scenes of "Sinners in the Sun," Carole Lombard's new flicker.
WHERE, oh where, was the cameraman when he snapped this picture of your divine Garbo—and ours—in "Grand Hotel"? This is the first still—and probably the only one—of her in ballet costume. When you see this scene on the screen Garbo will be sobbing, "Alone, so alone!" Stop, stop, she's breaking our heart!
“Annie, the Moom-Pitcher Star”  
By Sara Hamilton

HER legs are long and thin and straight, like a boy’s. Her shoes are much too large, her left foot turns in when she walks, she has a gosh-awful mop of no-color hair and she calls herself, “Annie, the Moom-Pitcher Star.”

Ann Harding, believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, and Mrs. Ripley, too, for that matter, is the darndest person you ever heard of. She looks like a Madonna and has the grand nonchalance of the kid across the alley. She knows a lot of big words like “colossal” and “dénouement” and such, but she sums Hollywood and ambition up with a priceless bit of description: “Nertie.”

She takes her work and her pictures seriously—not Hollywood and Ann Harding.

She owns a big house on the highest hill in Hollywood, and will excuse herself from a formal luncheon table to chase down steps and assist the grocery boy in turning the turntable for his truck.

She and Harry Bannister, her husband, employed a butler by the name of Gus. A square-jawed Swede was Gus who eyed every visitor with a wicked and unwelcome gleam. So Ann promptly and appropriately called him “Gus, the Menace.”

The crinkled and wrinkled old stone mason who worked on their home and who, according to Ann, is an artist born, called at Ann’s house for the final check due him.

“Stay to dinner,” Ann insisted.

“Well, I’d just love to, miss,” he beamed, “but you see my manners ain’t so good. They ain’t, that’s a fact.”


So with Ann, a beautiful and famous picture star, and Harry, a swell fellow, the little old stone mason sat down to dinner.

And Gus boiled over.

After every course Gus had to be called back to serve the guest also. It was awful.

Ann waited impatiently for the meal to end. She stamped to the kitchen.

“You’re through,” she calmly told Gus. “I can’t tolerate snobs in my home.”

The boys on the set begin getting that twingly look about the eyes the minute Ann steps onto a sound stage. Do they know? In two minutes’ time she’ll have a game going. Spelling words, a letter at a time, and the fellow who ends a word is out. After each scene, someone, maybe an electrician high up among wires and rafters will yell “P.” Quick as a flash Ann is ready. “R” she yells. “E” calls a prop boy. “S” echoes a carpenter and on it goes.

At the end of each scene it’s customary for a boy to step up and click two sticks as the signal for a cut. Joseph Biro was the boy on “Prestige.” Melvyn Douglas was intent on a scene. Tension and drama were in the air. The scene reached its climax and was finished.

Up stepped Joe. A huge mandarin mustache hung down over his collar. Monocles in both eyes. A grotesque wig was perched on one ear. The director clutched his head in alarm. The actors, not daring to move or blink, could hope only for the best. The scene was cut and Ann was found behind a curtain in convulsions. She had made Joe up for the set. And did she have the laugh! Joe refused to discard the gorgeous make-up and went about all day cutting scenes dressed like a Chinese nightmare.

When the lights on “Prestige” got too hot, Ann would imitate the electrician’s sharp whistle and out would go the lights. The chief electrician would come running. “Who put out those lights?” “We did, sir,” the helpers admitted. “You blew the whistle.” And a bewildered electrician went about looking confused for days. Until he caught Ann with both fingers in her mouth, doing the whistling.

Noted for her lack of memory, Ann claims it isn’t the appointments she forgets, it’s the days. She can’t remember whether today is Tuesday or Friday. If she only knew what day it was, she’d be set.

At dawn, in apouring beating rain, she’ll take off in a plane. Alone with a pilot. And watch the rain beating upward on the glass shield. Thrilled and unafraid.

In Cuba, on a recent trip, she was anxious to view...
A CANDIDATE for the distinction of the luckiest man in the world, Frank Fay. Despite his failure to register in a big way on the screen, he is rich in the great and self-sacrificing love of one of the most charming and most talented stars who ever appeared on the screen, Barbara Stanwyck
The latest and most startling chapter in Barbara Stanwyck's selfless love for husband Frank Fay

By

Leonard Hall

T
THE million-candle-power love of Barbara Stanwyck for Frank Fay, her red-head spouse, has riveted the attention of the movie world for over a year.

Hollywood, where love is a game with few prizes, has been astounded by it. Sentimental fans have cooed over it—cynics have looked down their cold noses at an all-embracing love which would force a brilliant young star to jeopardize her future for the sake of a comparatively unsuccessful helmathe seed of all the chatter, pro and con, Barbara's lever-chart for Frankie has stood steady at 120 in the shade!

If producers didn't want Frank at a dime a day, it seemed that they couldn't have the luscious Babs, either. If Fay, rejected by Hollywood, wanted to visit New York, where he was once billed as "Broadway's Favorite Son," Barbara dutifully packed her pretties and trailed along.

Now a new and startling chapter has been written into this sizzling saga of legalized romance!

If ever a girl has given her all for the not-so-tender passion, Barbara Stanwyck is that lovelorn lass. She and Fay ought to go ringing down the years with the great lovers of all time—Dana Andrews, Beatrice, Paul and Virginia.

Here's the new story—being lived as I write. What a little fiction gem O. Henry could have made of it! But he is some-

Barbara Stanwyck in "Christmas," a playlet directed by Mr. Frank Fay and written by—guess! Oh, go on! Right! By none other than Mr. Frank Fay.

Let us draw a kindly charitable veil over the next ten minutes. It is Christmas Eve in a department store, and Babs has been caught snitching tin soldiers for her little crippled buver. Stanwyck labors on—it is like setting Lionel Barrymore to play a conventional English butler named Meadows.

A
ND so the afternoon wears on—paper thin. Fay holds the stage for half an hour, with the aid of assistant buffoons, but it is easy to sense that he is not gripping and mowing down his audience as he did when he was Crowned Prince of Seventh Avenue, ere the Hollywood gold fields lured him away.

And Barbara? She darts on and darts off—displaying the rich Hollywood wardrobe at Frankie's laughing behest. The bill winds up with a Grand Afterpiece in which the gorgeous one is surrounded by eight clowns, counting Fay, in outlandish states of undress, red noses and fake moustachios. Alas—it is as funny as a plane crash.

At five-twenty the curtain mercifully drops and I am left alone with my dead.

And these sad old eyes have witnessed a sight unique in the world of entertainment.

I have seen the most promising young star in pictures and certainly one of the peachiest girls now in active practice, deliberately playing "stooge"—foil—but for a vaudeville comedian whom she trustingly adores. Helping him with her name, her talents, her young beauty.

S
HE lent her acting power to ten tragic minutes from his pen. She sacrificed her dignity, for him, to take part in a lamentable, even vulgar comedy scene. In short, Barbara gave her everything to help Frank, after a long exile, sock over his brand of nonchalant buffoonery!

It was an astonishing spectacle, and not too happy. But as I gobbled my way out of the theater through a mist of tears, I could say with Miss Ethel Merman, the distinguished song-shouter, "Ladies and gentlemen—that's love."

Now turn the calendar ahead six days. Drama piles upon drama—the little story of Hollywood-Broadway transcontinental love marches to its climax.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]
NOTHER of those delightfully sophisticated comedies with amusing situations, corking dialogue, spontaneous acting and chuckles aplenty. The story deals with a father and son who are male "lilies of the field." Robert Montgomery surpasses any previous performance as the son who falls for a beautiful but poor widow. Forced into an engagement with an heiress to cancel his father's gambling debts, he finds he can't stick to it.

Eleanor Gregor as the young widow, is charming and her accent will intrigue you. But Heather Thatcher, the only woman monocle-wearer in Hollywood, will be the lass you'll remember. Nils Asther makes his first appearance in two years and is just as fascinating as ever. C. Aubrey Smith and Edward Everett Horton are excellent.

IN this bright little picture with a brand-new theme, we are given a glimpse of what really goes on behind the scenes in a broadcasting station.

A new Bill Haines, minus the wisecracks, is grand as a radio writer married to a nagging wife—and what a nagging Karen Morley turns out to be—and in love with a radio charmer, Madge Evans. Accidentally the wife is killed and Bill and Madge, frightened and confused, flee for safety with the radio broadcasting their flight at every stop.

The story ends on a tragic but true-to-life note. Anita Page and Joan Marsh as Madge's sisters are splendid.

The scenes shift in a disturbing manner. Here is good but not sensational entertainment.

At the end of the gangster vogue in pictures comes "Scarface," the best gangster film ever made. So tremendous, so perfect a masterpiece, it remains a picture that stands alone, and belongs to no era or vogue.

Brutal. Horrible. Fearless. Cold, hard killing for killing's sake. Such is "Scarface." The story unfolds without fear or favor. An idea and its development in the mind of a hoodlum tells the yarn, with scenes as sharp as the report of the machine guns with which it abounds.

A glimpse at the luxury of his boss' home and the blondefness of his girl, played by Karen Morley, gives Tony the idea of acquiring plenty for himself. Knee deep through blood and horror he wades to the attainment of that idea.

Paul Muni, as Scarface, gives one of the finest characterizations the screen has ever seen. George Raft as his bodyguard comes a close second, his dying scene needing no words, no captions.

On to his death, brought about by his love for his sister, we travel down the dirty path of gangdom.

Howard Hughes has issued an open challenge to every man and woman in America. And made a picture that will linger with us for many days to come.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

SCARFACE
BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK
THE MIRACLE MAN
DANCERS IN THE DARK

GRAND HOTEL
ARE YOU LISTENING
WET PARADE
DESTRY RIDES AGAIN

The Best Performances of the Month

Paul Muni in "Scarface"
George Raft in "Scarface"
Lionel Barrymore in "Grand Hotel"
Greta Garbo in "Grand Hotel"
Joan Crawford in "Grand Hotel"
John Barrymore in "Grand Hotel"
Wallace Beery in "Grand Hotel"
Robert Montgomery in "But the Flesh Is Weak"
William Haines in "Are You Listening?"
Jack Oakie in "Dancers in the Dark"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120

Grand Hotel—M-G-M

Here it is, the picture in which you may see Garbo, Crawford, both the Barrymores and Wally Beery in a magnificent two hours you'll never forget. With that cast why wouldn't it be good? Wait a minute, Vicki Baum's successful play was not fool-proof, and Eddie Goulding deserves a cheer for making a smooth running story.

Adjectives fail us when we describe the work of Lionel Barrymore, the man who really wanted brother John to have the best part, and yet was compelled to give a vital performance that will go down in the saga of the cinema. Hold on, Garbo fans, that doesn't mean Garbo is any less glamorous. She's great, but the story is not all Garbo.

Joan Crawford gives excellent competition and moves up along her ladder of successes. John Barrymore is fascinating every minute. Wallace Beery has a scene, after he kills the baron, that stacks up along with the greatest. Lewis Stone and Joan Hersholt—excellent.

You may argue about who deserves the most praise and not get anywhere, for the picture, as a whole, steals the show. It is produced on a scale of grandeur that the stage couldn't touch. If you don't already know the story, telling it would take the edge off. You can't miss this.

Miracle Man—Paramount

The long awaited talkie version of that great silent picture which thirteen years ago thrilled audiences.

It was a tough job for director Norman McLeod to follow that well-remembered film, but he gives an inspired treatment of the old faith healing theme. This version will not make history, as the original did. It was Lon Chaney's first big part. Now John Wray plays the role of The Frog who untwists his crooked legs at a fake healing and is most effective. Hobart Bosworth is convincing as the patriarch.

Chester Morris is fine as the gang leader (Gary Cooper would have had the role if he hadn't gone to Africa) but Sylvia Sidney suffers when compared with Betty Compson of the original. There's a big cast—including Jackie Coogan, Irving Pichel, Boris Karloff and others.

Wet Parade—M-G-M

This film will throw the whole country into violent arguments. Prohibition is the theme of the Upton Sinclair novel adapted with such realism and daring that no angle of the "drink" problem is avoided. The curse of liquor before prohibition is shown as clearly as are the evils arising from the Volstead Act. You will even see every detail of the manufacture of "imported" bootleg.

Yet, all told simply, dramatically. Dorothy Jordan, as the girl, sees Lewis Stone, the father, die of alcoholism and her brother, Neil Hamilton, inherit the taste. They, along with Walter Huston, Wally Ford and Jimmy Durante, give fine performances. You'll probably think the picture proves your personal opinion—but don't miss it.
Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

DANCERS IN THE DARK—Paramount

As a dime-a-dance girl, in a cheap dance palace, Miriam Hopkins retains the laurel crown she won for past performances. But Jack Oakie, the orchestra leader who tries to quash the romance between his pal, Buster Collier, and Miriam, almost tucks the picture into his megaphone and strolls away with it. George Raft, the sleek bad man of the picture, is a real find.

PLAY GIRL—Warners

When this picture is over you don't know whether gambling pays or doesn't pay or if marriage is better than a career. But what's an unsolved problem or two when you've been nicely entertained for an hour or so? And when Loretta Young is so beautiful and appealing and Norman Foster so handsome? In case that isn't enough, there are some very, very sprightly smart cracks.

YOUNG BRIDE—RKO-Pathe

The old story of a fourlushing Charley Boy who gets wise to himself in the last reel. However, the occasional snappy lines and superb acting of Eric Linden lift it above the dull class. Helen Twelvetrees is appealing as the sweet young bride and Arlene Judge is perfect as the gold digger. The story moves evenly, holding the interest. Not exciting, but fair entertainment.

COME on, kids. There's a rare treat in store for you. The king of Westerns is back. The same grand Tom Mix and Tony, with glorious riding and plenty of shootin'. Tom, double-crossed by the villainous Earle Foxe, goes to prison, but wait 'til you see what he does when he gets out and then you'll be glad you came. Claudia Dell is the lovely heroine. Don't miss this. It's keen.

CARELESS LADY—Fox

An ugly duckling decides she must have a past, so goes to Paris to get one. Sounds familiar? Why certainly, it's the theme of Connie Bennett's "Lady With a Past", but this is Joan Bennett's film. Just a little sisterly coincidence. Yet Kenneth MacKenna's grand direction and Joan's charm make it a delightful and entertaining film. It has lively dialogue, good situations and John Boles.

AFTER TOMORROW—Fox

A SWEETLY poignant little love story as natural and as simple as your next door neighbor. A couple of nice kids want to get married, but too little money and too much mother stop them over and over again. You'll like this picture because it is clean, because it has charm and because it is sincerely acted by Marian Nixon, Charlie Farrell, Josephine Hall, Minna Gombell and William Collier, Sr.
The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

It's Tough to Be Famous—First National

Scotty, a national hero, heroed by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., catches the public fancy, rides in parades, swallows confetti and lives in a glass house until his domestic happiness is threatened. The theme is brand new. Doug, Jr., as the harassed public idol, gives a breezy and thoroughly believable performance. Mary Brian, as the wife, is surprising and the whole picture a grand evening's entertainment.

So Big—Warners

In silents, this story skyrocketed Colleen Moore's reputation. It won't do so much for Barbara Stanwyck. She gives a grand individual performance, but somehow the talkie doesn't score the emotional kick it should. You'll enjoy Dickie Moore, applaud Alan Hale and Hardie Albright, and see perhaps for the first time, George Brent, reputed "another Gable." Maybe. Maybe not.

The Broken Wing—Paramount

Love and adventure below the Rio Grande, where those things look best. That hot tamale, Lupe Velez, is giving the runaround to bad man, Leo Carrillo, when Melynn Douglas, a hero she really could care for, lands his airplane in her front yard. From then on it's a snappy triangle, with gun play threatening and other customary situations. The old hokum, but so well done you'll probably like it.

The Crowd Roars—Warners

This one takes you out to the race tracks and gives you all the breathless exciting thrills of auto racing. Your hair will rise on your head, for it's the best speedway stuff that has ever been done. But don't expect a story—for it is pretty threadbare and uninteresting. James Cagney is his hard-boiled self and slaps women, as usual, which is fine if you like it. Joan Blondell is great.

Law and Order—Universal

It's a rip-roaring good melodrama—and there's not a woman in it! Walter Huston gives one of his excellent and thoroughly convincing characterizations, as does his pard, Harry Carey. Oh yes, it's a Western and sometimes that's all it is. Then all of a sudden it seems to be lifted into the real epic class. Though uneven in construction it's entertaining—every pistol shot!

Devil's Lottery—Fox

Curiosity provokes an English publisher to invite winners of Calcutta Sweepstakes to be his guests. Together under one roof are Elissa Landi, as a woman of questionable reputation; her crooked lover; an idealistic young American; Victor McLaglen, a prize-fighter and his cockney mother, Beryl Mercer. Things happen in a thoroughly amazing and entertaining manner. [Additional reviews on page 90]
PHOTOPLAY'S

All the Beauty tricks of all the stars Brought to you each month

Perc and Ern Westmore, Hollywood make-up wizards and coiffure designers, say the shape of the head should determine the head-dress. Loretta Young is showing you how to decide whether you have a high-brow, lowbrow or normal forehead. The space from the browline to the hairline should be the width of your first three fingers. If your hairline is above the first finger, your brow is high and your hair should have bangs or a little downward curl to conceal some forehead.

Lupe Velez' dazzlingly white teeth are due to a little idea of her own. After brushing them with her usual dentifrice she gives them a whitening and polishing treatment by mixing bicarbonate of soda to paste consistency with water and using this for an extra brushing. It works!

Evening sandals with gossamer hose have done much to bring toes into the picture. And now Leila Hyams' new beach espadrilles place them prominently there. Give your toes the same attention you give your fingers (and make them lovely for the beach). Use manicure scissors for trimming, emery board for smoothing edges and buffer and cake polish to remove nail ridges. Then apply liquid polish to harmonize with your fingers. Avoid bright shades unless your toes are perfect. For tired feet change your shoes or remove them and walk barefoot about the house for five minutes. Or lie flat on your back and place the feet high on the wall for five minutes.
Nothing will revive your interest in yourself like a change of eyebrows. But be sure of what you are doing. For a safe home test equip yourself with a pointed eyebrow pencil and cold cream, not the liquefying kind. First emphasize the inner lines. Then try extending the outer lines, up, down, straight. Study the effects carefully. If none of these changes pleases you, blot out your normal brows with the cream and then experiment with new brows you think you might like. Here are three excellent studies in Madge Evans, Anita Page and Joan Marsh. Madge has a normal and very sympathetic brow. Anita’s rise too abruptly at the inner corners. Joan’s brows are a little too heavy for her fair coloring. Now go ahead for that new thrill!

Marlene Dietrich is probably the only girl in pictures who can be charming with bird-wing brows. Romantic, yes, with Marlene’s eyes, but something for the rest of us to avoid.

Kay Francis’ brows are well shaped and just dark and sweeping enough for her long eyes. Notice that her lid space is the same at both ends, a departure in brow styles.
Two Brand-New Coiffure Styles That You Will See In

Myrna Loy dons a blonde wig for her role in "The Wet Parade" and thereby achieves a very modish coiffure. If you have the slightest widow's peak, brush your hair back to show it. The broad, soft waves shown here break the hairline to frame the face becomingly at the temples and before the ears. The whole effect is softened by tiny face curls. If your hair is short an added length or roll will cover the ends most obligingly and give a change for evening. The tip of the ear lobe should appear

We cannot always see the back of our head as others see it. But here is a satin smooth arrangement that is as interesting and easy to look at as the loveliest front coiffure. Study your back head view as critically as your face if you would appear your best

Broad, irregular undulations bring out the beauty of blonde or richly colored hair far better than tight waves and the back roll is in harmony with the sleek effect. The mature face also will find this a becoming headdress if the side curls are eliminated
Two New Pictures Which Will Reach the Screen Soon

There is much discussion at the moment as to whether curled or straight hair is more youthful. Carole Lombard in "Sinners in the Sun" shows us just how youthful and chic unwaved and well brilliantined hair can appear. The deep fringe of bangs softly curved over the forehead and the upturned ends detract from severity. The young girl with a too high forehead will find this headdress very flattering. If you will have your ends permanently waved, your coiffure troubles will be settled for the summer.

Here are the Trilby bangs named for that famous lady of fiction who put bangs and feet on the map. It remained only for Carole Lombard to present the bangs in modern guise. They are unusually nice when the hair is fine in texture and light in color.

What girl wouldn't be delighted to brush her hair back and have it look like this? With the helping hand of a permanent you can swim and otherwise enjoy the free life without twice wondering about your wave. Remember to brush conscientiously for lustre.
Adrienne Dore is having a grand stretch. Stretching is the perfect instant pick-up and the lazy way to exercise. It relaxes, then starts quick, fresh circulation. Take half a dozen good stretches in bed in the morning. Or better, jump out and lie flat on the floor. Now stretch, hold your breath a few seconds, then relax. When you can't lie or stand straight, then stretch one part of the body at a time—your neck, your arms, your legs, even fingers and toes. Stretch when you feel you simply can't get dressed for that party, then lie down for ten minutes and make yourself see and feel nothing but black velvet. It sounds a little mad, but it's one of those ways of forcing other subjects from your mind and relaxing completely. Stretching and Hollywood's old favorite, a cup of hot, black coffee with a dash of lemon, are two self-aids that make the world look rosier. Stretching is for any time but reserve the coffee for those rare needs for unusual effort.

Adrienne Dore's lifted head reminds me that life has a way of looking up when we look up. A famous movie star tells me she takes ten years from her appearance by lifting her head slightly. It slen-derizes the neck, smooths out under-the-eye shadows. Try it and see what it does to your face.

"Brushing the hair the wrong way is really the right way," says Arletta Duncan. Always bend 'way down, much downer than Arletta, and thus increase both scalp and face circulation.
When Norma Shearer appeared at the opening of "Mata Hari" with a coiffure similar to this one she started something. Next day everyone asked, "Did you see Shearer's hair?" Whether she was practicing for her appearance in "Strange Interlude" or whether she really liked it that way, it was the beginning of the coronet craze. Just look at this page. Four lovely coronets, and there are more in Hollywood. Every coronet with a personal interpretation. Notice that not one wears it quite like the others. Will you and I be doing it soon? It's lovely for evening, but what about our little Watteau hats, sisters? I can see grandmother's trunk and attics being ransacked for braids and switches, for I'm convinced that women will never have really long hair again. An extra length, braided, will achieve this effect beautifully over your bob. Simply wind it about the crown of the head and pin securely. There, you look like a lady from Tennyson's pages!

Karen Morley's version of the coronet has a purely sculptured beauty. It is perfect, sleek, symmetrical. A braid is coiled rather low over the smoothly waved under hair.

Dorothy Jordan's coronet has that added attraction of neck curls. Soft and youthful, Dorothy. Those curls show you just what to do with too long ends.

Without benefit of curl Joan Marsh's blonde hair sweeps up to show that widow's peak and those slightly wind-blown tendrils at the sides. Very different.

[More Beauty Hints on Page 88]
The Story Of The Girl
Who Married
Richard Dix

GRADUATING from a $90-a-month job as a shopgirl to sharing an annual income of $250,000 is something, as your Success reporter would announce. But when the diploma is in the shape of a marriage certificate, and that to one of the screen’s most attractive and charming heroes, there you are again.

Miss Winifred Coe, queen of Portland, Ore., shopgirls for the past few years, is the young woman who has this string of accomplishments to her credit, and the lucky bridegroom is none other than Richard Dix, lately of “Cimarron” fame.

Those “in the know” have been saying, “Well, well, well, and a couple of ‘em,” ever since the announcement. First, for the reason that Dix, whose fame and fortune and personal wealth are second to none in the

From shop girl to movie star’s wife sounds like an old fashioned dime novel thriller, doesn’t it? Above is Winifred Coe, when she was working in the sheet music department of a Portland, Ore., store. Left, as Mrs. Richard Dix, just after her marriage and, right, an accepted member of Hollywood’s swanky Mayfair crowd. Read this revealing article by Lee Haven who knows her history well

land of the Kliegs, is, undoubtedly, the first of the established screen stars to go outside society and the profession in search of love and marital happiness. That he has found it, and in great measure, is not doubted. The height of his adoration for this lovely little working girl is common talk here and about, and particularly at White Salmon, Wash., where Mrs. Dix, then just Winifred, grew to girlhood.

What they deem of particular interest is the fact that once upon a time, if you can imagine, Winifred was actually given away. It was back at Minneapolis where Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Coe and their one child—a son—then resided. “It’s just like some of those sorry plays we see, isn’t it?” they say.

Winifred’s pride in her adoption by the Coe family was indicated in remembered “tiffs” with snippy children at the beauty, magnificent figure and perfect grooming marked her at once as a queen among shopgirls.

Soon she was heralded as a candidate for queen of Portland’s world famous rose fête. This venture, unhappily, cost her job, but she quickly secured similar occupation from Sheet Music Service, Inc.

Throughout the ins and outs of this employment, while standing, playing, selling, yes, and tiring at the game of trying to please the service-crazed public, she managed always to smile. Who couldn’t? What girl couldn’t smile, happily, regardless of fatigue, with Dix for a sweetheart?

But how did she meet him? Well, that’s an easy one. Figure it out. Her foster brother’s wife’s sister is married to Dix’s brother.
The Story Of The Girl Who Fought Odds—

Alice White

By

Leonard Hall

WHEN Hollywood knocks ‘em down, they’re usually out, and Oblivion gets another long-term tenant. It’s a way filmania has with those it chooses to chasten and then chase.

But there is one outstanding, amazing exception. It is comprised of ninety-six pounds of pure, unadulterated spunk and gumption—high-hearted, brave-spirited little Alice White. There’s a girl for you—and an astonishing story! She’s a combination of all the screen Cinderellas ever dreamed by woozy scenarists. She’s the heroine of a greater pluck and luck yarn than Horatio Alger ever concocted.

Alice White literally battled her way from script girl at thirty-five dollars a week to star at two thousand. Then, marked for the slaughter, she was nudged and chivvied from the studios, shuffled from the Hollywood deck, and ear-marked for a return to stenography by wise boys who thought they knew.

But they didn’t know Alice White, for all their ten-cent craftiness. Today the rejected one, pretty and gay, fit as a fiddle and taut as its G-string, sings (tra-la) and dances (ha-cha) in the country’s greatest vaudeville and picture theaters. Each week she collects a fat fee. She sports mink and chinchilla in the open season for fur. She gives radio audiences an earful of Hollywood behind the camera. With plenty of money and more spunk than ever, her bright little eyes are focused sharply on a bigger and better chance in pictures. And she loves a boy—and he loves her!

Is this a picture of a Hollywood failure? Then I am the Queen of Roumania! What, as the current saying hath it, a girl!

Little Alice started with an ace in the hole, for she knew Hollywood. When she went to Hollywood High School—spawning ground of many young trouperers. Once on the loose with her sheepskin, her loving grandma decided that young White would do the usual—a little more education, the life of a little lady and marriage to a youngster of the better sort. But she reckoned not on the sizzling spirit of young Alice!

It was Battle No. 1 on the stiff climb upward! Dissatisfied with her allowance, and determined to stand and struggle on her own, the girl went to business school, became a hot shot at the notebook and keys, and got herself a job as script girl on the old Chaplin lot.

From that day to this Alice White has given the lie direct to the old popular wisecrack—namely, that what goes up must come down! That may be in some sororities, but not Alice’s, which is Grabba Hunka Fame.

Here’s how she looked then. She weighed 128 pounds without a Sunday paper under her arm. Her hair, which we have always known as exploded blonde, was medium brown. But her big eyes had the sparkle and snap that tell of the pep and spirit within that small cranium! At that time Clara Bow was It. Those and Them in pictures. It was the dizzy, dazzling hour of Flaming Youth.

“Why don’t you try the other side of the camera?” said a pal.

“What a notion!” said little White.

Just the same, she took a test at Universal—one of those ghastly mass affairs, with thirty or forty girls smiling prayerfully into the same camera. It was for the old “Collegians” series—first try of Junior Laemmle. Terrible test! No go!

But other tests followed, at Paramount and First National. She made one at Metro with Don Alvarado. Once the idea of pictures was firmly planted, nothing else would do. A typewriter was a bogie-man—only the make-up box could satisfy.

Paramount, engaged in one of its periodic scraps with the Bow belle, made goo-goo eyes at Alice. She decided that two Bows on one lot was one over. And she signed on at First National at $150 the week.

Months passed, and she didn’t turn a wheel. Then came a call—for a plump little part in “The Sea Tiger,” that big costume affair with Milton Sills and Mary Astor. Alice was largely agog. But the whole studio seemed to turn on her and hiss. Director Dillon said flatly that he didn’t crave the pert little minx for the part. As she walked on the set for the first time, even the hot sun arses seemed like so many frigidares. In a gale of enthusiastic silence, she was instructed.

With her back to the camera, she was to walk across the set toward the dignified Mr. Sills—ruffle his hair, nibble his ear and perform a general job of flapper.vamping. She was scared ossified, but she did it—and all the while, to one she gave herself pep-talks. “Come on, White—do you want to be in pictures? What are you scared of? Rah-rah, ME!” And she made it, and she did it—and when the scene was over she saw the then-great Colleen Moore. [Please turn to page 112]
Twenty years ago young, handsome Maurice Costello, right, was as popular as Clark Gable is today. Now, ill and broken, he is left with the memories of his glorious past. The love of his daughters, Dolores and Helene, and his hope that his granddaughter will carry on the theatrical traditions, sustain him.

The Idol of Yesterday

A FEW obscure lines in local newspapers recounted the fact that Maurice Costello had walked into a Beverly Hills drug store and collapsed upon the floor. He was rushed to the hospital where the doctors said he would pull through.

Twenty years ago that would have been front page news. Twenty years ago Maurice Costello was as famous as Clark Gable is today, and an even greater idol. He was the first great matinee idol of the films.

This generation may not remember him, but there were women of another generation who wrote him letters by the thousands, who followed his carriage when he drove in the park, who waited at stage doors to catch a glimpse of him, flocked to see him on the screen and languished over him beneath their Merry Widow hats.

He was popular in a day when women fluttered and giggled and were very, very girlish. He was very handsome, very proud, very strong—and they adored him.

But that was all a long, long time ago.

Now Maurice is fifty-five—which isn't very old for a man in any profession but the profession of being a screen idol. Sometimes, it isn't very old for that. Maurice is just three years older than his son-in-law, Jack Barrymore, who still causes feminine hearts to thump.

But Maurice's glory waned. He was too great a sensation while he lasted. His adorers spent all their admiration for him so intensely that it was quickly used up and when he slowly found himself crowded out by younger men; by passing styles (the stalwart film heroes of those days were very different from the lady-slapping Gables and Cagneys); by a brisker, more keenly competitive business, the fond ladies who create matinée idols were casting their glances, grown bolder now, with the years—elsewhere.

So nobody heard much about Maurice Costello. Perhaps he didn't mind so much, for they were Dolores and Helene. Dolores became a great actress and all the pride that Maurice had taken in his own work flowed to Dolores and to Helene, who prospered well enough on the screen.

But eventually even that was taken away from him.

SEVERAL years ago he and his wife, who has since died, were divorced. The two girls sided with their mother and Maurice was left completely alone, alone in a small house with only the memories of his once glorious past. The walls of that house were lined with pictures of his once great friends. And in the lower left hand corners of the photographs of these great ones were autographs affectionately inscribed to a once beloved "Cos," as his intimates called him. So there he stayed, miserable and broken.

Two years ago the first step toward a family reconciliation was made. Costello at that time was ill with influenza. He was completely alone, so he left the door of his tiny home open, hoping that some visitor might call.

One day, as he lay there, he suddenly looked up and saw his son-in-law, Jack Barrymore, standing over his bed.

"We've had our differences," said Jack. "Now I am here because you're one of the old theatrical men, raised in the same traditions that I was. You're ill and I'm here to help you."

The sentimental Irishman, deeply touched, broke down completely. Both men are sentimental. Both men understand the tradition of the theater, that any actor has a claim on any other actor, when he is
Check Your Smartness By—

Bows
Capes
Buttons
Checks

— Seymour

THERE'S a kindred spirit between fashions of 1918 and 1932. If you don't believe it, look closely at Dorothy Jordan's costume above. Checks, capes, tailored effects—even skirt lengths—are similar. Yet this is worn in "The Wet Parade," a picture of pre-prohibition days.

A HUGE organdy bow on a black jacket, a white straw hat banded in black—sponsored by Dorothy Jordan.

BEIGE and white—nothing smarter says Kay Francis. Right you are, Kay, and this is a smart silk frock with those trick lapels running under straps that form the belt. Note the white buttons. Kay wears this in her new picture, "A Dangerous Brunette."
Use Screen Tips

**WHEN** you put black collars and cuffs on a tailored white jacket you strike a new costume note. Dorothy Jordan further stresses the smart color scheme here by her hat and a plaid scarf. From "The Wet Parade."

**SLEEVES** are a big detail on this green silk frock you will see Kay Francis wearing in "A Dangerous Brunette." The fullness centers above the elbow. Isn't your skirt a little too long, Kay? Nice accessories.

**DOROTHY JORDAN** has just been cut out of this picture to show you a close-up of that important detail of printed silk blouse and cuffs on a black jacket dress. That's an organdy flower appliqué on the cuffs.
Look closely at this black coat of Ruth Chatterton's—it's full of new ideas. There's the sleeve fulness at the wrists, the white stitching, and the fabric Ascot scarf. You will see it in "The Rich Are Always With Us."

Plaids combined with a solid color, as in this youthful brown wool suit of Bette Davis's, are high in fashion. A brief cape looks like epaulets from the front. Trick patent leather belt. In "The Man Who Played God."

Toes are coming out from hiding these days. These revealing sandals go with Dorothy Jordan, and the flounce is a negligee to look for in "The Wet Parade." Hollywood toes are carefully groomed, you know.
MOST lounging pyjamas are decorative, but few are as practical as this charming suit worn by Mae Clarke in "Impatient Maiden." The suit is adapted from the Chinese—pale blue imported Chinese silk in a brocade pattern—and is made with a simple jacket and moderately full trousers. A standing collar and frog fastenings on the jacket stress the Chinese influence. A nice choice for Summer wear.

THIS striking evening costume is one of fashion's paradoxes. The gown is very feminine with its bodice of silver sequins and slim fitted lines. The short jacket is almost mannishly tailored. And the dull luster of the white satin contrasts with the glitter of sequins. There's a new note in white satin sandals with toes tipped in sequins to match the bodice. Mary Doran looks like this in "Beauty and the Boss."
The Unknown

Hollywood

I Know

By Katherine Albert

Continued From Last Month

INTERVIEWING is the strangest of all the trades. It was not, you remember, as the average interviewer that I came on Photoplay. I had been a pretty bad actress in pictures and had also served in the publicity department at one of the biggest studios. Many of the stars were my personal friends and I always felt a little silly when I went to interview them. I tried to steer clear of those ordinary "said the star" and "said the interviewer" stories (which have long since become passe) and discussed the people as I knew them.

But there were other actors and actresses whom I met for the first time. In spite of the sniffs of many of my highbrow friends, I have always felt a strange duty toward the people who read the stories I write. I have felt myself a sort of modern Boswell whose job it is to give as sincere biographical accounts of the movie dr. Johnsons as I could.

I do not believe that the picture people have been given any undue importance. They are most certainly a part of American phenomena, a reflection of their era and their histories are, as a rule, quite as enchanting and often more glamorous than the subjects of many of the more crude biographies. And I do believe that they have had as great an influence over their subjects as had Napoleon, Catherine the Great, Queen Elizabeth and any of the other grist of the biographer's mill.

I can truthfully say that I have never approached a story for Photoplay lightly. Everything that has borne my insignificant byline has been what I honestly and sincerely thought at the time. Many of the stars I have liked better than others. Many I have not liked at all. But if I have failed to give a correct estimate, I have failed only as an analyst and not for want of sincerity.

An interview is a hybrid of introduction to a person. The star is ill at ease. So is the interviewer, if he be at all sensitive. Unless the stars are put at ease they are apt to show had become more solid and much deeper since his death.

The pleasanties were said. The weather was accounted for. And then I mentioned Kenneth. I had the feeling that something was wrong. And as we looked at each other, I knew that the bars of Mary's reserve were being lowered. Suddenly I knew that Mary and I were friends and that she wanted to tell me something—something that had long been pent up inside of her.

SHE said, "I wish I knew you better. I wish I could tell you something—but I'm afraid to. All I can say is that I wish just at this moment I did not have to discuss Kenneth."

I waited. I knew she would go on. "You see, I'm in love again. And it is no disrespect for Kenneth. He would want me to be happy. He, who was so dear and thought of me so gently, would want me to marry again. As a matter of fact, it is a compliment to him that I would marry again. The perfection of our life together makes me know how fine marriage can be. "I'm in love with the doctor who attended me when I collapsed after the accident. He brought me back to health and gave me a deeper understanding. I love him and we want to be married, but I'm afraid of the publicity. I know what the newspapers will say and how [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]"
"You'd better put your left hand out, Miss Pottle, so they can see your wedding ring in Kansas"
One More Garbo Fan

When Garbo and Jack Barrymore were cast in the same picture, Hollywood held its breath and wondered when the big fight would begin. Instead, the two were docile as lambs, and clasped hands in friendship and mutual professional admiration. And of Garbo Jack says, "Temperamental? Well, I don't profess to know what temperament is, but if it's knowing what you want and doing your best to get it, then let's have more of it".

O
N January fourteenth in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-two, public prints chronicled two unusual happenings in Hollywood.
One was the Big Snow.
The other was the meeting of John Barrymore and Greta Garbo on the "Grand Hotel" set.
The snow melted from the palm fronds almost as soon as it fell. As it vanished in fact, so did it in public interest. But the Barrymore-Garbo fusion endured. It remained to confound all speculation and stifle smouldering conjecture.
John Barrymore and Garbo instantly warmed to each other. From the moment they clasped hands in acknowledgment of Director Edmund Goulding's introduction there was no professional jealousy or suspicion. Each had too much respect for the other's artistry to indulge in the pettiness Hollywood scoffers predicted.

Barrymore, the aristocrat of the American stage. Garbo, the peasant girl, strangely gifted, grown to greatness through her driving energies.

Garbo has the name of Barrymore since she first studied stagecraft in the Royal Dramatic Academy in Stockholm. It is possible she never saw him in the theater. But she has seldom missed his screen portrayals. To have John Barrymore playing opposite her in the love scenes for the picturization of the Vicki Baum play was undeniably a professional thrill for Garbo.

Garbo's performance in "Grand Hotel" is declared, has she been so much of light tones and so little of the shadows.

Barrymore, a keen student of human nature, must have found her a fascinating subject. One of the most amusing anecdotes ever told about Garbo concerns him.

A famous editor was visiting the "Grand Hotel" set. Barrymore and he had a long, friendly conversation.

When the visit was over, Garbo seemed appalled at Barrymore's friendship with a newspaper person.

"Do you know him?" she asked curiously.

"Know him?" laughed Barrymore. "Why I used to work for him!"

"What—you a newspaperman?" she gasped with disbelieving alarm.

"Oh, I was just a cartoonist," he explained.

"Ah," laughed Garbo with obvious relief, "that's better—much better!"

GARBO'S great zeal for characterization, her concentration on her work, reminded Barrymore of Ellen Terry, the great English actress of the generation just passed.

"Of course, I never worked with Miss Terry but I have seen her a number of times both in England and this country," Barrymore recalled. "Garbo has Miss Terry's gift of self-sufficiency. She doesn't need people around her for entertainment. She wants to be left alone. Her interest in her work is absorbing and complete. She hasn't time for desultory talk between scenes.

"Could you imagine Garbo after a dramatic scene calmly sitting down and remarking, 'Think it's going to rain, baby?'"

"Garbo handles her scenes like an actress of long stage experience. I was surprised to discover she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]"
E V E R Y school teacher gives her class an examination once in a while and since I'm a teacher, too—teaching you thousands and thousands of girls and women how to be healthy and beautiful—I'm going to give you a review—an examination. At the end of this article you will discover a complete résumé of what I've said in the three preceding issues of Photoplay. This will not only help to refresh the minds of those who are already following my treatments, but it will give the ones who haven't started with me a chance to start in right now.

Get wise to yourselves, you who haven't started yet. I wish you could see the thousands and thousands of letters I've gotten telling of the miracles that the girls have worked on themselves through my articles in Photoplay. If you who haven't climbed up on my band wagon, or could take a look at those letters, you wouldn't waste another minute. Come on, girls, start today to be beautiful and healthy. You fat ones can lose fifteen pounds in a month. You thin ones can pick that much up. Don't do it tomorrow—come on, hop to it. Do it now and do it yourself. You can, you know, do for yourselves everything that I used to do to the stars.

You can be lovely and attractive if—yes you will work. But here's one thing I've got to impress on you. I'm afraid I haven't been emphatic enough.

Quit those cocktails! And when I say quit, I mean quit. I know you think to yourself, "Oh, one little cocktail couldn't hurt me." That's true. One little cocktail couldn't hurt you, but one little cocktail every afternoon, or even every other afternoon, can and does hurt you.

You can't possibly follow my instructions half way. It's all or nothing! You've got to play my way or not at all and I say — "Liquor is out—absolutely out!"

I know it's hard when you're at a party and everybody else is drinking, and I know you'll get a lot of kidding from your friends, but just say, "Sylvia won't let me!" Then have a tomato juice cocktail instead! Or water.

If you're going to string along with me, if you're going to make yourself lovely, you've got to climb up on that water wagon—and stay there! Two cocktails will undo all the reducing work you've done in a week. Is it worth it? Going through all the exercises, following the diet, etc., and then undoing it all by sipping a couple of cocktails? Ask yourself that question. I've no patience with a girl who hasn't the stamina to refuse a cocktail.

Your letters tell me that you have refused sugar and butter and all the things I've vetoed in the diet. But that isn't all you've got to refuse. "No liquor, girls, and that's final!"

Most of the letters I get every month ask me how to reduce the legs. One very intelligent young woman, who is a physical education teacher, reminded me that a lot of the screen stars had been dancers and, therefore, must have had muscular calves which they have no longer. She wants to know if these muscular calves can be taken off. Can they? Listen, when Constance Cummings first came to me her legs were enormous. Look at her legs now—they are beautiful. I reduced Constance Cummings' legs two and one-half inches in the calves. You can reduce yours. You can do it yourself. I also reduced the legs of Norma Shearer, Madge Kennedy, Alice White and hundreds of others.

O N the following pages you will find pictures and under them directions. If you follow my instructions I guarantee that you will be rewarded. You can take off from three-quarters of an inch to an inch in your ankle measurement and you can take off more than that from the calves.

Muscles are more difficult to reduce than fat, but muscles can be taken off, too. I know, because I have done it. Just stick to it and to it.

If you are bow legged you can help that by taking off the flesh from the outside of the legs and leaving the flesh on the inside, thus making your legs seem straight.

I've given you a lot of exercises in this series and I'm going to
If You Want A Figure
Says Sylvia

Everything you want to know about reducing or gaining weight

give you a lot more. Now, you'll ask me when you will have the time to do them all. Well, here's the answer. Take your choice. Do your dancing exercise for one hour every night or afternoon (don't neglect that), and then give twenty minutes in the morning to the other exercises. Choose the exercises that you need most, the ones that will reduce the spots that need reducing, and concentrate on them. Just use common sense. I can't think for you, you know. You've got brains—use them! Think for yourselves. You don't need to ask me about every move.

MAYBE your hips are too fat—well, concentrate on the hip exercises. Or, maybe it's your stomach that needs taking off, or the legs or arms (you'll find an exercise for reducing the arms illustrated and explained on this page)—so pick out whatever is right for you and devote the twenty minutes to that. Common sense is a great thing. Try cultivating a little of it.

Hundreds of you have given me your height and asked me what you should weigh. That's so darn silly. That's where common sense comes in. Those charts of the right weight for the height are a lot of bunk. No two people are alike—some have bigger bones than others, some have firmer flesh. You know how you look and how you feel. Either reduce or build yourself up until you look and feel as you want to.

Don't go by silly charts. Use your head. Exercise your brains. Fat women who won't work to reduce have fatty brains also.

Do you think just by learning your height that I can tell you to the half-pound what you should weigh? Now, honestly, isn't that ridiculous? When you look grand, when you feel fine—then you know you have accomplished what you have wanted to accomplish. Of course, once you are at the weight you want to be then you do not need to follow the diet. But here again you must use your head. Stay away from rich, greasy food. Learn to be sensible and don't depend upon people for advice all the time.

In fact, I'd say that when you've followed my diet long enough to be the weight you want to be you'll be wise enough to refrain from highly seasoned, rich, greasy food. I believe that your stomach won't want it any more. But if you feel yourself gaining weight again—the back to the diet for you.

But even if you stop the diet don't neglect the exercises. They will give you good, firm, beautiful flesh and they will keep your eyes sparkling and your skin fresh and your body in perfect physical trim.

My diet is not harmful. It gives you plenty of food and it gives the bones the nourishment they need, but if you have some special trouble, like kidney trouble, for instance, and are on a doctor's diet, you should take your diet to your doctor and ask him what part of it you can use and what part you can't.

AND if you're anemic but live in a Northern part of the country and can't get the turnip tops, eat a lot of baked apples and lettuce. But steam the lettuce over a fire with a little water for three minutes and then eat it. I've lately discovered that spinach clogs the system, so instead of eating spinach put it in cold water, just enough to cover it and let it simmer slowly for an hour and a half. Strain off the juice and drink it. It is bitter and tastes like the devil but it's as near as you can get to pure iron and it will give you pep. It will also greatly benefit anemic people.

If you're getting tired of just plain mineral oil and lemon juice on your salads, here's a reducing dressing that is delicious. Put about a half inch of mineral oil in a bottle. Add a half inch of catsup, six ounces of lemon juice, one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, juice of one onion or juice of a clove of garlic, one half teaspoon of paprika and celery salt to taste. Shake this good and hard. There—that's something to shake instead of a cocktail and, believe me, that will do you good, whereas a cocktail will do you plenty of harm!

So this is what you've learned from the article and pictures this month—no cocktails, how to reduce the legs and arms, how to hold your shoulders up and more about the diet. Next month I am going to show you how you can take off a double chin and keep it off. I have done it to my patients and you can do it, too. I'll also tell you how to keep your hands from wrinkling, your mouth from sagging and how to get rid of laughing wrinkles. Oh, I've got some startling things for you next month and I don't want anybody else to miss these things, so here is your review of what has gone before. You girls
Leg position for exercise described below to reduce the ankles. You can't actually touch toes with finger-tips, but that's not the idea.

and women who haven't gotten in on this business of being beautiful and happy and well—here's your chance.

FOR FAT GIRLS

General Reducing Diet

Breakfast
Small glass (about four ounces) grapefruit or orange juice.
Cup of black coffee (no sugar).
Slice of melba toast with a little honey and no butter.

Luncheon
(You must have one liquid meal a day. It can be at luncheon or dinner. I give it here for luncheon.)
Glass of tomato juice.
Cup of tea or coffee (no cream or sugar)
or
Large bowl of clear soup (no crackers)
In the middle of the afternoon you can have a cup of tea with lemon and no sugar.

Dinner
Fruit cup
Salad of lettuce and tomato or any other salad except avocado.
Salad dressing of mineral oil and lemon juice.
Small broiled rauv steak
or
Double lamb chop
or
One slice of 1/4-inch thick roast beef
or

Sit on the floor in this position. Take hold of the calf of your leg and, with hands like this, squeeze and squeeze hard. Dig under the muscles with thumbs and squeeze hard. Bring both hands around to fat part, leting thumbs rest on shins. With fingers and palms of hands dig in. Keep leg muscles relaxed and work with hands. To reduce ankles lie on floor with legs in position above, toes pointed. With arms above head, forming straight line through body from tips of fingers to toes, spring up. Try to touch toes with fingertips, but do not relax toes. Do this a few times at first and work up to twenty times a day. Note sharp jerking sensation in ankles. Spread towel over legs and ankles and beat the flesh through the towel with palms of hands. Hit hard, but keep legs relaxed. Toe dancers have big calves because they can't relax their legs.

Two slices of turkey or chicken and a wing
or
Two slices of broiled lamb
or
Ground round steak, without fat and use the cheaper meat where you get the fibres.
(Cut off the fat from all the meat and don't use gravy.)
Two green vegetables (peas, carrots, broccoli, greens, cauliflower, cabbage, etc.)
No bread, instead do this:
Bake a potato. When it is done, scoop out the inside leaving about 1/4 inch to the peel. Throw away the inside and put the rest back in the oven until it is dry. Eat this instead of bread without salt and no butter. It's delicious.
Gelatin
or
Baked apple without sugar
or
Stewed fruits without sugar.
Use no salt on anything. as there are mineral salts in most foods.

GET out of bed at six A.M. For twenty minutes take this exercise.
Lift hands over head, swing body round and round from the waist, feet kept straight in front and about two feet apart. Feel all the muscles from ankles to fingertips move. Swing body, hands above your head, from side to side. This is to limber you up and to prepare you for reducing in spots.
In the afternoon, or at night, turn on the radio and, with arms above your head, dance an old-fashioned two-step, hips swaying from side to side and spine moving. One two and one two and one two. Take a fairly long step and bend your knees. Do this for one hour every afternoon or night. Take it easy the first few days but get more vigorous as you begin to get more pep. These exercises and the diet will [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]
Your Skin needs only 4 things to be lovely

CLEANSING - LUBRICATING - STIMULATING - PROTECTING

You can make your skin more lovely by the same inexpensive care famous society women use

WHAT needless extravagance to clutter one's dressing table with complicated beauty preparations! Pond's simple, wholesome Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in much less time, at much less cost.

So Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, and countless other women of wealth and leisure have come to know that the skin needs just four things to make and keep it lovely: Cleansing...Lubricating...Stimulating...Protecting.

The very texture of Pond's Cold Cream tells you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—it is so rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the tiny pores and float out dust and grime... To remove the cream and all the dirt, Pond's have made Cleansing Tissues which are softer, more absorbent... Together, Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Cleansing Tissues give your skin the first necessity for loveliness—utter cleanliness.

For lubricating, again Pond's Cold Cream! Its rich oils keep your skin supple and elastic... Stimulating is the job of Pond's Skin Freshness. It tightens the pores and tones the skin by quickening circulation...To give ideal protection is the business of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is "essential," Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says.

Follow Pond's Method to keep your skin radiantly fresh and clear:

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent... half again as many Tissues in the big new 25¢ box.

2. Pat briskly with the stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep the contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives a velvety finish. Use Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck... and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS
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Is 29 an

"I AM 29"

Esther Ralston

Screen Stars know the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE—nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no! They keep youthful loveliness through the years.

"I’m 29," says Anita Stewart, "but I don’t dread my next birthday a bit! Nowadays it’s possible for a woman to grow even more charming as the years go by—if she is willing to take sensible care of her complexion!"

"I’m 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. We on the screen, of course, must keep youthful charm and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary!"

How, you wonder, do these beau-

ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who owns Esther’s Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary," she says. "That’s why I’ve used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

Lux
tiful stars keep their skin so youthfully lovely?

"Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin," says Anita Stewart.

"For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap," says Esther Ralston. "And my complexion is younger-looking than ever!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is so gentle, so beautifully white—as no soap less pure and carefully made could be! Because the stars' preference is so well known, the big film studios have made it their official soap.

Surely your skin should have this safe sure care! Buy several cakes and begin today to guard complexion beauty as the famous stars do!

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth and clear—so easily!"
Sari Maritza wears Parisian gowns, speaks the most cultured British, had a Hungarian mother and was born in China. She is just twenty-two.

Tala Birell is also twenty-two, is a Viennese with a Polish mother, and speaks German, French, English and Polish, but wants to think American.

Two New Exotics

THE Girls Who Danced With Charlie Chaplin Club is almost as big as the Association of Those Who Waltzed With H. R. H., The Prince of Wales.

And now comes this Sari Maritza and the story of a tango that brought her fame.

Her background is as exciting as her eyebrows. Born in Tientsin, China, of English and Hungarian parents, she has traveled all over the world, but it was in London that she met Chaplin and danced with him and went to all the smart night clubs and cocktail parties. And there was so much publicity about it that a representative from a German film company traveled from Berlin to London to get Sari’s name on the dotted line (her real name, incidentally, is Patricia Detring-Nathan).

An American producer saw her and signed her, so now she’s in Hollywood where Paramount is making plans to introduce her to American audiences. Howdy, Sari, glad to meet you.

TALA BIRELL, of Vienna, is about as much like the Viennese charmers they have in musical plays (with soft tunes and Maurice Chevalier) as Buster Keaton is like Clark Gable.

You could call Tala the “no” girl—no gorgeous home, no mysterious glamour, no constant looking back longingly to that—“ach, such a lovelly country, my Austria.”

Instead, she is trying to speak English, to think English, to have American thoughts. Off screen, she prefers charm to glamour but before the camera she’s as exotic as a red camellia.

Tala was a good actress in Austria. She was signed by Universal for foreign versions and then learned to speak English so fast that executives handed her Emile Zola’s “Nana,” in which she will have the lead. And they are giving odds that she’ll be a big star. Her ambition is to speak English so well that audiences won’t say, “Oh, another foreigner with another accent. Ho hum.”
WHAT YOU CAN BUY THESE DAYS
with that $3 this tooth paste saves you!

THE HOUSE
amer or wooden chair
window shades or screens
artains, napkins, or towels
able cloth, bedspread, or
sheets
Couch cover or cotton
blankets
Carpet sweeper or radio
ubes
Medicine cabinet or good
skillet
Electric fan, iron, or toaster

CLOTHES
Handkerchiefs, hose, or hat
Sweater, gloves, or knickers
Pyjamas or underwear
Batrobe or kimono
Swimming suit, nuffer, or
raincoat
Sneakers, moccasins, or
slippers
Shoes, rubber or galoshes
Stoile or negligee

FOODS
7 lbs. steak, 8 lbs. bacon, 10
lbs. ham, 8 lbs. lamb chops,
2 chickens, a large roast, 12
jelly rolls, coffee rings, cheese
cares or angel cakes, 6 qu.
olive oil, 20 quarts milk, 150
oranges, 20 lbs. lard, 15 lbs.
potatoes, 1 1/2 lbs. flour, 40
pounds, 60 lbs. sugar, 36
packages rice, 15 lbs. coffee,
3 lbs. tea, 50 leaves bread, 6
oz. eggs, 5 lbs. butter, 6 lbs.
cheese, 30 cans soups or beans,
40 large cans evaporated milk,
30 cans tomato juice, 15 large
cans peaches, 12 large cans
pears (pears or pineapple or fruit
for salad), 20 large cans spin-
ach, 50 cans spaghetti, 20
cans cocoa, 10 jars comlade,
20 packages pancake flour,
20 packages rice flakes, 24
packages oats, several lbs. of
non, 15 lbs. rice, 50 lbs. or
other beans.

On the basis of the use of
a tube per month, Listere-
ine Tooth Paste at 25c
saves approximately 83
a year over dentifrices
in the 50c class. Below
are a few suggestions as
to how to spend the
money you save.

VARIOUS NEEDS
Umbrella, suitcase, or trav-
elling bag
A good book
Brief case or desk set
Fountain pen, or thermos
bottle
Hot water bottle
Clothes brush, hair brush,
and nail brush (all 3)
6 Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth
Brushes
Jack-knife or pen-knife
A Kodak or camera films
Handbag or costume
jewelry
Cold Cream or Face Powder

FOR CHILDREN
A baseball bat and glove
A doll or doll carriage
A bicycle or scooter
Bicycle tire or toy soldiers
An inexpensize wrist watch
Ice skates or roller skates
Rompers, frocks, or shoes
A toy locomotive

AMUSEMENTS
Tennis balls, net, or racket
Fishing rod, basket, or reel
Golf balls or a golf club
Shotgun shells, or a camp
coat
Tickets to a theatre or ball-
game
Phonograph records, or
78 music rolls

FOR THE CAR
Spark plugs, tire chains, or
jack
Spotlight, or tail and stop
light
Brake shoes or brake bands

25c
LISTERINE
TOOTH-PASTE
LABORATORY COMPANY

it won leadership

Your common sense tells you that Lis-
terine Tooth Paste did not capture
leadership because of that appealing
price of 25c. It had to produce results
— quick — positive — lasting — to win
millions to it in less than four years.
Like you, all men and women are cri-
tical of the tooth paste they buy.
Quality and results first—price last.

Good as the Name

In suggesting that you try Listerine
Tooth Paste, we ask that you re-
member that it is made by the makers
of Listerine. We have a reputation of
producing only the best. It is a point
of honor with us — also good business.
And we are proud of this paste. That
we can produce it at such a price is
due to the fact that we have cut manu-
facturing costs by improved methods
of production.

If you are not now using Listerine
Tooth Paste, get a tube at once. For-
get the price advantage and look for

these benefits:

Invigorates Mouth
Swift, gentle cleansing action which
erases tartar, discolorations, and re-
moves food particles without harm to
enamel.

The flashing, brilliant luster it im-
parts to teeth.

The wonderful feeling of mouth
cleanliness and invigoration you asso-
ciate with Listerine itself.

You will be delighted with Listerine
Tooth Paste the moment you try it.
And that saving of $3 a year, while
not large, will nevertheless be welcome
these days. Lambert Pharmacal Com-
pany, St. Louis, Mo.

by brilliant results

LISTERINE

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

• a friend to your teeth . . . a pal to your pocketbook •
Here's the answer to that question. "What's become of Corinne Griffith?"

The orchid lady of the screen is making pictures in England. But that's not all. She and hubby Walter Morosco have taken a house in the exclusive Mayfair section of London and are entertaining lords, ladies, dukes and all sorts of impressive people.

And even the Prince of Wales dropped around to the studio where Corinne is making "Lily Christine," and autographed the script she's working on. But wait—there's more. Many very socially prominent Brits are acting as extras in the film—top hats, monocles and all.

Adolphe Menjou is working at the same studio and there's much friendly rivalry between Corinne and Adolphe. Not professional jealousy, mind you, but a little checking-up to see which star has had the most royal visitors during the day.

Before she started to work Corinne was at a cocktail party—yes, they have them over there—given by Viscount Castlerosse (impressed?). She was chatting with a man whose name she did not hear upon introduction, and she explained to him that she would return to the screen if she could play in "Lily Christine," but that she had heard that the author, Michael Arlen, was pretty choosy about the heroine and wouldn't sell the book unless he personally approved the actress.

"Michael Arlen would be delighted if you would do the story," the unknown gentleman said.

"How do you know?" asked Corinne.

"Because I am Michael Arlen."

Arlen was so finicky about his heroine because the plot of the story hinges upon the fact that the gal is nearsighted and wears horn-rimmed glasses. And the average actress wouldn't do it.

"Pooh," said Corinne. "What do I care?" Or maybe she said something British that means the same thing.

So when you see the picture you'll find the lass, whom Gloria Swanson called the most beautiful woman in pictures, wearing cheaters. But we wouldn't care if Corinne wears goggles just so long as she comes back.
Why blame stockings when **YOU** may be at fault?

"ANOTHER PAIR GONE!"—natural to blame the stockings. But you may have caused those expensive runs!

When your stockings are new, they are elastic. They give instead of breaking under strain. Stretch and spring right back again.

But if you wash away this precious elasticity—rub stockings with cake soap so the fibres weaken, lose their supple "give"—then they break.

At the slightest strain. Even bending your knee or fastening your garter may start a wretched run!

Fit, too, is spoiled. Lifeless silk sags, causing horrid wrinkles, crooked seams.

SO WHY take chances? Lux is especially made to preserve elasticity—all the "live" quality the silk has when it is new. That's why it offers you the sure way to make your stockings **wear**—make them keep their perfect, flattering **fit**.

**Lux saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y**
THIS is what the mixer sees when he looks out from his little monitor room high in the stage’s rafters. The mixer, you know, is the lad who sees that voice and action jibe. Way up there, he is the lord of everything he surveys and the actors and directors look pretty insignificant. Only the voice concerns him. That’s John Miljan doing a scene for “Are You Listening?” which Harry Beaumont directs. The camera is on a travelling “dolly.” Note the lonely electrician working the giant spotlight
"Sure, I use Colgate's! I like it ... that's why!"

She's a good scout—my mother is! She's going to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts—even if I did tear my pants a little comin' through Bailey's fence. Ma believes in lettin' a feller do things the way he likes to do 'em. That's why she buys me Colgate's to brush my teeth with. I like it—that's why. Boy—does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she's doin'.

Doctor Ellis told her there ain't any toothpaste can beat Colgate's for keeping teeth clean—says more people use it than any other kind. An' Ma says 'cause Colgate's only costs a quarter—mebbe she's savin' to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow—she don't have to bother about me brushin' my teeth reg'lar—so I guess she's satisfied, too.
How About More And Better Picnics For The Coming Summer?

This is the season of the year when the picnic germ is in the air, along with poison ivy, wanderlust, and calls for sulphur and molasses.

Secret mountain caves and beach nooks are haunted once more and picnic fires laid.

Neil Hamilton has his own special retreat for picnics near his beautiful new home, located midway between mountains and sea, and cooks an outdoor meal there frequently, prefaced by a swim or a hike.

A seasoned picknicker can always be spotted by his paraphernalia, which is limited to the minimum.

Whereas an amateur goes on a picnic with everything but the kitchen stove, Hamilton makes his little jaunts with practically nothing but the kitchen stove. Or rather, the stove grate.

Hamilton offers this grate suggestion as a helpful one for all those at the beginning of picnic careers. Two flat rocks will support the grate over the campfire and will eliminate that annoyance of tipped coffee pot and cooking pans.

For the following picnic dinner, a large campfire is laid, since nearly the entire menu is cooked in the coals, after the blaze has died down to a steady heat.

Ears of corn in their shucks are laid on the coals, along with some Irish potatoes, apples and eggs.

"There is no danger of the egg shells cracking if the fire is kept at a medium temperature," Hamilton explained. "Doctors say eggs are most healthful when either cooked slightly or very well done. By leaving the eggs in the coals for half an hour I find that they are cooked to a delicious mealliness."

It is best to allow at least an hour for the potatoes and apples, with slightly less time for the corn. Sweet potatoes can be roasted in the same way.

When Neil takes the "sweets" from the coals, he slits the tops of them, inserts a chunk of butter, presses the opening closed and leaves them on top of the grate for ten minutes to melt the butter.

When the apples are cooked they can either be peeled, or halved, cored, and eaten from the skin.

Long sticks are sharpened to a point for cooking the bacon, which is held close to the coals.

The secret of cooking bacon is not to have the fire too hot, says Hamilton. A hot blaze will cause the bacon grease to melt too quickly and extinguish the fire.

Toast may be prepared one of two ways. Either the slices of bread placed on the grate, or held directly over the fire on pointed sticks.

"The beauty of this picnic meal is that one person can handle all the operations," said Hamilton. "No need for half a dozen people fussing around the campfire, getting in each other's way and knocking over pots and pans.

"In fact, until it is time for the final details, the dinner requires very little attention."

For members of the party who might prefer sandwiches to eggs and potatoes, Neil always carries a well-filled, large open-mouth glass jar, containing sandwich material.

This is made according to your very best recipe for chicken salad, but in place of chicken he uses pork.

Buy a strip of loin pork chops and boil this, in water containing plenty of salt, until nice and tender; then chop into small cubes and mix as for chicken salad.

Of course, the long sandwich loaves which now come already sliced, are not opened until you are ready to put the salad mixture on. You will then have a sandwich more delicious than the average chicken salad sandwich.

The most lagging appetite cannot fail to rally under this combination of outdoor air and tantalizing campfire odors. Neil Hamilton and his wife call it their special eighty-five cent luncheon.

This is not a miner's dugout, but the favorite picnic retreat of the Neil Hamiltons. And Neil says he can cook better than the little woman.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.
OLIVE OIL... the great beauty oil

this much goes into every cake of Palmolive

Startling? Yes! And so vital in modern beauty care that 20,000 beauty specialists have united in recommending the daily use of Palmolive.

OLIVE OIL is nature's great beautifier. It soothes, penetrates and protects the skin.

But, can you get enough olive oil in soap? Palmolive answers: YES! And shows you just how much of this priceless ingredient is blended with oils from palm trees in the famous Palmolive formula.

What about other soaps? Do you know what's in them? Can you risk using them on your skin?

Palmolive labels every cake: made of olive and palm oils. That's why more than 20,000 beauty experts have, for years, urged its use. They believe in the beauty value of olive oil in soap. Listen to their advice. Use Palmolive to protect skin, to keep it young.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

This is to certify that this tube contains the exact amount of olive oil that goes into every 10c cake of Palmolive Soap.

Ray N. Berlin
Notary Public
Cook County, Illinois

M. N. Drake
Vice President in charge of production
Colgate-Palmolive Company
Sealed to prevent any tampering of contents
of January 1932
ASK THE ANSWER MAN

WHEN! Is there no end to this lad's popularity? Your old answer man has just come up for air, smothered under a stack of mail this high containing questions about Phillips Holmes. Funny, you folks have just discovered that Phil is a swell actor, for he's been playing in pictures four years. Grand Rapids, Mich., is noted for two things—furniture and Phil Holmes. That's where the lad first took notice of an amazing world on July 22, 1909. He was born to fame, for his father is Taylor Holmes, one of the better actors. Phil went to Trinity College in England (that's why sometimes you hear a slight British accent when he speaks his lines), but he finished his education at Princeton. His ambition was to be a prize-fighter, but trouper's blood flowed in his veins and the call of the studio was too much for him. He has made one picture right after the other, a few of which are "The Devil's Holiday," "Stolen Heaven," "Confession of a Co-Ed," "Two Kinds of Women," "An American Tragedy" and "Broken Lullaby." His latest one is "Night Court." Although he's one of Hollywood's most popular beaux, he has steered clear of marriage or even engagements—so far. Phillips Holmes is his real name, he is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has naturally blond hair and blue eyes.

M. B. TURKER, DEPEW, N. Y.—You've given Gloria Swanson one too many husbands. Michael Farmer is her fourth husband. The other three were Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn and the Marquis de la Falaise.

MIS. CORY-WRIGHT, LONDON, ENG.—So you're just discovering Ramon Novarro. No, he has never been married and his voice is quite as lovely in real life as it comes through to you in the talkies. He was born February 6, 1899.

C. H. J., CHICAGO, ILL.—I'm sorry to tell you that you're wrong, but it was Basil Rathbone who played the suave Pèlèe Vance brother of the S. S. Van Dine stories. Bill Powell played the smart detective in the others.

A KANSAS CITY GIRL, MO.—I don't want to mix in any sisterly quarrels, but you are right. It's Norman Foster—not Norman Kerry—who is married to Claudette Colbert.

MAE HOBBS, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Yes, ma'am, that's Mae Clarke's real name and she was born in Philadelphia, Penna. She played the lead in "Impatient Maiden" after she played in "Frankenstein," so you see those silly rumors were wrong.

MRS. HAZEL BANNING, DECatur, ILL.—Can't a lady's weight change? (Just ask Sylvia!) Joan Crawford used to weigh 122, but now she's tipping the scales at 130. She is five feet, four inches tall. You're right about the Clark Gable pictures. Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Mont.

JANE OWEN, Scarsdale, N. Y.—Here's everything you want to know about crooner Bing Crosby. He is five feet, nine inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and was born May 2, 1904 in Tacoma, Wash. Divie Lee is the missus.

J. DESSERT, NEW YORK CITY.—Travis Banton is the last responsible for the clothes Marlene Dietrich wore in "Dishonored" and "Shanghai Express." Robert Ames died on November 27, 1931. He was 42 years old. Warren William was born December 2, 1895.

MRS. R. H. PUHLE, WILMINGTON, CONN.—You win the argument. John Boles began his picture career before talkies. He was Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Love of Sunya." Remember now?

CHARLIE RUGGLES, FAN, HILLSBORO, OHIO.—Yes, Connie Bennett has a son named Peter, but he's an adopted child. Wesley and Charles Ruggles are brothers. Lots of talent in that family.

BUTLA WALKER, LOUISVILLE, KY.—No, Janet Gaynor hasn't any children. That was Una Merkel in "Wicked," with Elissa Landi.

AUDREY BOWEN, BRONX, N. Y.—Yes indeed, Audrey. Gene Raymond's hair is naturally blond and don't let Gene hear you hint that it isn't. Eddie Woods was born in Arizona.

BETTY SACHS, BALTIMORE, MD.—Here's the news about your little favorite. Leon Janney was born in Ogden, Utah, April 1, 1917 and he's been in pictures since 1925.

A. B. BANKER, TROY, N. Y.—I think you have Leila Hyams confused with someone else. She was born in New York City and her mother and father were the famous vaudeville team of "Hyams and McIntyre."

EDITH MIRMAN, NEWPORT, R. I.—Marilyn Miller isn't married now. Her first husband, Frank Carter, was killed. She was once married to Jack Pickford, but they are divorced.

DORIS DETERS, WATERLOO, IOWA.—That's Clark Gable's real name and he was born Feb. 1, 1901.

MRS. IRA BRONSON, MANHATTAN, OHIO.—Paul Lukas is married to a non-professional named Gizelle Benes Lukas, but Paul, and all her friends, call her Daisy. He was born May 26, 1896.

JOHN FATICANTO, LEO MISTER, MASS.—Jackie Cooper is of German and Italian descent but he was born in Los Angeles, Calif., on Sept. 15, 1923.

BILLY DUNLOP, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Greta Garbo had a sister who died. She has a brother who lives in Sweden and is a very handsome boy. Her birthday is Sept. 18 and her latest picture is "Grand Hotel."

TAITO NAKAJIMA, TOKYO, JAPAN.—Edwina Booth is free-lancing now. She was born in Provo, Utah, Sept. 13, 1909 and has blonde hair and dark blue eyes.

DANIELLE CORBIN, TUCSON, ARIZ.—I hope this helps you get Warner Baxter straightened out. That's his real name. His wife is non-professional and he was born March 29, 1891. He has never specialized in gangster films.

EMILY PARRIGON, LEXINGTON, KY.—Dorothy Gulliver is married to William De Vito. And the latter is a half-German. She has just finished "Grand Hotel" and is living in California.

R. D. H., MARTIN'S FERRY, OHIO.—It was Leroy Mason who played opposite Dolores Del Rio in "Revenge."

HELEN G. SCHWARZ, DETROIT, MICH.—Norma Shearer and George Arliss won the 1929 Academy of Motion Picture Awards for the best performances of that year. Norma for her work in "The Divorcee," and Arliss for his work in "Dishraeli."

TOM AND BILLY, MOBILE, ALA.—I'm surprised at you boys not knowing all about Jean Harlow. Well, here's the lowdown, anyway. Jean, her real name is Harlene Carpenter, was born in Kansas City, Mo., on March 3, 1911. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 112 and has beautiful blue eyes. Of course you know now, that she has platinum blonde locks. She "as been spending much of her time lately making personal appearances in various theaters throughout the country, but she'll soon be back in Hollywood making pictures.

LILLY PREEDNT, ERIE, PA.—Buddy Rogers, once a movie star, is now spending his time appearing in Ziegfeld's show "Hot-Cha." He broadcasts over the radio some evenings after the performance. Lupe Velez is also appearing in "Hot-Cha." Joan Bennett was recently married to Gene Markey. She has one daughter, Adrienne, by a former marriage.

Here's a nice informal picture of Taylor Holmes' favorite son, Phillips. He's been in the movies for years but you question askers have evidently just discovered him. His great work in "Broken Lullaby" did it!

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Costs and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.
does the smart business Woman wear tinted nails or natural?

Both!...Like other smart women today, she varies her nail tint with her gown... says world authority on the manicure

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—it best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender...smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewitchingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues"... black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. Contrasts excotly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—he sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

You absolutely can't tell the Girl with a Career from the social butterfly these days. She wears the same elegant clothes, lunches at the same smart restaurants and goes in for the same alluring Variety in nail tints.

The truth is they both know they can't afford not to be smart. And to be smart—in or out of business today—you simply can't stick to one lone shade of nail polish.

Besides, variety in nail tints actually PAYS. Rose nails can make the simplest little dark blue frock look like a Paris original! And Coral finger tips with the new beiges make your arguments twice as convincing either in the office or at home!

Don't worry about choosing just the right shade for the right gown. You can always refer to the panel above.

But remember there's the necessity for quality as well as color. Cutex is famous for both. You can depend on Cutex Liquid Polish to have a grand lustre, go on smoothly, dry almost instantly, and never crack, peel, streak or fade. It even has a new bakelite cap with brush attached that can't touch the table top. That's efficiency for you!

Go right out and get your favorite Cutex shades today. You can start with a couple—but if you have any executive ability, you'll find time to use all five.

Cutex Liquid Polish... only 35¢

Miss Jerry Maxwell • Fashion Publicist • Saks-Fifth Avenue

Follow this easy Cutex Manicure...
First scrub the nails. Then remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. End with Cutex Nail White, Pencil or Cream, under tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish
and 5 other Manicure Essentials for 12¢

Nortnam Warren, Dept. 2 Q5
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address Post Office Box 228, Montreal)
For new Cutex Manicure Set which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked: □ Rose □ Coral □ Cardinal
NANCY:  “I'm only half through my dishes... how do you get finished so soon?”

ELAINE:  “I guess you don’t know about Lux. It works twice as fast... and, my dear, it's simply grand for your hands!”

TURN DISHWASHING INTO BEAUTY CARE while you wash dishes faster

WHY NOT let Lux give your hands beauty care right in the dishpan?

So many soaps—candles, powders, chips—contain harmful alkali which dries up the beautifying oils of the skin. Gentle Lux protects these natural oils—leaves hands softer and whiter after doing dishes than before!

And the tiny, sheer Lux diamonds work so quickly. They dissolve twice as fast. In lukewarm water, too. And they are economical. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

BRIDGE WIVES
Cameo-Educational
The famous Culbertson-Lenz bridge tournament is taken for a terrific ride in this hilarious comedy. Fern Emmett, the leading contestant in an all-feminine tournament, which has been going on for three months, has to retire from play because her husband goes bridge mad.

UNSHOD MAIDEN
Universal
You can’t miss this hilarious comedy. The studio dug up “Shoes,” a picture made by Mary McLaren fourteen years ago, and put the funniest scenes together with the voice of a great wisecracker describing it as it would be played today. See the possibilities?

HEAVENS! MY HUSBAND!
Mack Sennett-Educational
Andy Clyde, a jittery, jealous bridegroom! What could be funnier? Poor Andy is a night-watchman who can't keep tabs on wife—a trouble-making friend adds to the confusion. A goofy comedy with lots of laughs. Dorothy Granger is Andy's everything.

COLLEGE GRAPPLERS
RKO-Pathe
This time Grantland Rice puts a lot of pep and punch in a wrestling sports-short. He shows college boys being trained and winds up with scenes of gym bouts attended by an enthusiastic, cheering audience. Entertaining.

SLIDES AND GLIDES
Brown Nagel-Educational
Swell action shots of the winter Olympics at Lake Placid. Sking, fancy and fast skating, and those death-defying bob sled glides. There’s enough punch in this short to make you think you are there yourself. Don’t miss it, winter sports fans.

THE WIDE OPEN SPACES
RKO-Pathe
A lot of big shot comedians, aided by Dorothy Sebastian, get together for a swell burlesque of an old time Western. They didn’t miss a trick, for there are Indians, bandits, sheriffs, covered wagons and even the village school ma’am. Very amusing.

PLAYGROUND OF THE MAMMALS
Mack Sennett-Educational
Here is another interesting episode in Mack Sennett’s deep sea fishing series. One of the thrills is a one-man tussle with a huge porpoise. Fishermen will get a big kick out of these—the rest of you will be glad just to be sitting on dry land!

BABBLING BOOKS
Paramount
A lot of nonsense in a book store, with some pretty funny gags of the Marxian type. This short is for the lovers of mad nonsense only, and seems more like a vaudeville routine than a movie.

HOLLYWOOD LUCK
Ideal-Educational
Those three extra girls who have such trouble crashing the Hollywood studio gates, are again embroiled in a series of escapades. Rita Flynn tries to hitch her wagon to a potential star in this one—quite unsuccessfully. Good fun.

THAT RASCAL
Vanity-Educational
Introducing another male torch singer, Harry Barris, a rival to Bing Crosby. This young man is a composer, pianist, radio star, and what have you. But he can’t count acting as one of his accomplishments. You’ll enjoy his songs, but find his comedy dull.

TORCHY’S NIGHT CAP
Educational-Torchy
Ray (Torchy) Cooke gets into another big business scare with very amusing results for everybody. This time he loses an important document, saves a man’s life, helps some elopers and wins up in court—all in it makes good entertainment.
Thousands are saying: “This is the car!”

There’s freshness—and vigor—and youth—in the aerodynamic design of the Rockne that appeals to everyone who likes distinction.

You want to drive the Rockne the instant you see it. You want to try out that tireless eagerness for going somewhere, doing something, you’re sure the Rockne has.

The Rockne is selling fast because it’s different, because it has everything in the way of features and advancements.

You know you’re right about the Rockne just to feel its six cylinder motor zoom into action on the getaway. You marvel at the Rockne’s steadiness and balance even when the speedometer is crowding seventy. You feel more relaxed, more luxuriously comfortable, than you’ve been in any low-priced car before.

So why take a low-priced car that’s just a monument to monotony ... when you can be original ... and get a Rockne ... and get a thrill!

ROCKNE MOTORS CORPORATION
(A Studebaker subsidiary company)
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Models and Bodies</th>
<th>Model “65”</th>
<th>Model “75”</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Coupe, 2 passenger</td>
<td>$585</td>
<td>$685</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coach, 5 passenger</td>
<td>395</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coupe, with rumble seat,</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 passenger</td>
<td>620</td>
<td>720</td>
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<td>Sedan, four door, 5 passenger</td>
<td>635</td>
<td>735</td>
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<tr>
<td>Convertible Roadster,</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 passenger</td>
<td>675</td>
<td>775</td>
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<tr>
<td>Convertible Sedan, 5 passenger</td>
<td>695</td>
<td>795</td>
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All prices f.o.b. factory
She’s got... that certain something

There are girls in her crowd more beautiful—but none more popular. Call it personality—call it luck—call it what you will—she’s got that certain something!

And not the least of her charms is something she’s achieved herself. Something every girl can have... a truly lovely complexion!

She knows the importance of a pure, fine face-powder. For impure powders cause blemishes, roughness, large pores. But the use of a safe, lovely powder brings satiny smoothness to the skin.

This is the explanation of the magic of Luxor powder. It’s made in the Luxor laboratories of pure, highly selected ingredients. It is carefully mixed for perfection of blend. It is sifted mist-fine through layers of tight-stretched silk.

Luxor powder is transparent, of a delightful fragrance and delicacy. You’ll find it transforms your complexion to a new petal-smooth beauty. For Luxor powder, too, has “that certain something.”

Luxor products are all equally pure, and none are costly: face-powder 50 cents a box, rouge 50 cents, lipstick 50 cents.

Luxor, Ltd.

Luxor, Ltd., 1355 W. 32nd St.
Chicago, Illinois

I know purity is important. Here’s ten cents for a sample of the pure face-powder. (Check) ___ Rachel.  
___ Flesh. ___ White.

Name.
Address....

Vote for the Best Picture of the Year

You who read Photoplay and are interested in encouraging better and better pictures have your annual opportunity—and in a way, duty—to encourage the producers who are making an effort to give you fine pictures, big human themes, and direction of the highest quality.

Each year Photoplay awards a Gold Medal for the best picture shown in the previous year.

But you readers of Photoplay select the winner. Your ballots tell the final story.

You have never failed to make the perfect choice, as you may see by turning to the contents page in this issue, where the best pictures of the past eleven years are named.

Photoplay furnishes the Gold Medal of Honor—the Nobel prize of the cinema, made of solid gold, weighing 12s 6d, pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, designed by Tiffany and Company, New York. But your votes are the last word. You really award the Medal, which is the highest honor that can be conferred upon any motion picture company.

Each year we ask that in selecting the best picture you forget personalities and consider the film as a whole, from a standpoint of story, direction, acting, theme, motivation and spirit.

The ballot printed below is for your convenience. Use it.

Also you will find a list of fifty outstanding films released in 1931, but that does not mean you are limited to one of these. You may choose any 1931 picture that you think worthy of this highest of all awards.

And send in your votes as early as possible.

May the most worthy picture win! May you again be able to take just pride in your selection! Everyone, whether he be a subscriber to Photoplay or not, is welcome to cast a vote.

List of Fifty Pictures Released in 1931

Alexander Hamilton  
American Tragedy, An  
Are These Our Children?  
Bad Girl  
Blue Angel, The  
Champ, The  
Cimarron  
City Lights  
City Streets  
Criminal Code, The  
Daddy Long Legs  
Devil to Pay, The  
Devotion  
Dirigible  
Dishonored  
East Lynne  
Five Star Final  
Free Soul, A  
Front Page, The  
Guardsmen, The  
Huckleberry Finn  
Iliad  
Inspiration  
Millionaire, The  
Miracle Woman, The  
Mother’s Millions (also titled “The She Wolf”)  
Night Nurse  
Paid  
Platinum Blonde  
Politics  
Public Enemy, The  
Rango  
Secret Six, The  
Seed  
Sim of Modelon Claudet, The  
Six Takes a Holiday  
Skippy  
Smart Money  
Smiling Lieutenant, The  
The Spirit of Notre Dame, The  
The Star Witness, The  
The Stranger’s Kiss  
Street Scene  
Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise  
Tabu  
Tol’able David  
Trader Horn  
Transatlantic  
Two Hearts in Waltz Time  
Waterloo Bridge

Send in This Ballot

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE  
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1931.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name.  
Address.
FOLLOW THE STARS

DOROTHY JORDAN, as Maggie May in M-G-M's sensational drama, "The Wet Parade," scores a notable success. This charming actress, one of the newer personalities developed by M-G-M, has also appeared in "Shipmates," "Hell Divers" and "Min and Bill." She is a southern girl, and came to pictures from the stage.

NEIL HAMILTON, popular M-G-M leading man, plays Roger in "The Wet Parade" and appeared also as Holt in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." He is noted in many roles as a romantic figure of the screen.

ANITA PAGE is one of the galaxy of younger players launched to fame under the M-G-M banner and has won special note as the heroine of "Night Court." She also scored in "Are You Listening?", "Reducing," "Caught Short" and others.

Here are swim suits into which has been woven the style-sense, the romance of Hollywood! Suits not only with "fronts" that dare to be new but with "backs" that dare to be different!

Woven of long-fibre, double-duty yarn, specially processed to withstand sun and salt water; cut by hand; knit to fit; styled for free-and-easy swimming! Result? The suit clings to the body without bag or sag; mar or wrinkle.

And colors? Here are heavenly hues that shame the rainbow — colors with the tone and tang of the sea! Why not drink your fill of summer sun in the suits that are "Worn by the Stars of Hollywood"? If your dealer does not have them in stock, write direct and we'll see that you are promptly supplied. Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles.

CATALINA

Look for the Flying Fish on the label

Mail coupon for free "movie-style" folder
Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles. Please send me, free, your illustrated folder, "The Swim Suit I Like Best," showing the ten leading swim suits selected for 1932 by screen stars.

NAME

ADDRESS
Zip Go Sylvia’s Tresses

By

Carolyn Van Wyck

Here is the maiden all forlorn! Sylvia doesn’t look as if she liked her short locks. Do you? You’ll know better when you see her in “Jerry and Joan”

HOLLYWOOD faces create new styles in beauty. Those convex foreheads, for example. Smooth, high, rounded like a well-fed infant’s. We’ve always had them, of course, but we haven’t always showed them. Even now they shatter all accepted concepts of beauty. But they are interesting, and they are different. Notice Joan Crawford’s, for example! Up, up and curving decidedly outward.

If you question it, that it’s a decided facial vogue in Hollywood. That ought to make it all right.

And now that I’ve mentioned Joan Crawford let me say that I never saw her about Hollywood by day without those dark glasses, black I think. They protect her eyes, ward off squinting lines from brilliant light and glare. Not a bad idea when we motor, go boating or spend hours on the beach. Amber glasses are quite as restful and protective for the eyes and do not give quite as much a beetle look as black ones do. But slip a pair in your week-end bag or beach bag by all means.

Recently I saw Bebe Daniels in New York and she told me she never liked herself blonde. In fact, she had her temporarily blonde hair dyed back to its natural color and then let it grow out its own nice brown way. This is a very good idea when that henna pack or bleach hasn’t turned out quite as satisfactorily as we hoped. Go to a good hair specialist and have your hair dyed its own color. This is one time when you won’t have to worry about the color that is growing out next to your scalp.

Does this headdress worn by Gabor in “Grand Hotel” presage a new style in hair? That back lock reminds us of the childhood wisps our mother tied with a ribbon.

She’s quite pretty in her new look. Those very shiny locks fall in natural waves all down her back. She’s quite a change from the original headful of tight curls. But isn’t it funny how the eyes are always bigger in Hollywood—mine included?

Does Spring sunshine find your skin not quite flawless? Or have you a little roll above your high-waisted belt or other beauty worries? We have a booklet on normal weight, a complexion leaflet, and a special May letter telling of half a dozen new beauty helps. Any or all are yours for a stamped self-addressed envelope. Carolyn Van Wyck, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

J. Harlow’s natural hair, we have it on good authority, is a medium brown. But Jean very likely knew what she was about when she changed. She’d probably never have had the masculine screengoers agog without that silver crown. Or is it those fulsome curves?

When you saw “Lady with a Past” did any of you notice that little patting attention that Constance Bennett applied several times to her smooth curls? Apparently that is a very real mannerism with Miss Bennett, for at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood and on one other occasion I saw her do exactly the same thing. Just a little light, reassuring pat to those back curls, just to be sure they’re all there, in place. It’s a charming gesture when hands are as lovely as Connie’s. She says she soaks her finger tips in warm olive oil every night to keep them in good condition. Well, it certainly works. But olive oil is a little messy. A cuticle cream or hand cream molded or massaged about the finger tips keeps them in perfect condition. You do not need to sleep in gloves, either.

Marlene Dietrich in “Shanghai Express” showed us something nice to be done with a long, curled bob parted at the side. Let the heavy side stay full and brush the other side back to expose the ear. Miriam Hopkins does this sometimes, too, and I saw a young artist with hair this way at a party the other evening. It’s quite chic and a nice little evening variation for the bob that can’t stand too much foolishness. A little brilliantine with the aid of an invisible hairpin or two will help keep that slim side back in place without any obvious effort.
...New Make-Up Discovery from Hollywood

Individualized color harmony in make-up for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead originated by Filmland’s make-up genius, Max Factor.

Magic effect of new color harmony principle doubles beauty! Creates satin-smooth make-up that lasts for hours! 96% of Hollywood’s stars use it!

COLOR is the secret of beauty in make-up, and by originating colored color harmony, Max Factor, genius of make-up in Hollywood, has at last discovered the real magic of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow are now harmonized in color to emphasize the appeal and attraction of the various types in blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads.

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you in the beauty effect created. Each shade of face powder, for example, is created to some living screen star type. It is a true color harmony tone that actually blends beauty with natural complexion colorings. Not just a flat color, but a color tone composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that strongest daylight or artificial light will never cause Max Factor’s face powder to appear off-color, spotty or powdery.

MAX FACTOR’S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Max Factor Studio, Hollywood, Cal. 1-5-32

Please send me a copy of your 84-page illustrated book, “The New Art of Society Make-Up,” also personal complexion analyses and make-up color harmony charts. (Enclose 10c in coin or stamps to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

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Address __________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________

Miniature Powder Compact, FREE


Max Factor’s rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, based on the same amazing color harmony principle are fifty cents each. All at drug and department stores.

How to Find Your Type in Make-Up

Discover how to emphasize your own individual personality. Find out now that you can really be more beautiful than you are. Permit Max Factor to analyze your complexion and create your own color harmony chart in Society Make-Up. Accept this priceless gift by mailing coupon now.

Winifred Lightner, Warner Bros. star in “Manhattan Parade” Max Factor’s Make-Up and exclusively

Winifred Lightner, Warner Bros. star in “Manhattan Parade” Max Factor’s Make-Up and exclusively

Used — Exclusively

1932 Max Factor
As SAFE as pure water to freshen SILKS

Keep your printed silks as fresh as flowers with Ivory Snow!

Any fabric . . . any color . . . you can trust in clear water, can be washed safely with Ivory Snow. For Ivory Snow is the same pure soap doctors recommend for a baby's tender skin. It is Ivory Soap. Blown into tiny, soft puffs for instant dissolving in tepid water, which is the only safe temperature for colors, for silks, for wash-leather gloves and for woolens.

No need for hot water with Ivory Snow! No flat soap particles that can cling and cause soap spots or streaking! Every puff of Ivory Snow melts like snow itself. Its rich, thoroughly dissolved soaps rinse out swiftly and clearly.

You can use Ivory Snow lavishly because it is pure and mild—and that nice, big package costs only 15¢!

HERE'S AGREEMENT!

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu.
"Ideal for woolens," say the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills.

99 44 100 % PURE

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

GIRL CRAZY—Radio Pictures

If you don't go to see this picture you will miss a lot of your favorites—Hedda Hopper, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, clever Mitzi Green, Eddie Quillan, delinquent Ivan Lebedeff, Arlene Judge and many more. And Mitzi Green does her famous imitations of George Arliss, Marlene Dietrich and Edna May Oliver.

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD—Universal

Here's your chance to get a peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones of Hollywood, for the Kelly girl (June Clyde is charming in the role) becomes a big silent star and imitates the talkies, while the Cohen boy, played by Norman Foster, writes theme songs. George Sidney and Charlie Murray furnish the comedy—but the comedy is not so good as the story idea.

THE HEART OF NEW YORK—Warner

Here you have those two wisecracking Jewish comedians, Dale and Smith, erupting nonsense at a breakneck speed; feeding each other gag lines one right after another. Some old but mostly new. The story is not so hot although George Sidney and Anna Appel, his wife, introduce some potent human interest. If you like dialogue humor done in the best manner, see it.

MY WIFE'S FAMILY—Best International Pictures

Here's a sample of the humor in this one. Husband mistakes piano tuner for doctor. Piano tuner talks about piano's disabilities, but husband thinks he's discussing wife's ailments. Yes, all the gags are as old as that!

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE—First National

Another newspaper story, another smashing expose of yellow journalism, which doesn't hit "The Five Star Final" mark, but, as the value of a fine cast and realistic treatment, is exciting entertainment. A new lad named Tom Brown plays the city editor of a small town newspaper and plays it remarkably well. You'll remember him. Joan Blondell, who doesn't have a lot to do, is poppy, as usual.

AMATEUR DADDY—Fox

The title is misleading. This isn't one of those sophisticated, sexy pictures. Instead it's a whimsical, sentimental little opus. It'll entertain, if you can imagine Warner Baxter giving up his career as construction engineer to mother a brood of orphaned children, the oldest of whom is Marian Nixon. It is not very adult entertainment, but you can safely take the kids.

VANITY FAIR—Allied Pictures

Oh, Thackeray, Thackeray, they've dressed your Becky Sharp up in modern clothes, put her in a Rolls-Royce and elected her queen of the gold diggers. So, if you're a little sentimental and still remember when the reading of "Vanity Fair" was a thrilling experience, you won't like this. But if you just pretend you never heard of the story before, go, by all means, and enjoy Myrna Loy's sprightly acting, her sensational clothes and Conway Tearle's return to the screen.
CARNIVAL BOAT—RKO-Pathé

A

N old time melodrama of a backwoods lumber camp with a carnival boat thrown in for good measure. Bill Boyd, triling son of an old lumber boss (Hobart Bosworth), comes through in the final reel. But runway trains, log jams, and the usual fights, fail to lift it above the mediocre.

WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME—Best International Pictures

ENGLAND takes a broad jab at American gang wars in this hilarious travesty. Henry Kendall does a neat job as the Englishman who falls heir to a Chicago beer racket. He thinks it's a milk business until the bullets start spattering around.

STOWAWAY—Universal

A LOT of melo-melodrama on a coastal steamer that runs between Los Angeles and San Francisco; a lot of fuss about a dance hall girl who is a good girl after all; and a lot of very, very heavy villainy. It’s really not so hot. But it’s the first time you’ve seen beautiful Fay Wray on the screen in a long time.

LAW OF THE WEST—Sono Art-World Wide

THE whole story revolves around the kidnap¬ping of the sheriff’s small son by a bandit who bears a grudge. Bob Steele, as the son grown up, shoots and rides with vigor. It’s the same old gunplay and hard riding—but it’s good.

KEEPERS OF YOUTH—Best International Pictures

THIS importation acted by an English cast deals at great length with supposed evils of the private school system in England. It is not convincing.

WHISTLIN’ DAN—Tiffany Prod.

YOU’LL enjoy this Western. It has a plot above the average, plenty of thrills and fast riding. Ken Maynard turns bandit to trap the murderer of his pal, but it takes several reels of exciting action to turn the trick. Joyelle, a well-known dancer, makes a new type of Western heroine.

CHEATERS AT PLAY—Fox

THE emeralds! My word, who has the emeralds? Yes, it’s about a band of crooks and a crook who works alone, but the love of a father for his long lost son makes everything right. Thomas Meighan gives a nice restrained performance and Charlotte Greenwood does an amusing job. Linda Watkins has a bit—how come? This picture is not too bad but not too good.

THE BLONDE CAPTIVE—Australian Expedition Syndicate

UP until the last reel this is an exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia and worth anybody’s time and money. But in the last reel they drag in a moth-eaten blonde woman who has been supposedly shipwrecked and has taken up her abode with the horrible

IN THE THIRTIES AS IN THE TEENS

A wonderfully youthful dish for the modern diet—“better bran flakes”

Women and men alike refuse to grow old today. Many a person in his thirties is fully as active as one in his teens.

For people today take better care of themselves. They’ve learned that to preserve youth and charm you must keep fit and well. And they’ve followed the lead of active people in eating healthful foods. That’s why Kellogg’s PEP Bran Flakes are becoming so popular.

Nature has made almost perfect food for active people—whole wheat. It’s full of iron and minerals, proteins and vitamins. It builds and nourishes. Kellogg has made whole wheat extra delicous by adding the wonderful flavor of Pep. Extra healthful because of the bran—just enough to be mildly laxative.

Have these better bran flakes often. Extra crisp—extra delicious.

In the red-and-green waxtite sealed package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Quality guaranteed.

FOR THE CHILDREN—Tune in Kellogg’s SINGING LADY every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5.30 Eastern Time, over WJZ, WLW, WBAI, KBKA, WREX, WGBR, WJL. At 5.15 Central Time, KOIL, WREO, KW, at 6.00, WGN. Songs and stories children love.

When available.

Have a part in selecting the outstanding motion picture that will win the twelfth annual award of the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor.

Your ballot awaits you on page 86.
TEMPEST—UFA

EMIL JANNINGS' unique characterization adds much to the entertainment value of this amusing comedy-drama of Berlin's underworld. Anna Sten, the feminine lead, gives an excellent performance. The English titles do help, but they do not adequately explain the story to those who cannot understand German.

THE SHADOW BETWEEN—Best International Productions

THIS English picture has all the ingredients or a plot of ten years ago. Godfrey Tearle (yes, he's Conway's brother) is falsely imprisoned and the little woman nobly pretends to a crime herself in order to follow him there.

The Idol of Yesterday

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

sick, broke or in trouble. They understood that code and believed in it.
And then came the recent illness, when Cos collapsed in the drug-store.
While he was ill, Dolores, whom he had not seen since before her marriage to Jack Barrymore, sent specialists, nurses, flowers, delicacies, and every possible attention was showered upon him.

HELENE, from Paris, immediately cabled her friend, Mrs. Jack Rubin, to go herself to the hospital and see that everything possible was being done and to cable back a report to her.
It was by Jack and Dolores that Cos was moved as soon as possible back to his own apartment, two days before his birthday. He hated the bare walls of the hospital and was happy to get back to his beloved photographs—all that he thought he had left, until he discovered that his children still loved him.
And now he is happy. His little granddaughter plays with him. Soon there will be another grandchild and his tired eyes grow bright as he says, "I want that kid, my granddaughter, to be the greatest actress the screen has ever seen. She represents the fourth generation of the Barrymores and the third generation of the Costellos. Why shouldn't she be great?"
When Dolores' second baby is born I hope that it will be a boy to carry on the Barrymore name.
"There will be nobody to hand down the name of Costello. "Sure, I want those children to be actors. I hate these people who knock Hollywood and criticize the picture game."

First his own career was taken from him. Then he put his hopes in his daughters, and they turned away from him. And now he is thinking of his grandchildren as the wearers of the theatrical crown that so rightfully belongs to them.
And so he sits and dreams great dreams of the past and the future.
His doctor, who is also his personal friend, said, "There is nothing really wrong with Cos. The real cure of his trouble, which is caused by worry over his inactivity, would be a big, tough role in a picture, something that would challenge the actor in him to give his best to it."
It is a sad thing that Maurice Costello and Florence Turner, who were among the first to build the motion picture industry into its enormous favor with the public, are both today without work, in the very town that they made possible.

And yet Maurice says, "I hate people who criticize Hollywood and knock the picture game."

And now that the Barrymores and the Costellos are reunited, Photoplay hopes that as soon as he's on his feet again Maurice Costello will be at work in a studio, showing some of the youngsters of what trouper stuff he is made.

Robert Richee

No, men, this picture doesn't mean that attractive Frances Dee is out of circulation—she's merely posing for the feminine fans! And how they will go for that Classic white satin gown with its majestic train. White beading in a Grecian key motif trims the dress bodice, train and tulle veil. Note the draped neckline and high bodice, girls.

"Will it wash?"
"Yes, but use Ivory... these new Ivory Flakes are wonderful."

Goodbye to flat flakes... the new thin curly Ivory Flakes are here!

Did you ever stop to think why salespeople in fine stores everywhere advise Ivory for washing fine fabrics?

Ivory is pure, of course—and safe for anything that water won't harm. That's one reason.

But here's a new reason which salespeople are giving:

Ivory Flakes are not flat. Flat flakes may flatten on fabrics and not rinse off. And then what happens? A soap spot which may cause permanent damage to a fine silk, and loss of color when the soap is ironed into the material.

Ivory Flakes can't stay undissolved. They can't flatten down.

They are tiny feathery curls of soap that fluff into suds the moment water touches them. They won't float on the water or flatten against the washbowl, and then creep on to your silk.

Even if you use the "lukest" of lukewarm water, every tiny Ivory curl dissolves.

Use Ivory Flakes this year for all your summer clothes and you'll have a fresh, unfaded wardrobe until the season ends.

(Note: The silk shown in the above photograph is one of the lovely new Spring patterns of celebrated Truhu washable printed silks.)

IVORY
Kind to everything it touches
99 4/100 % Pure
No more STREAKED HAIR Easily, safely, you can touch up every fading strand with lustrous color.

Everywhere you see women who have found the way to have hair forever young-looking. Their beauty secret can be yours — the clear, colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's. It will show you how every gray streak in your head can be lustrous with youthful color.

No Experience Required
You do not need experience to use Mary T. Goldman's. It is simple to apply. Combing liquid through hair brings desired color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Color will look like nature's own. Leaves hair soft and fluffy — easy to curl or wave. You can shampoo it without fear of fading. Nothing to rub off or stain hat linings or linens.

Entirely SAFE
For 50 years this has been the dependable, safe way. Leading medical authorities have pronounced this method harmless to hair and scalp.

At Drug and Department Stores
Your druggist or department store has Mary T. Goldman's for your shade of hair. Sold on money-back guarantee. Get bottle today.

Try It FREE
Or mail coupon for Free Test Package. Try on single lock snipped from hair. No risk. No expense. Mail it today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

Screen Memories From Photoplay

Fifteen years ago Theda Bara posed thus for the silents. Well, Garbo did a little of it in " Mata Hari," didn't she? Now Theda is one of the most charming women in Hollywood and an invitation to her home is a cinema distinction.

15 Years Ago

Our principal story this month was a little series entitled "Who's Married to Who?" Oh sure, we knew we were ungrammatical, but we were more concerned with facts than grammar. Not a single couple has remained married to each other. Marjorie Rambeau was Mrs. Willard Mack, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mrs. Guy Coombs, and Miriam Cooper, Mrs. Ralph Walsh.

There was an interview of the style of fifteen years ago in which Theda Bara said she had gazed into a crystal and heard a ghostly bark from her dead dog. There have been very few press-agent poses for which Photoplay has fallen and we didn't fall for that one. Of course, Theda has given that up and now laughs at the press-agent bung of those days.

Talmadge was "Metropolis." Sally Lewis, "Red Dust," Mary Pickford in the 'Poor Little Rich Girl,' "The Poor Little Rich Girl," Sarah Bernhardt in "Mothers of France" and Earle Williams in Arsene Lupin, which picture Jack and Lionel Barrymore have just re-made.

Cal York items: The high water mark seems to have been reached in stars' salaries (voice of today, "Oh yeah, Cal")... The entire Pickford family is now comfortably domiciled in Southern California.

10 Years Ago

We were proud to use the "first authoritative personality sketch of Pola Negri, cabled from Berlin for Photoplay." And the

yarn is applicable to Pola today as it was ten years ago — "she is not adherent to artificial dignity" — "she reveals in every story and in every intense in her private life." The writer ended the story by asking, "Is her future assured or is she just a meteor?" Ten years ago Pola was still untried in American film.

When one of our interviewers asked Lillian Gish if she would choose a picture career if she could live her life over again, Lillian answered, "No, no. Never. Work on a farm. Scrub floors. Anything. But go through again what I have gone through, work as I have worked — know me. I couldn't." We doubted her then. We still doubt her.

The great Edison talked to Photoplay writer Terry Ramsaye about the future of motion pictures and prophesied that ten years from then—that's now, you see—the classroom would become a theater with pictures used to instruct children. The prophecy is almost fulfilled. In many schools pictures are a large part of the curriculum.

Betty Compson graced the cover and the gallery pictures were Madge Bellamy, Alma Rubens, Gypsy O'Brien, Betty Francisco, Katharine McDonald, Claire Windsor and Edith Roberts.


Cal York items: Close friends are sure that when Rudolph Valentino's divorce is final he will marry Natacha Rambova. In view of persistent rumors, we don't believe that Bebe Daniels and Jack Dempsey will marry. Were we right? We were.

5 Years Ago

Well, well, what do you think of this? Here we find Norma Shearer saying emphatically (as Norma always does), "I'm not going to marry! I don't think in my position has any right to marry anybody! What has a girl in my job got to give to marriage?"

How about that, Irving Thalberg?

Norma was sincere when she said those things — she just changed her mind — that's all. In spite of her fears she's managed to be a good actress, a good wife and a good mother all rolled into one beautiful package.

At the time that story was written, Norma was a success, but along in the back of the book we ran a story about a newcomer, Jean Crawford. And we said, "If Joan Crawford is the success that her studio insists she is going to be, it will be because of her complete femininity."

Did you hear that? If Joan is a success? Now Jean, Norma and Garbo are the three big attractions of the M-G-M lot.

As for Garbo, it was rumored that she and Jack Gilbert had been secretly married in Sweden, but we tracked them down and told you there wasn't a word of truth in it. Garbo and Jack Gilbert were seen at all the smartest functions together and she even attended the opening of her pictures and posed for our camera man. Norma, Joan and Garbo—how five years have changed these three!

Mae Murray was the girl on the cover, while the inside gallery pictures were Louise Brooks, Marian Nixon, Greta Nissen, William (screen) Boyd, Wallace Beery and Lois Moran.


Cal York items: Oliver Borden says that she and George O'Brien are not engaged... Herbert Moulton is engaged to Janet Gaynor.
One More Garbo Fan

[Continued from page 67]

has played only a few stage performances in
the Royal Theater in Sweden. There is not
the slightest uncertainty in anything she does.
She works in a direct line, she wraps herself into
her role and lives it. In the making of "Grand
Hotel," it was like knowing two different
people. One was Garbo. The other was
Grinstinsky, the Russian ballerina.

"Garbo is a dynamo. The physical power she
expends in her work is amazing. Nothing is
too much trouble. She literally pours
energy into her role. She is charming and
unaffected personally. She is humble in asking
the slightest favor. She is like a frightened
deer in a crowd, such as in the big lobby
scenes where hundreds of extras were
working. Her timidity is not a pose. She simply
cannot bear the staring eyes of strangers.

"There is no reason in the world why Garbo
should be expected to work in front of visi-
tors. It isn't like being on the stage, where one is
prepared for an audience. On a motion picture
set one is creating a role, not simply repeating
a performance. What would some portrait
artist think if his studio door suddenly were
opened and a crowd of strangers trooped in
and started to watch over his shoulder?

"Garbo is not mysterious. She doesn't try
to be. She has the courage to guard her own
privacy and I respect it for her.

"Of Garbo away from the set, outside of the
studio, I know nothing. It seems that hidden
somewhere is a more girlish person, possibly
the Gustafansen girl, who remains away from
the glamour and fame of the Garbo person.

No Face Needs Lack Beauty...

...says Helena Rubinstein, renowned beauty authority

In this day and age—lack of beauty is "social suicide". Helena Rubinstein, renowned authority on beauty, contends that every feminine face can be clear, free from blemishes, sallowness and lines. You have only to know your own
skin—and to give it correct, individual care.

As the basis of beauty, cleanse daily with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (for Normal or Oily Skin—or "Special" for Dry Skin). This extraordinary cream is a blend of sixteen important ingredients from thirteen lands...pasteurized by the antiseptic process of Pasteur. It contains elements that revitalize important skin glands, keeping your complexion fresh and smooth. It purifies the pores and molds "youth" into your face. Fine lines are erased. Blemishes disappear. Coarse pores are refined. For Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream is more than a cream—it is a beauty treatment in itself! A truly generous jar—one dollar.

Daily Aids to Beauty

\* FOR COARSE PORES, BLACKHEADS
wash with beauty grains of blackhead
and open pore paste, instead of soap,
to correct open pores, blackheads. Either
at ........................................... 1.00

\* TO CLEAR, ANIMATE AND BEAUTIFY
VALAZE SKIN CLEARING CREAM ( Beautifying
Skinfood) 1.00. Clear away sallowness and
all discolorations—promotes exquisite clarity,
finer texture and youthful transparency.

\* TO TONE AND BRACE
SKIN TONING LOTION (For Normal or Oily
—or "Special" for Dry Skin) 1.25. Refines
pores, corrects fine lines.

Secure these creations from Authorized Helena Rubinstein Representatives among
the better department and drug stores—or, if unobtainable, communicate with

Helena Rubinstein

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Have Your Face Analyzed by Helena Rubinstein

Mme. Helena Rubinstein, 8 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me without charge full individual instructions for correct daily care of my skin.

\[ ] Sallowness
\[ ] Coarse Pores
\[ ] Drooping Chin
\[ ] Red Hands

Texture of Skin:
\[ ] Dry
\[ ] Medium
\[ ] Oily

My Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City, State ____________________________

[95] Photoplay Magazine for May, 1932
All dressed up and nobody to scare. Who would ever think that these nice gentlemen are Bela “Dracula” Lugosi and Boris “Frankenstein” Karloff? Here they look as if they were about to ask a couple of charming ladies for the next dance. But give ‘em a couple of tons of make-up and — oooh! — those demons — do the chills chase themselves up and down your spine!

HOLLYWOOD is still talking about the recent marriage of Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak. The point is that nobody ever thought Leslie would marry. When he goes to a party women flock around him and hang on his every word, but he has always remained impervious. And then along came Ann and the ardent bachelor is a bachelor no more.

BY the time you read this Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, who is an actor being hailed as another of the “second Clark Gables,” may be married. And again — maybe not. That romance has been sizzling for quite a spell now.

The other night a friend of mine was listening sadly to the radio. After eighteen male and female crooners had come through the ether he remarked: “Isn’t it strange that all the boys are trying to be sopranos and all the girls seem to want to be baritones?”

And it gets more topsy-turvy than ever when you see Marlene Dietrich going into the swankiest tailoring shop in Hollywood to order a man’s full dress suit in white. She’s wearing it in the next picture. That same shop creates Garbo’s mannish looking clothes — the ones she wears on the street, and the other day Mercedes De Acosta, Garbo’s dearest girl friend, was in the place trying on a pair of white dandelion trousers.

The old Jack Gilbert is back. I mean Jack’s his old self again — with enthusiasm, eyes sparkling, a friendly word for everybody. He has written a screen story, one that’s been crying to be born for years, and Irving Thalberg has okeyed it and Jack will star in it. Right now it’s called “Downstairs” but Jack is way up in the clouds.

Lupe Velez, who is knocking the customers right out in the aisles with her hot-cha performance in Ziegfeld’s “Hot-cha” in New York, says the romance between her and Jack is colder than a casting director’s heart.

CONNIE BENNETT is naturally thin and in order to look presentable on the screen she has to get plenty of rest, sleep and nourishing food. Hubby Hank, however, would like to reduce his girth. And that sometimes makes trouble over the dinner menu.

But Connie settles that in her firm Bennett way by reminding the Marquis that his appearance isn’t as important as hers.

It is his duty to please only one woman — whereas Connie must look nice for thousands of people.

CONNIE BENNETT’S little adopted son, Peter, can be as unmanageable as any little Johnny who ever lived. While a distracted hostess wondered just why Connie hadn’t kept her social engagement, Connie was at home trying to be a stern mother to little Peter.

It always ends in the usual way, with Connie kissing away the tears and having to do it all over again the next day.

JUST in case you have heard those rumors that Marie Dressler is very ill and at death’s door and have been worrying as much as Hollywood about it — here’s the answer to your questions.

Marie has been keeping up a social pace that would have sent younger women to a nerve sanitarium months ago.

She loves bridge, loves entertaining and always has an Eastern celeb or two as her house guest.

Marie, who is well past 60 and proud of it, is usually worn out from her strenuous life before she begins work on a picture, so studio execs got together with her doctors and declared, “Marie must rest!”

Marie was ordered into seclusion — no parties, no bridge, no week-end trips to Santa Barbara or Palm Springs. They even sent a trained nurse down to see that Marie obeyed orders — but that didn’t last long. Maminie, Marie’s faithful maid for twelve years, took complete charge and when friends called said that Marie could not see anybody.

And that’s how the rumors began. Parties just aren’t the same without that Dressler.

[Please turn to page 99]
In the fashion picture. Of course, you don’t have to be so thin that your ribs can actually be counted—but your foundation garment must restrain your diaphragm flesh to give a “scooped-out” effect below the bust. MisSimplicity’s famous cross-over straps create a diagonal pull that raises the bust, nips-in the waist, flattens the diaphragm and abdomen.

The MisSimplicity photographed is of Skinner’s peach satin and handloomed elastic, with the bust section and flounce of fine lace. Model 9676.

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.
The perfect texture of Skinner's Crepes — their richness and depth of color — are an inspiration in visualizing new models."

Mrs. Brock Pemberton, Fashion Consultant, RKO - Radio Pictures.
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[continued from page 96]

SYLVIA SIDNEY has bobbed her hair—and PHOTOPLAY takes all the bows for her cute appearance.

She was having some pictures made for Carolyn Van Wyck's department and her hair just wouldn't do what it should.

The photographers waited for an hour. At last Sylvia appeared, "Now—take my picture!" she said. She had cut her hair but she looks so cunning that PHOTOPLAY is modestly accepting congratulations.

WHEN that boat bearing Douglas Fairbanks and all his crew to the South Seas was ready to sail away, Maria Alba, the lovely little Spanish girl chosen to play the lead, stood on the dock and wept long and lustily on Mary Pickford's shoulder.

Reason? Maria was leaving behind a brand new and very handsome husband.

During one of their many tours, Doug and Mary were driven through the streets of Madrid while flowers and confetti were tossed from upstairs balconies. A certain little Spanish girl stood watching these famous movie stars from over the seas and dreaming dreams.

The little Spanish senorita is the same Maria Alba who plays Doug's leading woman in his new picture.

MONEY to build a home was needed by the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and needed badly. And just when it looked as though the Marines would never get there, up steps little Mary Pickford with a grand idea and the day was saved.

The production of a series of thirteen single-reel films featuring screen stars was Mary's bright idea and it went through. Homes of the stars will be opened to the cameraman and studios will unbar their gates to let the shooting go on.

"Hollywood on Parade" is the title of the series.

DIEFTRICH often eats in the kitchen with her servants.

"YOU can get along without a wife," Tom Mix said, just after his marriage to the new Mrs. Mix, "but you get so doggone used to mother-in-laws that you can't live without 'em."

"I know. I tried it. The lonesomeness gets you. So you marry again to get a mother-in-law in the family."

Oh, that Tom—those cowboys just must have their little jokes. Tom is really crazy about Mabel, but it's my hunch that one of the reasons he married was so that his nine year old daughter, Tomasina, would have a mother.

"Tommy" went along when the folks got married. The kid adores her new mama and remained with the couple during their week's honeymoon at Agua Caliente. While Tom was nursing around the gambling casino with his cronies, Mrs. Mix was with "Tommy," showing her the sights and buying a truck load of gin-cracks.

[please turn to page 100]
Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast
From Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

Tom Mix’s honeymoon is said to have set him back about $5,600. The new missus must have everything of the best, but Tom had just finished his first film and gotten paid for it and was cowboy rich.

Now that they’re all settled down, Mrs. Mix is teaching Tomasa how to do stunts on the trapeze and Tommy is teaching her new mother how to shoot, which sort of gives Tom the jitters.

As usual, Tom’s dressing room is the official hang-out for all the regular guys on the lot. Besides his make-up table—which isn’t much of an outfit—he has a boxing ring, a carpenter’s work bench and a complete silversmith’s outfit in his studio bungalow.

They’re making a big fuss in Hollywood over a girl named Gwili Andre who is to play the leading role opposite Richard Dix in “The Roar of the Dragon.” But behind the signing of that contract there is a story better than the one concocted by press-agents.

A little less than three years ago she found her way to an advertising agency looking for work. Her father, it seems, was a banker in Norway, but Gwili, having come to visit America with an aunt, wanted to stay and work.

She was, at that time, tall and thin and angular. Her clothes were anything but smart and as she was being interviewed by one of the executives in the agency, she stared off into space with lack-lustre eyes. But the executive saw beyond her appearance, and sent her to commercial photographers.

The camera saw deeper than the eye, for when she stepped in front of the camera the angles of her figure changed to long, alluring lines and her face became a mask of mysterious beauty.

They say he’s Hollywood’s most vicious scene stealer. As far as we’re concerned Eddie Lowe can steal scenes from Garbo, if he keeps on turning out good performances. But Lil Tashman says, “My Eddie temperamental? I’ve got a corner on that in this family!” “Yeah!” says Eddie with a mocking smile. And Eddie’s mocker is working well, you’ll admit.
In six months she was the most sought after model in New York and her price for work was $30 an hour. The girl had brains, too, and made the most of her every opportunity. She went once to Hollywood but returned because she did “not like the funny people.” Some time during her career as model she married a man much older than herself and thereby became an American citizen.

But she realized in spite of the “funny people” in Hollywood that her natural bent was toward the motion picture camera. So she came back to the coast and was signed by Radio Pictures.

Keep a sharp look-out for Gwlll—she’s a smart girl who knows of what success is made. She has charm, magnetism and mystery, and her Norwegian accent only adds to her glamour.

Ruth Chatterton has written a play, which may be titled “Let Us Divorce,” and the Chief High Potentates of the Lodge of Gossip Hounds point accusing fingers at Ralph Forbes and shout, “So what?”

Loretta Young is an amazing girl. This is the first year that she has been permitted on a studio set without a school teacher. Just past eighteen, she has already had a long career, is a divorcée and one of the most sought after young women in Hollywood. What is more, she is being taken up by the intelligentsia.

It is quite the fad in Hollywood to say, “Do you know Loretta Young? That girl has a mind. She is a real sophisticate.” To have a mind and be a real sophisticate at eighteen is pretty much of a something.

Loretta is as definite as a financial report. She is perfectly poised. She always has an answer—not a flip, smart crack, mind you, but a good sturdy answer that invariably becomes a part of Hollywood repartee. She is chic and clever at the same time.

I wonder where she got all this. Certainly, she hadn’t the advantages of expensive finishing schools and trips abroad. She’s been working in pictures since she was a baby, but she actually has the same quiet charm that very cultured women acquire after many social contacts.

Maybe she picked it up around movie sets or maybe she is just one of those people born with brains. She did her first lead opposite Lon Chaney in “Laugh, Clown, Laugh” and lied about her age. She was just fourteen at the time, and that stormy Irishman, Director Herbert Brenon, put her through emotional scenes that would have given some of the greatest dramatic actresses the beebee jeebees.

Will Rogers has stage fright every time he steps before a camera. What’s more, the homespun philosopher is a temperamentally sort of cuss.

Whenever anybody doesn’t like his looks or they don’t like his accent or he is the one who the offender has left. Then he gets down to work.

“I’ve always been crazy about Garbo,” Helen Hayes remarked recently.

“Would you like to play with Garbo, Miss Hayes?” a newspaper woman asked.

“I’m afraid she’s too much for me,” little Helen replied. “She’d put me in the shade.”

And a lot of fans who saw “The Sin of Madelon Claudet” and “Arrowsmith” rise to ask:—“Oh, yeah?”

Use Kleenex disposable tissues and destroy!

No washing! No contact with germs!

This advertisement is addressed to every woman who has ever washed a handkerchief used during a cold. Can you think of any more repulsive task? Would you like to escape from it forever? A new disposable handkerchief!

Thousands of women have done so. You see them everywhere—in public, at home—using a delicate, downy square that looks softer—cleaner—than any handkerchief. It’s Kleenex. The new, disposable, sanitary handkerchief that showed us how disgusting the old way really was.

Kleenex is used just once. Is its amazingly low cost makes this possible. Then you destroy it. You have no unpleasant washing to do. You store no germ-filled handkerchiefs in laundry bags, to spread infection through other clothing.

And you never use a soiled handkerchief! Never carry germs back to your face. You run no risk of self-infection during colds.

Try Kleenex for beauty

Try Kleenex. And not only for handkerchiefs. Use Kleenex for removing creams and cosmetics. Its extreme absorbency assures you that your pores are really cleared of all impurities. At any drug, dry goods or department store.

Kleenex Disposable Tissues

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!
CERTAIN Los Angeles débutante has been making a play for Freddie March, bombarding him with telephone calls, notes and formal invitations, entirely ignoring Florence Eldridge, who happens to be Freddie’s wife. Recently the châtelier invited him to a swanky week-end party which March declined, as usual.

Later she met Florence at a social function and, rushing up to her, gushed, “So sorry you wouldn’t permit Mr. March to attend my lovely week-end party and meet all those wonderful people.”

“Mr. March always accepts his own invitations,” said Florence in a bitter-sweet voice, “but only if they interest him.”

GENE DENNIS, the psychic about whom PHOTOPLAY told you last month, read Loretta Young’s past and future in a private room at a party. When Loretta came out she was crying. And she would not tell anyone what Gene had told her.

THE lad who sings so sweetly in Loretta Young’s pearly ear as they dance together is one of those wealthy Raphael boys of New York.

Phillips Holmes claimed he knew nothing about love—and then he learned all about it in one lesson. Florence Rice, daughter of the famous Grantland, is the object of his affections. She was the former wife of Sidney Smith, who now is Lily Damita’s ardent swain.

Just before Mae Clarke went to the hospital for a long rest she was being seen around at the local bowling alleys and bridge tables with John McCormick, Colleen Moore’s ex-husband. But Mae says, “We are friends. I hope we will always be, but I don’t think there will ever be anything more than friendship between us.”

But Colleen Moore has arrived in Hollywood. Colleen is appearing on the local stage in “A Church Mouse,” which may mean that she’ll be grabbed off for a big picture comeback.

WHEN Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb were on Hollywood everybody said if those two weren’t still in love they were putting on an act of which a DuSé could have been proud. Rudy has just bought a $100,000 mansion in Hollywood and he and the missus expect to make their future home in it.

And since Mary Brian has been doing a vaudeville tour with Ken Murray and word wings back that those two are gazing into each other’s eyes off stage, poor Russ Glensoma looks as forlorn as a producer with a flop.

Virginia Bruce and Robert Young are holding hands.

But Irene Dunne has practically gone into retirement and won’t answer the phone—just to hush up the rumors that she is going to divorce her doctor husband who lives in New York.

**“METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STILL OWE ME FIFTY CENTS FROM ‘TRADE HORN’”**
THOUGH GARTERS MAY POP

...FINGERS CAN SNAP AT THE FEAR

LADDERS’ they call them in England. But when a garter run occurs at the wrong time—as it usually does—it’s apt to be called by many another name in every possible language.

All too often the sheer chiffons that look good to the eye don’t stay long on the leg. They can’t stand the punishment.

Rollins Runstops never let the strain on stockings become a strain on your purse—or your amiable disposition. Not even amid the arduous dawn-to-dawn activities that Spring lets us in for. Because Rollins positively draw the line on garter runs—a tiny red line at the hem. And though tight garters may jerk and pull them to the breaking point—no garter run can pass below the dainty red Runstop.

Inconspicuous. No more than a silken chiffon lock-stitch. Yet easy to recognize, it’s the identifying mark of the only genuine Runstop Hosiery.

ROLLINS HOsiERY MILLS, INCORPORATED
New York • Chicago • Denver • Des Moines • San Francisco

FRENCH LACE

This very pretty but absolutely unknown girl was the focal point of a studio argument. Imagine the amazement of blonde, hazel-eyed Gloria Stuart when two big companies both pointed a finger at her and said, “We want that girl!” Gloria had tests made by Paramount and Universal on the same day. Both offered a contract. The Conciliation Committee of the Academy decided that Universal had prior rights. Gloria hasn’t recovered from the shock. Who could?

BETTY BRONSON, who plays “Peter Pan” off screen, too, married a handsome chap, a Heidelberg student, but a resident of Asheville, N.C. The name is Ludwig Lauerhaus.

Lily Damita sailed away to Hawaii. And Sidney Smith was on the same boat with her—still denying their engagement.

And Joel McCrea, who never passes up any of those glamorous gals, is beating Tallulah Bankhead around.

While Hardie Albright signed a new long-term contract with First National and started going places with Gwen McCormack, daughter of singer John, all in one week.

Jack Pickford and Mary Mulhern (that made her Mary Pickford when she was married to Jack) have said good-bye to wedlock.

And for the third time since their eight years’ separation, Aileen Pringle says she is going to sue her husband, Charles Pringle, for divorce. He lives in the West Indies.

Florence Vidor is eagerly awaiting another visit of the stork. This will be her third child.

The first was a daughter (‘King Vidor was the father), and then there was another daughter born to her and fiddler Jascha Heifetz.

It isn’t always a game of everyone for himself in the commotion picture business.

When Marian Nixon was a bright shining star she helped a little brunette high school girl to get her first chance to play extras.

That little girl was Sally Elers.

And Sally went to the top (witness “Bad Girl”) while Marian’s star seemed to have set.

Then came Sally’s turn. She reached out a helping hand to Marian and as a result Marian Nixon has been discovered all over again and is going strong (witness “After Tomorrow”). Now both girls are on the Fox lot and rivals, in a way. But they’re still friends and it’s things like that that make cynical old eyes blur.
When you take a Laxative play safe!

For your health's sake, take care! Don't gamble. Be safe instead of sorry in the selection of a laxative.

Many laxatives, the doctor will tell you, are violent in their action. Such laxatives are not good for you—they invite after-effects that more than nullify the temporary relief they bring. Other laxatives are habit-forming.

What Doctors demand of a Laxative

You will discover that the medical profession has a very definite standard of requirements for a laxative.

It's important, doctors say, that a laxative shouldn't be absorbed by the system, and that it should limit its action to the intestines.

It shouldn't rush food through the stomach. It shouldn't over-stimulate and irritate the intestines. It should not gripe. And it should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax actually checks on each of these points the doctor looks for in a laxative. That's why physicians everywhere approve of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Yet, it contains one of the most scientific of all laxatives—phenolphthalein—of the correct quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

Ex-Lax is safe and gentle—just like Nature

The next time you need a laxative, take an Ex-Lax before you go to bed at night. You'll like its rich, chocolate flavor. And the following morning, you'll like the easy, complete way that Ex-Lax works.

Its safeness and gentleness make Ex-Lax the perfect laxative for children as well as for grown-ups.

At all drug stores, in 10c, 25c, and 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 179
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
A $2

Please send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1932

They say that strange things are happening near the crypt where the remains of Rudolph Valentino are interred.

Men and even women have recently been seen trying to crawl through the glass window in the rear and in some mysterious way chippings have been taken from the vault. Attachés of the cemetery declare several strange looking men have been seen loitering about the crypt. Fear has been expressed that ghouls may be trying to steal Valentine's remains.

Double watch has been placed over his vault.

Richard Bennett had just had a tooth root extracted from his jaw. He was sitting, a couple of hours after the serious job was done, taking a sun bath when a servant came out in the patio and tried to get him to go to bed.

"Pulling a tooth like that is a terrible shock to the system," he urged.

"A system like mine is a terrible shock to a tooth like that," Bennett answered.

Doug, Jr., was all set for a tender love scene with Frances Dee. The lights were placed, the director ready, the sound bell had rung and Doug just opened his mouth to say "I love you, dear," when rowie, a telephone dropped off a prop mantel just above Doug's head and the hero lay cold on the floor. He was completely knocked out.

But love in the movies must go on like the show. They administered cold towels to the Fairbanks' brow and Doug went on. And when you see "Love is a Racket," you'll think that slightly groggy look is a great interpretation of the grand passion.

PhotoPlay offers its most sincere apology to Mr. Wade Chance.

In an article in the February issue Eulalia Wilson wrote that "Michael Farmer became the protegé of Mr. Wade Chance, a well-known American who died a few years ago."

Very soon after the magazine was on the stands there came a letter from Mr. Chance explaining gently but firmly that he was not dead at all and that the report had caused his friends much pain.

"We're sorry, Mr. Chance, and wish you a long, healthy and happy life."

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson have given up their cozy, swanky little apartment they both loved so well. Sally decided Hoot's little eight-year-old girl, Lois (by a former marriage) needed a real home.

So Hoot and Sally have taken a bungalow in Beverly Hills and Lois can have a yard to make whoopee in and go to public school like the other kids. Sally, who isn't too old herself, and Lois are having a swell time together. Nice people, these Gibsons.

No, this is not the latest foreign arrival posing a la Dietrich—it is pretty little Joan Marsh showing off her new polka dotted mesh stockings. Such fancies as these are what the well-dressed leg will be showing this season.
By rights this little item belongs to Carolyn Van Wyck's department but maybe after all it's better if we tell it here.

Neil Hamilton was given the lead in "The Wet Parade." The hero is supposed to have curly hair. Neil's hair is as straight as Marlene Dietrich's gaze, so Neil reported to the hairdresser every morning and endured a hairdresser riglet ends.

Then came the California rainy season and the harder it rained, the straighter became Neil's hair.


Presto! Hair nice and curly.

And then the sun shone and now everyone kids Neil about the permanent.

And still there are some people who want to be movie actors.

In a year he'll be as big as Clark Gable." that's what a lot of M-G-M money is saying about Nils Asther.

Over two years ago he was the greatest potential star of them all. Then came talkies and his accent hindered his career. Nils was determined to learn English so he got a job with an insurance firm and tackled small town business men. He had to speak understandable English, then, to keep from being laughed at.

So now he has a new contract and is knocking off one role after another, with betting high that he'll be a great success.

And imagine the embarrassment of Nils Asther, the handsome Swede, when he discovered, after all these years, he was born in Denmark. Nils, whose parents are Swedes, was born in a little town near the Danish border as his mother was hurrying back to her home in Sweden. And Nils was only made aware of the fact when his birth certificate arrived recently in Hollywood.

When the Spanish ambassador was invited to luncheon at the Paramount studios, the executives, wanting to show their cordiality, ordered the dining room decked out with the flag of Spain.

But the flags used turned out to be the flag of the old monarchy.

The ambassador represents the new government.

Wow! Leave it to Hollywood.

Bill Powell has a cook, valet, butler and chauffeur all combined in one small colored "Jimmy." But the best thing about Jimmy, according to Powell, is that he sings tenor, and on evenings when Dick Barthelmess and Ronnie Coleman gather at Bill's home for a little talk and a little song, Jimmy is routed out of bed to form the tenor end of a quartette.

And so, far into the morning, these famous stars and a very black Jimmy send "Sweet Adeline" wafting out upon the California breezes, all very chummy and very gay.

This Garbo germ is catching.

Now it's Ann Harding. She has her telephone arranged so that she can call out but nobody can call her.

The National Society of Chiropodists puts its stamp of approval on Greta Garbo. The pedal doctors say Garbo is a swell girl because she wears such nice big shoes.

By Dr. (Nationally known dermatologist)

"612 women, under observation of 15 dermatologists, use usual beauty methods on one side of their faces, and Woodbury's Facial Soap on other side, for 30 days."

The ethics of my profession forbid publication of my name. But I can tell women these actual facts -

For 30 days a group of women under my observation cleansed one side of their faces with their usual methods: soaps, creams, lotions — whatever they liked. The other side of their faces they washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

At the end of 30 days, the contrast on those faces was startling! The cheek which had been washed with Woodbury's was clear, bright, firm. Smooth and fine as silk. Glowing with life. The other cheek was sallow, dingy, coarse-pored, in comparison.

The results of that experiment convinced me, as they would any scientist.

Your skin needs creams, too. But first of all, it needs restful cleansing with Woodbury's for the extra strength it has on the skin glands, pores, circulation.

Would you like to see YOUR complexion clear and fine in 30 days... perhaps less? Fresh, firm, velvet soft? Would you like to correct dry skin, oily skin, blackheads, coarse pores, pimples?

Try then Woodbury's Facial Soap as the directions advise. Make the Half-face Test yourself. Woodbury's is not just a soap. It is a scientific beauty treatment in cake form.
OUT in the Hollywoods the wise ones are pulling at their long white beards and murmuring faintly, "What to do? What to do?"

A man named Eugene O'Neill is the cause of all the trouble. In a spare moment, one day, O'Neill dashed off a little play called "Strange Interlude," in which he had his characters speak their subconscious minds in elaborate asides. Now O'Neill was writing for the theater and didn't dream that one day Miss Norma Shearer and Mr. Clark Gable would be immortalizing his effort in celluloid.

The problem of the studio is now, should these asides be spoken in long shots or is the subconscious mind worthy of a close-up? Oh, oh, such a business. And while everybody is making up his mind, they're shooting the scenes both ways, which is perfectly swell for everybody in the company, for there's no saying when the opus will be finished.

STRANGE are the ways of the Garbo.

Once upon a time she took no interest in the clothes she wore in pictures and her only comment upon the wardrobe tests of gowns—always made by her double was, "Gott, she looks like me!" The double fascinated her more than the clothes.

It is the right of every star to select materials for screen gowns and to okay or reject the designs. Norma Shearer has every piece of material photographed before it is made up. But Garbo has never cared—until now.

Although she is between pictures, Garbo is at the studio every day getting her wardrobe in readiness for "As You Desire Me." Why the sudden change? Only God and Garbo know.

SWANKY 1932 model cars are displayed along Hollywood Boulevard in swanky show rooms. But Greta Garbo is still driving the 1927 Lincoln that has done more than 50,000 miles.

QUICK, folks. Man the machine guns. They're trying to take out Garbo and our Maurice from us.

A bill has recently been introduced in Congress to prohibit the importation of foreign motion picture stars. All future foreign stars, according to the proposed bill, must have merit and distinction to get in.

Yet Garbo hadn't a nickel's worth of merit to her name for all the American films knew. And now look. And Dietrich's greatest successes were made in this same land of the free.

Marie Dressler was no great shakes as an actress in Canada. But she won the Academy prize just the same.

High tide in beach pyjamas! The latest trick to pyjama trousers, according to Carole Lombard, is to wear them narrower and higher. She decoratively demonstrates the idea in this printed silk model with its "trou" legs cut twelve inches from the floor. White, black and yellow is the color scheme that catches the eye. Note the trick cutout effect on the bodice, too.
“Enrich YOUR BEAUTY with Really Natural Rouge”

You can have color which seems your own... but do you? Not mere fain tints, mind you, but color as deep and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that’s because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of you, “She has the most marvellous complexion,” all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that’s a thought!

Always Complimented. Precisely this praise is the compliment always paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does not possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin’s tones are neutral, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When Nature gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background from within!

How Color Comes to Life. Any harsh, flat, color you put upon your face will clash, inevitably. This is known in making Princess Pat—and guarded against. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that come to life instantly as they are warmed by the skin. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat rouge have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat rouge give its marvelously life-like color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin individually. Thus does your color seem actually to come from within. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

Almond Base for the Skin. And to crown the achievement of true natural color, Princess Pat rouge is made with its own exclusive base of precious almond, to make it good for the skin, to help keep pores fine and the skin soft and pliant.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop can show all eight shades.

get this Week End Set—SPECIAL

The popular Week End Set for this summer and fall (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge (new sensation — nothing like it. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done) Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside metal box faces of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible.

Chicago, U. S. A. (In Canada, 93 Church St., Toronto)
Here's What Folks Think About Sylvia

SYLVIA’S articles are an answer to our prayers. Her photo with the accusing finger has place of honor among our film star collection.

We had great results from the first month. Instead of spending our free time at tea parties, we now do exercises.

A. C., Menton, France

I can’t thank Sylvia enough for her wonderful articles in Photoplay. All of us have wanted to know her secrets and even out here in the Middle West we have heard and read so much about her.

I have followed her directions and have lost about fifteen pounds and am nearly down to my normal weight. I feel rather silly dancing around all by myself, and the whole family goes into hysteric, but I ignore it all and keep right on.

However, they have to admit that I never looked so well in my life.

Every time I get discouraged with the routine, I dig out the articles and read them again and go back to work with a giggle and a lot more determination.

The articles are not only life savers, but they are so cleverly written.

Nobody is paying me $30,000 a week for my figure, but I’m getting almost that much satisfaction out of the melting of the spare tire.

Mrs. R. T., Minneapolis, Minn.

I am a student at college and am working my way through school and although I do tremendous amounts of work, I feel physically great—thanks to Sylvia.

R. M., San Diego, Calif.

I had been taking a size thirty girdle. The other day I had to buy a new one because now I take a size twenty-eight—thanks to Sylvia. Isn’t that great?

E. R., Washington, D. C.

My clothes are all too loose since I went on Sylvia’s routine.

J. A., New York City

I want to say how smart I think Photoplay is to get Sylvia to write her articles in the magazine.

I am using the diet and exercises and have never felt so comfortable.

Mrs. L. M., New York City

One month ago I bought a copy of Photoplay. I weighed at that time 197 pounds, and am five feet one inch tall. I did everything exactly as Sylvia said and lost eighteen and a half pounds in one month. Now am I going to stop? I thank Sylvia from the bottom of my heart.

A. S., Orangeburg, S. C.

If heaven ever sent a good angel this way, it’s Sylvia. Blessings on her. I only weighed 130 pounds but I’m now down to my normal weight—118. And do I feel elated!

I am sure we appreciate her as much as the wealthy stars did, perhaps more. I shan’t miss a copy of Photoplay as long as her articles are in it.

G. D., New York City

I am one of the fat girls, but not as fat as I was a month ago. I really am proud of myself for being so sincere about following Sylvia’s diet. I have a husband who likes pies and cakes and hot breads.

Of course, Sylvia gave me enough to eat but it was a little hard set to just taste the cake. But I didn’t. I want Sylvia to know how much she has helped me.

All my friends are remarking on the wonderful improvement. I won’t be ashamed of myself in a bathing suit this summer—thanks to Sylvia.

J. S., Okanogan, Wash.

Surely there is no other profession to rival Sylvia’s in bringing happiness. For to feel oneself gradually become graceful and attractive brings more pleasure than any other thing.

A. M., Ontario, Canada

If I hadn’t read Sylvia’s articles I would still be putting off reducing.

E. A., Bound Brook, N. J.

Before taking Sylvia’s exercises I was as still as a poker and weighed 160 pounds. It is amazing how supple I am now and I’ve lost weight, too.

P. T., San Diego, Calif.
The Unknown Hollywood I Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65)

the public will feel—that I am a heartless woman who never loved Kenneth.

"Could I ever explain that only because I loved Kenneth so much it is possible for me to love again? Don't you see what would happen? I know it is right. I know how I feel inside. But could I explain? And I would die before I would do anything to hurt Kenneth's memory."

"A secret marriage?" I suggested.

"Do you think it possible to get away with that?"

"For a time, certainly," I answered. "At least to bridge whatever period your widowhood should last."

But Mary put off the secret marriage for several months after that. Eventually, she did marry the doctor secretly and it remained a secret until Photoplay printed the exclusive story. I have had that thing happen over and over again. And every time I have inadvertently stumbled on a story—just by sheer luck—it has been when some note of sympathy between the star and me has been sounded.

It is human to talk of our troubles. The stars are human.

The two of us were alone in her dressing-room when I heard from Edwina Booth a strange and fantastic tale of Africa, a tale full of misery and unrest, that only her most intimate friends knew. Yet we had been strangers a half hour before.

And from Bill Powell, that apparently suave and sophisticated man of the world, I learned a tragic little yarn about his first marriage, that would be a perfect short story plot.

But these are the high lights in an interviewer's life. Many times there is nothing a star has to give an interviewer. Perhaps it isn't the right interviewer or perhaps there is just nothing to tell. Fortunately, it doesn't take up its space with a concocted story.

Again a story means just plenty of work and very little results. I remember once working on a yarn about the fathers of the stars. Clara Bow's amazing dad was the first one I tackled.

Our appointment was set in the lobby of a florid stucco apartment house in which he lived. He looked fantastic in those rococo surroundings. He is a small man with eyes that seem to stop in his head. I don't know whether I can describe those eyes or not. They look like eyes, they are the shape of eyes—but they have no expression. You can search them and never get beyond them.

He began to speak at once. "So you want me to tell you something about Clara Bow, do you? Well, I could if I would. I've been everything to Clara Bow—father, mother, brother, sister—everything, I tell you. And Clara Bow's life would certainly be startling if I ever told it. Clara Bow has never told it straight. She doesn't mean not to tell the truth, but she doesn't know as much about her own life as I do. When Clara Bow tells her life story, it's as if I said to you, 'The man went out that door.' But you know the man couldn't get out the door because you had put ten men there to guard it."

Hastily, I said, "Yes, yes, oh yes, indeed, I agree with you, Mr. Bow," and the interviewer went out that door as quickly as possible.

Fortunately, for my own peace of mind, nobody had put ten men there to guard it.

For days I could not shake off the spell of that little man—with his strange eyes and his strange talk. He never called his famous

Choicest FLAVOR ingredients are AGED 6 MONTHS to ripen and mature BEFORE the blend is sweetened and combined with Clicquot water

SPARKLING within the glass to delight your guests is this mellower, richer flavor that only Clicquot has achieved. Its secret lies quite simply in the blending of exceptional flavor elements that are AGED 6 MONTHS to ripen and enrich the blend before it is sweetened or carbonated to give it its tingling life. No wonder so many, many people prefer Clicquot's distinctive flavor... the taste that has won it high renown as America's own fine ginger ale.


Clicquot Club GINGER ALE

Three delicious blends
PALE DRY • GOLDEN • SEC

FROM PHOTOTEK MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1932
"I Would Be Lost Without Nesto Lashes," says Lina Basquille

Your favorite actresses wear Nesto Lashes. Always imperceptible, these artificial eyelashes enhance the facial features and give the eyes an alluring charm. Made by Nesto—the origi-
nators of the permanent wave. Instantly put on or removed, Nesto Lashes are readily cleansed and can be used repeatedly. Made in four shades—Blonde, Brown, Dark Brown and Black. Price $1.00 per pair at your beauty shop—or $5.00 a dozen by mail. Free samples available there, mail in your check or money order with the coupon below.

THE NESTO-LER MUR CO. • Dept. M • 10 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

You may send... pairs of Nesto Lashes... color... or $1 a pair, postage prepaid, for which I enclose check or money order.

Name ___________________________ Street ___________________________

City ___________________________ State ___________________________

BIG PAY IN BROADCASTING

IT ISN'T necessary to be a "star" to make good money in Broadcasting. There are hun-
dreds of people in Broadcasting work who are practically unknown
—yet they easily make $3000 to $5000 a year. While, of course, the "stars" often make $5000 to $50000 a year.

If you have talent—if you have a good speaking voice, can sing, act,
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Once Victor Fleming, in defending her, said, "I'd rather marry a woman like Clara Bow—a sophisticated, woman—than any other type.

Clara, sophisticated? Good Lord!

The poor child didn't know the meaning of the word.

Oh, she did what she pleased, just as a little savage might. Once, at a smart swimming party (and Clara has attended very few for
FROM SNUBS TO SMILES... by ALBERT DORNE

I firmly believe she has found that man in Rex Bell. And I also know that this marriage is Clarn’s chance for happiness.

It is a broad leap from the child-like, really naive Clara to C. B. De Mille, the director, but I know a story about him that is too good to keep.

It is De Mille’s habit to call in various actors and actresses whom he thinks might be suitable for the picture he has in mind and recount the story in detail. This is done with a great deal of showmanship and much seriousness. The idea is that De Mille enacts the story in every detail while the actress is supposed to sit by in wide-eyed wonder at his histrionic ability. Often the actress must listen to these recitals over and over again and be unrewarded for her attentive smiles and approval, for nine times out of ten she doesn’t get the part.

De Mille interviews many actresses before he discovers the one who will exactly suit the role. He usually ends up by taking the one he first selected.

Before he started work on “Madame Satan,” he called for Carlotta King, with whom he wanted to discuss the leading role. He told her the story from beginning to end. She listened carefully.

When he was finished he said, “Do you think you could play that role, Miss King?”

“Yes,” said Carlotta.

“Are you sure? Are you sure?” he asked intensely.

“Yes, I feel sure, but in case you’re in doubt, let’s make a test.”

“No,” said De Mille, “not yet.”

You see, he had only told her the story once. He would have been cut out of his fun if he had made the test then. So he called Carlotta back again and again to tell the story of “Madame Satan.” At last he called her for a final interview.

He told her the plot again and this, in substance, is the story, in case you were lucky enough to have escaped seeing the picture. A plain little wife discovers she is losing the love of her husband, so she masquerades as a fast and gay vampire and meets her husband at a masked ball. He falls desperately in love with her and they have a violent affair, and he actually doesn’t know that she’s the wife with whom he has lived for years. Well, that’s all right.

It’s been done enough to give it at least the dignity of years, but you must admit that it is not exactly what you might call believable and natural.

De Mille told it to Carlotta for the nth time. He ended dramatically and again asked the question, “Do you think you could play that role?”

“Yes,” said Carlotta, “yes, I think I could.”

De Mille gave her a long, searching gaze.

“No,” he said, “on second thought, I don’t believe you could. I think you are too affected—too artificial to play the woman in that drama.”

Carlotta, who is anything but affected and artificial, ran screaming from the office, took two aspirin tablets, a music lesson and a train for New York!
See! Now I Can REMOVE HAIR twice as easy

NO RAZOR RISK

"Now—I can stand up in public gaze." Can you?

Bristly regrowth delayed

Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—shortens the time needed. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, clean and smooth as satin. Many users claim lessened hair growth. The whiteness and mild, pleasant fragrance of Delatone Cream appeal instantly. Made by a patented formula owned and used exclusively by us. Ask for and insist on having

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The White Cream Hair-remover

Big Economy tubes, 50c and $1. Delatone Powder, $1 jars only. At drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid upon receipt of name and address. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 85, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, III.

**Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company.**

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My name________________________

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My dealer________________________

Well sir, if it isn’t little Alice White on her trick bike, dressed for the road and pedaling nowhere rapidly! Alice was keeping fit this way in New York, prior to a long personal-appearance tour at a pittance $2,000 a week. Poor little Alice! Good luck, girl. And save your money!

The Story of the Girl Who Fought Odds

(continued from page 39)

in a dark corner of the set, clapping encouragement. She’ll always love Colleen for the one bit of help she received on a deadly day!

She finished the picture, and the first of her many blows fell. She was let out, fired, ditched! And soon came the first of the many astonishing upswings that have marked the remarkable career of this spirited sprite.

With the release of “The Sea Tiger,” letters and wires poured in from exhibitors and fans. “My customers want more of that little White girl.” “How about some bigger parts for Alice White? My people are wild about her.” Once more fighting up! She was re-signed—at the same money.

Then followed one of Hollywood’s strangest

**PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITES**

PHOTOPLAY’s readers are constantly asking for new photographs of their favorite motion picture stars, and we are pleased to announce that PHOTOPLAY has just received new pictures of the following ten players:

Constance Bennett
James Dunn
Frederic March

Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo
Robert Montgomery

Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Marlene Dietrich

Miriam Hopkins

We are sure you will be pleased to have these pictures to add to your collection. These prints, 8 by 10 inches, can be obtained for twenty-five cents each, by addressing PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Or you can obtain any four of these pictures free with a one year subscription. Use the coupon on page 124.
ALONG THE HIGHROAD OF LIFE

"And so I am to be his wife. We are to be married in June. The days are so full—friends are so kind—and he, he is wonderful."

PROMISED

Her pride, her happiness, even something of the thrill of all her hours is in the swift flight of her pen over the flawless surface of her Eaton's Highland paper. Its form, its texture are so perfectly in key with her new charm, her new dignity. For all her confidences, her notes of acceptance and appreciation, her Eaton's Highland paper serves her well. When we come upon fulfillment, along the highroad of life, letters help us to share our happiness with those who are far away. To perform this service, Eaton's Highland papers have been preferred for many years. Eaton Paper Company, formerly Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

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Always ask for genuine Blue-jay, the safe treatment—made by a noted surgical dressing house. Avoid harsh "eures" and infection-inviting paring. All druggists, six for 25c.

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FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
5102 Federal Schools Building
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Quit Those Cocktails—Sylvia

(continued from page 70)

absolutely reduce you fifteen pounds in one month. Never get more than seven hours' sleep!

To reduce hips. Get on the floor in the position of a Marathon runner, touching the hands to the floor and one knee. Stretch the other leg far back, toe pointed.

Draw that leg forward and put your weight on it.

Progress across the floor back and forth three times.

Gradually increase until you're walking across the floor six times.

Feel every muscle pull.

To reduce the stomach. Lie on the floor on your stomach with arms above your head and legs tight together.

Roll back and forth on your stomach, hitching yourself along on your stomach, feeling all the muscles pull.

Progress back and forth along the floor from three to six times.

If your room is small you will have to progress as far as you can and then start over.

Substitute these exercises for the first morning exercise but keep up the dancing.
Get up and walk around for ten minutes after meals.

**FOR THIN GIRLS**

**General Building Up Diet**

**Breakfast**

Big glass of orange or grapefruit juice.
Twenty minutes later
Dish of hominy with ripe sliced bananas and certified milk and sugar.
Coffee or tea with sugar and cream.
Toast with plenty of butter and jam if you like.
(Two hours before luncheon a big glass of tomato juice if possible.)

**Luncheon**

Bowl of thick soup,
(cream of mushroom or)
Cream of tomato or
Cream of celery or
Thick vegetable soup or
Chicken okra with rice or noodles.)
Green salad and often half an avocado.
Spaghetti (with butter—allowed to melt after the food is off the fire)
or
Egg noodles (with butter),
Chocolate or rice or bread pudding or
Cup custard or
Stewed fruits with cream.
Bottle of certified milk.
(In the middle of the afternoon a glass of milk.)

**Dinner**

Fruit cocktail.
Soup (cream or clear).
Any sort of meat that is broiled or roasted, and gravy; but skim off the fat—it’s hard to digest.
Two vegetables (cream or with butter, and put the butter on after the vegetables are done. Use plenty).
Glass of milk.
Cup custard or
Ice cream or
Pudding.
(Beware of pies unless you are sure you can digest them.)
No hot baths. Get ten hours’ sleep and get as many hours before midnight as possible. During a lukewarm shower in the morning rub your body briskly, concentrating on the spine with a brush and soap for five minutes. If you can, without feeling cold afterwards, take a cold shower, do so, and then rub your body hard with a rough towel for ten or fifteen minutes, concentrating on the spine.
Don’t walk too much.
At night or afternoon lie on the floor, feet in air, and move legs back and forth in a scissors movement. With knees close to your nose pretend to be riding a bicycle.
To build up the bust take deep breathing exercises before an open window, bringing arms up across chest and out to right angles with body. Also, take exercises as if you were swimming, doing it hard, as if you were really cutting through the water. Hold your shoulders up.
Next month, when I give you more facial exercises, I will review the face exercises and massages I have already given you. For complete articles that appeared in February, March and April Photoplay write to the Photoplay office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents apiece.

**NEW! QUICKLY APPLIED...INSTANT-ACTING SAFE...ECONOMICAL**

This Instant Non-perspirant and Deodorant Solves Every Perspiration Problem for You...and for every garment you own.

Greatly refined, DEW comes to you now in a smartly modernized flask which combines new convenience with beauty.
Quick in application, action and drying—that is what you'll like most in this safe non-perspirant. When dressing, always take a moment to apply DEW with the sanitary applicator and you will know that you and all your garments are secure. Use as often as needed.

Increasing thousands of women have relied upon DEW for years because they have found that it will not irritate a tender skin or harm a fragile fabric when the simple directions are followed.

DEW instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads

**DEW**

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LARGE ECONOMY SIZE - $1.00

Photoplay Magazine for May, 1932
Maria has her own personal bodyguard. And what a bodyguard! True, he’s Marlene’s, too, but in these days of danger, Marlene has instructed him to devote his full time to guarding little Maria.

The guard is one Harry Wright. He appears officially on the books of the Dietrich menage as “chauffeur.” But he’s over six feet tall, and built in proportion. He is never without his revolver—a revolver he has carried for years, which he can draw and shoot with the precision of a sidelines marksman. He learned it in British army days.

It was while in the British service that he was chosen, because of his physique, his trustworthiness, his marksmanship, his bravery, to guard Lord Kitchener—“K of K”—and later, King Albert of Belgium when the British assigned him to that responsibility.

Wright holds many medals for bullet accuracy. He has killed more men than he knows—you see, for a time, he was on sniping service in the World War. “And I’d rather snipe off a few kidnappers than to have won the war single-handed,” he grins. But there’s danger behind that grin.

When little Maria plays, Wright is never far away. He stays by; guards the baby and the baby’s nurse and governess, who is also never absent. When little Maria is at home, asleep, Harry Wright is in a room that immediately adjoins the child’s, has immediate access to it. He sleeps lightly. Besides Wright, there are available the Dietrich butler—built along Wright’s same physical proportions, and chosen for his guard-value as well as his butting, and also a nursemaid who never leaves the baby.

Perhaps the safest children in Hollywood are the Harold Lloyd’s. Their children—the adopted one as well as the little boy, Harold Junior, who is the pride of the household—and his own daughter, too, are perhaps more thoroughly protected than any other children in Hollywood. Or in America, for that matter.

But as to the intimate details of the protective system that guards the Lloyd tots, there is naturally absolute secrecy. Perhaps this is due to the rumored receipt of a recent note at the Lloyd home—subsequent to the Lindy case—wherein it was written that “your kids’ll be next” or some such threat. Authorities class such notes, of course, as the work of cranks—but they are far from comforting to parents who are as crazy about their children as Harold and Mildred Lloyd.

These things are known, though—that there’s always a husky, armed guard in sight when the Lloyd youngsters are at large. That there are Pluto’s dogs are famous—Great Danes, behemoths of canines who outweigh the average man, and whose leap and fangs would tear the throat out of any intruder they might be set on.

Of course, not all Hollywood’s parents go to the extremes to which the more famous ones go. Chester Morris has three huge police dogs, trained more for watch service than as pets.

More, there’s a special nurse in attendance on his two children all the time. Since the Lindy kidnapping she keeps closer watch on them than ever.

ANN HARDING isn’t taking any chances with little Jane. Particularly not since the receipt of a note, a few weeks back, which threatened harm to the child. “Look out, they are watching little Jane and her nurse,” was the purport of the anonymous message. Whether from a crank, or whether the notes were from a person who had somehow gotten an inkling of a kidnap plot, the letter caused definite precautionary measures to be taken in that hilltop estate.

In the first place, as you can see from the air-
plane pictures of the Harding house, it is accessible by only one road. And that, not until you've first climbed a tortuous mountain
highway. To approach the house any other way would mean the almost impossible climbing of precipitous, brush-covered slopes. The
house is situated like an old-time baronial castle.

Now, on that one road that leads to the house, two armed guards have been stationed. They're tough! Their job is to keep
anybody and everybody from getting to the house and they do their job well. A week or two ago, a newspaper photographer tried to take
some pictures of the Harding-Bannister house, from a distance of several hundred feet. The guards espied him. They gave chase, brandishing
guns. The photographer took to his heels. Heels and allside didn't go well together—and when the to-do was over, the cameraman was
in a heap of torn clothes, broken camera, and cuts and bruises at the foot of a hill—with no picture of the house.

And if that happened to a man who merely wanted to take a picture, what'd happen to one who wanted to take Ann's baby?
There's a gate on the road to the house, at which a guard is stationed. He has a telephone
that leads to the house. No matter who comes, save Ann or her husband, they have to
halt at the gate, identify themselves, wait while the guard phones the house and gets an
okay, before they can go on. Even Ann's own sister has to halt here and be identified before
she is allowed to enter.

At night, the ground can be illuminated bright as day by a system of floodlights, controlled from
the house. The slightest warning of any approach to the house would cause the lights to
be turned on. No would-be intruder could escape their glare and the bullets that would
rain on him should he ignore the command to halt.

And even beyond that, there is this ultimate protection for little Jane. Her room is barred
windowed, the steel bars deep-sunk in masonry! The Malibu Beach homes are carefully
guarded. Malibu has a special beach patrol, which aids its armed guards. And around the
entire Malibu reservation, there's a patrolled fence to keep all strangers and intruders out
unless they can state their business.

Three attendants protect Clive Brook's youngsters—Clive Junior, five, and Faith
Evelyn, seven. Day and night, there's a nurse in attendance. The butler's room is next to
the children's. The third guard is the housekeeper. Moreover, there's a signalling device in the
nursery which can be set off by the nurse, the children themselves, or even automatically
when an intruder tries to break in—and the din the signal sets off would wake up not alone the
house, but the whole neighborhood.

Joe E. Brown has a special section of his
home allotted to his youngsters, one-year-
old Elizabeth, and the two boys, Don and Joe
Junior. This part of the house can be en-
ered only through a system of double doors,
which are locked at night, so that none but
members of the household can come in. The
windows are covered with a heavy uncuttable
steel wire netting which makes entrance im-
npossible, except by use of a blowtorch or a Big
Bertha. Besides all that, Joe employs a special
guard to watch the property at night.

The Bennett children are well taken care of.
Constance's adopted son is never seen in pub-
ic; he is never allowed to play on the streets.
Instead, there's a patio inside the Spanish-type
house. It's an open-air patio, around which the
house itself (not merely a wall) is constructed.
Here is where the baby plays. And he's always
watched by the household attendants, as well
as by a special governess who never leaves him.
Ann's little girl, Adrienne, likewise, stays at
he Joan Bennett home, under special watch
of her governess and household attendants,
hugs vigilance has been redoubled lately.

Neil Hamilton, for the added protection of
is adopted daughter Patricia Louise, a year

Truth -

NEEDS NO DRAPERY

We are proud to present the stark naked truth about Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hosiery. After all, our business is to
knit fine hose, rather than to weave fine phrases.

Humming Birds are fine in quality, in texture, in trimness. They do
not clamor for attention by extreme novelty or bizarre colors. They
are so very "right" that you do not notice their rightness.

Nine styles, sold in stores of the better class. . . . $1.00 to $1.95.

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NEW: Humming Bird Style 303, a very simple

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A 1932 ROCKNE Automobile
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4th Prize—$25.00 in cash.

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1. Listen to the Photo Play radio program and hear the simple question.
2. Entries or letters must not exceed 50 words.
3. Write, print, or type your entry clearly on plain paper. Do not decorate your letter or use expensive paper. Entries will not be returned.
4. To each letter must be attached the proper coupon below (or a facsimile or tracing of it). Otherwise your letter or entry will not be eligible. Each Photo Play Program will tell you which coupon to use in answer to the simple question asked.
5. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

COUPON No. 1
Clip this coupon or make a tracing of a facsimile, and attach it to your entry for Photo Play Radio Contest No. 1 in answer to question asked in broadcast of Saturday, April 16th. Entries for this contest must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of Saturday, April 30th, 1932.

COUPON No. 2
Clip this coupon or make a tracing of a facsimile, and attach it to your entry for Photo Play Radio Contest No. 2 in answer to question asked in broadcast of Saturday, May 7th. Entries for this contest must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of Saturday, May 14th, 1932.

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Clip this coupon or make a tracing of a facsimile, and attach it to your entry for Photo Play Radio Contest No. 3 in answer to question asked in broadcast of Saturday, April 30th. Entries for this contest must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of Saturday, April 30th, 1932.

COUPON No. 4
Clip this coupon or make a tracing of a facsimile, and attach it to your entry for Photo Play Radio Contest No. 4 in answer to question asked in broadcast of Saturday, May 14th. Entries for this contest must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of Saturday, May 21st, 1932.

Coupoupons for subsequent contests will be found in the June issue of Photo Play Magazine on sale May 15th. Be sure to get your copy early.

The Rockne Coupe and the 103 Cash Prizes will be awarded as soon after the close of each contest as possible. Names and addresses of principal prize winners will be printed in a future issue of Photo Play Magazine.

Radio Contest Editor,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 North Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Do not forget to enclose the proper coupon shown below or a tracing or facsimile of it, or your entry will not be eligible.

A S for the child-actors themselves, they are well protected. Of course, Leon Janney andMitzi Green are old enough so that no precautions have to be taken for them such as are taken for helpless babies. But Bobby Coogan for instance, is only a baby yet. And so he's never out of sight of either his mother or father or a special nurse or teacher. Little Dickie Moore's dad, who accompanies him always on his trips to and from the studios and elsewhere, always carries a loaded pistol in the car, and knows how to use it. By night just one of Dickie's protections is a sharp voiced and toothed dog, who sleeps in Dickie's room. Any unusual noise, even the slightest awakens the dog.

The Lindy kidnapping has struck a measure of terror to the hearts of Hollywood's parents. More steel bars are being put up... Hollywood had a giggle, even if a nervous one, over the recently published story of a movie man notorious for his super-economy who phoned to a builder's office the day after the kidnapping.

"I want you to put iron bars over the windows of my baby's room," he ordered. "How much will it cost?"
The builder's office figured; quoted seventy-five dollars.

"I wouldn't pay a cent over fifty!" countered the movie man.

They're still arguing about the charge, and the windows, as yet, are unbarred.

But, back to seriousness—anyone who tried to play baby-stealer with a Hollywood baby, would have to combat one of the finest police networks in the country. Los Angeles and its surrounding populated district is covered by a fleet of radio-equipped police cars and sheriff's cars. The service extends to communities many miles from Los Angeles. All cars get instructions direct from a double transmitter operated by the Los Angeles police department, which broadcasts to the autos. Within a half minute after the news of a kidnapping, police, over a radius of a hundred miles would be warned and be on the lookout.

Moreover, the police radio is picked up by countless thousands of privately-owned short-wave sets in homes; every radio-owner would be a deputy searcher for such a child. Add to that the police teletype system, which interlinks all California police departments, up and down the entire Coast and the breadth of the state, over which the alarm can be flashed to all Western police officers within a matter of minutes.

Yeah—it'd be a swell job any kidnapper'd pick, trying to cash in on a movie-baby. He'd better fix things up with his mortician, first.

WHO WOULD have thought after all her care the dark shadow of superfluous hair would still show? Superfluous hair cannot be ignored; everyone sees it more clearly than the possessor. There is but one thing to do—ZIP it!

In twenty years ZIP Epilator has never failed. Its clean, scientific method of gently lifting out the hair and leaving the skin satin smooth remains unique and unchallenged. Instantaneous in action, fragrant and pleasant to use, sure in results, ZIP stands alone without competition—the only Epilator available for permanently destroying unwanted hair on face, arms, legs and body.

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

New package $1.00

(A $1.00 product now within the reach of everyone at $1.00)

WOULD HAVE ELIMINATED THE DARK SHADOW!

AND NOW I offer you a safe Depilatory Cream as delightful as your choicest cold cream. Just spread my new ZIP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful hair-free skin.

If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this white, delightfully perfumed, smooth cream: safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious.

ZIP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, no irritation. It is the most modern, instantly removes every vestige of hair, eliminates all fear of later stubble or stimulated growths.

Giant Tube 50¢

Twice the size—half the price

(Madame Berthe is the only superfine hair specialist selling her products throughout the world)

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Treatment or FREE Demonstration at my Salon, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

N E W !

This delightful A B-SCENT Cream Deodorant counteracts the odor of perspiration without impeding its normal action. Safe and easiest to use. Larger tube 25 cents.

[Box with options for product purchase]
Photoplay Magazine for May, 1932

Cast of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

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They belong to the girls who work in the laboratories where Dr. Charles Flesh Food is made. This remarkable cream, which is absorbed by the skin almost as soon as applied, works wonders with the hands, keeping them soft, white and satiny smooth. Use it likewise on chapped lips, checks or legs - in fact wherever the skin has become rough. Use it also as a night cream, in which service it will give your complexion an amazing softness. Only 50c and $1 the jar. For a free sample jar, mail the coupon below.

Dr. Charles FLESH FOOD
FREE
For free sample jar send this coupon to
Dr. Charles Flesh Food Co., Dept. P-45,
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Corns can't HINDER MOTHER'S WORK

With all that a mother has to do on her feet all day long—it is foolish for her to tolerate the constant, nerve-racking torture of a corn.

One application of Kohler One Night Corn Cure and pain disappears entirely. Within a short time, the entire corn is removed.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST for this famous old remedy—lose or gain weight?

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"Removes not only reliever pain"

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Latest REDUCING BRASSIERE

gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. 2 to 3 inch reduction almost immediately.

Send back measure.

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HIP, WAIST, AND ABDOMINAL REDUCER for men and women: takes care of that taut roll above rectum. Send waist and abdominal measures. Laced at back.

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All prices postpaid and without obligation.

Dr. Walter's brassiere rather tight to the right of the band make skin soft underneath.

3 size assortments. 1.50 each.

All garments are made of soft pure cotton, color fast.

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(1) short reducer

(2) mid reducer

(3) long reducer

Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter, 385 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

"AFTER TOMORROW"—Fox.—From the play by John Golden and Hugh S. James. Continuities by Nona Levyon. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: Peter Piper, Charles Farrell; Sidney Taylor, Marian Nixon; Edie Taylor, Minna Gombell; Willy Taylor, William Collier. Jr.; Mrs. Piper, Josephine Hall; Malcolm Jarvis, William Pawley; Inny, Dorothy Granger; Mrs. Heardry, Ferdinand Munier; Florence Blundy, Nora Lane.

"MAITRE DADDY"—Fox.—From the novel by Mildred Cram. Adapted by Doris Malloy and Frank Dolan. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: James Gleason, Warner Baxter; Sally Smith, Marian Nixon; Lotta Camel, Rita LaRoy; Fred Smith, No. 1; William Pawley; Olive Smith, Lucille Powers; Sam Pawley, David Landau; Bill Hawes, Clarence Wilson; Pete Smith, Franklin Darby; Nanny Smith, Jean Breault; Lily Smith, Gail Korsfeld; Sam Pawley, Jr., Joe Hackley; Fat Harry, Harry Dunkinson.

"ARE YOU LISTENING?"—M-G-M.—From the story by J. P. McGowan. Adapted by Dwight Taylor. Directed by Herman C. Ross. The cast: Bill Grierson, William Haines; Laura, Madge Evans; Sally, Anita Page, Allen, Karen Morley; Clayton, Neil Hamilton; Larry, Wallace Ford; George Warner, Jean Harlow; Happy, Joan Marsh; Roson, John Melvin Carson; Murray Kinnell; Mrs. P. E., Ethel Griffis.

"BROKEN WING, THE"—Paramount.—From the play."Misleading Lady" by Paul Dickery and Charles Goddard. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Sharrer McNeil. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: Lydia, Lupe Velez; Capt. Francisco Cuenca, Leo Carrillo; Phil Martin, Melvyn Douglas; Farley, George Barbier; Robertson, William Bailey, Arthur Stone; Maria, Soledad Jimenez; Cecilia, Chino Dodd; Pancho, Pietro Sosso; Bartolome, Julian Rivero.

"BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK"—M-G-M.—From the story "The Truth Game" by Ivor Novello. Adapted by Ivor Novello. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Max, Robert Montgomery; Rosemary, Eleanor Boardman; Jim, Joseph Cawthorn; Sam, Edward Everett Horton; Florian, C. Aubrey Smith; Prince Paul, Nils Asther; Duke of Hampshire, Frederick Kerr; Lady Ridgeway, Eva Moore; Green, Foster Harvey; Findley, Demondos Roberts; Harris, Lloyd Lloyd.

"CARELESS LADY"—Fox.—From the story by Keita Lambert. Adapted by Guy Bolton. Directed by Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: Sally Bruce, Joan Bennett, Stephen Illington, John Boles; Pinto, Minna Gombell; Ted Carey, Weldon Heyburn; Artie Delk, Nora Lane; Love Parelo, Raul Roulien; Troubridge, J. M. Kerrigan; Hank Oldfield, John Arledge; Casy, William Pawley; Judge, James Kirkwood; Rodriguez, Fortunio Bonanova; Aunt Cora, Josephine Hutt; Aunt Dolly, Martha Mattox; Mrs. Cartwright, Maude Turner Gordon; Kontantinos, Andre Clermont.

"CARNIVAL BOAT"—RKO-Pathe.—From the story by Marion Jackson and Dan Keen. Screen play by James Seymour. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: Back Gannon, Bill Boyd; Honey, Ginger Rogers; Hack, Fred Kohler; Jim Gannon, Hobart Bosworth; Babe, Marie Prevost; Bady, Edgar Kennedy; Slabby, Harry Sweet; Lane, Charles Selton; De Lacey, Walter Povacik; Assistant to De Lacey, Jack Carle; Rudy, Joe Marba; Jordan, Eddie Chandler; Baricender, Bob Perry.

"CHEATERS AT PLAY"—Fox.—From the story by Louis Joseph Vance. Screen play by Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Michael Landon, Thomas Meighan; Mrs. Fay Croater, Charlotte Greenwood; Maurice Perry, William Hulceke; Freddie Laguere, Ralph Morgan; Sumo Crosset, Barbara Weeks; Ted Boyer, Linda Watkins; Willy, William Pawley; Secretan, Olin Howland; Detective Crane, James Kirkwood; Captain, Anders von Haden; Strong Arm Alzy, Dewey Robinson.

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD"—Universal.—From the story by Howard J. Green. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Mr. Cohen, George Sidney; Michael Kelly, Charlie Murray; Kitty Kelly, June Clyde; Maurice Cohen, Norman Foster; Mrs. Cohen, Emma Dunn; Mrs. Kelly, Esther Howard; Magazine Writer, Elise Perry; Chasenay Chasenay, Edwin Maxwell; Mrs. Chasenay, Dorothy Clarkey; Solasky, Luis Alberni; Gregory Gordon, John Reiche; Chesterfield, Robert Greig.

"CROWD ROARS, THE"—Warners.—From the novel by Seton; Screenplay by Walter DeLeon; Directed by Howard Hawk. The cast: Joe Creer, James Cagney; Anne, Joan Blondell; Leo, Ani Dvorak; Eddie Greer, Artie Leon; Dad Gies, Gus Khabe; Spud, Frank McHugh; Bill, William Arnold; Jim, Leo Novia; Mrs. Spud Smith, Charlotte Marny; Sam Drivers, Harry Hartz, Ralph Hepburn; Fred, John Pardini, Spider Matlock, Jack Brisko, Fred Frame.

"DANCERS IN THE DARK"—Paramount.—From the story by James Shimore Green. Adapted by Frank MacMurray and Howard Emmet Rogers. Directed by David Burton. The cast: Cuthbert Murnau, Hedy Lamarr; Count Chagall, John Barrymore; Countess Murnau, Mary Astor; Jule, Joan Bennett; Lili, Yvonne De Carlo; Sicher, Wallace Ford; Mr. Lauer, Billie Burke; Mr. Lazer, William Collier, Jr.; Gus, Eugene Pallente; Fanny, Lyda Roberti; Louis, George Raft; Max, Maurice Black; McGeoghe, DeWitt Jennings; Henry, Pan Fix; Spiegel, George Ikely; Ruby, Frances Moltede.

"DESTINY RIDES AGAIN"—Universal.—From the story by Max Brand. Screen play by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The
Once thin—easily tired... now runs upstairs two at a time!

Read how he gained new flesh, new pep—quick!

He knows what it is to lose weight, to lose strength—to be threatened with a lifetime of ill health. His days and his nights were one long nightmare of fatigue. He couldn't even climb the stairs without resting halfway—yet today he runs them up—two at a time!

Ask this lucky fellow where he got all his pep. Ask him how he filled out his thin figure—put color in his pale cheeks. And here's what he'll say:

Reveals his secret

"For years, I felt as if I were dragging a ton of bricks around with me. I couldn't walk upstairs without resting. I was always tired and discouraged and had lost a good deal of weight."

"Then one day I noticed an ad on Ironized Yeast. I decided to give it a trial. After taking the pleasant little tablets for several weeks, I am like a new person. I have gained it pounds and have fresh, healthy color in my cheeks. I never had so much pep before. Climbing stairs is a cinch now. I gallop up them in great style—two steps at a time."

A money-saving tonic

In times like these, it means dollars and cents to you to keep on the job. You can't afford to be thin and weak—to have your nerves "shot", your stomach often upset and your complexion pimpily. Be smart! Let Ironized Yeast help you back to winning health and energy!

It takes seven pounds of specially cultured "beer yeast"—specially imported from foreign breweries—to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. Concentrated seven times—is it any wonder Ironized Yeast brings such a quick, sure and lasting results! This concentration process is so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

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Triple-tested Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is triple-tested for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous medical college.

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Men who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this is a discovery, Golden Peacock Black Cream, whiten the most roughened, muddle complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—safely. Golden Peacock acts so fast—you use so little—it's more economical than all other bleaches that work. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

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Havana from the air. But a revolution of sorts was in progress that morning and it was deemed too dangerous to try. But Ann wanted to go up.

"Well, I'll tell you," an official finally said. "You go up between 10:30 and 11, and I promise no one will shoot at you."

So at 10:30 Ann was flying over Havana and to her intense disappointment not a shot was fired. Even once.

"Calm, isn't she?" a writer remarked the other day after watching Ann sit quietly at her book.

"And instantly—"

"Calm! This calmness of Ann's is just on the outside. Inside she lives. Grand, tumultuous adventure.

A friend tells her of going to a far-off country. "And it's an odd thing," Ann says, "but instantly I can see the strange faces. Feel the breeze, smell the queer smells. I've been there. Inside."

"Let's hurry to the field," Harry will say.

"Fifty airplanes are coming, in formation." And Ann hears the whir of the motors, the planes coming by threes, by fours, feels the excitement. And lives it. Inside.

"Calm! Huh!"

Trouble was brewing before the shooting of "Devotion." Robertson Milton, the director, was sent to Ann's home as a sort of ambassador. Ann says, not knowing just which side of the fence Mr. Milton may have parked his hat, she decided to be ill. She grabbed a bed jacket, coughed as no dying person ever managed to cough before, and in came Mr. Milton. Impressed no end.

"So sorry your mummy's sick," he said to little Jane who was standing by her mother's bedside.

"Oh, she isn't sick," Jane replied. "She's only acting."

And Ann said she sank back in a complete state of coma. But she did gain her precious lines of dialogue.

Ann Harding today is in a spot. She knows it. And frankly and openly says the picture career of Ann Harding as a person is over. Just movies with Ann Harding will complete her career.

The little word "shall" in a contract that Ann thought iron-bound in the matter of story choice, has turned out to be a "may." Against her pleadings, her begging, "Prestige" was made. And here, more than in any other instance I know, comes to light the fair, square and honest good sportsmanship of Ann Harding.

"Loathing it, disbelieving it, she went into 'Prestige' and gave every ounce of talent and ability she had. Those who know watched the hours and hours of overtime, the rehearsing for hours with Melvyn Douglas, taking tests with minor players so they might get the "feel" of the action.

Thus, Ann Harding came to "Prestige." All stories to the contrary.

More than just cases of cool drinks on hot afternoons for all the helpers, of taking ill friends to her own home to nurse—more than all these does Ann Harding prove her splendid good sportsmanship by her giving and giving to something in which she has no heart.

And so, with the little "may" instead of "shall," Ann has come to the crossroads of her life as a moving picture actress. Others, as great as Ann Harding, have come to the same crossroads. Some have held on. Some have gone.

But the strangest thing of all is Ann's ability to see the other side.

Of course they must make money. Of course, Ann says, "I understand how they feel. But I wanted people to feel that an Ann Harding picture story was something Ann Harding felt. And now that I can't, I feel as if I had let them down."

And so to her knitting. Pink bed jackets, pale blue sweaters, anything, she knits. To keep from thinking.

A certain producer sent for Ann recently.

"What do you think of this story, Miss Harding?" he asked.

Ann read it carefully.

"Well, pine trees just can't grow from petunia seeds," she announced.

"Well," he shrugged, "after all, we own the property Ann Harding, you know."


And Ann jumped into her roadster, pressed
OUR readers are constantly asking for new photographs of their favorite motion picture stars and we are pleased to announce that we have just received new pictures of the following ten players:

Constance Bennett
Joan Crawford
Marlene Dietrich
James Dunn
Clark Gable

Greta Garbo
Miriam Hopkins
Frederic March
Robert Montgomery
Norma Shearer

These beautiful prints, which are 8 x 10 in., can be obtained for 25c each from PHOTOPLAY Magazine. However, you can get any four of those listed FREE with a one year subscription to PHOTOPLAY. Use the coupon below.

We have a limited number, so send in your order today.

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Am enclosing $2.50, please send me the next twelve issues of PHOTOPLAY and photographs of the four stars which I have listed.

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her foot on the throttle, flew up the hillside. And there, perched high above Hollywood, she looked down at the waving palm trees, the old rose and the peppermint green stucco houses, the winding roads, the grotesque theaters, the false fronts of the elaborate picture studios. And with that million-dollar-voice, Ann murmured: "Aw, nerts."

And goes on with her knitting.

Down to Two Cents!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

to overflowing. Only then was she truly and completely happy. At home in a lovely New York apartment, with the man she loved and who loved her. It was the complete fulfillment of a girl's dreams.

Only experience could teach her of the compensating tragedy—the loss of all these things that she held so precious. And it did, of course.

As time passed, Wynne sensed rather than knew that their love was becoming overclouded.

Least of all did she suspect that one of her best women friends was an agent in the demolition of her dreams—yes, her story is that conventional! She had always thought of the "other woman" as the stage and screen painted her—an obvious vampire, a surface siren. But deadly poison was seeping through the veins of their romance.

"Perhaps, if I return to the stage, he will miss me terribly—will want me home again," she thought.

So Wynne went back to the theater—left the battlefield without even suspecting the identity of her mortal enemy.

While she was on tour, her maid would call her from New York—and then would talk trivialities. Wynne felt that the servant was trying to warn her, and yet was inarticulate when the moment came. She gave up the part—left the show—hurried home. Then she knew.

The apartment was empty. Her husband was gone—with the "best friend." Of course, it was that obvious—and that appalling.

The next few months were Wynne Gibson's black days. She walked through the valley of the shadow—today she can hardly remember incidents of that lonely, lost period. At last, emerging from the darkness, she thought of工作。 Would that break the spell of despair that had held her so long?

She was indifferent about what she did. And chance, which had cast her in her girlhood in musical comedy, led her toward the dramatic stage! She was given a fine, showy part in "Jarnegan"—in which Richard Bennett introduced his young daughter, Joan, to the world of the theater.

How Wynne played it! Critics noticed her —and so did certain picture potentates. She was handed a role in Paramount's "Nothing But the Truth"—and her feet were on the first rungs of the playop ladder.

NEW faces—new places—work which was twice as hard because it was new and untried. She plunged into her new labors with a high heart, burning bridges and looking forward to new and brighter times.

She quietly secured a divorce, and headed for Hollywood without a contract. Within a week she was working for Metro in "Children of Pleasure." Then she astounded the lot by refusing to play in "Madame Satan" for De Mille. She thought you could refuse a picture part as you could a play rôle. She learned differently—at the expense of her contract.

She landed with Paramount—bits, and more bits. For two years she has built herself toward featured rôles. Her masterful handling
In times like these, who can afford to risk his job and have his pay check robbed by aching muscles that may lay him up for days?

That’s why, at the first sign of soreness, you want to depend upon Absorbine Jr., because only the finest preparation that science or money can produce is good enough to bring relief in time. Rub its soothing kindness on those ailing parts, and within a few moments the pain begins to ease away as your muscles warm with a peaceful, gentle glow.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe “rubefacient.” Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles.

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For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It’s the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W.F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

**Absorbine Jr.**

Used by Thousands for “Athlete’s Foot”

Corded and ribbed effects are tremendously smart in silks, wools and cottons this year. And to prove it, Anna Harding wears a stunning black and white ensemble with wool coat in a corded weave and a white silk dress echoing the same idea. Trick hat, too, don’t you think? Note those white buttons on the coat.

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**Absorbine** for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

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**WONDERSTOEN**, the Dry Method for the removal of unwanted hair, is easy, pleasant and economical. Just rotate the pink disk lightly over the skin and unwanted hair disappears instantly, leaving the skin petal-smooth. Wonderstoen contains no ill-smelling sulphate or injurious chemicals. In use over 22 years, Millions of women are happier for the use of Wonderstoen. Physicians prescribe it. Wonderstoen Facial (for chin, cheeks and upper lip) $1.25, Wonderstoen de Luxe (for arms and legs) $3.00. On sale at beauty counters. Also sent direct on receipt of price (add 10c with each order).

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FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.
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The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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So many charming girls had failed to attract him, that people thought he'd never marry. Then he met this girl. She had read "To Persuading Womanhood," a remarkable new book which shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any other man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. We have prepared a 28-page booklet outlining the contents of this wonderful book and in it telling much interesting information you would like to know. If you want it write name and address on mailing and mail with 3 cents to:

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios
Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Talullah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clyde Block
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
Chas. D. Brown
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Jayne Collins
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Francis Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Marjorie Gateson
Tamara Geva
Wyone Gibson
Phyllis Holmes

Miriam Hopkins
Lucien Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Faye March
Sara Murphey
Mark Broderick
Francis Lederer
Rosita Montero
Frank Puglia
Jack Oakie
Eugene Palette
Raymond Pereda
Irving Peckel
Charlie Ruggles
Jean Servis
Sylvia Sidney
Charles Starrett
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Alice White
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.
Frank Albertson
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
William Collier, Sr.
Roseanne Curtis
Jesse Devera
Donald Dilks
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Nelly Elmer
Charles Farrell
James Cagney
Miriam Gable
Olin Howland
Warren Hyneman
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elsa Lanchester
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Thomas Meighan

Una Merkel
Dorothy Mesilla
Goodlee Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne De Carlo
Gaylord Pendleton
Richard Phillips
Terror Ray
Manya Roberti
Wanda Rogers
Peggy Ross
Raul Roulien
Rosalie Roy
Peggy Shannon
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Martha White
Charles Williams
Eida Vekel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.
Mary Astor
Rosalie Atos
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chifrev
Richard Cordero
Judy Dalmay
John Darrow
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Bill Elliott
Noel Francis
RobertГ. Crome
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Leystad Hodgson
Rochelle Hudson

Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita La Roy
Dorothy Lee
Ever-Linda
Philippe "Seth Parker"
Joel McCrea
Oscar Moore
Edna May Oliver
Laurence Olivier
Wendy Raymond
Lowell Sherman
Doro Shafran
Scottie Starke
Polly Walters
Charles Watson
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower St.
Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Jollie
James Gleason
Ann Harding

Pola Negri
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Isa Chase
Ronald Colman
Melvyn Douglas
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Cicely Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Barbara Weeks

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.
Eddie Bizzell
Richard Cromwell
Suan Fleming
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt

Buck Jones
Charles Keaton
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
Nils Asther
William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Barret Boulter
Myrna Loy
John Marsh
John Miljan
Jackie Cooper
 Tanks Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
Marion Davies
Reynald Denny
Mae Clarke
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Dame Eva
Wallace Ford
Charlie Rivel
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
Eleanor Geiger

Hal Roach Studios
Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kersey
Stan Laurel

Universal Studios
Lew Ayres
Tala Biree
John Boles
Lucile Browne
Ralph Bellamy
Leigh Whipper
Sidney Fox

Warners-First National Studios
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
John Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anita Berne
Charles Butterworth
Norma Beauregard
Ruth Chatterton
Donald Cook
Lil Dagover
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralph Harpole

Burbank, Calif.

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Amsen, 6311 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lam Chandler, 301 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Talt Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6649 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 994 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1733 Highland Blvd.
LaVerne St. John, 4811 La Brea Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5224 Los Feliz Blvd.

Patty Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Discover Yourself Through the Movies You Like

[continued from page 33]

immigrant Scotch girl battling her way in America had anything directly to do with himself or the woman who had given him birth and had been left behind in the old country.

The story did, however, remind this particular onlooker of the day he had landed at Ellis Island forty years before. It awaue a chain of memories.

He recalled his promise to his mother to send her a monthly allowance.

It also reminded him that he had been selfish and careless about this of late. Indirectly, but just as surely as though it had been written especially for him, this picture went straight to his heart.

He, too, discovered something about himself by the picture he liked!

If a feature appeals to you, you may rest assured that it is striking a responsive chord somewhere within your emotional make-up. If, on the other hand, a film does not interest you—barring, to be sure, badly acted and badly produced ideas—you may be equally certain that there is nothing inside of you to match what you see on the screen.

The factor of interest, of course, is based on that very psychology. What has an interest for you, what attracts or holds the attention, does so only by virtue of your particular emotional pattern.

Personally, “Cimarron,” which led all other productions as the best, according to your film critics’ poll for 1931, left me quite unmoved. Undoubtedly that is because I am not of an adventurous disposition and historical, pioneering stories have always left me cold. But to the filming of “Aronsmith” I reacted like lightning.

The answer is easy—I’m a physician!

Women who like “Min and Bill” are not only impressed because of the superior work of Marie Dressler. For if Dressler were in a picture about a theme foreign to their own emotions—they would say, “Oh, yes, she’s fine, as usual, but it went flat so far as I was concerned. The story had no meaning for me.”

What makes “Min and Bill” one of the very finest ever sent out is the fact that it deals so effectively with sacrifice, a universal emotion that has always been placed upon a pedestal and worshipped.

To be sure, since human nature is so very complex, I would not, psychologist though I am, attempt to make a final analysis of any-one’s character by the reactions which he or she showed to any given screen play and that alone.

Nevertheless, even here, certain general deductions at least can be formulated.

If, for instance, you liked “Politics,” I would say that you are not very impressed because you haven’t forgotten how to laugh. If “Mata Hari!” fascinated you I would judge that it was not the story that held you but rather Garbo herself and because you are still youthful enough, at least in thought, to be intrigued by her mysterious, baffling and indefinable sex attraction.

If you responded to “Frankenstein” or to “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” I would guess you to be seeking mental relaxation because you need it, just as do so many of the world’s great men when they read detective thrillers.

If “Private Lives” held your interest you surely are not naive, but sophisticated rather, in the manner of my friend Miss K., spoken of in the beginning.

But you can do that very thing for yourself.

Make a list of the pictures which, let us say, have specially appealed to you within the past year.

I AM sure that, first of all, you will be surprised at the similarity of the themes that you liked. If you liked “Min and Bill” you probably also liked “Forbidden.” The majority of your pets probably will have dealt with the same general emotions, whether they be love, sex, heroism, sacrifice, pity or the overcoming of obstacles.

Secondly, I feel convinced that by analyzing the one or two or more pictures which do not correspond to the motivation true of the majority you liked, you will discover many facts about yourself which will surprise you.

But be sure to do one thing more. Resolve after this or only to attend the film showings you think you will like but make it your business to attend as many different kinds of pictures as possible.

After all, the human being is made up of many components of forces and merely because one special set is prominent—so much so that the individual recognizes it—this does not mean at all that he or she, as the case may be,

“NO KISS... until you wipe off that PAINT”

THINK of my husband saying that! And he wasn’t joking either. My lips repulsed him just when I was trying to look my prettiest!

Have you that painted look? Perhaps you don’t even notice it yourself! ... Colors that look pretty by themselves or on other women may be actually revolting on your lips!

Correct this fault! Forget ordinary lipsticks ... from now on, Tangee your lips!

Tangee can’t possibly give you that painted look. It isn’t paint. It changes color on your lips to match your individual complexion. It brings you new beauty.

It’s permanent—won’t smear off. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

Get Tangee today at any druggist or cosmetic counter. Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. And it ends that painted look!

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Send Us for Miracle Make-Up Set

The George W. Luty Co.
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose one. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name.

Address.

City. State.

Cheeks Mustn’t Look Painted, Either

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you ... Tangee Rouge always keeps your cheeks from looking painted.

When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge. End that “painted look!”

Send Us for Miracle Make-Up Set
All the glory of WHOLE TOMATOES

in this famous Cocktail

Among all Nature's gifts, none is more tempting, delicious, more heavily laden with healthful properties than the whole tomato. And nowhere is its glory so reflected as in original College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail.

It's the utmost in full-bodied, full-flavored tomato juice; made from the finest whole tomatoes; hand picked—and then blended into an invigorating, spicy cocktail. It's packed by the new, exclusive Hi-Vita process; preserves all the original delicate flavor and vitamins.

Always put up in glass containers—you see what's inside—and the new cap is amazingly easy to take off.

Insist upon original College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Compared to most canned juices it's like fresh, rich, creamy, whole cream instead of thin, watery milk.

Hollywood's New Lover
[continued from page 31]

clubbed the customers, clubbed each other. It was grand.


AND clumsy! Schnozzle is just as dainty as a rhinoceros on the loose. It keeps Jimmy's right hand man paying the damage bills as they go along.

On the road, when Jimmy was through with a piano, the piano stayed through.

It was wrecked. The piano stool was a mere shadow of its former self. Props mashed. Bass drums punctured. Just like an ostrich stepping out.

No grace at all. No style or charm. And still they fall for him. What do you make of it?

He'll attend the swankiest of luncheons at the Ritz of Waldorf and order ham and eggs every time.

And he goes in for pie crust in a big way. He'll eat everyone's pie crust for tables and tables around him.

For the first time in twenty-five years Jimmy found himself out of a cafe on last New Year's Eve. "Where was I?" Jimmy asks. "On a desert. On a desert, mind you. Sure, they got a big desert down at a place called Palm Springs and I was on it. And was it unexciting! Cheese, Nuttin' don't seem and all them sweeds and stars and things and everybody actin' sedate 'n' everything, so I start a little playin' and singin' and say, in fifteen minutes they wuz all playin' Farmer in the Dell and grabbin' hands and goin' around in circles, and then everyone wanted to sing and play and the place was a riot. De manager come over and wit tears in his eyes he said, 'Jimmy, you've saved the day. The place yours. Any time you care to come.'"

AND did the beauties flock around Jimmy with, "Oh, please, Mr. Durante, won't you dance with me next? Please do."

"You see," Jimmy confides, "it's just because they wuz seein' me in passion."

James! We sat across the luncheon table from Jimmy at the M-G-M commissary the other day.

Have You
A BOY FRIEND WHO NEEDS A JOB?

YOUNG woman, you can help him get one! Strange as it may seem in these times, there is a group of 500 manufacturers seeking bright young men—and women, too.

They can work right in their own home towns, and are offered an amazing variety of quick-selling novelties and high grade merchandise which every home must have.

Go right out today and invest ten cents in a copy of Opportunity Magazine. It's on all newsstands. Give it to him and say, "Boy, there's your chance. Don't say I never gave you a start in life. Some day you may come to me and thank me for starting you in a real business career."

Even if he has never sold anything—if he has the gumption and any personality at all, he can make a success of direct selling.

Opportunity tells him how to do it. The positions are there. It's up to him.

Obey your impulse and do it today. You will probably be doing him a great favor at a time when he needs it.

If your newsstand is sold out of Opportunity Magazine, send us 10 cents, and we will mail a copy to him immediately. Address Dept. B.

OPPORTUNITY
The Magazine That Finds Jobs and Teaches Salesmanship
919 North Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO
About us sat all the handsome heroes of the screen, Gable, Montgomery, John Barrymore and others.

Suddenly, in the doorway stood a vision of blonde loveliness. Young and beautiful. Every eye was on her. Her lips parted in greeting. Every eye smiled in return. Every masculine face beamed welcome.

"Jimmy," she cried, and made straight for him. "You lamb," she cooed and kissed him smack on the top of his head before Jimmy even knew she was there.

To this day he's trying to figure out who she is. You see, half the time he doesn't even see them. And they go for him just the same.

I told you. He's the biggest sensation in years. Jimmy, he goes his way and they go his way.

He might, this Durante person, "do wit out Hollywood, but could Hollywood do wit out Jimmy?"

"How morn'tylin'"

Ladies and Gents,
That's Love!

CONTINUED

It is another afternoon before the great Palace Theater. But on the billboards there is but one name in big, eye-filling type—Barbara Stanwyck!

Midway in his second week as bill-topper Frankie had dropped from the picture, and Barbara reigned for the family.

So Barbara's generosity—her sacrifice for Frankie—was in vain. Love's labor was lost—as it so often is.

It is hard to restrain the tremolo stop at this point, what with Barbara giving her best to help Fay in his Broadway comeback.

Now, to raving beauty and line young actress must be added another description of this gorgeous one—great sport! For the first time a shining star has given off pride, billing, dignity and ease for the man she's mad about. It's a riddle.

When is a star not a star?—when she's as much in love as Barbara Stanwyck!

A ND that's the dot at the end of the latest chapter in the love story of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay—a sad one, from which Bob has emerged with new honor and fresh bouquets of admiration.

Now they'll be off to Hollywood, hand in hand.

Waltzers are happy that they have Barbara for more pictures—Columbia counts itself lucky to have her under lock and key for one more.

Once back in Filmland, Stanwyck will again be the leading lady, the headline, the star of the piece.

And Frank? Perhaps he'll find a niche in the talkies.

We hope so. But whether or no, he'll have Barbara! What a lucky bird!

And all that will remain of this strange Broadway interlude—when a blazing star happily played second fiddle to a vaudeville wisecracker—will be a fast fading memory.

As far as I am concerned, it can't fade too fast.

A sad, unhappy business—save for Barbara's brave role as sacrificial doe.

What remains is Love—with a capital L, and spelled out in flames. And now—the next chapter in Hollywood's most romantic love story!
RAMON NOVARRO may cling to the same dressing gown, but he has a brand-new philosophy of life that he thought up all by his little self. Ramon used to be a believer in astrology. Marie Dressier got him interested and unless Venus was rising or Taurus setting or all the aspects were okay he wouldn't give a party or start a new picture.

And then the stars told him that on a certain twentieth of a certain month he was going to die. Alarmed, Ramon fortified himself on the night of the nineteenth. On the twenty-first he awoke with such a bad headache that he wished he were dead. But he wasn't.

So that convinced him that the solar system had nothing to do with his system.

So now he has it all doped out that everything that happens is meant in some way for good. Mistakes and troubles may be benefits all dressed up in dark robes. And the idea is not to feel badly over mistakes and disappointments, for somehow it will all work out all right and this is the best of all possible worlds.

RAMON NOVARRO sent a lovely plain gold ring to the grandmother he adopted, after they had struck up an acquaintance via fan mail. She says she'll be buried with it on. And on her birthday Ramon wired her flowers and sent her presents. She won't let him send her very expensive ones, but at Christmas-time she gave him a cigarette case and lighter—the most gorgeous set that could be bought.

TULLY MARSHALL is one of those actors who drive directors crazy. He can never be found when he's wanted. They had searched the lot for him one day when somebody suggested, "Look in Lionel Barrymore's dressing room. He probably went over to chat with Lionel and they fell asleep together."

SCORE another one for Sylvia whose articles in Photoplay preach the doctrine that you must have a well balanced and nourishing diet to keep your health while you're reducing.

You remember that Kathryn Crawford got the lead in "Flying High" by losing ten pounds in one week on an orange juice diet.

But her resistance was so lowered that she has been almost constantly ailing and, because production can't be held up for illness, her name has been taken off the M-G-M contract list, so what success she gained by losing weight, she has now lost. All for one picture.

MANY strange requests arrive in Hollywood, but one cabled from Doug Fairbanks' yacht on its way to the South Seas had everyone guessing.

"Send two dog harness at once," it read.

The dog harness was duly dispatched, but curiosity got the better of the folks at the studio so they wired back asking why Doug wanted a dog harness with no dog on board.

The answer came back stating that the mascot of the ship, a pet monkey, had turned rascal on them and went about turning on faucets, almost draining the ship of fresh water. And as soon as he found he was in disgrace, he went scurrying from aft to fore. So before any more monkey business went on, Doug wanted him in harness.

THE story of one of Tom Mie's Westerns at Universal demanded that Tom shoot at the head of a criminal until he confesses to a crime, beginning at wide range and making each succeeding shot six inches closer to the head.

Edward Peale played the criminal. Tom began his shooting and did not stop until the last shot was one inch and a half from Peale's head. As Peale stumbled from his position, his lips white and trembling, he juttered, "And they'll say it was faked, anyway!"

HERE'S something else Clark Gable has to answer for.

Mrs. Madrienne M. Roath told the judge that one night she came home from a movie and said she thought Clark Gable was a wonderful actor. So her husband gave her a black eye and said she couldn't see Clark on the screen any more.
CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK
Cash in on Poppa's famous name!
Not Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Far months he labored as a five-dollar-a-day "extra." Then he crashed into a part like a brick through a plate-glass window. See him in his latest FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, "IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS." Doug has stuck to LUCKIES four years, but didn't stick the makers of LUCKIES anything for his kind words, "You're a brick, Doug."

"LUCKIES are my standby. I buy them exclusively. I've tried practically all brands but LUCKY STRIKES are kind to my throat. And that new improved Cellophane wrapper that opens with a flip of the finger is a ten strike."

"It's toasted"
Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh
TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is delectably fragrant! But of what use perfume, if on closer scrutiny, these critical men find that all your attractiveness flies away when you smile?

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal only brilliant, white teeth! And sound, white teeth are dependent on sound, firm gums!

The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to stimulate the gums—to keep them hard. Now they're soft and flabby. Tender, too. You have "pink tooth brush"—or you're likely to have it.

And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the soundness of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhrea.

If you'll get some Ipana Tooth Paste, and rub a bit of it into your gums every time you clean your teeth, you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush." The massage stimulates the gums, of course. But the ziratol in Ipana (ziratol is a splendid toning agent) aids the massage in firming the gums.

Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. Ipana with massage keeps the gums hard and healthy. Ipana with massage protects your smile! So today—start in with Ipana, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 1-62
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name: ________________________________

Street: ______________________________

City: __________________ State: ________

COPYRIGHT 1932, BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
One woman—desired, desiring—in a village of lonely men! Torn between passion and honor, lovers and husband! Below the Equator, where civilization's barriers swiftly burn away. What a great role for this great actress! TALLULAH BANKHEAD will make you feel the pity, the passion, the penance of this woman whom love consumed! With a great cast, including Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Eugene Pallette. You'll get the thrill of the year from "Thunder Below"—a great Paramount Picture, "best show in town!"

Directed by Richard Wallace from the novel by Thomas Rourke.
High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots
Give Yourself A Break
Was It Really Only Yesterday?
Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood
The Star of Stars
Those Were the Good Old Days
The Hollywood Beauty Shop
The Unknown Hollywood I Know
Seymour—Photoplay’s Style Authority
A Studio Monk Makes a Plea for Fair Play
Please! Please! Use Your Common Sense
Vote for the Best Picture of the Year
Studio Rambles

Photoplay’s Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
The Shadow Stage
Short Subjects of the Month

Personalities

“Scarface”—Paul Muni
Hey! Hey! Here Comes Johnny!
Genevieve Goes Torrid
Claudette Battles On
She Wants to Be Funny
We Present Two Splendid New Screen Personalities
Harold Is “Movie Crazy”
Dolores Del Rio
How They Save Joan Crawford’s Time

(Photoplay Radio Contest Coupon on Page 118)
The fans couldn't believe that Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, whose love seemed such a sure thing, were really separated. Hundreds wrote in to PHOTOPLAY asking if it were really true. One woman said her movie illusions had been shattered

Maurice, you big brute, you're making that little woman cry! But Jeanette MacDonald will cry with joy when she reads all the nice things written about her and Chevalier in "One Hour With You." It is as great as "The Love Parade," is what they all say.

THE $25 LETTER

I have a protest to register and I believe that there are a few million American mothers who will back me up.

We have two children who are fond of the movies so we go all together twice a week. We try to choose a feature which we feel will not outrage our sense of decency nor embarrass us before our children. For the feature pictures we can make a right choice, thanks to reviews in PHOTOPLAY and the consistency of most producers in keeping certain stars in clean pictures. But very often we find a comedy following which contains remarks and innuendos which were taboo in most refined, adult gatherings a few years ago.

Yet they are flung before our children as entertainment.

I have often, when witnessing certain comedies (not all) sat there and thanked heaven that my little girl was too young to comprehend them and prayed that my eleven-year-old boy might miss them. It sickened me to hear the comprehending guffaws of the young boys and girls about us and the echoing laughter of the little people who had yet to learn what they were laughing at.

JEANNE DAZZELL, Pasadena, Calif.

THE $10 LETTER

Wuxtra, wuxtra! Here's one for Ripley! Girl sixteen travels thousands of miles in two years, but has not left sanatorium bed! Explanation in next paragraph.

Oregon provides movies for her T. B. patients. Sure, they're just the old silents but that doesn't anchor my ship of dreams which steers a straight course for romance and adventure, my favorite ports.

What sage was it said, "Everyone has to live his own life." With my few years of living I shouldn't dispute the old fellow, but I must say he is sadly mistaken. I have found it more enjoyable to let the movie actors live my life for me, while I reap the pleasure. After all, it's not a bad idea, is it?

LILLABEL CURRY, Salem, Ore.

THE $5 LETTER

Two big news events occupied the spotlight this month. The pen-takers-in-hand were shocked to superlatives by Garbo's rumored return to Sweden for good—and the separation of "the happiest married couple in Hollywood," Ann Harding and Harry Bannister.

But there were still time and space left to crown a new king. Johnny Weissmuller swam away with all the honors, in spite of the fact that there was quite a heated argument about Clark Gable's rôle of the minister in "Polly of the Circus." There were nothing but raves for Johnny. Hatt, Tarsun!

"The Wet Parade," started a nationwide discussion pro and con. Prohibition as it was going to continue for a long time. Favorite films were "Alias the Doctor!" (praise for Richard Barthelmess), "The Impatient Maiden," "Arsene Lupin" and "One Hour With You," with Chevalier and MacDonald ringing the bell again. Genevieve Tobin (you'll find a swell story about her on another page of this magazine) was voted great in that picture.

Our foreign readers did lots of writing this month. Do their opinions coincide with yours? It's fun knowing what people in other lands think about our movies.

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

Now see her in ALL her glory...

Miss Ruth Chatterton

HER LOVELINESS ENHANCED...
HER MAGIC MULTIPLIED... IN
HER first FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

The RICH
ARE ALWAYS WITH US

The ultra smart set in the mad scramble for thrills!...A sumptuous portrayal of sensuous society in the perfumed fragrance of Park Avenue and Paris boudoirs...Witty—naughty—gay!...A spectacular story of how the ritzy-half lives—and loves—and lies...Coming soon to leading theatres everywhere.

with BETTE DAVIS
GEORGE BRENT JOHN MILJAN
Direction by
ALFRED E. GREEN

another FIRST NATIONAL Hit!
Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

**AFTER TOMORROW**—Fox.—You'll Like this because it is drama and it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marion Nixon. (May)

**AIR EAGLES**—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

**ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

**ALMOST MARRIED**—Fox.—A competent cast, including Marion, Minna and Veola. Here's a stage star, struggling valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and rather little direction. (Feb.)

**AMATEUR DADDY**—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

**AMBASSADOR BILL**—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical king and a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

**ANYBODY'S BLONDE**—Action Pictures.—Prime stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (Feb.)

**ARE THEE OUR CHILDREN?**—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what goes on in some high schools. Neither parents nor children should miss it. (Dec.)

**ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff for a change of pace in a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic role excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

**AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (Jan.)

**ARROWSMITH**—United Artists.—Neither Mr. Rathbone, Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Robert Milton and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (Jan.)

**ARESENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (March)

**BEAST OF THE CITY**—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (Feb.)

**BEHIND THE MASK**—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and chili pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

**BELOVED BACHELOR**—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his wife and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the best acting, Charles Ruggles screaming funny. (Dec.)

**BEN HUR**—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still exciting and exciting. (May)

**BIG SHOT**—RKO-Pathé.—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (Feb.)

**BLONDE CAPTIVE**—M-G-M.—Australian Expedition Syndrome.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

**BRANDED MEN**—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarkan, the horse. (Feb.)

**BROKEN LULLABY**—Paramount.—(Re-viewed under title “The Man I Killed”.) A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Philip Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (Marsh)

**BROKEN WING, THE**—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melynna Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (May)

**BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK**—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Robert Montgomery wise-cracks and you'll remember Heaither Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monochromer. (May)

**CAIN**—Talking Picture Epic.—Although not as vividly as “Tabu,” this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (March)

**CAPTIVATION**—Capital Prod.—Ho-hum, a wife-in-name-only situation, a stouter Conway Tuggle and a leading woman who almost out-Dietrichs Garbo. Made in England. (Dec.)

**CHEAT, THE**—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (Jan.)

**COCK OF THE AIR**—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a bravado war-time pilot who somewhere along the line. Precisely risque. (Feb.)

**COHEN'S AND KELLY'S IN HOLLYWOOD**—Universal.—A peek behind the Klug lights and microphones. (May)

**CONVICTS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Supreme Features.—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Alleen Pringle and Harry Myers. (Dec.)

**CORSAIR**—United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (Jan.)

**CROSS-EXAMINATION**—Supreme.— Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (April)

**CROWD ROARS, THE**—Warner.—Some of the best auto race truck stuff ever filmed. U-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

**CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett's voice, Lupe Velez' love-making and Jimmy Durante's darn foolishness in a lusty story of marines in Cuba. Great stuff. (June)

**DANGERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

**DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Durante. A dance drama with a story not so gripping as "Sad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two. (May)

**DEADLINE, THE**—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (Jan.)

**DECEIVER, THE**—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backache atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (Feb.)

**DELICIOUS**—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (Feb.)

**DESTROY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

**DEVIL ON DECK**—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in mid ocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (Feb.)

**DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amusing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

**DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (April)

**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual rôle superbly.Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (Feb.)

**DRAGNET PATROL**—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (April)

**DRIFTER, THE**—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (April)

**PLEASE TUNE TO PAGE 12**

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**OSCAR**—the Paramount boober who has appeared in several pictures, was wanted at a neighboring studio for a part. Oscar was offered $35 a week. But he held out for $40.

"I'll tell you what," they finally said, "we'll compromise and make it $37.50." "Well," Oscar said, thinking it over, "I see willin' to compromise all right, but I can't compromise a cent under my 40 bucks." Oscar won.

**CARELESS LADY**—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

**CARNIVAL BOAT**—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway train and hot lights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)

**CHAMP**—M-G-M.—You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll thrill at this superb picture with those two great artists, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery. Don't miss this one. (Dec.)

**CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE**—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a break enough pace. (March)

**CHEATERS AT PLAY**—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)

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

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ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS

Wild, untamed... she played with men's hearts as with puppets until she rushed headlong into the arms of... a prizefighter. Society was dumbfounded! Daring the ridicule of her friends, she gave herself to him...Daring! ...Tantalizing!...Smart!

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture

JAMES DUNN
PEGGY SHANNON
SPENCER TRACY

SOCIETY GIRL
Opinions from Over the World

[Continued from Page 6]

Please Kiss and Make Up

And now the one and only Ann Harding getting a divorce. Not so long ago columns were written about the ideal couple Harry and Ann.

Harry Bannister seems to feel that he can't let a mere woman ruin his career. He might be right after all, but can't people just live instead of trying to soar the heights of fame and folly?

Mary Dalton, Haddon Heights, N. J.

Among some of the stars, divorce is rather expected, but when it comes to one of the few idols of whom Ann Harding was one, it is quite disillusioning.

I hope we never read any gossip about Warner Baxter, Thomas Meighan and Jack Holt.

Lillian Pond's, Chicago, Ill.

Connie and Joan

Why doesn't Joan Bennett get the praise that's due her? She could have taken any one of her famous sister Connie's pictures and done as well, if not better than Constance.

Miss A. J. Plowman, Dallas, Texas

Constance Bennett is perfect and I am sure that the rest of the public think so too only jealousy forbids them to say so, but deep down in their hearts they all love Connie. If not why are the theaters always packed when a Bennett film is shown?

Marge Veroski, Bay City, Mich.

Forward, Chatterton Fans!

I think Ruth Biery went just a little too far in her article about Ruth Chatterton in the April issue of Photoplay. I'll admit that Chatterton was not at her best in "The Magnificent Lie" and "Once a Lady" but no actress can make a good picture out of a flimsy plot.

But "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" was fine and if the love scenes were not just as they should have been, I think some allowance should be made for the fact that Ruth and Paul Lukas were not on speaking terms during the filming.

Janet Raley, Washington, D. C.

That thrust at Ruth Chatterton by Ruth Biery in your April issue made me mad. I have seen Miss Chatterton in every picture and if she is slipping she is slipping forward. If Miss Biery was not stirred by "Once a Lady" she couldn't be stirred with a cement mixer.

J. S. Patterson, Des Moines, Iowa

Ruth Chatterton's work in "Madame X" and "Sarah and Son" showed the blazing genius that she really possesses. But in her recent pictures, even discounting the mediocre stories, there was an appreciable deterioration in the quality of her performances. I felt that something should be done about it and I'm truly thankful to Ruth Biery for her searching analysis of the trouble and to Photoplay for sponsoring the article.

T. B. Bentley, Washington, D. C.

"After Tomorrow"

What a relief, after a deluge of so-called sophisticated pictures, to run across something as wholesome and refreshing as "After Tomorrow." As the mother of a growing daughter, I was happy to find that somebody still believes in ideals and that young love can still be regarded as something fine and precious.

Of late there has been altogether too much glamour cast over the lady of easy virtue; she is made to appear mysterious and sophisticated and desirable.

How are our growing girls to be made to realize that moral character is still a valuable asset if gorgeous beauties of the screen parade as luxurious ladies of easy virtue?

Mrs. Ruth Newcomb, Berkeley, Calif.

That Weissmuller Boy!

We who thrilled at seeing Johnny Weissmuller cut through the water were equally as thrilled by his performance in "Tarzan."

Dolley Ashley, Baltimore, Md.

Our local newspapers said that "Tarzan, the Ape Man" was just a lot of hokum and trick photography. But the critics did not see it as the public did—a relief from the average type of picture. It took our minds off our troubles and, for awhile, we were free as Tarzan from financial and business worries.

Mrs. G. H. John, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Tarzan, the Ape Man" should not be missed. The directing is perfect, the acting supreme and the outdoor scenery beautiful. Let us have more of these fascinating pictures.

Corinne Hughes, Memphis, Tenn.

"Tarzan, the Ape Man," is the most interesting picture I have ever seen; Johnny Weissmuller, as Tarzan, the most interesting character ever shown on the screen. I think that this great swimmer will also become one of our great movie actors.

Marion Hemmer, Lockport, N. Y.

Gangster or Parson Gable?

In "Polly of the Circus" Clark Gable is woefully miscast in the role of a preacher. He tries manfully to make the audience forget that he is the two-fisted, philandering lover of the screen but without much success.

Leona Simmons, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

"Polly of the Circus" has everything one expects in a picture today, also much food for thought. I like Marion Davies always. But I was used to Clark Gable as a gangster and I'm amazed at what an ideal minister he makes.

Lillian Anderson, Oakland, Calif.

I have just seen "Polly of the Circus" and I think it was the best that either Marion Davies or Clark Gable have made.

Clara Wyland, La Feria, Texas

Some people objected to Clark Gable as the minister in "Polly of the Circus," but others cheered him for making a pastor a real man, able to meet situations like this. Everybody thought Marion Davies was great.
Make Movie Arguments Exciting

“The Wet Parade” has started an argument that will be heard around the world. “The newspapers give us the cold facts,” said one reader, “but this film is the living drama of prohibition.” Walter Huston and Robert Young are shown above in one of the many thrilling action scenes in the picture.

Last month a reader wanted to know what had become of her favorite, Richard Barthelmess. This month she wrote to add her word of praise along with that of hundreds of others for his work in “ Alias the Doctor.” Stop looking into Marian Marsh’s eyes long enough to take a big bow, Dick, old boy.

CHANGE YOUR STYLE, JANET

I watched Janet Gaynor make a tremendous hit in “7th Heaven” and ever since she has done nothing but this one type of picture, which by this time is so trite that I find myself reluctant to go to one of the Gaynor films.

SANFORD PAYNE, JR., Mount Vernon, Wash.

NOW PARSE THAT SENTENCE

When the cast is superb, the story unflaggingly interesting, the photographer superlatively, every detail perfect—the star uses an ungrammatical expression.

I refer to “Shang” and “Express” where, at the end, Marlene Dietrich says to Clive Brook, “Nobody is here but you and I.” How could the director overlook something so glaring? When the picture is shown in England, our cousins there will have just another chance to smile at our ignorance.

LOUIE BRAUN, New York City

SAVE JIMMY DUNN

I was tremendously impressed by James Dunn’s wonderful performance in “Bad Girl.” But “Dance Team” was a sad disappointment. Jimmy’s attractive crooked smile was worked overtime and the self conceit which was amusing when it first made its appearance in “Bad Girl” was repeated ad nauseam. Can’t something be done to save this new star from impending destruction?

JOHN T. OPE, Whipple, Ariz.

NO MORE STAR THROWING

What right had Warner Brothers to make James Cagney a star? The “Public Enemy” was a good picture and “Blonde Crazy” was okay but in my home town he is liked by about one out of every ten.

I don’t see why producers should throw stars at the public and say, “Here they are—take them.” The public likes to make its own stars and the quicker the producers find this out the better.

HAROLD E. BELL, Danville, Pa.

MORE VARIETY WANTED

“Frankenstein” and “Dr. Jekyll” were successes, so all the producers began to turn out horror pictures. “Arosmith” was a near-great so Barthelmess, Ayres and others turned doctors. “Possession” wasn’t so bad, but “Forbidden” was an imitation. “The Divorcee” was pretty good, and Norma Shearer has made a half dozen of the same type. The “Grand Hotel” style has been copied. And I suppose the great success of “Tarzan” will have every male star except George Arliss swinging from the tree tops. But the audiences want variety and originality, not a lot of immature copying of various trends.

RANDOLPH MILLER, New Haven, Conn.

WE MAKE THREE GUESSES

My mother who is deaf, but far from dumb, attended a movie a few nights ago, and, not being able to hear all that was said, finally decided that the heroine of the story was playing the role of a feeble minded girl. She was astonished to learn that the actress was only trying to be glamorous.

I won’t mention any names but will let you guess.

ELIZABETH DAWSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

YOU’RE WELCOME

I want to thank Photoplay and Genevieve Tobin.

A month ago I was in a serious accident. My head and forehead were badly cut and I realized that I would be left for life with an ugly scar, which threatened to ruin my stage career.

Then I saw a picture of Genevieve Tobin’s new hair cut in Photoplay. She was wearing bangs. I had my hair cut in this fashion and the scar is perfectly hidden.

ADELE JOLASE, Denver, Colo.

SCHOOL MA’AM HARDING

I am the mother of a fourteen year old girl. For the past few months I have been greatly concerned because she thought it smart to use all the latest—and the worst—slang. And she would pay no attention to my corrections.

Then came a sudden change. Her newest screen idol is Ann Harding and her chief interest in life is to speak as beautifully and in as refined a manner as Ann does. She has discontinued her use of slang and watches her English very closely.

She will not miss one of Ann Harding’s pictures and I take great satisfaction in taking her.

MRS. ELIZABETH COMES, San Bernardino, Calif.

“WET PARADE”

The movies are making us realize the necessity of readjusting some things in this country before we can sit back in a self satisfied manner. A shining example of this type of picture is “The Wet Parade.” Our public problems are put before us in the newspapers, but somehow black print leaves us cold and in the hurry and rush of the day we forget quickly. But the human drama lived before us on the screen shocks us into realization that something must be done.

KAY SHERMAN, Portland, Ore.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from Page 8]

★ EMMA—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (Feb.)

★ EXPERT, THE—Warner's.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Munch." (April)

★ EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD—Raspin Prod.—This is the greatest Telltale's greatest exploits in their adventures in woods and pictures. (Feb.)

★ FALSE MADONNA, THE—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis and Lilian Taaffe wear the clothes and put on the scenes. (Dec.)

★ GOOD SPORT—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (Jan.)

★ GRAND HOTEL—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Luise Ranieri, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each is a star in a star. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

★ GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—lively! Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three gold diggers. Not for children. (Feb.)

★ GRIEF STREET—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Holland. Save your time. (Dec.)

★ HATCHET MAN, THE—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and deals a sure winner. (March)

★ HEARTBREAK—Fox.—This has a war background but it's really a sweet love story. Madge Evans (who's really good) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good actor, too. (Dec.)

★ HEART OF NEW YORK, THE—Warner's.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

★ HELD DIVERS—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Force team up in this nerve-wracking in the air drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (Jan.)

★ HIS MAJESTY LOVE—First National.—Marilys Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, takes off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (Jan.)

★ HIGH PRESSURE—Warner's.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (March)

★ HIS WOMAN—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert play a hard and a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a tarted-up lady. (Feb.)

★ HOTEL CONTINENTAL—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and luscious sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (April)

★ HOUSE DIVIDED, A—Universal.—Life in the raw with Walter Huston as a hardboiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (April)

★ HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE—Willis Kemp Prod.—A fast-moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Fredric March has the stuff. (Dec.)

★ HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY—Paramount.—Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Amusing enough. (Feb.)

★ IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE—Universal.—Law Ayres thinks he should make a good woman of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So the pictures lose momentum. (Dec.)

★ IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Noah Beery. Sue Carol is the girl. (Feb.)

★ IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (Feb.)

★ IT'S TOO BIG TO BE FAMOUS—First National.—Jane Froman is a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Hiran plays his wife. (May)

★ KEEPERS OF THE YOUTH—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (March)

★ LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE—Paramount.—Another long story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sidney does her best work. (Feb.)

★ LADIES OF THE JURY—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how sweet she is! Toots Tapsell, children. (Feb.)

★ LADY WITH A PAST—RKO-Pathé.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

★ LAW AND ORDER—Universal.—Entertaining—every gisted shot, the blood and thunder Westerns with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nay woman a movie as true to life! (May)

★ LAW OF THE TONGS—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (Feb.)

★ LAW OF THE WEST—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

★ LEFTOVER LADIES—Tiffany Prod.—Divorces talk a lot about courts and freedom in dreary dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brusque wig, is good. (Dec.)

★ LOCAL BAD MAN, THE—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with poor direction, all types. (March)

★ LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD—First National.—Joe E. Brown is funnier than he's ever been, in this story of a college grud with inhabitants and become a movie star. (Feb.)

★ LOST SQUADRON, THE—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
The most sensational picture since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" which was the greatest picture of all time.

Grim war on the Summit of the Austrian Alps. Italy and Austria locked in a death embrace where vast snows are eternal and yawning chasms and precipitous cliffs add to the hazards of war.

Once again UNIVERSAL'S supremacy is made manifest.

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- Stories about your favorite stars.
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[Please turn to page 126]
THE GREATEST CAST IN STAGE OR SCREEN HISTORY!

JOHN GARBO - BARRYMORE

JOAN CRAWFORD - BEERY

WALLACE BARRYMORE

LIONEL BARRYMORE

GRAND HOTEL

with LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT

The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

An EDMUND GOULDING production

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!
Joan Blondell, vivacious featured player of Warner Bros., is equally pleasing in a smart bathing suit or in a softly fashioned evening gown of net and silver sequins. Her street costume of navy and white is one of the season's newest notes.

ARE AS IMPORTANT AS COMPLEXIONS

No longer can we dare ignore our figure. Dame Fashion has decreed that feminine curves must show themselves—whether in sports-togs or in the clinging, revealing evening gown.

Fortunately, these modern clothes require the figure of normal womanhood. To be chic, we must retain our health and beauty while reducing.

A primary rule of health is proper elimination. Otherwise, sallow skins, wrinkles, pimpls, premature aging, loss of appetite and energy may result.

Faulty elimination is caused by lack of two things in the diet: "Bulk" and Vitamin B—both of which help tone the system.

Today you can obtain both of these dietary necessities in Kellogg's All-Bran. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily will prevent and relieve most types of improper elimination.

How much better it is to enjoy this delicious "cereal way" than to risk taking pills and drugs—so often harmful and habit-forming.

Another thing, All-Bran furnishes iron to build blood, and help prevent dietary anemia. Tests show that All-Bran contains twice as much blood-building iron as an equal amount by weight of beef liver.

Enjoy as a cereal, or use in making fluffy muffins, breads, omelettes, etc. All-Bran is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable facts on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. D-6, Battle Creek, Michigan
Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

Name:

Address:
Giving A Bridge Luncheon?

"I think your muff and turban of white violets are simply stunning," said Maureen O'Sullivan to Anita Page when they met at a bridge luncheon the other day. Bridge luncheons are the current party vogue in Hollywood these days. You'll like the typical menu, below

EVERYONE has gone contract bridge mad out here in Hollywood. Whenever there is a lull at the studios, you will find the cinema dite doing a "talkie" over the bridge tables. And the popular prelude to these card sessions, is luncheon.

I have found bridge luncheons in Hollywood so fascinating as to menus, that I thought you would enjoy hearing about a recent one. Of course, you can adapt these suggestions to your own particular tastes, perhaps using only one or two of the dishes I am going to describe.

For instance, squab is not always available as a luncheon delicacy—in its place you can substitute chicken.

To return to this particular luncheon. Anita Page and Maureen O'Sullivan were two of the twelve guests—don't they look charming in the costumes they wore?

The menu included: boned squab with wild rice dressing, Parisienne potatoes, orange cup, new peas in souffle cups, thimble biscuits, vegetable aspic salad, strawberry sherbet with small assorted cakes, and coffee. The squab and its complements were attractively arranged on one plate as you can see in the picture, above.

The hostess said her cook had a way with squab—they tasted it! Here's how she prepares them:

Boned Squab

Select one plump squab for each plate. Lay the squab on a board, cut carefully on underside so that the top is whole, remove all bones. Stuff with the wild rice. Roll and wrap in oiled paper. Then bake until tender. Serve with a broiled mushroom as garnishment.

The wild rice dressing is made of wild rice that has been cooked two days previously and kept on ice. The rice should be boiled for forty-five minutes or longer. Mix it with seasoning, chopped green onions and chopped bacon.

On the plate with the squab goes an orange cut in the shape of a basket. After you have removed all the pulp and cut the handle, fill with diced fruit topped with currant jelly.

Parisienne potatoes are round potato balls, French fried.

Vegetable Aspic Salad

Fill individual molds with vegetables arranged in layers. Try to alternate or blend the colors as green peas, then diced carrots, mixed green peppers, diced celery and finally, shredded pineapple and cabbage. Top each with a slice of pimento.

Pour enough lime aspic over this to fill the mold. Chill thoroughly and serve on hearts of lettuce with buttons of mayonnaise and rosebud-cut radishes.

Strawberry Sherbet

Use two cups of water, 1 cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of strawberries, mashed fine. Boil your sugar and water for twenty minutes, then let it cool. Add the fruit and freeze. This amount will serve four people—add to the consistency for a larger service. You can freeze this in molds or in one dish.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am encroaching twenty-five cents.

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

Four hours ago he hadn't dreamed he could kiss this beautiful and famous woman.

They had been strangers then, though across the damask of the candle-lit table their eyes met in eager challenge. Gridley, no less than she, had always scoffed at the idea of love at first sight. But tonight, at their first meeting, they did not sneer.

And now he was holding her in his arms ... her warm lips on his in a kiss half of yearning, half of tenderness. One kiss ... and only one. It might have carried them to the altar. Instead, it parted them forever.

For in the instant that his lips held hers he knew that she was not the woman for him. He knew the reason, too. But she didn't ... and probably never will. It is a matter people do not discuss.

No one is immune

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is unpardonable—repellent in either man or woman. It breaks up many a friendship, romance, and occasionally a marriage. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you; the subject is too delicate. The same applies to the presence of body odors which are second only to halitosis in their power to offend others.

Why risk either? Why not make sure that your breath is sweet and agreeable? Why not take precautions against body odors?

Swift deodorant power

Halitosis yields immediately to Listerine, the quickest of deodorants. Simply gargle it every night and morning, and between times before meeting others. Don't waste your time with ordinary antiseptics; it takes them 12 hours or more to get rid of odors that Listerine conquers instantly.

After your bath, Listerine

Body odors, including that of perspiration, are the result of a chemical action in tiny glands. No mere washing with soap and water will remove these odors. That is why we say to you: after your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. It checks body odors without altering or impairing natural functions.

Keep Listerine always handy in home and office. Carry a bottle in your handbag and the side pocket of your car. It is your protection against infection in an emergency, and your constant assurance that you won't offend others.

By the way, we have a small but useful book of etiquette that tells you what to wear, do, and say at formal and informal occasions. A copy will be sent to you free if you will write Dept. P.P. 6, Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine ends Halitosis checks Body Odors
MEET Hollywood's newest working wife. Joan Bennett wanted to take a long honeymoon with her husband, Gene Markey. Fox Studio said a polite, "Nix, we need you in our pictures!" So they hurried back from a two weeks' trip and Joan began work on "The Trial of Vivienne Ware." They say it's great
A FEW years ago this girl begged for a job posing for commercial photographers. Then she was awkward, badly dressed, glum. But the camera saw something that escaped the eye. She became New York's $50-an-hour model and is now Richard Dix's leading woman. Gwili Andre, of Denmark, has what it takes.
HERE'S another new girl, Phyllis Clare. Looks like Lois Wilson—yes?—with a dash of Chatterton in that smile. Why does she have a picture of Joel McCrea on her arm? A new fad, Genevieve. She sits in the sun and after awhile her favorite actor's silhouette is tanned upon her arm. Silly idea, but cute.
MARY PICKFORD is going to make another picture. "I can't let people remember me in 'Kiki'," she says. She has two stories and will begin work as soon as she decides which to use. Here is Mary's latest photograph, taken for Photoplay in her Beverly Hills home. Never more youthful and charming
YOU'RE planning a weekend in the country, or a Summer abroad. New clothes . . . new scenes . . . new friends!

But—your face can't go on vacation. It's your chief representative to your world—whether you're in Pleasantville or Paris, at a dance or at your desk. And you can't change your face, as you do your frocks, or locale! But—you can give it a lovely, natural-toned finish which clings without clogging—and that, you know, is the very fine Face Powder made by Coty!

Coty Face Powder offers you twelve skin-true tones from which to make a selection. Doesn't your one and only face deserve this care? Today would be a good time to choose the delicately fragrant Coty tone that's an accurate twin to your coloring . . . Remember, too, Coty's delightful Dusting Powder! "Poudre après le Bain" if you prefer it in French; certainly you'll prefer it in use, it's so pleasant after your tub—so cooling after sun baths. In waterproof base box, with lamb's wool puff.

Look for the powder-puff box! It's your guide both to Coty Dusting Powder, $1.50, and to Coty Face Powder, $1.
TO YOUR THIRST'S CONTENT!

A pure, wholesome drink of natural flavors. With a taste thrill and a cool, delightful after-sense of refreshment...Served at more than 8 hundred thousand soda fountains and refreshment stands. There's nothing else like it—and it's only a nickel.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

Drink Coca-Cola

THE DRINK THAT MAKES A PAUSE REFRESHING
WHEN the final results of the national results of the national results of the national results of the national results of the national results of the national final results of the national motion picture preference poll, which Will Hays is conducting, are announced, it ought to put an end to all this claptrap about the low intelligence average of us motion picture fans.

Thousands of our leading citizens, from scientists and churchmen to bankers and society leaders, have been questioned, and if we are morons so are they.

Our intellectuals, some of whom have thrown mud at pictures, admit they go in for broad comedies. Scientists and statesmen prefer the same screen fare as plumbers and barbers. Society leaders are as interested in Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich as are ladies who wash their own dishes.

Texas Guinan voted for historical and inspirational themes, good old uplift stuff, while Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins, quite a hot dog among our leading biologists, wants thrillers for mental relaxation. Henry L. Mencken, section boss of a gang of America’s intellectuals, wants his comedy straight, the lower the better, while his old pal, Aimee Semple McPherson, wants “a deeper spiritual touch.”

Who’s a moron now?

JACKIE COOPER, whose salary runs into four figures a week, is allowed fifty cents each week for spending money. And to Jackie, who hasn’t the slightest notion of how much he earns, that fifty cents looks like the inside of Mellon’s bank.

Recently, Jackie came upon an independent motion picture company at work on the beach. He became friends with one of the extra children.

“How much do you get?” Jackie asked the extra boy.

“Five dollars,” the boy replied.

“Five dollars!” Jackie gasped. “Gee,” he said, his eyes round as moons. “You must be good. I only get fifty cents a week.”

HUNDREDS of mothers are mad at Roscoe Ates and are making frantic appeals to have something done about it.

Roscoe stutters on the screen. And hundreds of little boys try to imitate him.

Well, didn’t we kids always imitate the fellow in the butcher shop who stuttered? We used to drive him bughouse, as we said in those days.

Ah, the screen is a terrible influence on us kids. Keep your screen home and she won’t be thinking of Clark Gable.

I WAS just going to write something about why Photoplay is now the only twenty-five-cent magazine in the motion picture field, when I received a letter from a reader in Sanford, N. C., which tells the whole story as well as I could do it myself, and with much better grace!

WHILE conversing with some friends, someone inquired my opinion as to why the price of Photoplay had not been reduced, in view of the present economic conditions. My reply was.

First, it is impossible to reduce without a sharp reduction in quality; while at the same time Photoplay can and does take advantage of the situation by utilizing possible reduction of expenses to give us a much higher quality magazine, maintaining the same established price, which is just what we readers want.

Second, there has been a tremendous improvement in Photoplay. The paper on which it is printed, the beautiful colored pictures, the reading matter—all prove that Photoplay is placing the difference right where it should be and where it will produce the greatest results, both to publisher and reader.

Keep the quality and price up, and continue to reign supreme in your field.

GILBERT W. CRUTCHFIELD.

I THANK the gentleman from North Carolina. Photoplay could not possibly maintain its improved standards with a reduced price. This depression is not going to last forever. When it is over Photoplay may reduce its price, but when it does it
will not be with cheaper paper and printing and lower editorial standards, but still better and higher.

It would add just another note of hopelessness if, when we recover from our economic illness, we could look ahead only to a world where all standards of living and entertainment were permanently lowered.

It's not the price that counts. It's the value.

I asked a famous actor how he would compare Garbo and Dietrich.

"Dietrich displays all of the charm of her anatomy; Garbo all of the charm of her face. I can't compare them. I have never noticed Dietrich's face."

I have had three experiences in the theater recently that have tried my patience to the point where, even if the picture I went to see was good, I wouldn't like it.

First, it was at the Astor Theater, in New York. I paid two dollars to get in. As I entered the theater two gangsters were yelling, "Check your coats. Check your coats here," in a loud and intimidating manner. I started to walk by, but one of them deliberately blocked my path, demanding my coat. I had to push them out of my way. Then I asked the usher for a program, only to be curtly informed they were on sale in the lobby for twenty-five cents. After this, I sat in the cold, old-fashioned theater for twenty-five minutes after the announced starting time.

I wanted to see a picture which was showing at one of the Broadway motion picture houses. I had an hour to spare, but only an hour. The doorman assured me the feature would be starting in a few minutes. For one solid hour I sat through an annoying assortment of orchestrations, stage shows, and badly selected short reels. I paid a dollar to actually suffer through the mess, wasted my hour, had to leave, and never saw one foot of the picture.

A few weeks later I went to see James Cagney at still another Broadway theater. I enjoyed the newsreel and even the travelogue about Java, but it took all Cagney's acting and Loretta Young's fascination to make me forget the punishment of sitting through, not one awful short "comedy," but two of them.

Please tell me, kind folks, do these things happen in Detroit or Tulsa, or are New Yorkers the only folks in the world who sit and take it instead of socking the manager in the eye? I wonder what Jimmie Cagney would do under the circumstances.

Here is a letter I received this month that has a direct bearing on that subject. It is better than any comment I could make:

There are three of us in our family and we go to the movies about twice a week. We always discuss the feature when we get home, but there is one thing that annoyed all of us and that is the shoddy quality of the short reels they sometimes slipped over.

We talked to the manager of the theater and, as a result, he changed his short reel subjects. It just shows what you can do by telling the manager what you like and don't like. He didn't seem to realize how important the short reels were until we spoke to him. Now we sometimes go to the movies just because one of our favorite two-reel comedies is being shown.

Mrs. Mabel Humphrey,
Denver, Colo.

She was once a star. That is, until things began breaking badly. Now she is seen every day along Hollywood Boulevard and side streets with her dogs. She seems to have many of them. But what few suspect or know is that airing dogs for prosperous owners is her job. With head held high, the valiant little ex-star tramps many miles a day with her canine charges. It's incidents like this that really write the book of Hollywood.

If you have any doubt that we are living in a machine age, just drop around to a certain make-up laboratory in Hollywood.

They are experimenting on a scheme by which perfectly natural looking masks can be made of rubber. And those weird make-ups over which poor Lon Chaney spent hours and hours can now be slipped on in a minute.

What's more, if the thing is a success, the features of one player can be duplicated upon another, so if Garbo does actually desert the screen Miss Susie Zilch from Pawtucket can put a little rubber mask on her face and be Garbo.

Here's a strange sign that appeared on the M-G-M bulletin board. "Company on location tomorrow—blossoms permitting," it read.

Seems that certain scenes for a picture called for an orchard in bloom. So many an extra girl's rent and many an extra man's rations depended upon whether or not blossoms bloomed the next day. They did.

In Hollywood the boys who drive for the studios own their own automobiles and rent them by the hour. What is more, they don't like to be called "chauffeurs."

An Eastern star, who didn't understand, arrived in town, hired one of the cars and insisted upon calling the driver "chauffeur."

At last the lad had as much as he could stand. "Listen," he said, "I'm not a chauffeur. I'm a driver."

"Well, what's the difference?" the star asked.

And this is the answer he shot at her:

"About one hundred dollars a month and no dogs to wash."
E WARD G. ROBINSON, James Cagney and Paul Muni should say a prayer every night for Al Capone before going to bed. He made them what they are today.

Eddie Robinson was a good, but not too well-known, actor on the Broadway stage. He made one picture at the Paramount Eastern Studio and wasn't anything to cause the fans to line up at the box-office.

His last appearance on Broadway was in a flop play, “Mr. Samuel.”

Then he played “Little Caesar” and became a sensation.

Jimmy Cagney didn't work often on the Broadway stage and never had his name in lights. His last play on Broadway, “Penny Arcade,” was a flop. He might have remained a nobody in Hollywood but—

He played a tough guy in “The Public Enemy” and became a sensation.

Now the movie fans are getting ready to love another tough guy.

P AUL MUNI didn't amount to anything in pictures until he made “Scarface.” He worked for Fox Films, made several flickers, and then returned to the Main Stem. Hollywood was no dice with him.

Like Robinson and Cagney he had to be a tough guy to click. Those who have seen “Scarface”—and who hasn't—have raved about his performance and the picture. Certain parts of “Scarface” make other gangster films seem sissy.

Before “Scarface” was released, Warner Bros. signed Muni to make one of those chain-gang pictures, which will be next season's new cycle in talkies.

P AUL MUNI, who has stepped into fame playing the rôle of a gangster, was born directly across the street from a prison.

The date was September 11, 1897, and the place Lemberg—now a part of Poland but then belonging to Austria.

His name was Muni Weisenfreund and he was tagged with the monicker Paul Muni when he worked for Fox Films during that gold rush to the Coast back in 1928. A shorter name was needed because they wanted to give him one that would fit in theater lights.

He comes from a family of actors, strolling players of the Yiddish stage. He didn't wish to become an actor. It was the business of his parents and it became his business.

He went on the stage the same as the son of a storekeeper goes into the store to help his parents.

At the age of eleven, in the city of Cleveland, he made his stage début.

The character he portrayed was the president of a lodge, sixty years old. After the performance was over he wouldn't take off the long trousers. From that day on he wore long pants.

Traveled about the country with his folks, always playing old men with beards. During intermissions and between shows he'd take off his beard, go into the alley and shoot marbles with the kids.

He is five feet, nine, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair, brown eyes and a mole on his left cheek.

He has been married since May 8, 1921, to Bella Fink. She was formerly an actress on the Yiddish stage. Their love match was arranged for them by a friend.

After many years in the Jewish theater he made his first appearance on Broadway in the play “We Americans.” Strangely enough, he played a bearded old man of sixty. He did it so realistically that the dramatic critics, who didn't know him, really thought an old man was playing the rôle.

The second week of the show, pictures were placed in the lobby showing Paul Muni with make-up and without make-up.
I MIGHT as well break down and confess that I think Johnny Weissmuller is swell.
I see no reason for holding back the fact that I’ve seen “Tarzan, the Ape Man,” four times.
You can have your Gables and your George Brents and your Melvyn Douglases. But just give me Tarzan and I’ll call it square.
At the risk of being bombarded by a ton of personally autographed brickbats, I’ll further add that I never quite understood what all the shouting about Clark Gable was for. And that he could slap as many glamorous gals as he chose and just toss off a hundred dimpled smiles in my direction, and I’d ask him if he had read any good books lately.
To tell the truth I’d begun to worry about myself—just a little. Thought maybe my youth and enthusiasm was beginning to wear around the edges—like Marlene Dietrich’s eyelashes. Because if I could sit in a theater and say about Clark Gable, “Sure, he’s all right, but there are lots of other guys,” there must be something wrong with me.
And I’d hear the other girls rave about all these big, handsome he-men and I’d wish I could just go away to some quiet spot and lie down.
And then I sat in a little projection room and watched “Tarzan, the Ape Man.” As the first reel unwound I thought, “This is hokum—you can’t kid me; it’s just a lot of left-over animals from ‘Trader Horn,’” when all of a sudden a figure swung through the trees and a weird call pierced the microphones and there was Johnny Weissmuller, and I said to myself, “Old girl, you’re not as ancient as you thought you were.”
And all during the rest of the picture I kept trying to tell myself that it was just a movie and I really shouldn’t carry on like that—but it was no use. All Johnny had to do was to yell “Yoo-hoo, yoo-oh-oh” and leap down out of a tree on a tiger’s back, and home, mother and the little kiddies waiting for me were forgotten.

NOW, the joke of it was that I thought I was unique. I thought I had discovered somebody and that maybe I was more primitive than I looked—in my new fifteen-dollar spring hat. But when the picture was over—and I found that I really could breathe after all—I began to hear, out of the fog, such ravings as I’ve never heard before.
Fifteen of New York’s most “you gotta show me” newspaper and magazine women, who had seen the preview with me, were besieging one poor M-G-M press-agent with, “Where has this guy been hiding all my life?” and “When does that baby get to town?”
Nor was it any different when the picture was released. The afternoon that “Tarzan” opened at the Capitol Theater, Photoplay’s office was as womanless as an 1890 barber shop. The girls had all sneaked off to see Johnny and when they came back it didn’t make much difference. You couldn’t get a nickel’s worth of work out of any of them. “Wasn’t he swel
"Tarzan" Weissmuller swings into pictures, and do the girls rave? Just listen to Photoplay's cynic—

Katherine Albert

when he started cutting through the water," and "Gee, Maureen O'Sullivan is a lucky girl," and "Say, how'd you like to be running around in the tree tops with a guy like that?" That's all you got when you asked would somebody mind taking a wire for you.

It seems I'm not so unique after all. Me and eight million other girls have gone Weissmuller. And I'm even thinking of learning to swim this summer.

So Johnny simply set New York and all points West on its collective ear.

And then I met him. He came into Photoplay's office—work absolutely stopped and three girls fainted. With notebook and pencil in hand I tore after him—on the pretext of getting a story. But I had to wait just a minute. When I asked him where he was born he couldn't say anything just then for he was leaping from the file cabinet marked "A to J" to the one marked "Personal—Confidential," just to prove that he really had done that swinging stuff through the trees and hadn't used a double.

And not a bit tired from all this, he strolled nonchalantly into my office—just slightly bumping his head on my door.

He stretched his legs out in front of him as he sat down, and there was hardly room left for me and my typewriter. And then he looked bewildered.

For Johnny is the most bewildered gent I've seen since the Civil War.

"You see," he said, "I thought I was making a picture for kids. Honest—everything I did, I said to myself, 'I'll bet the kids will like this.' I didn't know that—that—"

THAT ten thousand girls would fall for you.

Johnny blushed underneath his tan. "Well, yes," he said modestly. "You see, when I was a kid I used to like Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and I thought if I jumped around enough, as Doug used to do, and if I did a lot of stunts, that the kids would like me. And that's what I was trying to do—make the kids like me."

And for every kid who sees "Tarzan, the Ape Man"—although it is a great kid picture—there are twenty-five women. The lines in front of the theater are longer than the bread line in Times Square.

"You see," Johnny went on, trying hard to explain things to me, "nobody thought this picture would be so good. Even after the preview, nobody thought it would be so good. Everybody in Hollywood said, 'Sure, it's okay, but it's just another picture. The kids will like it.'"
The Glamour Gang of Hollywood—that shimmering sisterhood which used to be called "The Jolly 1t Girls"—has a new member!

Once more a movie motif has flashed across the screen decked out as a flaming butterfly. Again the folks out front are rubbing their dazzled eyes at the sight of another strange and fascinating picture miracle!

In "One Hour With You," the current Chevalier rougery, we were all primed for alert and charming performances by the star and his perennial sparring-partner, Jeanette MacDonald.

But we were knocked limp and goggling in the old family pew by the absolutely astonishing show given by—one Genevieve Tobin! How she sparkled and snapped and sizzled!

Here was the cold and colorless Tobin, the refined and reticent Lady Genevieve, turning out as Frenchy and fascinating a farce performance as our time has seen. The very sands of Malibu turned to powdered sugar at the sight. Could this be Tobin?

But behind this amazing spectacle stood a smallish, quiet figure—a little man with a big cigar. It was the magic wag, the old Glamour-Master, the only living man who can turn an ugly duckling into a swell swan. In brief, Ernst Lubitsch was up to his old tricks again!

Once more the little German maestro had played Pygmalion to a cold, stony Galatea. And at the touch of his wand a new golden girl had appeared, loaded for b'ar and r'arin' to go!

Back of it all is another of those strange, almost unbelievably romantic stories that now seem to be born only in Hollywood, the modern Never-Never Land!

To understand it at all one must peer in at La Tobin's past.

It seems to me that Lady Genevieve, though now but twenty-eight, has been around the New York stage forever. She and her sister Vivian were always on tap when a producer wanted a young leading girl.

The Tobin sisters, in fact, occupied respectable spots in the managerial pigeon-hole marked, "Leading ladies, ingenue, genteel and refined, competent, if not hot."

That's about all. They were little ladies, the Tobin girls. They had been nicely taught the nicer things. They knew how to walk, and talk, and juggle tea-cups, and play smart conversational ping-pong with the leading man. They had both started in the theater when they were mere kids—and now here they were, always on hand when a manager wanted a nice little lady to pass the cakes and make small-talk with the vicar.

But thrill, glamour, excitement? Not an ounce in a carload of Tobins! They seemed condemned to a dignified, fairly inconspicuous place on the American stage until they married and retired, or were pensioned off for age.

In my meager moments as a dramatic critic, I was wont, God forgive me, to call them "The Chill Sisters," and was never horsewhipped for it. I'd have no more thought of making goo-goo eyes at a Tobin than I would of trying to date up an electric ice-box.

And little did Miss Genevieve know that waiting in the wings was a master human craftsman who [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]
MOST wars come to an end sometime, but there's never an Armistice Day in Hollywood.

In that placid and sun-baked town the continual battle for a hot spot in the movie arcs goes on. Genius, pull, position and all manner of skull-duggery are hurled into the struggle. In pictures today it's a question of root, actor, or die—and the hills above studio city are white with the bleaching bones of the slain.

Out there, at this particular moment, one of the grandest little troupers of them all is gamely fighting to hold her present spot and to surge on to even loftier picture heights.

And her name, for the record book, is Claudette Colbert.

Not long ago she came out of the Hollywood battle-line for a breathing spell—to rest and refit. She was between pictures, and presently would go back into the cinema trenches to start another talkie for Paramount.

I sat opposite her in her apartment in one of those great gilded mausoleums that sneer snootily down on Central Park—the same platinum tenement that shelters the immortal Rudy Vallee when he's in town. Claudette, dainty and pretty as though she had just been unpacked from tissue paper and Paris, was sipping a beaker of hot milk. I was tugging gently at a very superior brand of celery tonic.

My mind was half on the charm of the little French girl, half on the tonic and half on the terrific hurdles she will have to take as she goes on storming the screen citadels.

"Come now," I said. "Wouldn't you like to be back in the theater? Aren't you fed up with all the phenagling of Hollywood?"

She didn't hesitate a split second, and there was a startling snap in those eyes, which are as big as the old-fashioned silver dollar.

"I like pictures, and I mean to stay in pictures. I want at least two years more."

The French doll had become a purposeful young woman. She certainly meant what she said.

And as this bulletin from the battle front is written, here's the situation on the Paramount lot where La Belle Colbert—née Chauchoin—now toils.

Item—the matter of Dietrich the Great, a shapely mass of glamour in human form, and the queen of the lot.

Item—one little Sylvia Sidney, who has been the object of earnest star-building, with a succession of tremendous parts that include the "American Tragedy" plum.

Item—the tremendous onrush of Miriam Hopkins, one of the new candidates for glamour honors, and certainly in line for succulent rôles to come.

Item—the fact that Wynne Gibson is graduating from supporting rôles to leads, and seems set to occupy larger type and brighter lights in days ahead.

That will do for now. Certainly, it would seem a fine chance for a little Gallic girl with big eyes to be lost in the shuffle somewhere. She would seem to be, as we boys around the poolroom say, directly behind the eight-ball.

And yet, as I chatted cheerfully with Claudette between sips of milk and nips of tonic, I became certain sure that she isn't. If Claudette wanted more years in the prancing tinsypes, she'd have them!

For she's a young [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
This is a brutally frank photograph taken when Miss Ada Murray was tired. She should not have had her picture taken under these circumstances. Neither should you. Give yourself a break. Have your photograph taken only when your spirits are high, when "all's well." The camera cannot help but record that distraught look.

When it comes to the question of having your picture taken, why not give yourself a break? Don't be satisfied with anything less than the best. You owe it to yourself, to your friends and all those who are to cherish your likeness.

You have seen the most beautiful reproductions of face and form of hundreds of the stars of the screen and wished that you could sit before the same artist-photographer who produced such entrancing results. You can if you have good sense, are willing to study yourself, give serious thought to the matter. In short, give yourself a break.

Miss Ada Murray, as you will see from one of the above photographs, didn't. It seems almost incredible that the two pictures portrayed are of the same person, taken less than thirty minutes apart. Yet they are, and strikingly bear out what can be done when an artist-photographer summons to his command the new technique of his profession and uses psychology in bringing to the surface the innerspirit, the real person, for the lens to grasp.

When lovely little Ada Murray entered the studio of Hal Phyfe, in New York, a few days ago she would have laughed if anyone had told her she had Hollywood possibilities. She was tired, dejected.

Hal Phyfe who, before he became a professional photographer, drew and chiselled in stone beautiful women of two continents, was immediately struck with the somber beauty which lay in the girl's eyes, the beauty in the delicate hint of a smile which hovered in the corner of her lips, now slightly tense, and the perfection of the full flowing line from the point of the chin along the jaw.

And right there Phyfe had an inspiration. Here, he thought, was an opportunity of registering the transformation which can be accomplished when a subject just "has her picture taken," and then what can be done with the same person under different circumstances, different mood, different posing.

"I saw Miss Murray sitting there looking very discouraged. I said to her—you have two personalities. You ought to be a motion picture actress. Just keep that despondent look while I take a quick photograph of you."

Then he worked, talking to her, bringing out her personality, because she really is one of the beauties of New York. Above are the striking results.

In discussing the episode, Mr. Phyfe declared that at least half of the people who have their pictures taken pose on the wrong day.

"Photographs should be something more than just pictures, simple reproductions of the outline of the face," he said. "Photographs should and can catch the subtleties of personality and animation of the spirit, the real self which is forever radiating through the facial features, eyes, nose, chin and mouth."
If you honestly want to have a photograph which will be the real you, here are a few points which should be rigidly followed. They are the formulas of screen stars, and if they are willing to follow these rules why shouldn’t you?

Never sit for a photograph if you are in an unhappy mood. Study yourself in the mirror. Find out what are your best lines, what are your best angles. Study different expressions of the mouth and the eyes. These two more than any other facial characteristics reveal the true you. Study them, be impersonal about it.

What arrangement of the hair is most becoming? One arrangement may soften features too hard, another may shorten or elevate a forehead. In fact, hair properly arranged will enhance any of the adjuncts of beauty at your disposal.

If you read Carolyn Van Wyck’s department you will know that she advises you continually to experiment with your eyebrow pencil and lipstick. Next to the arrangement of the hair, lipstick and eyebrow pencil can do more to bring out the beauty of certain lines than anything else.

The movie stars are continually studying this particular phase of facial make-up, ever searching for new cosmetics which will produce just the proper shading to enhance a good feature or lessen some slight irregularity until it is unnoticed. If they realize the necessity of doing this, why shouldn’t you?

Why not follow in their proven footsteps and give yourself a break?

MOTION pictures wrote mene mene tekel upharsin (you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting)—make the best of thyself) on the backdrops of the old-time photographer and his morgue-like studio, and finis to his “look at the birdie” mode of photography. While the photograph of today is certainly an improvement over those of a few years ago, the average photograph still falls woefully short of what can be done when a real artist combines his knowledge of line, form and shade with his subject’s spiritual and mental reactions and is never satisfied to open the shutter of his camera until the sitter is in perfect position mentally and physically, enhancing good points and deftly softening irregularities.

Women trained to the value of perfect photography refuse absolutely to pose except under the most favorable conditions.
Was It Really Only

This girl held the Charleston winning dancing cup record of Hollywood. She stayed up late, liked fantastic clothes and had more boy friends than Russia has plans. Give up? Then meet Joan Crawford when she first hit Hollywood, and glamour was only a forgotten word in the dictionary. Notice how plump she was, but pretty. Joan had to struggle for her first big role, but made good when she got it.
Yesterday?

When this picture was made, studio executives refused to allow Norma Shearer to wear a backless gown before the camera. No sir, Norma just had to be a good girl on the screen. And her mama chaperoned her when she went to a party. Then she became Mrs. Irving Thalberg, pinned up her hair, went smart with a bang and went right into "Strangers May Kiss." Now sophistication is her middle name.

A few years in Hollywood
And look how they change

Study this picture carefully and then answer truthfully. Would you believe that this girl could become the best light comédienne in Hollywood? Just because she had golden hair, blue eyes and looked beautiful in picture hats, casting directors thought Marion Davies should be an ingenue. She said she'd fool 'em, and she did by suddenly turning actress on the home folks. That sort of thing takes brains.
Cowboy Cooper in a Derby hat! What's more, Gary got off the boat from Africa with a cane. In New York he went to the same night club where Lupe Velez was having fun with another boy friend. Lupe didn't offer to speak to him. "Why should I?" she commented. "It's all over!"

TEN years ago Betty Compson, traveling over small town vaudeville circuits as a violinist, landed in San Francisco and found no further bookings. Stranded, without funds to return to her home in Utah, Betty found the situation pretty bad.

Finally she secured a job as nurse maid in a wealthy home and earned money to return.

Recently Betty Compson, a wealthy, famous woman, visited San Francisco. And the family who had taken the stranded, frightened little violinist into their home gave a swanky dinner party for the former nurse maid.

And the little girl, who was Betty's charge, sat across the table. She is now a beautiful débutante.

THE Clark Gable sweater is Hollywood's newest fad. It's as popular as the Garbo bob.

Clark wears those turtle necked sweaters of the same color as his suit. And the trick is, he doesn't have to wear a collar or a tie.

JANET GAYNOR has gone sophisticated. And all you folks can gnash your teeth and do the proper amount of weeping and wailing but it won't affect Janet a bit. You'll just have to make up your mind that the sweet and simple stuff is out for Gaynor—for awhile at least.

Janet has been to war again with Fox because she did not want to play the title rôle in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

"Too much sweet stuff," was Janet's ultimatum, "I think I did my share of that in 'Delicious.'"

You don't hear so much of Janet's battles because she looks as if she just isn't the type to quarrel. But don't let that angelic face fool you. When they insisted that she be Rebecca, Janet thought she'd go home. (Only she didn't say it with a Swedish accent.) And she went home, to stay there until the smoke had blown away and she could return, triumphant. As she did and as she always does.

BUT the affair had two very strange results. Janet wanted to play in "The First Year" with Charlie Farrell and what Janet wants she gets, in spite of the fact that Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn were slated for "The First Year."

It made Sally just a little mad so, to think it over and cool off a bit, she decided to take a trip to New York.

That made Hoot Gibson a little mad. He didn't want Sally to trail off way off there to New York all alone. Sally went anyhow and there's been a lot of talk that the domestic life of Sally and Hoot is not as beatific as it should be.

It's my hunch that it's only a little spat and that Sally was just annoyed because she couldn't play the rôle upon which she had set her heart.

Well, with Janet Gaynor going into "The First Year" that left Sunnybrook Farm without any Rebecca until Marian Nixon was hand ed the part, which is just swell for Marian, and who knows but what she might take Gaynor's place not only in that picture but in the hearts of the fans?

Now, isn't that a strange story—that one
The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

Crooner Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb have been married a year, but just look at 'em—still holding hands, right in front of a photographer, too. And Fay has gone Garbo with her hair pinned back. Rumor persists that Rudy is going to make another picture. Anyhow, they bought an enormous house in Hollywood that set him back all of a month's salary. But Rudy isn't worried, even with Buddy Rogers' radio competition beside that—Ann's gone ritzy and high brow and no man likes that.

And so on far, far into the night. Nobody can tell the real reason but Ann and Harry, and neither will talk. Guards were put around the set where Ann was working—which cost the studio plenty—so that no one could get in, and Ann would not even talk to some of her friends among the press for fear of being trapped into some sort of statement.

All you have to do is look at her face to see how unhappy she is. And a few days after those now famous letters were written she collapsed and had to be taken off the set of "Westward Passage."

As this is written close friends of Ann report that Harry Bannister is no longer in Reno, where he went for the divorce, and that Ann does not know where he is.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

When Ina Claire arrived in New York wearing black, folks asked if she were in mourning. "I wear black because I like it," Ina answered. Her hair is several shades lighter and much shorter than it was. Carolyn Van Wyck says the arrangement of those cute curls is brand new, girls.
SO what about Garbo? As I write, this is
the state of affairs—she has not signed her
contract! She has a passport to Sweden!
Now this may mean one of several things,
one of them being that she is simply going to
take a vacation in Sweden and is just getting
the executives—and all her devoted fans—
excited.
In Hollywood everybody believes that "As
You Desire Me" will be her last American
film. But I'm a die-hard and I simply won't
harbor a thought like that.
A friend of hers—but don't ask me which
one, for Garbo always drops the friends who
quote her—reports that Garbo said, "I have
$950,000. Why should I make more pictures?"
Oh, Greta, think of your Art!
AND, while we're speaking of money, Garbo
did not lose money in the Swedish Krue-
ger's financial debacle. You wouldn't catch
Garbo investing her capital 3,000 miles away.
Of course, the question of whether or not Gar-
bo will give up pictures and live that quiet life is
the most important one to Hollywood and the
rest of the world at present. And all these
pros and cons and "will shes" or "will she
nots" are darn good publicity. Which leads me
to my own private hunch—that that's what it
is, Garbo having her little laugh at the expense
of the studio executives. Maybe I'm wrong
but I have a cozy little sum which says that
Garbo will take her vacation in Sweden but
will return for more of those American dollars
and that American fame.
BIG he-man Clark Gable, who
doesn't pull his punches, would
like to know who was the dirty so
and so who put pencil shavings
with his choice tobacco in the to-
bacco jar. The finger of suspicion
points to Buster Keaton—but yoo-
hoodo Buster, you know me, I never
said you really did it. I just said
some folks suspect you.
WHEN Clark Gable's wife went to New
York, Clark gave up the apartment that
they had occupied together and moved into
bachelor quarters. But he didn't give any-
body the address and when he appeared at
the studio his manager was constantly by his
side to keep him from being questioned about
the divorce, which folks say is imminent.
However, in his new neighborhood word sort
of got around among the kids that Clark was
living in that corner house and dozens of little
girls—all under ten, Mrs. Gable—have pre-
sented themselves at the front door, welcomed
Clark to his new house and asked for an
autographed picture.
IN the meantime Mrs. Gable, who is really a
lovely looking woman, seems to be doing very
nicely in New York. I wish I could tell you
that there was a pained tragic look on her
face, but at the opening of "Grand Hotel" she
was just plainly having a good time.
There is, however, enough smoke to make
the divorce rumors fairly authentic. Whether
Clark wants to run the risk of losing popu-
larly by going through with it is something
that only the Gables know.
THERE'S a grand actress and a grand gal
who's running a couple of risks right now
out Hollywood way. She's built herself into
one of the surest box-office hits in the business.
Pulled herself up by her very pretty boot
straps, too.
She's married to a young actor in the busi-
ness. They've been pretty well ballyhoed for
honey-doving. And now—just one rumor
after another about her turning wide eyes in
other than hubby's direction.
Of course, there may be nothing to it.
We're not saying. But when there's an awful
lot of smoke and the smoke keeps on puffing
and puffing, folks sort of expect a fire.
And in Hollywood, when the smoke keeps
circling around the heads of young actors-
newcomers, they get out microscopes to hunt
for the fire.
Probably she's unhappy and doesn't mean
anything by it. We hope so. She's such a
grand person. But we'd hate to see that
smoke curl up until it gets into the news-
papers.

When Helen Twelvetrees left the cast of "So This Is
Hollywood" to take a less important rôle in "Is My
Face Red?" folks wondered. Here's the reason—the
latter film won't last so long and Helen will be busy
picking out baby clothes real soon. Frank Woody has joined Hollywood mothers-to-be

Oh, lookee! Lookee! Garbo's gone platinum. Garbo's
cut off her hair. Wurr, wurr, what will that girl do
next? But hold on a minute—it's only a white wig that
she wears in "As You Desire Me," which just lots and
lots of people say will be her fins in American flippers.
So you had better take a good long look at her now.
To see him on the screen you'd think that his life was free from any of the troubles that come to us average folks, yet Lionel Barrymore suffers almost constantly from an acute case of rheumatism. Away from the set his body is often tortured but he does not complain before the world. When he is in his greatest pain he locks himself in a tiny little studio and spends hours doing minute and beautiful etchings.

At the side show the barkers cashed in on Hollywood. Harry and Daisy Earles, the midgets, were billed as "Famous Film Stars." They both played in "Freaks," you recall. Or maybe you don't recall. Maybe you're one of those who are trying to forget that picture.

No film ever made has caused as much disturbance as that one. In several Southern cities the company was restrained from showing it and several people who did see it threatened to sue the theaters that ran it. M-G-M was on the point of recalling the film from their program, when it suddenly started doing good business and, in Cincinnati, was held over for four days because it was playing to standing room only. But to get back to little Harry Earles.

He is very proud of his picture experience and confided that he often saw Garbo, but that on the day when he was permitted on her set she was not working.

The studio know-it-alls will tell you that Connie Bennett has her luncheon sent to her dressing room, where she nibbles caviar and poté de foie gras from a silver and crystal luncheon service. But don't you believe it. She sneaks around to a shabby little restaurant near the home lot and makes deep inroads on a big plate of Italian spaghetti with mushroom sauce.

That's her favorite dish.

Jimmy Dunn has gone Garbo.

Once so excited when newspaper and magazine writers wanted to interview him he now breaks appointments with the press, dodges interviewers and, when he is cornered, tells everybody the same story.

Funny thing—Boris Karloff, your favorite monster, has achieved great fame in talking pictures without speaking a word. He didn't in "Frankenstein" and he'll be mute again in his newest one, "Old Dark House."

Here's the state of Hollywood's romances as we go to press.

In spite of the fact that Madge Evans and Tom Gallery—from whom ZaSu Pitts is separated—are seen together, Madge says that her real heartthrob is a non-professional boy friend in New York.

Flying by direct route from England to Hollywood is a little bird that whispers Elissa Landi and her barrister husband are not so successful at making love via cablegrams. But English divorces are difficult and Elissa's mother doesn't approve of American ones.

Jimmy Dunn is no longer sighing because June Knight is 'way off in New York. He divides his off screen time between Cecelia Parker and Maureen O'Sullivan. And then there's Lila Lee who denies emphatically that she is still in love with Johnny Farrow and proves it by going to all the places with director George Hill—Frances Marion's ex.

George Raft, the bad man of "Scarface," thinks little Peanuts Byron the cutest trick in Hollywood. While George O'Brien is interested in Marguerite Churchill again, and Minna Gombell, who doesn't waste her time on actors, has a banker boy friend in San Diego. They've known each other several years.

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, his wife, are so much in love that when Florence had a hospital siege recently Fred wouldn't even go to the studio—spent every waking minute with Flo.

Folks got excited when a radio station announced that Evalyn Knapp was married to Donald Cook.

But it isn't true. He's just her steady.

[Please Turn to Page 30]

Nope, this is not an old still of Barbara La Marr, nor is it a new European beauty. Guess again! It's little Anita Page gone glamour with a bang. Anita hasn't been getting the breaks lately, so she decided she'd change her personality and right away M-G-M signed her up for another long contract. Good girl, Anita.

Here's the most tragic news of the month. Woggles is dead. And Joan Crawford, his mistress, is heartbroken. Woggles was the most famous pooch in Hollywood. He had been to New York three times, received tons of fan mail and boxes of dog biscuits at Christmas. This gay little picture was taken in more happy days.
She Wants To Be Funny

About two o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon little Una Merkel slid down a cellar door in Covington, Kentucky, and at six o'clock the following Friday, Mrs. Merkel and three neighbor women were still removing splinters from Una's quaint little Southern anatomy.

The event remained fixed in her memory because it was the first and last time Una became familiar with a cellar door. For, outside of reciting "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" at all the church socials and appearing on all Easter programs as a white rabbit about to scatter dubious looking eggs about promiscuously, Una was a highly respectable child. Even prim and rather sedate.

As a matter of fact, Una was a golden-haired, blue-eyed girl with a spinner complex. A sort of little mother confessor to her daddy and mother who were young enough and wise enough to look upon Una as a third important member of the family. To be consulted on all family matters.

She sat between them at the theater. Her sober, not too pretty little face raised in silent wonder. Drinking it all in.

And pictured herself, a great actress in her bunny suit, bearing glad tidings and two dozen purple eggs to a snow bound, curly-haired hero.

Even when the Merkel family took itself and its Covington, Kentucky, accent to Philadelphia and Una entered High School, she determined to be an actress.

So wasting no further time, Una entered a dramatic school in New York and went about the business of learning to Juliet on some one else's balcony. But not, of course, in a bunny suit. That idea had died a slow and painful death several years before.

Jerome Storm was a great movie director in those days. And Storm saw in Una a sister and a double for Lillian Gish in a picture called "World Shadows." (And there's a title for you.) So Una was started on that long dreamed of career. Here, indeed, was our little cellar door sitter going about wringing her lily white hands and fluttering around and around the mulberry bush in a blue sash with Lilian. Only something happened. "World Shadows" never saw the light of day. But no difference. Una was started. It was just a wide step up, in those days, from the movies to the stage.

And Una made it.

Una's career from the very first as Lillian Gish's double seemed to be a follow-the-leader idea. She kept following people in and out of parts. She took the leading lady's part in "Pigs" when it went on the road. She stepped into "Two Girls Wanted" when the leading lady stepped out. So when the part of a gawky, lanky Southern girl in "Coquette" came along, Una was almost afraid to take it.

"No one else has evah played it," Una draveled. "What would I be doing with it?"

But nevertheless Una took it. And you know what Helen Hayes did with "Coquette." And what Una Merkel did with that awkward little bean spiller. That voice. Those hands. Those feet. And the audiences, well, they threw up their hands and declared between them that she didn't stop it they couldn't stand it another minute. All that laughing so soon after their operations.

D. W. Griffith of the movies also saw this grand little comédienne and, Griffith-like, immediately seized upon her as a broken-hearted, down-trodden little angel for his movies. Now don't ask me why. The movies are like that. Born in a barn on Vine Street they undoubtedly fell out of a haymow on their heads when very young, for they will do things like that.

So into the picture "Abraham Lincoln" came Una. As Ann Rutledge. And died somewhere between the third reel and the Illinois state line. And went on dying or gasping or just looking ga-ga in various pictures for over a year.

Suddenly it occurred to John Considine over at Fox Studios that the funniest person he had ever seen on any stage at any time was that gawky little Southern girl in "Coquette." Never dreaming, of course, that Una Merkel was the same girl that had been dying and looking ga-ga for over a year on a small screen for them to set out to find her. And was he that surprised? And pleased? And were you and you and you and Uncle Casper and Cousin Het, to find this grand little laugh-maker upon the Amos 'n Andy accent! Honey chill, did we find something! Um. Um. Remember "She Wanted a Millionaire," "The Impatient Maiden," and "Private Lives." And now with Novarro in "Hudle.

And Una is just as pleased as a pickaninny with a watermelon. She wants to be funny. A sedate, prim little thing all. [Please turn to page 108]

Sara Hamilton traces Una Merkel back to her Kentucky home

Here is the way Una Merkel looked when she slid down a cellar door in Covington, Kentucky. It was quite an event and all the townspeople turned out for a splinter picking bee. Since then Una's been sliding—but upward to stardom.
INTRODUCING the newest sworn-in member of the Let Me Lead My Own Life Club. When Kay Francis first came to Hollywood, no formal dinner or informal tea was complete without her. Since her marriage to Kenneth MacKenna, she doesn’t go in for that sort of thing and entertains intimately and elegantly at her own home.
It's great to be a screen hero," says grim-jawed Ralph Bellamy. "I wear good clothes, ride in fine cars and help beautiful ladies like Ruth Chatterton and Barbara Stanwyck out of difficult situations. I guess I'm a pretty lucky guy." But before you begin envying Ralph hear how Wally Beery feels about it over there on the opposite page...
"I WOULDN'T trade jobs with one of those pretty boys for all the beer in Germany," says Wally. "I can get to the studio five minutes before camera time. Don't have to put on make-up. Camera angles mean nothing. One side of this mug is just like the other. I've never said, 'I love you, sweet cookie,' on the screen. And I hope I never do"
IT'S funny about Leila Hyams. The girl can act and she is beautiful. Yet when those big roles that shoot a girl to stardom are being handed out, Leila is busy just being a capable leading woman for some well-known. It's our private hunch—and we'll take a few small bets—that if Leila were given a real chance, she'd be a top-notcher in almost no time.
SO YOU WANT TO GET INTO THE MOVIES

DEPict THE VARIOUS EMOTIONS

DEVOTION

RAGE

JEALOUSY

JOY

SADNESS

NOW DEPict TERROR
The Star of Stars

DON'T pop your eyes out if, any day now, you see a small boy meet a small girl, raise his right hand in the air and yell, "Hi, Minnie!"

Still don't swoon if the small girl lifts her left list and screams back, "Hi, Mickey!"

They aren't juvenile candidates for the booby-hatch. Not at all!

They are just a couple of members of the local Mickey Mouse Club giving each other the lodge's esoteric high-sign.

A million kids are doing it all over America today—brethren and sistren of the greatest kids' lodge ever known, and growing every day. They have as much fun—with their grips and badges and signs—as Pop does when he goes to lodge on Thursday nights, and they never have thick heads after a meeting.

What's happened is that Little Mickey Mouse, the most popular film star in the world, including Garbo, has become the founder of a child army.

Mickey Mouse, the star of stars, was born only three years ago, with sound.

He was conceived in the brain of Walt Disney, cartoonist, and born in an inkwell. Legend has it that Disney, broke and discouraged, was sitting on a park bench wondering where the next coffee and cakes were coming from. He laughed at the funny antics of a mouse scurrying about a nearby trash-can.

"If that critter made me laugh," reasoned Walt, "he might do the same for the world!"

And he certainly has!

EIGHTEEN times a year a new Mickey Mouse cartoon leaves the Disney studio in Hollywood and covers the earth. No less than three hundred prints are used of each, here and abroad. He's the favorite of rulers and rich men, poor men, beggar men and thieves. Doug Fairbanks is getting Mickey Mouse in the South Seas, and Mary Pickford writes him mash notes.

Often, here and abroad, his pictures are billed above features. He has a pet name in most of the countries of the world. Not long ago, Mick the Mighty was voted the most popular film star in Austria, leading no less a genius than Upper Emil Jannings by more than 40,000 votes.

But Mickey's greatest achievement to date is the Mickey Mouse Club. The organization is sweeping the country. By 1933 it is expected there will be 2,000,000 members in several thousand towns, and plans are already on foot for a national convention, with delegates from all over the land.

If those kids could vote, they could darned near elect a president on a Mickey Mouse ticket, with free pop and movies, no music lessons, and dancing schools banned!

How did this amazing Mickey Mouse Club business happen?

Of course, the little star's cartoons are psychologically perfect for kids. He's always jolly—he gets into human jams and he always gets out in the last minute of the film. And his act is always clean.

The Disney organization created the idea of the Mickey Mouse Club. It would help them, it would help the theaters—and it would help the children.

It would inculcate Americanism, and it would show the youngsters a swell time.

What does a boy or girl at that awful wiggly age like more than a lot of mystery—badges, pass-words and all that? The answer is nothing but unlimited pink ice cream.

And the Club gives them all that under good auspices, off the streets, and every week. No wonder the small fry leap to it as to a three-ring circus!

I went to a meeting—concealed at the back of the house, for no grown-ups are allowed. The officers run the whole show.

There are—Chief Mickey Mouse, Chief Minnie Mouse, Master of Ceremonies, Song Leader, Cheer Leader, Color Bearer, Courier, and two Sergeants-at-Arms to keep order among the mad little boys. And is a meeting a panic?

Stars fight for a place in electric lights. Mickey Mouse shines there because he's a national hero. Even Connie Bennett takes second billing when Mickey's in town.
All over the country a million kids are giving each other the high-sign of Mickey Mouse Clubs—biggest children's lodge in history.

Jimmy Dolan plays the mouth-organ, Johnny Brown does a buck and wing, and little freckled Mary Smith makes choice funny faces.

The members choose the winners by applause—and they get prizes.

The Cheer Leader and Song Leader do their respective stuffs.

Oh yes, friends—the Mickey Mousers have their own theme song, with one special verse that belongs alone to the particular club. Unembarrassed by the presence of older people, the kids certainly sing, or something!

The mystic grips and secret pass-words are revealed and practised. New members are told [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

And the answer is "Hi, Minnie!" For that's the official club greeting and do the kids eat it up! Just ask 'em. Besides this there are secret grips, private pass-words, a club creed, sergeants-at-arms, color bearers, couriers and lots of mysterious hokus-pokus that every kid loves. And the chief Mickey Mouse lords it over the others.

These children from the Los Angeles orphans' home have adopted Mickey Mouse as their official mascot. And they're all members of the Mickey Mouse Club, from that future Jack Dempsey on the left right down to the little golden haired cherub on the right. Dear little Mickey has taken the place of the teddy bear that another generation loved.
Select Your Pictures and You Won't

THE DOOMED BATTALION—Universal

Another breath-taking picture of great, inaccessible, snow-covered mountains, such as you saw in "White Hell of Fitz Palu." A battalion of Austrian troops holds a mountain pass in the Tyrol, against the Italian advance, at the height of winter! The magnificent whiteness of the lofty peaks, the drama of avalanches and blizzards, make this a striking film. And the snow scenes are authentic, having been photographed in the Austrian Tyrol, the locale of the story. The principal actors are Luis Trenker, champion skier; Victor Varconi, and Universal's new foreign star, Tala Birell.

Terrific suspense is built up when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love of his wife and baby and duty to his comrades. Don't miss this.

THIS IS THE NIGHT—Paramount

Had this picture been less good than it is, we would still have had to include it among the best of the month. In the midst of excellent but heavy dramatic films, here is the light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Three clever tunes, "Madame Has Lost Her Dress," "This Is the Night," and "Tonight Is All a Dream," are introduced in an unusual way. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. When they're on the screen it's never dull, and they're on practically all the time. Lily Damita is charming, and Thelma Todd shows those gorgeous legs. In fact, that's an important part of the plot! Sophisticated and highly spiced, Junior and Sister should stay home and get their laughs from Eddie Cantor's new book.

The Shadow Stage
A Review of the New Pictures

LETTY LYNTON—M-G-M

The gripping, simple manner in which this picture unfolds stands it squarely among the best of the month. Yet there is little that is new and no attempt at ultra-sophistication.

Letty Lynton, in South America to get away from the unresponsiveness of her mother, falls under the spell of a magnetic South American, one Emile Renaud. Breaking away, she sails for home, falls deeply in love with a man she meets aboard and becomes engaged to him, only to discover Renaud has followed.

At his threat of exposure she plans suicide, but by mistake Renaud takes the poison and dies, leaving Letty in a tight place and face to face with the district attorney. The scene in his office, where the hitherto unfeeling mother finally comes through in a big way, will linger in the memory.

Joan Crawford, as Letty, is at her best. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain. Robert Montgomery gives a skillful performance; Louise Closer Hale does excellent comedy work as the maid; and Lewis Stone is fine as the district attorney. The direction, plus a strong cast, make "Letty Lynton" well worth seeing.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

LETTY LYNTON       SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION
THE DOOMED BATTALION   THIS IS THE NIGHT
THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE   NIGHT COURT
YOUNG AMERICA       TWO SECONDS
THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN

The Best Performances of the Month

Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton"
Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton"
Nils Asther in "Letty Lynton"
Ricardo Cortez in "Symphony of Six Million"
Roland Young in "This Is the Night"
Charles Ruggles in "This Is the Night"
ZaSu Pitts in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware"
Walter Huston in "Night Court"
Phillips Holmes in "Night Court"
Ann Dvorak in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain"
Lee Tracy in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 128

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION—Radio Pictures

A BEAUTIFULLY told story, for all the family to see. There are tears and laughter, and what the picture lacks in greatness it makes up for in human interest. Here are the joys and sorrows of a typical ghetto family of three children and "momma" and "papa." As the children grow up, they fulfill the promise of their talents and ambitions of earlier years. Ricardo Cortez, who plays one of the sons, becomes a doctor in the tenement district where he was raised, devoting his skill to the suffering poor. Through his more worldly-minded brother and the financial needs of their parents, the doctor forsakes his work in the clinic and is established on Park Avenue with a lucrative practice, but with lowered ideals of service. We won't tell you the rest and spoil the climax. There is a pretty love story woven through the picture. There are two surgical operations that will make you grip your hands in suspense. Irene Dunne plays a crippled girl who devotes her time to helping blind children. These youngsters, recruited from a school for the blind in Los Angeles, are natural-born actors. Gregory Ratoff and Anna Appel, as the foreign-born parents, give outstanding performances.

THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE—Fox

WHAT a relief to see a court-room drama crammed full of action, but with comedy relief tucked in every possible corner! William Howard, the director, uses a new and interesting technique and makes a fast-moving picture. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner, accused of murder. Donald Cook, as her attorney, will cause a rise of blood pressure of feminine movie-goers. And he gives a fine performance. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts, as the sob sister who describes over the radio, daily, what the prisoner is wearing; to Skeets Gallagher, who imitates Graham McNamee superbly; and to the valet, Herbert Mundin. A fine balancing of drama and humor makes this grand entertainment.

NIGHT COURT—M-G-M

A CROOKED judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail, because he thinks she has information about him. What a harrowing experience that mother and her young husband endure before her innocence is proved! The story is so logical it is startling. Walter Huston, as the unscrupulous judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes, as the young husband and father, torn by anguish and doubt, does outstanding work. Anita Page, in the small but important role of the young mother, is splendid. Lewis Stone, John Miljan and others have important parts.

It's a sad commentary on conditions existing today, but for that reason you'll find it gripping.
**Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!**

**☆**

**YOUNG AMÉRIQUE—**  
*Fox*

**THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN—**  
*First National*

**THE MOUTH-PIECE—**  
*Warner*

**TWO SECONDS—**  
*First National*

**WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND—**  
*M-G-M*

**THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US—**  
*First National*

**This** is about those youngsters who get reputations for being the "worst kids in town," and yet are not really bad. Tommy Conlon is the boy who is continually hailed into juvenile court for his pranks. But his pal, Raymond Borzage (nephew of the director), steals the show with his death scene. Doris Kenyon, as a sympathetic clubwoman, has never been lovelier. Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work.

**If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this.** Newspaper men, waiting to witness an electrocution, are told the prisoner has two seconds of consciousness after the first electric shock. The story consists of all that passes through his mind during these two seconds. Edward Robinson's work is memorable. Preston Foster, a newcomer, is excellent and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impresses.

**SusPENSE,** humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Maurine Watkins, who wrote "Chicago," concocted this. But her work, alone, wouldn't have made it so tasty. It took Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy to perfect it. Watch this Dvorak girl! And Tracy gives every role just the right twist. As for the plot—it's that unknown quantity which intrigues. We're not going to tip you off and spoil it.

**The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting that you forget the cake is a bit soggy.** Too bad the story doesn't come up to the acting. Jackie is "Lumpy," a crippled boy, made into a weakling by over-cautious, doting parents. "Uncle Jonas" (Chic Sale) counteracts their influences. The scenes between Lumpy and Uncle Jonas are chock-full of humor and pathos.

**Warren William,** who strongly resembles John Barrymore, gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer, determines to break away from his criminal associates. But the gang tries to prevent him from going straight. Sidney Fox is sweet and charming as the stenographer, and Aline MacMahon does a grand bit of character work as a cynical secretary.

**Like** a bright oasis in the desert of recent heavy Chatterton dramas is this frisky and gay story. Ruth plays a wife who, deserted for another woman, remarries, but finds herself still interested in the welfare of her ex-husband. The dialogue is sprightly and the story has a surprise finish. That new leading man, George Brent, is grand. Bette Davis and John Miljan give good performances.
BARBARA STANWYCK does good work—but the picture doesn't come up to it. It's just one of those rich boy falls for poor girl stories; rich boy's mama objects. Poor girl becomes a rich, but unhappy, stage star. And, after many violent changes of scene, all ends well. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy, is likable but seems miscast. And that swell Stanwyck girl should have better vehicles.

A STRONG picture whose obvious similarity to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" detracts from its punch. Another sacrificing mother, innocently caught up in a net of circumstances, is played beautifully and convincingly by Wynn Gibson. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. Splendid and worthwhile entertainment.

ALL the favorite movie ingredients have been mixed together so deftly that you're thrilled every moment. Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old (formerly known as Mickey McGuire) is the real surprise, and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. It's a racing story, with the same old characters—the jockey who throws the race and the slick race-track manipulator. But packed with excitement and fun.

A NEW twist to the "office wife" theme. This time lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary, a willing slave. Married to her career, she loses her playboy husband to a blonde and does the inevitable by turning to the man who is in sympathy with her work. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are immensely funny. And how that Francis gal wears clothes!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT certainly knows all about cavelike tactics after making this picture. Edmund Lowe gives her some mighty convincing lessons. But just as you are holding your breath, Stuart Erwin, an escaped lunatic who thinks he's Napoleon, produces a sure-fire laugh. Shot guns, revolvers, bear-collars and chain, all figure before the spirited society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. Laugh-loaded.

THE newspaper stories go on forever. This one, from the novel "Hot News," concerns a small-town editor who seeks new fields of endeavor that he may have a free hand in printing news. He does. And what complications! Charles Bickford makes the role of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. Pat O'Brien hasn't much chance, but makes the most of it. Good entertainment. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 123]
There were screen musical composers before the days of the microphone. Griffith was the first to score his films. The music was pounded out on a tin pan piano by a girl who chewed gum and missed her cues. Here's Griffith composing his own music—with Carli Elinor

And Griffith was his own costume supervisor. He's looking over a snappy cape of fine velvet, considered chic in those days. How about it, Seymour? Yeah, that's what we thought
YOU'VE seen hundreds of modern back scene photographs with the dozens of expert cinematographers, high paid sound men and technicians with fancy titles. Now take a look at the way they did it years ago, when D. W. Griffith ran his one-man show. Here is the old Maestro directing a scene from "Hearts of the World." Besides directing, he did every other odd job around the studio. Note that there are no big spotlights, just the natural sunlight coming through the alley.

Where is the giant camera crane? It's just a stoop that cameraman Billy Bitzer stands on. Where are the "yes" men? There's only one, behind the camera, and he can't even nod a "Yes," because his hat would fall off and he would cut his throat on his collar. They didn't have such fine equipment, but they turned out grand performances.

There are Lillian and Dorothy Gish and the late Bobby Harron. The child is Ben Alexander, now a grown-up leading man. But Griffith meant more than the actors. He controlled his performers in the manner of a hypnotist and some folks said that it was Griffith acting and not the stars. Griffith was the man who pulled the strings, like the mechanic in a Punch and Judy show.

But, if you remember "Hearts of the World," you will recall that it was a thrilling picture, chock-full of heart throbs, laughs, tears and pathos. Maybe they don't need so much paraphernalia after all—just a little more sincerity and unity of purpose.

Take a look at Lil Gish's hat! And Dorothy's goofy pose. Now Lillian has given up the screen and consorts with intellectuals. While Dorothy is on the New York stage

Before the actors went on their sets Griffith made sure that the make-up was okay. Bobby Harron (left) reports to "Massa D. W." for a final bit of beauty advice. There were no Perc Westmores then

And when the day's work was over and Griffith couldn't find a single thing to do, he dropped around to the cutting room to tell the cutter (they didn't call'em film editors) just where to snip
PHOTOPLAY’S

Hollywood

All the Beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

Florine McKinney, exponent of brushing the hair for beauty, shows you the proper brush to use. The left brush has deep, flexible bristles that will penetrate the hair, cleanse it, polish it. A plain wooden back is more advisable than silver, however. The right brush is too shallow and harsh. Separate the hair into strands, hold upward from scalp, brush upward ten times, wiping the brush to remove dust and oil. For satiny beauty rub two drops of brilliantine on the brush, and smooth your hair into natural lines.

A study in personality—Miriam Hopkins, laughing siren of the screen. Contemplative, speculative, mouth too firm, eyes that see through you and beyond, all appeal masked by a curtain of reserve.

The tense mood is vanishing. A glow in the eyes, dawn of a smile on the lips. You’d like this girl if she’d just laugh. Laughter in the young brings down the brows, elongates the eyes, lifts the mouth.

Now all reticence is swept away. Miriam laughs unrestrained. Her charm is intensified. Perhaps your face would become radiant, vivacious with laughter. Perhaps it would transform you into a new, exciting person. Try laughing.
Deauty

Marian Marsh is exhibiting a new vogue—oiled eyelids. A tiny bit spread evenly over the lids gives that dewy softness of childhood yet makes you appear interestingly languid. Use brilliantine, facial oil or white vaseline with or without eye shadow. If shadow is used, follow the upper lashline, then oil the lid completely. The oil also protects the delicate tissue above the eye.

A kindergarten lesson in the use of compacts by Alice White. "Press your compact puff against the skin instead of rubbing it. Your face will look lovelier and you will be doing your skin a kindness." Remember Alice's advice, girls. Alice's new compact is of wood with gold hinges and A. W. engraved on top.

These laughing lips belong to Bebe Daniels, in case you haven't guessed. Bebe advises using a creamy lipstick which, in addition to coloring, gives a lush softness to the mouth. If your favorite stick does not do this, apply the tiniest bit of cream after rouging.
Here is an interesting head to study if you contemplate that summer permanent. Adrienne Ames' lustrous hair has been waved in a charmingly irregular manner so that the full beauty of her hair is brought into high relief and shadow. There is a side part with simple waves, then a decided curve over both cheeks. The sides are shorter than the back, which is about four inches long, just enough to turn upward in that double roll. This is a versatile arrangement. You may have a double roll, single roll or twirl this back hair into separate curls. And with permanents in mind let me tell you that one of the newest methods has eliminated that tied-to-the-machine idea altogether. You sit calmly, unattached to anything, while mysterious little discs and rolls make your curls. This method saves time and is very gentle on the hair, I understand.

What amazing wonder a change in coiffure will make! Two views of a new headdress Ann Harding will show in "Westward Passage." How do you like Ann with those waves and twin forehead dips? At first glance I did not know her. There is an inspiring note, however, in these transforming pictures. When you are a little weary of yourself, when life is not on tip-toes for you, try a change in coiffure, in make-up, in clothes. And in so doing change your outlook on life. A slight change in eyebrows, a new shade of lipstick, a touch of eye shadow, a fresh permanent! These are the magic wands by which Prince Charming often enters. Change in self is usually refreshing and inspiring.
Two Prize Hollywood Hair Tricks

Here is the two-minute curl in finished form. The back of Marguerite’s coiffure is quite as interesting as the front. It clusters close to her head in many small curls. Her two jewel accents, pearl earrings and pale jade ring, are especially pleasing with her auburn hair, golden brown eyes and warm, ivory skin. For make-up she uses a medium lipstick and a brown eye shadow.

Marguerite Churchill is showing you how you may have those soft, feathery forehead curls at will and in just about two minutes time. For sports and tailored occasions this soft hair is combed in with her waves and disappears. For gayer moments she combs it out, dampens it with curling lotion or water, twirls it about in the manner illustrated, runs a hairpin through it, leaves it to dry.

If you are fair-haired like Lilyan, use black tulle. It is lovely with rose and peach nightrobes. If you are brunette, a pastel tone is suggested. You might even have a bow at the side or top if you wish to look your loveliest, and yet be comfortable and well waved in the morning.

A yard and a half of tulle will preserve your wave perfectly while you sleep and add to, rather than detract from, your appearance. Press your wave in place and bind the tulle about your head as Lilyan Tashman does. Tulle permits your scalp to breathe, is comfortable...
Brushes For
More Beauty

Marguerite Churchill has discovered a new use for sachet powder. Formerly we encased it in satin, lace and ribbon, placed it among our lingerie and accessories for that gentle, elusive fragrance that is the true art of perfuming. But Marguerite achieves a short cut to the same effect by brushing the perfumed powder over her skin. A little sachet sprinkled over absorbent cotton, puffed lightly on the skin, perfumes you surely and subtly. Use below the ears, on the backs of the hands, at the wrists, just inside your frock collar. The warmth and slight moisture of the skin bring out the fragrance, hold it. A particularly pleasing perfume trick for evening!

Do you know the true art of powdering? Do you know that it should be pressed on generously, then most of it removed? A soft baby brush, as used by Florine McKinney, will remove the surplus and leave your skin perfectly powdered.

Nothing is more annoying than to have your lovely eye make-up marred by powder. Florine McKinney finds an inch wide camel's hair brush perfect for dusting about the eyes without disturbing one little lash or touch of shadow. Use it on the brows, also.
Three Lessons
In Loveliness

"Refreshing as a summer shower," remarks Arletta Dun- can as she joyously sprays her face with ice water. Use your face lotion, astringent or refreshant in an atomizer. It is far more refreshing, easier to use, economical. A quick cream cleansing and a generous spray of your favorite lotion, or soap and water followed by a spray of ice water, should start a happy day. Blot off surplus with tissues and while still damp apply a touch of foun- dation cream or lotion to nose, chin, cheeks, forehead. Now you are ready for a touch of rouge and powder

Whether you rouge the mouth heavily or lightly, the lips should be clearly defined. Marguerite Churchill finds a paste rouge and tiny brush the first step toward lovely lips. Outline the mouth clearly, then fill in with cream rouge or lipstick. Another stunt is to bring the well rouged upper lip down over the bottom lip

You might guess that these are Alice White's eyes but I'm not sure you could guess what she is doing. This tiny conceit of a comb is used to separate the lashes after mascara is applied. Comb after touching with mascara and before it is dry
The Unknown Hollywood I Know

By Katherine Albert

I HAVE come to the last chapter of my reminiscences of twelve years in that strange and unbelievable land that lies somewhere east of Malibu where the best is like the worst. I could go on for months and months, but I feel that I've imposed upon your good nature long enough, as the Hollywood after-dinner speakers are wont to say, and it is high time that I stopped stroking my long, white beard and remembering the time when... for the benefit of the beetle keedies.

A couple of years ago a newspaper writer in the Northern part of California wanted to interview Billie Dove and an enterprising press-agent doped out the idea of having the star questioned over the long distance telephone. The hour for the call to come through was set for twelve noon. Billie was supposed to take the call in her dressing-room and give the interviewer the benefit of her glistening personality over the wire.

At noon the publicity department phone rang and a harassed operator said, "Here's that call from the interviewer and Miss Dove isn't in her dressing-room." While the toll charges ran up, scouts were sent out to the gate and reported that Miss Dove had not come in. So what to do, and again what to do? The operator reported that something would have to be done quickly, for the long distance interviewer was fuming.

A NEW girl had just been put in the publicity department that morning. She had come from an Eastern town and had secured the job because of her newspaper experience and her truly brilliant personality, but she knew at that time as much about picture people as Jimmy Durante knows about the Einstein theory. However, in an emergency anything can happen at a studio.

The publicity chief rushed into her office.

"You're Billie Dove," he shouted.

"And you're Greta Garbo," she answered. The girl had been to a couple of Hollywood parties and knew all about games.

"No, no," said the boss, "you've gotta be Billie Dove. You've gotta be Billie Dove right now." And before she could find an answer to that one a telephone was thrust in her hands and she heard the up-state interviewer say, "Well, good morning, Miss Dove, I'm glad we got connected at last. Now let me ask you a few questions. What sort of rôle do you play in your next picture?"

Wild-eyed, the girl put her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone and whispered to the chief publicity man and others who had strolled into her office to hear the fun, "What sort of rôle do I play in my next picture?"


"PLAY the rôle of a society girl, and my clothes are beautiful," the publicity woman faked. "I've never had such lovely gowns and I'm so happy to be wearing them. I'm glad long skirts are coming back, aren't you?"

She sighed, but the interviewer was persistent. "What do you like to eat for breakfast, Miss Dove?"

"What do I like to eat for breakfast?" she asked, hand over mouthpiece.

"Avocados," somebody suggested.

"Avocados," she repeated into the phone and then they heard her going on. "Yes, certainly. I'm joking. Must have my little joke, you know. You see, I'm just an average person. I like swimming and tennis and outdoor life and I used to go to bed early, etc., etc., etc."

It was over at last and the poor girl hung up the phone and almost collapsed upon her desk, when just at that moment the phone rang again. The publicity chief took the call.

"Oh, Lord," he murmured, "that was Billie Dove. She's been on the lot all the time. Thought she was to take the call from the front office. Now I've got to go over and square it with her."

But when the interview appeared in the paper, no squaring had to be done. It was a very nice little story that spoke favorably of Miss Dove's charming telephone voice.

[Please turn to page 112]
THESE THREE SMART STARS SPONSOR—
GAY STRIPES Light Wools All White

Youth is in every line of this jaunty beige wool suit which you’ll see Anita Louise wearing in “As You Desire Me.” The military jacket makes up for its brevity in broad lapels and shiny metal buttons. A silk cravat is bordered in the wool. And that stitched wool sailor is an added smart detail.

Flattering all white is Loretta Young’s choice for a “Week-End Marriage” costume! The combining of a white wool jacket with a silk frock is new. Black stitching on her handbag is the sole color note.

Horizontal, vertical, chevron—stripes go every which way to make this clever wool frock for Kay Francis. Did you ever see puff sleeves done better? The whole dress is so simple—so wearable. Kay certainly dresses to the part of a costume designer which she plays in “Street of Women.”
New Fashion Trends Steal

VARIED SCREEN SETTINGS
SHOW YOU WHAT TO WEAR

THE three-quarter sports coat is a new comer. This one worn by Mary Astor in "A Successful Calamity" combines yellow and brown. Her brown wool dress is yellow dotted and her accessories brown. Clever shoes, what?

READ on another page how this dress of Joan Crawford's was made but here you must note the unusual scarf and one-sided cape. Stunning, isn't it?

LOOK at this trim sheer wool frock Carole Lombard wears in "Sinners in the Sun," then note these details—high collar, graduated buttons, cord belt, sleeve epaulets.
These Pictures!

BLUE is a Hollywood favorite this year—and here is Adrienne Dore wearing it-to perfection in a soft chiffon dinner dress. A pointed satin girdle ending in a tie at the back is a new touch. In "The Rich Are Always With Us."

HERE'S something to try out on your chiffon evening dress—accordion pleating from top to bottom. Except for graceful shoulder decoration of flowers, that's all there is to this navy blue and gray print worn by Evalyn Knapp in "A Successful Calamity."

ARE you listening? Madge Evans wears this grand sports dress in her new picture by that name. It sponsors the white-with-a-color vogue by trimming wide wale pique with buttons and belt in brown and white. Nice crisp tailoring to pockets and pleats. Madge's accessories are right, too.
Try These Trick Ties With Your Scarves

One bow makes a smart scarf tie—but two bows in different colors give you a positive jump on fashion. Maureen O'Sullivan gives this clever twist to green and white scarves which she wears with a white costume, seen at the left above. Maureen's broad brimmed sailor in rough white straw is one of the good hat fashions this season.

Did you ever think how many different ways you can tie one triangular scarf? Maureen shows you two ties with this blue and white star print scarf. Above, "The Cowboy" tie. At right, "The Sore Throat" tie worn tucked into the jacket.

Scarves braided like pigtales! Have you tried this? You can use two scarves as Maureen O'Sullivan has here—or you can add another color. Maureen wears her red and white pigtail scarf tied under the collar of her white jersey jacket. A triangular polka-dotted scarf tied gypsy fashion makes a becoming sports headgear.
When the demon reporter, Len Hall, was photographed with Chita, who has a principal role in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," PHOTOPLAY'S staff laid bets on which was the monk.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, famous swimming star who set the country goggling in "Tarzan, The Ape Man," is a picture stealer.

His beautiful muscles threaten the career—nay, the very life—of the greatest limb-hanger and tree-sweiner in all motion picture monkdom.

These and other startling charges were made by Chita, the cheerless chimpanzee, who co-starred in "Tarzan.

The melancholy monk dropped into the Photoplay office quite by chance, except for prearrangement with the press-agent. Chita arrived in a large traveling case such as might be used by a wholesale bootlegger. I grabbed pencil and paper and began my imitation of a reporter. The chimp squatted sadly on the edge of my desk. Ah, the pity of it! All day he had been doing his staff at a large department store, poked and harassed by kids, and was jolly well fed up with the so-called human race. He longed for the carefree jungles of the Metro studios.

"I suppose you want the usual hooey," said Chita, wearily.

"Well, I think the New York skyline is marvelous, and your American women gorgeous."

"Nix," I said. "I'll just ask you a few questions."

We were quite alone, save for three cameramen, two press-agents and twenty members of the Photoplay staff, who were laying small wagers as to which was the monk and which was Hall.

Captain Phifer, Chita's chaperon, hovered about to see that his pet didn't gibber out of turn.

There was a deadly pause. The monk felt mortified.

"Well," I said, with a flash of inspiration, "how do you like the movies?"

"Swell," said Chita. "It's a living. But I was gypped in 'Tarzan!"

"How do you mean?"

"This Weissmuller fellow," snarled my whiskered friend. "They gave him all the breaks. Since the girls have seen Johnny practically without any clothes on, they won't even look at their boy friends in a bathing suit! I'm no Garbo, but I think I rate a look now and then. And I understudied that Weissmuller!"

"You sound bitter," I commented.

"Bitter? I'm bailing! Here am I, the best tree-sweiner in Hollywood at any weight, and they rave about this bird because he can swim! Why, any big baboon can paddle if you toss him into the water!"

"Speaking of Hollywood," I said, just to get the monk's mammoth mind off his woes, "how do you like the place?"

"Great," said Chita. "Just a big group of hard-working, home-loving people. Of course, they have their moments. I'll never forget the big peanut-roast Wally Beery threw for me. Hot goober! Was that fun!"

"I'll just bet it was. And who are your favorite actors out there?"

"Let's see. I like Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler, Clark Gable, Wally Beery, Polly Moran, Ramon Novarro and Lionel Barrymore, but I don't think much of this Weissmuller!"

"Whoa!" I said. "That whole mob seems to work for Metro. Did you ever hear of a Marlene Dietrich or a Connie Bennett in those parts?"

Chita slunk [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110].

A Studio Monk Makes His Plea For Fair Play

By Leonard Hall
We Present Two Splendid

Ann Dvorak, who is Hollywood's sensational newcomer, and her mother

By Ruth Biery

"The other generation"—that's what Ann Dvorak calls her mother and her mother's contemporaries. Ann's mother sacrificed a brilliant career for marriage. Ann took a solemn oath that she would never do that, no matter how much she loved a man. Then Ann married Leslie Fenton. How could she reconcile this gesture to her earlier vow? The times—along with modes and manners—had changed. Ann knows that marriage and a career can march along hand in hand now. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Anna Lehr, Ann's mother, was one of the most promising emotional actresses of the early films. When the editor of Photoplay visited Hollywood in 1914, he met her and the one-year-old baby. It was her first trip to the motion picture colony. But he predicted that this beautiful young mother would carve out a place for herself in celluloid. Anna was making the first version of "Ramona" at the time. Miss Lehr returned to the stage soon after the editor's visit, but came back to Hollywood, when baby Ann was six, to fulfill her earlier promise. "Parentage," "Child for Sale," and other dramatic pictures gave her a place in the front starring lines. But to the women of that day—those whom Ann Dvorak calls "the other generation"—romance meant more than anything else. Careers were secondary. As for combining the two—well, that was a difficult task then.

Besides, Anna Lehr had tried that. She had married Edward McKim. Ann was born when the mother was just sixteen. The effort to have both career and marriage failed and a divorce was the result.

So when Anna Lehr fell in love again with a handsome young Californian named Arthur Pearson, she chucked ambition, fame and success for romance and marriage, and devoted herself to making a home for her husband. Baby Ann was in boarding school, where she remained until she was graduated from high school and went out "on her own." In fact, she was "on her own"—independent of her stepfather—before graduation. She worked her way through high school by teaching French, washing dishes and waiting on tables.

You'll see Ann in "Scarface," Howard Hughes' spectacular gangster picture, which the censors of New York made famous before its release by refusing to okay it. You'll also find her giving James Cagney a race for [Pleasendum to Page 114]
New Screen Personalities

George Brent, another Clark Gable? Don't you dare to say such a thing

The frantic search for more Clark Gables is on! If there is one who can inspire shekels into the box office—there must be others. That is, according to the minds of Hollywood producers. Every studio has its high-hope of the moment. Warner Bros. has theirs. They gave George Brent, as his first role, the lead opposite Ruth Chatterton in “The Rich Are Always With Us”; he played the lead with Barbara Stanwyck in “So Big,” and now one with Constance Bennett—if they find a suitable story.

When they think enough of a young actor—a complete newcomer, to start him up the ladder from such a sure footing as these names warrant—Chatterton, Stanwyck and Bennett—you can mark my words they think he is good.

Of course, they won't admit that he's one bit like the Metro sky-rocket. Oh, dear no. Their hair actually stands on end and their eyes pop from their sockets if you even suggest it. “Don't compare him to Clark. It will ruin him. He's George Brent; he's not Clark Gable.”

Naturally, he's George Brent, but just the same Mrs. Brent's little boy got his break because he does resemble Clark Gable. Not only in type but in background. In fact, it's rather a weird story. Even his only wife was years older than the young stock actor. But, we'll come to those details later.

George was the chauffeur with Alice Brady in her stage play, “Love, Honor and Betray.” Clark was the husband. The husband died along with three other men, including Robert Williams and Mark Smith, for love of the woman. But the chauffeur lived and ran away with the daughter. And the one who lived was really the most important, according to all the laws of drama. Which would make George top Clark in New York.

Clark and George were a bit discouraged when the show closed. George landed first. With the Fox Film Company, Left for Hollywood almost immediately—where he was carelessly buried along with other youthful New Yorkers signed because they might "prove to have something."

Oh, he played a part with Lois Moran in "Under Suspicion," but eventually he was lost in the none-too-friendly shuffle. Then Eric Von Stroheim saw him and made a grab. He was signed on a ten-weeks' contract with Universal to play the old Von Stroheim lead in "Blind Husbands." That was a long time for one picture—but, of course, Von Stroheim was to direct! It was never made, and George did his bit to help

We leave it to you. When folks say that George Brent is a second Clark Gable, executives jump up and down on their hats and cry, “Not that!” But there is a resemblance, and many of the events in their lives have been parallel. (Left) his big break with Ruth Chatterton in “The Rich Are Always With Us.” How do you like the lad?

“Homicide Squad” and “Ex-Bad Boy” to a safe conclusion.

In the meantime, about a month after George decamped from New York, Clark flew out for a fling at “The Last Mile” in stock—and to hunt for a break in pictures. They used to talk over conditions together. Clark was discouraged. Couldn't get a nibble. Told George he was going back to New York. But George had decided to stick it. Incidentally, they both sported around in the Packards which their first Broadway incomes had provided. Then Clark got a chance at Westernd. And the next thing George heard was: Clark Gable was Hollywood's new sensation.

George plugged along. If Clark Gable could do it, so could he. A natural, human conclusion. He got an agent and waited. After all, George had had much the same training as Clark. True, he'd begun by shepherding on the green hills of old Ireland. Barefooted; bareheaded; dogs trailing behind or romping before him. The sheep belonged to his one hundred per cent Irish parents.

George had come to America at fifteen and got in some good, American public schooling for four years, with relatives who had left the Emerald Isle. When he returned he went into the Intelligence Corps of the rebel army.

These boys attached to Ireland's rebel army, which was fighting for national independence from
To Reduce Double Chins

Hands covered with cold cream, rub down from tip of chin to base of neck with right hand. Rub up from base of neck, up under chin and along under jaw line with left hand. Keep neck and chin relaxed but be sure to dig well back under chin. Down with one hand, up with the other and repeat on the other side. Be firm, but not rough. When you've done this for ten or fifteen minutes, slap on a generous amount of cold water with your hand. Slap hard for a long time. Never do any unnecessary stretching of the neck.

To Mould Lines Of Nose

Think of your face as a sculptor thinks of his clay. You can mould your face to proper lines and proportions with time and patience. Here is the way to make a large, flat nose smaller. With hands in this position, and generously smeared with cold cream, press firmly on either side of the nose and then, with a slightly less firm pressure, rub outwards along the nose and then slightly upwards. Do not pull the skin too hard, but be firm. Laughing wrinkles and lines under eyes can be taken away with gentle massage.

Please! Please! Use Your Common Sense

Hooray and a couple of first class whoops! Hundreds more of you lazy girls have come into Sylvia's fold, and those who wouldn't string along with me at first have seen the error of their ways and are taking off those pounds where they are not necessary and putting them on where they are. It's great—isn't it? And I love every one of you for being brave enough and smart enough and sensible enough to do it.

But I've got a bawling out—one of the kind that Sylvia gives best—for about half of you. The rest can listen in, too. It won't hurt you a bit.

Last month I begged you just to use common sense. This time I've stopped begging you. Either get some brains or stop reading my stories. I'm sick and tired of the silly questions a lot of you ask. Now, mind you, I'm delighted to hear from you and it gives me a thrill to know that those old pounds are melting off like the butter you mustn't eat, but I do get out of patience when you keep on asking me things that your own common sense should tell you.

Says Sylvia

So I'm going to try to explain to you just a few things about the work I'm trying to teach you how to do, and I want you to listen carefully. Think of your body as so much sculptor's clay to be moulded. When a great sculptor starts to work, all he has is a bunch of wet clay and he makes something lovely out of it. You have your bodies to work with. You can make them beautiful.

I've remodelled the figures of hundreds of screen stars. I can do it with my hands. But you can do it with your brains, if you'll only stop whining and use those brains.

I'm not talking to you at long distance because I'm afraid of you. I talk to the stars like this face to face and more than one I have refused to treat at any price, because they couldn't stand the gaff.
You see, I can't take up each individual case. Remember, I want to tell you the things that will help the most people, so you've got to study yourselves. Stand in front of your mirror. Discover the places where you're too lumpy or where you need building up and then concentrate on these places. Use a little imagination about it. Exercise and massage builds up or takes down. You can exercise any muscle in your body if you try. Concentrate. Then do it yourself. Don't be like those stars who had to have me do it for them. And don't ask me for advice on every move you make.

Remember that I've given a general routine for the average person. I know there are individual cases. For instance, I've had letters from girls who work at the telephone or telegraph companies at night. These girls beg me to tell them how they can adjust their reducing routine to suit their hours. Oh, for heaven's sake. Isn't that too silly? They have already adjusted themselves to sleeping different hours from other people, haven't they? They eat at different times. Well, then, why can't they take my reducing system and fit that into their schedule? You see what a little common sense will do!

And then I've gotten letters from girls who are traveling in stock companies or for merchandise houses. They say they can only get boarding house food, and ask me what to do. Wouldn't you think they'd have enough common sense to know? Take my diet and suit it to your individual circumstances (but this doesn't apply to you who can take the diet).

For instance, coffee and plain toast, with no butter for breakfast. Then for lunch and dinner, cut fat off the meat and don't eat the gravy. Don't put butter on vegetables, or if there is a thickened sauce, don't eat that sauce. Don't eat bread. If there's a salad take off the mayonnaise. If you have a stew pick out the meat and vegetables and let [Please turn to page 106]
Harold is "Movie Crazy"

Who is this beautiful senorita working those naughty Latin wiles on our handsome Harold? Sh, sh, that's a big secret. Professor Gentleman Lloyd just won't reveal the lady's name. You'll have to see the picture to find out her identity. And who won't?

It won't be long now until you'll be snickering yourself silly over Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy." And all your friends, too. Here is PHOTOPLAY's special preview in pictures, just to prepare you for the fun that's coming. That lovely blonde is Constance Cummings, who is Harold's new leading woman. What a break for her!

Harold plays one of those dumb guys who thinks he's got a great moment to give the talkies—a sort of Merton of the Movies brought up to date. And there will be plenty of behind-the-camera atmosphere with Lloyd pulling gags right out of the microphone and doing nip-ups with the Klieg lights. Lots of fun for everybody.
YOU CAN HAVE THE CELEBRATED

English Complexion

LADY MARY PARENHAM says: “I’ve found the Pond’s Method better than all the complicated beauty treatments. It keeps one’s skin in marvelous condition.”

Use the Two Creams which are the greatest favorites in England

IT’S part of the English code of gracious living—the English complexion, cool, fresh and fragrant as roses washed in dew.

No wonder the famous Two Creams are “best sellers” in England, for they supply three of the four essentials of skin beauty... Cleansing... Lubricating... Stimulating... Protecting.

The very texture of Pond’s Cold Cream shows you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the pores and float out dust and grime. Pond’s softer Cleansing Tissues are the best way to remove cold cream... These two together assure your skin the first essential of loveliness—immaculate cleansing.

For lubricating, more Cold Cream! Pat in each night, after the bedtime cleansing. Its rich oils keep your skin supple and elastic, so that wrinkles will not form or telltale “bagginess” appear... To stimulate the skin is the mission of Pond’s Skin Freshener, which tightens pores and tones by quickening circulation, firms contours and keeps them fresh and young.

For protection and powder base Pond’s Vanishing Cream is ideal—made on a formula that cannot dry your skin.

“Pond’s is a simple way to achieve soft, supple skin,” says LADY ALENTON.

FOLLOW the Pond’s Method to gain the celebrated “English complexion”:

1. Generously apply Pond’s Cold Cream several times during the day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent, white or peach... half again as many in the big new 25¢ box!

2. Pat briskly with stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream always before your powder, to protect your skin and hold the powder. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck... and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day’s accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

SEND 10¢ for Pond’s 4 Products
POND’S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. F
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Tune in on Pond’s Fridays 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist, WEAF and N. B. C. Network
Billie Burke

"I'm 39," says this radiantly youthful star. Who would guess it from this recent photograph? "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty. I use Lux Toilet Soap."

Joyce Compton

This alluring young screen star, who is 19, says: "It's a comfort to know Billie Burke's secret of complexion care! Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps one's skin youthfully smooth."
Which star is 19...which is 39?

Screen Stars know the secret of keeping Youthful Charm

One gloriously lovely at 19 — the other radiantly beautiful at 39! Who could tell which is which? Years do not rob the stars of beauty. They have learned the secret of keeping youthful charm.

"I don't see why any woman should look her age," says the lovely Billie Burke. "I really am 39 years old. Youth always has irresistible attraction, so one must be wise enough to keep its charm right through the years. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty."

"I'm 19," says Joyce Compton. "But no matter what my age, I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. What a comfort to know her secret of complexion care!"

How does Billie Burke keep her adorable young charm? "To keep my skin clear and soft," she says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—and have for years." And Joyce Compton follows her example! She, too, uses this luxurious white soap regularly to guard the precious peach-bloom freshness of her skin. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps one's skin so youthfully smooth and clear," she says.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this safeguard for complexion beauty

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard complexion beauty with Lux Toilet Soap. It is such a favorite with them that it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios. The Broadway stars, too, have an overwhelming preference for it.

Gentle and so beautifully white that no other soap can rival it... Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for every type of skin. If you are not utterly satisfied with yours, why don't you try this fragrant white soap?

Toilet Soap—10¢
WHEN "The Bird of Paradise" company returned from location in Honolulu, they brought a little chunk of Hawaii with them and put it in Hollywood. Would you believe that that wild hulu dancer, gone as native as a grass skirt, is smart Dolores Del Rio, one of the most sedate and ladylike social leaders of the film colony?
"Well, then, why don't you try it, too?"

"I like to be original—but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that... He said, 'Jean, do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth—just that and nothing more.' And he said no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's. Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides I like its flavor! And maybe you think the price of a quarter doesn't appeal to me nowadays."
How They Save Crawford's Time

Imagine having a stunning frock finished to the last twist of the scarf without the tedium of endless fittings! That's what happens with all of Joan Crawford's costumes; the studio designers save her wasted motions. Below Joan is wearing the completed gown of silver cloth which Adrian designed for her new picture, "Letty Lynton." Isn't it a perfect fit?

And here you see the skilled workers who save Joan's time. Adrian's sketch is first copied in muslin so that the precious silver cloth is saved a possible miscutting. Then the muslin is fitted to a dummy figure which is of Joan's exact proportions. This done, the muslin gown is next taken apart and laid on the silver cloth. The last step shows the silver cloth gown being given its final fitting to the dummy before Joan herself tries it on.
Why not

BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT?

Here are powder, rouge and lipstick
...to bring Youth's own subtle color
tints to your complexion . . . . .

WANT to try a bit of magic? Want to learn an amazing truth?—that you need not give up youthful loveliness, though years may slip between your complexion of seventeen and your complexion of today.

The new Seventeen make-up preparations hold this thrilling secret. These remarkable, different cosmetics skilfully reproduce the color tones of youthful skin!

And, most wonderful of all, Seventeen Two-Tone Powder has actually reproduced—not only the color tints— but the exquisite transparency of 'teen-age skin!

Seventeen Powder proves that powder need not be dull and masking! ...proves that powder may be radiant, alive, like youthful skin.

Try Seventeen, and learn that you may, indeed, look seventeen tonight!

Use Seventeen Powder, Rouge and Lipstick together for perfect results. Seventeen Creams and Beauty Preparations will keep your complexion in perfect condition for make-up. Prices will delight you if you've thought fine toiletries must be expensive.

Won't You Try Seventeen?

Maison Jeurelle, Dept. 167, 247 Park Ave., New York

I enclose 25c. Please send me 'The Seventeen Way to Youthful Charm' with 5 Seventeen toiletries in miniature.

Name. Street.

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SEVENTEEN LIPSTICK
will quickly show you the difference between soft, youthful coloring and the harsh effect of ordinary lipsticks. Seventeen spreads smoothly, naturally...and becomes indelible when the lips are moistened before applying. Three shades.

SEVENTEEN ROUGE
will bring the delicate flush of seventeen to your complexion! Its Youth-Tone shades match those of Seventeen Lipstick. The jewel-like case matches Seventeen Lipstick, creating a smart, modern purse ensemble.

SEVENTEEN POWDER
is made on the marvelous Two-Tone principle, to simulate youthful transparency! Two weights are blended—the heavier clinging closely—the lighter, on the surface, creating a subtle overtone!
Jungle Noises! And Tarzan pops out of the mail bag and leaps to the top of this month’s list. Sports followers are acquainted with this big fellow who is known as the champion swimmer of the world, but those who do not follow sports events write in to ask “Where had this bad been hiding?”

Johnny Weissmuller (Tarzan), who made his first screen appearance in Grantland Rice sports short subjects demonstrating his swimming form, appears for the first time as an actor in “Tarzan, the Ape Man.” Johnny was born in Chicago, Ill., of Austrian parents. He was educated in public schools and the University of Chicago. Took up swimming, at the advice of a doctor, to fight off ill health. He now stands 6 feet, 3 inches in his stocking feet and weighs 190 pounds. Has brown hair and brown eyes.

He was the American hero of the Olympic Games in Paris in 1924 and in Amsterdam in 1928. Altogether, he has captured seventy-five world speed records for swimming. He went over so big in his first picture that M-G-M has planned a sequel to “Tarzan,” with Johnny once more a hero.

Johnny is married to Bobbe Arnst, former star of New York musical comedies. His hobby is snapping kodak pictures at every opportunity. Read more about him in Katherine Albert’s fine interview on another page of this issue.

Nancy Lee Franklin, Washington, D. C.—Joe E. Brown was born July 28, 1892, and is 5 feet, 9½ inches tall. He has blue eyes and his hair is the same as his name. The “E” stands for Evans. Joe’s next picture will be “The Tenderfoot.”

HeLEN Henderson, Rich, Mich.—Tully Marshall is one of the real old timers, having been in pictures since 1916. Tully was born in Nevada City, Calif., back in April, 1864. He is 5 feet, 9½ inches tall and has graying brown hair and brown eyes. Some of his latest pictures are “The Hatchet Man,” “Broken Lullaby,” “Arsene Lupin,” “The Beast of the City,” “Scarfage” and “Grand Hotel.” I wonder when he sleeps!

Sam Banham, Jeffersonville, Penna.—Sam, that long drink of—ahem—Charlotte Greenwood—was born in Philadelphia. She entered pictures in 1927. Some of her recent pictures are “Palmy Days,” “Flying High,” “The Man in Possession,” “The Passionate Plumber” and “Cheaters at Play.” She is married to Martin Broone.

Hundreds of movie-goers are asking “all about this chap Tarzan.” Tarzan, of course, is Johnny Weissmuller, champion swimmer. Here he is with Maureen O’Sullivan and Neil Hamilton.

Paula, Montreal, Can.—Here are the measurements you wanted. Lupe Velez, Marian Nixon and Raquel Torres are each 5 feet, 2 inches tall. Marian tips the Tolesbotes at 100 pounds; Lupe at 106 and Raquel at 110. Dolores Del Rio is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall and weighs 120. Eddie Quillan is 5 feet, 6 inches and weighs 140.

Pudge, Wheeling, W. Va.—Imagine being born in China on St. Patrick’s Day. That’s what happened to Sari Maritza. Sari comes from Tientsin, China, where she was born March 17, 1910. She is the daughter of Major Walter Nathan and her real name is Patricia. Her father is English and her mother Austrian. Sari was educated in London, Berlin, Paris and Switzerland. She has never been on the stage. Appeared in British films before coming to the U. S. A. last December. Has won many medals for swimming and diving, and holds a championship for skating at St. Moritz. Sari is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 103 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her first American picture will be “Cloudy With Showers,” for Paramount.

M. Parker, Chevy Chase, Md.—Mary, you can get 8 x 10 photos of Greta Garbo and Clark Gable by sending to Photoplay Magazine, 1019 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. The photographs are 25c each. Photoplay also has photos of Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, James Dunn, Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer. Send your order in early as the supply is limited.

Beatrice Gustafson, Philadelphia, Penna.—Bea, all of the girls you mentioned are quite short. Barbara Kent, Armita, and Dorothy Janis are each 4 feet, 11 inches. Janet Gaynor, Alice White, Dorothy Lee and Sidney Fox bear them by one inch. These heights are in their little stocking footies.

Lottie Kenner, Los Angeles, Calif.—Sorry, but I have no record of the barroom you mention. Director William Wellman was married to Marjorie Crawford last December.

She is his second wife. He was formerly married to Marjorie Chapin and they had one daughter, Gloria.

March Akerman, W. Mansfield, O.—Since appearing in “Five Star Final,” Aline MacMahon has been in “Heart of New York,” and “The Mouthpiece.” Her next will be “Week-End Marriage.”

James Hodge, Toronto, Can.—Laurence Olivier comes from Dorking, Surrey, England. He is 25 years old, 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 150 and has dark brown hair and dark green eyes. Appeared on the stage in “Journey’s End,” “Private Lives” and “Paris Bound.” His next picture will be with Ann Harding in “When a Stranger Comes.” Laurence is married to Jill Esmond, English stage and screen actress.

JANet Winston, Covington, Ky.—Janet, after Colin Clive finished in “Frankenstein,” he deserted our shores for merrie’ England. He recently finished making “Lily Christine,” a British picture with Corinne Griffith. I believe he is appearing on the stage in England at the present time. Here’s his history. Colin was born in St. Malo, France, January 9, 1890. He is 5 feet tall and has dark hair and gray eyes. Attended British schools and graduated from the Sandhurst Military Academy. Has been on the stage since he was 19. Is married to Jean de Casalis, well-known actress of European and New York stages.

Lois, Florence, Ala.—The great Garbo was born September 18, 1905. Anita Louise first saw light on January 9, 1917, in New York City.

Dot and George.—The girls who appeared in “Gold Diggers of Broadway” were Nancy Welford, Winnie Lightner, Ann Pennington, Elyan Tushman, Helen Foster and Gertrude Short. Ina Claire was not in it. Here’s the lowdown on Charles Starrett. He was born in Athol, Mass., March 28, 1904. Is 6 feet tall, weighs 185, and has dark hair and brown eyes. Attended Dartmouth College. Charles has been married since 1927 and has two sons.

Jean Graham, St. Louis, Mo.—Jean, the lad you are trying to identify is Eddie Nugent. Eddie was born in New York City, February 7, 1904. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 185, and has dark brown hair and green eyes. Attended New York schools and appeared on the stage before going into pictures.
Everywhere... everyone likes the Rockne!

This long, low, aerodynamic Rockne Six has something better, something different to offer... and all America seems to know it.

All America seems to have been waiting for this speed, this style, this size, this smoothness in a low-priced car.

All America seems to be finding out, all at once, that nobody else is giving so much in advancements and equipment for so small an amount of money. And Rockne sales certainly are showing it.

When are you going to get in a Rockne and experience the thrill of driving this automobile that does so much more—that looks so much smarter—than any low-priced car you've ever known?

Everybody who tries out the Rockne says it's wonderful—a new sensation. You'll say so, too.

In fact, if you like your cars a little different—more dashing in appearance and more brilliant in performance—one demonstration drive in a Rockne is going to convince you that nothing else will do for you!

**ROCKNE MOTORS CORPORATION**  
( A Studebaker subsidiary company )  
DETOIT, MICHIGAN

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*All prices f. o. b. factory*
FOR a long time now Mary Astor has been saying that she wanted a baby. But lots and lots of the glamour girls have said that. Mary really meant it. And sometime in August the baby will be born.

The birthplace will be Honolulu for Mary has always wanted to travel in the South Seas but couldn’t find time. And the swell part is that her physician will go right along with her. He’s Dr. Franklyn Thorpe who is, incidentally, Mary’s husband.

“If it is a boy I want him to be a doctor,” says Mary. “If it’s a girl I don’t care—just so long as she stays out of pictures.”

But Mary will come back to the screen as soon as the child is born.

Jackie Cooper stood looking up at the billboard advertising Bela Lugosi in “Murdered Alive.”

“Huh,” he remarked, “there’s no sense to that. He couldn’t be murdered dead, could he? He’d have to be alive to be murdered.”

Which is pretty good logic.

They had just finished the last scene for “When a Feller Needs a Friend” in which Jackie Cooper and another little boy have a terrific fight with Jackie winning in a blaze of glory.

As they strolled away from the set the other kid began to tease Jackie. Jackie stood it for several minutes and then wheeled upon the boy, “If you say one more word,” he shouted, “there’s going to be a re-take on that last scene right now!”

To thousands of fans Jackie Cooper is “that sweet little boy with so much talent.” But to Jackie’s nineteen year old uncle, who lives with the Coopers, he’s “that meddlesome brat.” For when Uncle Jack’s girl friends call up Jackie answers the phone, imitates his uncle’s voice, kids the girls along and sometimes makes dates in Uncle Jack’s name.

“I had the swellest dream last night,” Jackie Cooper told his mother one morning at breakfast, “I dreamed that Garbo was playing the part of my mother in ‘When a Feller Needs a Friend’.”

So does that make Garbo Jackie’s night mère, as the French have it?

I really hate to tell all my charming young lady readers who rave about Gene Raymond’s platinum hair, about this, but it’s true that Gene is going to touch up those locks a bit, making them just a trifle darker. When he works with brunette leading women he looks like a tow-head by contrast.

[Please turn to page 83]
From Palm Beach to Bar Harbor spread the news of a great revolution in bathing suits.

B.V.D. did it. B.V.D., with famous New York stylists and artists, had designed the smartest bathing suits that ever appeared on a beach or buffeted a breaker.

...bathing suits with low-cut backs!
...bathing suits as smart, and as flattering, as the new evening gowns!

These new 1932 models are a triumph superimposed upon a triumph. They have the look of the hand-knitting of France. In this year of grace, 1932, you simply have to wear perl-knit or ripple-knit! Wear your old evening gown if you must. But don’t step out into the brilliant sunshine of the beach in anything except this new kind of bathing suit!

High waist-lines are in these suits—grand lines around the thighs—a coup that your best dressmaker, even if she lives in Paris, couldn’t excel. These new B.V.D. Surf Suits are a success—the Florida season proved it.

Old style suits are out—definitely out. You might as well wear bloomers and mutton-leg sleeves! But if you want to look over the grandest bathing suits you have ever seen, send in your name and we will have a shop in your vicinity smart enough to have ordered them. We will be happy to send you the name and address of the shop. The B.V.D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.
At the command of the smart hostess
COMMUNITY CUT CRYSTAL
DESIGNED TO MATCH THE SILVERWARE

To introduce Community Cut Crystal, Silverware dealers everywhere, during June, will give a set of matching Water Goblets with each PARK LANE Silverware Service in the Lady Hamilton, Noblesse, Deauville or Grosvenor design of Community Plate. Lovely Silverware, a full modern service, in the latest designs. A luxurious new anti-tarnish chest. And goblets of gracious distinction, cut to match the Silverware designs. An extraordinary value! Community Crystal Water Goblets sell for $12.00 the dozen. These Water Goblets will be given only with services in the new PARK LANE CHEST—and only during June.

COMMUNITY PLATE
Leadership in Design Authority
WHEN "Grand Hotel" opened in New York hardened Broadwayites muttered that nothing like it had ever been seen on the Street of Broken Hearts since Tony Pastor was a boy.

New York doesn't take its openings as seriously as Hollywood does but on this night lights pierced the sky, ermine coats were gotten out of moth balls and every celebrity in town attended.

It was the picture, itself, that drew the crowds for not a single actor in the "Grand Hotel" cast was there in person. So that left all the attention for the celebs who attended — Ina Claire, Larry Tibbett, Dorothy Mackaill, Grace Moore, Jimmy Cagney, Cliff Edwards and just lots more.

AND New York did a stunt that is peculiar to Hollywood. When the members of that tremendous cast appeared on the screen they were greeted by applause. And there was hand clapping after some of the big emotional scenes. Jimmy Cagney did not miss a single scene move Lionel Barrymore made. Of course, the critics raved about it the next day and said that this was the first time so many stars had been gathered together for one picture.

Now maybe I shouldn't, at this time when everybody is so happy about that picture, blaze a trail. Garbo, Joan Crawford, The Barrymores and Wally Reedy were in "Grand Hotel." But years and years ago C. B. De Mille did a little trail blazing with "The Affairs of Anatole" in which Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Wally Reid, Elliott Dexter and other stars as great in their day as the "Grand Hotel" cast is now, played together. Do you remember? Or, rather, will you admit that you remember?

EDDIE GOULDING says that when he was directing "Grand Hotel" the favorite remarks of part of his cast were these.

Lionel Barrymore, "I'll be back in a minute."
Jack Barrymore, "Was that all right?"
And Greta Garbo, "Oh, what now?"

WHEN "Grand Hotel" was finished just one added scene was necessary—a shot of Garbo walking through the lobby.

But in the meantime Garbo had started work on "As You Desire Me" and had to be dismissed from that set to make the scene for "Grand Hotel." In order to save delay they rehearsed with a double.

The girl did the walk again and again but the timing wasn't right. She simply couldn't walk as Garbo does.

Finally director Eddie Goulding dismissed her, "I'll do it myself."

And, what's more, he did it so perfectly with that Garbo swing that actors gathered for miles around to watch the imitation. While he was doing it Greta came on the set. Was she mad? No, siree. She laughed louder than anybody.

INCIDENTALLY Garbo has confessed to one of her most intimate friends that Eddie Goulding is her favorite director.

HERE'S the sort of thing that makes Marie Dressler the most beloved woman in Hollywood. Robert Young, the kid you liked in "The Wet Parade," was being interviewed the other day when Marie passed by his table. She stopped and said:

"Well, young man, I'm glad to see you're getting along so well. I always like the young ones to get ahead."

Robert was dizzy:

"Can you imagine that—why, I've never even met Miss Dressler and yet she takes time to speak to me and even knows who I am. Why I'd rather have those few words than a thousand dollars."
TALLULAH BANKHEAD has met Garbo at last. But Tallulah isn’t mentioning it. Seems that Tallulah was already at a party when Garbo arrived. Someone introduced them.

Garbo acknowledged the introduction with a nod and walked away. Very shortly she left the party.

And Tallulah once said that the only reason she wanted to come to Hollywood was to meet the Divine One.

SOMEHOW you always think of Tallulah Bankhead as being very tall and statuesque. As a matter of fact she is only five feet two, but it is her secret wish to be as tall as she looks on the stage and screen.

And when a critic refers to her as “the very tall Miss Bankhead” she is much more pleased than if he had called her a second Duse.

And while I am thinking about Tallulah Bankhead—which is a very pleasant way to spend a couple of hours—I wonder if others have noticed that the lady’s legs are really quite as beautiful as those of Marlene Dietrich. Or is that sacrilege?

MARLENE DIETRICH got accused of pulling another Garbo not long ago when she moved out of her house and didn’t even tell the studio where she had gone.

But Marlene had a reason. In order to protect little Maria from kidnappers, she had had the windows of the house barred. Newspaper photographers took pictures of it and gave the address. From then on the Dietrich yard was a picnic ground for tourists and there were hundreds of folks, wanting to catch a glimpse of the star, ringing the door bell.

Besides, Marlene was afraid that so much publicity might endanger Maria’s safety. So she just packed her things and moved out. And she’s not telling where.

speaking for myself, I’ve been pretty bored by that prolonged squabble between Marlene Dietrich and Mrs. Josef Von Sternberg, the director’s divorced wife, so I’m glad that it’s been dropped, after everybody wrote letters to everybody else and the blame was laid on a European journalist who seems to have stirred up the whole mess by making some misstatements.

So that’s that, but nothing alters the fact that Josef Von Sternberg needs a hair cut, no matter who sues who for what.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., who looks very slim upon the screen is, in reality, quite as husky and as athletic as his father. What’s more he has a physical trainer who is with him constantly.

At first the trainer started to pull his punches when they were boxing but Doug insisted that he give him everything.

That is one of the reasons why Doug is a hero over at the University of Southern California among the football team.

When Doug was making “Forward Pass” the U. S. C. team was used in the picture and the boys had a lot of contempt for actors, so when rehearsals began they let the stars have it.

Big Boy Williams, who was also in the picture, didn’t like the punishment and said so.

But Doug Jr., took it and asked for more and that’s why his name inspires a cheer every time it is mentioned at U. S. C.
Helpful Summer Make-Up Hints

By Carolyn Van Wyck

"Off with the old, then on with the new," insists Madge Evans, re lipstick. Applying new over old is fatal to attractive lips. Remove the old with cotton or tissue, by light, vertical strokes toward the inside.

Jean has very beautiful deep blue eyes, and lashes absolutely her own, almost an inch long. She tells me that white vaseline not only keeps them soft and in a healthy condition, but has added considerably to their growth. Everyone's lashes would be better off with a touch of vaseline or lash-grower before retiring each night.

Jean is far prettier actually than the screen reveals her, I think, and her figure seems different somehow, too. She is about five feet five inches tall, and weighs 100 pounds. Her bones are small but she is well covered.

WHAT has happened to Bette Davis? A very short while ago her pictures showed her a distinctive, frail, soft English type. Now her hair is very light, her lashes and brows very black, a prototype of a hundred and one Hollywood girls. Bette has probably gone black-and-white at request, but it is too bad that more of the true values of human coloring are not preserved on the screen. Joan Crawford, for instance, in "Grand Hotel" defies the average eye to pick out make-up. There is a symmetry of grays, a harmonious relation between hair, skin, eyes, mouth, altogether pleasing and convincing. I think the public likes her this way, too.

Off "Grand Hotel," you will hear Joan refer several times to her figure, "Do I need to reduce?" etc. No, Joan, you do not—not with that slim, willowy body, smart in that tailored garb of the little stenographer, Flammich. Every girl not satisfied with herself should take a long look at Joan, then see old pictures of her in our files. What she has done with her figure alone should earn her lasting laurels. You, with too much hip, you with too little bust, should remember Joan, follow Sylvia's advice and make of yourself just about what you'd like to be.

NOW that snapshot time is here again, let me pass on to you a trick that Alice White passed on to me as having been passed on by Mary Pickford, if you can understand that. If you have unattractive lines or shadows in your face, pose with the light at your back or over either shoulder, and in front hold a sheet of white paper close to your body below the range of the camera. Thus the light will be reflected up and onto your face, so that it will smooth out lines, eliminate shadows, make values definite and clear cut. Try this.

Summer may mean sunburn, freckles, too much tan, loss of hair and skin beauty if you don't know how to protect and care for yourself. I have some timely tips in our June letter, yours for the asking, along with a sensible booklet on normal reducing and a helpful complexion leaflet. And, of course, I'm glad to help with your other beauty problems, too. Remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter to Carolyn Van Wyck, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

With a becoming bathing cap that simulates the hair, a touch of waterproof rouge, lipstick, mascara, the beach is only another excuse for looking our loveliest. Leila Hyams shows you how waterproof beauty may be

REPEAT—what a difference a change in head-dress can make! Before me is a picture of Anna May Wong in blonde wig, her make-up somewhat Angloized, I suspect. I asked the girls in this office who it was. Most of them didn't know.

Then there is Colleen Moore, sans bangs, just when bangs held the fashion limelight more than they have in many years.

And while I'm mentioning bangs, at the spring convention of the National Beauty Shop Owners in New York, Hollywood stylists were present because the owners did not wish to predict fall styles without consulting Hollywood authorities. And Hollywood came forth with the astounding prediction that at least sixty per cent, of its actresses will wear bangs in pictures to be released this autumn.

That should help you in deciding a summer coifure. And let me say again, if you wish to revive Jim's or Jerry's interest in yourself, change your hair. It makes things happen.

THE other night we were discussing eyebrow styles in Hollywood. "The first narrow, skylarking brows came to us from Lil Dagover in 'The Woman from Monte Carlo,'" said an ex-director from the film colony. "Then Garbo adopted them, and most of Hollywood followed." Early pictures of Garbo show her with full, rather dark brows.

JEAN HARLOW hasn't any obvious brows at all. She has them, of course, but keeps them plucked so that make-up is easy. When you consider that Jean has been making personal appearances, averaging three or four a day for sixteen weeks straight, as this goes to press, you can understand the advisability of being able to draw a little line with a dark pencil and suddenly be "browed."

I
MAKE-UP
that creates
alluring
BEAUTY

Hollywood's Secret! ... Now
You May Share it with the
Screen Stars!


Mail the coupon.

A new and different kind of make-up originated and perfected by Max Factor, Filmland's wizard of make-up, for the stars of the screen, brings amazing new beauty to you.

It is based on Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color harmony which revolutionized make-up in pictures.

Whatever your type in blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, you may now be sure of correct color harmony make-up to blend perfectly with your complexion colorings.

Face Powder, for example, will reveal to you the remarkable difference. Each shade is a color harmony tone, created by chromatic colors in scientific balance...not just a flat color. No danger of off-color, spotty or powdery effects even under strongest artificial or day light...because Max Factor's face powder has been proved perfect under blazing motion picture lights.

The texture is so perfect that even the motion picture camera cannot find the tiniest flaw. And it clings for hours, too...for stars will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

Joan Blondell, Warner Bros., and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using a color harmony tone in Max Factor's face powder for her type.

So here is the face powder that really creates that even, satin-smooth make-up that you've so admired in pictures. Now you may enjoy this luxury...Max Factor's face powder, created originally for the screen stars...at the nominal price of one dollar the box.

Based on the same color harmony principle are Max Factor's rouge, lipstick, and eyeshadow...fifty cents each. At all drug and department stores.

Remember, too, its absolute purity is attested by a guarantee in each box carrying the Seal of Good Housekeeping Magazine...and that Max Factor's make-up is of such quality and value as to receive the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, evidence of which you see in every picture released from Hollywood.

Send for Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart for Your Type

Max Factor will create for you, your own color harmony in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and make-up essentials for your type of skin, in Society Make-Up for street wear...a make-up designed to bring out every bit of natural beauty, to magnify the attraction of your personality. Accept this priceless gift...mail the coupon now.

KAY FRANCIS
in Warner Bros.-First National feature "A Dangerous Brunette"
Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.

MINIATURE POWDER COMPACT, FREE

Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

1-6-34

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up,"...also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars
HOLLYWOOD

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1934 Max Factor
Easy dissolving in lukewarm water—keeps colors clear... Ivory Snow is an advanced kind of soap for washing delicate fabrics. Instead of being cut into hard, flat flakes, Ivory Snow, in its liquid state, is BLOWN through sprayers so that it dries in a mist of tiny, soft bubbles.

These bubbles are thisty. No hot water is needed to dissolve them. They melt into quick, rich suds in water that is just LUKEWARM. No danger, then, with Ivory Snow, of making colors run, of making textures harsh and stiff by plunging your woolens, rayons, or printed silks into too-hot suds.

No floating particles — no soap spots . . . The round bits of Ivory Snow leave no flat particles floating in the water which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. This is one reason why Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu, as well as weavers of woolens and blankets, call Ivory Snow “the perfect soap.” It is especially good for this year’s “nubby surfaced” silks, woolens and cottons.

Get Ivory Snow from your grocer. See for yourself how convenient it is—how it saves your clothes. Don’t be afraid to use enough to make a thick suds. Ivory Snow is pure—as gentle to fabrics as Ivory Soap is to a baby’s tender skin. The suds rinse easily. And the extra-big package costs only 15c.

**Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood**

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84**

Instead of shopping at sports stores to buy new fishing tackle Wally Beery is a frequent visitor at infants’ wear stores. And the reason is that little lump of sugar, his adopted daughter, Caroline.

The other day he brought Caroline, in peach taffeta, white shoes and an organzette bonnet, on the lot for all to admire. But more people looked at Wally than at Caroline for he was all spruced up like the best man at a wedding. No baggy trousers, no old suspenders. And he even had on a tie!

And while you’re trying to stretch your salary like the rubber man in the circus be consoled by the fact that Richard Barthelmess, who makes $5,000 a week, is economizing, too.

Dick has two big homes, one in Beverly Hills and one at Malibu, but he has taken an apartment and rented his two houses for a very tidy little sum.

**HELEN HAYES** has had a charge account at one of the smarter New York stores for eight years. She has shopped there all that time without being recognized, although her name was in electric lights on Broadway during most of that period.

When she came back to New York after the release of “The Sin of Madelon Claudet” she went in the shop, ordered something and gave the girl her name.

The saleswoman gushed, “Oh, yes, Miss Hayes. You are from Hollywood, aren’t you? You are the motion picture actress!”

**BUSTER KEATON** and wife Natalie Talmadge had a little family argument about taking the boys for an airplane ride. Buster said they should go and Mrs. Keaton said they shouldn’t, so Buster said, “Who wears the pants in this house?” or something like that and piled both the kids in a plane and departed for the Keaton ranch in Mexico.

Scared silly, Natalie rushed down to the district attorney’s office and demanded that he make Buster bring the children right straight-back this minute, so the D. A. set off in hot pursuit in a plane after Dead-Pan Keaton and the kids. For all the world like a movie.

They all came back very meek, mild and humble of heart, only to discover that Mrs. Keaton was mad now and had gone home to sister Connie. So Buster sent her a phono-graph record of “I’m Sorry Dear.”

Stony silence from Natalie’s camp. Buster sent another and another. No response. And then suddenly he had an idea. He put a light in the window for his prodigal wife. Natalie saw it and laughed.

She’s home now. So is Buster. So are the kids. And all is forgiven.

**MIRIAM HOPKINS** went to Palm Springs to rest. Jack Oakie went to Palm Springs to play. Miriam stayed in her room. Jack sat at the
telephone in his room and called her every five minutes begging, "Come on out and take a swim, Miriam. Oh, come on out and play."

She stood it as long as she could. Then she told the manager that his hotel wasn't big enough to hold her and Jack Oakie at the same time. The manager told Jack. So Jack went away mad.

CREIGHTON CHANEY, stalwart son of the famous Lon, owns a watch that the riches of the world could not buy from him. On the back the word "Son" is outlined in diamonds. It previously had the word "Lon" on it, but Mrs. Chaney had the L changed to an S for the boy.

MAURICE CHEVALIER usually looks rather sad and a bit stern when he isn't working before the camera. The smile is for the flickers. And that straw hat he wears with a tuxedo—well, he never wears a straw hat with a dinner jacket in private life. Maurice is an early riser and a heavy coffee drinker. He has been called "stingy" by Hollywood but the fact is that he supports a great number of charities and he's just a little careful of his money for Maurice has known great poverty and he wants to have financial security soon.

"Yassar, Mr. Cagney, yassar, they is sho a lot of folks down to this ole station to say you 'Howdy.'" That's what the porter said when he looked out over the Broadway boys and girls who gathered round when Jimmy Cagney returned from Hollywood to New York on his second trip this year. He came to the big city to take a look at the stage play, "Blessed Event," the one he was going to do on the screen. But at the moment he and Warners are having their annual argument about salary

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Cleaner, whiter teeth . . . sweeter breath . . . at a $3 saving

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Is it any wonder that critical men and women by millions have discarded old favorites costing 50¢ or more for the modern Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢?

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Note how it protects and beautifies your teeth over the years. How thoroughly it cleans. How it removes discoloration and brings out the natural luster. How it refreshes your mouth. Hardens gums to resist infection and sweetens the breath.

How can we offer such a dentifrice at such a price, you may ask? The answer is not new. It is the Ford idea applied to tooth paste. As buyers of material in vast quantities we buy at a lower price. Modern methods of production effect another economy. Shrewd methods of distribution are responsible for still another. All these economies are represented in the price of 25¢. The saving we have made, we pass on to you.

We do not ask you to take our word about Listerine Tooth Paste. Get a tube at your druggist's today. Give it a fair trial. We rest our case on the product itself and what it will do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . . 25¢
Once a very haughty lady on a boat met him and said, "One hears you act in films." "One does," replied Maurice. "Well, well, I must go to see you. What are some of your pictures?"

"'City Lights' was my last. Ah, madam, I was grand in that one. I help a little blind girl. And 'The Gold Rush'—you should see me rushing around in 'The Gold Rush.'"

He went right down the list naming all of Chaplin's films and had the best time he's had since last Bastille Day.

Here is the strange story of Elmer and the greatest star of them all. Never heard of Elmer? Shh, don't let Buster Keaton hear you say it. Elmer isn't much of a dog, as far as pedigrees are concerned, but Buster adores him and the pooch has made the entire M-G-M studios his home.

One day Garbo's car stood outside the sound stage door waiting to take Greta to her dressing room for lunch.

The chauffeur, sitting erect in the front seat, felt someone settle on the back seat and thinking it was his regal mistress, drove off for Garbo's dressing room.

With a grand flourish the chauffeur opened the door and stood at attention. Elmer, head and tail held high, walked majestically out of the car. And was the driver's face crimson when he hurriedly drove back and found Greta pacing up and down looking for her car!

But what a yarn Elmer told the other mongrels that night!

Karen Morley is defying all the laws of Hollywood laid down for newcomers. She joins in no social activities and her friends are those she had before she went in pictures—mostly her university pals. She refuses to attend Hollywood premières, only went once when her studio insisted, and will not be seen at the places where embryonic film stars are supposed to be seen. In talking of Karen somebody said, "She can't hope to get anywhere pulling stunts like that."

Which reminds me that not so many years ago a bunch of people were sitting around discussing a new girl called Garbo and somebody said, "She can't hope to get anywhere pulling stunts like that."

Lionel Barrymore is an excellent pianist and has composed several numbers—very high brow ones. His pal, musically, is Ernest Torrence, also a composer.

That story about Lya de Putti is almost unbelievable and yet it does seem to be a fitting climax to the life of one of the strangest women who ever lived. Her death is just as strange.

She was married to Zolton von Szepessy in Austria and was the mother of two children, one of whom is now fourteen and the other eleven. Lya left her husband to go on the stage and Von Szepessy bought a plot of ground in a cemetery where he sunk a slab and had it marked "Lya de Putti—died 1920." The children thought their mother had actually died.

All during those years when Lya was rising to fame (and, incidentally, that was her maiden name and not a stage one) Von Szepessy hoped that she would come back to him. But when she did not and when she herself, died at last, he committed suicide, leaving a request that his body be placed beside the empty grave of the wife who had left him.
When Sally Eilers went to New York for a three-weeks holiday, all the gos-
sip hounds got their heads together and muttered, “Things can’t be so
good between Sally and hubby, Hoot
Gibson.” Well, the truth is that Hoot
was mad when Sally said she had to
have a vacation, but there was another
reason for Sally’s trip that Cal York
tells you all about on another page.
First thing Sally asked for in New
York was—no, not to see the Empire
State Building—a lollipop. Any-
way, that’s what her press-agent says.

She is a human tortoise! Traffic signals
change again before she gets started
across the street. Everyone says she’s a
nuisance. But scolding won’t help her.
Her dilatory ways, mental slowness,
and dull skin and eyes, are all symptoms
of one internal fault. They show that
her system is being poisoned steadily,
for sheer lack of internal cleanliness.
What a handicap! And how unnec-
essary! For a little care—and
the saline way to internal cleanliness with Sal Hepatica
—would quickly get at the
cause of all these ills.

To drink salines for health’s sake, and
especially to make the complexion
brilliantly clear and fresh, long has
been the habit of lovely Europeans.
To Vichy, Carlsbad, Aix they go, to
drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica, the American equiva-
 lent of these salines, offers you simi-
lar saline benefits. By clearing
away poisons and acidity, it checks
colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation
and other ills.

Get a bottle today!
A WRITER swears the story is true, but you can judge for yourself.

It seems, according to the writer, that Walter Catlett was offered the role of a major in a picture for Howard Hughes.

"Nup," said Catlett. "Never."

"Why not?" asked the casting director.

"It’s a good part."

"I’ve played generals," said Catlett. "I’ve played colonels. I’ve played admirals. You can’t ask me to come down in the world and play a major."

The casting director thought the matter was serious. He took it up with everyone in sight. And, since it made no difference to the story, the major was solemnly promoted to the rank of colonel. The casting director rushed back to Catlett with the news.

"Okay," said the actor. "If I am good enough to play a colonel, I am good enough to get fifty bucks more a week." He got it.

AND after the smoke cleared away from the Ernst Lubitsch-Paramount fracas, there is Ernst right back on the Paramount lot again with $125,000 for his next picture and $130,000 for the second.

The famous Lubitsch touch!

IT was five o’clock. Sylvia Sidney wanted to quit work and Sylvia is the sort of girl who does as she pleases.

"Oh, I’m so tired," she mumbled, putting her hand to her face and rubbing it wearily across her forehead, eyes and cheeks.

"Look what you’re doing, Sylvia," the director shouted. "You’ll ruin your make-up."

Sylvia knew exactly what she was doing. The mascara was all rubbed off those eyelashes and made dark spots upon her cheeks. "Oh, I’m so sorry," Sylvia exclaimed, "It will take me an hour to put on a new make-up."

The director dismissed the company.

Now what are you going to do with a girl like that?

FOLKS who knew Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, those old close harmonizers who hobnobbed with royalty, are amazed at the change that has come over Vivian. The girls made millions and lost them. They were stage favorites for years and years. And the sisters were never separated. Not so long ago they had an offer for a vaudeville tour at $5,000 a week. Rosetta was thrilled at the chance to get back behind the footlights. But Vivian said "No," probably the first time she has ever said "No," to Rosetta.

Some day, maybe, they’ll be pointing to this house and saying, "So that’s where the famous star was born." It was here—the Manor House in

The New Bon Ton Tu-Way Foundations are available for every figure type. The Semi-Step-Ins retail from $3.50 to $8. The lovely All-in-One Dualite pictured sells for $7.50. It hugs your figure, yet gives freedom.

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO.
WORCESTER NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
TO TAN OR NOT TO TAN

A most perplexing problem this summer! Millions of exquisite young heads are pondering its pros and cons.

Shall we go coppery tan... and be carefree as young gypsies this summer... or shall we be fair and fascinating—unweathered—tan-free and freckle-free?

Helena Rubinstein, world-famous beauty authority, who summers on the Riviera and the Lido, and who guides every fashion in faces among the smartest set, says it is entirely an individual matter this season. If you look well with a coat of tan... she provides a sunburn oil that protects you from blottoing and burning—assuring you of an even, all-over tan. But if you are the type that freckles excessively or turns dark, swarthy... daily cleansing with her Pasteurized Bleaching Cream—and a protective film of her Sunproof Cream or Sunproof Beauty Foundation will safeguard your skin from freckles, tan, blotches and burns—and keep you fair as the angels all summer long.

With your tan "problem" settled, you can consider your facial beauty itself. Frequent daily cleansing with Pasteurized Bleaching Cream is a summer delight that you will not wish to forego. This cooling, penetrating, molding cream clears your skin and cleanses it as it has never been cleansed before.

A pore-deep, antiseptic purifier, it molds deep into hot, tired tissues—smooths out lines of fatigue—revitalizes important skin glands—purifies the millions of dust-laden ducts—and leaves your skin gloriously refreshed—exquisitely young. The same cream may be had without bleaching properties in Pasteurized Face Cream. Wherever you go this summer—Pasteurized Bleaching Cream, or Pasteurized Face Cream either for the oily or the dry skin—should go with you! A generous jar of either of these creams may be procured at one dollar—a practical tube at seventy-five cents.

Summer Make-up should include Sunproof Beauty Powder, a protective summer powder in a ravishing new shade, that is most becoming to all complexions. 1.50. Waterproof Cream Rouge in a special summer shade—very gay, flattering, youthful. 1.00. Automatic Indelible Lipstick to harmonize—and to nourish the lips. 1.00. Persian Eyelash Mascara (mascara) that stays on... in black, brown, blue or blue-green. 1.00. Eyelash Grower and Darkener. 1.00. For sublime self-confidence, Water Lily (Deodorant) Talc. 1.00.

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a stride on the natural arch bridge that
gives normal support to your natural
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fit your foot in action as superbly as
they do when the salesman tries them
on your foot. They mould suavely to
the arch and instep—cling comfortably to
the narrowest heel.

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you smiling today in Natural Bridge Shoes. Supply leathers—interesting
combinations—light and airy, slenderiz-
ing styles to delight the girl and woman
of fashion. Every one with the natural
arch bridge and natural combination
last to train the growing foot correctly;
to keep the adult foot youthful and
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Combination Last
Assuring Perfect Fit

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1932

THERE was loud rejoicing and clanging of
cymbals when word reached Hollywood that
little Renee Adoree, who has been battling for
her health for over a year in an Arizona sani-
tarium, is quite well again. She must remain
away from pictures for a few months, to get
her sea legs, as it were, but when she returns
there will be a royal welcome for the little
Melissande of "The Big Parade."

POOR One-Eyed Connelly, the
gate crasher, says things are so
tough that theater managers are
 actually giving him free tickets to
world premières instead of letting
him crash the gate.

REMEMBER that pudgy little Lina Bas-
quetté who got too much publicity and a
swelled head simultaneously? Well, Lina is
back in Hollywood—minus the excess weight
and carrying a load of humility. In fact, the
Basquette has a brand new personality that
makes her a charming young woman.
She arrived in Hollywood one Friday night and
began working in a picture Monday morning.

NORMAN KRASNA, the former
press agent who wrote the play
"Louder Please," received an offer
of $2,500 from one of the smaller
studios for the screen rights.
"Won't accept offer," Norman
wired back, "but I'll make you an
offer. I'll give you $80 for your
studio."

Quite burnt up the company an-
diewed, "We withdraw our offer."
And Norman wired back, "Very
well, I'll withdraw mine, too."

FOR that scene in "The Man Who Plays
God" where the explosion occurs and George
Arllis is seated at the piano, real dynamite was
used to produce the right effect.

An expert with TNT was there to see that
no accidents occurred. Arllis took his place
at the piano. The technician called, "Is every-
body clear?" When suddenly an electrician,
who had just come to work that morning
shouted from the rafters, "Everybody Okay
but that little guy at the piano. Get him out
of danger!"

And even George Arlliss thought it was funny.

ALL the folks with top hats and ermine
wraps felt pretty badly when Billy Haines
announced that when Tallulah Bankhead
stopped renting his big house and moved to
the beach he would rent his house again and
remain at his small apartment.

Bill saves money living at the apartment
because there is not room enough for him to
give those lavish affairs with paid enter-
tainers and a corsage of orchids for each lady
guest.

But they do say that Bill has become a bet-
ter actor on the screen since he stopped acting
at his own parties.

MAE CLARKE'S hospital assignment will
probably just be over by the time you read
this. Mae made eight pictures in one year,
one right after the other, and finished it
off with a complete nervous breakdown.

THE circus is going to have to struggle along
this summer without Tom Mix. Tom and
Tony are mighty satisfied with being back in
the films, I reckon, and even if Universal
doesn't exercise its option after Mix has fin-
ished the six for which he was signed, he's
going to produce his own Westerns and string
along in the Hollywood round-up.

PAUL LUKAS has a mania for stray dogs
and picks up every one he sees. One night
one of these pups got in an argument with his
pedigreed police dog and when Paul jumped in
to save the mongrel, Paul almost lost his right
hand. But the next night he brought home
another stray.

Marie Dressler has never had a dog. But
not long ago Maimie, Marie's faithful maid,
picked up a little pooch and fed it. Maimie,
knowing that Marie didn't care much for dogs,
kept it in the kitchen, until one evening when
it escaped and got into Marie's bedroom.

Just to prove that he really owns a dinner coat and doesn't always go
around in a collarless shirt and suspenders, Wally Beery got all dressed
up, and he and the missus stepped out to the opening of "The Wet Parade."
But they had to hurry away in case baby Caroline, their adopted daugh-
ter, cried during the night. Mrs. Beery is almost a platinum blonde.
Dressler looked at the poor animal. The dog wagged its tail briskly and came forward slowly.

Suddenly it leaped upon the bed and began licking Marie's face.

So now it's Marie's pup—and Maimie had better not claim it—and it sleeps in Marie's room every night.

HARRISON CARROLL tells the latest producer gag. The exec was enraged at some claims of one of his actors.

"What's that?" he boiled. "The fellow claims a verbal contract? Why, it ain't worth the paper it's written on."

"How can she wear underthings a second day? You wouldn't think any nice girl would take such a chance! Everybody perspires at least a little, and perspiration odor clings so... others notice it before you do yourself—"

Underthings absorb perspiration..Avoid offending—Protect daintiness this way

IT IS such an unforgivable offense! We hate to think we could be guilty. Yet we may offend without even realizing it.

Don't take chances! There is one sure, delightful way to know you're fresh and sweet. Lux removes every trace of perspiration acids and odors, yet its gentle suds save colors and fabrics, too. Protect your daintiness... Lux lingerie and stockings after each wearing. This fastidious habit takes only 4 minutes, or less!

LUX for underthings—saves fabrics
An Ex-Lax tablet is a little thing to look at—but it's a big thing in the lives of millions. These millions know enough not to trifle with their health. They do not believe that "any old laxative will do." When in need of a laxative, they find pleasant overnight relief in the delicious chocolate-colored Ex-Lax tablet which contains the laxative ingredient doctors approve.

**What would the Doctor tell you about Laxatives?**

The doctor will tell you that A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.
- It should not rush food through the stomach.
- It should not disturb digestion.
- It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.
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- It should not be habit-forming.

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Ex-Lax is a scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. Its only medicinal ingredient is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is internationally recognized by the medical profession.

And the special Ex-Lax formula combines a delicious chocolate base with this scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose. That accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

**Try Ex-Lax tonight!**

If you are taking the wrong kind of laxative now, you owe it to yourself to try the right kind—Ex-Lax. Your druggist sells Ex-Lax, 10c, 25c, 50c. Or mail coupon for free sample.

**Keep "regular" with Ex-Lax—**the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

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**Photoplay Magazine for June, 1932**

**Maybe** you saw a very amusing little animated cartoon called "Peg Leg Pete," in which cats, dogs and mice banded together on board ship and sang together in the most highly acceptable Gilbert and Sullivan light operatic manner.

Of course, even I knew that it wasn't those drawings doing that high class warbling. And I got out my pet pack of bloodhoundst to investigate.

I discovered a very earnest, very perspiring group of musicians who put the sound in the Terry-Toon Cartoons. There is a quartette of very serious gentlemen, all slightly bald and all wearing glasses, and a young lady with a high soprano. But they are splendid singers and the music, written by Philip Schels, is really very lovely, high class stuff.

But when you hear it upon the screen that little man, the one with the least hair of all, will be the leader of the mice throng who will bear down upon the cat king. The maddened cat king is a sweet looking little man in a dark blue suit and pince-nez. And they all work so hard.

**Over** in a corner sits a gentleman with a heavy black moustache who does nothing but flash a light on and off in time with the music. He, it seems, is called a "beater" and in some mysterious way that flashing light makes it possible for the cartoonist to fit action to the synchronization. The music is recorded first.

The short they were making the day I watched will be called "The Mad King" and I bet it will be swell. But I wonder what those singers think when they hear their voices—such nice voices, too—coming out of the mouths of pen and ink cats and mice.

**Those** make-up experts in Hollywood just lie awake nights thinking up new ways to torture the poor actors.

Jimmy Cagney was handed the role of a prize fighter in "Winner Take All." The cauliflower ears were easy. Just a lot of putty, that's all. But sinking Jimmy's nose into his face and making it look as if it had been broken seven or eight times was something else.

But these make-up boys won't yell "uncle" for a hard job. So a large wad of cotton wadding was placed beneath Jimmy's upper lip, next to the gum. That made his lip almost touch his nose. A few carefully drawn lines and shadows did up the broken looking effect in a nifty style. And Jimmy is afraid of himself when he's on a dark street.

It could only happen in Hollywood.

Two extras, strangers to each other, sauntered into the M-G-M commissary and found seats at the same table. One was dressed as a count with a red ribbon strung across his breast. The other was dressed shabbily, for he was playing a steerage passenger in a picture.

They got to talking and presently discovered that the man playing the count had recently arrived in America as a steerage passenger and the extra playing the steerage passenger was a real count with papers and credentials to prove it.

**When** Chic Sale attended the opening of "It's Tough to Be Famous" and was introduced by name the crowd jeered. "They can't get enough stars, so they're pulling fakes on us." For without the Uncle Joe Cannon beard Chic is a good looking man in his thirties with black hair and twinkling eyes.

**Genevievetobin's pet extravaganza** is shoes. They are all made to order by Gen's favorite bootmaker and never cost less than $100 a pair. But when you see those tiny feet in those cute shoes you can't blame the Tobin for her vanity.

**Remember** one of the screen's heart-breakers, Pat Somerset? He's now an extra at Paramount.

**Randolph Scott,** billed as the second Gary Cooper, is the Hollywood lad all the Hollywood girls are crazy for. Even Mrs. Vincent Astor, when she visited Hollywood, pronounced him the handsomest man she has seen. Pola Negri and Lupe Velez thought he was pretty fine, too. At the moment little Martha Sleeper is his steady girl friend.
Stop disagreeable washing...use KLEENEX disposable tissues

SUPPOSE someone asked you to dip your hands into a solution containing thousands of dangerous germs. You'd be horrified. You wouldn't dream of it.

Yet that is exactly what you do, every time you wash handkerchiefs, particularly those that have been used during colds. Perhaps you've thought there was no escape from this repulsive job. That is no longer true—since the discovery of Kleenex.

A disposable handkerchief
Kleenex is truly a health handkerchief. It is disposable...therefore there is no washing. You need not handle loathsome germs.

But—even more important to your health—you need use each tissue only once. Kleenex costs so little. Each tissue costs but the merest fraction of a cent. So you can destroy each tissue, germs and all, as soon as it is used. You don't endanger yourself from self-infection. You don't hide germs away in laundry bags, to spread through other clothing.

Valuable for children
Children especially need Kleenex. They need protection from self-infection because they catch cold so easily, and so often develop complications. And every mother knows how children lose handkerchiefs.

The cost of Kleenex is now so low that everyone can use it liberally. Buy several packages.

Try some of the other uses for Kleenex! Use a tissue to smooth in rouge and lipstick, and wipe off surplus powder. Use a tissue to apply ointments; as a simple bandage for minor wounds. You'll find Kleenex at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES
Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!
Cry all you like -this new mascara is **WATERPROOF**

Even the teariest talkie can't spoil your eye make-up if you use Liquid Wix. It is the one mascara that's really waterproof—that won't smudge or run—ever.

And how it flatters eyes! It makes your lashes look dark—long—full. It keeps them soft. Men are captivated by such lashes.

Liquid Wix is easy to apply. Beauty authorities recommend... 75¢ at all drug and department stores... Or send 10c for the Vanity Size. It's enough for at least a month.

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Dept. 211, New York, N. Y.

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Yvonne Vallée (Mrs. Maurice Chevalier to you) and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford to you) caught by the cameraman as Mary was seeing her pal off on the French liner *Ile de France*. Having successfully protected her Maurice from the gossip about his fondness for Frau Dietrich, she's off for that dear France and home, with a smile.
actresses, who even get to the point of being tested, ever make the grade on the screen. But it's worth it to the producers, for if one potential star is discovered the producers are rewarded.

Do you remember Dorothy Phillips who once shone so brightly in her husband Alan Hollublar's pictures? Funnily enough, Dorothy looks just about as young and lovely now as she did then, even if she is the mother of a seventeen year old girl.

Dorothy is different from lots of screen mamas. Soon as Gwendolyn is graduated from school she wants the girl to have a try at pictures. And Dorothy can give her lots of good advice.

Constance Cummings believes in a nip of Scotch to add chic to a blue satin frock. Plaid is used for an interestingly draped scarf and as pleat linings for the skirt. A short Eton jacket shows sleeves and front of a tan silk blouse. Satin is being boomed for general daytime wear.

Just Why—

Millions of lovely girls and women are enjoying Wrigley's delicious Double Mint as the easiest, quickest and most pleasant of Facials. Beauty specialists say that chewing tones up tired, lazy facial muscles and puts new life into saggy, sleepy tissues. Try it yourself. Begin today.

It's a fact—Double Mint relaxes tense lines. That's why it's so popular in Hollywood.
MAGINE cowboy Buck Jones' amazement—to see himself advertised in front of the theater where he was making a personal appearance: "After Tomorrow" Buck Jones in Person. And he was working there that very night. But Buck didn't mind so much for "After Tomorrow" was the picture in which Marian Nixon got such a good break. Buck is sort of proud of Marian. She got her start being his leading woman in horse operas.

PHILLIPS HOLMES lives in the smallest house in Beverly Hills. It is just three and a half rooms, but beautifully furnished.

WHEN Chester Morriss' little son, Brooks, had to have his tonsils out papa Chester told the kid that he was going to a masquerade party where everyone was to dress in white and that they were even going to a hospital to ask the doctors to come.

This delighted Brooks who went down the corridors, brave as a lion tamer, until an intern stopped them in the hall to say, "Well, little man, so you're going to have your tonsils out?"

But before Brooks had time to realize what it was all about Chester was chasing the frightened intern down the corridor, while Brooks looked on, in great glee, at his daddy running after a funny man all over the place.

HEDDA HOPPER wonders why it is that she is never hungry when it comes time for her to order her lunch at the M-G-M commissary.

Well, I haven't any physician's license and my name isn't Arrowsmith, but I can diagnose Hedda's case. She is one of those popular girls who go from table to table greeting friends and snatching an olive here and a potato chip there. Every meal is just a buffet supper to Hedda.

SOMEBODY—maybe it was old Cal himself in a weak moment—printed the story that European women sold their hair to the wig makers of Hollywood. It was perfectly true, but immediately after the little item got into print hundreds of women in the United States wrote to the studio offering their hair for sale. And the studio had to write back begging them to keep their golden locks. It's against the Federal law to sell domestic hair.

BILL POWELL'S favorite leading woman is Kay Francis. She has made five pictures with him and Bill says she can go right on as far as he is concerned. Powell had one other leading woman he liked as well as Kay but he married her. That was, of course, Carole Lombard.

WELL, I wish you could see ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville between scenes of the comedy they're making, with their heads together discussing diets for babies. Slim and his Missus have just adopted a baby boy and ZaSu is one of the best mothers in the business.

WHEN a young actor named Lyelle Talbot had a test made at Warners' studio he did a scene from "Louder Please," one of the plays burlesqueing Hollywood. Lyelle is a serious young man. He had been playing in the piece down in Texas and he thought it would show what he was able to do, histrionically.

He chose the scene where the publicity director and the producer are having a heated quarrel and did not know, until a couple of weeks later, that the character of the producer was a satirical replica of the man in whose studio Lyelle wanted a job. Jack Warner was the man. But Jack saw the test. Thought it was a great gag. And signed the boy at once.

AMONG the many lovely things Janet Gaynor brought back from Europe is a gorgeous shade of red hair for herself. And you should see the new Janet Gaynor bob. Very short and full of twirls and curls. And with those brown eyes and those cute freckles, maybe Janet isn't a honey with that red hair?

HARLIE ALBRIGHT had to order a new hat a couple of sizes larger than the old one. For while he was making a scene in "Successful Calamity," George Arliss' new flicker, the star stood by and watched.

When the director had called, "Cut," Arliss went over to Hardie and said, "My boy, that is the loveliest scene I have ever seen done in pictures."
They call it "Athlete's Foot" but it isn't a joking matter

"Athlete's Foot"
preys on millions of people

Before the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."

Here is another: Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Write for free sample

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

For Sunburn, too!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

Absorbine Jr.
for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

You had better brush up on your marine signals, boys, if you want to catch the message Adrienne Dore is flashing. There's nothing retiring about Adrienne, her white sweater carries in red, white and blue some such message as "Yoo hoo, come on over!"

Brother against brother sounds like the plot for a movie but big Vic McLaglen didn't think so much of the idea when his brother sued him in the Los Angeles courts for $90,000 damages, claiming Vic spread false rumors about him.

But the jury voted for Vic and another little family squabble is ended. That's a strange family—a very intense sort of family. Upon occasion those brothers seem to love and admire each other but they have had some terrific verbal battles—and some that weren't verbal.

Barbara Kent decided to bob her hair and did. The next day she got a good part in "The Killer," provided she had long hair. So she simply took the locks she had cut off, curled them and pinned them back on her head.

You'd better remember the name—Michele Bridget Farmer—for she might be a big star some day.

Anyhow, that's what Gloria Swanson's baby girl was christened. The Michele is for the baby's father, Michael, and the Bridget is simply because it's the most Irish name in the book and Farmer is Irish.

Hollywood won't have a look at the baby for some months, for Gloria is going to remain in England for quite a spell and maybe, like Corinne Griffith, do a picture there.
ART OR CASH

I think some of the screen players take a very bad attitude with their supercilious, "Of course, it isn't art and I'd rather be doing
something more intellectual, but I'm just in
the movies until I make my million," and "It's
a great racket and I'm in it for all the coin I
can grab." When I hear that one of the stars
has said this I lose interest.

If they despise their work and everything
connected with it except the salary, they might
at least have the good taste to keep that fact
to themselves.

R. E. CLARK, Ontario, Canada

SELF CONSCIOUSNESS GONE

The movies make one determined to get
down to the business of exercising and taking
facials. They also help me to overcome my
particular bug-a-boo, self consciousness.

Merely coming in contact with sales people
or having to stand up for my own rights makes
me tongue tied and red in the face, but just
observing how an actress gets herself out of a
tight place bucku up my poise.

When I begin to feel the effects of a dedated
go, I treat myself to a movie starring an ac-
tress with poise. It works invariably.

JULIE HERMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

A SECOND CHANEY

We all agreed with Mary Pickford's state-
ment, "There will never be another Lon Chan-
ey," until we saw a picture of Creighton Chan-
ey in the April issue of Photoplay. Go to it,
Creighton, you certainly have your father's
eyes. Best of luck.

MRS. GEORGE TRALLIAMER, Dubuque, Iowa

APPLAUSE FOR LUBITSCH

I want to add my bit of praise for a thing of
beauty. I refer to the Ernst Lubitsch produc-
tion, "Broken Lullaby." It is as though the
canvas of a great master were endowed with
life and depicted with colors both sombre and
glowing a great and poignant theme.

While such as Lubitsch direct the move-
ments of a cast it is ridiculous for any person
to rise up and call the movies "entertainment
for morons."

E. JANE GIBSON, Rochester, N. Y.

SO WHAT, NORMA?

Why, oh why, doesn't Norma Shearer allow
a picture of her baby to be published? We all
would like to see him. Is it such a crime to be
a mother? All fans admire her, but don't like
the attitude she takes on her baby. Nor-
ma's popularity is waning for many reasons.

Mrs. J. LAMANNA, New York City

HOW ABOUT HER LEGS?

The way Marlene Dietrich rolls her eyes in
that ridiculous manner is both unnatural and
unbecoming. Many other stars have eyes just
as lovely as hers and yet they do not flaunt
them before their audiences. Perhaps if Miss
Dietrich would concentrate more time on act-
ing and less on her orbs her audience would be
more appreciative.

LILLIAN NORWICH, Buffalo, N. Y.

WE DON'T BELIEVE IT

Perhaps you won't believe it but some of us
fans are fed up on Marie Dressler, Norma
Shearer and Joan Crawford.

EVE LOURIN, New York City

DON'T DANCE, GARBO

Why was Garbo cast as a dancer in "Grand
Hotel"? We shall see Garbo's ungraceful form
struggling through the motions of a dance
during the experienced dancer, Joan Crawford,
will be cast as a stenographer wasting her grace-

That earnest young man peeping into the camera is not a studio photog-
rapher. He is Prince Lennart, grandson of the King of Sweden, another
of the royal visitors on Corinne Griffith's set in London. Corinne, in
black, is posing for the prince. Directly behind her stands Mrs. Robert
B. Woodward, wife of the prince. You'll be seeing Corinne in "Lily Christine"
Hollywood has gone so intellectual that you wouldn't know the old place. It was a great day for the highbrows when Elissa Landi came to town and word sort of leaked out that she was the author of a couple of books, published in England. And then, before you could put on a make-up, bookstores started advertising "House For Sale" written by Elissa Landi. Here she is autographing one of the first copies for director Henry King.

ful form and beauty on the typewriter keys. Why wasn't the casting of this picture reversed?

Hannah Carey, Scottsville, N. Y.

GOOD WORK, DR. LEW!

A close friend of mine had been in a serious condition because of her refusal to undergo an operation. Recently in "The Impatient Maiden" she saw Lew Ayres, as a doctor, perform an operation and noticing the ease and systematic methods employed by both the doctor and nurses she overcame some of the prejudices against operations and submitted to her own operation.

Irene Olah, Cleveland, Ohio

NOT SO GOOD, LEW!

Why doesn't Universal give Lew Ayres something worthwhile to do? We don't expect an "All Quiet on the Western Front" every time but why must he be wasted on such trifling things as his recent pictures? "Heaven on Earth" was pretty bad, but this latest atrocity "Impatient Maiden" is an insult to an intelligent audience.

Sylvester Garritt, South Bend, Ind.

AROUND THE GLOBE

Why don't we see more of Ricardo Cortez? I haven't seen many of his pictures but certainly would go to any theater where his films were being shown. His acting is absolutely perfect.

B. Ahee, Suva, Fiji Islands

I love Joan Crawford's smile. I wish she would play dramatic roles with a laughing face. Joan is my favorite actress, but I wish she would laugh a little more.

Note: Mitsche, The Hague, Holland

YOU GIRLS WHO HAVE OILY HAIR have an entirely different shampoo problem from anyone else. The thousands of oil glands in your scalp (900 to each square inch, you know) have become floabby. They let the oil spil over. They flood the hair and keep it in that stringy, greasy condition that makes it impossible to arrange in an attractive frame for the face.

Packer has developed a shampoo for you especially to meet this condition of over-oily hair. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, containing the ingredients which make Packer's Tar Soap so beneficial to the scalp, is also mildly astringent. It helps restore the oil glands to normal activity.

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo as often as it gets greasy. You will find the regular home treatment a satisfying way to help restore the normal beauty of your hair.

IF YOUR HAIR IS TOO DRY use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This special shampoo for dry hair contains soothing, softening ingredients that help to offset the oil deficiency and make the hair lustrous and smoothly manageable.

NEW! PACKER'S SCALPTONE—the first tonic that is really your own prescription for your own hair. Make it astringent for oily hair, or oily for dry hair—simple directions with each bottle tell how.


PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

1 OILY HAIR: Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo
2 DRY HAIR: Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo
There must have been a great sorrow in Clark Gable's life. He vibrates sympathy, Handsome is a commonplace way to describe his type. As the man who grins and bears it Clark Gable will travel far, but where, we suspect, he will go. His look promises more than others. I'm certain that wealth will not spoil him.

CHRISTINA NADARASA, Colombo, Ceylon

I live in a rather small town not far from Zurich. The films we see and hear are German. Isn't it possible for some American films to be shown here? Fortunately I read about the American film industry in Photoplay but that is not sufficient. I want to hear the real people speaking.

We saw Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie." Of course, she talked German. Marvelous! Isn't it possible the others can talk German, too, or French?

JETTY PEIKERT, Zug, Switzerland

Surely any actor who is to take Valentino's place must bear some resemblance to him. The resemblance that Clark Gable bears to Valentino is negligible.

Producers in Hollywood claim to have discovered various second Valentinos, such as Ivan Lebedeff, but I am convinced that the only man who could possibly take Rudolph Valentino's place is Ricardo Cortez.

Good looking, a fine actor and a great lover, Cortez has been wasted on gangster parts and petty villains.

B. DEANE, London, England

A bouquet for Sally O'Neil. "The Brat" was wonderful—such a relief from the practiced and heavy acting of Chatterton; quite as sweet as Gaynor and with more vivacity and humor than both.

BETTY WRIGHT, Seabliff, Australia

I thought it interesting that when the great actor, Charlie Chaplin, visited Egypt and was asked which of his pictures he liked best, he answered, "The Gold Rush." This is the picture I want to be remembered by." — BASS FRANCOULIS, Cairo, Egypt

Don't any of the audience who write about "Mata Hari" happen to have noticed that Ramon Novarro is in the picture? "Mata Hari" has not been shown in this country yet, but I'm dying to see it. Not because of Greta Garbo but because Ramon Novarro, who is the most fascinating and lovable personality on the screen, is in it.

C. Bartelheim, London, England

We are glad to see the best American pictures, but the production leaders ought to realize that one good actor or star doesn't make a picture.

Pictures like "Trader Horn" and "All Quiet on the Western Front" are a credit to their creators. Maurice Chevalier is a great favorite. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have many friends in Sweden. So have Mary and Doug and Charlie Chaplin. Our general opinion is that the stories for Greta Garbo are, for the most part, not good enough.

Photoplay Magazine is most appreciated, especially among the young people who want to live in contact with American film production.

KURT PALSSON, Nassjo, Sweden
It is difficult to understand why Americans should rave over foreign actresses like Garbo, Dietrich, or Landi when they have so many of their own who are better. Here in this country, thousands of miles from Hollywood, Garbo cuts little ice. It may interest you to know that among the women stars Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, Marion Davies, Joan Bennett, Barbara Stanwyck and Marie Dressler are most popular.

C. H. Fortune, Dunedin, New Zealand

The recent onslaught upon Jean Harlow leaves me bewildered. We in quiet England think that Jean is worth all your Bennetts, Garbos, Dietrichs, Crawfords etc., whom I, for one, would not walk or ride two hundred yards to see and Oh! to hear.

Over here Jean's popularity will soon reach that of Mary Pickford's in her heyday. If America doesn't want Jean, I wish she'd jolly well pack up and come over here.

G. Rogers, Caldmore, England

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NEVER LET AN EVENING... OR A DRESS... BE RUINED BY PERSPIRATION

Many times a woman has gone to great trouble to make an impression of dainty loveliness and, when the party was over, come to the bitter realization that perspiration had ruined her appearance and permanently stained her gown.

YOU CAN DEPEND UPON Dew...

THE ORIGINAL instant NON-PERSPIRANT

When you dress, remember this instant non-perspirant and deodorant. DEW is applied quickly with the improved sanitary applicator. It dries quickly. It takes effect immediately. You and your clothes are completely protected from perspiration moisture and stains. DEW has been the one choice of thousands of women for years because they know it will not irritate a tender skin or injure fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. DEW comes to you in a beautiful, new flask for your dressing table. At all drug and department stores.

DEW instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads

The case of Nils Asther is one of the strangest in all Hollywood. Before talkies he was almost as much a rave as Gable is today. Then came the microphone era, Nils had a Swedish accent and—pfft—his career sputtered like a Klieg light. Now he has learned English and made a comeback. What a comeback—a lead with Crawford in "Letty Lynton." Incidentally, Nils' wife, Vivian Duncan, gave up a $5,000 a week vaudeville tour to be with Nils and baby...
See what Smart Bathers are wearing today!

The news is spreading fast... ALLEN-KNIT Swim Suits have set the season's pace in style and value! Every suit is full two-ply fabric, knit on spring needle machines to assure perfect, lasting fit. Men's and boys' suits 100% pure wool; Women's and misses' suits 100% pure French spun zephyr. Prices are a pleasant surprise. ALLEN-KNIT Swim Suits, in a variety of smart models and colors, at leading dealers' everywhere.

TWO-PLY ALLEN-KNIT Swim Suits

Women's and Misses' $2.95, Boys' $2.50

Product of The Allen-A Co., Kenosha, Wisconsin

BELLEVUE STRATFORD

PHILADELPHIA

Rates consistent with present times

CLAUSE H. BENNETT
General Manager

“NERVES”

Are You Always Excited? Fidgeted? Worrying? Gloomy? Peevish?

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N. 232, FLATIRON BLDG., N. Y. C.

Use Common Sense, Says Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

the thickened gravy go. No thickened soups, no rich desserts. Just have baked apples and stewed fruits and—if you don't get enough that way—buy apples and eat one or two at night. There—now that's just common sense, isn't it?

And you could have doped it out yourselves as easily as I could tell you.

But never mind, don't feel badly. I know that when you're fat and want to reduce you clutch at anything, but I wish that you'd only ask me really vital and important things in your letters and spend the time that you spend in writing in taking exercises and improving yourselves.

NOW, there's your bawling out! You wouldn't feel right if your Aunt Sylvia didn't do that at least once in an article, would you? So now to answer the question I know you all want to hear.

The most persistent pleas this month are, "How can I reduce my bust?" and "How can I make my bust firm?"

Here is the absolute, sure way of reducing the bust, but wait until warm weather comes to do it. You'll feel much better if you do. Three days in succession do this: Wrap the bust immediately after you get up in the morning drink a glass of hot or cold water. Two hours later drink six ounces of buttermilk and two hours later drink another six ounces. Do this, if possible, until back to your natural size. Do this for three days in the week, in succession. On the other four days keep up my diet, but eat very little meat, plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits. Eat no starches and avoid soups or water with meals. This never fails.

Take your chest measure before you start and keep this up—three days on the buttermilk diet and four days on the regular diet, with the changes I've just given you, until your measure is what you want it to be.

Now when you've reduced your bust will be inclined to be flabby. Remember that the muscles have been so stretched that they can't snap back at once. But don't mind if the bust is a little flabby, so long as it is thin. Get good brassieres and foundation garments that hold you up and carry yourself well.

And now, when the bust is thin enough, begin to make the effort to make it firm. This requires unlimited patience. But a saggy bust can be built up, and you'll find an exercise on these pages to show you how to do it. It requires unlimited patience and persistence and lots of concentration on that muscle. The bust is most stubborn, but persistence will show great improvement on a flabby bust.

I've also given you this month an exercise for taking off weight from the shoulders and back. Do this carefully.

The exercise to reduce the thighs is the same one I've given for hips. If you want your legs fatter do a little tap dancing. Ride a bicycle—a real one—or lie on the floor and use your legs as if you were riding one. Climbing stairs is another excellent way to develop the legs. And that exercise that you all know—hands at right angles, raise heels, take a squatting position, stand upright, lower heels and repeat. You know that one. That's excellent for building up legs and thighs.

But don't ever for one minute get discouraged. I want you to make yourselves as beautiful as you can, but there are handicaps that can't be overcome. Then look at the stars that even a perfect bust never gives you. Galbraith has a big bust. She is unwise to undress before the camera and many of her greatest admirers (of whom I am one) have mentioned this to me. Galbraith has a big, masculine-looking frame and yet she is adored by millions. Watch how she dresses, how she carries herself. If you are handicapped with a big frame, do everything you can to be attractive, but don't ever get discouraged. Galbraith's figure is not perfect by a long shot and yet there are thousands who would love to have Galbraith's fame and fortune.

Galbraith uses her brains. Nobody tells her what to wear. She figures that out herself, knowing her defects. And see how lovely she looks. That should give you encouragement.

A COUPLE of months ago I gave you some exercises to make your face firm and lovely. You can mould your face, you know, exactly as you mould your body. Here's a brief review of what I gave you.

With plenty of cold cream and using the tips of the fingers in a rotary motion and with very gentle pressure, go over the whole face concentrating on laughing wrinkles, crow's feet and lines under the eyes (but be very gentle when you work under the eyes). Then, working upwards, press as hard as you can, making your fingers throb like an electric vibrator, at the temples, just under the jaw bone and right between the brows. This will stimulate the lymph glands which get the spot between your breasts and also loosen the neck muscles by digging in with your fingers on the back of your neck and at the back of your shoulders. This is excellent for the nerves.

That is the basis of everything and should begin every facial. You'll find this month a little addition to the description of how to shape your nose. And also there's a picture and a massage for that bane of woman's existence—the flabby double chin. A double chin can absolutely be tightened up and you'll have to follow my instructions. The flabby chin is a bit more difficult and requires more persistence. But it can be done. You can do it yourself.

But here are some things to remember while you're working to make your face firm and beautiful. Comedians have funny faces because they "mugg" all the time. So avoid using that smile when you talk. Keep your face in repose as much as you can without losing your vitality. Don't take any facial exercises. Your ten fingers and your common sense are ten times as effective as anything else. When you exercise your hands, make use of it, mould it, to keep your skin lovely and young and the muscles under your face smooth. But be as calm as possible.

If your hands are wrinkled massage them with plenty of feeding cream every night. Massage each finger with the other hand as if you were pulling on a tight glove. Then sleep in loose chamois gloves. Don't wash the hands in hot water—use warm instead—and dry them thoroughly, using a good hand lotion after every washing.

NOW, a word to those who are under a doctor's care. If you have a disease of any sort, you must be patient and you must be the very best patient you can manage. My methods are perfectly harmless. In fact one woman wrote in to tell me that her doctor, who had opposed the eighteen day diet vigorous, gave up and said that he had seen all the patients who had been under him that he has ever seen, and has all the necessary foods that a system demands. Another woman wrote that one of my patients had absolutely cured a sore spot in her breast that she had had for years. But you must obey the doctor first, and if you are getting well of a serious illness, you must obey the doctor. Also remember that if you are very much out of proportion and my diet has not reduced you in proportion, you probably have gland trouble and you should see a doctor.

So girls, there you are for this month.
month watch out for my article, for I have some things to tell you that I’ve been saving up for a long time. Hop to it, now, and more power to you!

Previous Articles By Sylvia In PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber up the body and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.

Fortimately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this dingy coating and let the sparkle and rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with “new life” and sparkle with that “gloss and lustre” which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

Mulsified COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Gives your hair an alluring loveliness—unobtainable by ordinary washing.

Why proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it soft and silky, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

The Star of Stars

[Continued from page 47]

of the “Hi, Mickey!” greeting which is the high-sign of every true-blue Mouser. That concludes the rites and ceremonies of the lodge. Then the movies begin. All have been placed on by responsible elders of the neighborhood. There’s a cartoon, or a serial chapter, or a two-reel comedy. Then comes a specially selected feature.

One more ringing cheer for good old mighty Mickey Mouse and Club’s out till next Saturday.

What a boon to youngsters and parents alike.

The kids have had two hours of good, clean, variegated fun—Mamma knows that Jane and Junior haven’t been falling under trucks. And the cost is a dime a member—a mere pittance when you think of the big badges!

The clubs are spreading like leaping measles. In August this year the Texas clubs will hold a state convention, attended by the honorable governor of the state.

But pooh! He won’t have as big a badge as the Royal Grand Chief Mickey Mouse! You can bet on that, kids!
Lost Her Boy
Friends Because of

And all this began with a comic little cartoon figure, brain-baby of Walt Disney. In a couple of years 2,000,000 American kids will be running their own shows, and seeing good movies, every week, under the banner of Mickey the Great. It’s almost unbelievable.

Yet there it is. And Walt’s probably doing all right, too.

We can only stand amazed at Mickey’s sway. He’s all over the world, in the hearts of children—and amusing the oldsters, too. All ages and conditions surrender to his quaint appeal.

Mickey Mouse, in short, is king of the movies.

Who is this Garbo or Gorbu, that people talk about?

She Wants to Be Funny

[continued from page 40]

| Mon. | Dog clipped | $5.00 |
| Tues. | Chewing gum (3 packages) | .10 |
| Gas | .05 |
| Wed. | 2 Chewing Gum (can get same at other drug store 3 for .10) | .10 |
| Car washed | .00 |
| Candy | .25 |

But Una declares the funniest thing that happened to her was the fact she ups and marries Ronald Burton, a young aviation engineer, the day after she completed “The Impatient Maid.”

“Remember in ‘The Impatient Maid,’ Andy Devine and I are married at the last, and I say to Andy that I jus’ can’t marry him as I have no trousseau and Andy swears he’ll buy me a pair on the way to the church? Well, my wedding was just like that. No trousseau, and we didn’t even stop to buy a pair on the way to the church. And I haven’t bought any yet. Here I am. A bride. And I’m wearing the same three nighties I always had. No romance about me. I guess,” she sighs.

Her mother stood looking over the other day. “Una,” she finally said, “you jus’ naturally have no glamour. You’re too practical for a movie actress. Why don’t you go out and get yourself a little glamour, child?”

“Aw,” Una grinned, clutching that little book marked MONEY EARNED, “I don’t care anything about being glamorous.” (How I wish I could write that Merkel accent!) The grin widened.

“I jus’ want to be funny.”

Hoo-hoo, Mr. Postman, what would you do if you found a letter addressed like this some morning? Honest to Betsy, a letter from Montreal, Canada, bearing only these characters and the words, “Hollywood, California,” was duly delivered to the Hal Roach Studio to Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel. But don’t you try it. The Post-Office has put a ban on this sort of thing.
"Scarface" Paul Muni

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

The dictionary is his favorite book. He collects dictionaries. Has four hundred and fifty volumes, all sizes and many languages.

He speaks and writes Yiddish and reads German.

Stopping to talk to cops is one of his hobbies. Another of his cute tricks is to tie up traffic on Broadway. He likes to pretend that he's a hick just in town. He stands in the middle of the avenue, staring at the buildings and the electric signs until a cop arrives to find out what the trouble is.

CANT pass a stationery store. Will stop to look into the window the same as a woman stops to look at a dress shop. Always enters to buy something, even if it's only rubber-bands.

He has a novel way of rehearsing his part for a play or picture. He reclines on a sofa and reads his role into a dictaphone. Then he plays the record and listens to the inflections of his voice and his diction.

After studying the record he stands and enacts the part into the dictaphone. Thus he is able to hear Paul Muni playing a role and know how he sounds. He's his own critic.

You ought to get him to play some of the records he made when he rehearsed "Scarface." Many of them are not in the cut version which is now being shown. But there is enough good stuff in the picture to make Paul Muni the screen's latest tough guy, who should be paying commissions to Al Capone.

Here's a fresh-from-Hollywood fad that thousands of girls will copy. Mary Carlisle is wearing a nifty little belt—nice for sports or more dressy clothes—made entirely of cellophane wrappers from cigarettes. And, what's more, Mary did it herself, by folding the cellophane into squares and then making them into a rack design. She collected the wrappers from the cigarette packages of Clark Gable, Jack Gilbert, Wally Beery and lots of other famous stars.
Close-Ups on the Hollywood Fashion Picture

by Seymour

If Motoriug Makes Your Eyes Burn... do this for quick relief!

When you return from motoring or other outdoor exposure with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes, here's the way to get quick, safe relief. Simply apply a few drops of harmless eye drops and the irritation and redness will disappear in a jiff.

Remember, too, that Murine is the favorite eye cleanser and brillianter of famous stage and screen stars. Used daily, it keeps eyes always clear, bright and alluring. 150 applications cost only 60¢ at drug and department stores. Contains no belladonna.

MAKE THIS TEST! Drop Murine in one eye only... then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!

Murine For Your Eyes

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Old Town Boats are rife and rugged. A heavy motor does not drag on the stern or shake it. Each boat is designed for speed and comfort... built to last for many years.

Write for free catalog illustrating many models (as low as $90). Sporting types; big, fast, all-wood, seaworthy boats for family use. Also dinghies; rowboats; canoes. Old Town Canoe Co., 326 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

Photographers: Earn Real Money

Prepare NOW for a well-paid position or be alumni of your own, Ltd. limited opportunities. Start working work. FREE BOOK tells how you can qualify as a Motion Picture Camera and Projectionist. Reach photographers and photo finishers. New York Institute of Photography. 10 W. 33rd St. (Dept. 38) New York, N.Y.

Alviene School of THEATRE

Card CULTURAL exhibits for personal development—Virtue, 27th Ave. and Grand Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla. Seward, W. W. and Sedgewick, Vermont, Vt. and England. Immediate and extensive training. For catalog apply P. O. Box, 6 W. 8805 St., N. Y.

A Studio Monk Makes a Plea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

UR friend Lila Tashman certainly must tap fashion wires to be as far in advance of trends as she always is. Over a year ago, before short evening wraps became the rage they are now, Lila caused a sensation gossiping with a short velvet cape which she wore casually draped about her shoulders. That cape, a season later, was seen everywhere about town—and it's still going strong.

Then Lila again appeared at a Hollywood premiere in the cape of capes. It was elbow length and made entirely of silver fox skins. Decidedly a luxury item—but the fans must have been saving up the necessary funds or something because that very cape is a current wow in evening fashions.

And speaking of Lila—the impassioned pen of a society editor who saw her recently at the Mayfair Club in New York, described her as looking like a Grecian maid. The dress she was wearing struck a new note in color. The satin fabric was colored a peculiar shade that is best described as a mud tone. You can imagine the effect with Lila's startling hair and skin coloring.

ELISSA LANDI is sporting an interesting variation of the classic mink coat (see this week's) she wore as a full-fashioned mink stole, five skins wide and finished with mink tails at the ends. It is especially striking when worn with a white crepe frock and the neckline and placketage of which is edged with a mink band. Feet: the latest recruits to the "wrapped in cellophane" vogue. Cellophane shoes are being shown in all manner of styles for summer. Needless to say they are the lightest foot-weAR imaginable. The cellophane is woven firmly and reinforced with kid.

JOAN CRAWFORD's fall for wearing crisp white piqué accents has extended to gloves now. Smart Hollywood hands are wearing mesh gloves that have flaring cuffs of white piqué. They are a knockout with the summery looking clothes everyone is wearing out here these days.

Turn back the pages and take a good look at the hat Madge Evans is sporting on our cover this month. Now here's the story about it.

Doris Kenyon saw this hat in Paris and wasn't happy until she had it. When she wore it in New York, heads turned on the street and envious feminine eyes coveted it. Then Doris let May Allison copy it because her lovely blonde hair showed through the clever crown slit as strikingly as Doris's did. Now the hat has caused such a smart furor that it deserved the special showing which Madge Evans is giving it here.

HERE's something that I'll bet you didn't know about Mr. George Arliss. He acts as fashion arbiter on every costume that the fair feminine leads of his pictures wear! He personally passes on every garment before it ever appears before the camera. Who says that men never notice what women wear? How would you like to wear thirty-five pounds of clothing at one time? Miriam Hopkins does this neat trick in her new picture. She plays a Russian refugee who tries to save as many of her belongings as possible. Miriam being practically pint size anyway you can imagine how she looks wearing thirteen or more pieces of clothing at one time.

Orange and black was the unusual and startling color scheme which Barbara Stanwyck recently elected to wear at a Mayfair Club gathering. An orange taffeta bodice of brief proportions topped a black crepe gown. Three bows at one side and wide shoulder straps trimmed the bodice. Deeply cutout sandals in orange completed Barbara's ensemble.

At the same party, Norma Talmadge wore a print of a kind she is wearing today that is fast becoming an outstanding note in evening gowns. A chinchilla capelet topped this as a wrap.

WORD came from Paris, where Ina Claire did her shopping, that she picked out one of those tiny short blouses which are the rage, in a pale orange linen. She plans to wear it with a deeper red wool suit. She also ordered a black town dress, the chest of which is completely covered by white gardenias.

Marlene Dietrich is promoting the all-white vogue by wearing a tailored white flannel suit with a topcoat of the same material. Don't overlook flannel in your summer fashion plans.

Constance Bennett went to tea in a casual costume the other day. She wore yellow pajamas topped by a white coat. Connie likes pajamas for all sorts of formal and informal uses.

The monk was falling asleep. I nudged him with my pencil.

"By the way," I said, "just for the record, what is your real name, exactly? I've heard them call you 'Tarzan' and 'Chita' and 'Hey you'!"

"DON'T tell a soul," said the monk, dropping his eyes under the desk, "but it's Mary Lou. You can call me 'Baby'. Cap does." 

"A little girl?" I said, blushing.

"Yes, and that's what burns me up. No S. A—that's my trouble. Do you blame me for feeling low? It hurts a girl's pride!"
“Cheer up, Baby,” I said. “Better luck in the sequel. Personally, I think you gave a much better show than Weissmuller.”

“No kidding?” said the chimp, flopping wearily into her oversized suitcase. “Well, I’ll be seeing you on the lot. Don’t take any burned peanuts.”

“So long, Mary Lou. No scratching at the dinner table.”

CAP Phifer and Company, bearing the sad simian, went out into the New York afternoon. I was left alone with our audience. 

“Well,” said Carolyn Van Wyck, “there’s only one left. It must be Hall.”

“You’re mad,” said Seymour, the Photoplay style hound, “I’m positive it’s the monk.”

I did not comment. I was too sad. My soul ached for Mary Lou, the Melancholy Monk— who had a picture stolen from her by a mere swimmer’s manly charms—who had found that she lacked Sex Appeal!

Leila Hyams isn’t worried about getting a seat at the Olympics this summer—she carries hers right along with her! Incidentally Leila is wearing what is known as smart spectator sports togs. Her striped jacket is brown and white, her skirt brown wool and her comfortable ghillie oxfords are in brown shades, also

THE NEW FORMAL
—WITH INVISIBLE FORM-FIT TIE

- Backs are tremendously important this year. Witness the new Jantzen Formal—featured suit of the Southern beaches during the Palm Beach season. A chic back design with formal effect, contrasting shoulder straps and smart knitted belt—an ingenious adjustable draw cord in the back hem to assure a perfect fitting back always. Typically Jantzen in its smooth, comfortable, perfect fit. Jantzen quality is the highest and prices lowest in Jantzen history. You’ll find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on the label of every genuine Jantzen. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

Leila Hyams

Photoplay Magazine for June, 1932

FASHION SWIMS IN A PERFECT-FITTING JANTZEN
The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[continued from page 60]

I had planned this month to tell you something about the charm of Ann Harding and her love for Harry Bannister, but that fantastic announcement of their divorce knocked that yarn into a cocked hat. Their separation hit me, along with the rest of Hollywood, right in my best illusion, for I thought that if ever two people were happily married it was Harry and Ann.

And, as I think of them no longer together, I recall the first time that Ann vividly impressed herself upon me. She had invited me and the current boy friend to dinner. She and Harry were living in a rented place then, but before we were allowed a meal we were to meet them at the site of the new house, that magnificent place that they were building together and—true—almost with their own hands.

As our car made the difficult climb we saw them standing against the wind, Ann's skirts blowing about her, that strange straw-colored hair flying in her face. And Harry, tanned and strong, beside her with her hand in his. I hated to intrude upon them—their absorption in each other seemed such a perfect thing. But Ann saw us and waved and ran down to meet us.

She and Harry conducted us over every inch of the ground and pointed out the fine features of the foundation of what was later to become a palace.

"Here will be our room, and here Jane's nursery—she'll have as good a view as we have. Isn't it all too lovely?" Ann asked.

"It's what Ann and I have wanted ever since we've been married. A place in which we can be perfectly happy, a place on a hill where we can be high up above everyone else and not have people intrude upon our lives."

"Oh, yes," Ann went on, "that's what we've always wanted. I hate the stage with its constant moving about. Only in Hollywood could we have this... all this."

She flung her hands out toward San Fernando Valley with its clean white roads lying like ribbons across the landscape. But Ann has found that in Hollywood she could not have "all this" and Harry has found that other people did "intrude upon their lives."

It's incredible to think that they are really getting a divorce. I had sort of counted on Ann, counted on her to be different.

There's another girl in Hollywood who, I somehow feel, will keep on being different. That's Evelyn Brent—known to her friends as Betty, an amazing and intense girl.

---

"To-may-to" or "to-mah-to", as you choose, the real difference is what's inside. That's why you must say "original College Inn" for the most full-bodied, full-flavored Tomato Cocktail obtainable.

Compared to canned juices, original College Inn is like fresh, rich cream instead of thin, watery milk.

One reason this tomato cocktail is the product of finest whole tomatoes, expertly blended by Hotel Sherman chefs into an invigorating cocktail. Another—it's packed by the new, exclusive Hi-Vita process—preserves the full body, full flavor.

Always put up in glass containers— you see what's inside—and the new cap is simple to take off and replace.

No matter how you pronounce it, your taste will tell you "Original College Inn Tomato Cocktail." Order today from your own dealer.
STEP by step Betty pried into the cause of the girl's misery and carefully and logically she explained why there was no necessity for her actions.

When she had finished the child was in tears—but she had seen her mistake.

I had listened to all this and when the girl had gone I said, "You did a great thing for that kid, Betty, she'll thank you for that some day!"

"No," said Betty, "she won't. And besides it won't do any good. People are what they are and I can't change them, but I can't stand by and see a bright youngster make a mess of her life. And that shows I'm a fool because I should know better."

Which shows you why, at times, Betty's mouth is hard and cynical. She knows people, but what is more important, she knows herself. Her loyalty to her friends is something very beautiful. And, withal, she has an amazing sense of humor.

Humor, I'm afraid, is one of the things that doesn't flourish much in Hollywood—except that very broad, purely professional humor, and a brand of practical jokes that could not be understood by an outsider. Gratitude is the word now—and just good plain humor doesn't amount to much.

Hollywood has changed during these twelve years. Lilyan Tashman's "Simply divine, my dear," has replaced little Viola Dana's "O, K."

Yet there are still all kinds of people in Hollywood. But Lupe Velez harks back to the old school when picture stars were lusty gals of fire and emotion. Hollywood misses Lupe badly, since she left it now. It was a shame having Lupe around for she is (and this is heresy to those who insist that Hollywood is a town of quiet dignity and charm) the symbol of Hollywood to me—bold, noisy, volatile, utterly frank, but with a crude charm. Lupe is as mad as that mad town. Lupe is a product and a portrait of Hollywood.

And I think it fitting to end these screen memories on Lupe.

For Lupe has said it all; she summed up the Hollywood attitude when I saw her recently in New York, just after she had opened in the Ziegfeld show.

"HOW are you getting on, Lupe?" I asked.

"I am fine, I am great. I stop the show every night. I may never sin so good, but I sing loud; I maybe do not sing so good, but I move a lot. And I don't let the other people take anything away from me, when I am on the stage. I have the show. I am Lupe Velez. And they all love Lupe."

And that—my friends—is Hollywood. And that is what ninety per cent of the citizens of Hollywood would say about themselves if they were as frank as Lupe. Hollywood doesn't sing so good, but it sings loud. And Hollywood doesn't dance so good, but it moves around a lot. And Hollywood can, and does, stop the show.

I think Hollywood—and Lupe—are swell.

THE END
Ann Dvorak

first honors in "The Crowd Roars." She refused to accept star billing in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." With just one day between pictures she commenced work on "Love Is a Racket" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Ann is one of two people under contract to Howard Hughes. Jean Harlow is the other. First National made frantic efforts to buy both Ann's and Jean's contracts, but finally, they ended her for six months, and are rushing her from one picture to another to get the most of her talent possible for their money.

A lot for Ann's career. It's quite an amazing one for a girl who was unknown just a few months ago. And Ann believes that the reason she was able to accomplish what she has is because she is an individualist and did not change her theories to suit "the other generation."

Ann cherishes the thought that her straight backbone, her determined chimp, her ambition to live her life as she wills, are not inherited.

But Ann was feminine enough to give up a career for marriage, in a day when one had to make the choice, but her will was as strong and chimp as determined as Ann's.

Ann Lehr was one of eight children. Her father was a tailor, an Austrian who could hardly speak English. He worked at a tailoring shop until he was seventy, fighting for bread and butter, shoes and mittens for his family. As soon as the children were able to earn as much as a penny, they had to help out.

Ann Lehr danced in musicals all at an age when Ann was in a convent. She fought for fame and success and money with the same spirit that Ann is fighting now. Her back was just as straight, her will just as firm, and when she married and left the screen she passed on her gifts to Ann with a heart that cried, "Take them; go on and complete what I have started."

"I will," said Ann. "But I won't give up my success and marry. I've fought too hard for that success."

Her mother smiled.

Ann did fight.

She got a job with a small stock company in a suburb of Los Angeles when she was fifteen. The company folded in a week.

She then answered an ad for dancing girls at the Pom Pom Café. "Can you dance?" the manager asked. "Yes," said Ann. "Show me." He nodded to the orchestra and Ann suddenly found herself dancing to some fast jazz tune. She had never done a solo dance before.

"Okay!" said the manager. "Do you object to wearing scanty costumes?"

Ann's chin went a little higher. "No."

"And as for my salary—I pay the girls $25 a week."

"I got $80 for my last engagement," Ann lied.

AND the girl who never danced before, who was the daughter of a mother who had supported seven little brothers and sisters when she was herself, was a child, walked out of the place with a $65 a week contract.

But it was after that job ended and Ann went to apply for a place in M-G-M's musical, "The Hollywood Revue," that she showed what she had inherited.

A long line of dancing girls, of which Ann was one, were being put through test routines.

The director told those who didn't want to step out of line. Ann was the first one out.

She walked up to the director. "Are you running this show?"

He nodded.

"Well. I'm as good as the ones you chose. Why don't you pick me? I'm going to get somewhere. I'm sincere. I work. I have ambition."

When supervisor Harry Rapin came out to know the two dancers when he asked what Ann was doing among them.

"She's a substitute," he was told. "If somebody sprains an ankle."

But the next day, Ann took the girl's place and practiced routines all night long at home and during her noon hours on the set, and in six months dance director Sammy Lee persuaded the studio to sign her up as his assistant. She worked with Joan Crawford on Joan's routines for "Dance Fools, Dance.

She, with another girl, originated "The Hospital for the Duncan Sisters. What she did for M-G-M's stars along the dancing line would make another story.

She also wrote music, poked her nose into the play department and made suggestions —until they told her to go back to her high kicking.

AND then Karen Morley, her friend, took her to Howard Hughes. Hughes had a hunch, made a test, and gave her her chance.

Ann was now well established.

All during this time her mother was with her, dividing her time between her husband and her child. And Ann Lehr revealed in the success her daughter had earned.

She is still young and beautiful, is Anna, and she looked at her daughter with eyes that said, "With one generation started, the other finishes."

So that's how it was, and everybody in Hollywood said, "That Dvorak girl is one who won't be getting silly ideas about love and romance. That kid is all for a career."

Then she met Leslie Fenton, a suave man of the world over whom women raved, but who kept himself aloof from them all. Almost before Hollywood knew what she was doing, the papers announced their marriage.

Anna Lehr talked to her daughter. "You said, Ann, that there was no place for marriage in your life. I thought it was only success you were after—and independence." The mother smiled.

"It is success I'm after—but it's different now. I'm after two kinds of success. The other generation couldn't manage it. My generation can. I can make a go of my work and my marriage, too. You had to give up one for the other, mother. I don't. You just watch and see if I can't have both!"

Anna Lehr believes Ann Dvorak can.

George Brent

England, carried dispatches "on the run." Six or seven weeks were as long as they usually lasted.

That is, until they were caught by the watchful eye of the English Express. But George was lucky. He carried secret mail from Dublin to Belfast and Glasgow. When he discovered his trail was so hot he began blazing, he slipped from Scotland down to Ireland. Then from an empty freighter off the Cornish coast. He hired a man with a motor boat that had an ailing engine to circle by the rope ladder hanging from the hanger.

The little boat couldn't stop because the owner could never get it started again.

George never will do a stunt equal to that one from real life in any picture. He admits he wouldn't dare.
He'd be too frightened. But he made it—and started back for America.

Neither could Clark cling to a swinging freight train as he did in Montana. Not even for a picture.

Now, what could George do over here that would always be exciting? He hated routine. He detested discipline. He tried working in a bank, but just couldn't stick it. The stage! Stock! A place where romance always beckoned.

At least, if he didn't find it in real life—there'd always be the make-believe. He got a job in a stock company in the Bronx, New York, and because he looked Irish and could be secured cheap—he was chosen.

He played more than 300 leads in stock and owned six stock companies himself. There was a woman in one of these early stock companies who was much older than George. She lent an encouraging hand; told him he would be a great actor.

He married her. A month later they separated. A divorce followed. He hasn't married again.

He hit New York at about the same time as Clark.

He didn't make the grade quite as easily on Broadway—once lived on one dollar for an entire week.

When his screen test was shown to Ruth Chatterton, she rose right up in the projection room and said, "Where has that man been all his life?"

The publicity department rushed some pictures, hurriedly showed them to writers with the careful admonition:

"Now, don't compare him to Clark Gable. He's, George Brent. And he's got something all his own—"

SURE he has. I had lunch with him. His first interview in Hollywood. I also had the first interview with Clark.

I laughed many times, secretly, during that luncheon with George.

It might have been on the one with Clark—except that it wasn't.

"Do you play polo, Mr. Brent?"

"Yes, but I can't afford it."

Mr. Gable had made exactly the same answer.

Today, Clark has his own polo ponies.

I asked him his pet aversions.

One was, "People who ask too many questions."

Check, Mr. Gable. He detests milk. Turns sick at the sight of it.

And he'll detest this story. He wants to rise to fame on his own feet—not as a competitor to the one who's kept him fighting for his own glory and glory.

Incidentally, he has a dimple. Oh, now, Mr. Gable!

June Birthdays

June 1—Clive Brook, Ralph Graves
June 2—Heida Hopper
June 4—Lane Chandler
June 5—Bill Boyd
June 6—J. Farrell MacDonald
June 11—Walter Byron, Gilbert Emery, Vera Gordon
June 13—Basil Rathbone
June 14—Cliff Edwards
June 16—Stan Laurel, Ona Munson, Barry Norton
June 17—Vivian Duncan, Louise Fazenda, C. Henry Gordon, Evelyn Knapp
June 18—Edmund Breese, Ivan Lebedeff, Jeannette MacDonald, Blanche Sweet
June 21—Helene Costello
June 26—Ernest Torrence
June 27—Robert Ellis, Alberta Vaughn
June 28—Polly Moran, Lois Wilson

What embarrassing accident may so hands cause!

Photo specially posed by Miss Betty Rossell

Thin ... and so nervous
—her hands SHOOK like a leaf!

Now has steady nerves
—and a figure with curves!

Old before her time. Wrinkles around her eyes—her cheeks pale and drawn—her neck and chest actually bony. Her hands shook and trembled so she was always spilling things. How could she keep up with young friends?

But now meet the new Mrs. Williams —the young Mrs. Williams who today is boss of her nerves. Let her tell you her secret—about her new girlish curves, too:

Her thrilling story

"I was in such a rundown condition! For months my weight had steadily gone down. I suffered from headaches, was frequently constipated, slept badly at night and scarcely ate anything. I was just a bundle of nerves. My hands shook like a leaf, so that I often spilled things."

"Today, after taking several packages of Ironized Yeast, my nerves are steady and my hands never tremble. I rarely have a headache, am almost never constipated and I sleep fine. I look much better for the flesh I've put on—5 lbs. in 3 weeks." Mrs. G. W. Williams, 535 Day Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.

Scores gain quicker

Almost two pounds a week is a quick gain for a person who's been losing weight for months. Yet scores of Ironized Yeast users report even quicker gains—10 lbs. in 4 weeks, 8 lbs. in 15 days, etc., etc. It's not only do they round out scrawny figures—but also quickly overcome constipation, sleeplessness, weakness—skin and stomach disorders, too!

Ironized Yeast contains the finest yeast money can buy—"beer yeast," a special kind of yeast which doctors say is extra rich in health-building value. This yeast is cultured by foreign experts. We concentrate it by a process so valuable that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

We take seven pounds of "beer yeast" to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. We then ironize this powerful concentrate with three distinct types of iron. This enables Ironized Yeast to help put good red blood in your veins—the kind that gives pep!

Triple "feeding" tests

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is triple-tested for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: Literally thousands of once-skinny, once-sickly folks owe their present glowing health and attractive figures to Ironized Yeast! If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be promptly refunded. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE. Cheap imitations can't compare with the genuine Ironized Yeast—stamped "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form
What Do You Want To Know About The Pictures?

Is it a good picture?
Is it the kind of picture I would like?
Which one shall we see tonight?
Shall we take the children?

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is truly the outstanding publication in the great field of motion pictures. Its stories, its special articles, its exclusive features and departments are absolutely different from anything to be found anywhere else.

Photoplay gives you:
A wealth of intimate details of the daily lives of the screen stars on the lots and in their homes.

Striking editorials that cut, without fear or favor, into the very heart of the motion picture industry.

Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.

Articles about every phase of the screen by outstanding authorities who have made pictures their life business.

Genevieve Goes Torrid
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

would one day make her explode like a giant cracker?

Universal, one day, saw her performing prettily in a musical show called "Fifty Million Frenchmen," later done in pictures. The talkie headache was on. Little ladies who could smile sweetly when they asked, "Cream or lemon?" were in demand.

So they signed her and shipped her off to Hollywood with a big Broadway herd and—well, there she was.

Genevieve Tobin brought her refinement, her daintiness, her sweetness and her correctness to the screen—and there it stayed. That, alas, was precisely the trouble! The priceless old mazoo—the precious, indefinable something that dives headlong from the screen and catches the customer by the windpipe, simply was not there!

AND no one who had followed her theatrical career expected it to be. The odds were one million dollars, American money, to an old vest-button that Lady Gen would contribute a small quota of ladylike and inconspicuous movie performances.

Further, that she would do a quiet and refined flippero and return to the Broadway whence she had been summarily snatched by the movie mahouts.

But ah, that little fellow with the big stogie! We swooned dead away when we heard that she had been handed a zippy part in the new Chevalier pinwheel, Tobin! Ha-ha! There were two schools of thought in the matter. One held that Lubitsch had swallowed a whole perfecto and gone stark, raving mad. The other opined that Miss Tobin was to play a statue in the Big Palace Scene.

How wrong we were, only Time—and Ernst—told!

"One Hour With You" duly arrived, in a cloud of cheers. Tobin burst squarely in our faces. She turned butterfly, and flapped her wings—she got Maurice amorously punch-drunk in a style that would have been a credit to Jeanette MacDonald herself—she slithered and swooped and wiggled around that waggish film in a way to bedazzle the eye and hop up the soul. She was a 100-proof, star-speckled wow!

Her performance, the picture, the diabolical alchemy of old Doe Lubitsch are now history. The old boy had done it again!

And now, in re the matter of Genevieve Tobin?

This. At the age of twenty-eight—not in fancy in show business, by any means—a colorless actress stands at the brink of a new and colorful career. The maestro has infused her with that strange glamour he can impart. It's the sin qua non of modern motion pictures—without it these days a girl may as well resign herself to short Hollywood leases.

AND back of the new miracle of Oo-La-La Tobin lurks that sly juggins, Lubitsch, the star-maker!

He's responsible for an enormous amount of the screen's current feminine richness. He put "glamour" in Hollywood's handy dictionary and made the town forget Madame Glyn and her good old "It."

If he could put the stuff in bottles that comes out of his mind he'd never have to herd hams again.

He is the greatest sculptor of human clay in picture history, with the possible exception of Old Fox Griffith.

It was he who launched Negri, that raving tigress, at us over ten years ago. Once in Hollywood, the lady became a tabby-cat and slowly, sadly passed from view.

Imported to California at great expense,
Lubitsch ordered ten thousand big cigars and began his amazing career—inserting spark-plugs and self-starters in hitherto mild, motorless matters.

He took a pretty, inconspicuous musical comedy singer named Jeanette MacDonald and made her not only an alluring siren of the screen boudoirs, but a fascinating comedienne as well.

The startling metamorphosis of Miriam Hopkins is still fresh and rare in memory. A few mystic passes with his magic chetroot and she was changed from a scrappy, uninspired little tramp into a beautiful, enticing woman—not to tackle the torridest siren job the Hollywood foundries can offer.

And now we have the newest sparkler in the royal Lubitsch line—Genevieve Tobin, ex-Chill Sister, current pulse-jumper. She's fit to take an honored place in the scintillating company of Ernst's graduates.

Claudette Battles On

...troph of the old school, this dainty little Colbert. She's a fighter. Any youngster who battles her way to the top in the theater has to, and that's what Claudette did before the films snatched her.

She was a leading woman at twenty, and a beauty, too. She won't be twenty-five until Fall. Nobody gets where Claudette's gone by sitting in a corner doing cross-word puzzles. Colbert has been in there punching every minute—and her honorable and successful young career shows it.

But even these aren't enough problems. The glibber portion of the world seems intent on splitting her marriage to young Norman Foster wide open.

Such talk burns Claudette to a crisp.

"Why is it that the minute husband and wife get three thousand miles apart for a couple of weeks, everyone has their marriage squarely on the rocks," she asks.

I replied that it was the evil nature of man, and perhaps a result of the war. There's no more sensible answer, and yet the sad fact remains.

"Norman and I are both in the show business. We each have a career, we prefer to be independent in it, we love each other and we're not let alone a minute by the gossipers. It's a shame!"

IT is, and I could only cluck my sympathy.

That was a real love match, the Colbert-Foster merger. They both had leading roles in "The Barker" on Broadway, and caught fire simultaneously.

What a good-looking, happy and ambitious young team! Their pictures careers started at about the same time and both for Paramount. They worked together in that stunning little story of newspaper love, "Young Man of Manhattan."

Now Norman free-lances in Hollywood, Claudette still labors for Paramount—and the chatterboxes won't let up on them!

Yet Claudette takes it in stride, too. It's just part of the Hollywood free-for-all, and she's ready for it with both fists flying.

As we sat chatting, I thought what an astonishing little paradox this child is. The face and body of a big-eyed and 200 per cent feminine girl—the indomitable spirit of a couple of Jack Dempseys and Marshal Foches.

She likes pictures and wants to be in pictures. She will be in pictures, and just as long as she likes—you can place a few wagers on that. And she'll tussle for her place, and hold it, though fifty glovewing Garbes bar the way.

Doff the chapeau to a game little trouper! The milk was gone and the celery tonic badly dented.
FREE...Each Week
A ROCKNE Car
and 103 Cash Prizes!

Each week Photoplay Magazine is awarding 104 prizes for the best letters in answer to a simple question asked at the conclusion of each week's Photoplay Magazine Radio Hour. Contest open to everybody, no strings, no red-tape. Just listen in and get the question. Prizes are as follows:

Each Week Is a Separate Contest

1st Prize—A beautiful brand new Rockne Automobile, Coupe Model, delivered to your home town.

2nd Prize—$100.00 in cash.

Simple Rules and Instructions

1. Listen to the Photoplay radio program and hear the simple question.
2. Write, print or type your entry clearly on plain paper. Do not decorate your letter or use expensive paper. Entries will not be returned.
3. To your letter must be attached the coupon below (or a facsimile or tracing of it). Otherwise your letter or entry will not be eligible.
4. Your answer to the question asked on any one Saturday night must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of the following Saturday. You can enter more than one of these Weekly Contests but to each one of your entries must be attached a coupon or a facsimile or tracing of it.

The Rockne Coupe and the 103 Cash Prizes will be awarded as soon after the close of each contest as possible. Names and addresses of principal prize winners will be printed in a future issue of Photoplay Magazine.

Mail your contest entries or letters to:
Radio Contest Editor,

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 North Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Do not forget to enclose the coupon shown below or a tracing or facsimile of it, or your entry will not be eligible.

Listen to The Photoplay Hour on these Stations

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“Well, the best of luck,” I said, in my best British-soldier, cheery manner.

“Thanks,” said Claudette. And I didn’t see her any longer as a cute French doll right out of the headlines, but as a steady, fine little fighter out to battle for what she wants, and to get it.

Have no fears for your young friend, you Collect fans, even if she does seem to be something of a tough corner. When the smoke clears away, it won’t be Claudette’s battle flag that is rolling around in the dust of Hollywood.

A charming and beautiful girl—and I want to be on her team in a snap.

P. S. to Norman Foster. Ah, ah, you lucky, lucky rogue!

Hey! Hey! Here Comes Johnny

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

And there you have a strange commentary on Hollywood—for until “Tarzan, the Ape Man” broke box-office records all over the country and thousands of women and girls began writing letters to M-G-M and to Photoplay besieging them and us with questions about Johnny, nobody gave Johnny much of a tumble.

M-G-M owned the rights to the Edgar Rice Burroughs Tarzan story and wanted to make a movie. They took hundreds of tests of prospective Johnny's wife—gee, I'm sorry to have to tell you that, but Johnny is married to a cute little musical comedy star, Bobbi Arnst—asked the studio to send out Johnny's father to see if they would make a test of Johnny.

Johnny is the world's champion swimmer. Incidentally, he was a weakling and began swimming after his father put him into the water at the age of three. Johnny was there on business for his company. And it was Bobbie's idea that Johnny would be swell in Tarzan. So she forgot them both. And she married her for marrying him, for if it hadn't been for her Johnny would never have gotten the part.

Bobbe talked to the casting director. He wasn't so keen on Johnny, "These athletes are all right when they're athletic—but I never saw one who could act."

"With a body like Johnny's," Bobbe answered, "he doesn't have to act. Oh, come on, give him a test."

And since everybody else in Hollywood had been tested for the part they thought they might as well waste a couple of hundred feet on Johnny. "He looks awfully big," one of the executives said, when he saw the enormous Johnny in a suit of rough tweeds. But Johnny isn't at his best in tweeds. They saw him in the—er—costume he should wear in Tarzan—and they said, 'That's the kid we need.'

So they started to make the picture. Just a good yarn for the kids. People came out on the lot and said, "U-huh, a good looking boy."

And let it go at that. Johnny worked, and swam, and worried. Nobody would you Johnny hundreds of women in Hollywood gave him a tumble.

Hollywood didn't discover Johnny Weissmuller. You discovered him. And you and you and you—and me!

Hollywood is a funny town—it's got to have its sex appeal marked. And let's have its lads make courtly gestures and give the girls the flashting eye and the toothy smile. While Hollywood was raving over a lad named Randolph Scott—you haven't seen him yet—from Virginia, the kind of fellow who flatters...
and talks in a low, thrilling voice and looks world-wearie—Johnny Weissmuller was out on the back lot at M-G-M riding on the back of a hippopotamus and thinking he was making a picture that the kids would like.

JOHNNY isn’t the Hollywood type. He doesn’t cut a very suave figure in a dinner coat. He is just a little bit embarrassed and shy in the presence of adoring ladies. And he’s much more at home in the water than in one of Hollywood’s all-white drawing rooms, with a long, slim lightball glass in his hand.

Johnny’s got other things to think about besides women. He likes to swim and play golf. And, besides, he’s in love with his wife. “She’s a swell kid,” he says. “She likes swimming almost as much as I do and she swims under water, too, hanging onto my belt and sputtering like a seal.”

So the Hollywood gals didn’t go for Johnny. They were too busy wondering about Clark Gable and wanting to meet Randolph Scott. Johnny belongs to you—because you found him.

Why, Hollywood didn’t even know he had made a good picture. His contract was for just the one with an option for his services if he made good. And right up until the picture opened in New York they hadn’t taken up his option—just waiting to see.

Then “Tarzan, the Ape Man” played the country—broke all box-office records—and presto—eight companies wanted this Weissmuller boy. He may do an Eskimo picture, or he may—and Johnny, himself, thinks this is smarter—just do one Tarzan story a year.

“I should stick to Tarzan,” he explains. “You see, I’m no actor. Well, I didn’t have to act in Tarzan, the Ape Man”—just said, “Me Tarzan, you Jane.” I’ll never be able to act.”

But a year is such a long, long time between Johnny Weissmuller pictures.

I’m afraid I haven’t told you much about Johnny’s history. But when Tarzan walks right in your office and stretches himself out on your chair—not the best reporter in the world could get a lot of facts. So I left that up to the Answer Man. He could talk to Johnny calmly—being of the same sex—so in the old fellow’s column you’ll find out where Johnny was born and other vital statistics. The Answer Man had to print that in self-defense, for he’s got more questions about him than any three other actors this month.

DID I say the Answer Man gave vital statistics? Maybe you can call them vital. But I think the most vital statistic of all is the fact that a lad who had never been in a picture before, who had been interested in nothing but swimming all his life, and who frankly admits he can’t act, is the top-notch heart flutterer of the year!

---

Who’s this? Richard Dix doing another Indian characterization? Oh boy, we certainly do love to fool you. Well, it fooled us, too. This is Heap Big Chief Heartbreaker, Lew Ayres, as he appears in “Laughing Boy”—honest Injun! Maybe he’ll have the sort of role his friends wish him—one good enough for the talent he showed in “All Quiet on the Western Front”
Vote for the Best Picture of the Year

YOU who read Photoplay and are interested in encouraging better and better pictures have your annual opportunity—and in a way, duty—to encourage the producers who are making an effort to give you fine pictures, big human themes, and direction of the highest quality.

Each year Photoplay awards a Gold Medal for the best picture shown in the previous year.

But you readers of Photoplay select the winner. Your ballots tell the final story.

You have never failed to make the perfect choice, as you may see by turning to the contents page in this issue, where the best pictures of the past eleven years are named.

Photoplay furnishes the Gold Medal of Honor—the Nobel prize of the cinema, made of solid gold, weighing 123 3/4 pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, designed by Tiffany and Company, New York. But your votes are the last word. You really award the Medal, which is the highest honor that can be conferred upon any motion picture company.

Each year we ask that in selecting the best picture you forget personalities and consider the film as a whole, from a standpoint of story, direction, acting, theme, motivation and spirit.

The ballot printed below is for your convenience. Use it. Also you will find a list of fifty outstanding films released in 1931, but that does not mean you are limited to one of these. You may choose any 1931 picture that you think worthy of this highest of all awards.

And send in your votes as early as possible. May the most worthy picture win! May you again be able to take just pride in your selection! Everyone, whether he be a subscriber to Photoplay or not, is welcome to cast a vote.

List of Fifty Pictures Released in 1931

| Alexander Hamilton | Free Soul, A |
| American Tragedy, As | Front Page, The |
| Are These Our Children? | Guardsman, The |
| Bad Girl | Huckleberry Finn |
| Blue Angel, The | Illinois |
| Champ, The | Inspiration |
| Cimarron | Millionaire, The |
| City Lights | Mother's Millions (also titled "The She Wolf") |
| City Streets | Night Nurse |
| Criminal Code, The | Paid |
| Daddy Long Legs | Platinum Blonde |
| Devil to Pay, The | Politics |
| Devotion | Public Enemy, The |
| Dirigible | Range |
| Dishonored | Secret Six, The |
| East Lynne | Seed |
| Five Star Final | Six of Madelon Claudet, The |
| | Sin Takes a Holiday |
| | Skippy |
| | Smart Money |
| | Swallowing Lieutenant, The |
| | Spirit of Notre Dame, The |
| | Star Witness, The |
| | Strangers May Kiss |
| | Street Scene |
| | Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise |
| | Tahiti |
| | To Stop David |
| | Trader Horn |
| | Transatlantic |
| | Two Hearts in Waltz Time |
| | Waterloo Bridge |

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 1931.

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Send in This Ballot
Hold 'er, Andy! Bet that durn thing can go fifteen miles an hour. It ain't safe, I tell you. If you want a good laugh don't miss Andy Clyde in "Speed in the Gay Nineties," one of the funniest shorts of the month, reviewed below

**SPEED IN THE GAY NINETIES**
*Mack Sennett-Educational*

You who recall the first throes of the "horseless carriage" will howl at Andy Clyde's race at the County Fair grounds. Barney Oldfield, in person, is one of the contestants. The antiquated machines race at a terrific speed of eight miles an hour, only to be defeated by Andy's invention, which does twenty!

**FREE EATS**
*Hal Roach-M-G-M*

Some of the gags in this "Our Gang" film are not as funny as they might be but there's a new addition to the gang, called Spanky, who is just about the cutest baby actor since little Davey Lee. Absolutely unconscious of the camera, he puts everyone in a good humor. Don't miss him!

**IT'S A CINCH**
*Mermaid-Educational*

A lot of fun about a poor dancing professor who thinks that he'll win a lot of money fighting the champ boxer, who has promised to throw the fight. A spirited enough little comedy with Monty Collins and Tom O'Brien.

**THE CHIMP**
*Hal Roach-M-G-M*

They're at it again—that Laurel and that Hardy. This time they are circus roustabouts who put all three rings on the bum and end up with the flea circus and the trained monkey. Check up another bell ringer for Stan and Oliver.

**WAR IN CHINA**
*Educational*

Many of the most tragic and exciting scenes of the Shanghai siege have been condensed into this two-reel news story. As the scenes of ransack, fire and death sweep across the screen, the main events of the siege are related by a reporter. Interesting.

**IN THE BAG**
*Universal*

Slim Summerville is the Marine bugler again, looking just as sad and just as funny as ever. This time he smuggles a girl aboard a transport. A little thing like captain's orders mean nothing to him. Emphatically very amusing.

**THE FLIRTY SLEEPWALKER**
*Mack Sennett-Educational*

Arthur Stone and Wade Boteler indulge in some old and some new gags that will give you a few real snickers. These two are the best of friends until Arthur walks in his sleep. Decidedly not for children.

**BATTLE ROYAL**
*RKO-Pathé*

Prize fight manager Jimmy Gleason stages a free-for-all fight with Eddie Gribbin as his star performer and, although it is about as slapstick as they come, and pretty rough and tumble, there are some very amusing situations.

**RADIO GIRL**
*Paul Terry-Toon-Educational*

One of the best of this series of animated cartoons. There are a lot of grand radio gags including the one where a brick is thrown into the load speaker and it hits the announcer, before the microphone. Broad but you'll laugh.

**SEA LEGS**
*Vitaphone*

Wandering husband apprehended by wife who does usual funny scene—but there are some lively musical numbers by well known vaudeville performers. A miniature musical comedy.

**HE'S A HONEY**
*Vanity-Educational*

This is for ardent Harry Barris fans only. Others will realize there are some funny moments—but Barris doesn't contribute all of them. And it's the standard plot. Boy wins girl in spite of father's opposition.

NEW FRENCH PROCESS FACE POWDER HIDES TINY LINES, WRINKLES AND PORES

You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Uninsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks. MELLO-GLO Face Powder prevents large pores and coarse skin texture.

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known. Women praise this new, wonderful face powder because it hides tiny lines, wrinkles and pores.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO in the square gold box. White edge box for average skin. Blue edge box for fine, dry or sensitive skin.

One dollar at all stores. © 1932, M.-G.-Co. Canadian Agents, Lyman Agencies, Limited, Montreal.

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 95)
860 Stabler-Bide, Boston, Mass.

Please send 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

☐ Average Skin

☐ Fine, Dry Skin

Name___________________________

Address________________________

Kindly write here name of your favorite store:
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

THIS item appeared in Photoplay fifteen years ago: "Marie Dresler's last trip to Los Angeles was to participate in "Thighs," a Punched Romance," in which Charlie Chaplin supported her and which brought about a law that the voice of a former Miss Dressler, That "never again" meant no more pictures for Marie. And we tremble to think what would have happened if she had not changed her mind.

So let's turn to one of the funniest incidents of all film history. A team of comics played a hard-fought baseball match against the tramp's that ended in a near riot. Charlie Chaplin pitched for the comics and fanned Wally Reid. When the umpire made a bad decision the Keystone crows pounced on him. So funny--Eugene Pallette was one of the tramps. Fifteen years and three times fifteen extra pounds have turned him into a comedian.

Charlie, who entertained lavishly and brilliantly, had to give it all up. In his day as great as Pickford, Chaplin or Fairbanks, he is now occasionally seen on Broadway looking for a job. He lost all his money producing his own films.

But here's something that goes on forever, unchanged. We interviewed Lewis Stone, who was doing some of his first picture work in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and we said he was one of the best actors. Ten years later Lew is still one of the best actors.

Mabel Ballin was the girl on the cover and the gallery pictures included Pola Negri, Estelle Taylor, Gloria Swanson with Rudolph Valentino, Leatrice Joy, Hedda Hopper, Alice Calhoun and Gladys Walton.


Cal York items: Alice Brady is the mother of a son. Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron deny their engagement....Lillian and Dorothy Gish were entertained at the White House for luncheon by President and Mrs. Harding.

10 Years Ago

TEN years ago we editorialized like this, "The motion picture business has a pain in the box-office," and we added that the current vogue of sex and sensation pictures was about to undermine the industry. So don't get to thinking that this present cycle of sex stuff is new.

Here's a story by Adela Rogers St. Johns called "The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful," as tragi-comedy as the human heart. The girl? Barbara La Marr, of course. Before she was sixteen Barbara had known the suffering of a woman of sixty. Death was one of the least of her adventures. She was a完美的, and once whose candle burned with a light so bright that it couldn't last. She was destined for tragedy.

And here's another page that looks gay as a city on parade day but which holds a hidden tear. We pictured the magnificent home of Charlie Ray. Some of the rooms were as lovely as those in Pickfair, but shortly afterwards it was taken over by Hollywood.

Charlie, who entertained lavishly and brilliantly, had to give it all up. In his day as great as Pickford, Chaplin or Fairbanks, he is now occasionally seen on Broadway looking for a job. He lost all his money producing his own films.

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5 Years Ago

SPRING was in the Hollywood air. This was the month of romance. So we announced, with pride, the marriage of Irene Rich to David Blankenhorn. And not long afterwards we told of their divorce.

Then we described the engagement ring that Director Merryn LeRoy had placed on Edna Murphy's finger. Now they are separated. And discreetly we hinted at the love of Norma Talmadge for Gilbert Roland, who was her leading man in "Camille." Norma remained the wife of Joe Schenck but now that she is almost free and might announce her engagement to Gilbert who is casting his gentle glances in another direction.

But say a toast to Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque. Of all the five-year-old June romances they are the only couple who are still married and still in love.

It was love that made Jack Gilbert do a little plain and fancy cutting up. Remember? He walked into the Beverly Hills police station to demand the arrest of a certain director on the screen.

Mary Brian was the girl on the cover, while Marion Davies, Dorothy Sebastian, Gloria Swanson, Aileen Pringle, Ben Lyon and Alice Joyce were hot property.

The best film of the month was C. B. DeMille's "King of Kings." Others praised were Norma Talmadge in "Camille," Gilda Gray in "Cal," Marie Doro in "The Telephone Girl," and "Chang.

Cal York items: Greta Garbo and M-G-M have declared a truce and Greta has signed a new contract (and now five years later may we offer you a little prayer that history will repeat itself).
The Shadow Stage
The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

CONGRESS DANCES—
UFA-United Artists

A PLEASING picture, made in Germany, with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt, but the theme of kidding royal pomp and ceremony has been used so many times. You’ll be crooning two lilting Viennese waltz songs, “Live, Love and Laugh,” and “Just Once For All Time.”

THE BIG TIMER—Columbia

THERE are a lot of novel twists to this prize-fight yarn, and loads of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a “ham” fighter. Constance Cummings is the girl. Good, clean fun, and not to be taken too seriously.

THE COUNTY FAIR—Monogram

IF it’s action and thrills you crave, here they are. The story of the race-horse who wins in the last lap is an old one, but here it is sprinkled generously with humor. And you’ll enjoy the negro camp-meeting. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances.

THE MISSING REMBRANDT—
First Division

OLD-FASHIONED in treatment as these Sherlock Holmes pictures are, they all have an unmistakable charm that makes them decidedly entertaining. And here is one of the best, in which the amazing Sherlock (played again by Arthur Wontner) further astonishes the perpetually astonished Dr. Watson, by proving a socially prominent baron to be a first-class villain.

PROBATION—Chesterfield

IF you’ve been shopping around for a quiet little love story for a change, look no farther. The story of a wealthy young woman in love with the son of the man who once sold her in the cut-throat mail-order business. The performance of Peter Lorre is the highlight.

AVALANCHE—First Division

IF you remember that remarkable picture “The White Hell of Pitz Palu,” you’ll want to see this one with the same daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet; gorgeous mountain scenery and brilliant white beauty of snow and ice. But it hasn’t the emotional quality of “White Hell,” because the English dialogue seems stilted and the story forced.

DISCARDED LOVERS—Tower Prod.

A FAST-MOVING and novel mystery story, in which Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who finally pays the penalty. Good cast and direction.

SIN’S PAY DAY—Action Pictures

ALL about a prosecuting attorney who defies a gangster and loses a wife as a result. Through the aid of a street waif, played splendidly by Mickey McGuire, he wins his way back to respectability. Dorothy Revier is the wife and Forrest Stanley the attorney.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1932 123

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méticrians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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Where To Obtain
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Neet Cream Hair Remover

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BEHIND STONE WALLS—Mayfair Pictures
A diverting film on the old father-son-stepmother theme. An impetuous woman shoots her lover. The boy takes the rap to preserve his father’s honor and illusions. The father is the district attorney; the boy won’t talk. High-tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventures. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine.

THE MIDNIGHT PATROL—Monogram
Another newspaper yarn, but with some grand-new angles. Regis Toomey, as an ambitious cub reporter, does grand work, and Robert Elliott is a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the little girl they save from a notorious gang. Fast-paced, with a surprise finish.

HIGH SPEED—Columbia
The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones) rescues fair damsel in time to win big auto race and save her father from ruin. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. Nice work by Buck, but all acting honors go to Mickey McGuire, who is fine as Buck’s little lame pal.

LOVE BOUND—Peerless Prod.
A slow, ponderous picture. The story deals with the catching of a blackmailer by the son of the man she has framed, but the picture detours a bit, too many people become involved and the outcome seems vague, even to the actors. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall.

POLICE COURT—Monogram
This one creaks wearily across the screen—an old-time melodrama by Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle, King Bagott and Leon Janney. The story, another father and son yarn (wouldn’t you just know it after “The Champ”? ), shows the life of a once great actor who has sunk to the depths because of the demon rum. Pretty sad.

THE THEFT OF THE MONA LISA—Tobis
A Young Italian lad is so fascinated by Da Vinci’s “Mona Lisa” that he sets it up as his ideal of womanhood, and actually finds a girl who bears a marked resemblance to her. His great desire to impress the girl explains his theft of the painting from the Louvre. English titles are few, making it lack interest for those who do not understand German.

GOLDEN MOUNTAINS—Amikino
A tedious Russian drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. It seems that a lot of people are dissatisfied with a lot of things, but the Soviet government makes everything just dandy. Russian dialogue with English titles, which don’t adequately explain what little action there is.

RONNY—UFA
German operetta with pleasant music, a handsome hero in the person of Willy Fritsch and a beautiful heroine, Kaethe von Nagy. Plenty of English captions help make the German dialogue understandable. The story is all about Ronny, a beautiful, but poor, costume designer, and the prince, who finally asks her to share his throne.
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from page 14]

SECRET WITNESS, THE—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a frustrated telephone operator adds her usual deft humor to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (Feb.)

SHADOW BETWEEN, THE—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

SHANGHAI EXPRESS—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Mark Lee, Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (April)

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire, Joan Bennett. (April)

SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

SILENT WITNESS, THE—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talks. (March)

SINE OF MADELON CLOUDET, THE—M.G.M.—One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

SKY DEVILS—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (March)

SO BIG—Walters.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

SOKY—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equaling its success, young and old will like it. The game's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (Feb.)

SPECKLED BAND, THE—First Division.—Sherlock Holmes is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (Jan.)

Sprit Of Notre Dame, The—Universal.—Knute Rockne lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (Dec.)

SPORTING CHANGE, THE—Peerless Prod.—The famous young jockey throws the race, but is revenged by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (Jan.)

STEADY COMPANY—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox.—Louise Brewer, Minna Gombell and Jolynne Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild smackers. (March)

STOWAWAY—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

STRANGERS IN LOVE—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Universal.—You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (Dec.)

STRUGGLE, THE—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (Feb.)

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathé.—The war on a wharf and wirecracking bug with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (Jan.)

SUNSET TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (March)

SURRENDER—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (Jan.)
STATE OF ILLINOIS,

BEFORE ME, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Doughtery, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and circulation, etc., of the above publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 41, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse hereof in the publishers, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 916 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, 918 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Kathryn Doughtery, 918 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Advertising Manager, R. M. Eastman, 918 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. The owner of record is Photoplay Publishing Co., 916 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. The owner is the person owning more than 1 per cent of the total amount of stock of the corporation, or, if not named, the firm, or the official title of such person, if a corporation, of the person in which the full name and address of the person are as follows: Photoplay Publishing Co., 916 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. No. of copies of each issue published in the city of Chicago is 50,000. No. of copies distributed in the city of Chicago is 50,000. The average number of copies of each issue published during the six months preceding the date shown above is 50,000. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHTERY,
Signature of Business Manager.

M. EVELYN MERVILLE,
(My commission expires January 20, 1933)

State of Illinois, ss.

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